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WAR AND PEACE



PART THE TWELFTH

I.

In the upper circles of St. Petersburg society there was just then going on a battle, more acrimonious than ever, between the parties of Rummyántsev, the French, Márya Feódorovna, the Tsesarévich, and others, and, as always, it was drowned by the trumpeting of the court drones. But the calm, luxurious St. Petersburg life, busying itself only with the apparitions and reflections of life, went on as of old; and through the tenor of this life one had to make great efforts in order to recognize the danger and the serious state the Russian nation was in. There were the same court ceremonies and balls, the same French theatre, the same interests of the courts, the same interests of the service, and the same intrigues. Only in the very highest circles were efforts made to remind the people of the seriousness of the contemporary state of affairs. They told in a whisper of the entirely different conduct of the two empresses in these grave circumstances. Empress Márya Feódorovna, solicitous for the welfare of the charitable and educational institutions under her patronage, had given orders about the transportation of all these institutions to Kazán, and their belongings had been

packed for a long time. On the contrary, with her characteristic Russian patriotism, Empress Elizavéta Alekseyévna deigned to reply to the question what it would be her pleasure to command, that she could give no orders about affairs of State, as that belonged to the emperor ; but, so far as she was personally concerned, she deigned to say that she would be the last to leave St. Petersburg.

On August 26th, the very day of the battle of Borodínó, Anna Pávlovna gave a soirée, the flower of which was to be the reading of a letter of the metropolitan, which he had written on the occasion of sending the emperor an image of St. Sergius. This epistle was regarded as a model of patriotic ecclesiastic eloquence. It was to be read by Prince Vasíli himself, who had a reputation as a good reader. (He had read to the empress.) This art of reading consisted in rolling off the words in a loud singsong, between a despairing wail and a tender murmur, independently of their meaning, so that quite by chance the wail fell on some words, and the murmur on others. This reading, like all of Anna Pávlovna's soirées, had a political significance. At this evening entertainment were to be several important personages, who were to be put to shame for attending the French theatre and to be stirred to patriotic fervour. Quite a number of people had already assembled, but Anna Pávlovna did not yet see in her parlour all those who were to be there, and so the reading was delayed, and, instead, she caused the conversation to become general.

The news of that day in St. Petersburg was the illness of Countess Bezúkhi. She had suddenly grown ill, had missed several meetings, of which she was the ornament, and it was rumoured that she did not receive any one, and that, instead of entrusting herself to the famous St. Petersburg doctors, who generally attended on her, she had employed an Italian physician, who was curing her by some new and unusual method.

All knew well that the disease of the charming countess was due to the inconvenience of marrying two men at once, and that the Italian's cure consisted in removing this inconvenience, but in the presence of Anna Pávlovna nobody dared to think of it, and they even pretended not to know anything about it.

"On dit que la pauvre comtesse est très mal. Le médecin dit que c'est l'angine pectorale."

"L'angine? Oh, c'est une maladie terrible!"

"On dit que les rivaux se sont reconciliés grâce à l'angine —" The word "angine" was repeated with great pleasure.

"Le vieux comte est touchant à ce qu'on dit. Il a pleuré comme un enfant quand le médecin lui a dit que le cas était dangereux."

"Oh, ce serait une perte terrible. C'est une femme ravissante."

"Vous parlez de la pauvre comtesse," said Anna Pávlovna, coming up. *"J'ai envoyé savoir de ses nouvelles. On m'a dit qu'elle allait un peu mieux. Oh, sans doute, c'est la plus charmante femme du monde,"* said Anna Pávlovna, with a smile at her transport. *"Nous appartenons à des camps différents, mais cela ne m'empêche pas de l'estimer, comme elle le mérite. Elle est bien malheureuse,"* added Anna Pávlovna.

Imagining that with these words Anna Pávlovna had slightly raised the curtain of mystery on the countess's disease, a heedless young man took the liberty of expressing his surprise because the best physicians had not been called in, and the countess allowed herself to be cured by a charlatan, who might give her injurious remedies.

"Vos informations peuvent être meilleures que les miennes," Anna Pávlovna suddenly retorted with venom to the inexperienced young man, *"mais je sais de bonne source que ce médecin est un homme très savant et très habile. C'est le médecin intime de la Reine d'Espagne."*

Having thus annihilated the young man, Anna Pávlovna turned to Bilíbin, who, in another circle, was talking about the Austrians. Having knit his brow, he was apparently getting ready to un wrinkle it, in order to say a *mot*.

"*Je trouve que c'est charmant,*" he said about a diplomatic paper, which referred to the Austrian flags taken by Wittgenstein, *le héros de Pétropol* (as he was called in St. Petersburg), which had been sent back to Vienna.

"How, how is this?" Anna Pávlovna turned to him, provoking a silence, so that they might hear his *mot*, which she knew already.

Bilíbin repeated the identical words of the despatch composed by him as follows:

"*L'Empereur renvoie les drapeaux Autrichiens,*" said Bilíbin, "*drapcaux amis et égarés, qu'il a trouvés hors de la route,*" finished Bilíbin, un wrinkling his brow.

"*Charmant, charmant!*" said Prince Vasíli.

"*C'est la route de Varsovie peut-être,*" Prince Ippolít unexpectedly said, in a loud voice.

All looked back at him, wondering what it was he meant to say. Prince Ippolít himself gazed about him in merry surprise. He understood as little as the rest what the words uttered by him meant. During his diplomatic career he had observed more than once that words suddenly enunciated in this manner appeared very clever, and so he at all events said the words that happened to be at his tongue's end. "Maybe it will come out all right," he thought, "and if not, they will somehow fix it." Indeed, just as an awkward silence had ensued, there entered that insufficiently patriotic person, whom Anna Pávlovna wanted to convert. Smiling, and threatening Ippolít with her fingers, she invited Prince Vasíli to the table and, bringing him two candles and the manuscript, asked him to begin. All grew silent.

"Most August Tsar and Emperor!" Prince Vasíli ex-

claimed, in a stern voice. He surveyed the audience, as though asking if there was any one present who objected to this; but no one made any reply. "Moscow, the first capital, the New Jerusalem, receives *her* Christ," he suddenly emphasized the word "her," "just as a mother embracing her zealous sons, and through the rising mist, foreseeing the brilliant glory of thy power, sings in ecstasy, 'Hosanna, blessed is He who comes!'" Prince Vasili pronounced these last words in a tearful voice.

Bilbin carefully examined his nails, and many were apparently intimidated, as though they asked themselves what their guilt consisted in. Anna Pávlovna in a whisper repeated the coming words, like an old woman saying the prayer of the communion, "Let the impudent and bold Goliath —"

Prince Vasili continued:

"Let the impudent and bold Goliath, coming from the boundaries of France, carry death-dealing terrors to the confines of Russia; the humble faith, this sling of the Russian David, will at once vanquish the head of his bloodthirsty pride. This image of St. Sergius, the ancient champion of our country's weal, is presented to your Imperial Majesty. I regret that my enfeebled strength prevents my enjoying the sweet sight of you. I send ardent prayers to heaven, asking the Almighty to magnify the race of the just and to fulfil the pious wishes of your Majesty!"

"*Quelle force! Quel style!*" were heard the praises to the reader and the author.

Animated by this address, Anna Pávlovna's guests for a long time talked of the state of the country, and made all kinds of conjectures about the issue of the battle which was to be fought in a few days.

"*Vous verrez,*" said Anna Pávlovna, "that to-morrow, on the birthday of the emperor, we shall get some news. I have a good presentiment."

II.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA'S presentiment was realized. On the following day, during the Te Deum in the palace, on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, Prince Volkónski was called out from church, and received a sealed letter from Prince Kutúzov. It was Kutúzov's report, written on the day of the battle at Tatárinovo. Kutúzov wrote that the Russians had not retreated one step; that the French had lost a great many more men than the Russians; and that he was reporting hurriedly from the field of battle, having still been unable to collect all the last data. Consequently it was a victory. And thus immediately, without leaving the church, a thanksgiving was read to the Creator for His aid and for the victory.

Anna Pávlovna's presentiment was realized, and in the city there reigned all day a festive mood. Everybody recognized the victory as complete, and some went so far as to speak of the captivity of Napoleon himself, of his dethronement, and of the choice of a new head for France.

Removed from action, and amidst the conditions of court life, it was very hard for the events to be reflected in all their fulness and strength. Involuntarily general events group themselves about some special occurrence. Thus now the chief joy of the courtiers was due, not so much to the fact that we were victorious, as that the news of this victory reached us exactly on the day of the emperor's birthday. It was like a successful surprise. In Kutúzov's report mention was also made of the Russian losses, and among them were mentioned Tuchkón, Bagra-

tion, Kutáysov. Even the sad part of the event involuntarily grouped itself, in the St. Petersburg society, about the one incident of Kutáysov's death. All knew him; the emperor loved him; he was young and interesting. On that day all met with the words :

"How wonderfully it all happened. During the very *Te Deum*. And what a loss!—Kutáysov! Oh, what a pity!"

"What did I tell you about Kutúzov?" Prince Vasíli now said, with the pride of a prophet. "I have always maintained that he was the only one capable of vanquishing Napoleon."

But on the following day no news was received from the army, and the public became agitated. The courtiers suffered from the anguish of uncertainty in which the emperor was.

"Imagine the position of the Tsar!" said the courtiers, and they no longer extolled, as two days before, but condemned, Kutúzov, who was the cause of the emperor's anxiety. Prince Vasíli on that day no longer bragged of his protégé Kutúzov, but kept silence whenever any one mentioned Kutúzov's name. Besides, on the evening of that day everything seemed to combine in order to cast alarm and anxiety on the inhabitants of St. Petersburg: there was added a terrible bit of news. Countess Bezúkhi had suddenly died from that dreadful disease, which it was pleasant to pronounce. Officially, in general society, all said that Countess Bezúkhi died from a terrible attack of *angine pectorale*, but in intimate circles they told the details of how "*le médecin intime de la Reine d'Espagne*" had prescribed to Héléne small doses of a certain medicine to produce a certain effect; and how Héléne, vexed because the old count suspected her and because her husband, to whom she had written (that miserable, immoral Pierre!), had not answered her, suddenly took an immense dose of the prescribed medicine and died in agony, before

she could receive any aid. They said that Prince Vasíli and the old count went for the Italian, but that the Italian showed them such notes from the unfortunate woman that he was at once released.

The general conversation centred on three sad events: the uncertainty of the emperor, the loss of Kutúzov, and the death of Héléne.

On the third day after Kutúzov's report, a landed proprietor arrived in St. Petersburg from Moscow, and the news of the surrender of Moscow at once spread throughout the city. It was terrible! What a dreadful position for the Tsar! Kutúzov was a traitor, and Prince Vasíli, during the *visites de condoléance* made him on the occasion of his daughter's death, said of Kutúzov, whom he had praised so much before (it was pardonable for him, in his sorrow, to forget what he had said before), that nothing else could have been expected from a blind and corrupt old man. "I only wonder how the fate of Russia could have been entrusted to such a man."

So long as this news was not yet official, it was possible to doubt it, but on the following day there came the following report from Rostopchín:

"An adjutant of Prince Kutúzov brought me a letter, in which he asks me for officers of police to lead the army out on the Ryazán road. He says that he is sorry to abandon Moscow. Emperor! Kutúzov's act decides the fate of the capital and of your empire. Russia will shudder when she hears of the abandonment of the city where is concentrated the grandeur of Russia, where lies the dust of your ancestors. I shall follow after the army. I have taken everything away, and I have only to weep for the fate of my country."

Having received this communication, the emperor sent by Prince Volkónski the following rescript to Kutúzov:

"Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich! Since August 29th I have had no reports from you. In the meantime I have

received, through Yaroslávl, the sad news from the commander-in-chief of Moscow that you have decided to go away with your army from Moscow. You can yourself imagine the effect this news had produced upon me, and your silence only increases my surprise. I send herewith Adjutant-General Prince Volkónski to find out from you the condition of the army and the causes which have led you to such a sad determination."

III.

NINE days after the evacuation of Moscow, there arrived in St. Petersburg a messenger from Kutúzov with the official news of the abandonment of Moscow. This messenger was Michaud, who could not speak Russian, but "*quoique étranger, Russe de cœur et d'âme,*" as he said of himself.

The emperor at once received him in his cabinet, in the palace on Stone Island. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before the campaign, and who could speak no Russian, nevertheless was very much disturbed when he appeared before "*Notre très gracieux Souverain*" (as he himself wrote), with the news of the conflagration of Moscow, "*dont les flammes éclairaient sa route.*"

Though the source of M. Michaud's chagrin ought to have been different from the one from which flowed the sorrow of the Russians, he had such a sad expression when he was ushered into the emperor's cabinet that the emperor at once asked him :

"*M'apportez-vous de tristes nouvelles, colonel ?*"

"*Bien tristes, Sire,*" replied Michaud, lowering his eyes with a sigh, "*l'abandon de Moscou.*"

"*Aurait-on livré mon ancienne capitale sans se battre ?*" the emperor spoke rapidly, his face being flushed.

Michaud respectfully transmitted Kutúzov's message, which was that it had been impossible to fight at the walls of Moscow, and that, since there was the choice of losing Moscow and the army, or only Moscow, the field-marshal had been compelled to choose the latter.

The emperor listened in silence, without looking at Michaud.

"*L'ennemi est-il entré en ville ?*" he asked.

"*Oui, Sire, et elle est en cendres à l'heure qu'il est. Je l'ai laissée toute en flammes,*" Michaud said, with determination; but, looking at the emperor, Michaud was frightened at what he had done.

The emperor began to breathe heavily and quickly; his nether jaw quivered, and his beautiful blue eyes suddenly were veiled with tears.

But this lasted but a minute. The emperor suddenly frowned, as though rebuking himself for his weakness. And, raising his head, he turned to Michaud with a firm voice:

"*Je vois, colonel, par tout ce qui arrive,*" he said, "*que la Providence exige de grands sacrifices de nous — Je suis prêt à me soumettre à toutes Ses volontés; mais dites-moi, Michaud, comment avez-vous laissé l'armée, en voyant ainsi, sans coup férir, abandonner mon ancienne capitale? N'avez-vous pas aperçu du découragement ?*"

Noticing the composure of his "*très gracieux Souverain,*" Michaud calmed down himself, but to the emperor's direct and relevant question, which demanded a direct answer, he had not yet formulated a reply.

"*Sire, me permettez-vous de vous parler franchement en loyal militaire ?*" he said, to gain time.

"*Colonel, je l'exige toujours,*" said the emperor. "*Ne me cachez rien! Je veux savoir absolument ce qu'il en est.*"

"*Sire!*" said Michaud, with a fine, scarcely perceptible smile, having succeeded in preparing his answer in the form of a light and respectful *jeu de mots*. "*Sire, j'ai laissé toute l'armée depuis les chefs jusqu'au dernier soldat, sans exception, dans une crainte épouvantable, effrayante —*"

"*Comment ça ?*" sternly knitting his brow, the em-

peror interrupted him. "*Mes Russes se laisseront-ils abattre par le malheur? Jamais —*"

This was precisely what Michaud had been waiting for in order to introduce his play of words.

"*Sire,*" he said, with a respectful playfulness of expression, "*ils craignent seulement que Votre Majesté par bonté de cœur ne se laisse persuader de faire la paix. Ils brûlent de combattre,*" spoke the representative of the Russian nation, "*et de prouver à Votre Altesse par le sacrifice de leur vie, combien ils lui sont dévoués —*"

"*Ah!*" the emperor said, with composure, and with a kindly gleam of his eyes, striking Michaud on his shoulder. "*Vous me tranquillisez, colonel.*"

The emperor let his head fall and kept silence for awhile.

"*Eh bien, retournez à l'armée,*" he said, straightening himself up to his full stature and turning to Michaud with a majestic gesture, "*et dites à nos braves, dites à tous mes bons sujets partout où vous passerez, que quand je n'aurais plus qu'un soldat, je me mettrai, moi-même, à la tête de ma chère noblesse, de mes bons paysans, et j'userai ainsi jusqu'à la dernière ressource de mon empire. Il m'en offre encore plus que mes ennemis ne pensent,*" said the emperor, becoming more and more animated. "*Mais si jamais il fut écrit dans les decrets de la Divine Providence,*" he said, raising his beautiful, gentle, feeling eyes to heaven, "*que ma dynastie dût cesser de régner sur le trône de mes ancêtres, alors, après avoir épuisé tous les moyens qui sont en mon pouvoir, je me laisserai croître la barbe jusqu'ici*" (the emperor pointed with his hand to his chest), "*et j'irai manger des pommes de terre avec le dernier de mes paysans plutôt, que de signer la honte de ma patrie et de ma chère nation, dont je sais apprécier les sacrifices!*"

Having uttered these words in an agitated voice, the emperor suddenly turned away, as though wishing to

conceal from Michaud the tears which had come to his eyes, and walked to the other end of his cabinet. After standing there for a few moments, he returned to Michaud with long steps and pressed his arm below the elbow. The handsome gentle face of the emperor was flushed, and his eyes burned with the gleam of determination and anger.

“Colonel Michaud, n’oubliez pas ce que je vous dis ici ! Peut-être qu’un jour nous nous le rappellerons avec plaisir — Napoléon ou moi,” said the emperor, touching his breast. “Nous ne pouvons plus régner ensemble. J’ai appris à le connaître il ne me trompera plus —” And the emperor frowned and kept silence.

Hearing these words, and seeing the expression of firm determination in the emperor’s eyes, Michaud, “*quoique étranger, mais Russe de cœur et d’âme,*” felt himself, at that solemn moment “*entousiasmé par tout ce qu’il venait d’entendre*” (as he himself later said), and he in the following expressions gave vent to his feelings, as well as to the feelings of the Russian nation, of which he regarded himself as the representative.

“Sire,” he said, “*Votre Majesté signe dans ce moment la gloire de la nation et le salut de l’Europe.*”

The emperor dismissed Michaud with an inclination of his head.

IV.

AT the time when Russia was half-conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow fled to distant provinces, and militia after militia was levied for the defence of the country, we, who did not live during that period, instinctively imagine that all the Russians, from great to small, were busy sacrificing themselves, saving the country, or weeping over its ruin. The stories and descriptions of that time all without exception speak only of self-sacrifice, love of country, despair, sorrow, and heroism on the part of the Russians. In reality it was not so. It only seems to us to have been so because we see of the past only its historical interest, and do not see all those personal, human interests which the people then had. And yet, in reality, those personal interests of the present are to such an extent more important than the common interests that one never feels (never notices even) the common interests behind them. The great majority of men at that time did not pay the least attention to the general course of events, but were guided only by their personal interests of the present. And it was these men who were the most useful factors of that time.

Those who tried to understand the common course of affairs and essayed by self-sacrifice and heroism to take part in it, were the most useless members of society; they saw everything topsyturvy, and everything they did turned out to be useless and insipid, like the regiments of Pierre and of Mamónov, which pillaged Russian villages,



Mounted Hunter, 1812
Painted from memory by J. G. S.



like the lint picked by young ladies, which never reached the wounded, and so forth. Even those who were fond of philosophizing and expressing their sentiments, and discoursed of the contemporary state of Russia, bore, in their speeches, the imprint either of dissimulation and falsehood, or of useless animosity and condemnation of men who were accused of what no one could possibly be guilty of. In nothing is the prohibition of eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge so manifest as in historic events. Only unconscious activity bears fruit, and a man who plays any part in a historical event never comprehends its significance. If he attempts to grasp it, he is struck with sterility.

The significance of what was then taking place in Russia was the less observable the closer the relations men had with the event. In St. Petersburg and in the Governments which were remote from Moscow, ladies and men in the uniforms of the militia lamented Russia and the capital, and talked of self-sacrifice, and so forth; but in the army, which retreated beyond Moscow, they hardly spoke or thought of Moscow, and, looking at its conflagration, no one swore to wreak vengeance on the French; they thought only of the next four months' pay, of the next resting-place, of *Matréshka*, the canteen-woman, and the like.

Nikoláy Rostóv, without any set purpose of self-sacrifice, but accidentally, because the war had overtaken him while in service, was taking an intimate and continued interest in the defence of his country, and so looked without despair or gloomy conclusions at what was then taking place in Russia. If he had been asked what he thought of the condition of Russia, he would have answered that he had no time to think; that for this purpose there were Kutúzov and others; that he had heard that the regiments were being filled; that, no doubt, they would be fighting for a long time yet; and that in the present cir-

cumstances he would not be surprised if he received a regiment within two years.

For the very reason that he thus looked upon matters, he not only felt no regret at being deprived of the chance of taking part in the latest battle, when he received the news of his appointment to a mission to Vorónezh to provide remounts for his division, but even experienced pleasure, which he did not conceal, and which his comrades understood quite well.

A few days previous to the battle of Borodinó, Nikoláy received the necessary money and the papers, and, sending some hussars ahead of him, travelled post to Vorónezh.

Only he who has experienced it, that is, who has passed several months without interruption in the atmosphere of a military, war life, can appreciate the joy which Nikoláy experienced when he got beyond the region to which the troops reached with their foragings, transports of supplies, and hospitals; when, without soldiers, wagons, or dirty traces of the presence of a camp, he saw villages with peasants, manors, fields with herding cattle, post-stations with sleeping inspectors, he felt a joy as though he saw all for the first time. What most surprised and pleased him was the young healthy women, none of whom were courted by dozens of officers, and women who were glad and flattered to have the transient officer jest with them.

In the happiest frame of mind, Nikoláy arrived in the night at the hotel in Vorónezh, where he ordered the things which he had missed for a long time in the army, and on the following day, having shaved himself clean and put on his long unworn parade uniform, went to present himself to the authorities.

The chief of the militia was a general in civil service, an old man, who evidently took pleasure in his military calling and rank. He received Nikoláy in a surly manner (supposing that this was the proper way for a military man), and questioned him with an air of importance, as

though he had a right to do so, and as though he, approving here and disapproving there, passed judgment on the general course of affairs.

From the chief of the militia he drove to the governor. The governor was a small, lively man, very kindly and simple. He indicated to Nikoláy the studs where he could get horses, recommended to him a horse-dealer in the city and a landed proprietor twenty versts away, who had the best mounts, and promised him every coöperation.

"Are you the son of Count Ilyá Andréévich? My wife used to be great friends with your mother. We have Thursdays at home; to-day is Thursday, — and I ask you kindly to call," said the governor, dismissing him.

From the governor Nikoláy hired a cart and, taking the sergeant-major with him, drove twenty versts to the stud of the landed proprietor. Everything, during this first part of his stay in Vorónezh, was light and cheerful for Nikoláy, and everything, as generally is the case when a man is in a good humour, went well with him.

The landed proprietor, to whom Nikoláy drove, was an old bachelor, a former cavalryman, who was a connoisseur in horse-flesh, a hunter, the possessor of a rug-room, of a hundred-year-old mulled brandy, of old Hungarian wine, and of superb horses.

After two words Nikoláy bought of him for six thousand roubles seventeen stallions, to match with the show end of his remounts, as he said. Having dined and imbibed a little too much Hungarian wine, Rostóv, after kissing the proprietor, with whom he had been talking "thou," drove back, in the merriest of moods, over a horrible road, constantly urging on the driver, in order to be in time for the governor's soirée.

He changed his clothes, perfumed himself, soaked his head in cold water, and, though a little late, made his appearance at the governor's with the ready phrase, "*Vaut mieux tard que jamais!*"

It was not a ball, and nothing had been said about dancing; but all knew that Katerína Petrónna would be playing waltzes and écossaises on the clavichord, and that they would dance, and so all, counting on this, arrived dressed in ball fashion.

Provincial life in 1812 was precisely such as it had always been, with this difference only, that things were livelier than usual on account of the presence of many wealthy families from Moscow, and that, as in everything which at that time was taking place in Russia, there could be observed a certain "don't give a snap" recklessness, as also that the small talk, which is a necessity for men, and which formerly turned on the weather and on common acquaintances, now ran on Moscow, on the army, and on Napoleon.

The society which was gathered at the governor's was the best Vorónezh had.

There were very many ladies, several of them Nikoláy's Moscow acquaintances; but of men there was none who could in any way rival the chevalier of St. George, the remounting hussar, and, at the same time, the good-natured and well-mannered Count Rostóv. Among the men was one captive Italian, an officer of the French army, and Nikoláy felt that the presence of this prisoner only enhanced his importance as a Russian hero. He was something like a trophy. Nikoláy felt this, and it seemed to him that all looked in the same manner at the Italian, and Nikoláy was kind to him, with dignity and reserve.

The moment Nikoláy entered with his hussar figure, spreading about him the odour of perfume and wine, and himself said and heard several times repeated the words, "*Vaut mieux tard que jamais!*" he was surrounded. All eyes were directed upon him, and he felt at once that he entered into the position of a general favourite, appropriate enough for him in the province and always agreeable,

but now, after the long deprivation, intoxicating him with pleasure. Not only at the stations, and inns, and in the rug-room of the landed proprietor had he received the flattering attention of the maids; but here, at the soirée of the governor, there was (as it appeared to Nikoláy) an inexhaustible quantity of very young ladies and pretty maidens, who were impatiently waiting for Nikoláy to turn his attention to them. The ladies and maidens coquetted with him, and the older people were planning from the first day to get him married, so as to settle this rogue of a hussar. Among these latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostóv as a near relative and called him "Nicolas" and "thou."

Katerína Petróvna, indeed, began to play waltzes and écosaises, and they danced, when Nikoláy still more charmed the provincial society by his agility. He surprised all with his peculiarly easy manner in dancing. Nikoláy himself was somewhat surprised at his ease in dancing on that evening. He had never danced so in Moscow and would even have regarded such carelessness in dancing as indecent and "*mauvais genre*;" but here he felt the necessity of startling them by something unusual, by something which they might regard as peculiar to the capital, but still unknown in the province.

During the whole evening Nikoláy paid the greatest attention to a blue-eyed, plump, sweet-faced blonde, the wife of one of the Government officials. With that naïve conviction of sportive young men, that other people's wives were made for them, Rostóv did not leave the side of that lady, and treated her husband in a friendly and somewhat plotting mannner, as if they knew, though they did not say it, that they, that is, Nikoláy and this man's wife, would meet on intimate terms. The husband, however, did not seem to share Rostóv's conviction and tried to treat him sternly; but Nikoláy's good-natured naïveté was so boundless, that now and then the husband involun-

tarily submitted to Nikoláy's merry mood. But toward evening, in measure as the wife's face grew more flushed and animated, the husband's face grew sadder and more solemn, as though her animation was enough for two, so that his diminished as hers increased.

V.

NIKOLÁY, with an unchanging smile on his countenance, slightly bending over in his chair, leaned close to the blonde and paid her mythological compliments.

Rapidly changing the position of his legs in his tightly fitting riding-pantaloons, spreading about him the odour of perfume, and admiring his lady and himself and the beautiful form of his legs under his closely fitting boot-legs, Nikoláy told the blonde that he wanted to steal a lady in Vorónezh.

“What lady?”

“A charming, divine lady. Her eyes” (Nikoláy looked at his interlocutrice) “are blue, her teeth corals in whiteness,” he looked at her shoulders, “her figure that of Diana —”

Her husband came up to them and gloomily asked his wife what they were talking about.

“Ah, Nikíta Ivánovich,” said Nikoláy, rising politely. And, as though wishing that Nikíta Ivánovich should take part in his jokes, he began to communicate to him also his intention of stealing a blonde lady.

The husband smiled grimly, his wife merrily. The good wife of the governor went up to them with a disapproving glance.

“Anna Ignátevna wants to see you, Nicolas,” she said, pronouncing “Anna Ignátevna” in such a tone that Rostóv at once understood that she must be an important personage. “Come, Nicolas! You don’t mind my calling you that?”

"No, *ma tante*. Who is it?"

"Anna Ignátevna Malvántsev. She has heard of you from her niece whom you have saved. Do you guess?"

"Well, I have saved such a lot of them!" said Nikoláy.

"Her niece, Princess Bolkónski. She is here in Vorónezh with her aunt. Oh, how you blush! Well, how is it?"

"Not at all, *ma tante*."

"All right, all right! How queer you are!"

The governor's wife led him up to a tall and very stout old woman in a blue toque, who had just finished her game of cards with the most distinguished people of the city. This was Madame Malvántsev, the aunt of Princess Márya by her mother, a rich childless widow, who had always lived at Vorónezh. She was standing and squaring up her card account, when Rostóv came up to her. She blinked sternly and cast a glance at him, and continued to scold the general who had won the game from her.

"Am very glad, my dear," she said, extending her hand to him. "Please to call!"

Having said a few words about Princess Márya and her deceased father, whom she evidently did not like, and asked him what he knew of Prince Andréy, who apparently was not much more in her favour, the dignified old woman dismissed him, repeating her invitation to call on her.

Leaving Madame Malvántsev, Rostóv wanted to return to the dances, but the little wife of the governor put her chubby little hand on Nikoláy's sleeve and, saying that she wanted to speak to him, led him to the sofa-room, which those who happened to be there left in order not to incommode her.

"Do you know, *mon cher*," said the governor's wife, with a serious expression on her small, kindly face, "she

is just the match for you. If you want me to, I will make the match for you."

"Who, *ma tante*?" asked Nikoláy.

"The princess. Katerína Petróvna says that it is Lili, but I say, no, it is the princess. Do you want me to? I am sure your mother will be grateful to me. Really, she is a fine girl! And she is by no means so homely!"

"By no means," Nikoláy said, as though offended. "I, *ma tante*, as is proper for a soldier, intrude nowhere and refuse nothing," said Rostóv, before thinking what it was he had said.

"So remember: it is no joke!"

"What joke?"

"Yes, yes," said the wife of the governor, as though speaking to herself. "Listen, *mon cher, entre autres. Vous êtes trop assidu auprès de l'autre, la blonde.* The husband is truly pitiful —"

"Oh, no, we are friends," Nikoláy said, in the simplicity of his heart: it did not even occur to him that such a jolly pastime for him could be the opposite of jolly to any one else.

"What a stupid thing I have told the governor's wife!" Nikoláy suddenly thought at supper. "She will begin to make that match at once, and Sónya?" When he was bidding the governor's wife good-bye, and she, smiling once more, said to him, "Well, so remember!" he took her to one side:

"Really, *ma tante*, to tell you the truth —"

"What, what, my friend? Come, let us sit down there!"

Nikoláy suddenly felt the desire and need of telling his intimate thoughts (such as he would not have told his mother, sister, friend) to this almost strange woman. When later he thought of this outburst of entirely unprovoked, inexplicable confession, which had very important consequences for him, it seemed to him (and it so seems

to all people) as though a stupid fellow had stumbled on a rhyme; and yet, this outburst of sincerity, together with other minor events, had for him, and for his whole family, enormous consequences.

"It is like this, *ma tante*. *Maman* has long been wishing to get me married to a rich girl; but this thought of marrying for money's sake is repulsive to me."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the governor's wife.

"But Princess Bolkónski is a different matter; in the first place, I will tell you the truth. I like her very much; she just suits me, and then, ever since I met her in those circumstances, she has been strangely on my mind: it is fate. *Mamma*, in particular, has long been thinking of this, but I somehow never met her before. During the time that my sister *Natasha* was the fiancée of her brother, I naturally could not think of marrying her. It seems to be my fate to meet her when *Natasha's* marriage is not to come off, and then — Really, I have never told this to any one, and I never will. Only to you."

The governor's wife gratefully pressed his elbow.

"You know *Sónya*, my cousin? I love her, and I have promised to marry her, and — I will — So you see that she is out of the question," *Nikoláy* said, in embarrassment, and blushing.

"*Mon cher, mon cher*, how you judge! *Sónya* has not a thing, and you said yourself that your father's affairs are in a bad shape. And your *mamma*? It will kill her. Then, if *Sónya* is a girl with a heart, what kind of a life will it be for her? Your mother is in despair, your affairs are in a bad shape — No, *mon cher*, you and *Sónya* must understand this."

Nikoláy was silent. It pleased him to hear these deductions.

"Still, *ma tante*, this cannot be," he said, with a sigh, after a moment's silence. "Besides, will the princess

care for me enough to marry me? And then again, she is now in mourning. How can we think of it now?"

"Do you suppose I am going to get you married at once? *Il y a manière et manière*," said she.

"What a matchmaker you are, *ma tante*," said Nikoláy, kissing her chubby hand.

VI.

UPON arriving in Moscow, after her meeting with Rostóv, Princess Márya had found there her nephew with his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andréy, who had laid out for them their route to Vorónezh, to Aunt Malvintsev. The cares of the journey, the anxiety about her brother, the arrangement of life in the new house, the new faces, the education of her nephew,—all this had apparently drowned in Princess Márya's soul that feeling of temptation which had tormented her during the illness and after the demise of her father, and especially after her meeting with Rostóv. She was sad. The impression caused by the loss of her father, united in her mind with the ruin of Russia, now, after a month passed under conditions of peaceful life, weighed ever more strongly upon her. She was agitated: the thought of the perils to which her brother, who was the only near relative left to her, was subjected tormented her all the time. She was burdened with the education of her nephew, for which she constantly felt herself incapacitated; but in the depth of her soul there was peace with herself, and this flowed from the consciousness of having suppressed in herself every vestige of the personal dreams and hopes which were connected with the appearance of Rostóv.

When, on the next day after her *soirée*, the governor's wife went to see Madame Malvintsev, with whom she conversed about her plans (with the reserve that, although under present conditions there could be no question of a

formal suit, the young people might be brought together, so as to give them a chance to get acquainted); and when, having received the aunt's encouragement, the governor's wife mentioned Rostóv's name in the hearing of Princess Márya, praising him and saying how he had blushed at the mention of the princess, Princess Márya experienced not a joyous, but a painful sensation: her inner peace no longer existed, and again there rose desires, doubts, rebukes, and hopes.

In the two days which passed between this announcement and Rostóv's call, Princess Márya kept thinking all the time how she ought to act toward him. Now she decided that she would not come out into the drawing-room when he came to call on her aunt; now she thought that that would be rude after what he had done for her; now it occurred to her that her aunt and the governor's wife had some intentions in regard to Rostóv and her (their glances and words seemed to confirm this supposition); now she thought that only she, with her corrupt mind, could think thus of them: they certainly could not have forgotten that in her position, when she had not yet taken off her mourning, such a suit would be insulting to her and to the memory of her father. Assuming that she would come out to see him, Princess Márya considered the words she would employ toward him, and which he would say to her, and these words now seemed to her to be undeservedly cold, and now to have too much significance. Most of all, she was afraid of that embarrassment which, she knew, would take possession of her and betray her the moment she saw him.

But when, on Sunday, after mass, the lackey announced in the drawing-room that Count Rostóv had arrived, the princess showed no confusion; only a faint blush appeared on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with a new, beaming light.

"Have you seen him, aunty?" Princess Márya said, in

a calm voice, herself wondering how it was she could be outwardly so calm and natural.

When Rostóv entered the room, the princess for a moment lowered her head, as though to give the guest a chance to exchange greetings with her aunt, and then, just as Nikoláy turned to her, she raised it and met his glance with her beaming eyes. With a motion full of dignity and grace, she rose with a joyous smile, extended to him her thin, tender hand, and spoke in a voice in which for the first time sounded new, feminine, chest tones. Mademoiselle Bourienne, who was in the drawing-room, looked at Princess Márya in amazement. Herself a most skilful coquette, she could not have manœuvred better at the meeting with a man whom it was necessary to please.

“Either black is so becoming to her, or she has really grown prettier, and I have not noticed it. But, above all, that tact and grace!” thought Mademoiselle Bourienne.

If Princess Márya had been able to think at that moment, she would have been more surprised than Mademoiselle Bourienne at the change which had taken place in her. From the moment she saw that dear, beloved face, a new power of life seemed to possess her and compelled her, against her will, to speak and act. Her face, from the moment Rostóv entered, was suddenly transformed. Just as the complicated, skilful, artistic work which at first had appeared coarse, dark, and senseless suddenly appears with unexpected and striking beauty on the walls of a painted and chiselled lamp, when the candle within is lighted, so was the face of Princess Márya suddenly transformed. All that pure, spiritual, inner work, to which she had devoted herself all her life, now for the first time came to the surface. All her inward, self-abasing labour, her suffering, her striving after good, her humility, love, self-renunciation, — all this now sparkled in those beaming eyes, in that gentle smile, — in every feature of her tender face.

Rostóv saw all this as clearly as though he knew her whole life. He felt that the being before him was something quite different, far better than all those whom he had met heretofore, and, above all, better than he himself.

The conversation was quite simple and insignificant. They talked of the war, involuntarily, like every one else, exaggerating their grief in respect to this event; they spoke of their last meeting, whereat Nikoláy endeavoured to turn the conversation to another subject; they talked of the kindly wife of the governor, of Nikoláy's relatives, and of those of Princess Márya.

Princess Márya did not talk of her brother and tried to change the subject when her aunt mentioned Andréy. Evidently she could speak feignedly about the misfortunes of Russia, but her brother was a subject which was too near to her heart, and she did not wish to speak lightly of him, and could not. Nikoláy noticed that, just as he with unusual penetration observed all the shades of Princess Márya's character, all of which confirmed his conviction that she was an entirely different and extraordinary being. Nikoláy, just like Princess Márya, used to blush and become embarrassed when the princess had been mentioned to him and even when he had thought of her, but in her presence he was quite at his ease and spoke not what he had prepared, but what momentarily and appropriately occurred to him.

During Nikoláy's short visit, he, during a pause, as is always done when children are present, had recourse to Prince Andréy's little son, whom he caressed and asked whether he wanted to be a hussar. He took the boy in his arms, began merrily to whirl him around, and looked back at Princess Márya. Her tender, happy, and timid glance watched her beloved boy in the arms of the man she loved. Nikoláy noticed this glance and, as though understanding its meaning, blushed for pleasure and began good-naturedly and merrily to kiss the boy.

Princess Márya did not go out in society on account of her mourning, and Nikoláy did not regard it as proper to call on her; but the governor's wife still continued her work of the match-making. She informed Rostóv of the flattering remarks Princess Márya had made about him, and vice versa, and insisted that Rostóv should make his declaration to Princess Márya. For this purpose she arranged a meeting for the young people at the bishop's after mass.

Although Rostóv told the governor's wife that he would have no explanation with Princess Márya, he none the less promised he would be there.

Just as in Tilsit Rostóv had not permitted himself to doubt in the good of that which had been acknowledged to be good by all, so now, after a short but sincere struggle between the attempt to arrange his life according to his reason and the humble submission to circumstances, he chose the latter and entrusted himself to the power which, he felt, was invincibly drawing him on. He knew that, after his promise to Sónya, it would be what he called baseness to express his feelings to Princess Márya. And he knew that he would never commit a base act. At the same time he knew (he did not know it, but felt it in the depth of his heart) that, surrendering himself to the force of circumstances and to the people who guided him, he not only would not do anything bad, but, on the contrary, would perform something very, very important, something more important than anything else he had done in his life.

After his meeting with Princess Márya, his manner of life outwardly remained the same, but all his former pleasures lost their charm for him, and he frequently thought of Princess Márya; but he never thought of her as he thought, without exception, of all the young ladies whom he met in society, and not as he for a long time had once thought ecstatically of Sónya. Of all the young

ladies he, like almost any honourable young man, thought as of a possible future wife ; he applied to them, in his imagination, all the conditions of marital life, — white capote, wife at the samovár, wife's carriage, children, mamma and papa, their relations to her, and so forth, and so forth, and these pictures of the future afforded him pleasure ; but when he thought of Princess Márya, whom they wanted him to marry, he was never able to represent to himself anything from his future marital state. Even though he tried to do so, it all turned out awkward and confused. He only felt nauseated.

VII.

THE terrible news of the battle of Borodinó, of our losses in killed and wounded, and the still more terrible news of the loss of Moscow were received in Vorónezh in the middle of September. Having learned from the gazettes about the wound of her brother, and having no definite information about him, Princess Márya was getting ready to go to find him. So Nikoláy heard, for he had not seen her.

When Rostóv received the news of the battle of Borodinó and of the abandonment of Moscow, he did not exactly experience despair, animosity, or revenge, and similar feelings, but he was possessed by tedium and annoyance in Vorónezh, and somehow felt ashamed and ill at ease. All the conversations he heard seemed feigned to him; he did not know how to take it all, and he felt that only in the regiment would everything become clear to him again. He hastened to make his last purchases of horses, and frequently unjustly flew up at his servant and sergeant-major.

A few days before Rostóv's departure, a Te Deum was to be celebrated in the cathedral on the occasion of a victory obtained by the Russian troops, and Nikoláy went to the mass. He stood a short distance behind the governor, and, reflecting on the greatest variety of subjects, stood with official decorum through the whole service. When the Te Deum was over, the governor's wife called him up to her.

"Have you seen the princess?" she said, indicating

with her head a lady in black, who was standing behind the choir.

Nikoláy immediately recognized Princess Márya, not so much from her profile, which could be seen underneath her hat, as by that sensation of caution, fear, and pity, which at once took possession of him. Princess Márya, apparently absorbed in her thoughts, was making the last signs of the cross, before leaving church.

Nikoláy looked at her face in surprise. It was the same he had seen before ; there was still in it that general expression of a delicate, inward, spiritual labour ; but now it was quite differently illuminated. There was on it a touching expression of grief, entreaty, and hope. As had happened before to Nikoláy in her presence, he, without waiting for the advice of the governor's wife to approach her, and without asking himself whether his addressing her here in church would be proper or not, walked over to her and told her that he had heard of her sorrow, and that he sympathized with her with all his heart. No sooner did she hear his voice than suddenly a bright light illuminated her countenance, accentuating at the same time her sorrow and her joy.

"I wanted to tell you, princess," said Rostóv, "that if Prince Andréy Nikoláevich were not alive, the fact, he being a commander of a regiment, would have been at once announced in the gazettes."

The princess looked at him without understanding his words, but rejoicing at the expression of sympathetic suffering which was on his face.

"And I know from so many examples that a wound from a splinter" (the gazette said from a grenade) "is either immediately mortal, or, on the other hand, exceedingly light," said Nikoláy. "You must hope for the best, and I am sure —"

Princess Márya interrupted him.

"Oh, that would be so terr—" she began, and, as her

agitation prevented her from finishing, she cast a graceful glance at him, and with a graceful motion of her head (as was everything she did in his presence) followed her aunt out.

On that evening Nikoláy did not make any calls, but remained at home in order to settle certain accounts with the horse-dealers. When he got through, it was too late to go anywhere, but still too early to lie down, and so he for a long time paced the room all alone, reflecting on his life, which he rarely did.

Princess Márya had produced a pleasant impression upon him near Smolénsk. The fact that he had met her under such peculiar circumstances, and that his mother at one time had pointed to her as a rich match, had caused him to direct his especial attention to her. In Vorónezh, the impression he received during his visit to her had been not only agreeable, but even powerful. Nikoláy had been struck by that peculiar, moral beauty which he at that time had observed in her. And still he was getting ready to leave, and it did not occur to him to regret that, in leaving Vorónezh, he would be deprived of the opportunity of seeing the princess. But the meeting with Princess Márya in church, Nikoláy felt, had taken deeper root in his heart than he had foreseen, and deeper than he wished for his peace. That pale, tender, sorrowful face, that beaming glance, those soft, graceful movements, and, above all, that profound and gentle grief, which was expressed in all her features, agitated him and demanded his sympathy. In men Rostóv could not bear seeing the expression of a higher, spiritual life (for this reason he did not like Prince Andréy), — he contemptuously called it philosophy, dreaminess; but in Princess Márya he felt an irresistible charm in this very grief, which revealed to him the whole depth of that to him foreign spiritual world.

“She must be a fine girl! Truly an angel!” he said to

himself. "Why am I not free? Why was I in such a hurry with Sónya?" And involuntarily there presented itself to him a comparison: the poverty in one and the wealth in the other of those spiritual gifts, which Nikoláy did not possess, and which therefore he esteemed so highly. He essayed to represent to himself what would have been if he had been free, how he would have proposed to her, and she would have become his wife! No, he could not imagine it. He felt a nausea, and no clear images rose before him. With Sónya he had long ago formed a picture of the future, and it was all simple and clear, even because it was all based on reasoning, and he knew everything there was in Sónya; but he could not associate his future life with Princess Márya, because he did not understand her, but only loved her.

His reveries about Sónya had a cheery, playful aspect; while it was always hard and a little terrible to think of Princess Márya.

"How she prayed!" he happened to recall. "It was evident that her whole soul was in the prayer: it is that kind of prayer which moves mountains, and I am sure her prayer will be heard. Why do I not pray for what I need?" he thought. "What do I need? Freedom, rupture with Sónya. She told the truth," he recalled the words of the governor's wife. "There will be nothing but misfortune if I marry her. A tangle, mamma's grief — affairs — a tangle, a terrible tangle! Really, I do not love her. I do not love her as I ought to. O God! Lead me out of this terrible, hopeless condition!" he suddenly began to pray. "Yes, a prayer will move a mountain, but one must believe and pray differently from the way Natásha and I used to pray when we were children, asking snow to be changed into sugar, and running out into the yard to see whether this had actually happened. No, I am now not praying for trifles," he said, placing his pipe in the corner, folding his hands, and standing up before the

images. Touched by his memory of Princess Márya, he began to pray as he had not prayed for a long time. Tears were in his eyes and a lump in his throat, when Lavrúshka entered the room with some kind of papers.

"Stupid! What are you doing here, when nobody wants you?" said Nikoláy, rapidly changing his position.

"From the governor," Lavrúshka said, in a sleepy voice. "A courier has come with a letter for you."

"All right, thank you. Now go!"

Nikoláy took the letter. It was from his mother; another was from Sónya. He recognized them by their handwritings. He had read but a few lines when his face grew pale, and his eyes dilated with fear and joy.

"No, it is impossible!" he said aloud. Unable to sit in one place, he began to pace the room with the letter in his hand, reading it. He ran the letter through, then read it, once, a second time, and, raising his shoulders and swinging his arms, stopped in the middle of the room with open mouth and motionless eyes. What he had just been praying about, with the assurance that God would fulfil his prayer, was now realized; but Nikoláy was surprised at this, as though it were something unusual, and as though he had never expected it, and as though his prayer having been fulfilled so soon proved that its fulfilment did not originate with God whom he had supplicated, but arose from a common accident.

That apparently inextricable knot, which had fettered Rostóv's freedom, was solved by this (as Nikoláy thought) unexpected, unprovoked letter from Sónya. She wrote that the late unfortunate circumstances, the loss of nearly the entire property of the Rostóvs in Moscow, and the more than once expressed wishes of the countess that Nikoláy might marry Princess Bolkónski, and the silence and coldness shown by him of late,—all this taken together compelled her to free him from his promises and to give him full liberty of action.

“It has caused me too much pain to think that I could be the cause of grief and discord in the family which has showered its benefactions on me,” she wrote, “and my love has for its only aim the happiness of those whom I love; and so I implore you, *Nicolas*, to consider yourself free and to know that, in spite of everything, no one can love you more strongly than your *Sónya*.”

Both letters were from Tróitsa. The other letter was from the countess. Here were described the last days in Moscow, their departure, the fire and the ruin of all their property. Among other things, the countess wrote that Prince Andréy was travelling with them among the other wounded. His condition was very critical, but now the doctor said that there was more hope. She also wrote that *Sónya* and *Natásha* tended upon him like nurses.

With this letter *Nikoláy* on the following morning went to see Princess *Márya*. Neither *Nikoláy* nor Princess *Márya* said a word about the meaning of the words, “*Natásha* tends upon him;” but, thanks to this letter, *Nikoláy* suddenly entered into close, almost family relations.

On the next day *Rostóv* saw Princess *Márya* off for *Yarosláv*, and in a few days himself left for the army.

VIII.

SÓNYA'S letter to Nikoláy, which was the realization of his prayer, had been written at Tróitsa. What had provoked it was this: The thought of Nikoláy's marrying a rich girl more and more took possession of the old countess. She knew that Sónya was the chief impediment to this, and so Sónya's life in the house of the countess had of late become harder and harder, especially since the receipt of Nikoláy's letter in which he described his meeting with Princess Márya in Boguchárovo. The countess did not let pass a single occasion for an offensive or cruel hint to Sónya.

A few days before their departure from Moscow, the countess, unnerved and agitated by what was taking place, called Sónya to her and, instead of rebuking her or making demands on her, implored her to repay all that had been done for her by sacrificing herself and breaking with Nikoláy.

"I shall not be calm until you promise me to do so."

Sónya wept hysterically and replied, through her sobs, that she would do everything and that she was ready for anything, but gave no direct promise. In her innermost soul she could not make up her mind to comply with the request. It was necessary to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family which had brought her up and educated her. To sacrifice herself for the happiness of others was Sónya's habit. Her position in the house was such that only on the road of sacrifice could she prove her worth, and she was used to and fond of self-

sacrifice. But, heretofore, in all her acts of self-sacrifice, she had been joyfully conscious of enhancing, by such acts, her own worth in her own eyes and in those of others, and of becoming worthier of Nikoláy, whom she loved more than any one in the world; but now her sacrifice was to consist in renouncing what for her constituted the whole reward of the sacrifice, — the whole meaning of life. And so she for the first time in her life was embittered toward those people who had been kind to her in order to torment her the more painfully; and she grew envious of Natásha, who had never experienced anything like it, who never had to make any sacrifices, and who caused others to sacrifice themselves for her, and yet was loved by all. And for the first time Sónya felt that from her quiet love for Nikoláy there suddenly grew out a passion, which stood above rules and virtue and religion; and, under the influence of this feeling, Sónya, involuntarily taught secretiveness by her life of dependence, answered the countess in general, indefinite terms, avoided conversations with her, and decided to wait for a meeting with Nikoláy, in order not to free him, but, on the contrary, for ever to bind him in that meeting.

The cares and horrors of the last days passed by the Rostóvs in Moscow drowned in Sónya the gloomy thoughts that weighed upon her. She was glad to find salvation from them in practical activity. But when she discovered the presence of Prince Andréy in their house, a joyous and superstitious feeling that God did not want her to be separated from Nikoláy took possession of her, despite all the sincere pity which she felt both for him and for Natásha. She knew that Natásha had loved no one but Prince Andréy, and that she still was in love with him. She knew that, brought together under such terrible circumstances, they would again love one another, and that then Nikoláy, on account of his blood-relationship to them, would not be able to marry Princess Márya. In spite of

all the terror of what had taken place in the last few days and during the first days of their journey, this feeling, this consciousness of the interference of Providence in her personal affairs, gave Sónya pleasure.

At the Tróitsa Convent the Rostóvs made their first halt in their journey.

Three large rooms were reserved for the Rostóvs in the hostelry of the convent, and one of these was occupied by Prince Andréy. The wounded man felt much easier on that day. Natásha was with him. In the adjoining room sat the count and the countess, respectfully conversing with the prior, who had come to see his old acquaintances and contributors. Sónya was with them, and she was tormented by a curiosity to find out what Prince Andréy was talking about with Natásha. She could hear the sound of their voices behind the door. The door of Prince Andréy's room was opened. Natásha came out of it with an agitated face. She did not notice the monk who had risen to meet her and was drawing back the broad sleeve of his right arm, and walked over to Sónya and took her hand.

"Natásha, what is the matter? Come here!" said the countess.

Natásha went up to receive the benediction, and the prior advised her to turn to God and His saint for aid.

Immediately after the prior withdrew, Natásha took the hand of her companion and went with her to an unoccupied room.

"Sónya, do you think he will live?" she said. "Sónya, how happy I am, and how unhappy at the same time! Sónya dear, everything is as of old. If he only lives! He cannot — because, because —" and Natásha burst out into tears.

"Yes, I knew it! Thank God," muttered Sónya. "He will live!"

Sónya was not less agitated than her companion, by her

fear and sorrow, and by her personal, unuttered thoughts. She sobbed as she kissed and consoled Natásha. "If he would only live!" she thought. After weeping, talking, and drying their tears, both companions went up to the door of Prince Andréy's room. Natásha cautiously opened the door and looked in. Sónya stood beside her near the half-open door.

Prince Andréy was lying high on three pillows. His pale face was calm and his eyes closed, and he could be seen breathing evenly.

"Oh, Natásha!" Sónya suddenly almost cried out, grasping the arm of her cousin and receding from the door.

"What? What is it?" asked Natásha.

"It is that, that —" said Sónya, with a pale face and trembling lips.

Natásha softly closed the door and went with Sónya toward the window, still failing to understand what Sónya was talking about.

"Do you remember," Sónya said, with a frightened and solemn face, "do you remember that time when I looked for you in the mirror? In Otrádnœ, at Christmas — Do you remember what I saw?"

"Yes, yes," said Natásha, opening her eyes wide and dimly recalling that Sónya had then said something about Prince Andréy, whom she saw in a lying posture.

"Do you remember?" continued Sónya. "I saw it then, and said so to all, — to you and to Dunyásha. I saw him lying on the bed," she said, making a gesture with the uplifted finger of her hand at every detail, "and with his eyes shut, and with a rose-coloured quilt, and his hands crossed," said Sónya, convincing herself, in proportion as she described the details she then saw, that she had *seen* them then. She had not seen anything then, and had said anything that came into her head; but what she had concocted at that time appeared as real to her as any other recollection. She not only remembered that she

had said then that he turned around and smiled at her, and was covered with something red, but she was firmly convinced that she had said and seen then that he was covered with a rose-coloured, yes, a rose-coloured quilt, and that his eyes were shut.

“Yes, yes, a rose-coloured quilt,” said Natásha, who seemed to recall herself that “rose-coloured” had been mentioned then, and in this she saw the chief peculiarity and mystery of the prophecy.

“But what does it mean?” Natásha said, pensively.

“Oh, I do not know, — it is all so extraordinary,” said Sónya, grasping her head.

A few minutes later Prince Andréy rang a bell, and Natásha went in to him; while Sónya, experiencing unusual agitation and meekness of spirit, remained at the window, to think over the strange facts that had happened.

On that day there was a chance of sending a letter to the army, and the countess wrote to her son.

“Sónya,” said the countess, raising her head from the letter, as her niece passed by her, “Sónya, won’t you write to Nikoláy?” she said, in a quiet, quivering voice, and in the glance of her fatigued eyes, looking above her glasses, Sónya read everything the countess meant by those words. In this glance was expressed entreaty, and fear of a refusal, and shame at being compelled to ask her, and a readiness for an undying hatred in case of refusal.

Sónya went up to the countess and, kneeling down, kissed her hand.

“I will write, mamma,” she said.

Sónya was touched, agitated, and meek of spirit from the effect of all that had happened on that day, especially from the effect of that mysterious accomplishment of the divination, which she had just witnessed. Now that she knew that, on account of the renewal of Natásha’s relations with Prince Andréy, Nikoláy could not marry Princess Márya,

she was happy to feel the return of that mood of self-sacrifice in which she had been accustomed to live, and which gave her pleasure. With tears in her eyes and with the joyful consciousness of doing a magnanimous deed, she, several times interrupting her tears, which bedimmed her velvety black eyes, wrote that touching letter, the receipt of which so startled Nikoláy.

IX.

AT the guard-house, to which Pierre was led, the officer and the soldiers who took him there treated him hostilely, but at the same time with respect. In their relations to him could be observed a certain suspicion that he might be a very important personage, and hostility on account of their late personal conflict with him.

But when, on the next morning, the guard was relieved, Pierre noticed that for the new watch — both for the officers and the soldiers — he no longer had the meaning which he had had for those who had captured him. Indeed, in this tall, stout man in the caftan of a peasant, the guard of the next day did not see that living man who had had such a desperate fight with the marauder and with the soldiers of the patrol, and who had expressed himself so solemnly about having saved a child; they saw in him nothing more than one of the seventeen Russians held for some reason by the order of the higher authorities. If there was anything peculiar in Pierre, it was his concentrated and pensive, not at all timid, aspect, and his French, in which language, to the surprise of the soldiers, he expressed himself well. And yet, Pierre was on that day put with the other suspects, because the special room which he had occupied was wanted by an officer.

All the Russians who were held with Pierre were men of the very lowest ranks. All of them, recognizing the gentleman in Pierre, kept aloof from him, the more so since he spoke French. Pierre in sadness listened to their derisive remarks about him.

On the following evening, Pierre learned that all the prisoners (no doubt, he among them) were to be tried for incendiarism. On the third day, Pierre and the rest were taken to a house where sat a French general with a white moustache, two colonels, and other Frenchmen with ribbons on their arms. With that precision and definiteness which are supposed to surpass all human weaknesses, and which are generally employed in relation to culprits, questions were addressed to Pierre, just as to the others, as to who he was, where he had been, for what purpose, and so forth.

These questions, by leaving out the essence of the vital matter and excluding the possibility of discovering this essence, like all questions put in courts of justice, had for their aim nothing but the indication of the groove along which the judges wished that the answers of the defendant should flow, so as to bring him to the desired end, that is, to self-accusation. The moment he began to say something which did not satisfy the end of the accusation, the groove was taken away and the water could flow where it wished. Besides, Pierre experienced the same that the defendant experiences in any court: perplexity at having all these questions put to him. He felt that this trick of supplying him with a groove was used only as a condescension or, as it were, as a token of civility. He knew that he was in the power of these men; that power only had brought him there; that power only gave them the right to demand answers of him; that the only purpose of this meeting consisted in his conviction. Therefore, since they possessed the power and had the desire to convict him, there was no need of the trick of questioning him and sitting in judgment over him. It was evident that all his answers must prove his guilt.

To the question what he had been doing when he was arrested, Pierre replied with some tragic air that he had been carrying to her parents a child, "*qu'il avait sauvé des flammes.*"

Why had he fought with the marauder? Pierre replied that he had been defending a woman; that it was the duty of any man to defend a woman to whom an insult was offered; that —

He was stopped short: this was irrelevant. Why had he been in the yard of the burning house, where he had been seen by witnesses? He replied that he had gone out to see what was going on in Moscow.

He was again stopped: he was not asked where he had been going, but why he had been near the fire. Who was he? The first question was repeated to him, and to this he had replied that he would not tell. He said again that he could not tell.

“Write it down! It is not good! It is very bad!” the general with the white moustache and red face said to him.

On the fourth day the fires began on the Zúbov Rampart.

Pierre was taken with thirteen others to the Crimea Ford, into a carriage-shed of a merchant house. Passing through the streets, Pierre choked from the smoke which seemed to be over the whole city. Fires could be seen on every side. Pierre at that time did not yet comprehend the significance of burning Moscow and looked with terror at these fires.

Pierre passed four more days in the carriage-shed of one of the houses near the Crimea Ford, and during this time he learned from the conversation of the French soldiers that all the prisoners were expecting any day the decision of the marshal. What marshal it was, Pierre could not find out from the soldiers. To them a marshal presented himself as a very high and somewhat mysterious link of power.

These first days, up to the 8th of September, when the prisoners were taken to a second trial, were the hardest for Pierre.

X.

ON the 8th of September, the shed where the prisoners were was entered by a very important officer, to judge from the respect shown him by the guards. This officer, evidently from the staff, holding a list in his hands, called the names of all the Russians, denominating Pierre as "*celui qui n'avoue pas son nom.*" Casting an indifferent and indolent glance at all the prisoners, he ordered the officer of the guard to dress them and clean them up before taking them to the marshal. In an hour there arrived a company of soldiers, and Pierre with the thirteen others was taken to the Virgin Field. It was a clear, sunlit day after a rain, and the air was unusually pure. The smoke did not lodge in the streets, as it had on the day when Pierre had been led out from the guard-house of the Zúbov Rampart; the smoke rose in columns in the pure air. One could nowhere see the flame of the fires, but on every side rose columns of smoke, and all of Moscow, everything which Pierre could see, was one large burning mass. On every side could be seen devastated spots with standing fireplaces and chimneys, and now and then smoke-begrimed walls of stone houses. Pierre looked at the devastation and could not recognize familiar quarters of the city. Here and there he saw churches that had escaped destruction. The Kremlin was not ruined and shone white in the distance, with its towers and with its Iván the Great. Near by brightly gleamed the cupola of the Monastery of the New Virgin, and from there pro-

ceeded the peculiarly sonorous sound of the bells. This ringing reminded Pierre that it was Sunday and the holiday of the Virgin's Nativity. There seemed to be no one to celebrate this holiday: everywhere was the destruction of fire, and of Russians one met but occasionally tattered, frightened men, who hid at the sight of the French.

It was evident that the Russian nest was destroyed and annihilated; but in the destruction of the Russian order of life, Pierre unconsciously felt that an entirely new, a firm French order of things had established itself in this shattered nest. He felt this at the sight of the soldiers, who, walking briskly and merrily in regular ranks, were conveying him with the other criminals; he felt it at the sight of some important French official in a two-horse carriage driven by a soldier, as it rushed past him; he felt it in the merry sounds of the regimental music, which were borne to him from the left of the field; and, more especially, he felt and comprehended it from that list which the officer who had arrived that morning had read in calling the roll of the prisoners. Pierre had been arrested by one set of soldiers and had been taken to this and to that place with a dozen other men; one would think they might have forgotten him or have mistaken him for some one else. But no: his answers, which he had given at the inquest, returned to him under his appellation of "*celui qui n'avoue pas son nom.*" And under this designation, which was terrible to Pierre, he was being led somewhere with the absolute assurance written in the faces of the guard that all the other prisoners and he himself were precisely those that they wanted, and that they were being led where they belonged. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip which had fallen into the wheels of an unknown but regularly working machine.

Pierre and the other criminals were brought to the right side of the Virgin Field, in the neighbourhood of

the monastery, to a large white house with an immense garden.

It was the house of Prince Shcherbátov, which Pierre had frequented before, and in which now, as he learned from the soldiers' conversation, was stationed the marshal, the Duke of Eckmühl.

They were brought up to the veranda, and were, one after another, led into the house. Pierre was the sixth to be taken in. Through a glass gallery, a vestibule, an ante-chamber, all familiar to Pierre, he was led into a long, low-studded cabinet, at the door of which stood an adjutant.

Davout was sitting at the end of the room, at a table, with his spectacles on his nose. Pierre went up close to him. Davout did not raise his eyes, evidently busy on some paper which was lying before him. Without raising his eyes, he asked him, "*Qui êtes-vous ?*"

Pierre was silent because he was not able to utter a word. Davout was for Pierre not merely a French general ; for him Davout was a man well known for his cruelty. Looking at the cold face of Davout, who, as a stern teacher, agreed for a time to be patient and wait for an answer, he felt that a second of hesitation could cost him his life ; but he did not know what to say. He could not make up his mind to say what he had said at his first inquest ; and it was perilous and a disgrace to give away his standing and position. Pierre was silent ; but, before he could make up his mind for anything, Davout raised his head, moved his glasses up on his brow, blinked with his eyes, and looked fixedly at Pierre.

"I know this man," he said, in a measured, cold voice, which was evidently calculated to frighten Pierre.

The chill, which had run up Pierre's back, now held his head, as in a vise.

"*Mon général, vous ne pouvez pas me connaître, je ne vous ai jamais vu —*"

"*C'est un espion russe,*" Davout interrupted him, turning to another general who was in the room, and whom Pierre had not noticed.

Davout turned aside. With a sudden peal in his voice, Pierre uttered rapidly :

"*Non, monseigneur,*" he said, suddenly recalling that Davout was a duke. "*Non, monseigneur, vous n'avez pas pu me connaître. Je suis un officier militionnaire et je n'ai pas quitté Moscou.*"

"*Votre nom ?*" repeated Davout.

"*Besouhi.*"

"*Qu'est-ce qui me prouvera que vous ne mentez pas ?*"

"*Monseigneur,*" Pierre exclaimed, not in a voice of offence, but of entreaty.

Davout raised his eyes and looked fixedly at Pierre. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and this glance saved Pierre. In this glance, in spite of all the conditions of war and judicial procedure, human relations were established between the two men. At this moment they both dimly passed through an endless number of sensations, and they understood that they were both children of humanity, — that they were brothers.

In his first glance Davout, who had barely raised his head from his list, on which human affairs and life were called off by numbers, had looked upon Pierre merely as a circumstance, and, without taking on his conscience a bad act, he would have ordered him shot ; but now he saw in him a man. He meditated for a moment.

"*Comment me prouverez-vous la verité de ce que vous me dites ?*" Davout said, coldly.

Pierre recalled Ramball and mentioned his regiment, his name, and the street where his house was.

"*Vous n'êtes pas ce que vous dites,*" Davout said again.

Pierre began in a trembling, faltering voice to adduce proofs of the truth of his statements.

Just then an adjutant entered and reported something to Davout.

Davout suddenly brightened up at the news which the adjutant had communicated to him, and began to button his coat. Apparently he entirely forgot about Pierre.

When the adjutant reminded him about the prisoner, he nodded with a frown in the direction of Pierre and said that he should be led away. Whither he was to be taken, Pierre did not know: whether back to the shed, or to the improvised place of execution on the Virgin Field, which his companions had pointed out to him in passing.

He turned his head around and saw that the adjutant repeated some question.

"*Oui, sans doute!*" said Davout, but what this "yes" referred to Pierre did not know.

Pierre did not remember how long he had walked or whither he was taken. In a condition of absolute stupor, without seeing a thing about him, he kept moving his feet along with the rest, until all stopped, and he too. There was but one thought in Pierre's head. It was this: Who, who had finally sentenced him to be executed? Certainly not those people who had examined him at the inquest: of these not one wished to do it, nor was able to do it. It was not Davout, who had cast such a human look at him. One minute more, and Davout would have comprehended that they were doing wrong, but this minute was disturbed by the adjutant's entering. That adjutant, evidently, did not wish him harm, but he might have kept away. Who, then, was it who was executing him, killing him, depriving him of life, with all its recollections, strivings, hopes, and thoughts? Who was doing it? Pierre felt that it was nobody.

It was the order, the concurrence of circumstances.

It was a certain order that was killing him, Pierre, — depriving him of life and everything, annihilating him.

XI.

FROM the house of Prince Shcherbátov the prisoners were led down the Virgin Field, to the left of the New Virgin Monastery, and were taken to a garden where stood a post. Beyond the post was a large ditch with freshly dug earth, and near it and the post a large mass of people stood in a semicircle. It consisted of a small number of Russians and a large number of Napoleonic soldiers, not in the ranks, — of Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, in a great variety of uniforms. To the right and left of the post stood aligned French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets, gaiters, and shakos.

The criminals were placed in the order in which they were on the list (Pierre stood the sixth), and were taken up to the post. Suddenly several drums on either side were beaten, and Pierre felt that with this sound something was torn away from his soul. He lost the ability to think and to reflect. He could only see and hear. He had only one desire, and that was that the something terrible, which was to happen, should take place at once. Pierre looked at his companions and examined them.

The two men on the outer side were shaven convicts : one of them was tall and lean ; the other — a black, shaggy, muscular man with a flattened nose. The third was a janitor, a man of about forty-five years of age, with streaks of gray in his hair and a plump, well-fed body. The fourth was a very handsome peasant with a long, blond beard and black eyes. The fifth was a workman of

a factory, a sallow, lean lad, of about eighteen years of age, wearing a cloak.

Pierre heard the Frenchmen deliberating whether they were to shoot one or two at a time. "Two at a time," calmly and coolly replied the senior officer. There was a commotion in the ranks of the soldiers, and it was evident that all were hurrying, not as one hurries when something intelligible to everybody is to be performed, but as one hurries in order to get done with a necessary, but disagreeable and incomprehensible, piece of business.

A French official in a sash walked over to the right side of the row of criminals and read their sentence in Russian and in French.

Then four Frenchmen went up to the criminals and, at the officer's indication, took the two convicts, who were standing at the outer edge. The convicts walked over to the post and stopped, and, while sacks were being brought, looked silently around, as a baited beast looks at the approaching hunter. One of them kept crossing himself; the other rubbed his back and made with his lips a motion which resembled a smile. The soldiers fumbled with their hands and began to blindfold them, to put the sacks on them, and to bind them to the post.

Twelve soldiers with their guns walked with even, firm steps out of the ranks and stationed themselves within eight paces from the post. Pierre turned away in order not to see what was to happen. Suddenly he heard a crackling and rumbling, which appeared to him louder than any peals of thunder, and he looked around. There was a smoke, and the Frenchmen with pale faces and trembling hands were doing something at the ditch.

Two others were taken up. These two looked with just such eyes at everybody, silently and vainly, with their eyes only imploring succour, and apparently not understanding and not believing what was going to happen. They could not believe it, because they alone could know

what life was to them, and so they did not understand, nor believe, that they could be deprived of it.

Pierre did not want to see what was going on, and turned his face away; but again a terrible explosion struck his ear, and, at the same time that he perceived the smoke, he saw blood and the pale, frightened faces of the Frenchmen again doing something at the post, — pushing one another with trembling hands. Breathing heavily, Pierre looked about him, as though to ask himself: “What is this?” The same question was in all the eyes which met Pierre’s glance.

On all the Russian faces, on all the faces of the French soldiers and officers, on all without exception, he read the same terror and struggle which were in his heart.

“*Tirailleurs du 86-me, en avant!*” some one shouted.

The fifth man, who was standing with Pierre, was led up by himself. Pierre did not understand that he was saved, that he and the rest had been brought up only to witness the execution. He kept looking at what was going on, with ever increasing terror, without experiencing joy or peace. The fifth man was the factory hand in the cloak. The moment they touched him, he leaped aside in terror and took hold of Pierre (Pierre shuddered and tore himself away from him). The workman could not walk. He was dragged along by his arms, and he kept crying something. When he was brought up to the post, he suddenly grew silent. He seemed suddenly to comprehend. Whether he understood that it was in vain to cry, or that it was impossible that people should kill him, he stood up at the post waiting to be blindfolded with others, and like a wounded beast looked about him with sparkling eyes.

Pierre no longer had the strength to turn away and shut his eyes. His curiosity and agitation and those of the crowd reached the highest tension with this fifth murder. This fifth man seemed to be as calm as the rest had been: he

wrapped himself in his cloak and rubbed one bare foot with the other.

As they bandaged his eyes, he himself adjusted the knot on the back of his head, as it made him uncomfortable. Then, as he was placed against the blood-stained post, he leaned back, but as he did not feel comfortable in that posture, he pulled himself up and, putting his feet straight, calmly leaned against the post. Pierre did not take his eyes off him, and watched every smallest motion of his.

No doubt the command was given, and no doubt there was heard the discharge of eight guns. But no matter how much Pierre tried to recall it later, he had not heard the slightest sound of the fusilade. He saw only that the workman for some reason slipped down in the ropes; that blood appeared in two spots; that the ropes themselves, from the weight of the limp body, were loosened; and that the workman, letting his head droop in an unnatural manner and bending his legs, sat down on the ground. Pierre ran up to the post. No one held him back. The frightened, pale men were doing something about the workman. The nether jaw of an old mustachioed Frenchman was trembling, as he loosened the ropes. The body dropped. The soldiers awkwardly and hurriedly dragged it beyond the post and began to push it down into the ditch.

It was quite apparent that they all knew that they were criminals, who must as quickly as possible conceal the traces of their crimes.

Pierre looked in the ditch and saw that the workman was lying with his knees raised up to his head, one shoulder being higher than the other. This shoulder convulsively rose and fell in even measure. But the shovelfuls of earth were already falling on the whole body. One of the soldiers in anger and irritation called out to Pierre to go back. But Pierre did not understand him

and remained standing at the post, from which no one drove him away.

When the ditch was all filled up, a command was given. Pierre was taken back to his place, and the French troops, which had been fronting the post on both sides, faced about and with measured steps began to march past the post. The twenty-four members of the firing party with their guns unloaded, who were standing within the circle, in a trot rejoined their companies as they walked by them.

Pierre now looked with senseless eyes at these men as they left the circle in pairs. All but one joined their ranks. One young soldier, with a deathly pale countenance, in a shako which had fallen on his back, and allowing his gun to droop, was still standing opposite the ditch, in the spot from which he had fired his gun. He tottered like one drunk, making now a few steps in front, and now back again, in order to sustain his falling body. An old soldier, an under-officer, ran out of the ranks and, grabbing the young fellow by the shoulder, drew him back into the ranks. The crowd of Russians and Frenchmen began to scatter. All walked in silence with drooping heads.

"*Ça leur apprendra à incendier,*" said one of the Frenchmen.

Pierre looked around at the speaker and saw a soldier who was trying to find some consolation in what had been done, but was unable to do so. Without finishing his sentence, he waved his hand and walked on.

XII.

AFTER the execution, Pierre was separated from the other prisoners and left all by himself in a small, polluted church.

Before evening an under-officer of the sentry and two other soldiers entered the church and informed Pierre that he was pardoned and now would take up his place in the barracks of the prisoners of war. Pierre rose and followed the soldiers. He was brought to booths constructed of half-burnt boards, logs, and shingles, and was taken inside one of them. In the darkness some twenty different men surrounded him. He looked at them and did not understand who these men were, what they were doing there, and what they wanted of him. He heard the words addressed to him, but made no deductions from them: he simply did not understand their significance. He replied to the questions put to him, but did not consider who was listening to him, or how his answers would be received. He looked at the faces and forms, and all of them seemed equally meaningless to him.

Ever since Pierre had seen that terrible murder committed by people who did not wish to do it, that spring which held everything together, and through which everything appeared to be living, suddenly seemed to be torn out of his soul, and everything collapsed into a heap of meaningless dirt. Though he was not conscious of it, this incident had destroyed his faith in the order of the world, in the human soul and in his own soul, and in God. Pierre had experienced this condition before, but never

with such force as now. Formerly, when Pierre was overcome by doubts of this kind, these doubts had his own guilt for their source; and then he felt, in his innermost heart, that from that despair and from those doubts his salvation lay in himself. But now he felt that it was not his guilt that was the cause of the world's destruction in his eyes, and that nothing but meaningless ruins were left. He felt that it was not in his power to return to faith in life.

Around him, in the darkness, stood men: apparently there was something in him which amused them. He was being told something; questions were asked him, and finally he was taken somewhere, and he found himself in the corner of the booth, side by side with some people who were conversing and laughing all around him.

"And so, my friends, that very prince *who* —" (a voice spoke in the opposite corner of the booth, with special emphasis on the word "who").

Pierre sat in silence and motionless on some straw near the wall, and now opened and now closed his eyes. But, the moment his eyes were shut, he saw before him that terrible face of the factory hand, especially terrible in its simplicity, and the still more terrible, restless faces of the involuntary murderers. He again opened his eyes and senselessly looked around him in the darkness.

Beside him sat, bending over, a small man, of whose presence Pierre had become aware by the strong odour of perspiration which emanated from him at every motion of his. This man was doing something to his feet in the darkness, and, though Pierre did not see his face, he felt that the man was constantly gazing at him. Looking closely at him, Pierre made out that he was divesting himself of his foot-gear. Pierre was interested in the manner in which this was done.

Having unwound the laces with which one leg was wrapped, he carefully rolled up the strips and immediately

started the same operation on the other leg, looking all the time at Pierre. While the one hand was hanging up the laces, the other was already beginning to unwind the laces of the second leg. Having in this manner carefully taken off his foot-wear with rounded, agile, uninterrupted motions, he hung it up on pegs driven into the wall above his head, drew out a pen-knife, cut something, clasped his knife, placed it under his head-rest, and, seating himself more comfortably, embraced his raised knees with his hands and gazed straight at Pierre. Pierre felt something pleasant, soothing, and rounded in these agile motions, in this well-arranged corner of his, even in the odour of the man, and looked at him, without taking his eyes away.

“Have you seen much misery, sir, eh?” the little man suddenly said. There was such an expression of kindness and simplicity in the singsong voice of the man, that Pierre wanted to reply to him, but his jaw began to tremble, and he felt that tears were coming. Without giving Pierre a chance to give utterance to his embarrassment, the little man at once continued, with his pleasant voice:

“Oh, my friend, don’t worry!” he spoke with that tender chanting voice of kindness, in which old Russian women talk. “Don’t worry, my friend. An hour you suffer, an age you live! Yes, my friend! We manage to live here, thank God, without suffering insult. They are men themselves, and there are good and bad people among them,” he said, and, while still speaking, he with a flexible motion bent over his knees, got up, and, coughing, went away somewhere.

“I declare, you rogue, you have come back!” Pierre heard the same kindly voice at the other end of the booth. “You have come back, you rogue, you remember us! All right, all right!” And the soldier pushed the dog away that sprang up to him, returned to his place,

and sat down again. In his hand there was something wrapped in a piece of paper.

"Eat this, sir!" he said, returning to his old respectful tone, and, opening up the paper, he handed Pierre a few baked potatoes. "We had soup for dinner, and these potatoes are fine!"

Pierre had not eaten all day, and the odour of the potatoes seemed delicious to him. He thanked the soldier and began to eat.

"Well, how are they?" the soldier said, smiling, and taking a potato. "Do it like this!" He drew out his clasp-knife, cut the potato in his hand in two equal parts, sprinkled some salt on it from a small rag, and handed it to Pierre.

"The potatoes are fine," he repeated. "Eat them like this!"

It seemed to Pierre that he had never eaten anything so savoury.

"I am all right," said Pierre, "but why did they shoot those unfortunates? The last was about twenty years old."

"Hush, hush," said the little man. "It is sinful to mention —" he swiftly added and, as though his words were always at his tongue's end and escaped by accident, he continued: "Sir, how is it you have remained in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would be here so soon. I was left by accident," said Pierre.

"How did they take you, friend? Out of your house?"

"No, I went to a fire, and there they arrested me and tried me as an incendiary."

"Where there is a court, there is injustice," interposed the little man.

"How long have you been here?" asked Pierre, munching at his last potato.

"I? Last Sunday they took me out of the hospital in Moscow."

"Who are you, a soldier?"

"A soldier of the Apsherón regiment. I was almost dead with a fever. We were not told anything. There were about twenty of us in the hospital. We had no suspicion of it."

"Well, you feel lonesome here?" asked Pierre.

"Of course I am, my friend. My name is Platón, of the family of Karatáevs," he added, evidently in order to make it easier for Pierre to address him. "They called me 'Little Falcon' in the army. How can I help being lonesome, my friend? Moscow is the mother of cities! How can one help feeling lonesome looking at what is going on! The worm gnaws at the cabbage, and himself perishes first, as the old men used to say," he quickly added.

"How, how did you say it?" asked Pierre.

"I?" asked Karatáev. "I speak not my mind, but God's judgment," he said, thinking that he was repeating what he had said. He immediately continued: "Well, sir, have you any estates? And a house? And I suppose a full bowl! A housewife? And are your old parents alive?" he asked. Though Pierre did not see in the darkness, he felt that the soldier's lips were curling with a reserved smile of kindness, as he asked these questions. Apparently he was grieved to hear that Pierre had no parents, especially no mother.

"A wife for counsel, a mother-in-law for reception, but there is no one sweeter than a mother!" he said. "Well, and have you any children?" he continued to ask. Pierre's negative answer apparently grieved him, and so he hastened to add: "Well, you are still young, and God will grant you some. If you only live in peace —"

"What difference does it now make?" Pierre said, involuntarily.

"Oh, my dear man," retorted Platón, "never refuse the wallet or jail." He seated himself more comfortably, cleared his throat, evidently preparing himself for a long

story. "Yes, my friend, I was still living at home," he began. "We have a rich estate, plenty of land, and the peasants live well, and our house, thanks to God, is prosperous. My father used to go out with six others to reap. We lived well. We were true Christians. It happened —" and Platón Karatáev told a long story of how he once went to somebody's forest to take some wood, and of how he was caught, flogged, tried, and sent to the army. "Well, my little falcon," he said, in a voice which was changed through his smile, "we thought it a misfortune, but it turned out a joy! My brother would have had to go if it had not been for my sin. But my younger brother himself had five children, while I left only a wife behind. There was a girl, but God took her away before my going into the army. I went back on a leave of absence, and behold, they were living better than before. The barn-yard was full of cattle; the women at home; two brothers out earning money. Only Mikháylo, the younger, was at home. Says my father: 'All my children are the same to me; it hurts no matter what finger is bitten; and if Platón had not been shaven a soldier, Mikháylo would have had to go.' He called us all up, — would you believe it, — and placed us before the images. 'Mikháylo,' says he, 'come here and bow before him, and you, woman, and you, grandchildren, bow to him! Do you understand?' says he. — Yes, my friend! Fate looks for her heads, and there we go on saying: This is bad, and this wrong. Our happiness, my friend, is like water in a drag-net: you pull at it and it swells, you drag it out, and there is nothing in it. Yes, sir." And Platón changed his position on the straw.

After a moment's silence, Platón got up.

"Well, I suppose you want to sleep," he said. He began at once to cross himself, saying all the time: "Lord Jesus Christ, St. Nicholas! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ, St. Nicholas! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ

—have pity on us and save us!” he concluded. Then he bowed to the ground, got up, sighed, and sat down on his straw. “Yes, sir. O God, let me lie down as a little stone, and raise me as a white loaf!” he muttered, lying down and pulling the overcoat over him.

“What kind of a prayer did you say there?” asked Pierre.

“What?” said Platón (he was almost asleep). “Prayer? I prayed to God. Don’t you pray?”

“Yes, I do,” said Pierre. “But what did you mean by Frola and Lavra?”

“Oh!” Platón answered, hurriedly, “it is the holiday of the horses. One has to pity the cattle, too,” said Karatáev. “I declare, the rogue is there, all rolled up! Are you warm, daughter of a bitch?” he said, feeling the dog at his feet, and, turning around, immediately fell asleep.

Outside could be heard weeping and cries, and through the chinks of the booth fire was seen; but within it was quiet and dark. Pierre could not sleep for a long time, and with open eyes lay in the darkness, listening to the even snoring of Platón, who was lying near him, and he felt that the crushed world was stirring in his soul with a new beauty, on a new, imperturbable foundation.

XIII.

IN the booth which Pierre occupied, and where he passed four weeks, there were twenty-three captive soldiers, three officers, and two officials.

Later on they all appeared to Pierre as in a mist, but Platón Karatáev for ever remained in his soul as a strong, precious memory and the personification of everything Russian, good, and rounded. When on the following day, at break of day, Pierre saw his neighbour, the first impression of something round was verified completely: all of Platón's figure, in his French mantle girded by a rope, in a cap and bast shoes, was round. His head was absolutely round; his back, breast, shoulders, even his arms, which he carried as though all the time ready to embrace something, were rounded; his pleasing smile and large, blue, tender eyes were round.

Platón Karatáev must have been more than fifty, to judge from his stories of campaigns in which he had taken part as an old soldier. He did not know himself, nor could he in any way make out, how old he was; but his dazzling white and sound teeth, which could be seen in two semicircles whenever he laughed (which he did often), were in good condition and uninjured; there was not a gray hair in his beard and hair, and his whole body had the aspect of flexibility and especially of firmness and endurance.

His face, in spite of its small, round wrinkles, had an expression of innocence and youth; his chanting voice was agreeable. But the chief peculiarity lay in his speech,

which was direct and apposite. He evidently never thought of what he said or was about to say; and so the rapidity and precision of his intonations were persuasive and incontrovertible.

His physical strength and agility during the first of his imprisonment were of such a character that he did not seem to know what fatigue and disease were. Every morning, upon rising, and when he lay down, he repeated the words, "Let me, O Lord, lie down as a little stone and raise me as a white loaf!" In the morning, after rising, he always shrugged his shoulders and said, "I lay down and rolled up, I rose and shook myself." Indeed, he had only to lie down in order to fall at once asleep as a stone, and he had only to shake himself in order to go about his work without a minute's loss, just as children take to playing the moment they get up. He could do everything, not very deftly, but not badly either. He baked, cooked, sewed, planed, cobbled boots. He was always busy and only at night took the liberty of indulging in conversations, of which he was fond, and in singing. He sang not as the singers sing, who know that they are being listened to, but as the birds, apparently because these sounds were as much a necessity to him as the need of stretching himself or taking a walk; these sounds were always thin, tender, almost feminine and melancholy, and his face was very serious at such times.

When he was made a prisoner and allowed his beard to grow up, he apparently threw off that which was foreign to his nature, his military ways, and returned to his former, peasant manner of life.

"A soldier at leave wears his shirt outside his trousers," he used to say. He spoke reluctantly of his soldier life, though he did not complain, and more than once repeated that he had never once been flogged during his whole service. When he told anything about himself, these stories obviously were drawn from his old and precious

recollections of his "Christian" life, as he called his peasant existence. The proverbs, which filled his speech, were not the indecent, bold saws soldiers generally employ, but those popular maxims, which seem so insignificant when taken separately, but which, appropriately applied, suddenly assume the meaning of profound wisdom.

Frequently he said the very opposite of what he had said before, but both utterances were correct. He was fond of talking and talked well, adorning his speech with words of endearment and proverbs, which, so Pierre thought, he himself invented; but the chief charm of his stories consisted in this, that in his speech the simplest events, frequently the same that Pierre saw without taking note of them, assumed a character of solemn purport. He was fond of listening to fairy-tales, which, without variation, one of the soldiers kept repeating, but more often he liked to hear stories from actual life. He smiled joyously as he listened to these, interposing a word here and there, and putting questions, the purpose of which was to elucidate to himself the propriety of what he was being told. Attachments, friendships, love, as Pierre understood these terms, Karatáev had none; but he loved and lived in peace with everything with which life brought him in contact, especially with man, — not with any particular man, but with all people who were before his eyes. He loved his shepherd dog, his companions, the Frenchmen, and Pierre, who was his neighbour; but Pierre felt that Karatáev, in spite of all his kindness toward him (by which he gave the proper acknowledgment to Pierre's spiritual life), would not for a moment be grieved at parting from him. And Pierre began to experience the same feeling toward Karatáev.

Platón Karatáev was to all the other prisoners a very common soldier; he was called "Little Falcon" or "Platóssha;" they good-naturedly made fun of him, and sent him on errands. But to Pierre he remained the same that

he had presented himself during the first evening, — an inapproachable, round, and eternal personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth.

Platón knew nothing by heart but his prayer. When he began his speeches, he did not seem to know how he was going to finish them.

When Pierre, now and then puzzled by the meaning of his words, asked him to repeat them, Platón could not recall what he had said a minute ago, just as he never was able to render his favourite song to Pierre in spoken words. In the song occurred the words "my beloved," "the sweet little birch," and "I pine so much," but when spoken and not sung these words seemed to him to have no meaning. He did not understand, and could not understand, the significance of words taken separately, out of the connected speech. Each word and each action of his was to him the manifestation of an unknown activity, which was his life. But his life, as he looked at it, had no meaning as a separate existence. It had a meaning only as a particle of the whole, of which he was constantly aware. His words and actions flowed from him as evenly, as peremptorily, and as directly as the odour emanates from the flower. He could understand neither the value nor the significance of an action or word taken separately.

XIV.

HAVING received the information from Nikoláy that her brother was with the Rostóvs at Yarosláv, Princess Márya, in spite of the dissuasion of her aunt, immediately got ready to depart, and to take her nephew along. She did not ask, nor did she wish to know, whether this was difficult or easy, possible or impossible; this was her duty, not only to be herself near her brother who, possibly, was dying, but to do all in her power to have his son with her, and so she made her preparations for the departure. If Prince Andréy did not personally give her any news of himself, she explained it on the ground that he was too weak to write, or because he regarded the long journey as too laborious and too dangerous for her and for his son.

In a few days Princess Márya was ready to depart. Her carriages consisted of a coach, in which she had arrived in Vorónezh, a calash, and a cart. With her travelled Mlle. Bourienne, her nephew with his tutor, an old nurse, three maids, Tíkhon, a young lackey, and a Haiduk, whom her aunt gave her to take along.

It was impossible to journey directly toward Moscow, and the roundabout way which Princess Márya was compelled to take through Lípetsk, Ryazán, Vladímír, and Shúya was very long, on account of the impossibility of providing stage-horses at all stations, very difficult, and, in the neighbourhood where Frenchmen showed up now and then, very perilous.

During this difficult journey, Mlle. Bourienne, Desalles,

and the servants of Princess Márya were surprised at her firmness and activity. She lay down later than the rest, and was the first to get up, and no difficulties could stop her. Thanks to her activity and energy, which urged on her travelling companions, she reached Yarosláv by the end of the second week.

During the last of her stay at Vorónezh, Princess Márya had experienced the happiest time of her life. Her love for Rostóv no longer tormented or agitated her. It filled all her soul, became an indivisible part of her life, and she no longer fought against it. Of late she had convinced herself, — though she never clearly said so to herself in so many words, — that she was loved and that she loved. Of this she had become convinced during her last meeting with Nikoláy, when he came to inform her that her brother was with the Rostóvs. Nikoláy had not given the least hint that now (in case of the convalescence of Prince Andréy) his former relations with Natásha might be renewed, but she saw by his face that he knew it, and that he thought so. And yet, his relations with her — cautious, gentle, tender — were not only not changed, but he seemed even to be glad that the possible marriage relationship permitted him to express his friendship for her more freely, as she thought. She knew that she loved for the first and the last time in her life, and she felt that she was loved, and was happy and calm in this respect.

This happiness of one of her spiritual sides not only did not interfere with her feeling the full force of her sorrow for her brother, but, on the contrary, this spiritual calm in one direction made it possible for her to abandon herself fully to her feeling for her brother. This sentiment had been so strong in the first moments of her departure from Vorónezh, that those who saw her off were convinced, as they looked at her exhausted, despairing face, that she would certainly fall ill on her journey; but the very difficulties and cares of the journey, which Princess Márya

attended to with such vim, for the time being took her attention away from her grief and saved her strength.

As always happens during a journey, Princess Márya thought only of the travel, oblivious of what was its end. But, as she approached Yarosláv, and there began to rise before her imagination what awaited her, not in a few days, but that very evening, Princess Márya's agitation reached its highest points.

When the Haiduk, who had been sent in advance to Yarosláv to find out where the Rostóvs were located and in what condition Prince Andréy was, met the coach at the barrier, he was terrified as he saw the princess's frightfully pale face leaning out of the carriage window.

"I have found out everything, your Serenity! The Rostóvs are in the square, in the house of Merchant Brónnikov. It is not far, — on the Vólga itself," said the Haiduk.

Princess Márya cast a frightened and inquisitive glance at his face, wondering why he did not answer the chief question how her brother was. Mlle. Bourienne put that question for the princess.

"How is the prince?" she asked.

"His Serenity is in the same house with them."

"Consequently he is alive," thought the princess. She asked softly, "How is he?"

"The people say that he is in the same condition all the time."

What was meant by "in the same condition" the princess did not ask, and, casting only a casual glance at seven-year-old Nikoláy, who was sitting in front of her and enjoying the sight of the city, she lowered her head and did not raise it again until the heavy coach, rumbling, jolting, and swaying, stopped somewhere. The steps of the carriage clanged as they were thrown down. The door was opened. On the left was water, — a broad river; on the right was a porch; on the porch stood people, —

servants, and a ruddy girl with a black braid, who, as Princess Márya thought, smiled a feigned, disagreeable smile (it was Sónya). The princess ran up the stairs; the girl with the feigned smile said, "This way, this way!" and the princess found herself in the antechamber in front of an old woman of an Eastern type, who was walking up to her with a disturbed expression on her face. This was the countess. She embraced Princess Márya and began to kiss her.

"*Mon enfant,*" she said, "*je vous aime et vous connais depuis longtemps.*"

In spite of all her agitation, Princess Márya understood that it was the countess, and that something ought to be said to her. Without knowing how, she muttered some civil words in French, in the same tone as those which the countess used to her, and then she asked how he was.

"The doctor says that there is no danger," said the countess; but, as she was saying this, she raised her eyes, and in this expression there was a contradiction to her words.

"Where is he? May I see him, may I?" asked the princess.

"Immediately, princess, immediately, my friend. Is this his son?" she said, turning to little Nikoláy, who was coming in with Desalles. "We shall all find room, — the house is large. Oh, what a charming boy!"

The countess took the princess up-stairs. Sónya was talking with Mlle. Bourienne. The countess petted the boy. The old count entered the room, to greet the princess. He had changed very much since the princess had seen him the last time. Then he had been a brisk, merry, self-confident old man; now he looked a miserable man, all broken up. As he spoke to the princess, he kept looking around, as though to ask everybody whether he was doing right. After the destruction of Moscow and of his estate, he was put out of his beaten track, lost the con-

sciousness of his dignity, and felt that he no longer had a place in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother as soon as possible, and of her annoyance at being entertained and hearing her nephew praised, while she had but the one desire of seeing him, the princess noticed everything which was taking place all about her, and felt the necessity of submitting for a time to this new order which she was now entering. She knew that it was all necessary, and though it was hard for her, she was not annoyed at them.

"This is my niece," said the count, introducing Sónya. "You do not know her, princess?"

The princess turned to her and kissed her, trying to crush in her soul the incipient hostile feeling toward this girl. Still, it weighed upon her to see the mood of all those who surrounded her so different from what was in her soul.

"Where is he?" she asked once more, turning to all.

"He is down-stairs. Natásha is with him," Sónya replied, blushing. "Somebody has gone down to see how he is. Are you not tired, princess?"

Tears of annoyance stood in the eyes of the princess. She turned away and wanted again to ask the countess which way she could go down to see him, when at the door were heard light, impulsive, almost merry footsteps. The princess looked around and saw Natásha, who almost ran in,—that Natásha who, at the former meeting in Moscow, had so displeased her.

The princess had barely had time to look into the face of this Natásha, when she understood that she was her sincere companion in misfortune, and therefore her friend. She rushed up to her and, embracing her, wept on her shoulder.

The moment Natásha, who had been sitting at Prince Andréy's bedside, learned about the arrival of Princess

Márya, she softly left his room with those rapid footsteps, which to Márya had appeared indicative of joy, and ran up to her.

On her agitated countenance there was but one expression as she ran into the room, — an expression of love, of illimitable love for him, for her, for everything that was near to the man she loved, an expression of pity and suffering for others, and of an impassioned desire to devote herself entirely to the succour of these people. It was evident that at that moment there was not a thought of herself, of her relations to him, in Natásha's soul.

Sensitive Princess Márya comprehended all this from her first look at Natásha's face, and so she wept on her shoulder with the enjoyment of grief.

"Let us go, let us go to him, Marie," said Natásha, leading her into another room.

Princess Márya raised her face, dried her tears, and turned to Natásha. She felt that from her she would find out everything.

"How —" she began her question, but suddenly stopped. She felt that questions could neither be put nor answered with words. Natásha's face and eyes were to tell everything more clearly and more profoundly.

Natásha looked at her, but, it seemed, was in dread and doubt whether she had better tell her all she knew, or not; she seemed to feel that before those beaming eyes which penetrated the very depth of her heart it was not possible to tell all the truth, as she saw it. Natásha's lip suddenly quivered; ugly wrinkles formed around her mouth, and she sobbed out loud and covered her face with her hands.

Princess Márya understood everything.

But she still hoped and asked in words, in which she had no faith:

"How is his wound? In what condition is he in general?"

"You — you — will see him," was all Natásha was able to say.

They sat for awhile down-stairs near his room, in order to stop weeping first and enter his room with composed faces. "How has the whole illness proceeded? When did he feel worst? When did it happen?" asked Princess Márya.

Natásha told her that at first there was danger from his feverish condition and from the suffering, but that at Tróitsa it passed, and the doctor now was afraid only of gangrene setting in. But even this danger was passing. When they arrived at Yarosláv the wound began to fester (Natásha knew everything in regard to suppuration, etc.), and the doctor said that the suppuration might pass favourably. Then he fell into a fever. The doctor said that the fever was not so dangerous. "But two days ago," began Natásha, "*this* suddenly happened —" She kept back her sobs. "I do not know why, but you will see for yourself how he looks."

"Is he very feeble? Is he thin?" asked the princess.

"Not that, but something worse. You will see. Oh, Marie, he is too good, he cannot, cannot live because —"

XV.

WHEN Natásha opened the door with a characteristic movement, in order to let the princess pass first, Princess Márya already felt the sobs ready to issue from her throat. No matter how much she had prepared herself and now tried to calm herself, she knew that it was not in her power to see him without tears.

Princess Márya understood what she meant by the words, "It happened to him two days ago." She comprehended that it meant that he suddenly became of a softer mood, and that this softness and tenderness were signs of the approaching death. As she walked over to the door, she saw in her imagination Andréy's face as she had known it in his childhood, that tender, meek, gentle face, which he so seldom showed, and which therefore always affected her so strongly. She knew that he would speak soft, gentle words to her, such as her father had spoken to her before his death, and that she would not be able to bear them and would burst out into sobs. But, sooner or later, it had to be, and she entered the room. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat as she with her near-sighted eyes more and more clearly discerned his form and sought for his features. Then she saw his face, and their glances met.

He was lying on a divan, bedded on pillows, wearing a squirrel-fur morning-gown. He was thin and pale. One lean, translucently white hand held a handkerchief, while with his other he, softly moving his fingers, touched the scanty stubbles of his unshaven moustache. His eyes were directed toward the entering women.

Upon seeing his face and meeting his glance, Princess Márya suddenly tempered the rapidity of her walk and felt that her tears were suddenly dried up and her sobs stopped. As she caught the expression of his face and glance, she suddenly became timid and felt guilty.

“What is my guilt?” she asked herself. “Because you live, and think of the living, while I —” his cold, stern look said to her.

In the deep glance, which looked not outwardly but inwardly, there was almost hostility, as he slowly surveyed his sister and Natásha.

He and his sister kissed each other’s hands, as was their custom.

“Good morning, Marie, how did you get here?” he said, in a voice which was as even and strange as his glance. If he had screamed a desperate scream, the cry would not have surprised Princess Márya more than the sound of this voice. “Have you brought Nikoláy, too?” he said, just as evenly and slowly, and with an apparent effort of recollection.

“How is your health now?” said Princess Márya, herself wondering at what she was saying.

“That, my dear, you must ask the doctor,” he replied, and, evidently making another effort to be kind, he said with his mouth only (obviously he was not thinking of what he spoke):

“*Merci, chère amie, d’être venue.*”

Princess Márya pressed his hand. He barely frowned at the pressure. He was silent, and she did not know what to say. She understood what it was that had happened to him two days before. In his words and tone, especially in his glance, — that cold, almost hostile glance, — was felt that estrangement from everything worldly which is so terrible to a living man. He evidently comprehended matters of life with difficulty; at the same time one felt that he did not comprehend these

things, not because he was deprived of the power of understanding, but because he understood something different, something which the living did not and could not understand, and which absorbed all his attention.

"Yes, fate has brought us strangely together!" he said, interrupting the silence, and pointing to Natásha. "She has been tending on me all the time."

Princess Márya listened, but did not comprehend what he was saying. He, sensitive, gentle Prince Andréy, how could he say that in the presence of her he had loved and who had loved him? If he thought of the possibility of living, he would not say this in such a cold and offensive tone. If he did not know that he was going to die, how could he help pitying her? How could he say it in her presence? There could be but one explanation to it: it was, that it made no difference to him, and it made no difference because something else, something more important, was revealed to him.

The conversation was cold and incoherent, and was interrupted every minute.

"Marie travelled through Ryazán," said Natásha. Prince Andréy did not notice that she called his sister Marie. And it was only in using this word before him that Natásha herself became aware of using it.

"Well?" he asked.

"She was told that all of Moscow was burned completely, that —"

Nátasha stopped: it was impossible to continue. He was evidently making an effort to listen, but could not.

"Yes, they say it burned," he said. "It is a pity," and he began to gaze in front of him, absently stroking his moustache.

"Marie, so you met Count Nikoláy?" Prince Andréy suddenly said, evidently wishing to say something pleasant. "He wrote that he took a great liking to you," he continued, simply and calmly, evidently unable to comprehend

the complex meaning his words had for living beings. "It would be very well if you, too, took a liking to him — if you married," he added a little more rapidly, as though rejoiced at the words which he had been looking for for some time and had finally found.

Princess Márya heard his words, but they had no other meaning for her except to prove how far he now was from everything living.

"What is the use of talking about me?" she said, calmly, casting a glance at Natásha.

Conscious of this look, Natásha did not glance at her. Again all were silent.

"*André*, you want —" Princess Márya suddenly said, with a trembling voice, "you want to see your son? He has been talking about you all the time."

Prince Andréy now for the first time gave a scarcely perceptible smile, but Princess Márya, who knew his face so well, saw in terror that it was not a smile of joy, nor of tenderness for his son, but of soft, meek derision at Princess Márya's final attempt, as she thought, at bringing him back to his senses.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see him. Is he well?"

When Nikoláy was brought to Prince Andréy, and, frightened, looked at his father and did not weep, because no one else wept, Prince Andréy kissed him and was obviously at a loss what to say to him.

When the boy was taken away again, Princess Márya once more walked over to her brother and, unable to restrain herself any longer, burst out into tears.

He looked fixedly at her.

"Are you weeping on account of my son?" he asked.

Princess Márya, weeping, gave an affirmative nod with her head.

"Marie, you know the Gos—" but he suddenly grew silent.

“What are you saying?”

“Nothing. You must not weep here,” he said, looking at her with the same cold glance.

When Princess Márya began to weep, he understood that she was weeping because his son would be left without a father. Making a great effort over himself, he tried to return to life, and he transferred himself to their point of view.

“Yes, it must seem pitiful to them!” he thought. “But how simple it all is!”

“The fowls of the air sow not, neither do they reap, but your heavenly Father feedeth them,” he said to himself, and wanted to say the same to Princess Márya, “but no, they will understand it in their own way, — they will not understand it! They cannot understand that all the feelings which they value so much, — all, all our thoughts, — which seem so important to us, are *not necessary*. We cannot understand each other!” and he kept silence.

Prince Andréy’s little son was seven years old. He could hardly read, and he knew nothing. After that day he acquired much knowledge, observation, and experience; but, if he had even then possessed all those qualities which he later acquired, he could not have understood the whole significance of the scene, which he had observed between his father, Princess Márya, and Natásha, better or more profoundly than he understood it then. He understood everything and, without weeping, left the room, silently walked over to Natásha, who followed him out, and timidly looked at her with his pensive and beautiful eyes. His raised ruby upper lip quivered, and he leaned his head down to her and burst out weeping.

From that day on he avoided Desalles and the countess, who caressed him, and either sat alone, or timidly went up to Princess Márya or to Natásha, to whom, it seemed,

he took a greater liking than to his aunt, and softly and timidly made up to them.

Upon leaving Prince Andréy, Princess Márya fully comprehended what Natásha's face was telling her. She no longer said anything to Natásha about the hope of saving his life. She took turns with her at his divan, and did not weep, but constantly prayed and turned her soul to that Eternal and Incomprehensible One, whose presence was so manifest over the dying man.

XVI.

PRINCE ANDRÉY not only knew that he was going to die, but he also felt that he was dying, that he was half-dead already. He experienced the consciousness of an estrangement from everything worldly and of a joyous and strange facility of existence. Without hurrying or becoming agitated, he waited for what was in store for him. That threatening, eternal, unknown, and remote something, the presence of which he had always felt during his whole life, now was near to him, and, — on account of that strange facility of existence which he experienced, — was almost comprehensible and palpable to him.

Formerly he had been afraid of the end. He had twice experienced that terrible and tormenting feeling of the terror of death, the end, but now he did not understand it.

The first time he had experienced that sensation when the grenade whirled in front of him like a top, and he looked at the field, the bushes, and the sky, and knew that death was before him. When he awoke after having received the wound, and when in his soul, as though freed from the trammelling fetters of life, there immediately budded the flower of an eternal, free love, which was independent of this life, he no longer was afraid of death, and did not think of it.

The more he, in those lonesome hours of his suffering and half-delirium, which he passed after being wounded,

reflected on the new, freshly revealed principle of eternal love, the more he, without knowing it, renounced all earthly existence. To love everything and everybody, always to sacrifice himself for love, meant to him never to love and not to live this earthly life. The more he brooded on this principle of love, the more he renounced life, and the more completely he destroyed that terrible barrier which stands without love between life and death. When he, during this early time, thought of his imminent death, he said to himself: "Well, what of it? So much the better."

But after that night at Mytishchi, when in his semi-delirium appeared the one he had wanted so much, and he, pressing her hand to his lips, wept quiet tears of joy, the love for that woman imperceptibly stole into his heart and called him back to life, and he was assailed by joyful and agitating thoughts. As he recalled that minute at the ambulance where he had seen Kurágin, he no longer could return to that feeling: he was tormented by the question whether he was alive or not; but he did not dare to ask it.

His illness went on in its physical order, but that which Natásha had called "this happened to him" had taken place two days before the arrival of Princess Márya. It was that last, moral struggle between life and death, in which death had carried away the victory. It was the unexpected consciousness of his still clinging to life, which presented itself in his love for Natásha, and the last vanquished attack of terror before the unknown.

It was in the evening. As always after noon, he was in a slightly feverish state, and his ideas were quite clear. Sónya was sitting at the table. He was dozing. Suddenly he was seized by a sensation of happiness.

"Ah, she has come in!" he thought.

Indeed, in Sónya's place sat Natásha, who had just come in with inaudible steps.

Ever since she had begun to tend on him, he had experienced that physical sensation of nearness. She was sitting on a chair, sidewise toward him, screening from him the candle-light, and knitting a stocking. (She had learned to knit since she had heard Prince Andréy say that no one could so well tend on the sick as old nurses who knitted stockings, and that there was something soothing in the knitting of a stocking.) Her thin fingers swiftly moved the knitting-needles, which now and then struck against each other, and he could clearly see the pensive profile of her drooping face. She made a motion, — the ball had rolled down on the floor. She shuddered, looked at him, and, shielding the candle with her hand, bent with a cautious, flexible, and precise motion, picked up the ball, and sat back in her old position.

He looked at her without stirring, and he saw that after her motion she ought to draw a deep breath, but she did not dare to do so and only gasped cautiously. In the Tróitsa monastery they had spoken of their past, and he had told her that, if he should remain alive, he would eternally thank God for his wound, which had brought them together again; but since that time he had never again mentioned the future.

“Could it be, or not?” he now thought, looking at her and listening to the light steel sound of the needles. “Is it possible fate has brought us so strangely together only that I should die? Is it possible the truth of life has been revealed to me only that I may live in falsehood? I love her more than anything in the world. But what am I to do, since I love her?” he said to himself, and he suddenly uttered a groan, — a habit he had acquired during his suffering.

When Natásha heard this sound, she put down the stocking, bent closer down to him, and suddenly, when she noticed his luminous eyes, walked over to him with light footsteps and bent over him.

"Are you not asleep?"

"No, I have been looking at you for a long time; I felt your presence as soon as you entered. No one but you gives me that soft quiet — of the world to come. I feel so much like weeping for joy."

Natasha moved up closer to him. Her face beamed with a transport of joy.

"Natasha, I love you too much. More than anything in the world."

"And I?" She turned away for a moment. "But why too much?" she asked.

"Why too much? Well, what do you think, how do you feel in truth, in full truth, — shall I live? How does it seem to you?"

"I am sure! I am sure!" Natasha almost shouted, taking both his hands with an impassioned motion.

He kept silence.

"How good it would be!" And he took her hand and kissed it.

Natasha was happy and agitated; and she remembered at once that that ought not to be, — that he needed calm.

"But you have not slept," she said, suppressing her joy. "Try to fall asleep, please!"

He let her hand go, giving it first a pressure, and she returned to the candle and seated herself in her former place. Twice she looked back at him, and his lustrous eyes met her glance. She set herself a task on the stocking, saying to herself that she would not look back until it was all finished.

And, indeed, soon after he closed his eyes and fell asleep. He slept but a short time, and suddenly woke in a cold perspiration and in agitation.

As he fell asleep he thought of what he had been thinking all that time, — of life and death. He felt himself nearer to it.

"Love? What is love?" he thought.

“Love impedes death. Love is life. All, all I understand, I understand only because I love. Everything is connected with it alone. Love is God, and death means that I, a particle of love, shall return to the general, eternal source.” These thoughts seemed consoling to him; but they were only thoughts. Something was lacking in them; there was something one-sided and personal and mental in them, and an absence of manifestness. And there was the same restlessness and indeterminateness. He fell asleep.

He dreamt that he was lying in the same room in which he actually was, but that he was not wounded, but well. Many different people, insignificant, indifferent people, appear before Prince Andréy. He speaks with them and debates about some trifle. They are getting ready to go somewhere. Prince Andréy dimly remembers that all this is insignificant, and that he has other, more important cares, but continues speaking empty, ingenious words, which surprise them. Slowly and imperceptibly all these people begin to disappear, and everything gives way to the one question about the closed door. He rises and walks toward the door, in order to latch it and shut it. *Everything* depends on whether he is able to shut it or not. He walks, hurries, his feet do not move, and he knows that he will not be able to shut the door, and yet painfully strains all his strength. And a tormenting terror takes possession of him. And this terror is the terror of death: *it* is standing behind the door. But just as he impotently and awkwardly crawls up to the door, this terrible something begins from the other side to press terribly at it. Something inhuman — death — is breaking down the door, and it must be kept out. He takes hold of the door, strains his last strength, — it is impossible to shut it, — at least to hold it back; but his strength fails him, his motions are awkward, and, pressed against by that terrible something, the door opens and shuts again.

Once more it is pressed from without. The last, preternatural effort is made in vain, and both halves of the door open noiselessly. *It enters, and it is Death.* And Prince Andréy is dead.

But at the same moment that he dies, he recalls that he is asleep, and at the same moment that he dies, he makes a last effort and awakens.

“Yes, it was Death. I am dead, — I am awake. Yes, death is awakening,” and his soul was suddenly illuminated, and the curtain which heretofore had hidden the unknown from him was raised before his mental vision. He felt, as it were, the liberation of a power that had held him fast, and that peculiar ease, which after that never left him again.

When, waking in his cold perspiration, he moved on his divan, Natásha walked over to him and asked him what the matter was with him. He made no reply and looked at her with a strange glance, without understanding what she was saying.

It was this that had happened to him two days before the arrival of Princess Márya. From that day on, the doctor said, the exhausting fever assumed a malignant character, but Natásha was not interested in what the doctor said: she had seen those terrible, no longer doubtful, moral signs.

From that day on there began for Prince Andréy, together with the waking from sleep, the waking from life. And, in comparison with the duration of life, it did not seem to him to be slower than is the waking from a dream in comparison with the duration of a dream.

There was nothing terrible or sharply defined in this comparatively slow awakening.

His last days and hours passed in the usual and simple manner, and Princess Márya and Natásha, who did not leave him, felt it. They did not weep, nor become convulsed with sobs, and, during his last day, they were

conscious, not of tending on him (he existed no longer, — he had left them), but on the nearest reminder of him, on his body. The feelings of both of them were so strong that the external, terrible side of death did not affect them, and they did not find it necessary to spur their grief. They did not weep, either in his presence or when they were away from him, and they never spoke of him to one another. They felt that they could not express in words what they understood.

They both of them saw that he was sinking away from them deeper and deeper, slowly and calmly, to that unknown place, and they knew that it had to be, and that it was well.

He confessed, and received the communion, and all came to bid him farewell. When his son was brought to him, he put his lips to him and turned away, not because he was oppressed or felt pity (Princess Márya and Natásha understood it), but because he supposed that this was all that was expected of him; when he was told to bless him, he complied with the demand and looked around, as though asking whether there was something else for him to do.

Princess Márya and Natásha were present when the last convulsions of the body took place, as the spirit was leaving it.

“Is it ended?” said Princess Márya, after his body had been lying for some minutes motionless and cold. Natásha went up, looked at his lifeless eyes, and hastened to close them. She closed them, and did not kiss them, but put her lips to that which was the nearest reminiscence of him.

“Whither has he gone? Where is he now?”

When the body was dressed and washed, and lay in the coffin, all came up to him to bid him farewell, and all wept.

His little son wept from anguish and perplexity, which

tore his heart asunder. The countess and Sónya wept from pity for Natásha, and because he was no more. The old count wept because he felt that soon he, too, would have to take that terrible step.

Natásha and Princess Márya also wept, but they did not weep from their personal grief; they wept from that sensation of reverent awe which held possession of their souls before the consciousness of that simple and solemn mystery of death, which had taken place before them.

PART THE THIRTEENTH

I.

THE totality of causes of phenomena is inaccessible to human understanding, but the necessity of finding causes is innate in the human soul. The human mind, without entering into the multiplicity and complexity of the conditions of phenomena, each separate one of which may appear as a cause, grasps at the first, most likely approximation and says, "Here is a cause!" In historical events (in which the actions of men are the subject of observation) the most primitive approximation is found in the will of the gods, and later in the will of those men who occupy the most prominent historic place, — the heroes of history. But it is enough for any one to penetrate the essence of a historical event, that is, the activity of the whole mass of men who take part in the event, in order to become convinced that the will of the historical hero by no means guides the acts of the masses, but that he, on the contrary, is constantly guided by them. It would seem that it made no difference whether the significance of a historical event is supposed to be one thing rather than another. But between a man who says that the nations of the West went against the East because Napoleon wanted them to, and a man who says that that took place because it had to happen, there is the same difference that existed between people who asserted that the earth stood firm and the planets moved around it, and those

who said that they did not know what the earth held on to, but that they knew that there were laws which guided its motion and that of the other planets. There are no causes of a historical event, and there can be none, except the only cause of all causes. But there are laws which guide the events, and these are partly unknown, and partly guessed at. The discovery of these laws will be possible only when we absolutely refrain from trying to find the causes in the will of one man, just as the discovery of the motion of the planets became possible only when people abandoned the conception of the stability of the earth.

After the battle of Borodinó, after the occupation of Moscow by the enemy, and after its burning, the most important episode of the war of 1812, in the opinion of the historians, is that of the movement of the Russian army from the Ryazán road to the Kalúga road and to the camp of Tarúтино, — the so-called flank march beyond the Krásnaya Pakhrá. The historians ascribe the glory of this ingenious exploit to various persons, and are disputing to whom it actually belongs. Even the foreign historians, including the French, acknowledge the genius of the Russian generals, when they speak of this flank march. But it is very difficult to see why the military writers, and with them everybody else, assume that this flank march was a very clever invention of some person, and that it was this which saved Russia and caused the ruin of Napoleon. In the first place, it is very hard to comprehend wherein lies the genius and cleverness of this motion, for it did not take great mental acumen to guess that the best position for an army (when it is not attacked) is where there is plenty of provisions. And any stupid, thirteen-year-old boy might have guessed without difficulty that in 1812 the most advantageous position for the army, after its retreat from Moscow, was on the Kalúga road. So, in the first place, it is impossible to see by what ratiocinations

the historians have come to see something profound in this manœuvre. In the second place, it is still more difficult to see in what way the historians find that this manœuvre led to the salvation of the Russians and to the destruction of the French, for this flank march, in connection with other preceding, accompanying, and subsequent circumstances, might have turned out to the ruin of the Russian and the salvation of the French army. If, from the time that this motion began, the position of the Russian army commenced to improve, it does not follow that this motion was the cause of it.

This flank march not only could bring no advantages, but might have ruined the Russian army, if there had not been a coincidence of other conditions. What would have happened if Moscow had not burned? If Murat had not lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had not remained in inaction? If the Russian army, taking the advice of Bénigsen and of Barclay, had given battle at Krásnaya Pakhrá? What would have happened if Napoleon had later, upon reaching Tarútino, attacked the Russians with only one-tenth of that energy which he had displayed at the attack of Smolénsk? What would have happened if the French had marched against St. Petersburg? Under any of these conditions the salutariness of the flank march might have passed into a calamity.

In the third place, the most incomprehensible thing is this, that men who study history purposely do not wish to see that the flank march cannot be ascribed to any one man; that nobody ever foresaw it; that the manœuvre, just like the retreat at Fíli, never presented itself to the contemporaries in its entirety, but step after step, event after event, moment after moment, as it proceeded from an endless number of the most varied conditions, and only then presented itself in its entirety, when it was an accomplished fact.

At the council at Fíli the predominant idea with the Russian authorities was the self-evident retreat along a straight line backward, that is, along the Nízхни-Nóvgorod road. The proof of this is found in the fact that the majority of votes at this council was given in the sense, and, above everything else, in the well-known conversation which the commander-in-chief had after the council with Lanskóy, who was in charge of the commissariat. Lanskóy reported to the commander-in-chief that the provisions for the army were collected mainly along the Oká, in the Governments of Túla and Kazán, and that, in case of a retreat toward Nízхни-Nóvgorod, the commissary stores would be separated from the army by the large river Oká, across which the transportation in the first part of winter would be impossible. This was the first sign of the necessary deviation from the straight path in the direction of Nízхни-Nóvgorod, which before had seemed so natural. The army took a more southerly direction, along the Ryazán road, thus remaining nearer to the commissary stores. Later on the inaction of the French, who had lost sight of the Russian army, the cares of the defence of the Túla stud, and, above all, the advantages of keeping closer to the stores, caused the army to keep still more to the south, on the Túla road. Passing by a desperate movement beyond Pakhrá on the Túla road, the military leaders of the Russian army thought of remaining near Podólsk, and the Tarúтино position was not even thought of; but an endless number of circumstances, and the reappearance of the French troops, which before that had entirely lost sight of the Russians, and the plans of a battle, and, above all, the abundance of provisions in Kalúga, compelled the army to deflect still more toward the south and to pass to the centre of the roads of provisions, from the Túla to the Kalúga road, to Tarúтино. Just as it is impossible to reply to the question when Moscow was abandoned, so it is impossible to

say when and by whom it was decided to go over to Tarútino. Only when the troops arrived at Tarútino on account of an endless number of differential forces, people began to assure themselves that it was precisely this that they had wished and foreseen long before.

II

THE famous flank march consisted in nothing but this: the Russian army, retreating in a straight line, in reverse order to the invasion, deflected from the straight direction, after the advance movement of the French had stopped, and, seeing no pursuit behind it, naturally leaned toward that direction where there was an abundance of supplies.

If we were to imagine, not ingenious leaders at the head of the Russian army, but only the army without leaders, this army would not have been able to do anything but take the road back to Moscow, describing a large arc in the direction of the country where the supplies were most abundant, and the land most fertile.

The shifting from the Nízhni-Nóvgorod to the Ryazán, Túla, and Kalúga roads was so natural that the very marauders of the Russian army ran in the same direction, and that the request came from St. Petersburg for Kutúzov to transfer his army in the same direction. In Tarútino Kutúzov received almost a reprimand from the emperor for having taken the army to the Ryazán road, and there was pointed out to him the very position opposite the Kalúga road, which he had already occupied when the emperor's letter reached him.

The ball of the Russian army, which rolled off in the direction of the impact given it during the whole campaign, and at the battle of Borodinó, assumed the position which was natural to it, when the force of the impact was destroyed and it received no new stroke.

Kutúzov's deserts did not consist in some ingenious strategic manœuvre, as they call it, but in that he was the only one to grasp the meaning of the event in its accom-

plishment. He was the only one who even then understood the inaction of the French army; he alone continued to assert that the battle of Borodinó was a victory; he, who, it seemed, in his position as commander-in-chief, ought to have been provoked to advance, used all the forces at his command to keep the Russian army from useless battles.

The wounded beast at Borodinó lay somewhere where the fleeing hunter had left him; but the hunter did not know whether he was alive, whether he was strong, or whether he only pretended to be. Suddenly the groan of that beast was heard.

The groan of this wounded beast of the French army, which betrayed its ruin, was the despatch of Lauriston to Kutúzov's camp to sue for peace.

Napoleon, with his conviction that not that was good which really was good, but that which seemed so to him, wrote to Kutúzov the first words that occurred to him, which made no sense.

“Monsieur le Prince Koutouzov,” he wrote, *“j’envoie près de vous un de mes aides de camp généraux pour vous entretenir de plusieurs objets intéressants. Je désire que Votre Altesse ajoute foi à ce qu’il lui dira, surtout lorsqu’il exprimera les sentiments d’estime et de particulière considération que j’ai depuis longtemps pour sa personne. Cette lettre n’étant à autre fin, je prie Dieu, Monsieur le Prince Koutouzov, qu’il vous ait en Sa sainte et digne garde.*

“Moscou, le 30 octobre, 1812.

“Signé : Napoléon.”

“Je serais maudit par la postérité si l’on me regardait comme le premier moteur d’un accommodement quelconque. Tel est l’esprit actuel de ma nation,” replied Kutúzov, continuing to use all his strength to keep the army from advancing.

During the month of the pillaging of the French army in Moscow and of the calm waiting of the Russian army at Tarútino there took place a change in the relations of the forces of the two armies (both in spirit and numerical strength), as the result of which the preponderance turned out to be on the side of the Russians. Although the condition of the French army and its numerical strength were unknown to the Russians, the necessity of an advance movement became manifest in an endless number of signs, the moment the relations had changed. Such signs were: the despatch of Lauriston; and the abundance of supplies at Tarútino; and the news coming from every side about the inaction and disorder of the French; and the filling up of our troops by new recruits; and the good weather; and the prolonged rest of the Russian soldiers; and the impatience, which generally is rife in an army after such a rest, to do the work for which it is gathered; and the curiosity as to what was going on in the French army, which had so long been lost sight of; and the boldness with which the Russian outposts slunk by the French who were stationed in the neighbourhood of Tarútino; and the news of the easy victories obtained over the French by the Russian peasants and partisans; and the envy created by this; and the feeling of revenge, which lay at the bottom of every man so long as there were any Frenchmen left in Moscow; and, above everything else, the indistinct suspicion in the soul of each soldier that the relations of the forces now were changed and were preëminently in our favour. The essential relation of the forces was changed, and an advance became a necessity. And immediately, just as surely as the chimes begin to strike and play when the hand has described a whole circle, the intensified motion, the buzz and play of the chimes, were reflected in the highest spheres, in conformity with the essential change of the forces.

III.

THE Russian army was directed by Kutúzov and his staff, and by the emperor from St. Petersburg. In St. Petersburg, even before the news was received of the abandonment of Moscow, a detailed plan of the whole war was composed and sent to Kutúzov for his guidance. Although this plan was made on the supposition that Moscow was still in our hands, it was approved by the staff and was to be executed. But Kutúzov wrote that the dispositions made at a distance were hard to carry out. And so, to solve the difficulties, new instructions and new men were sent, and these were to watch his actions and report them to the emperor.

Besides, the whole staff was now changed in the Russian army. The places of Bagration, who had been killed, and of Barclay, who left in a dudgeon, were taken by others. They discussed in all seriousness what would be best: to put A—— in the place of B——, and B—— in the place of D——, or, on the contrary, D—— in the place of A——, and so forth, as though anything but A——'s and B——'s pleasure could depend on what was done.

In the army of the staff, on account of the hostile relations between Kutúzov and his chief of the staff, Bénigsen, and on account of the presence of the emperor's trusty persons, and of those changes, there was going on a complex game of parties: A—— was undermining B——, D—— was undermining S——, and so forth, in all possible permutations and combinations. With all this undermining, the object of the intrigues generally was

that military affair, which all these men imagined they were directing; but this military affair went on in spite of them, just as it had to go on, that is, never coinciding with what the men concocted, but flowing from the essential relation of the masses. All these intrigues, crossing and recrossing each other, represented in the highest spheres a true reflection of what had to happen.

“Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich,” the emperor wrote on the 2d of October, in a letter received by him only after the battle of Tarútino. “Since the 2d of September, Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your last reports are of the 20th, and during all this time you have not only undertaken nothing against the enemy, and for the liberation of our ancient capital, but, according to your last reports, you have even been retreating. Serpukhóv is already occupied by a detachment of the enemy, and Túla, with its famous stud, so necessary for the army, is in danger. From the reports of General Wintzingerode, I see that a corps of the enemy, ten thousand strong, is moving up on the St. Petersburg road. Another, numbering several thousand, is moving toward Dmítrov. A third has advanced on the Vladímir road. A fourth, of a considerable force, is stationed between Rúza and Mozháysk. Napoleon himself was in Moscow as late as the 25th. When it appears from all this information that the enemy has broken up his forces into strong detachments, when Napoleon is still in Moscow with his Guard, can it be possible that the forces of the enemy confronting you are so considerable that they do not allow you to act on the offensive? On the contrary, it may be assumed with certainty that he is pursuing you with detachments, or, at best, with a corps which is much weaker than the army entrusted to you. It seems that you, making use of these circumstances, might advantageously attack the weaker enemy and destroy him, or, at the least, compel him to retreat, and retain in our hands a considerable part of the Governments

now occupied by the enemy, and in this manner avert the danger from Tula and our other interior cities. You will be responsible if the enemy is enabled to detach a considerable corps against St. Petersburg for the purpose of threatening the capital, in which but a small number of troops could remain, since, acting with determination and energy, with the army entrusted to you, you possess all the means for averting this new misfortune. Remember that you still owe an answer to the offended country for the loss of Moscow. You have had experience of my readiness to reward you. This readiness will not weaken in me, but I and Russia have a right to expect from you all the zeal, firmness, and success which your intelligence, your military talents, and the bravery of the troops under your command entitle us to expect of you."

But while this letter, which proved that the essential relation of the forces had had time to be reflected in St. Petersburg, was on its way, Kutúzov no longer could restrain the army under his command from offensive action, and a battle had already been given.

On October 2d Cossack Shapoválov, scouring the woods, killed a hare with his gun and wounded another. Trying to find the wounded hare, Shapoválov strayed far into the woods and stumbled on the left flank of Murat's army, which was standing without any precautions. The Cossack laughingly told his companions that he almost was caught by the French. The ensign, who heard the story, told it to his commander.

The Cossack was called up; the Cossack commanders wanted to make use of the opportunity for getting away the French horses, but one of the chiefs, who was acquainted with the highest ranks of the army, communicated the fact to a general of the staff. Of late the state of affairs in the staff of the army had been strained to the highest point. Ermólov, who had come several days before to see Bénigsen, implored the latter to use his

influence with the commander-in-chief to have an attack made.

“If I did not know you, I should think that you do not wish what you ask for. All I have to do is to give his Most Serene Highness advice, in order to have him do the very opposite,” replied Bénigsen.

The information brought by the Cossacks and confirmed by scouts proved the final maturity of the event. The strained spring was relaxed, the clock began to buzz, and the chimes started playing. In spite of his presumed power, his intelligence, experience, and knowledge of men, Kutúzov, taking into consideration the note from Bénigsen, who sent personal reports to the emperor, and the unanimous wish of all the generals, and the presumable desire of the emperor, and the information of the Cossacks, no longer was able to keep back the inevitable motion, and gave the order for what he considered useless and hurtful, — he blessed the accomplished fact.

IV.

BÉNIGSEN'S note and the information furnished by the Cossacks about the unprotected left flank of the French army were only the last signs proving the necessity of giving the command to attack, and the attack was ordered for October 5th.

In the morning of the 4th Kutúzov signed the disposition. Toll read it to Ermólov, proposing to him that he should make all the other arrangements.

"All right, all right! I am busy now," said Ermólov, as he left the room. The disposition, which had been composed by Toll, was a very good one. Just as with the disposition of the battle of Austerlitz, it said, though this one was not composed in German: "*Die erste Colonne marschirt to such and such a place, die zweite Colonne marschirt to such and such a place,*" and so forth. And all these columns arrived on paper at the appointed time at the proper place and destroyed the enemy. Everything was beautifully provided for, as is the case with all dispositions, and, as happens with all dispositions, not one column arrived at its place in proper time.

When the disposition was prepared in the due number of copies, an officer was called up and sent to Ermólov to hand him the papers for execution. The young officer of the chevalier guards, Kutúzov's orderly, satisfied with the importance of the message entrusted to him, repaired to Ermólov's quarters.

"He is not here," replied Ermólov's servant. The offi-

cer of the chevalier guards went to the general with whom Ermólov frequently passed his time.

“Not here, and the general is out, too.”

The officer of the chevalier guards mounted his horse and went to another place.

“Not here, — he has left.”

“They will yet make me responsible for the delay! How annoying!” thought the officer. He made the round of the whole camp. Some said that they had seen Ermólov pass by with two generals; others said that he was, no doubt, at home. The officer ate no dinner and continued his search until six in the evening. Ermólov was not to be found, and no one knew where he was. The officer hurriedly took a bite with a comrade of his and rode on to the vanguard to see Milorádovich. Milorádovich was not at home, but he was told that Milorádovich was at a ball at General Kíkin’s, and that, no doubt, Ermólov was there, too.

“Where is that?”

“Over there, in Échkino,” said an officer of Cossacks, pointing to a distant manor.

“There, beyond the cordon?”

“Two of our regiments have been sent out there to the cordon. There is a terrible carousal going on there. Two bands of music, three choirs of singers.”

The officer rode to Échkino, which was beyond the cordon. Even while a distance away from the house, he could hear the unisonous, merry sounds of a soldier dancing-song.

“I-in the fields — i-in the fields!” he heard the words of the song, accompanied by a whistling sound and the theorbo, now and then drowned by a shout of voices. The officer felt merry at these sounds, but at the same time he felt as though he were guilty for not having communicated the important message for so long a time. It was nine o’clock. He dismounted and went on the veranda

of the large manor, which had been left unharmed, and which was midway between the Russian and the French troops. In the buffet-room and the antechamber lackeys were busy with the wines and food. Beneath the windows stood the singers. The officer was taken into the room, and he suddenly saw all the most distinguished generals of the army, among them the tall, striking figure of Ermólov. The coats of all the generals were unbuttoned; their animated faces were red, and they laughed loud, standing in a semicircle. In the middle of the parlour, a handsome, undersized general, with a red face, was briskly and nimbly dancing the national jig.

“Ha, ha, ha! Fine, Nikoláy Ivánovich! Ha, ha, ha!”

The officer felt that, by entering now with an important order, he was doubly guilty, and he wanted to wait; but one of the generals saw him and, recognizing him, told Ermólov about him. Ermólov, with frowning face, went up to the officer and, having received his report, took the paper, without saying a word to him.

“You think his departure was accidental?” a staff comrade said that evening about Ermólov to the officer of the chevalier guards. “This is all a trick. Just to plague Konovnítsyn. You will see a mess to-morrow!”

V.

DECREPIT Kutúzov had himself wakened early the next morning. He prayed, dressed himself, and with the disagreeable consciousness of being compelled to guide a battle of which he did not approve, seated himself in his carriage and left Letashévka, which was about five versts back of Tarútino, for the place where the attacking columns were to be assembled. As Kutúzov drove along, he kept falling asleep and waking up, and listening to hear whether there was any fusilade on the right, where the action ought to have begun. But everything was still quiet. Day was just breaking on a damp, gloomy autumn morning. Upon approaching Tarútino, Kutúzov noticed some cavalymen leading horses to water across the road on which his carriage was travelling. Kutúzov gazed at them, stopped the carriage, and asked them to what regiment they belonged. The cavalymen belonged to the column which ought to have been long ago far ahead, at ambush. "Perhaps a mistake," thought the old commander-in-chief. But, upon driving on, Kutúzov saw some regiments of infantry, their guns stacked, the soldiers in drawers at their mess, or carrying wood. An officer was called up. The officer reported that no order to advance had been given.

"Not gi—" began Kutúzov, but immediately grew silent and sent for the senior officer. Kutúzov climbed out of his carriage and, lowering his head, breathing heavily, and waiting in silence, kept walking to and fro. When Eichen, the officer of the general staff, who had

been sent for, arrived, Kutúzov grew purple, not because this officer was the cause of the blunder, but because he was a worthy object on whom to vent his anger. And trembling and gasping, the old man flew into that state of rage so common to him, when he used to writhe on the ground with frenzy, and advanced toward Eichen, threatening him with his hands, shouting, and discharging a storm of abusive words. Another, Captain Brózin, who accidentally turned up, suffered the same fate, though he was not guilty of anything.

“What canaille is this? I shall have you shot! Scoundrels!” he cried hoarsely, swaying his arms and tottering. He suffered physically. He, the commander-in-chief, his Most Serene Highness, who was assured by every one that no one in Russia had ever had so much power as he, was placed in this situation,— was ridiculed before the whole army. “In vain have I been praying for the success of the day! In vain have I passed a sleepless night in considering everything!” he thought of himself. “When I was a mere boy of an officer, no one dared to make such fun of me— But now!” He suffered physical pain as though from a corporal punishment, and could not help giving vent to this pain in cries of rage; but soon his strength gave way, and, looking around and feeling that he had said much which was not good, he seated himself in his carriage and silently rode away.

His spent rage did not return again, and he weakly blinked with his eyes, as he listened to the justifications and the words of defence and the prayers of Bénigsen, Konovnítsyn, and Toll (Ermólov did not appear before him until the next day) that this unsuccessful attack be made on the following day. And Kutúzov was again obliged to give his assent.

VI.

ON the following day the troops had assembled since evening in the appointed places and advanced in the night. It was an autumnal night with dark lilac clouds, but without rain. The earth was damp, but there was no mud, and the troops marched noiselessly; one could hear only the clanging of the artillery. The soldiers were forbidden to speak aloud, smoke their pipes, strike fire; the horses were kept from neighing. The mysteriousness of the undertaking enhanced its attractiveness. The men marched merrily. A few of the columns stopped, stacked their guns, and lay down on the cold ground, thinking that they had arrived at their destination; others again (the majority) marched through the whole night and evidently took up wrong positions.

Count Orlów-Denísov, with his Cossacks (the most insignificant of all the detachments), was the only one which struck the right place and arrived in time. This detachment stopped at the very edge of the forest, near a path leading from the village of Stromílova to Dmítrovskoe.

Count Orlów was wakened before daybreak. A deserter from the French army was brought in. It was a Polish under-officer of Poniatowski's corps. He explained in Polish that he had deserted because he had been slighted in the service, that he ought long ago to have been an officer, that he was braver than the rest, and had deserted them in order to punish them. He said that Murat was sleeping within a verst of them, and that if they would give him a convoy of one hundred men, he

would take him alive. Count Orlóv-Denísov took counsel with his comrades. The proposition was too enticing to be rejected. All volunteered to go, and all advised making the trial. After many discussions and considerations, Major-General Grékov decided to follow the under-officer with two regiments of Cossacks.

"Remember," Count Orlóv-Denísov said to the under-officer as he dismissed him, "if you have lied, I shall have you hanged like a dog; but if you have told the truth, you get one hundred ducats."

The under-officer mounted with a determined look, without replying to these words, and rode off with Grékov, who got ready quickly. They disappeared in the woods. Count Orlóv, shivering from the freshness of the chilly morning and agitated by what he had undertaken on his own responsibility, after seeing Grékov off, went out of the forest and began to look at the camp of the enemy, which glimmered in the light of the incipient morning and of the smouldering fires. Our columns were to appear on the right of Count Orlóv-Denísov, along an open slope. Count Orlóv gazed in that direction; but, although they should have been visible in the distance, they were not to be seen. In the French camp, as it seemed to Count Orlóv-Denísov, and especially from what his sharp-eyed adjutant told him, they were beginning to stir.

"Oh, really, they are too late," said Count Orlóv, as he glanced at the camp. Suddenly, as frequently happens when the man in whom we have trusted is no longer before us, it became quite clear to him that the under-officer was a cheat, that he had lied and would only spoil the whole business of the attack by the absence of the two regiments which he would lead God knew where. How could it be possible to capture the commander-in-chief out of such a mass of troops?

"Really, he is lying, that rascal!" said the count.

"We can make him come back," said one of the officers

of the suite, feeling, like Count Orlóv-Denísov, a distrust of the undertaking, as he looked at the camp.

"Really, what do you think? Shall I leave them, or not?"

"Do you order them to be turned back?"

"Turn them back, turn them back!" Count Orlóv suddenly said, with determination, as he looked at his watch. "It will be late. It is quite light already."

The adjutant galloped into the woods after Grékov. When Grékov returned, Count Orlóv-Denísov, agitated by this change of plan, and by his vain waiting for the columns of infantry, which had not yet made their appearance, and by the proximity of the enemy (all the men of his detachment felt the same), decided to attack. He commanded in a whisper, "To horse!" They took up their proper positions; they crossed themselves — "God be with you!"

"Hurrah!" they shouted in the forest, and one company after another, as though pouring out of a sack, the Cossacks flew merrily across the brook to the camp, charging with their lances.

One desperate, frightened cry from the first Frenchman who saw the Cossacks, and all who were in the camp, undressed and half asleep, threw away the cannon, the guns, and the horses, and ran in all directions.

If the Cossacks had pursued the French, without paying any attention to what was behind them and all around them, they would have taken Murat and everything else. This was precisely what the chiefs wanted. But it was impossible to make the Cossacks budge, when they got to the booty and to the prisoners. No one paid attention to the words of command. There were taken fifteen hundred prisoners, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, flags, and, what was most important to the Cossacks, horses, saddles, blankets, and all kinds of articles. All this had to be attended to, the prisoners manacled, the cannon

hauled away, the booty divided; and they had to shout and fight among themselves: all this the Cossacks did.

The French, no longer pursued, came to their senses, gathered in commands, and began to shoot. Orlóv-Denísov was still waiting for the columns and did not dare to advance.

In the meantime, according to the disposition, "*die erste Colonne marschirt*," and so forth, the infantry troops of the belated columns, commanded by Bénigsen and guided by Toll, proceeded as was intended and, as always is the case, arrived somewhere, only not where they had to be. As always happens, the men, who had started in a cheerful mood, began to stop; there were heard expressions of dissatisfaction and there was a consciousness of confusion, and they commenced to move backward. Adjutants and generals came galloping up, and they shouted, grew angry, quarrelled, said that the troops were going wrong and were late, cursed somebody, and so forth, and finally all gave everything up and continued to march, merely to be a-going. "We shall get to some place!" And they did get there, only not where it was intended; some of them did get to the right place, only they came too late, so that they were useless and stood there to be shot at. Toll, who in this battle played the rôle of Weyrother at Austerlitz, industriously galloped from place to place, only to find that everything was topsyturvy. Thus he came upon Bagovút's corps in the forest, when it was daylight and the corps ought long ago to have joined Orlóv-Denísov. Agitated and aggrieved at the failure, and presuming that some one was to blame for it, Toll galloped up to the commander of the corps, whom he began to reprimand sternly, saying that he ought to be shot for it. Bagovút, an old, calm, fighting general, himself exhausted by the stops, the tangle, and the contradictions, to everybody's surprise, quite contrary to his character, flew into a rage and said a lot of unpleasant things to Toll.

“I will take lessons from nobody, and I know how to die with my soldiers as well as anybody,” he said. He went ahead with one division.

Upon arriving in an open plain, under the fire of the French troops, agitated and brave Bagovút, without considering whether it was useful or useless for him to take part in the action, with one division went ahead and took his soldiers under fire. Danger, bullets, balls, was what he needed in his furious mood. One of the very first bullets killed him, while the following bullets killed a large number of his soldiers. His division stood for some time uselessly under fire.

VII.

IN the meantime another column was to have attacked the French from the front, but with this column was Kutúzov. He knew full well that nothing but confusion could result from this battle, which was begun against his will, and so he held the troops back as much as he could. He did not move.

Kutúzov was riding in silence on his gray horse, answering indolently to the proposition that he should begin the attack.

“You have the attack at your tongue’s end, but you do not see that we do not know how to make complex manoeuvres,” he said to Milorádovich, who was begging to advance.

“They did not know how to take Murat alive in the morning and to get to their destination in time; but now there is nothing to do,” he told another.

When Kutúzov was informed that in the rear of the French, where, according to the reports of the Cossacks, there had been nobody before, there were now two battalions of Poles, he looked askance at Ermólov (he had not exchanged a word with him since the day before).

“All beg us to make the attack, and all kinds of projects are offered, but the moment we want to proceed to business, we find that nothing is ready, and the enemy, advised in time, takes the proper measures.”

Ermólov blinked and smiled slightly, as he heard these words. He saw that the storm had passed for him, and that Kutúzov would stop with this hint.

"He is amusing himself at my expense," Ermólov said, softly, giving Raévski, who was standing near him, a hit with his knee.

Soon after, Ermólov moved forward to Kutúzov and respectfully reported to him:

"The time has not been lost, your Serenity, and the enemy has not got away. Do you command me to attack? Else the Guard will not see any smoke."

Kutúzov said nothing, but when he was informed that Murat's troops were retreating, he ordered an attack; but at every hundred steps they stopped for three-quarters of an hour.

The whole battle consisted only in what Orlóv-Denísov's Cossacks had done; the other troops had only lost several hundred men for nothing.

In consequence of this battle, Kutúzov received a diamond decoration; Bénigsen received diamonds and one hundred thousand roubles in money; the others, too, were rewarded according to their ranks, and after this battle new changes were made in the staff.

"This is the way everything is done with us, topsy-turvy!" the Russian officers and generals said after the battle of Tarútino, just as they say now, to let us know that some stupid fellow has done everything upside down, but that they would have done it quite differently. But people who speak in this manner either do not know what they are talking about, or purposely deceive themselves. Every battle — those of Tarútino, Borodiuó, and Austerlitz — takes place quite differently from what its managers suppose that it should. This is an essential condition.

An endless number of free forces (for nowhere is a man freer than during a battle, where it is a question of life and death) influence the direction of a battle, and this direction can never be predicted in advance and never coincides in direction with any one force.

When many variously directed forces act simultaneously upon a body, the direction of the motion cannot coincide with a single one of these forces, but there will always be a mean, shortest direction, what in mechanics is called the diagonal of a parallelogram of forces.

If we find in the descriptions of the historians, especially the French, that wars and battles are carried on according to a prearranged plan, the only conclusion at which we may arrive from that fact is that their descriptions are false.

The battle of Tarútino evidently did not accomplish the aim which Toll had had in view, and which was, to take the troops into action according to the order prescribed by the disposition; nor what Count Orlóv had intended, to capture Murat; nor the aim of instantaneously destroying the whole corps, which Bénigsen and other persons might have wished; nor the aim of the officer who wanted to get into action in order to distinguish himself; nor of the Cossack who wanted to obtain more booty than he already had, and so forth. But if the aim was to accomplish that which actually took place and which then was the common wish of all the Russians (to expel the French from Russia and to destroy their troops), it is quite clear that the battle of Tarútino, on account of its very inconsistencies, was precisely what was needed at this period of the campaign. It is difficult and even impossible to imagine a more favourable outcome of this battle. With the least labour and the least possible loss, in spite of the greatest confusion, the greatest results of the whole campaign were obtained; a change was made from a retreat to an attack; the weakness of the French was made manifest, and that push was given to the Napoleonic army, for which it had been waiting, in order to begin its flight.

VIII.

NAPOLÉON enters Moscow after the brilliant battle "*de la Moskowa*;" there can be no doubt as to the victory, for the field of battle was left to the French. The Russians retreat and give up the capital. Moscow, filled with supplies, arms, projectiles, and untold wealth, is in Napoleon's hands. The Russian army, half as strong as the French, for a whole month makes no attempt at attacking him. Napoleon's position is a most brilliant one. To come down with double strength on the remnants of the Russian army, and to destroy it; to obtain an advantageous peace, or, in case of a refusal, to make a menacing move against St. Petersburg; even in case of failure, to fall back on Smolénsk or Vîlna, or to remain in Moscow; in short, to maintain that brilliant position in which the French army then was, — it does not seem that it needed any special genius. In order to do all this, the simplest and easiest thing possible would have sufficed, and this was: not to allow the troops to pillage; to prepare winter clothing, of which an abundance could have been found in Moscow for the whole army; and methodically to collect all the supplies for the army, of which, according to the statements of the French historians, there was enough in Moscow to last for half a year. Napoleon, this greatest of all geniuses, who, according to the statements of the historians, had the power to control his army, did none of those things.

He not only did nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, used all his power in order to select from all the pos-

sible means of action the one which was most insipid and most ruinous. Of all that Napoleon might have done, — to winter in Moscow ; to march on St. Petersburg, on Nízhní-Nóvgorod, back again, to the north or south, by the road which Kutúzov took later, or anything else we might think of, — it would be difficult to imagine anything more stupid and perilous, as the consequences have actually shown, than what Napoleon did, when he remained in Moscow until October, allowing the soldiers to loot the city ; when he then, after wavering, left a garrison in Moscow and went away from the city, marched toward Kutúzov, did not begin a battle, marched to the right, and reached Mály Yaroslávets ; when, without taking his chance of making his way through, he did not proceed on the road taken by Kutúzov, but went back to Mozháysk over the ruined Smolénsk road. Let the most expert strategists, imagining that it was Napoleon's aim to cause the ruin of his army, invent another course of action which could with greater certainty and independently of what the Russian army undertook have caused so complete a destruction of the French army, as was done by Napoleon !

Napoleon, the genius, did it. But it would be unjust to say that Napoleon destroyed his army because it was this that he wanted, or because he was stupid, just as it would be incorrect to say that Napoleon took his army to Moscow because he wanted it, and because he was very clever and a great genius.

In either case, his personal activity, which had no greater effect than the activity of any soldier, merely coincided with those laws according to which the phenomenon was taking place.

The historians present to us Napoleon's powers as having become enfeebled in Moscow, because the results did not justify Napoleon's activity, but that is false. Just as before, and as later, in the year 1813, he then used all

his mental powers in order to do the best he knew for his army. His activity at this time is not less amazing than it had been in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia. We do not know for sure to what extent his activity in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down upon his grandeur, gave evidence of genius, because these great exploits have been described to us only by the French. We cannot with certainty judge of his genius in Austria and in Prussia, because we must draw our information from French and German sources, and the inconceivable surrender of whole corps without battle and of fortresses without being besieged must lead the Germans to assume his genius as the only explanation of the war which was waged in Germany. But we, thank God, have no reason to recognize his genius in order to hide our shame. We have paid for the right to look at the matter in a straightforward and simple manner, and we will not yield that right.

His activity in Moscow is as amazing and as ingenious as anywhere. Orders after orders and plans after plans issue from him from the time he enters Moscow until he leaves it. The absence of the inhabitants and of the deputation, and the conflagration of Moscow itself, do not appal him. He does not leave out of sight the welfare of his army, or the actions of the enemy, or the welfare of the nations of Russia, or the direction of the affairs in Paris, or the diplomatic combinations by which to secure the conditions of the peace.

IX.

IN military affairs, Napoleon, immediately after entering Moscow, enjoins General Sébastiani to watch the movements of the Russian army, sends out whole corps along different routes, and orders Murat to find Kutúzov. Then he gives careful orders about fortifying the Kremlin; then he makes a most ingenious plan for a future campaign over the whole map of Russia. In diplomatic affairs, Napoleon sends for robbed and tattered Captain Yákovlev, who does not know how to get out of Moscow, gives him a detailed account of his whole politics and magnanimity, and, writing a letter to Emperor Alexander, in which he regards it as his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rostopchín has not managed things well in Moscow, sends him to St. Petersburg. Then he just as carefully expounds his views and his magnanimity to Tutolmín and sends this old man also to St. Petersburg to negotiate a peace.

In matters of law, he, immediately after the fires have begun, orders the culprits to be found out and executed, and that rascal Rostopchín receives his punishment by having his houses burnt down.

In matters of administration, Moscow is granted a constitution. A municipality is established, and the following proclamation is made:

“Inhabitants of Moscow!

“Your misfortunes are cruel, but his Majesty the emperor and king wants to arrest their course. Terrible examples have taught you how he punishes disobedience and crime. Severe measures have been taken to stop

disorder and reëstablish public security. A paternal administration, the members of which are chosen from among your own number, will form your municipality or city government. This will watch over you, over your needs, over your interests. Its members will be distinguished by a red sash which they will wear over their shoulder, and the mayor of the city will, in addition, have a white belt. But, except for the time during which he exercises his duty, he will have only a red ribbon around his left arm.

“The city police is established on its old basis, and through its activity the best order already prevails. The government has appointed two commissaries-general, or chiefs of police, and twenty commissaries, or captains of wards, who are stationed in all the wards of the city. You will recognize them by a white ribbon which they will wear on their left arm. Several churches of various denominations are open, and divine service is held in them without hindrance. Your fellow citizens are daily returning to their homes, and orders have been given that they should receive there the succour and protection which are due to their misfortune. These are the measures which the government has taken to reëstablish order and alleviate your situation ; but, to be successful, it is necessary for you to unite your efforts with those of the government, to forget, if possible, the misfortunes which you have suffered, to abandon yourself to the hope of a less cruel fate, to be assured that inevitable and disgraceful death awaits those who will lay hands on your persons and such of your possessions as are left to you, and, finally, to have no doubt that these possessions will be preserved, for such is the will of the greatest and justest of all monarchs. Soldiers and inhabitants, of whatsoever nationality ! Re-establish public confidence, the source of a country’s happiness, live like brothers, afford each other aid and protection, unite in order to overthrow the designs of the

ill-intentioned, obey the military and civil authorities, and your tears will soon cease flowing!"

In matters of the subsistence of the army, Napoleon orders all his troops to come in succession to Moscow "*à la maraude*," in order to supply themselves with provisions, so that the army might be provided for the future.

In matters of religion, Napoleon commands that the popes be brought back, and that divine service be reëstablished in the churches.

In matters of commerce, and for the sake of providing the subsistence for the army, he has them placard the following —

PROCLAMATION

"You, peaceful inhabitants of Moscow, artisans and labourers, whom misfortunes have removed from the city, and you, scattered agriculturists, whom an ill-founded terror still retains in the fields, listen! Quiet is returning to this capital, and order is being reëstablished in it. Your compatriots boldly come out from their places of hiding, seeing that they are respected. Every act of violence, committed against them and their property, is forthwith punished. His Majesty the emperor and king protects them and considers none of you as his enemies, except those who disobey his orders. He wants to put a stop to your misfortunes and to return you to your homes and families. Respond, then, to his beneficent intentions, and come to us without any danger! Inhabitants, return with confidence to your habitations! You will soon find means for satisfying your wants! Artisans and industrious workers! Come back to your trades! Your homes, your shops, patrols of safety are awaiting you, and for your work you will receive the pay that is due you! And, finally, you peasants, come out of the forests, where you have concealed yourself in terror, return without fear to your huts, with the full assurance that you shall find

protection! Stores have been established in the city, where the peasants may bring their surplus provisions and the products of the soil. The government has taken the following measures in order to ensure their free sale: (1) Beginning with this date, the peasants, the agriculturists, and those who live in the environs of Moscow may, without any danger, bring to the city their provisions, whatever they be, and take them to the two stores in Mokhováya Street and in Hunter's Row. (2) These provisions shall be bought of them at the price agreed upon by seller and purchaser; but if the seller does not receive the just price demanded by him, the seller shall have the right to take them back to his village, in doing which no one is in any way to hinder him. (3) Every Sunday and Wednesday are appointed as great market-days; and for this purpose a sufficient number of troops shall be stationed every Tuesday and Saturday on the highways, at such a distance from the city as to serve as a protection to the caravans. (4) Similar measures shall be taken to ensure the safe return of the peasants with their carts and horses. (5) Means shall immediately be found to reëstablish the usual fairs. Inhabitants of the city and of the villages, and you, labourers and artisans, of whatever nationality! You are called to execute the paternal intentions of his Majesty the emperor and king, and to coöperate with him for the common good! Bring your respect and confidence to his feet, and hasten to unite with us!"

For the sake of raising the spirit of the army and of the nation, reviews were constantly held, and rewards distributed. The emperor rode through the city and consoled the inhabitants, and, in spite of all his preoccupation with matters of state, he himself visited the theatres which were established by his command.

In matters of charitableness, the best virtue of crown-

bearers, Napoleon did everything that depended on him. On the charitable institutions he had them write, "*Maison de ma Mère,*" uniting in this act his tender filial sentiment with the grandeur of the monarch's virtue. He visited the Foundling House and, allowing the orphans, saved by him, to kiss his white hands, he spoke graciously with Tutolmín. Then, according to Thiers's eloquent words, he ordered that his French troops be paid with the Russian counterfeits manufactured by him. "*Relcvant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fit distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donnés à des étrangers la plupart ennemis, Napoléon aima mieux leur fournir de l'argent afin qu'ils se fournissent au dchors, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papiers.*"

In matters of army discipline, there were constantly issued orders about severe punishments for infractions in the service and about stopping pillage.

X.

STRANGE to say, however, all these measures, cares, and plans, which were by no means worse than other edicts in similar cases, did not touch the essence of the matter, but, like the hands of a watch, separated from the mechanism, they moved arbitrarily and aimlessly, without catching in the wheels.

In military matters, the ingenious plan of the campaign, of which Thiers says, "*Que son génie n'avait jamais rien imaginé de plus profond, de plus habile et de plus admirable,*" and in regard to which Thiers, entering into a polemic with Mr. Fain, proves that the authorship of this ingenious plan must be referred to the 15th, and not to the 4th of October, never could have been executed, and it never was, because it had nothing in common with reality. The fortification of the Kremlin, for which it was necessary to take down "*la Mosquée,*" as Napoleon called the Church of Basil the Blessed, proved entirely useless. The mining of the Kremlin only helped the emperor to blow up the Kremlin when he left Moscow, that is, to beat the floor against which the child had hurt himself. The pursuit after the Russian army, which so baffled Napoleon, presented an unheard-of phenomenon. The French generals lost the Russian army, which was sixty thousand men strong, and, according to Thiers's words, only thanks to Murat's skill and, it seems, genius, did they succeed in finding this Russian army of sixty thousand men, like a needle in a haystack.

In matters of diplomacy, all the proofs which Napoleon

gave of his magnanimity and justice, both before Tutolmín and before Yákovlev, who was mainly concerned about finding a mantle and a cart, were fruitless: Alexander did not receive these ambassadors and made no reply to their embassy

In matters of law, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was consumed by fire.

In matters of administration, the establishment of the municipality did not stop the pillaging and was of use to but a few persons, who took part in this municipal government and who, under pretext of maintaining order, pillaged Moscow, or protected their possessions against pillage.

In matters of religion, the thing which worked so easily in Egypt, where he visited the mosques, here brought no results. Two or three priests, who were found in Moscow, tried to do Napoleon's will, but a French soldier boxed the ears of one of them during divine service, and this is what a French official reported about the other: "*Le prêtre, que j'avais découvert et invité à recommencer à dirz la messe, a nettoyé et fermé l'église. Cette nuit on est venu de nouveau enfoncer les portes, casser les cadenas, déchirer les livres et commettre d'autres désordres.*"

In matters of commerce, no response was made to the proclamation to the industrious artisans and to all the peasants. There were no industrious artisans, and the peasants caught those commissaries who ventured too far away with this proclamation, and killed them.

In matters of the amusements for the people and for the army, he was just as unsuccessful. The theatres, which were established in the Kremlin and in Poznyakóv's house, were soon closed because the actors and actresses were robbed.

His charitableness, too, brought no desired results. The counterfeit and the genuine paper money filled Moscow and had no value. The French, who were collecting

booty, wanted nothing but gold. Not only the counterfeit assignats, which Napoleon so graciously dispensed to the unfortunates, had no value, but even silver was given away below its value in exchange for gold.

But the most striking phenomenon of the impotence of the highest orders at that time was the attempt which Napoleon made to stop pillaging and reëstablish discipline.

This is what the military authorities reported :

“ Pillaging continues in the city, in spite of the orders to the contrary. Order has not yet been established, and there is not a single merchant who is trafficking in a legal manner. Only the sutlers sell things, and those are looted property.”

“ La partie de mon arrondissement continue à être en proie au pillage des soldats du 3-me corps, qui, non contents d'arracher aux malheureux réfugiés dans des souterrains le peu qui leur reste, ont même la férocité de les blesser à coups de sabre, comme j'en ai vu plusieurs exemples.

“ Rien de nouveau outre que les soldats se permettent de voler et de piller. (9 octobre.)

“ Le vol et le pillage continuent. Il y a une bande de voleurs dans notre district qu'il faudra faire arrêter par de fortes gardes. (11 octobre.)”

“The emperor is exceedingly dissatisfied because, in spite of the severity of his orders to stop pillaging, one sees constantly detachments of marauding soldiers of the Guard returning to the Kremlin. In the old Guard the disorders and the pillaging were renewed last night on a larger scale than ever, and still continue. The emperor sees with regret that the soldiers of the élite, chosen to guard his person and called to give examples of submission, extend their disobedience so far as to break open the cellars and magazines which are intended for the army; others have lowered themselves to such an extent as to disobey the sentinels and the officers of the guard, cursing them and even striking them.”

"*Le grand maréchal du palais se plaint vivement,*" wrote the governor, "*que malgré les défenses réitérées, les soldats continuent à faire leurs besoins dans toutes les cours et même jusque sous les fenêtres de l'Empereur.*"

This army, like a disbanded herd, tramping under foot the provender which might have saved it from starvation, fell to pieces and perished with every new day of its sojourn in Moscow.

But it did not move.

It ran only when it was suddenly seized by a panic fear, caused by the capture of the convoys on the Smolénsk road and by the news of the battle of Tarútino. This same news of the battle of Tarútino, unexpectedly received by Napoleon at a review, provoked in him the desire to punish the Russians, as Thiers says, and he gave the order to leave Moscow, which the whole army demanded.

Leaving the city, the soldiers took along with them all their pillage. Napoleon himself took with him his special "*trésor.*" When Napoleon saw the baggage which impeded the march of the army, he became frightened, says Thiers. But, with his experience of war, he did not give orders to burn the superfluous carts, as he had done with the carts of the marshal, when he came up to Moscow; he looked at the carriages and coaches which the soldiers drove, and said that it was very nice, and that these carriages could later be used for the supplies, the sick, and the wounded.

The situation of the whole army was like the situation of a wounded beast which feels its end and does not know what it is doing. To study the clever manœuvres and aims of Napoleon and of his army is the same as to study the meaning of the last leaps and convulsions of a mortally wounded beast. Very frequently the wounded beast, hearing a noise, rushes forward toward the shot of the hunter, runs to and fro, and hastens its own end.

Precisely the same was Napoleon doing under the pressure of his whole army. The noise of the battle of Tarútino scared the beast, and it rushed toward the hunter's shot, reached the hunter, turned back again, and finally, like any beast, ran back over the most disadvantageous, most dangerous path, over the old, familiar track.

Napoleon, who presents himself to us as the leader of this whole movement (just as the savages imagine that the figure carved on the prow is the force which guides the ship), was, during all this period of his activity, like a child who holds on to the straps inside a carriage and imagines that he is driving.

XI.

ON October 6th, Pierre left the shed early in the morning, and, upon returning, stopped at the door to play with a long-bodied, lilac-coloured little dog on short, crooked legs, which was circling around him. This dog was living in their booth, passing the nights with Karatáev; now and then it went somewhere into the city, and again came back. It had evidently never belonged to any one, and even now it was nobody's and had no name. The Frenchmen called it "Azor," the soldier who told fairy-tales named it "Fengalka," while Karatáev and others named it "Gray" and occasionally "Flabby." The fact that it did not belong to any one, and the absence of a name and even of any particular breed, or of a definite colour, did not in the least embarrass the lilac-coloured dog. Its shaggy tail towered firm and round in the shape of a panache; its crooked legs served it so well that frequently, as though disdainful of the use of all four legs, it raised one hind leg and very swiftly and nimbly ran on three. Everything was a subject of joy to the dog. Now it whined for joy, rolling on its back; now it basked in the sun with a pensive and important look; now it played with a chip or a blade of straw.

Pierre's garments now consisted of a dirty, torn shirt, the only remnant of his former apparel, of a pair of soldier's pantaloons, tied with strings at the ankles, by Karatáev's advice, to keep him warm, of a caftan, and of a peasant cap. Pierre had during this time changed very much physically. He no longer looked stout, though he

still had that aspect of solidity and strength which was a characteristic of his family. A beard and moustache covered the lower part of his face; his long, uncut, dishevelled hair, filled with vermin, curled in the form of a cap. The expression of his eyes was firm, calm, and animated, such as it had never been before. His former passivity, which found its expression even in his look, now gave way to an energy which was ready for action and for resistance. His feet were bare.

He was looking down the field, over which on that morning carts and men on horseback were passing, or into the distance beyond the river, or at the dog, which pretended that it meant to bite him in earnest, or at his bare feet, which he took delight in putting in various positions while moving his stout, dirty toes. Every time he looked at his bare feet, a smile of self-satisfied animation played on his face. The sight of these bare feet reminded him of everything he had passed through and come to comprehend during that time, and this reminder was agreeable to him.

The weather had for several days been calm and clear, with light frosts in the morning; it was what is called "women's summer."

In the sun the air was warm, and this warmth, with the bracing freshness of the morning frost, which was still perceptible in the air, was exceedingly pleasant.

On everything, on distant and on near objects, lay that magic crystal gleam which is to be seen only at this time of autumn. In the distance one saw the Sparrow Hills, with a village, a church, and a large white house. The bared trees, the sand, the stones, the roofs of the houses, the green steeple of the church, and the corners of the distant house, — all this stood out with unnatural clearness, cut with sharp lines against the transparent horizon. In the foreground could be seen the familiar ruins of a half-burnt manor, occupied by the French, with dark

green clumps of lilacs which were growing in an enclosure. Even this devastated and polluted house, which in gloomy weather offered a repulsive aspect, now, in the bright, motionless splendour, looked soothingly beautiful.

A French corporal, his coat unbuttoned, his nightcap on his head and a short pipe between his teeth, came around the corner of the booth. He gave Pierre a friendly wink, and walked over to him.

"*Quel soleil, hein? Monsieur Kiril,*" thus all the Frenchmen called him, "*on dirait le printemps.*" And the corporal leaned against the door and offered Pierre the pipe, though Pierre always refused it.

"*Si l'on marchait par un temps comme celui-là,*" he began.

Pierre asked him what the news was in regard to the departure, and the corporal told him that nearly all the troops were on the march, and that on that day the order would be promulgated in reference to the prisoners. In the booth in which Pierre was, one of the soldiers, Sokolov by name, was mortally ill, and Pierre said to the corporal that something ought to be done with him. The corporal told Pierre to be tranquil on this point, that there were movable and permanent hospitals; that an order would soon be issued in reference to the sick; and that, in general, everything which could happen had been foreseen by the authorities.

"*Et puis, M. Kiril, vous n'avez qu'à dire un mot au capitaine, vous savez. Oh, c'est un . . . qui n'oublie jamais rien. Dites au capitaine quand il fera sa tournée, il fera tout pour vous —*"

The captain of whom the corporal was speaking used to chat a great deal with Pierre, and was very kind to him.

"*Vois-tu, St. Thomas, qu'il me disait l'autre jour: 'Kiril c'est un homme qui a de l'instruction, qui parle français; c'est un seigneur russe, qui a eu des malheurs,*

mais c'est un homme.' Et il s'y entend le. . . . S'il demande quelque chose, qu'il me dise, il n'y a pas de refus. Quand on a fait ses études, voyez-vous, on aime l'instruction et les gens comme il faut. C'est pour vous que je dis cela, M. Kiril. Dans l'affaire de l'autre jour si ce n'était grâce à vous, ça aurait fini mal."

And, chatting awhile longer, the corporal went away. The affair which had happened a few days before, and which the corporal referred to, was a fight between the prisoners and the French, in which Pierre had succeeded in pacifying his companions. Several of the prisoners had seen Pierre talking with the corporal, and so they at once asked him what the Frenchman had said. Just as Pierre was telling his companions what the corporal knew of the evacuation, a lean, sallow, ragged French soldier walked over to the door of the booth. Raising his fingers with a quick and timid motion to his brow, in sign of greeting, he turned to Pierre with the question whether soldier "Platoche," to whom he had given some material with which to make him a shirt, was living in that booth.

A week before the Frenchmen had received leather and cloth, and so they distributed this material to the prisoners, who were to make them boots and shirts.

"It is ready, it is ready, my little falcon!" said Karatáev, coming out with a carefully folded shirt.

On account of the warmth and to be more comfortable, Karatáev wore nothing but his drawers and a ragged shirt, which was as black as earth. His hair was tied with a piece of linden bast, in the manner in which artisans wear it, and his round face looked rounder and milder still.

"Agreement is the own brother of business. I said it would be done by Friday, and so it is," said Platón, smiling, and unfolding the shirt which he had made.

The Frenchman looked restlessly around and, as though

overcoming his doubt, rapidly threw down his uniform and put on the shirt. Under his coat there was no shirt, but over his naked, yellow, lean body there was a long, soiled, silk waistcoat with a flower design. The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners, who were looking on, would laugh at him, and so he hurried to put his head through the shirt. Not one of the prisoners said a word.

"You see it fits you nicely," said Platón, pulling the shirt in place.

The Frenchman put his head and arms through, without lifting his eyes, looked at his shirt, and examined the seam.

"Well, my little falcon, this is not a sewing-shop, and we have not the proper tools, and, you know, without an instrument you can't kill even a louse," said Platón, smiling a round smile and evidently taking delight in his own work.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien, merci, mais vous devez avoir de la toile de reste,*" said the Frenchman.

"It will be better yet when you wear it on your body," said Karatáev, continuing to enjoy his production. "It will be nice and comfortable —"

"*Merci, merci, mon vieux, le reste —*" repeated the Frenchman, smiling, and giving Karatáev an assignat, "*mais le reste —*"

Pierre saw that Platón did not want to understand what the Frenchman was saying, and looked at them, without interfering. Karatáev thanked him for the money and continued to admire his work. The Frenchman insisted on getting back the remnant, and asked Pierre to translate what he was saying.

"What does he want the remnants for?" said Karatáev. "They would make fine leg-rags for us. Well, take them!" And Karatáev suddenly, with a changed and saddened face, took a roll of remnants out of his bosom

and, without looking at the Frenchman, handed it to him. "Bah!" said Karatáev, stepping back.

The Frenchman looked at the cloth, mused awhile, looked interrogatively at Pierre, and, as though Pierre's glance had told him something, turned to him:

"*Platoche dites donc, Platoche!*" the Frenchman suddenly said, in a squeaky voice, his face flushing. "*Gardez pour vous,*" he said, giving him the pieces. He turned around and walked away.

"I declare," said Karatáev, shaking his head. "They say that the French are infidels, but they, too, have souls. The old men used to say: 'A sweaty hand gives, a dry hand does not.' He himself has not a thing, but he has given me something." Karatáev smiled a pensive smile and, looking at the pieces, kept silence for some time. "They will make fine leg-rags, my friend!" he said, returning to the booth.

XII.

FOUR weeks passed from the time Pierre had been made a prisoner. Although the French had proposed to transfer him from the soldiers' booth to that of the officers, he remained in the one he had entered the first day.

In the devastated and burnt city Pierre experienced almost the extreme limit of privation which a man can endure; but, thanks to his strong constitution and his health, of which he had not been conscious before, and especially thanks to the fact that these privations accumulated so insensibly that it was impossible to tell when they began, he bore his fate not only lightly, but even with pleasure. It was during this very time that he acquired that calm and that self-content, for which he had been in vain striving before. He had for a long time in his life been searching in various directions for that calm and peace with himself, for that which had so struck him in the soldiers in the battle of Borodinó, — he had sought for it in philanthropy, in Freemasonry, in the distractions of worldly life, in wine, in the heroic exploit of self-sacrifice, in the romantic love for Natásha; he had searched for it by means of reason, and all this searching and all his attempts had failed him. And now that he was not thinking of it, he received that calm and peace with himself through the terror of death, through privations, and through what he comprehended in Karatáev. Those terrible minutes which he had experienced during the execution seemed to have washed away for ever from his imagination and memory those agitating thoughts and

feelings which heretofore had appeared to him so important. He did not even think of Russia, or of the war, or of politics, or of Napoleon. It was apparent to him that all that did not concern him, that he was not called, and therefore could not judge of all that. "Russia and season have no reason," he repeated Karatáev's words, and they soothed him strangely. His intention of killing Napoleon and his calculations of the cabalistic numbers and the beast of the Apocalypse now seemed incomprehensible and even ridiculous to him. His fury against his wife and his apprehension lest his name be besmirched now seemed to him not only insignificant, but even amusing. What was it to him that his wife was somewhere leading a life which pleased her? What difference did it make to any one, especially to him, if people found out that the name of their prisoner was Count Bezúkhi?

He now frequently recalled his conversation with Prince Andréy and fully agreed with him, only he understood Prince Andréy's idea in a little different way. Prince Andréy had thought and said that happiness was only negative, but he had said it with a shade of bitterness and irony, as though, in saying this, he had enunciated another thought, which was that all our innate tendencies toward a positive happiness were put in us in order not to gratify us and to torment us. But Pierre recognized its justice without any mental reservation. The absence of suffering, the gratification of needs, and, consequently, the freedom of choosing one's occupations, that is, one's manner of life, now presented themselves to Pierre as unquestionably the highest human happiness. It was here and now that Pierre for the first time fully appreciated the enjoyment of eating when hungry, of drinking when thirsty, of sleeping when sleepy, of getting warm when cold, of talking with a man when he felt like talking to a man and listening to his voice. The gratification of needs, — good food, cleanliness, freedom, — now that he was deprived of all of

them, seemed to Pierre complete happiness, and the choice of occupations, that is, life, when the choice was so limited, appeared to him such an easy thing, that he forgot that the superabundance of the comforts of life annihilates all the happiness of gratifying one's needs, and that a great freedom in the choice of occupations, that freedom which in his life was given him by his education, wealth, and position in society, made the choice of occupations insolubly difficult, and annihilated the very need and possibility of occupation.

All of Pierre's dreams now turned on the time when he should be free. And yet, later on, and during the rest of his life, Pierre thought and spoke with delight of this month of planning, of those irrevocable, strong, and joyous sensations, and, above all, of that full mental calm, that complete inward freedom, which he had experienced at that time.

When, on the first day, he rose early in the morning, went out of the booth at daybreak, and saw at first the darkling cupolas and the crosses of the New Virgin Monastery, the frosted dew on the dusty grass, the slopes of the Sparrow Hills, and the wooded shore winding above the river and disappearing in the lilac distance; when he felt the touch of the fresh air and heard the sounds of the jackdaws flying from Moscow across the fields; and when later a spray of light suddenly burst from the east and the edge of the sun majestically swam out from behind a cloud, and the cupolas, and the crosses, and the dew, and the vista, and the river, — everything played in a joyous light, — he felt a new, unfamiliar feeling of joy, of life, and fortitude.

And this feeling not only did not abandon him during the whole time of his captivity, but, on the contrary, increased in him in proportion as his situation grew more oppressive.

This feeling — of preparedness for everything, of moral

adaptiveness — was sustained still more in Pierre by that high opinion which his comrades formed about him soon after his entrance into the booth. Pierre, with his knowledge of languages, with that respect which the Frenchmen showed him, with his simplicity which caused him to give away everything asked of him (he received an officer's allowance of three roubles a week), with his strength which he showed to the soldiers, when he pressed nails into the walls of the booth, with his meekness of which he gave evidence in his treatment of his comrades, with that to them inconceivable ability to sit motionless and think, without doing anything, presented himself to the soldiers as a somewhat mysterious and higher being. The very qualities which in that other world, in which he had lived before, had been oppressive if not injurious to him, — his strength, his disregard of the comforts of life, his absent-mindedness, his simplicity, — here, among these people, gave him the position almost of a hero. He felt that this view of him put him under obligations.

XIII.

ON the night from the 6th to the 7th of October began the movement of the departing Frenchmen : the kitchens and booths were broken up ; the carts were packed ; the troops and the baggage began to move.

At seven o'clock in the morning a convoy of Frenchmen, in marching trim, in their shakos, with their guns, knapsacks, and enormous sacks, were standing before the booths, and a lively French conversation, interlarded with curses, ran down the whole line.

In the booth all were ready, dressed, girded, and booted, and waiting for the command to march. The sick soldier Sokolov, pale, emaciated, with blue circles under his eyes, was sitting in his place all alone, without his shoes and undressed, and with eyes bulging out on account of his leanness, was looking interrogatively at his companions, who paid no attention to him, and groaning with a low, even wail. It was evident that it was not so much his suffering, — he had the bloody flux, — as the fear and pain of being left alone which made him groan so.

Pierre, wearing a pair of shoes which Karataev had made for him out of matting, which a Frenchman had brought to mend his soles with, and girded with a rope, went up to the sick man and squatted down before him.

“ Well, Sokolov, they are leaving now ! They have a hospital here. Maybe you will fare better than we,” said Pierre.

"O Lord! O death! O Lord!" the soldier groaned louder.

"I will ask them at once," said Pierre, and, rising, he went up to the door of the booth. Just as he reached it, the corporal, who the day before had offered a pipe to him, came up with two soldiers. The corporal and the soldiers were in marching trim, with their knapsacks and shakos with buttoned chin-straps, which changed their familiar faces.

The corporal was walking toward the door in order to lock it, by order of his superiors. The prisoners were to be counted before being dismissed.

"*Caporal, que fera-t-on du malade?*" began Pierre; but, just as he was saying this, he had his doubts whether it was the corporal he knew, or some other man, for he looked so transformed. Besides, as Pierre was saying this, the roll of drums was suddenly heard on two sides. The corporal frowned at Pierre's words and, uttering a meaningless curse, slammed the door to. The booth was merged in semidarkness; the drums pealed on two sides, drowning the sick man's groans.

"There it is! Again!" Pierre said to himself, and an involuntary chill ran down his back. In the corporal's changed face, in the stirring and deafening peal of the drums, Pierre recognized that mysterious, brutal power, which caused men against their will to kill their like, that power, the effect of which he had seen during the execution. It was useless to fear, to try to avoid that power, to turn with entreaties or admonitions to the men who served as its tools. Pierre knew this. It was necessary to wait and suffer. Pierre did not again go up to the suffering man, and did not look back at him. He stood, frowning and in silence, at the door of the booth.

When the door of the booth was opened, and the prisoners, like a flock of sheep, crushing each other, crowded in the entrance, Pierre made his way through

them and went up to that captain who, according to the corporal's words, was prepared to do anything for him. The captain, too, was in marching outfit, and his cold face displayed the same "it," which Pierre had discovered in the words of the corporal and in the peal of the drums.

"*Filez, filez,*" said the captain, with a scowl, and glancing at the captives as they crowded past him. Pierre knew that his attempt would be fruitless, but still he went up to him.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce qu'il y a ?*" the officer said, as though not recognizing him.

Pierre told him about the sick soldier.

"*Il pourra marcher, que diable !*" said the captain.

"*Filez, filez,*" he kept repeating, without looking at Pierre.

"*Mais non, il a l'agonie,*" began Pierre.

"*Voulez-vous bien —*" the captain shouted, with an angry frown.

"Dram da da dam, dam dam," the drums rolled on. And Pierre knew that the mysterious power had taken complete possession of the men, and that now it was useless to say anything else.

The captive officers were separated from the soldiers and ordered to go ahead. There were about thirty officers, Pierre among them, and about three hundred soldiers.

The captive officers, who were let out from the other booths, were all strangers to Pierre; they were all of them better dressed than he, and looked at him, in his strange foot-gear, with mistrust and aloofness. Not far from Pierre walked a stout major, in a Kazán cloak, girded with a towel; his face was puffed up and sallow, and he looked cross; he evidently enjoyed the general respect of his comrades. One hand with a tobacco-pouch was stuck in the bosom of his cloak, while with the other he supported a long pipe. Puffing and blowing, the major grumbled and was cross at everybody because it seemed to him that

all were pushing him, and that all were hurrying to get somewhere, when there was no reason for such a hurry, and that all were surprised, when there was nothing to be surprised at. Another, a small-statured, lean officer, talked to everybody, making guesses at where they were going to be taken, and how far they would manage to march on that day. An official, in felt boots and a uniform of the commissariat, ran about from one side to another, looking at devastated Moscow, and loudly proclaiming his observations about what had burned down, and what this or that part of Moscow was. A third officer, of Polish extraction, as evidenced by his accent, was having a discussion with the official of the commissariat, proving to him that he was mistaken in the determination of the wards.

"What are you quarrelling about?" the major said, angrily. "Whether it is St. Nicholas, or St. Blasius, what difference does it make? You see that everything is burnt, and that is the end of it. Why are you pushing there? Haven't you enough space?" he turned angrily to the one who was walking behind, and was not pushing him at all.

"Oh, oh, oh! What they have done!" could be heard the voices of the prisoners on either side, as they beheld the devastation. "The Transmoskvá, and Zúbovo, and in the Kremlin! Look, half of it is gone. I told you that the whole of the Transmoskvá was burnt, and so it is."

"Now you know what has burned, so what is the use of talking?" said the major.

Marching through Khamóvniki (one of the few intact wards of Moscow), past a church, the whole throng of captives suddenly pressed to one side, and exclamations of terror and disgust were heard.

"What scoundrels! Infidels! He is dead, yes, dead! They have smeared him with something."

Pierre, too, moved up toward the church, near which

was that which had called forth the exclamations, and dimly discerned something leaning against the enclosure of the church. From the words of his companions, who could see better, he learned that it was the corpse of a man stood up against the enclosure and having his face smeared with soot.

“ *Marchez, sacré nom — Filez — trente mille diables !* ”
were heard the curses of the guards, and the French soldiers, with new rage, scattered with their swords the throng of prisoners looking at the dead man.

XIV.

THE captives walked all alone through the alleys of Khamóvnik, accompanied only by their guards and by carts and wagons, which belonged to the soldiers of the convoy, and followed them; but, when they reached the stores of provision, they fell in with an immense artillery train in motion, mixed with a number of private vehicles.

At the bridge all stopped, waiting for those who were in front to move on. On the bridge the prisoners could see endless rows of other trains moving in front and in the rear. On the right, where the Kalúga road turned past Neskúchnoe, disappearing in the distance, marched endless rows of troops and trains. Those were the soldiers of Beauharnais's corps, who had had an early start; behind them, along the river bank and over the Stone Bridge, advanced Ney's troops and baggage.

Davout's troops, to which the prisoners were attached, went through the Crimea Ford and were partly already on Kalúga Street. But the baggage-trains were so extended that Beauharnais's last carts had not yet left Moscow to get on Kalúga Street, when the van of Ney's troops had already passed the Great Ordýnka.

After getting past the Crimea Ford, the prisoners moved a few steps at a time, then stopped, then moved again, and on all sides carriages and men crowded more and more. Having taken more than an hour to get over the few hundred steps which separate the bridge from Kalúga Street, and reached the square where the Transmoskvá streets meet with Kalúga Street, the prisoners, pressed

together into a compact mass, stopped and stood several hours at a cross-road. On every side could be heard, like the din of the sea, the incessant rumble of wheels and tramp of feet, and incessant, angry cries and curses. Pierre was jammed against the wall of a half-burnt house, and he stood listening to the sound, which in his imagination blended with the sounds of the drums.

A few captive officers climbed on the wall of the half-burnt house, near which Pierre was standing, in order to get a better view.

“What a lot of people! Oh, what a lot! Even on the cannon! Look, what a mass of furs!” they said. “I declare, the miscreants have looted everything — Do you see the one in the rear, on the cart? Why, upon my word, that is taken from an image! — These must be Germans. And our peasants, upon my word! — Oh, what rascals! — He is so loaded he can hardly walk! Why, they have taken even cabs along! — See him sit there on the boxes! O Lord! — They are fighting! — Hit him, that is right! — We shall not get through until evening! — Look, look! that must be Napoleon himself. See what horses! Monograms with a crown — This is a transportable house — He has lost a sack and does not see it — Again a fight — The woman with the baby is not at all bad — Of course, they will let you through! — See, there is no end to it — Russian girls, upon my word, Russian girls. How comfortably they are seated in the carriage!”

Again the wave of a general curiosity, as at the church in Khamónviki, washed all the prisoners to the road, and Pierre, thanks to his tall stature, could see above the heads of the others what it was that so attracted the curiosity of the prisoners. In three carriages, mingled among the caissons, travelled some women, who, sitting close to each other, decked in bright colours, and painted, were shouting something in squeaky voices.

From the moment that Pierre had recognized the appearance of the mysterious power, nothing had seemed strange or terrible to him : neither the corpse which had been smeared with soot for amusement, nor these women who were hurrying somewhere, nor the devastation of Moscow. Everything Pierre now saw produced hardly any impression upon him, — as though his soul, preparing itself for a difficult battle, refused to accept impressions which might weaken it.

The women passed by. After them came again carts, soldiers, wagons, soldiers, powder-carts, carriages, soldiers, caissons, soldiers, now and then women.

Pierre did not see the men in particular, but only their motion.

All these men and horses seemed to be driven by some invisible power. All of them sailed, during the hour that Pierre observed them, out of all kinds of streets, actuated by the one desire to pass by as quickly as possible ; all of them grew angry and began to fight, whenever they came in contact with others ; their white teeth grinned, their brows were knit, curses were exchanged, and on all the faces was the same dashing and determined and cruelly cold expression, which in the morning had startled Pierre in the corporal's face when the drum sounded.

It was only toward evening that the chief of the convoy collected his command and with cries and curses pushed his way into the train, and the prisoners, surrounded on every side, walked out on the Kalúga road.

They marched very fast, without resting, and stopped only when the sun was beginning to set. The wagons crowded up against each other, and the men began to prepare themselves for the night. All looked cross and dissatisfied. For a long time one could hear on every side curses, angry cries, and fights. A carriage, which had been driving behind the convoy, ran into one of the guards' carts, and punctured it with the shaft. Several

soldiers ran up to the cart from all sides ; some of them struck the heads of the horses in the carriage, turning them aside, and others fought among themselves, and Pierre saw that a German was badly wounded by a sword-thrust at his head.

It looked as though all these people, now that they had stopped in the middle of the field in the chill twilight of an autumn evening, experienced the same feeling of a disagreeable waking from the haste and impulsive motion which had taken possession of them at their start. When they stopped they seemed to realize that it was still unknown whither they were moving and that in this motion there would be many hardships.

At this halt the guards treated the prisoners even worse than when they had started. Now for the first time was horse-flesh given to the prisoners as food.

From the officers to the last soldier there could be seen in each of them, as it were, a personal resentment against each of the prisoners, which unexpectedly took the place of the former friendly relations.

This resentment increased when, in counting the prisoners, it turned out that during the disturbance of the departure from Moscow a Russian soldier, who had pretended to be suffering from a pain in his stomach, had run away. Pierre saw a Frenchman beating a Russian soldier for having strayed too far from the road, and heard the captain, his friend, reprimanding the under-officer for the flight of the Russian soldier, and threatening him with a court martial. To the under-officer's defence that the soldier was ill and could not walk, the officer remarked that the order was to shoot those that fell behind. Pierre felt that that fatal power which had crushed him during the execution, and which had remained intangible during his captivity, now again took possession of his existence. He felt terribly ; but he knew that in proportion to the efforts which the fatal power was mak-

ing to crush him, there grew up and fortified itself in his soul the power of life which was independent of it.

Pierre ate for his supper a soup made of rye flour with horse-flesh, and chatted with his companions.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions talked of what they had seen in Moscow, or of the rudeness of the French treatment of them, or of the order to shoot them, of which they had been informed: as though to resist their less fortunate situation, they all were animated and merry. They spoke of their personal recollections and of funny incidents during the campaign, and avoided talking of their present condition.

The sun had set long ago. Bright stars were lighted here and there in the heavens; the red glow of the rising new moon, resembling the glow of a conflagration, spread over the horizon, and the immense red ball seemed to quiver strangely in the grayish mist. It was growing light. The evening was past, but night had not yet begun. Pierre went away from his new companions and walked over to the other side of the road, among the camp-fires where, he was told, stood the captive soldiers. He wanted to talk with them. On his way a French sentinel stopped him and ordered him back.

Pierre returned, but not to the camp-fire where his companions were, but to an unhitched cart, where no one was. Crossing his legs under him and lowering his head, he sat down on the cold earth, near a wheel of the cart, and for a long time sat there motionless, absorbed in thought. More than an hour passed. No one disturbed him. Suddenly he burst out into his noisy, good-natured laugh, which was so loud that people on all sides looked around in surprise, in order to see where that strange, lonely laugh came from.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Pierre. And he said loudly to himself: "The soldier did not let me go. They caught me, and locked me up. They keep me in captivity.

Whom? Me? Me — my immortal soul! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, with tears appearing in his eyes.

A man got up to see what that strange, lonely man was laughing about. Pierre stopped laughing, got up, walked a little away from the curious fellow, and looked about him.

The immense, endless bivouac, which awhile before had been alive with the crackling of the camp-fires and the chatting of the men, was dying down; the red fires went out and grew pale. High in the bright heavens stood the full moon. The woods and fields, invisible before beyond the camp, now were clearly defined in the distance. And beyond these forests and fields could be seen the bright, quivering, endless vista, calling Pierre to itself. He glanced at the heavens, into the depth of the receding, scintillating stars.

"All this is mine! All this is within me, and all this is I!" thought Pierre. "And all this they have caught and placed in a booth which is fenced in by boards!"

He smiled, and went to lie down to sleep near his companions.

XV.

IN the first days of October, a messenger came to Kutúzov with a letter from Napoleon, in which proposals of peace were made. This letter was falsely dated from Moscow, though at that time Napoleon was far ahead on the Old Kalúga road, not far in advance of Kutúzov. Kutúzov replied just as he had replied to the first letter brought by Lauriston: he said that there could be no question of peace.

Soon after, the news was received from the partisan detachment of Dórokhov, who was operating to the left of Tarútino, that French troops had appeared at Fomínskoe; that these troops consisted of Broussier's division; and that this division, separated from the rest, could easily be destroyed. The soldiers and officers again demanded an action. The generals of the staff, stirred up by the memory of the easy victory at Tarútino, insisted that Kutúzov should carry out Dórokhov's proposition. Kutúzov did not regard an attack as necessary. Something intermediate took place, as was natural: to Fomínskoe was sent a small detachment, which was to attack Broussier.

By a strange coincidence, this mission, a most difficult and important one, as was proven by the consequences, was entrusted to Dókhturov, that same modest little Dókhturov whom no one has described to us as composing plans of battles, flying before regiments, throwing crosses upon the batteries, and so forth, whom all considered and called undecided and impenetrable,—the same Dókhturov, whom, in all the battles of the Russians with

the French, from Austerlitz to the year 1813, we find everywhere in the lead where the situation is serious. At Austerlitz he is the last to remain at the Augeszd dam, gathering the regiments, and saving what one can, when all are running and perishing, and not a general is left in the rear-guard. Sick with a fever, he goes with an army of twenty thousand to defend Smolénsk, against the whole French army. In Smolénsk, he has barely fallen asleep at the Malakhóv gate, in a paroxysm of fever, when he is awakened by the cannonade directed against the city, and the city holds out a whole day. At the battle of Borodinó, when Bagration is killed and the troops of our left flank are struck down in the proportion of nine to one, and the whole force of the French artillery is directed upon it, no one but this undecided and impenetrable Dókh-turov is sent there, and Kutúzov hastens to correct his blunder, which was the having sent somebody else there. And little, quiet Dókh-turov goes there, and Borodinó is the greatest glory of the Russian army. Many heroes have been described to us in verse and in prose, but of Dókh-turov there is hardly a word.

Again Dókh-turov is sent, this time to Fomínskoe, and from there to Mály Yaroslávets, where the last battle with the French has taken place, and where apparently the ruin of the French begins, and again many geniuses and heroes are described to us for this period of the campaign, but not a word is said of Dókh-turov, or only a little, and that in doubtful terms. This very silence regarding Dókh-turov more obviously than anything else proves his high deserts.

Naturally a man who does not understand the structure of a machine, seeing it in action, imagines that the most important part of it is that chip which accidentally got into it, and, interfering with its course, whisks about in it. A man who does not know the structure of the machine cannot understand that not this chip, which is only in the

way and interfering with the work, but a small cog-wheel, which turns inaudibly, is one of the essential parts of the machine.

On October 10th, when Dókhurov had marched half-way toward Fomínskoe and stopped in the village of Arístovo, preparing himself to carry out precisely the order given to him, the whole French army, in its convulsive movement reaching Murat's position in order, as it seemed, to give battle, suddenly without any cause turned to the left on the new Kalúga road and began to enter Fomínskoe, where formerly stood only Broussier's detachment. Under Dókhurov's command there were at that time, besides Dórokhov, two small detachments of Fígner and Soslávin.

On the evening of October 11th, Soslávin came to the authorities at Arístovo with a captured French guardsman. The captive said that the troops that on that day entered Fomínskoe were the vanguard of the whole large army; that Napoleon was there; that the army had left Moscow five days before. On the same evening a manorial servant, who came from Bórovsk, said that he had seen an immense army enter the town. The Cossacks of Dórokhov's detachment reported that they had seen the French Guard on the way to Bórovsk. From all these reports it became evident that where they had expected to find one division, there was now the whole French army marching from Moscow in an unexpected direction, along the old Kalúga road. Dókhurov did not wish to undertake anything, as it was not clear to him now what his duty consisted in. He had been ordered to attack Fomínskoe; but where Broussier was before, there was now the whole French army. Ermólov wanted to use his own judgment, but Dókhurov insisted that he had to have an order from his Most Serene Highness. It was decided to send a report to the staff.

For this was chosen an intelligent officer, Bolkhovítinov,



Photograph taken during the
Advance or Retreat
Headquarters on the Old Kaluga Road.

and communication with the world. The village was a small, isolated, and unimportant one, and it was not until the morning of the 15th that the French army arrived.

The morning of the 15th was a stormy day, and the French army had marched from the village of Kaluga to the village of Kaluga. The French army was not precisely the same as the one that had been seen in its convulsive movements leading Murzil's party in order, as it seemed, to give them a rest, without any more turned to the west to the Kaluga road and came to enter Tomilino, the village where the French detachment. The French army advanced their camp at that time, leaving Tomilino and the Kaluga road to the east and south.

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For this was a very important affair, and it was

Headquarters on the Old Kaluga Road. Advance or Retreat?

Photogravure from Painting by Vasilii Vereshchagin



Photograph 1877 by the expedition of the United States. By permission of the American Anthropological Society.

who, besides delivering the written report, was to explain the state of affairs by word of mouth. At midnight Bolkhovítinov received the letter and his oral message, and galloped away to headquarters, accompanied by Cossacks and relay horses.

XVI.

It was a dark, warm autumn night. It had been raining for four days. Twice changing his horses and galloping thirty versts over a muddy road in an hour and a half, Bolkhovítinov arrived at Letashévka by two o'clock. Dismounting at a hut, on the wicker fence of which was the sign, "Headquarters," and leaving his horse, he went into the dark vestibule.

"The general of the day! Something very important!" he said to some one who was snoring in the darkness of the vestibule.

"He has been very ill since last evening,—hasn't slept for three nights," was heard the voice of a servant, defending his master. "You had better wake up the captain."

"Very important, from General Dókhturov," said Bolkhovítinov, as he entered, groping, through an open door. The servant went ahead and began to wake somebody.

"Your Honour, your Honour, a courier!"

"What, what? From whom?" said some one's sleepy voice.

"From Dókhturov and from Aleksyéy Petróvich. Napoleon is at Fomínskoe," said Bolkhovítinov, who in the darkness did not see the one who was questioning him, but judged from the sound of the voice that it was not Konovnítsyn.

The wakened man yawned and stretched himself.

"I do not like to wake him," he said, feeling for something. "He is quite ill! Maybe it is only a rumour."

"Here is the report," said Bolkhovítinov. "I am commanded to hand it immediately to the general of the day."

"Wait, I will strike a light. Where, accursed one, do you always put it away?" said the man, stretching himself, and talking to the servant. It was Shcherbínin, Konovnítsyn's adjutant. "I have it, I have it," he added.

The servant struck the fire, and Shcherbínin groped for the candle.

"Oh, rogues!" he said, in disgust.

In the light of the sparks, Bolkhovítinov saw Shcherbínin with the candle and in the front corner another sleeping man. This was Konovnítsyn.

When the matches and tinder burnt, at first with a blue and then with a red flame, Shcherbínin lighted a tallow dip, from the candlestick of which ran down cockroaches that had been nibbling at it, and surveyed the messenger. Bolkhovítinov was covered with mud which he was smearing over his face in an attempt to wipe it.

"Who is reporting?" asked Shcherbínin, taking the envelope.

"The information is reliable," said Bolkhovítinov. "Captives, and the Cossacks, and the spies, — all report the same."

"There is nothing else to do but to wake him," said Shcherbínin, rising and going up to a man in a nightcap, covered with a mantle.

"Peter Petróvich!" he said. Konovnítsyn did not stir. "To headquarters!" he said, with a smile, knowing that these words would certainly wake him. Indeed, the head in the nightcap at once raised itself. On Konovnítsyn's handsome, firm face, with its feverishly inflamed cheeks, there was left for a moment the expression of dreams remote from reality, but he suddenly shook himself: his face assumed its usual calm and firm expression.

"What is it? From whom?" he asked, leisurely, blinking from the light. Listening to the officer's report,

Konovnýsyn broke the seal of the envelope and read the letter. He had hardly finished reading it, when he put his feet with their woollen stockings down on the earth floor and began to put on his boots. Then he took off his nightcap and, having combed his hair, donned a military cap.

“How long did it take you to get here? Let us go to his Most Serene Highness!”

Konovnýsyn immediately saw that the news was of prime importance, and that there was no time to lose. He did not ask himself whether it was good or bad. That did not interest him. On the whole matter of the war he did not look with his reason, with his intellect, but with something else. In his soul was a profound, unuttered conviction that everything would be well, but that he ought not to believe it, and still less talk of it, but should always be doing his duty. And he attended to his duties, giving all his strength to them. Peter Petróvich Konovnýsyn, like Dókhturov, counted merely for propriety's sake among the so-called heroes of the year 1812, — among such as Barclay, Raévski, Ermólov, Plátov, Milorádovich, — like Dókhturov, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of extremely limited ability and information, and, like Dókhturov, never made any projects of battles, but always was in the thickest of everything. He always slept with open doors, so long as he was general of the day, and ordered all the messengers to wake him; he was under fire in every battle, so that Kutúzov had to reprimand him for it and was afraid to send him with messages; and, like Dókhturov, he was one of the invisible cog-wheels which, without creaking or whirring, form the most essential part of the machine.

Coming out of the hut into the dark, damp night, Konovnýsyn frowned, partly from the greater headache which he was feeling, and partly from the unpleasant thought of how this whole nest of influential staff-officers

would be stirred by this news, especially Bénigsen, who had been at swords' points with Kutúzov ever since the battle of Tarútino; how they would propose, debate, order, make changes! The presentiment of all this was unpleasant to him, though he knew that it could not be otherwise.

Indeed, Toll, to whom he went, on his way, to report the new piece of news, immediately began to expound his views to the general who was staying with him, but Konovnítsyn, who listened in silence and with an expression of fatigue, reminded him that it was time to go to his Most Serene Highness.

XVII.

KUTÚZOV, like all old men, did not sleep much at night. In the daytime he frequently dozed off; but at night he lay undressed on his bed, seldom sleeping, and always thinking.

He was lying thus on his bed, leaning his heavy, large, disfigured head on his chubby hand, and thinking, while peering into the darkness with his one eye.

Ever since Bénigsen, who corresponded with the emperor, and who had more influence than anybody else on the staff, had been avoiding him, he had been calmer in so far as they would not compel him with his troops to take part again in useless offensive actions. The lesson of the battle of Tarútino and of the preceding day, so painfully memorable to him, would also, he thought, have its effect.

“They ought to understand that we can only lose by acting offensively. Patience and time are my heroes!” thought Kutúzov. He knew that an apple ought not to be plucked so long as it was green. It would fall down by itself when it was ripe; but by picking it green, you only spoil the apple and the tree, and set your teeth on edge. He knew, like an experienced hunter, that the game was wounded, and wounded as only the Russian force could wound, but it was not yet a settled question whether mortally, or not. Now, from Lauriston’s and Berthemi’s embassies and from the reports of the partisans, Kutúzov was almost sure that the wound was mortal; but he still needed proofs, — he had to wait.

"They want to run and see how they have killed him. Wait! You will see! All they want is manœuvres and attacks!" he thought. "What for? To distinguish themselves. As though there was any pleasure in fighting! They are like children from whom you can't make out how things happened, because they all want to prove that they know how to fight. But this is another matter.

"What ingenious manœuvres they propose to me! They imagine that because they have guessed two or three incidents" (he was thinking of the general plan sent him from St. Petersburg), "they have invented them all. There is no end to these!"

The unsettled question whether the wound inflicted at Borodinó was mortal or not had been hanging over Kutúzov's head for a month. On the one hand the French had occupied Moscow; on the other Kutúzov felt unquestionably, with all his being, that that terrible blow, in which he with all Russians had strained his last strength, must be death-dealing. But, in any case, proofs were wanted, and he had been waiting for them for a month, and the more time passed, the more he grew impatient. Lying on his bed during his sleepless nights, he did the same that all the young generals were doing, the same for which he had been upbraiding them. He was considering all possible eventualities, just as the younger men did, but with this difference, that he built nothing on these suppositions, and that he saw, not two or three of them, but thousands. The longer he thought, the more there were of them. He considered all kinds of movements on the part of the Napoleonic army, in its entirety and in parts, — to St. Petersburg, toward him, to outflank him; he considered (and of this he was most afraid) the possibility of Napoleon's fighting him with his own weapons, by remaining in Moscow and waiting for him. Kutúzov even considered the retreat of Napoleon's army to Medýn and Yúkhov; but the one thing which he could not have foreseen was what

had actually taken place, — that senseless, convulsive vehemence of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days after leaving Moscow, — that vehemence which made that possible which Kutúzov at that time did not yet dare to think of, — the complete annihilation of the French. Dórokhov's report about Broussier's division, the news brought by the partisans about the calamity of Napoleon's army, the rumours of the preparations for leaving Moscow, — everything confirmed the supposition that the French army was beaten and getting ready to flee; but all that was only a supposition which might be of importance to the younger men, and not to Kutúzov. He, with his experience of sixty years, knew what weight was to be attached to rumours; how people who wished for a certain thing were likely to group all information so as to make it confirm the desired fact, and how, in such cases, the contradictory is gladly left out of consideration. And the more Kutúzov wished it, the less he permitted himself to believe it. This question occupied all his mental powers. Everything else was for him only a habitual performance of the vital functions. Such habitual performance and submission to the vital functions were his conversations with the men of the staff, his letters to Madame de Staël, which he wrote from Tarútino, the reading of novels, the distribution of rewards, the correspondence with St. Petersburg, and so forth. But the destruction of the French, which he alone had foreseen, was his only ardent desire.

In the night of October 11th he was lying down, leaning on his arm, and thinking of this.

There was a stir in the adjoining room, and the footsteps of Toll, Konovnítsyn, and Bolkhovítinov were heard.

"Oh, there, who is it? Come in, come in! What is the news?" the field-marshal called out to them.

While the lackey lighted a candle, Toll told him the contents of the despatch.

“Who brought it?” asked Kutúzov, with a face which startled Toll by its cold austerity, when the candle was lighted.

“There can be no doubt, your Serenity!”

“Call him in, call him in!”

Kutúzov was sitting on his bed, one of his legs hanging down, while his large abdomen lay with its whole weight against the other, bent leg. He blinked with his intact eye, in order to get a better look at the messenger, as though he wanted to read in his features that which interested him.

“Tell me, tell me, my friend!” he said to Bolkhovítinov, in his calm, old man’s voice, closing up his shirt which was open on his bosom. “Come, come nearer! What kind of news have you brought me, eh? Napoleon has left Moscow? Really, eh?”

Bolkhovítinov told him everything in detail, as he had been ordered.

“Talk, talk faster,—do not torment me!” Kutúzov interrupted him.

Bolkhovítinov finished his recital and kept silence, waiting for orders. Toll began to say something, but Kutúzov interrupted him. He wanted to say something, but he suddenly blinked and frowned; he waved his hand to Toll and turned in the other direction, toward the “fair” corner of the hut, where hung the black images.

“O Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard my prayer!” he said, in a trembling voice, folding his hands. “Russia is saved! I thank Thee, O Lord!”

And he wept.

XVIII.

FROM that time on to the end of the campaign Kutúzov's whole activity consists only in restraining his army, by means of his power and by ruses and prayers, from useless advances, manœuvres, and conflicts with the perishing enemy. Dókhturov goes to Mály Yaroslávets, but Kutúzov delays his whole army and gives the order to clear Kalúga, as a retreat beyond it appears to him as a great probability.

Kutúzov retreats all the time, but the enemy, not waiting for him to retreat, runs in the opposite direction.

Napoleon's historians describe to us his ingenious manœuvres against Tarútino and Mály Yaroslávets and make their reflections on what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in penetrating the rich southern Governments.

But, leaving out of consideration the fact that there was nothing to hinder Napoleon from proceeding to these southern Governments (since the Russian army gave him the right of way), the historians forget that Napoleon's army could not have been saved by anything because it bore in itself the inevitable conditions of ruin. How could this army, which had found such rich supplies in Moscow without being able to retain them, but, instead, had tramped them under foot, and which, after arriving at Smolénsk, looted supplies without making use of them, — how could this army have expected to improve matters in the Government of Kalúga, which was inhabited

by the same kind of Russians that were found in Moscow, who possessed the same tendency to destroy everything they set fire to ?

The army could not have done better anywhere. Ever since the battle of Borodinó and the pillage of Moscow, it bore in itself, so to speak, the chemical conditions of dissolution.

The men of what once had been an army were running with their leaders, without knowing whither, wishing (from Napoleon down to the last soldier) for one thing only : personally to get disentangled as quickly as possible from that inextricable situation of which they were all dimly conscious.

When, therefore, at the council of war at Mály Yaroslávets the generals pretended to be deliberating and expressed their various opinions, the simple idea of the good-natured soldier, Mouton, who, in saying that they ought to get away as soon as possible, merely gave expression to what all felt, closed the mouths of all, and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything against this self-evident truth.

But, although all knew that they must go away, there was still left the consciousness of shame that they must run, and so an external push was necessary to overcome that shame. This push came in due time. It was that which the French call "*le Hourra de l'Empereur.*"

On the day following the council, Napoleon, pretending that he wanted to review the troops and the field of the past and future battles, rode out early in the morning, accompanied by his suite of marshals and an escort, down through the centre of his lines. Some Cossacks, who were prowling around in search of booty, stumbled on the emperor himself, and almost made him a prisoner. What saved Napoleon this time, was the very thing that ruined the French army : it was the booty, for which the Cossacks made here, as at Tarútino, thus allowing the

men to escape. They paid no attention to Napoleon and pursued their prey, and Napoleon got away.

When "*les enfants du Don*" came so near catching the emperor in the midst of his own army, it became quite clear that there was nothing to be done but run as fast as possible on the nearest familiar road. Napoleon, with his paunch of forty years' standing, no longer felt in himself his former agility and boldness, and he took the hint. Under the influence of the terror which the Cossacks had caused him, he at once agreed with Mouton, and gave, as the historians say, the order to retreat along the Smolénsk road.

The fact that Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the troops retreated does not prove that he ordered it, but that the forces which were acting on the whole army, in the sense of directing it on the Mozháysk road, acted simultaneously upon Napoleon.

XIX.

WHEN a man is in motion, he always tries to invent an aim for this motion. In order to walk a thousand versts, a man must imagine that there is something good at the end of those one thousand versts. One must have an idea of the promised land, in order to have the strength to move.

The promised land for the French during the invasion had been Moscow; during their retreat it was their own country. But their country was too far away, and a man who starts out to walk one thousand versts must necessarily say to himself that to-day, after marching forty versts, he will arrive at a place of rest, and for the first day's march this place veils the final goal, and all wishes and hopes are centred upon it. The tendencies which are expressed in an individual are always magnified in a throng.

For the Frenchmen who started back on the old Smolénsk road, the final goal of their country was too far removed, and the nearer goal, the one on which centred all the desires and hopes, increasing in enormous proportion in the crowd, was Smolénsk. Not that people knew that in Smolénsk there were many supplies and fresh troops, not that they had been told so (on the contrary, the higher officers and Napoleon himself knew that there were no supplies there), but because this alone could give them strength to move on and bear their present privations, — both those who knew, and those who did not

know, deceived themselves alike and tended toward Smolénsk as their promised land.

Upon reaching the highway, the French with surprising energy and unheard-of rapidity ran toward their fictitious goal. Besides this cause of their general impetus, which bound the masses of the French into one whole and gave them a certain measure of energy, there was still another cause which bound them together. This cause was their numbers. The enormous mass itself, as in the physical law of attraction, attracted the separate human atoms. They moved with their mass of one hundred thousand like a whole kingdom.

Each man of them wished for but one thing, — to surrender himself into captivity, — to be freed of all the terrors and misfortunes. But, on the one hand, the force of the general tendency toward Smolénsk drew each one of them in the same direction; on the other, it was impossible for a corps to surrender to a company, and, although the French used every available opportunity to separate from one another and, when the least decent pretext offered itself, to surrender themselves, these pretexts did not always exist. Their very numbers and the rapidity of their motion in serried ranks deprived them of this possibility, and made it difficult and even impossible for the Russians to arrest this motion, toward which the full energy of the French mass was directed.

A lump of snow cannot be thawed at once. There exists a certain limit of time, before which no amount of heat can do it. On the contrary, the greater the heat, the more compact will the unthawed snow be.

None of the Russian military leaders but Kutúzov understood this fact. When the direction of the flight of the French army along the Smolénsk road became well defined, there began to take place that which Konovnítsyn had foreseen on the night of October 11th. All the higher officers of the army wanted to distinguish

themselves, to cut off, overtake, capture, overthrow the French, and all demanded a forward movement.

Kutúzov used every power at his command (this power is very small with a commander-in-chief) in order to counteract the forward movement.

He could not tell them what we are saying now: "What use is there in giving battle and barring their way, in losing our own men, and in the inhuman slaughter of the unfortunates? What use is there in this, since on the road from Moscow to Vyázma one-third of that army has melted away without battle?" He told them, drawing on his old man's wisdom which they could comprehend, about the golden bridge, and they laughed at him, calumniated him, and tore him, and showed their bravado over the dead beast.

At Vyázma, Ermólov, Milorádovich, Plátov, and others, being in proximity to the French, could not restrain themselves from the desire to cut off and overthrow two French corps. Instead of reporting to Kutúzov their intention, they sent him a blank sheet of paper in an envelope.

And no matter how much Kutúzov tried to hold back the troops, they attacked the enemy, trying to bar his way. The regiments of infantry, they say, went with music and drum-beats to the attack, and they killed and lost thousands of men.

But they did not cut off or overthrow any one. The French army, becoming more compact under danger, continued, melting evenly, on its fatal march toward Smolénsk.

PART THE FOURTEENTH

I.

THE battle of Borodinó, with the consequent occupation of Moscow, and the flight of the French, without new battles, is one of the most instructive phenomena of history.

All the historians agree that the external activity of kingdoms and nations, in their conflicts, is expressed by wars; that, in consequence of the greater or lesser military successes, the political strength of kingdoms and nations is directly increased or diminished.

However strange the historical descriptions are of how a king or emperor, having quarrelled with another emperor or king, collected an army, waged war on his enemy, obtained a victory, killed three, five, ten thousand men, and, as the result of it, conquered a kingdom and a whole nation of several millions; however incomprehensible it may be why the defeat of one army, of one hundredth part of all the forces of a nation, may have caused the nation to submit,—all the facts of history (in so far as they are known to us) confirm the truth of the statement that the greater or lesser successes of the army of one nation against the army of another are the causes or, at least, the essential signs of the increase or diminution of the strength of the nations. The army has obtained a victory, and immediately the rights of the conquering nation are increased to the detriment of the conquered

nation. The army has been defeated, and immediately the nation loses its rights in proportion to its defeat, and completely submits after a complete defeat.

So it has been (according to history) from the most remote times up to the present. All the wars of Napoleon serve as a confirmation of this rule. In proportion as the Austrian troops are defeated, Austria loses her rights, and the rights and the strength of France are increased. The victory of the French at Jena and Auerstädt destroys the independent existence of Prussia.

But suddenly, in 1812, the French obtained a victory near Moscow, Moscow was taken, and thereupon, without any new battles, it was not Russia that ceased to exist, but the French army of six hundred thousand men, and then Napoleonic France. It is impossible to stretch the facts so as to fit history, by saying that the battle-field of Borodinó was left to the Russians, and that after Moscow there were battles which destroyed Napoleon's army.

After the French victory at Borodinó, there was not a single general battle, not even a single important engagement, and the French army ceased to exist. What does it mean? If this were an example from the history of China, we could say that it was not a historical phenomenon (the loophole of the historians, when something does not fit their measure); if we had before us a conflict of short duration, in which small numbers of troops took part, we might regard this phenomenon as exceptional; but this event took place under the eyes of our fathers, for whom the question of their country's life or death was being decided, and this war was one of the greatest of all known wars.

The period of the campaign of 1812, from the battle of Borodinó to the expulsion of the French, has proved that a battle won is not only no cause of conquest, but not even a permanent sign of conquest, — it has proved that the force which decides the fate of nations does not lie

in the conquerors, not even in armies and battles, but in something else.

The French historians, in describing the position of the French army before its departure from Moscow, affirm that everything in the great army was in order, except the cavalry, the artillery, and the baggage, and except for the fact that there was no forage for the horses and the cattle. Nothing could have helped this calamity, because the peasants of the surrounding country burned their hay and did not give any to the French.

A battle won did not produce the customary results, because peasants Karp and Vlas, after the evacuation of Moscow by the French, drove their carts to the city to loot it, and in general displayed no personal heroic sentiments, and because the endless number of such peasants did not haul hay to Moscow, though offered good money for it, but burned it.

Let us imagine two men who come out to fight a duel with swords, according to all the rules of the art of fencing: the fencing has lasted a considerable time; suddenly one of the opponents feels himself wounded: seeing that the thing is not a joke, but that his life is at stake, he throws away his sword and picks up the first club he can find and begins to wield it. But let us imagine that this opponent, who has so sensibly used the best and simplest means for obtaining his end, is at the same time animated by the traditions of chivalry, wants to conceal the actual occurrences, and insists that he has been victorious according to all the rules of fencing. We can see what a tangle and confusion would ensue from such a description of the duel!

The French were the duellist who demands that the fight is to take place according to the rules of the art; the Russians were the opponent who throws away the sword and takes up the club; the historians who have written

about this event are the people who try to explain everything according to the laws of fencing.

With the conflagration of Smolénsk began a war which does not fit in with any of the older traditions of wars. The burning of cities and villages, the retreating after battles, the blow given at Borodinó and again a retreat, the burning of Moscow, the capture of marauders, the seizing of transports, the partisan war,—all these were departures from the rules.

Napoleon was conscious of it, and, ever since he had stopped in Moscow in a regular fencing attitude, and, instead of the opponent's sword, had seen a club raised over him, he had never stopped complaining to Kutúzov and to Emperor Alexander because the war was not waged according to all the rules (as though there existed certain rules about killing people). In spite of the complaints of the French about the non-observance of the rules, and in spite of the fact that the Russians in the higher spheres of life felt ashamed to be fighting with a club, but preferred to stand in position according to the rules "*en quarte*" or "*en tierce*," to make a skilful "*prime*" thrust, and so forth,—the club of the national war rose in all its menacing and majestic strength and, without asking about anybody's tastes or rules, with stupid simplicity, but with telling force, rose blindly, fell, and nailed down the Frenchmen until the whole invasion was crushed.

Hail to the nation, which does not, like the French in 1813, salute according to all the rules of the art and, turning its sword with the hilt toward the magnanimous victor, gracefully and politely hand it to him, and which, in moments of trial, does not ask by what rules others have been guided in similar cases, but with simplicity and ease raises the first club it finds and belabours its enemy with it, until in its soul the feeling of insult and revenge is changed to contempt and pity!

II.

ONE of the most palpable and most advantageous departures from the so-called rules of war is the action of isolated people against men clinging to a compact mass. Such actions always make their appearance in a war when it assumes a national character. They consist in dispersing into small groups, instead of fighting mass against mass, in attacking singly, and immediately running away, as soon as they are attacked by large forces, and then again attacking when an opportunity offers itself. This the guerillas did in Spain; this the mountaineers did in the Caucasus; this the Russians did in 1812.

Such a war has been called partisan, and it has been assumed that this appellation explains its meaning. But such a war does not fit in with any rules; it is in direct opposition to the well-known and unerring rule of military tactics. This rule says that the aggressor must concentrate his troops in order to be stronger than his opponent at the moment of attack.

The partisan war (which has always been successful, as history proves) is directly opposed to this rule.

This contradiction is due to the fact that military science assumes that the strength of the troops is identical with their numbers. Military science says that the more troops, the greater the force. *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison.*

Saying this, military science resembles the kind of mechanics that, considering forces only in relation to their

masses, says that forces are equal or unequal because their masses are equal or unequal.

Force (quantity of motion) is the product of mass and rapidity.

In military affairs, the force of the troops is also the product of mass and something else, some unknown x .

Military science, seeing in history an endless number of examples in which the mass of the troops does not coincide with its force, and in which small detachments vanquish large ones, dimly acknowledges the existence of this unknown factor and tries to find it, — now in the geometric structure, now in the equipment, and most frequently so, in the genius of the generals. But the substitution of all these values of the factor does not furnish any results which are in conformity with the historic facts.

But, in order to discover the real value of this x , it is only necessary to abandon the false view, which has established itself in favour of heroes, about the efficacy of the dispositions of the superior commanders during a war.

This x is the spirit of the troops, that is, the greater or lesser desire to fight and subject themselves to dangers on the part of all the men composing the army, quite independently of the fact whether they are fighting under the command of a genius or not, whether in three or two lines, whether with clubs or with guns that shoot thirty times a minute. The men who have the greatest desire to fight will always place themselves in the most advantageous conditions for fighting.

The spirit of the army is the factor which, multiplied by the mass, will give force for its product. It is the problem of science to define and express the meaning of the spirit of the army, of that unknown factor.

The problem is possible only when we stop arbitrarily substituting, instead of the value of the whole x , those conditions under which force manifests itself, such as the

orders of the military commander, the equipment, and so forth, by assuming them to be the value of the factor, but accept this unknown in its entirety, that is, as the greater or lesser desire to fight and subject oneself to danger. Only then, by expressing the known historical facts in equations, can we hope to define the unknown itself from the comparison of the relative values of this unknown.

Ten men, battalions, or divisions, fighting with fifteen men, battalions, or divisions, have conquered fifteen, that is, they have killed and captured all without exception, and have themselves lost four, — consequently there have been destroyed four on one side, and fifteen on the other. Therefore the four equal the fifteen, and so $4x = 15y$. Consequently $x : y = 15 : 4$. This equation does not give the value of the unknown, but it gives the relation between the two unknown quantities. By introducing into such equations separate historical units (battles, campaigns, periods of wars), we get a series of numbers in which laws must exist and may be discovered.

The tactical rule that we must act in masses in an attack and in fractions at a retreat unconsciously confirms the truth that the strength of the army depends on its spirit. To lead men under bullets, more discipline is needed than in retreating from an attack, and this is obtained only by moving in a mass. But this rule, which leaves out of consideration the spirit of the army, constantly falls short of the truth, and most strikingly contradicts the facts where there appears a great exaltation or a great fall of the spirit of the army, that is, in all national wars.

In retreating in 1812, the French, according to tactics, ought to have defended themselves in small detachments, but they congregated in one mass, because the spirit of the army had fallen, and only the mass was holding the army together. The Russians, on the contrary, ought, according to tactics, to have attacked them in a mass,

but in reality split up into small units, because the spirit was raised to such an extent that separate individuals attacked the French without orders, and did not need any compulsion in order to subject themselves to labours and dangers.

III.

THE so-called partisan war began with the enemy's entrance into Smolénsk.

Before the partisan war was officially accepted by our government, thousands of men of the hostile army — straggling marauders, foragers — had been destroyed by the Cossacks and peasants, who struck down these men with as little remorse as dogs bite to death a mad dog that runs in among them. Denís Davýdov was the first who with his Russian sense comprehended the value of that terrible club which, without asking for the rules of military art, destroyed the French, and to him belongs the honour of the first step to legalize this method of warfare.

On August 24th the first partisan detachment of Davýdov was organized, and soon after other detachments were formed. The farther the campaign proceeded, the greater became the number of these detachments.

The partisans destroyed the great army in parts. They picked up all the falling leaves which dropped down from the dried-up tree of the French army, and now and then they shook the tree itself. In October, while the French were running to Smolénsk, there were hundreds of these parties of various sizes and characters. There were parties that adopted all the methods of armies, with infantry, artillery, staffs, and the comforts of life; there were Cossack detachments of cavalry only; there were small groups of peasants and landed proprietors, on foot and on horseback, unknown to any one. There was a

sexton who was the leader of a party, and he captured several hundreds a month; and there was an elder's wife, Vasilisa by name, who struck down hundreds of Frenchmen.

In the last days of October the partisan war was in full blast. That first period of the war was past, when the partisans, themselves surprised at their audacity, were afraid of being caught any moment and surrounded by the French and, without unsaddling their horses and hardly getting down from their mounts, hid in the forests, expecting to be pursued at any moment. Now the war was defined: it was quite clear now what could be done against the French, and what not. Now only the commanders of detachments, who, with their staffs, kept, according to the rule, away from the French, regarded many things as impossible. But the petty partisan leaders, who had long ago gone to work and had seen the French at close range, considered that possible of which the commanders of the large detachments did not dare to think; and the Cossacks and peasants, who slunk in among the French, now regarded everything as possible.

On October 22d, Denísov, who was one of the partisans, gave, with his party, full play to his partisan passion. He had been on the march since early morning, making his way through the forests which skirted the highway, watching a large French transport of cavalry belongings and Russian prisoners. It was separated from the rest of the troops and was moving toward Smolénsk under heavy protection, as had been learned from spies and from captives. The news about this transport had been brought not only to Denísov and to Dólokhov (also a partisan with a small party), who was marching close to Denísov, but also to the commanders of large detachments with their staffs: all knew of it and, as Denísov said, whetted their teeth for it. Two of these large detachment chiefs,—one of them a Pole, the other a German,—almost at the

same time sent Denísov an invitation to join them, in order to attack the transports.

"No, my friend, I have whiskers myself," said Denísov, as he read these missives, and he wrote to the German that, in spite of his hearty desire to serve under the leadership of so brave and famous a general, he was obliged to forego that pleasure because he had already entered under the command of the Polish general. To the Polish general he wrote the same, informing him that he had already taken service under the German.

Having disposed of the matter in this fashion, Denísov intended, without reporting to the higher authorities, to attack and capture this transport, by joining his small forces with those of Dólokhov. The transport was on October 22d proceeding from the village of Mikúlıno to the village of Shámshevo. On the left of the road, from Mikúlıno to Shámshevo, were dense forests which in places came down to the very road, and in other places receded a verst or more from the road. Through these forests Denísov rode with his party the whole day, now penetrating to its depth, now riding out to the clearings, and never letting the moving Frenchmen out of sight. Early in the morning the Cossacks of Denísov's party had captured two wagons with cavalry saddles, which had stuck in the mud near Mikúlıno, where the forest came down to the road, and had taken it into the woods. Since then the party had not, until evening, attacked the transport, but kept a sharp lookout upon its movement. The point was to let it calmly reach Shámshevo, without frightening the Frenchmen; there he would unite with Dólokhov, who was to come for a consultation in the evening to the guard-house in the forest, about a verst from the village, and at daybreak they would fall upon them, like snow upon the head, and strike down and capture all at once.

Behind them, within two versts of Mikúlıno, where

the forest skirted the road, six Cossacks were left, and they were to report at once, as soon as new French columns were sighted.

Beyond Shámshevo, Dólokhov was similarly to investigate the road, in order to ascertain at what distance other French troops were to be seen. With the transport fifteen hundred men were supposed to march. Denísov had two hundred men, and Dólokhov probably as many. But the numerical superiority did not frighten Denísov. There was one thing he still had to know, and that was, what kind of troops they were: for this purpose Denísov had to capture a "foreigner," that is a man from the hostile column. During the morning attack on the wagons the thing had been done in such a hurry that the French carters were all killed, and they captured only a drummer boy who had fallen behind and was unable to tell them anything definite about what kind of troops were in the column.

To attack a second time Denísov regarded as dangerous, lest he should stir up the whole column, and so he sent ahead to Shámshevo peasant Tíkhon Shcherbátov, who was with his party, to capture, if possible, at least one of the French quartermasters who had preceded the column.

IV.

It was a warm, drizzly autumn day. The sky and the horizon were both of the colour of turbid water. Now a mist seemed to descend, and now fell large drops of a slanting rain.

Denísov rode a thoroughbred, lean horse, with drawn sides. He wore a felt mantle and a lambskin cap, from which water came down in runlets. Like his horse, which held his head sidewise and dropped his ears, he frowned under the influence of the slanting rain and looked restlessly into the distance. His emaciated face, which was overgrown with a thick, short black beard, looked angry.

Beside Denísov, also in felt mantle and lambskin cap, astride on a well-fed, large Don horse, rode a captain of Cossacks, Denísov's colabourer.

Captain Lováyski the Third was tall, as flat as a plank, white-faced, blond, with narrow, bright little eyes and a calm and self-satisfied expression in his face and whole bearing. Though one could not tell wherein consisted the peculiarity of the horse and the rider, it was evident, from one glance at the captain and at Denísov, that Denísov was wet and felt uncomfortable, — that Denísov was a man who had mounted his horse; whereas, looking at the captain of Cossacks, it was apparent that he was as comfortable and satisfied as ever, and that he was not a man who had seated himself on a horse, but that, with his mount, he formed one being of double the force.

A little in front of them walked the guide, a peasant

in a gray caftan and white cap. He was wet through and through.

A little distance behind them, seated on a lean, thin Kirghiz pony with an immense tail and mane and bleeding lips, rode a young officer in a blue French mantle.

At their side rode a hussar, carrying behind him, on the crupper of his horse, a French boy in a torn French uniform and blue cap. The boy held on to the hussar with his hands, which were red from cold, moved his bare feet about, trying to warm them, and, raising his eyebrows, looked about him in surprise. It was the drummer boy who had been captured in the morning.

Behind them, over the narrow, rain-washed, rutted forest path, rode, in files of three and four, first the hussars, and then the Cossacks, some of them in felt mantles, others in French cloaks, or with blankets over their heads. The chestnut and bay horses looked black in the rain which was streaming down from them. The necks of the horses, with their rain-soaked manes, looked strangely thin. An evaporation rose from their bodies. The wearing apparel, the saddles, the reins, — everything was wet, slippery, and limp, like the earth and the fallen leaves with which the path was covered. The men sat humping themselves, trying not to stir, so as to warm up the water which had streamed down to their skins, and not to admit the fresh cold water, which was running under the seats of their pantaloons and under their knees, and behind their necks. In the middle of the extended Cossack file, two wagons drawn by French horses and by Cossack horses harnessed with their saddles on rumbled over stumps and twigs, and plashed in the water-filled ruts of the road.

Denísov's horse, in the attempt to avoid a puddle in the road, drew to one side and pushed his knee against a tree.

"Oh, devil!" Denísov exclaimed, angrily, and, showing his teeth, two or three times struck his horse with his

whip, bespattering himself and his companions with mud. Denísov was out of sorts, from the rain and from hunger (no one had eaten anything since morning), and, above everything else, because no news had yet been brought from Dólokhov, and the man sent to capture a foreigner had not yet returned.

"There will hardly present itself another such an opportunity as to-day to attack the transport. It is too risky for me to attack it alone, and if I put it off to another day, some one of the greater partisans will snap it up under my nose," thought Denísov, constantly looking ahead, in the hope of seeing a messenger from Dólokhov.

As he rode out on a clearing, where one could see a long way to the right, Denísov stopped.

"Some one is riding there," he said.

The captain looked in the direction pointed out to him by Denísov.

"There are two of them, an officer and a Cossack ; but it is not *presumable* that it should be the colonel himself," said the captain, who was fond of using words that were unknown to the Cossacks.

The riders descended a hill and disappeared from view ; a few minutes later they again appeared. In front, an officer rode at a weary gallop, urging his horse on with his whip, — he was dishevelled, wet to his skin, and his pantaloons had crumpled over his knees. Behind him raced a Cossack, standing in his stirrups. This officer, a very young boy, with a broad, ruddy face and quick, merry eyes, galloped up to Denísov and handed him a wet envelope.

"From the general," said the officer. "Pardon me for giving it to you so wet."

Denísov frowned, took the envelope, and broke the seal.

"They kept saying that it was dangerous," said the officer, turning to the captain of Cossacks while Denísov

was reading the communication. "Still, Komaróv" (he pointed to the Cossack) "and I got ready. We had two pist— What is this?" he asked, as he noticed the French drummer, "a captive? Have you already been in a battle? May I speak with him?"

"Rostóv! Pétya!" Denísov shouted, after running the letter through. "Why did you not say at once who you were?" and Denísov turned around and, smiling, extended his hand to the officer.

This officer was Pétya Rostóv.

During his whole ride Pétya had been preparing himself to appear in proper form before Denísov, like a grown-up and an officer, without hinting his former acquaintance with him. But the moment Denísov smiled at him, Pétya beamed, blushed for joy, and forgot the official tone for which he had been preparing himself. He began to tell how he had ridden past the French, and how happy he was to have been sent on such a mission, and how he had been in a battle at Vyázma, and how a hussar had distinguished himself there.

"Well, I am glad to see you," Denísov interrupted him, and his face assumed its former careworn expression.

"Mikhaíl Feoklítich," he turned to the captain, "this is again from that German. He serves under him." And Denísov told the captain of Cossacks that the letter just brought to him contained a renewal of the invitation from the German general to join him in an attack on the transport. "If we do not take it by to-morrow, he will snap it up under our noses," he concluded.

While Denísov was talking with the captain, Pétya, embarrassed by Denísov's cold tone, and assuming that the cause of it was the condition of his pantaloons, under his mantle, so as not to be seen, fixed his pantaloons which had crept up on him, and endeavoured to look as martial as possible.

"Will there be any order from your Honour?" he said

to Denísov, putting his hand to his visor, and again returning to the adjutant-and-general game, for which he had prepared himself, "or shall I remain here, with your Honour?"

"An order?" Denísov said, meditatively. "Can you stay with me until to-morrow?"

"Oh, if you please! May I?" exclaimed Pétya.

"What was your order from the general? Were you to return at once?" asked Denísov.

Pétya blushed.

"He gave me no order, and so may I?" he said interrogatively.

"All right," said Denísov. And, turning to his subordinates, he gave orders for the party to march to their appointed place of rest, near the guard-house in the woods, and for the officer on the Kirghiz pony (this officer played the part of adjutant) to go to find Dólokhov and to discover where he was, and whether he would come in the evening. Denísov himself intended to ride, with the captain and Pétya, to the edge of the woods, which opened up on Shámshevo, in order to get a glimpse at the position of the French, which was to be attacked on the following day.

"Well, long-beard," he turned to the peasant guide, "take us to Shámshevo!"

Denísov, Pétya, and the captain, accompanied by a few Cossacks and the hussar who carried the captive with him, rode to the left, through a ravine, toward the edge of the forest.

V.

THE rain had stopped, and only a mist was settling down, and drops fell from the branches of trees. Denísov, the captain, and Pétya rode silently back of the peasant in the long cap, who, stepping noiselessly with his out-toeing, bast-covered feet over the stumps and wet leaves, led them to the clearing.

Upon reaching the slope of a hill, the peasant stopped, looked around, and walked over toward a thin wall of trees. He stopped near a large oak-tree that had not yet shed its leaves, and mysteriously beckoned to the riders to come to him.

Denísov and Pétya rode up. From the place where the peasant stood could be seen the Frenchmen. Immediately beyond the forest a field of summer rye descended in a semicircle. On the right, beyond a steep ravine, could be seen a small village and a small manor with dilapidated roofs. In this village, and in the manor, and along the whole mound, in the garden, at the well and pond, and along the whole road from the bridge to the village, not more than fifteen hundred feet away, masses of people could be discerned in the surging mist. Their un-Russian calls to the horses pulling the carts up-hill and their shouts to each other could be heard clearly.

"Bring me the captive!" Denísov said, softly, without taking his eyes off the Frenchmen.

A Cossack dismounted, took the boy down, and with him went up to Denísov. The boy stuck his chilled hands in his pockets and, raising his eyebrows, looked in

a frightened way at Denísov. In spite of his evident desire to tell everything he knew, he became mixed in his answers and only confirmed everything Denísov asked him about. Denísov frowned, turned away from him, and addressed the captain, to whom he communicated his observations.

Pétya turned his head about with a rapid motion, looking now at the drummer, now at Denísov, now at the captain, and now at the Frenchmen in the village and on the road, trying not to omit anything that might be of importance.

"Whether Dólokhov will come or not, we must take it! Eh?" said Denísov, with a merry sparkle in his eyes.

"It is a favourable locality," said the captain.

"We will send the infantry through the lowland, through the swamp," continued Denísov. "They will creep up to the garden. You will ride up from there with your Cossacks," Denísov pointed to the forest beyond the village, "and I from there, with my hussars. And at a given signal —"

"It will be impossible to go through the ravine, — it is boggy there," said the captain. "The horses will stick there; we shall have to go more to the left —"

Just as they were speaking thus in a low tone of voice, a shot cracked below in the ravine near the pond; a puff of smoke appeared, then a second shot, and one could hear the merry shout of hundreds of Frenchmen who were on the slope of the hill. In the first moment, Denísov and the captain drew back. They stood so near that it seemed to them that they were the cause of these shots and exclamations. But they had no reference to them. Down below, through the swamps, a man in red was running. It was evident that the Frenchmen were shooting and shouting at him.

"Why, that is our Tíkhon!" said the captain.

"It is he, truly he!"

"What a rogue!" said Denísov.

"He will get away from them!" the captain said, blinking.

The man whom they called Tíkhon ran up to a brook, splashed into it so that he sent up a spray of water, and, disappearing for a moment, crawled out with his hands and feet all black, and ran forward. The Frenchmen who had been running after him stopped.

"He is too quick for them!" said the captain.

"What a rascal!" Denísov said, in the same tone of annoyance. "What has he been doing all this time?"

"Who is this?" asked Pétya.

"It is our scout, — I sent him out to take a foreigner."

"Oh, yes," said Pétya, who had been shaking his head from the time Denísov began to speak, as if he understood everything, though he had positively not made out a word.

Tíkhon Shcherbátov was one of the most important men of the party. He was a peasant of the village of Pokróvskoe, near Gzhat. When, in the beginning of his activity, Denísov arrived at Pokróvskoe and, as usual, called up the elder, to find out what was known about the French, the elder replied, as all elders did, as though to escape any responsibility, that he had absolutely no knowledge of them. But when Denísov explained to him that it was his purpose to kill the French, and asked him whether any Frenchmen had wandered that way, the elder replied that the *may-rovers* had indeed been there, but that Tíkhon Shcherbátov was the only one in the village who had attended to that. Denísov sent for Tíkhon, praised him for his activity, and said something in the hearing of the elder about the loyalty to Tsar and country and the hatred against the French, which every son of the country ought to foster.

"We are not harming the French," said Tíkhon, who

evidently was frightened by Denísov's words. "We have just had a little fun with the boys. It is so, we have stricken down a dozen or two of the *may-rovers*, but otherwise we have done no harm." When Denísov on the following day left Pokróvskoe, entirely forgetting that peasant, he was informed that Tíkhon had joined the party and begged to be permitted to stay with it. Denísov gave him this permission.

Tíkhon, who at first attended to the menial labour of making the camp-fires, bringing water, flaying dead horses, and so forth, soon evinced a great liking and ability for the partisan warfare. He went out every night after booty, and every time brought back with him French apparel and weapons, and, when ordered to do so, fetched captives. Denísov freed him from work, took him along on scouting tours, and enlisted him among the Cossacks.

Tíkhon did not like to ride and always walked, without ever falling behind the cavalry. His arms consisted of a musketoon, which he wore more chiefly for fun, a pike, and an axe, which he wielded as a wolf uses his teeth, with which he with equal nimbleness picks out fleas from his hair and crushes bones. Tíkhon with equal precision split logs by striking them with his axe swung at full force, or carved small pegs and spoons with it, by holding it by the head. In Denísov's party he occupied a special, exclusive place. When something very difficult or nasty had to be done, — such as to push a cart out of the mud with the shoulder, pull a horse out of a bog by its tail, skin a horse, slink in among the French, walk fifty versts a day, all pointed, smiling, to Tíkhon.

"It will not hurt that devil, — he is as strong as a horse!" they said of him.

Once a Frenchman, whom he was trying to capture, fired his pistol at him, and wounded him in the soft part of his back. This wound, which Tíkhon cured by the application of *vódka*, internally and externally, was

the subject of much merriment in the detachment, and Tíkhon readily submitted to the jokes.

“Well, my friend, won't you do it again? Has it soured you?” the Cossacks said laughingly to him, and Tíkhon purposely writhed and made faces, pretending to be angry, and cursed the French with the funniest kind of curses. This incident had such an effect that Tíkhon, after having received the wound, rarely brought in prisoners.

Tíkhon was the most useful and the bravest man in the party. No one discovered more chances for attacks, and no one took more French prisoners, or killed more Frenchmen; and so he was the buffoon of all the Cossacks and hussars, and cheerfully fell in with that tone. Now Tíkhon had been sent by Denísov to Shámshevo to take a foreigner. But, either because he was not satisfied with one Frenchman, or because he had slept through the night, he in the daytime crept through the bushes, into the very midst of the French, where, as Denísov saw, he was discovered by them.

VI.

AFTER talking a little while with the captain about the attack of the next day, which now, as he looked at the French near by, Denísov seemed definitely to have decided upon, he turned his horse around and rode back.

"No, my dear, let us go and dry ourselves," he said to Pétya.

As they reached the guard-house in the forest, Denísov stopped and looked into the woods. Between the trees, strutting with long, light steps on long legs, and dangling his arms, could be seen a man in a jacket, in bast shoes, and in a Kazán cap, with a gun over his shoulder and an axe in his belt. When he noticed Denísov, he hurriedly threw something into the bushes and, taking off his wet cap with the loosely hanging flaps, walked over to his chief. It was Tíkhon. His pockmarked and wrinkled face with its small, narrow eyes beamed with self-satisfied merriment. He raised his head high and looked fixedly at Denísov, as though restraining a laugh.

"Where have you been?" asked Denísov.

"Where have I been? I went to get Frenchmen," Tíkhon answered, boldly and hurriedly, in his hoarse, sing-song bass.

"Why did you go for them in the daytime? Beast! Why did you not get one?"

"I did get one," said Tíkhon.

"Where is he?"

"I took him early in the morning," continued Tíkhon, spreading wider his flat, out-toeing, bast-covered feet, "and

led him into the forest. I saw he was no good, so I thought I would go and get a likelier fellow."

"I thought the rascal would do so," Denisov said to the captain. "Why did you not bring him?"

"What is the use of bringing him?" Tikhon angrily interrupted him, "he is no good. Don't I know what kind of fellows you need?"

"What a beast! Well?"

"I went to fetch another," continued Tikhon, "crept up like this into the forest, and lay down." Tikhon suddenly slid down on his belly, to show how he did it. "One of them turned up," he continued. "I grabbed him like this." Tikhon leaped up with a quick, lithe motion. "'Come,' says I, 'to the colonel!' How he yelled! There were four of them. They rushed up against me with their little swords. I went for them with the axe, like this: 'What is the matter with you? — Christ be with you!'" exclaimed Tikhon, swinging his arms, frowning threateningly, and arching his breast.

"We saw from a hill how you cut stick across puddles," said the captain, narrowing his glistening eyes.

Pétya felt very much like laughing, but he saw that everybody was restraining himself from bursting out. He swiftly transferred his eyes from Tikhon's face to that of the captain and of Denisov, without understanding what it all meant.

"Don't act the fool," said Denisov, angrily clearing his throat. "Why did you not bring the first fellow?"

Tikhon began to scratch his back with one hand, and his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mouth was stretched out in a stupid, beaming smile, which disclosed the lack of a tooth. Denisov smiled, and Pétya burst into a merry laugh, in which Tikhon himself joined.

"Why, he was not quite the thing," said Tikhon. "His clothes were no good, so why should I bring him? And he was such a rough fellow, your Honour. 'I,' says

he, 'am myself the son of a jeneral, and,' says he, 'I will not go!'"

"What a beast!" said Denísov. "I had to question him."

"I have questioned him myself," said Tíkhon. "Says he: 'I know nothing. There are many of us, but they are no good,' says he. 'Nothing but names. Shout at them,' says he, 'and you will have them all!'" concluded Tíkhon, looking merrily and with determination into Denísov's eyes.

"I will give you a hundred hot strokes, so you will stop making such a fool of yourself!" Denísov said, sternly.

"What is the use of being so angry?" said Tíkhon. "Haven't I seen your Frenchmen? Let it grow dark, and I will fetch you three of them, if you wish."

"Come, let us go!" said Denísov, and, frowning angrily, he rode up to the guard-house in silence.

Tíkhon went back, and Pétya heard the Cossacks laugh with him and at him because of some boots which he had thrown into the bushes.

When the laughter had passed, which had taken possession of him at Tíkhon's words and smile, and Pétya for a moment realized that this Tíkhon had killed a man, he felt ill at ease. He looked back at the captive drummer boy, and something pinched him at his heart. But this embarrassment lasted only a minute. He felt the necessity of raising his head higher, of looking more cheerful, and of questioning the captain, with an important look, about the undertaking of the next day, so that he might not be unworthy of the company in which he was.

The officer who had been sent out met Denísov on his way, and informed him that Dólokhov would soon arrive himself, and that everything on his side was favourable.

Denísov suddenly grew merry and called up Pétya.

"Tell me all about yourself," he said.

VII.

AFTER leaving his relatives, and departing from Moscow, Pétya had joined his regiment and soon after had been made an orderly to the general who was commanding a large detachment. Ever since his promotion to the rank of an officer, and especially since he had taken part in an active engagement in the battle of Vyázma, Pétya had been in a constantly agitated happy state because he now was a grown man, and in a transport of haste not to miss a single opportunity of real heroism. He was very happy with what he had seen and experienced in the army, but, at the same time, it seemed to him that where he was not the real thing was going on, the heroic deeds. And so he was continually hurrying to get where he was not.

When, on October 21st, the general expressed his wish to send some one to Denísov's detachment, Pétya begged so pitifully to be sent, that the general could not refuse him. But recalling his senseless act at Vyázma, where he, instead of travelling by the road to his destination, had galloped into the French cordon and had twice discharged his pistol, the general, sending him away, gave him explicit orders not to take part in any action of Denísov's. It was for this that Pétya had blushed so and become so confused when Denísov had asked him whether he could stay. Before reaching the clearing in the forest, Pétya had fully expected to carry out his orders strictly and return at once. But when he saw the French and Tíkhon, and heard that they certainly would attack

in the night, he with the rapidity with which young men pass from one view to another decided that the general, whom heretofore he had been respecting, was a good-for-nothing German, that Denísov was a hero, and so was the captain of Cossacks, and Tíkhon, and that it would be a shame for him to leave them at such a grave moment.

It was getting dark when Denísov, Pétya, and the captain reached the guard-house. In the semidarkness could be seen the horses with their saddles, the Cossacks, and the hussars, who were fixing the little tents and (that the French might not see the smoke) fanning a strong fire in a ravine. In the vestibule of a small hut a Cossack, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, was chopping up some mutton. In the hut were three officers of Denísov's party, making a table out of a door. Pétya took off his wet clothes, giving them to a soldier to dry, and immediately began to help the officers to prepare the dinner.

In ten minutes the table was ready and covered with a napkin. On it was some vódka, rum in a bottle, white bread, and a roast leg of mutton with salt.

Pétya sat at the table with the officers, and with his hands, over which the fat ran, tore off pieces of the succulent, fragrant mutton. He was in a childishly ecstatic condition of tender love for all people, and was convinced that everybody reciprocated his feeling.

"So what do you say, Vasíli Fédorovich," he turned to Denísov, "may I stay a day with you?" And without waiting for a reply, he said to himself: "I was ordered to find out, and so I will — Only you must let me into the thickest — I do not want any rewards — I want to get —" Pétya clenched his teeth and looked around, with an upward nod of his head, and waving his hand.

"Into the thickest —" Denísov repeated, smiling.

"Please do give me a command, let me command!" Pétya continued. "It will not cost you anything! Oh, you want the knife?" he turned to an officer who wanted

to cut off a piece of mutton. And he handed him his clasp-knife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Keep it! I have many more," Pétya said, blushing. "O Lord! I almost forgot," he suddenly exclaimed. "I have some superb raisins, you know, without stones. We have a new sutler, and he has such nice things! I bought ten pounds. I am used to eating something sweet. Do you want some?" And Pétya ran to his Cossack and brought back the wallets, in which were about five pound of raisins. "Eat, gentlemen! Eat them!"

"Maybe you need a coffee-pot?" he turned to the captain. "I have bought a superb coffee-pot of our sutler! He has such nice things! And he is so honest! That is a great deal. I will send it to you, by all means. Maybe your flints are giving out, — such things happen. I took some with me, — I have here" — he pointed to the wallets — "one hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Take as many as you need, if you please, — take them all!" And suddenly, as though frightened at having chatted too much, he stopped, and blushed.

He tried to recall whether he had not committed some other foolish act. In passing in review the impressions of the day, he suddenly thought of the French drummer boy. "We are comfortable, but how does he feel? What have they done with him? Have they fed him? Have they not abused him?" he thought. But, recalling that he had just exaggerated about the flints, he kept silence.

"It would not hurt to ask," he thought. "They will simply say that I am myself a boy, and so have taken pity on a boy. I will show them to-morrow the kind of a boy I am! Will it be a disgrace if I ask?" thought Pétya. "What do I care?" and blushing and watching the officers to see whether there would be any derision in their faces, he said:

"May I call in the boy that you have captured? and give him something to eat? Maybe—"

"Yes, poor boy," said Denísov, who evidently found nothing reprehensible in his question. "Call him in! His name is Vincent Bosse. Call him in!"

"I will call him," said Pétya.

"Do, do! Poor boy!" repeated Denísov.

Pétya was standing at the door when Denísov was saying this. Pétya crawled through between the officers and walked up to Denísov.

"Permit me to kiss you, my dear!" he said. "Oh, how fine! How nice of you!" And, having kissed Denísov, he ran out-of-doors.

"Bosse! Vincent!" exclaimed Pétya, standing at the door.

"Whom do you want, sir?" asked a voice in the darkness.

Pétya said that he wanted the French boy who had been captured that day.

"Oh, Vesénni?" said a Cossack.

His name, "Vincent," the Cossacks had changed to "Vesénni," and the peasants and soldiers to "Visénya." In either transformation, this derivation from the Russian word meaning "spring" fitted with the idea of the lad's youth.

"He has been warming himself at the fire. Oh, Visénya! Visénya! Vesénni!" were heard the voices and the laughter running down the line in the darkness. "He is a clever lad," said a hussar, who was standing near Pétya. "We have fed him: he was dreadfully hungry!"

Footsteps were heard through the darkness, and, plashing his bare feet in the mud, the drummer boy walked over to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous!*" said Pétya. "*Voulez-vous manger? N'ayez pas peur, on ne vous fera pas de mal,*" he added,

timidly, and kindly touching his arm. "*Entrez, entrez!*"

"*Merci, monsieur,*" replied the drummer, in a trembling, almost childish voice, as he was cleaning his dirty feet against the threshold.

Pétya wanted to say many things to him, but he did not dare to. He stood near him, in the vestibule, restlessly moving his feet. Then he took his hand in the darkness and pressed it.

"*Entrez, entrez!*" he repeated, in a tender voice.

"Oh, what could I do for him?" Pétya said to himself. Opening the door, he let him pass first.

When the drummer boy entered the hut, Pétya sat down at a distance from him, regarding it as below his dignity to pay any attention to him. He kept fingering his money in his pocket and was wondering whether it would not be a disgrace to give it to the drummer.

VIII.

FROM the drummer, to whom, by Denísov's command, vodka and mutton were given, and whom Denísov ordered to be clad in a Russian caftan and left with the party, and not sent away with the prisoners, Pétya's attention was distracted by Dólokhov's arrival. Pétya had heard in the army many tales about Dólokhov's extraordinary bravery and cruelty toward the French, and so Pétya, from the time that Dólokhov entered the room, did not take his eyes off him, and tried to look more dashing, with an upward jerk of his head, so as not to be unworthy of even such company as Dólokhov.

Dólokhov's appearance startled Pétya by its simplicity.

Denísov wore a Cossack coat, had a beard, and over his breast hung an image of Nicholas the Miracle-worker, and in the manner of his speech and in all his ways could be seen the peculiarity of his position. Dólokhov, on the contrary, who in Moscow had worn a Persian costume, now had the appearance of a well-dressed officer of the Guard. His face was shaven clean; he wore a wadded coat of the Guard, with the cross of St. George in the buttonhole, and his simple cap sat straight on his head. He took his wet felt mantle off in the corner, and, without greeting any one, walked over to Denísov, whom he at once began to question about the affair in hand. Denísov told him of the designs which the large detachments had on this transport, and about Pétya's message, and of how he had replied to both generals. Then Denísov told

him everything he knew of the position of the French detachment.

"That is so; but we must know what kind of troops they are, and how many," said Dólokhov. "We shall have to ride down and find out. We cannot go into this without knowing exactly how many there are of them. I like to do things with precision. Which of you gentlemen will ride with me into their camp? I have a uniform with me."

"I, I — I will go with you!" exclaimed Pétya.

"You have no business to go," said Denísov, turning to Dólokhov, "and I will certainly not let him go."

"Well, I declare!" cried Pétya. "Why can't I go?"

"Simply because there is no sense in it."

"No, pardon me, because — because — I will go, and that is all. Will you take me?" he turned to Dólokhov.

"Why not?" Dólokhov replied, absently, gazing at the French drummer.

"How long has this fine fellow been with you?" he asked Denísov.

"We captured him to-day, but he does not know anything. I am keeping him."

"Well, and what do you do with the rest?" asked Dólokhov.

"What do I do with them? I send them away under receipt," Denísov exclaimed, his face suddenly becoming flushed. "And I can boldly say that I have not a man on my conscience. It is much easier to send thirty, or three hundred, men under convoy to the city than, I will say it straight out, to pollute a soldier's honour."

"It is well enough for this young count of sixteen years to say such gentle things," Dólokhov said, with a cold smile, "but for you it is time to stop it."

"Why, I do not say anything! I only say that I will go with you by all means," Pétya said, timidly.

"It is time, my friend, for us to abandon these mawkish

sentiments," continued Dólokhov, as though it gave him special pleasure to speak of this subject which irritated Denísov. "But why did you keep this one?" he said, with a shake of his head. "Because you pity him? We know about your receipts! You send away one hundred men, and about thirty will reach there. The rest will starve or be killed. So it is best not to take any at all!"

The captain blinked with his bright eyes, approvingly shaking his head.

"This is not a matter for discussion. I will not have it on my conscience. You say they will die. Very well, so long as I am not the cause of it."

Dólokhov laughed out loud.

"Who has kept them from catching me twenty times? And if they do,—you, with your chivalry, and I will alike be hung up on an aspen-tree." He was silent for awhile. "Still, we must go to work. Send me my Cossack with the pack! I have two French uniforms. Well, will you go with me?" he asked Pétya.

"I? Yes, yes, by all means," Pétya cried, blushing almost to tears, and looking at Denísov.

While Dólokhov and Denísov had been discussing what was to be done with the captives, Pétya again felt ill at ease; he did not grasp the full meaning of what they were saying. "If well-known grown people speak thus, it must be all right," he thought. "Above everything else, Denísov must not imagine that I am going to obey him, that he can command me. I will by all means ride down to the French camp. If he can, I can, too!"

To all the supplications of Denísov not to go, Pétya replied that he, too, was in the habit of doing everything with precision, and not at haphazard, and that he never thought of danger.

"Because, you must confess, if we do not know exactly

how many there are, the lives of hundreds may depend on it, and here we are alone, and besides, I want it very much, and I will go by all means, so do not detain me," he said, "it will only be worse —"

IX.

PÉTYA and Dólokhov put on the French uniforms, and rode down to the clearing from which Denísov had been looking at the French camp. Coming out of the woods in complete darkness, they descended into a ravine. When they reached the lowlands, Dólokhov told the Cossacks who accompanied him to wait there, and himself rode at a rapid trot down the road, toward a bridge. Pétya, his heart sinking in him from agitation, was riding by his side.

"If we get caught, I will not give myself up alive, — I have a pistol," whispered Pétya.

"Don't speak in Russian!" Dólokhov quickly whispered to him, and at the same moment was heard the call of "*Qui vive*" and the click of a gun.

The blood rushed to Pétya's face, and he grasped the pistol.

"*Lanciers du 6-me,*" said Dólokhov, neither reining in his horse, nor going at a more rapid gait.

The black figure of a sentinel was standing on the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre?*"

Dólokhov checked his horse and rode on at a slow pace.

"*Dites donc, le colonel Gérard est ici?*" he said.

"*Mot d'ordre,*" the sentinel said, without replying, and barring his way.

"*Quand un officier fait sa ronde, les sentinelles ne demandent pas le mot d'ordre —*" Dólokhov suddenly

shouted in a passion, riding up toward the sentinel. "*Je vous demande si le colonel est ici.*"

And, without waiting for an answer from the sentinel, who stepped aside, Dólokhov rode up the hill at a slow pace.

On noticing a black shadow of a man crossing the road, Dólokhov stopped him and asked him where the commander and the officers were. This man, with a sack over his shoulder, — a soldier, — stopped, walked over to Dólokhov's horse, and, touching it with his hand, in a simple and friendly manner told him that the commander and the officers were higher up on the hill, on the right, in the yard of the farm (thus they called the manorial estate).

Riding along the road, on both sides of which French conversation could be heard at the camp-fires, Dólokhov turned into the yard of the estate. After he had passed the gate, he dismounted and walked over to a large brightly burning camp-fire, around which, speaking loudly, sat several men. At the edge of the fire something was cooking in a small kettle, and a soldier in a large cap and blue mantle, brightly illuminated by the fire, was kneeling down and stirring the contents with a ramrod.

"*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire,*" said one of the officers who were sitting in the shade, on the opposite side of the fire.

"*Il les fera marcher, les lapins !*" another said, with a laugh.

Both grew silent and looked into the darkness, from which proceeded the sound of Dólokhov's and Pétya's steps, as they approached the fire with their horses.

"*Bon jour, messieurs !*" Dólokhov spoke loudly and distinctly.

The officers began to stir in the shadow of the camp-fire, and a tall officer, with a long neck, walked around the fire and went up to Dólokhov.

"*C'est vous, Clément ?*" he said. "*D'où, diable !*" but

he did not finish his sentence, when he saw his mistake. He frowned slightly and greeted Dólokhov as a stranger, asking him what he could do for him. Dólokhov told him that he and his companion were trying to catch up with their regiment and, turning to all in general, he asked them whether they knew anything about the sixth regiment. No one knew anything; it seemed to Pétya that the officers looked with hostility and suspicion at him and at Dólokhov. For a few seconds all were silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe de soir, vous venez trop tard,*" a voice said, with a repressed laugh, from behind the camp-fire.

Dólokhov replied that they had had their supper and that they had to ride on at once.

He gave the horses to the soldier who was stirring the kettle, and squatted down at the fire by the side of the officer with the long neck. This officer did not take his eyes away from Dólokhov, and repeated the question to what regiment he belonged. Dólokhov made no reply, as though he had not heard the question, and, lighting a short French pipe, which he drew out of his pocket, asked the officer how safe the road ahead was from Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout,*" replied an officer from behind the fire.

Dólokhov said that the Cossacks were dangerous only to such stragglers as he and his companion were, but that they, no doubt, would not dare to attack large detachments. This last he added in an interrogative tone. No one made a reply.

"Now he will leave," Pétya thought all the time, standing at the fire and listening to his conversation.

But Dólokhov again took up the interrupted conversation and began to ask directly how many men there were in the battalion, how many battalions, and how many prisoners. When he asked about the Russian prisoners, who were in the detachment, Dólokhov said :

"*La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille,*" and he laughed loud such a strange laugh that Pétya was sure the Frenchmen would immediately recognize the deception, and took a step back from the fire. No one made any reply to Dólokhov's words and laughter, and the French officer who could not be seen (he had wrapped himself up in his mantle and was lying down) raised himself and whispered something to his companion. Dólokhov rose and called the soldier with the horses.

"Will the horses be given or not?" thought Pétya, instinctively walking over to Dólokhov.

The horses were brought.

"*Bon jour, messieurs!*" said Dólokhov.

Pétya wanted to say "*bonsoir,*" but could not speak. The officers said something in a whisper to one another. Dólokhov took a long time in mounting, for his horse would not stand still; then he rode at a walk through the gate. Pétya was riding beside him, dying to look back, but not daring to do so, in order to see whether the Frenchmen were running after them.

Upon reaching the road, Dólokhov did not ride back to the field, but along the village. He stopped in one place to listen.

"Do you hear?" he said.

Pétya recognized the sounds of Russian voices and saw at the camp-fires the dark figures of Russian prisoners. They descended the hill, down to the bridge, and passed the sentinel, who, without saying a word, gloomily walked up and down the bridge. They rode back to the ravine where the Cossacks were waiting for them.

"Now, good night! Tell Denísov to be ready at day-break, after the first shot is fired," said Dólokhov. He was on the point of leaving, but Pétya seized his arm.

"Really," he cried, "you are such a hero! Oh, how nice, how superb! How I love you!"

“All right, all right!” said Dólokhov, but Pétya still held him, and Dólokhov saw in the darkness that Pétya was bending down toward him. He wanted to kiss him. Dólokhov kissed him, laughed, and, turning his horse around, disappeared in the darkness.

X.

ON returning to the guard-house, Pétya found Denísov in the vestibule. Denísov was waiting for him, in agitation, unrest, and annoyance at having permitted Pétya to go.

“Thank God!” he exclaimed. “Thank God!” he repeated, as he listened to Pétya’s enthusiastic story. “The devil take it, I could not sleep on account of you!” said Denísov. “Thank God! Now lie down to sleep! Let us have a nap before morning!”

“Yes — no —” said Pétya. “I do not feel like sleeping yet. I know myself too well: if I fall asleep, all is ended. Besides, I am in the habit of not sleeping before a battle.”

Pétya sat awhile in the hut, joyfully thinking over all the details of his ride, and vividly imagining what would happen on the morrow. Then, noticing that Denísov was asleep, he rose and went out.

It was still quite dark outside. The rain had stopped, but the drops were still falling from the trees. Near the guard-house could be seen the black forms of the Cossack tents and of the horses tied together. Beyond the hut he made out two wagons, near which stood some horses, and in the ravine the red fire was burning low. Not all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep: here and there could be heard, together with the sound of the falling rain-drops and of the horses’ chewing near by, the low, almost whispering voices of the men.

Pétya stepped out of the vestibule, looked around in the

darkness, and walked over to the wagons. Some one was snoring underneath them, while around them stood saddled horses, munching oats. Pétya recognized in the darkness his horse, which he called Karabákh, though it was not an Arabian, but a Little-Russian horse, and he went up to it.

"Well, Karabákh, to-morrow we shall see an action," he said, putting his mouth to its nostril and kissing it.

"Well, sir, are you not asleep?" asked the Cossack who was sitting under one wagon.

"No. Oh, is not your name Likhachév? Do you know, Likhachév, I have just come back. We went down to the Frenchmen." And Pétya gave the Cossack a detailed account of his ride; he also told him why they went there, and why he regarded it as better to risk one's life than to do things at haphazard.

"It would do you good to take a nap," said the Cossack.

"No, I am used to this," replied Pétya. "Are the flints in your pistols in good condition yet? If not, I have brought some with me. Don't you need any? Take some!"

The Cossack moved out from underneath the wagon, so as to get a better view of Pétya.

"I am used to doing things with precision," said Pétya. "There are people who do things as they come, without preparation, and then they regret it. I do not like that."

"That is so," said the Cossack.

"Another thing, my dear! Please whet my sword for me: it is dull —" but Pétya was afraid to tell an untruth, for it had never been in use yet. "Can you do it for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

Likhachév rose and rummaged in the pack, and soon Pétya heard the martial sound of the steel and the whetstone. He climbed on the wagon and sat down on the edge of it. The Cossack whetted the sword under the wagon.

"Well, are the good fellows all asleep?" asked Pétya.

"Some are, and some not."

"Well, and what is the boy doing?"

"Who, Vesénni? He is sleeping in the vestibule. Fear makes him sleep well. He was glad to lie down."

Pétya was silent for a long time, listening to the sounds. In the darkness footsteps were heard, and a black figure appeared.

"What are you whetting?" said the man, coming up to the wagon.

"A gentleman's sword."

"That is good," said the man, who to Pétya seemed to be a hussar. "Was the cup left with you?"

"It is near the wheel."

The hussar took the cup.

"I suppose it is not long to daylight," he said, yawning, and went away.

Pétya ought to have known that he was in the woods, in Denísov's party, a verst from the road; that he was sitting on a wagon which had been captured from the French, and near which the horses were tied together; that underneath him was sitting Cossack Likhachév, whetting his sword; that the black spot on the right was the guard-house, and the bright, red spot down below, in the ravine, — the glowing camp-fire; that the man who came for the cup was a hussar who wanted to drink. But he knew nothing of this, and did not want to know of it. He was in a magic kingdom, where there was nothing resembling reality. The large black spot might indeed be the guard-house, but just as likely it was a cave that led into the bowels of the earth. The red spot might be fire, and again, it might be the eye of an enormous monster. Very likely he was now sitting on a wagon, but more likely still he was not on a wagon, but on a terribly high tower, from which, if he were to fall, he would fly toward earth for a whole day, a whole month, — he

would fly and fly and would never reach the earth. Maybe simple Cossack Likhachév was sitting under the wagon, and again it might be the best, the bravest, most wonderful, most excellent man in the world, whom no one knew. Maybe it was indeed a hussar that went to get a drink in the ravine, and maybe he just vanished from view, vanished altogether, and never existed.

No matter what Pétya might have seen now, he would not have been surprised. He was in the magic kingdom, in which everything was possible.

He looked at the sky. The sky was as fairylike as the earth. It was clearing off, and the clouds scudded over the tops of the trees, as though disclosing the stars. Now it seemed that the sky was clearing off, and that the black, clear sky became visible. Then again it seemed that these black spots were clouds. Now it seemed that the heaven was high, high above the head; and now the heaven descended so low that it could be touched with the hand.

Pétya began to shut his eyes and to sway to and fro.

Drops fell. Men talked in a whisper. Horses neighed and fought with each other. Some one snored.

“Ozhig-zhig, ozhig-zhig,” wailed the sword in whetting, and suddenly Pétya heard a concordant choir of music playing some unknown, solemn hymn. Pétya was musical like Natásha, and more so than Nikoláy, but he had never studied music, and so the airs that came to him were especially new and attractive to him. The music played more and more audibly. The tune spread out, and passed from one instrument to another. It turned into what is called a fugue, though Pétya did not have the slightest conception of what a fugue was. Every instrument, now resembling a violin, and now a horn,—but better and purer than either violin or horn,—every instrument played its part and, before finishing its air, blended with another instrument, which began almost the same, and with a third, and a fourth, and all blended into one

and again scattered, and again blended, now into something solemn and ecclesiastic, and now into something brilliant and victorious.

"Yes, it is only a dream," Pétya said to himself, lurching forward. "It is in my ears. And maybe it is my music. Well, again! Let her go, my music! Well!"

He closed his eyes. And from every side, as though from afar, sounds quivered, began to run together, to scatter, to blend, and again to unite into the same sweet and solemn hymn. "Oh, how charming! As much as I want, and as I want!" Pétya said to himself. He tried to direct this enormous choir of instruments.

"Softer, softer, — die down now!" And the sounds obeyed him. "Now fuller, merrier! More, more joyful yet!" And from an unknown depth rose more powerful, triumphant sounds. "Voices, join in!" Pétya commanded. And at first men's voices, and then women's voices, were heard from afar. The voices rose in an even triumphant effort. Pétya felt terror and joy as he listened to their unusual beauty.

With the triumphant, victorious march was blended a song, and the drops dropped, and zhig-zhig-zhig whined the sword, and again the horses quarrelled and neighed, without disturbing the choir, but joining it.

Pétya did not know how long it had lasted: he enjoyed the sensation, all the time marvelled at his enjoyment, and was sorry that there was no one to communicate it to. Likhachév's kind voice woke him.

"It is done, your Honour! It will do for two Frenchmen!"

Pétya woke up.

"Day is breaking, truly it is!" he shouted.

The horses, hitherto invisible, could now be seen down to their tails, and through the bared branches glinted the misty light. Pétya shook himself, drew a rouble from his pocket and gave it to Likhachév, swung his sword to try

it, and put it back into the sheath. The Cossacks untied the horses and fastened the girths.

"Here is the commander," said Likhachév.

Denísov came out of the guard-house and, calling up Pétya, gave the order to get ready.

XI.

THE horses were picked out in the semidarkness ; the girths were tightened, and the men went to their commands. Denísov was standing near the guard-house, giving his last orders. The infantry of the party, plashing with a hundred feet, walked ahead on the road and soon disappeared between the trees in the mist which comes before daybreak. The captain gave some command to the Cossacks. Pétya held his horse by the bridle, waiting in impatience for the command to mount. His face, which he had washed with cold water, and his eyes especially, burned like fire ; a chill ran down his back, and his whole body quivered rapidly and evenly.

“ Well, is everything of yours ready ? ” asked Denísov. “ Let us have the horses ! ”

The horses were brought. Denísov grew angry with the Cossack because the girths were weak ; after scolding him he mounted. Pétya took hold of the stirrup. His horse, as usual, wanted to bite his leg, but Pétya, without feeling his weight, quickly jumped into the saddle and, looking back at the hussars behind him, who had started in the darkness, rode up to Denísov.

“ Vasíli Fédorovich, will you give me a command ? Please, for God’s sake — ” he said.

Denísov seemed to have forgotten Pétya’s existence. He looked back at him.

“ I ask this much of you, ” he said, sternly, “ to obey me and not to push yourself forward. ”

During the whole ride, Denísov did not speak a word to Pétya, and rode on in silence. When they reached the edge of the forest, it was already getting light in the fields. Denísov said something in a whisper to the captain, and the Cossacks rode past Pétya and Denísov. When they had all gone by, Denísov touched his horse and rode down-hill. The horses fell down on their haunches and slid down into the ravine with their riders. Pétya was riding by Denísov's side. The chill kept growing stronger and stronger in his whole body. It grew lighter and lighter, and only the mist concealed the distant objects. After reaching the bottom and looking around, Denísov nodded to a Cossack who was standing near him.

"The signal!" he said. The Cossack raised his hand and a shot was fired. And at the same moment was heard the tramp of horses galloping in front, and shouts on all sides, and again shots were fired.

At the very moment that the first sounds of the tramping and the shouting were heard, Pétya, striking his horse and giving it the reins, galloped ahead, without listening to Denísov, who was calling him. It seemed to Pétya that the very minute the shot was fired it grew as light as in the middle of the day. He galloped to the bridge. In front of him, along the road, raced the Cossacks. On the bridge he ran against a Cossack who had fallen behind, and rode on again. In front, some men, — no doubt Frenchmen, — were running from the right side of the road to the left. One of them fell down into the mud under the feet of Pétya's horse.

At a hut Cossacks were crowding together and doing something. From the middle of the throng rose a terrible cry. Pétya galloped up to it, and the first thing he saw was the pale face of a Frenchman, with a trembling nether jaw, holding on to the wood of the lance which was directed against him.

"Hurrah! Boys — our men —" shouted Pétya, and,

giving his excited horse the reins, he galloped on along the road.

In front shots were heard. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running from both sides of the road, were all shouting in loud, discordant voices. A dashing, hatless Frenchman, with a red, frowning face, dressed in a blue mantle, was defending himself against the hussars with his bayonet. As Pétya came up, the Frenchman had already fallen. "Again too late!" it flashed through Pétya's head, and he rode on to where he heard frequent shots. The fusilade took place in the yard of the estate where he had been the night before with Dólokhov. The Frenchmen entrenched themselves there behind the wicker fence, in the dense undergrowth of the garden, and shot at the Cossacks who were crowding at the gate. Riding up to the gate, Pétya saw Dólokhov in the smoke: his face looked pale and green, and he was shouting to his men. "Outflank them! Wait for the infantry!" he cried as Pétya rode up to him.

"To wait? Hurrah!" cried Pétya, and, without waiting a minute, he galloped up to the place from which proceeded the shots, and where the powder smoke was getting denser and denser. A volley was heard; bullets whistled past, and plashed against something. The Cossacks and Dólokhov rode after Pétya through the gate. The Frenchmen, in the quivering dense smoke, either threw away their arms and ran out of the bushes toward the Cossacks, or rushed down-hill toward the pond. Pétya raced on his horse down the manor yard, and, instead of holding his reins, strangely and swiftly waved both his arms, and more and more fell from his saddle toward one side. The horse ran up against a camp-fire burning low in the morning light, and stopped short, and Pétya fell heavily on the wet ground. The Cossacks saw his arms and his leg jerk rapidly, though his head did not move. A bullet had pierced his head.

Having parleyed with the senior French officer, who had come out from behind the house with a handkerchief on his sword, and had announced that they surrendered, Dólokhov dismounted and went up to Pétya, who was lying motionless, with outstretched arms.

"Done for," he said, frowning. He walked up toward Denísov, who was riding through the gate.

"Killed?" cried Denísov, who had seen from afar the familiar, unquestionably lifeless position of Pétya's body.

"Done for," repeated Dólokhov, as though the enunciation of this word gave him pleasure, and he quickly walked over to the prisoners whom the precipitous Cossacks were surrounding. "We will not take any!" he shouted to Denísov.

Denísov made no reply. He rode up to Pétya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned toward him Pétya's blood-stained and mud-bespattered face, which was already grown pale.

"I am used to something sweet. Superb raisins, take them all!" he recalled his words. The Cossacks looked back in surprise at the sounds resembling the barking of a dog with which Denísov quickly turned around, walked over to the fence, and took hold of it.

Pierre Bezúkhi was among the number of Russian prisoners set free by Denísov and Dólokhov.

XII.

No new order was issued by the French authorities concerning the party of captives, among whom was Pierre, during the whole time of the retreat from Moscow. This party on October 22d was no longer with those troops and baggage-trains with which it had left Moscow. Half of the train with hardtack, which followed them the first few days, was captured by the Cossacks, while the other half preceded them; of all the cavalrymen on foot, who had walked in front, not one was left; they all disappeared. The artillery, which during the first days' marches could be seen ahead, was now replaced by the immense baggage-trains of Marshal Junot, under an escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners travelled a train of cavalry belongings.

From Vyázma on, the French troops, which before had marched in three columns, walked in one mass. The disorder, the first signs of which had been observed by Pierre at the first resting-place after leaving Moscow, now reached the highest point.

The road over which they marched was covered on both sides with dead horses; ragged men, who had fallen behind from various commands, now joined the marching column, and now left it.

False alarms were given several times during the march, and the soldiers of the convoy raised their guns, fired, and ran headlong, crushing one another; then again assembled and cursed each other for the groundless terror.

The three masses that were marching together, the cav-

alry stores, the band of prisoners, and Junot's baggage, — all that still formed something separate and distinct, but even they melted away rapidly.

In the cavalry-train, in which there had been at first 120 wagons, now only sixty were left; the others had been captured, or were abandoned. From Junot's train, too, several carts were abandoned or captured. Three carts were looted by straggling soldiers from Davout's corps. From the conversation of the Germans, Pierre learned that more guards were given to this train than to the prisoners, and that one of their companions, a German soldier, had been shot by command of the marshal himself because a silver spoon belonging to the marshal was found about his person.

Of the three masses the one of the prisoners had melted away most. Out of the 330 men that had left Moscow less than one hundred were still on the march. The prisoners were more troublesome to the soldiers of the convoy than the saddles of the cavalry stores and Junot's baggage. They could see that the saddles and Junot's spoons might be good for something, but why cold, hungry soldiers should stand on guard and watch just such cold, hungry Russians, who died and fell behind, and whom they were ordered to shoot, was incomprehensible to them, and the duty was even repulsive. The guards, as though fearing in the sad state they themselves were in to abandon themselves to their innate feeling of pity for the prisoners, and thus to make their own condition worse, treated them with peculiar harshness.

In Dorogobúzh the prisoners were locked up in a stable, while the soldiers of the convoy went away to loot their own stores; a few of the captive soldiers dug under the wall and ran away, but were caught by the French and shot.

The order which had been introduced in starting from Moscow in respect to the captive officers, who were to

march separately from the soldiers, had long ago been disregarded; all those who could walk went together, and Pierre since the third day's rest had joined Karatáev and his lilac-coloured bow-legged dog, which had selected Karatáev for its master.

On the third day after leaving Moscow, Karatáev again fell ill with the fever, which had brought him to the Moscow hospital, and in proportion as Karatáev grew weaker, Pierre kept more and more aloof from him. Pierre did not know why, but ever since Karatáev grew feeble, he had had to make an effort over himself to walk up to him. And when he did walk over to him and heard the low wail with which Karatáev lay down at the halting-places, and smelled the strong evaporations which emanated from the sick man, he walked a distance away from him and did not think of him.

In his captivity, in the booth, Pierre had learned, not through reason, but with his whole being, that man is created for happiness, that happiness lies within him, in the gratification of his natural, human needs, and that the whole misfortune comes not from deprivation, but from superabundance; during the last three weeks of his march, he came to learn a new, consoling truth, — namely, that in this world there is nothing terrible. He learned that as there is no condition in the world in which man can be happy and completely free, so there is none in which he is unhappy and not free. He learned that there is a limit to suffering and a limit to freedom, and that this limit is very near; that the man who suffered because on his couch of roses a single leaf was folded suffered as much as he did now, falling asleep on the bare, damp earth, chilling one side of his body, and warming the other; that when he used to put on his tight dancing shoes, he suffered just as much as now, when he was walking entirely barefoot (his foot-gear had fallen to pieces), and with his feet all blistered. He learned that

when he had married, of his own will, as he had thought, he had not been freer than he was now when they locked him up for the night in a stable.

Of everything which he later called suffering, but of which at that time he hardly was conscious, the worst were his bare, chafed, callous feet. (The horse-flesh was savoury and nourishing; the saltpetre flavour of the powder, which was used instead of salt, was even agreeable; the cold was not intense, and in daytime, during the march, he always felt warm, while at night he had a camp-fire; the vermin that ate him up warmed his body.) The one thing that troubled him at first was his feet.

After the second day's march he examined his sores at the camp-fire and thought that it would be impossible for him to step on his feet again; but when all rose he limped along, and later, when he warmed himself up, he marched without pain, though at night his feet looked more terrible. But he did not glance at them, and thought of something different.

Pierre now for the first time understood the whole power of a man's vitality and the saving power of transferred attention, which is inherent in man, and resembles that safety-valve in steam-boilers, which allows the superfluous steam to escape, the moment its density rises above a certain norm.

He did not see nor hear them shoot the prisoners who fell behind, though more than a hundred had perished in this manner. He did not think of Karatáev, who was getting weaker from day to day and evidently would soon suffer the same fate. Still less did he think of himself. The more difficult his position became, the more terrible his future was, the more independent of that position in which he was were the joyous and soothing thoughts, reminiscences, and representations that occurred to him.

XIII.

ON the 22d, at noon, Pierre was marching up-hill along a muddy, slippery road, looking at his feet and at the unevenness of the way. Now and then he glanced at the familiar crowd that surrounded him, and again at his feet. Both were equally his, and familiar to him. Lilac-coloured, bow-legged Gray ran merrily at one side of the road, occasionally giving evidence of his agility and contentment by raising one hind leg and jumping about on three legs, and then again rushing on all fours and barking against the crows that were sitting on the carcasses. Gray was happier and sleeker than he had been in Moscow. On all sides lay the flesh of all kinds of animals, human and equine, in all stages of decomposition; the marching men did not permit the wolves to make for them, and so Gray had enough to eat.

It had been drizzling since morning, and it looked as though it would stop at any moment, and the sky would clear off, when after a short stop the rain began to fall more heavily. The rain-soaked road did not absorb any more water, and streamlets ran along the ruts.

Pierre kept looking to either side, counting his steps by threes, and bending his fingers. Turning to the rain, he said, mentally: "Go ahead, go ahead! Let us have more of it!"

He thought he was not thinking of anything; but, somewhere in the depth of him his soul was thinking an important and consoling thought. This thought was

a refined spiritual essence from his conversation with Karatáev on the previous night.

The night before, Pierre, chilled at the fire which had gone out, rose and went over to the nearest camp-fire, which was still aglow. There sat Platón, covering his head with his mantle, as with a cassock, and telling the soldiers, in his brisk and agreeable, but weak and sickly voice, a story which was familiar to Pierre. It was past midnight. It was the time when Karatáev generally revived from his attack of fever and was unusually animated. As Pierre walked over to the camp-fire and heard Platón's feeble, sickly voice, and saw his pitiful face, brightly lighted up by the fire, he was suddenly stung to the quick. He became frightened at his compassion for this man and wanted to go away, but there was no other fire, and so Pierre sat down, trying not to look at Platón.

"Well, how is your health?" he asked.

"My health? If you complain of your illness, God will give you no death," said Karatáev, immediately returning to his story.

"And so, my friend," continued Platón, with a smile on his lean, pale face, and with a peculiar, joyful sparkle in his eyes. "So, my friend —"

Pierre knew this story well, for Karatáev had told it to him five or six times, each time with a peculiar, joyous feeling. And yet, though he knew it well, he now listened to it as to something new, and the quiet enthusiasm which Karatáev evidently experienced in telling it was communicated to Pierre. It was the story of an old merchant, who had lived in the fear of God with his family, and once went with his companion, a rich merchant, to the fair of St. Macarius.

Having stopped at a tavern, the two merchants fell asleep, and on the following morning the merchant's companion was found with his throat cut, and robbed. A blood-stained knife was found under the pillow of the

old merchant. He was tried, punished with the knout, and, having his nostrils pulled out, "as is proper," said Karatáev, "was sent to hard labour."

"And so, my friends" (it was at this point that Pierre came up to Karatáev), "ten years or more passed after this affair. The old man lives at hard labour. He submits, as is proper, and does no one any harm. All he does is to ask God to send him death. Very well. And it happened that the convicts gathered at night, just as you and I are gathered now, and the old man was with them. And they began to converse about why each suffered, and in what he was guilty toward God. They began to tell: one had killed a man, another two men; one had committed arson, another was simply a vagrant, had done nothing. They began to ask the old man: 'Why are you suffering, grandfather?' 'I, my dear friends,' says he, 'am suffering for my own sins and for other people's sins. I have neither killed, nor taken other men's property, but have given to mendicants. I, my dear friends, am a merchant: I had great wealth. It was so and so,' says he. And he told them the whole thing as it had happened. 'I,' says he, 'have no care for myself. God has sought me out. But I am sorry for my wife and my children.' And the old man began to weep. There happened to be in that company the very man who had killed the merchant. 'Where, grandfather, did it happen?' says he. 'When, in what month?' and he asked every detail. His heart pained him. And he walked over to the old man and — plump! — fell down before his feet. 'You are suffering for my sake, old man!' says he. 'I am telling the truth, boys! He is being tormented for nothing, without any guilt. It is I who did this deed and placed the knife under the sleeping man's head. Forgive me, grandfather, for Christ's sake!'"

Karatáev kept silence, smiling joyously, looking at the fire, and fixing a stick in it.

“Says the old man: ‘God will forgive you, but we,’ says he, ‘are all sinful before God. I am suffering for my own sins,’ he wept bitter tears. What do you think, my little falcon?” said Karatáev, growing brighter and brighter, and beaming with a smile of transport. “What do you think, my little falcon? This murderer confessed to the authorities. ‘I,’ says he, ‘have killed six men’ (he was a great malefactor), ‘but I am most sorry for the old man. Let him not suffer for me!’ He confessed: they wrote his confession down, and sent a paper as was proper. It was a distant place, and between trials and examinations, and writing up a lot of papers, much time passed. It was brought before the Tsar. And so there came the Tsar’s ukase to let out the merchant, and to reward him as much as was decreed. The paper came, and they began to look for the old man. Where was the old man that suffered without having committed any crime? A paper has come from the Tsar. They began to look for him.” Karatáev’s lower jaw quivered. “But God had pardoned him already,—he was dead. Yes, my little falcon,” finished Karatáev. He for a long time looked ahead of him, smiling in silence.

Not the story itself, but its mysterious sense, that joy of transport which shone on Karatáev’s face while he was telling it, the mysterious meaning of this joy, was what now dimly and joyously filled Pierre’s soul.

XIV.

"*A vos places !*" suddenly was heard a shout. Among the prisoners and the guards took place a joyful confusion, as though in expectancy of something happy and solemn. On all sides could be heard words of command, and, on the left, trotting past the prisoners, appeared well-dressed cavalymen, riding fine horses. On all the faces there was an expression of tension, such as people show when superior officers are near. The prisoners assembled in a solid mass, and they were pushed off the road. The guards drew up.

"*L'Empereur, l'Empereur ! Le maréchal ! Le duc !*" And the well-fed Guards had barely passed, when a carriage drawn by gray horses in tandem rumbled by. Pierre just caught a glimpse of the calm, handsome, fat, white face of a man in a three-cornered hat. It was one of the marshals. The marshal's glance was directed at Pierre's tall, noticeable figure, and in the expression with which the marshal frowned and turned his face away, Pierre thought he saw compassion and a desire to conceal it.

The general who was in charge of the cavalry stores, a man with a red, frightened face, riding his lean horse, galloped behind the carriage. Several officers came together, and the soldiers surrounded them. All had agitated, tense faces.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit ? Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit ?*" was the question Pierre heard them ask.

During the marshal's visit, the prisoners assembled in

a mass, and Pierre saw Karatáev, whom he had not seen that day. He was sitting, in his miserable mantle, leaning against a birch-tree. In his face there gleamed, in addition to the joyous humility, which had appeared the night before during his recital about the suffering of the innocent merchant, another expression of calm solemnity.

Karatáev looked at Pierre with his kindly round eyes, now veiled by tears, and apparently beckoned to him, as though he wanted to say something to him. But Pierre felt terribly. He acted as though he had not noticed Karatáev's glance, and hastened away.

When the prisoners again started, Pierre looked back. Karatáev was sitting at the edge of the road, against the birch-tree, and two Frenchmen were talking near him. Pierre did not look back again. He went limping uphill.

Behind him, in the spot where Karatáev had been sitting, a shot was heard. Pierre heard it clearly, but just as it was fired, he recalled that he had not yet finished the calculation, which he had begun before the arrival of the marshal, of how many days' marches were still left to Smolénsk. He began to count. The two French soldiers, one of whom was holding the smoking gun in his hand, ran past Pierre. They were both pale, and in the expression of their faces — one of them looked timidly at Pierre — there was something resembling that which he had seen in the young soldier at the execution. Pierre looked at the soldier, and he recalled that two days before this soldier had burnt his shirt while drying it at the fire, and that all had laughed at him.

The dog began to whine near the place where Karatáev had been sitting. "How stupid! What is it whining about?" thought Pierre.

The captive soldiers, too, who were marching with Pierre did not look back at the place from which the shot was fired, nor did they pay any attention to the dog's whining; but a stern expression lay on all the faces.

XV.

THE stores, the prisoners, and the marshal's baggage stopped in the village of Shámshevo. All were gathered about the camp-fires. Pierre went up to one, ate a horse-flesh roast, lay down with his back to the fire, and immediately fell asleep. He again slept the same sleep as at Mozháysk, after Borodinó.

Again the events of the day mingled with his dreams, and again some one, he himself or some one else, expressed certain thoughts to him, nay, the same thoughts as at Mozháysk.

"Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and moves, and this motion is God. And while there is life, there is the enjoyment of the self-consciousness of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. It is most difficult and most blissful to love this life during suffering, during unmerited suffering.

"Karatáev!" Pierre thought.

And suddenly there appeared before him, as though alive, his meek old teacher who in Switzerland had taught him geography. "Wait!" said the old man. And he showed Pierre a sphere. This sphere was a living, quivering ball without dimensions. The whole surface of the globe consisted of densely compressed drops. And these drops moved, permuted, and blended, or divided and multiplied. Every drop tended to spread and take up as much space as possible, but other drops, having the same tendency, compressed it, or destroyed it, or blended with it.

"This is life!" said the old teacher.

"How simple and how clear!" thought Pierre. "Why did I not know it before?"

"In the middle is God, and every drop tends to spread, in order to reflect him in the greatest possible dimensions. And it grows, and blends, and is compressed and annihilated at the surface, goes into the depth, and again swims out. There is Karatáev,— he has spread out, and is gone. *Vous avez compris, mon enfant?*" asked the teacher.

"*Vous avez compris, sacré nom?*" a voice was heard, and Pierre awoke.

He raised himself and sat up. At the fire squatted a Frenchman, who had just pushed aside a Russian soldier, and was roasting a piece of meat on a ramrod. The muscular, hirsute, red arms had the sleeves rolled up, and his short fingers nimbly turned the ramrod. His cinnamon-coloured, gloomy face, with its overhanging eyebrows, could be clearly seen in the light of the coals.

"*Ça lui est bien égal,*" he growled, quickly turning to a soldier who was standing behind him. "*Brigand! Va!*" And the soldier, turning his ramrod, looked gloomily at Pierre. Pierre turned away and looked at the shadow. A Russian prisoner, the one that the Frenchman had pushed aside, was sitting at the fire and patting something. Upon looking more closely Pierre recognized the lilac-coloured little dog, which, wagging its tail, was sitting near the soldier.

"Oh, you have come?" said Pierre. "And Plat—" he began, but did not finish his sentence. In his imagination simultaneously rose, blending with each other, the memory of the glance which Platón, sitting under the tree, had cast upon him; of the shot which he had heard there; of the whining of the dog; of the criminal faces of the two Frenchmen who ran past him; of the smoking gun in the hand of one of them; of Karatáev's absence at

the halting-place, — and he was ready to comprehend that Karatáev was killed, but at the identical moment in his soul arose, God knows how, the recollection of an evening passed by him with a Polish beauty, in the summer, on the balcony of his Kíev house. And so, after all, without uniting the recollections of the day or making any deductions, Pierre closed his eyes, and the picture of a summer day mingled with the recollection of bathing, and of the liquid, quivering sphere, and he dropped somewhere into the water, which passed over his head.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud, frequent volleys and shouts. Frenchmen ran past Pierre.

“*Les cosaques!*” one of them cried, and a minute later a crowd of Russian faces surrounded Pierre.

Pierre could not for a long time understand what was happening. On all sides he heard his companions sob from joy.

“Brothers! Dearest!” the old soldiers cried, weeping, and embracing the Cossacks and the hussars. The hussars and the Cossacks surrounded the prisoners and hurriedly offered them garments, and boots, and bread. Pierre sobbed, sitting among them, and was unable to utter a word; he embraced the first soldier who passed near him and, weeping, kissed him.

Dólokhov was standing at the gate of the ruined house, allowing the disarmed throng of Frenchmen to pass by him. The Frenchmen, agitated by all that had happened, were conversing loudly with each other; but as they walked by Dólokhov, who lightly switched his boots with his whip, and looked at them with his cold, glassy eyes, which portended no good, their conversation stopped. On the other side stood Dólokhov's Cossack, counting the prisoners and marking each hundred with a piece of chalk on the gate.

“How many are there?” Dólokhov asked the Cossack.

"The second hundred," replied the Cossack.

"*Fitez, fitez,*" said Dólokhov, who had learned this expression from the French. As his eyes met the glances of the prisoners who were walking past, they betrayed a cruel sparkle.

Denísov, holding his cap in his hand, was walking with a saddened face behind some Cossacks who were carrying the body of Pétýa Rostóv to a grave dug in the garden.

XVI.

BEGINNING with October 28th, when the frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a more tragical character of freezing or roasting to death at the camp-fires, while the emperor, the kings, and the dukes travelled in fur coats in carriages; but, in reality, the process of the flight and of the decomposition of the French army had not changed in the least.

From Moscow to Vyázma, out of an army of seventy-three thousand, without counting the Guard (which did nothing during the whole war but pillage), out of the French army of seventy-three thousand men only thirty thousand were left (not more than five thousand had fallen out as the result of battles). This is the first member of the progression, from which the succeeding members can be figured out with mathematical exactness. The French army melted away in the same proportion from Moscow to Vyázma, from Vyázma to Smolénsk, from Smolénsk to the Berézina, from the Berézina to Vílna, independently of the greater or lesser degree of cold, pursuit, barring of the way, and all other conditions taken singly. After Vyázma the French troops were huddled together into one mass, instead of marching in three columns, and thus proceeded to the end. Berthier wrote to his emperor (we know how far the chiefs depart from the truth when they describe the condition of an army). He wrote:

“I deem it my duty to inform your Majesty of the state of your troops in the different corps of the army,

which I have observed in the last two or three days in various places. They are almost disbanded. The number of soldiers who follow their standards is at most in the proportion of one to four in all the regiments; the others march by themselves in every direction, on their own account, in the hope of finding subsistence and escaping discipline. In general, they regard Smolénsk as the place where they will rest. During the last few days it has been observed that the soldiers throw away their cartouches and their arms. In this state of affairs, the interests of your Majesty's service demand, whatever its ulterior ends, that the army be rallied at Smolénsk by beginning to free it from the non-combatants, such as dismounted men, useless baggage, and artillery, which is no longer in proper proportion to the active forces. In addition to a few days of rest, subsistence must be provided to the soldiers, who are exhausted from hunger and fatigue; many have died in the last few days on the road and in the bivouacs. This state of affairs is getting worse and worse and gives rise to the apprehension that, if measures are not taken at once, we shall lose control of the troops in a combat. — November 9th, at thirty versts from Smolénsk."

Rolling into Smolénsk, which presented itself to them as the promised land, the Frenchmen killed each other for the provisions, looted their own magazines, and, when everything was pillaged, ran ahead.

All marched, not knowing themselves whither or wherefore. Least of all did that genius, Napoleon, know, for no one commanded him. None the less he and those who surrounded him observed their old habits: wrote orders, letters, reports, orders of the day, called each other, "*Sire, Mon Cousin, Prince d'Eckmühl, Roi de Naples,*" and so forth. But the orders and reports were only on paper; nothing was carried out according to them, because nothing could be carried out, and, in spite of

calling each other "Highness, Majesty, and Cousins," they all felt that they were miserable people, who had done much evil, for which they now had to pay. And, although they pretended to be caring for the army, they were each one of them thinking only of how they could get away the quickest, and save themselves.

XVII.

THE actions of the Russian and the French armies during the reverse campaign from Moscow to the Nyéman resemble the game of blind man's buff, when two of the players are blindfolded and one of them now and then rings a bell to inform the one who catches of his whereabouts. At first he rings, because he is not afraid of the enemy; but when he gets into a tight place, he tries to step softly and run away from him, but, instead, runs straight into his hands.

At first the Napoleonic army gave signs of its whereabouts, — this was during its first period of moving along the Kalúga road; but later, when it reached the Smolénsk road, it ran, holding down the clapper of the bell, and, when it thought that it was running away, it fell straight into the hands of the Russians.

With the rapidity with which the French were fleeing and the Russians pursuing them, and on account of the exhaustion of the horses, the chief means for learning approximately the position of the enemy — cavalry reconnaissances — did not exist. Besides, on account of the rapid and frequent changes of positions of both armies, the information, such as it was, could never arrive in time. If the information was received on the 2d that the army of the enemy had been in such and such a place on the 1st, it had made two days' marches by the 3d, when anything could be undertaken, and already occupied a different position.

One army ran, the other was in pursuit. From Smo-

lénsk several roads were open to the French ; and, it would seem that, having remained there four days, the French might have found out where the enemy was, made some advantageous combinations, and undertaken something new. But, after a four days' rest, their crowds again started to run, not to the right, nor to the left, but, without any manœuvres or considerations, over the old and worst possible road, toward Krásnoe and Orshá, — over the beaten track.

Expecting the enemy from behind, and not in front of them, the Frenchmen ran, stretched out and separated from each other over a space of a twenty-four hours' march. In front ran the emperor ; then, the kings ; then, the dukes. The Russian army, thinking that Napoleon would turn to the right, toward the Dnieper, which was the only sensible thing for him to do, itself turned to the right and came out on the highway near Krásnoe. And here, as in the game of blind man's buff, the Frenchmen stumbled on the vanguard. Suddenly seeing the enemy, the French became confused, stopped in the suddenness of their fright, then started to run, abandoning their companions behind them. Here, as though passing between the lines of Russian troops, marched for three days in succession the separate parts of the French army, first the viceroys, then Davout, and finally Ney. They all of them abandoned one another, threw away all their baggage, their artillery, half of their people, and ran, making at night a semicircle around the Russians.

Ney, who was marching last, because (in spite of their miserable plight, or, perhaps, for this very reason, they wanted to strike the floor against which they had hurt themselves) he had been busy demolishing the walls of Smolénsk, which had done no one any harm, — Ney, who was marching last with his corps of ten thousand men, reached Napoleon at Orshá with only one thousand men, having abandoned his men and all the cannon, and

having stealthily, in the night, made his way through the woods and across the Dnieper.

From Orshá they ran on along the road to Vílna, again playing blind man's buff with the pursuing army. At the Berézina they again became confused; many were drowned; many surrendered; but those who crossed the river, ran ahead. Their chief commander put on a fur coat and, seating himself in a sleigh, raced away, abandoning his comrades. They who could, drove away; who could not, surrendered or died.

XVIII.

It would seem that in this campaign of the flight of the French, when they did all they could in order to prepare their ruin, when not in one movement of this mass, from its turning on the Kalúga road up to the flight of the chief from the army, was there the slightest sense, — it would seem that during this period of the campaign it would be impossible for the historians who ascribe the actions of the masses to the will of one man to describe this retreat in such a sense. But no. Mountains of books have been written by the historians about this campaign, and everywhere are described Napoleon's orders and his profound plans, — the manœuvres by which the army was guided, — and the ingenious orders of his marshals.

The retreat from Mály Yaroslávets, when the road into a fertile country was left to him, and when that parallel road was open, over which later Kutúzov pursued him, the useless retreat over a devastated road is explained to us by various ingenious combinations. With similar ingenious combinations is described Napoleon's retreat from Smolénsk to Orshá. Then is described his heroism at Krásnoe, where, they say, he prepared himself to accept battle and personally to take the command, as he walked with a birch stick and said :

“ J'ai assez fait l'Empereur, — il est temps de faire le général ! ”

In spite of this, he soon started running again, leaving

to their fate the dismembered parts of his army, which were behind him.

Then they describe to us the magnanimity of the marshals, especially of Ney, — the magnanimity, which consisted in making his way at night through the woods and across the Dnieper, and reaching Orshá without the flags, or artillery, or nine-tenths of the army.

Finally, the last departure of the great emperor from the heroic army is presented to us by the historians as something grand and ingenious. Even this last act of his flight, which in human language is called the lowest stage of baseness, which even a child learns to abhor, even this act is justified by the historians.

When it is no longer possible to stretch farther the elastic threads of historic considerations, when the action most obviously contradicts that which all humanity calls good and even just, there appears with the historians the saving clause about grandeur. Grandeur, as it were, excludes the possibility of a measure of good and bad. For the great man there is no bad. There is no horror of which the great man can be accused.

"*C'est grand!*" say the historians, and then there is no longer the conception of good and bad, but only of "*grand*" and not "*grand*." What is "*grand*" is good, what is not "*grand*" is bad. "*Grand*," according to their conceptions, is the attribute of certain animals called by them "heroes." And thus Napoleon, escaping homewards in a warm fur coat, running away, not only from his perishing comrades, but (as they assert) from men whom he has brought there, feels "*que c'est grand*," and his soul is at peace.

"*Du sublime*" (he saw something sublime in himself) "*au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*," he said. And the whole world has been repeating: "*Sublime! Grand! Napoléon le grand! Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*"

And it does not occur to any one that the recognition of grandeur which is not measured by the measure of goodness and badness is only the recognition of one's own insignificance and immeasurable smallness.

For us, with the measure of the good and the bad, given to us by Christ, there is no such thing as the immeasurable. And there is no grandeur where there is no simplicity, no good, and no truth.

XIX.

WHAT Russian, reading the description of the last period of the campaign of 1812, has not experienced a painful, annoying feeling of unsatisfied desire and perplexity! Who has not asked himself: why were not all the French captured and destroyed, since all three armies surrounded them in superior numbers; since the disbanded Frenchmen, starving and freezing, surrendered in large groups; and since (as history tells us) the aim of the Russians consisted precisely in arresting, cutting off, and capturing all the French?

How is it that the Russian army, which, weaker in numbers than the French, gave battle at Borodinó, did not attain its aim, when it surrounded the French on three sides, and when its purpose was to capture them? Is it possible the French were so far superior to us that we, with overwhelming forces and surrounding them, were unable to beat them? How could it have happened?

History (what is called so), replying to these questions, says that this was due to the fact that Kutúzov, and Tórmassov, and Chichagóv, and so and so, did not make such and such manœuvres.

But why did they not make all these manœuvres? Why, if they were to blame for not obtaining the purpose in view, were they not tried and sentenced? But, even if we admit that Kutúzov and Chichagóv, and so forth, were the cause of the Russian *failure*, it still remains incomprehensible why, even under the conditions under which

the Russian troops were at Krásnoe and the Berézina (in either case the Russians had superior forces), the French army was not captured with its marshals, its kings, and its emperor, since this was the purpose of the Russians.

To explain this strange phenomenon (as the Russian military historians do) by saying that Kutúzov impeded this attack is irrelevant, because we know that Kutúzov's will was unable to restrain the army from attacking at Vyázma and Tarútino.

Why was the Russian army, which with inferior forces had obtained a victory at Borodinó over the enemy in his full force, vanquished by the disbanded French troops at Krásnoe and at the Berézina, though it now had superior forces?

If it was the aim of the Russians to cut off and capture Napoleon and the marshals, and this aim was never attained, and even all the attempts at attaining this end were every time frustrated in the most disgraceful manner possible, then the last period of the campaign is quite correctly represented by the French as consisting of a series of victories, and quite incorrectly by the Russian historians as victorious for the Russians.

The Russian military historians, insomuch as logic is obligatory for them, involuntarily come to this conclusion, and, in spite of the lyrical exaltation about valour and loyalty, and so forth, they must involuntarily acknowledge that the retreat of the French from Moscow was a series of victories for Napoleon and of defeats for Kutúzov.

But, leaving entirely aside our national vanity, we feel that this conclusion bears in itself a contradiction, since a series of victories has brought them to complete ruin, while a series of defeats for the Russians has brought them to the complete annihilation of the enemy and the liberation of their country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that the

historians, who study the event from the letters of kings and generals, from reports, plans, etc., assume for the latter part of the campaign of 1812 a non-existent, false purpose of cutting off and capturing Napoleon with his marshals and troops.

There never was such an aim, and there could not have been, because it had no sense, and its realization was absolutely impossible.

This aim had no sense, in the first place, because Napoleon's disorganized army was fleeing at full speed from Russia, that is, was doing that which each Russian might have wished. Why, then, should various operations have been performed on the French who were running as fast as they could?

In the second place, it was senseless to get into the way of men whose whole energy was directed toward flight.

Thirdly, it was senseless to lose the Russian troops for the purpose of destroying the French troops, which, without any external causes, were melting down in such proportion that, without barring their way, they were not able to take across the border more than they actually took across in December, that is, one-hundredth part of all their men.

Fourthly, it was senseless to wish to capture the emperor, the kings, the dukes, — men whose captivity would have hampered the actions of the Russians exceedingly, as the most skilful diplomatists of the time (J. Maistre and others) have pointed out. Still more senseless was the desire to capture a French corps when our own troops had melted to half their numbers by the time they reached Krásnoe, when to each corps of prisoners a division of guards would have to be attached, and when our own soldiers did not always receive sufficient provisions, and such of the prisoners as had already been taken were starving.

The whole deep-laid plan about cutting off and captur-

ing Napoleon with his army was like that plan of the gardener who, driving out of his garden the cow which has tramped over his beds, runs up to the gate and begins to strike the cow on her head. All that could be said in justification of the gardener would be that he was very angry. But this could not have been said of the authors of the project because they did not suffer from the ruined beds.

But the cutting off of Napoleon with his army was not only senseless, — it was impossible.

It was impossible, in the first place, because, as is seen from experience, the movement of columns on a territory of five versts in one battle never coincides with the plans, and because, therefore, the probability that Chichagóv, Kutúzov, and Wittgenstein should meet in time at an appointed place was so insignificant as to be an impossibility; thus thought Kutúzov, who, in receiving the plan, remarked that diversions on great extents of territory do not bring the desired results.

In the second place, it was impossible because, in order to paralyze the power of inertia with which Napoleon's army was retreating, incomparably larger troops would have been needed than what the Russians actually possessed.

Thirdly, it was impossible because the military word "to cut off" has no sense whatever. We can cut off a piece of bread, but not an army. To cut off an army, to bar its way, is quite impossible, because there are always places around about to go by, and there is the night during which nothing is seen, a fact of which the learned military writers could convince themselves from the examples of Krásnoe and of Borodinó. It is impossible to capture any one, unless the one who is to be captured agrees to it, just as it is impossible to catch a swallow, though one may take it when it settles down on the hand. One may capture any one who surrenders, as the

Germans were captured, according to the rules of strategy and tactics. But the French troops quite naturally found this disadvantageous, since starvation and cold awaited them alike in captivity and in flight.

Fourthly, and chiefly, this was impossible because never, since the world has existed, has a war been waged under more terrible conditions than was the war of 1812, and the Russian troops in pursuing the Frenchmen strained all their strength and could not have done more, without annihilating themselves.

In the movement of the Russian army from Tarútino to Krásnoe there fell out fifty thousand men in sick and stragglers, that is, a number equal to the population of a large provincial town. Half the people fell out of the army without battles.

And it is of this period of the campaign, when the troops, without boots or fur coats, with insufficient provisions, without vódka, sleep in the snow at fifteen degrees Réaumur below zero; when the days are only seven or eight hours long, and the rest is night, during which there can be no influence of discipline; when men are not introduced into the sphere of death for a few hours, as in battles, but for months in succession live struggling all the time against death from freezing and starvation; when in a month half the army perishes, — it is of this period of the campaign that the historians tell us that Milorádovich ought to have made a flank march to such and such a place, and Tórmsov was to have been here, and Chichagóv ought to have moved there (moved more than knee-deep in snow), and that so and so overthrew and cut off, and so forth, and so forth.

The Russians, half of whom had died, did all that could have been done and ought to have been done in order to obtain the aim worthy of the nation, and are not to blame because other Russians who sat in warm rooms proposed to do the impossible.

All this strange and now incomprehensible contradiction between the fact and the historical description arises from this, that the historians, who wrote of this event, wrote a history of the fair sentiments and words of various generals, and not a history of the event.

They are most interested in the words of Milorádovich, in the rewards which such and such a general received, and in their conceptions; but the question about the fifty thousand men who were left in the hospitals and in the graves does not even interest them, because it cannot be submitted to investigation.

And yet, it suffices to turn away from the study of reports and general plans, and try to understand the movement of those hundreds of thousands of men who took a direct, immediate part in the event, and all seemingly insoluble questions suddenly, with unusual ease and simplicity, find an indubitable solution.

The aim of cutting off Napoleon with his army never existed, except in the imagination of a dozen men. It could not have existed because it was senseless, and its realization was impossible.

The nation had but one aim, and that was, to clear the country from the invasion. This aim was reached, in the first place by itself, because the French fled, and so this motion ought not to have been retarded. In the second place, this aim was attained by the action of the national war which was destroying the French, and thirdly, because a large Russian army was following up the French, ready to use force in case the motion of the French should have been arrested.

The Russian army had to act like a goad on a fleeing animal. And the experienced driver knew that the most advantageous thing to do was to keep the goad in a threatening attitude, and not to strike the fleeing animal on the head.

PART THE FIFTEENTH

I.

WHEN a man sees a dying animal, terror takes possession of him : what he is himself, his essence, is palpably being destroyed before him,—it ceases to exist. But when the dying being is a man, a beloved man, then, in addition to the feeling of horror experienced before the destruction of life, there is the sensation of rupture and of a spiritual wound which, like a physical wound, sometimes kills, sometimes heals over, but always pains and recoils from an external, irritating touch.

After the death of Prince Andréy, Natásha and Princess Márya were alike conscious of this. Stooping morally and closing their eyes against the threatening, overhanging cloud of death, they did not dare to look into the face of life. They cautiously concealed their open wounds from any offensive, painful contact. Everything,—a carriage driving rapidly along the street, the thought of dinner, the maid's question about a garment to be got ready, or, even more, a word of insincere, feeble sympathy, painfully irritated the wound, seemed to be an insult, and impaired that necessary quiet, when both of them tried to listen to that terrible, stern chorus still resonant in their imagination, and kept them from looking into those mysterious distances which for a moment presented themselves to their view.

Only when the two were together did they not feel

offended or pained. They spoke little to one another. When they talked at all, they mentioned the most insignificant subjects. Both equally avoided referring to matters that had anything to do with the future.

To acknowledge the possibility of a future seemed to them an insult of his memory. With still greater caution did they avoid in their conversations anything that might refer to the deceased man. It seemed to them that what they had passed through and had suffered could not be expressed in words. It seemed to them that any mention of the details of his life impaired the grandeur and sacredness of the mystery which had taken place before their eyes.

The constant reserve of speech, the careful avoidance of anything that might lead up to him, — all this stopping short on the border of what could not be referred to, brought out more clearly and more definitely before their imagination what they felt.

But a full, unalloyed grief is as impossible as a full, unalloyed joy. Princess Márya, in her position as independent mistress of her fate, and as guardian and educator of her nephew, was the first to be called out by life from that world of grief, in which she had lived the first two weeks. She received letters from relatives, which had to be answered; the room in which her nephew was placed was damp, and he began to cough. Alpátych arrived in Yarosláv with reports about the state of affairs, and with the proposition that she should go to Moscow and settle in the Vzdvízhenka house, which was intact and demanded only insignificant repairs. Life did not stop, and it was necessary to live. No matter how hard it was for Princess Márya to issue from that world of solitary contemplation, in which she had been living until then; no matter how sorry she was to leave Natásha alone, the cares of life demanded her attention, and she instinctively surrendered herself to them. She examined

the accounts with Alpátych, counselled with Desalles about her nephew, and made preparations and gave orders for her departure to Moscow.

Natásha remained alone and avoided Princess Márya, while she was getting ready to leave.

Princess Márya begged the countess to let Natásha go with her to Moscow, and both the parents readily consented to this proposition, because they noticed that their daughter's strength was failing more and more, and because they supposed that the change of place and the assistance from the Moscow physicians might be helpful to her.

"I will not go anywhere," replied Natásha, when this proposition was made to her. "Please leave me alone!" she said, running out of the room and with difficulty restraining her tears, not so much of grief, as of annoyance and anger.

After she felt herself abandoned by Princess Márya, and all alone in her grief, she passed most of the time in her room, sitting with her feet in the corner of the divan, tearing something up, or twitching her thin, strained fingers, and fixing her stubborn, motionless glance on whatever her eyes fell upon. This solitude exhausted and tormented her, but was necessary for her. The moment some one came in to see her, she rose rapidly, changed her position and expression of face, and took up a book or some sewing, apparently waiting with impatience for those to leave who were disturbing her.

It seemed to her that she was on the point of grasping and penetrating that on which her mental vision was directed with a terrible question that was above her strength.

In the end of the month of December, thin, pale Natásha, wearing a black woollen dress, and having her hair carelessly braided and tied in a tuft, was sitting with her feet in the corner of the divan, nervously crumpling and

letting out the ends of her belt, and looking at the corner of the door.

She was gazing where he had gone, at the other side of life. And that other side of life, of which she had never thought before, which formerly had appeared so distant and improbable to her, now was nearer, more comprehensible, more her own, than this side of life, in which everything was either emptiness and devastation, or suffering and insult. She was looking there where she knew he was; but she could not see him any other than he had been here. She saw him such as he had been at Mytíshchi, at Tróitsa, in Yarosláv.

She saw his face, heard his voice, and repeated his words and her own, which she had said to him, and occasionally invented new words for him and for herself, such as might have been uttered by them.

There he lay in the armchair, in his velvet coat, leaning his head on his thin, pale arm. His breast was terribly low, and his shoulders were raised. His lips were firmly set, his eyes sparkling, and on his pale forehead leaped and disappeared a wrinkle. One of his legs barely trembled. Natásha knew that he was struggling with an agonizing pain. "What is this pain? Why the pain? What does he feel? How does it pain him?" thought Natásha. He noticed her fixed glance, raised his eyes, and, without smiling, began to speak.

"One thing is terrible," he said, "and that is to bind yourself for ever with a suffering being. It is an eternal torment." And he looked at her with an inquisitive glance. Natásha, as was always the case, answered him before she had had time to think of what she was going to reply; she said:

"This cannot last so; this will not be, — you will be well, completely well!"

She now saw anew and lived over everything she had

experienced then. She recalled his protracted, sad, stern glance at these words, and understood the meaning of the rebuke and despair in this protracted glance.

"I admitted," Natásha now said to herself, "that it would be terrible if he should always be a sufferer. I then said it because I meant that it would be terrible for him, but he understood it differently. He thought that it would be terrible for me. At that time he still wanted to live and was afraid of death. It was so stupid and so rude of me. I did not have that in my mind. I was thinking of something quite different. If I had said what I was thinking of, I should have said that I did not care if he were in the agony of death all the time before my eyes, for I should have been more happy than I am now. Now — there is nothing and nobody." And again he repeated to her those words; but now she answered him differently in her imagination. She stopped him and said: "It is terrible for you, but not for me. You ought to know that without you I have nothing in life, and to suffer with you is the greatest happiness for me." And he took her hand and pressed it as he had pressed it on that terrible evening, four days before his death. And in her imagination she spoke to him with other, tender words, which she might have uttered then, and which she was saying now: "I love you! — You — I love, I love —" she said, convulsively compressing her hands and clenching her teeth in a desperate effort.

And she was seized by a sweet sorrow, and tears stood in her eyes; but suddenly she asked herself: "To whom do I say it? Where is he now?" And again everything was veiled in dry, harsh doubt, and again she strained and knit her brow and looked there where he was. And now, now, she thought, she penetrated the mystery. But just as it seemed to her that the incomprehensible was being revealed to her, a loud rattling of the door-handle startled her. Maid Dunyásha quickly

entered the room, with a frightened expression on her face, oblivious of her surroundings.

“Please to come to your papa, at once,” said Dunyásha, with peculiar animation. “A misfortune, about Pétya Ilích — a letter,” she said, sobbing.

II.

IN addition to her feeling of aloofness from all people, Natásha at that time experienced a special feeling of aloofness from all the members of her family. All her near relatives, her father, her mother, Sónya, were so familiar, so trite to her, that all their words and sentiments seemed to her to be as an insult to that world in which she had been living of late, and she was not only indifferent, but even looked inimically at them. She heard Dunyásha's words about Pétya Ilích and about the misfortune, but did not understand her.

"What misfortune can it be? Everything is with them as of old," Natásha said, mentally.

As she entered the parlour, her father was quickly leaving the apartment of the countess. His face was wrinkled and wet with tears. Evidently he had run out of that room in order to give vent to his sobs. On seeing Natásha, he waved his arms in despair and burst forth into convulsive, agonizing sobs, which disfigured his round, soft face.

"Pe— Pétya — Go, go, she — is calling —" and, sobbing like a child and tottering on his weakened legs, he walked over to a chair and, almost falling down on it, covered his face with his hands.

Suddenly something like an electric current passed through Natásha's body. Something gave her a terrible blow in the heart. She felt a terrible pain: it was as though something had been torn off in her, and she were dying. But in the wake of the pain she suddenly expe-

rienced a liberation from the pressure of life which was upon her. When she saw her father and heard behind the door the terrible, harsh cry of her mother, she immediately forgot herself and her grief. She ran up to her father, but he impotently waved his hand and pointed to her mother's door. Princess Márya was pale and her nether jaw trembled as she came out of the door and, taking Natásha's hand, began to talk to her. Natásha neither heard nor saw her. She entered through the door with rapid steps, stopped for a moment, as if struggling with herself, and ran up to her mother.

The countess lay in an armchair in a strange and awkward position, and was striking her head against the wall. Sónya and the girls held her arms.

"Natásha, I want Natásha!" cried the countess. "It is not true — He is lying — Natásha!" she cried, pushing away those who were around her. "Away from me, all of you! It is a lie! They have killed him! Ha, ha, ha! It is a lie!"

Natásha put a knee on the chair, bent over her mother, embraced her, raised her with sudden force, turned her toward herself, and pressed close to her.

"Mother! Darling! I am here, my dear! Mamma," she whispered to her, without a second's cessation.

She did not let her mother out of her arms, tenderly struggled with her, asked for pillows and for water, unlaced her clothes, and tore her dress off.

"My dear, darling! Mamma, darling," she kept whispering to her, kissing her head, hands, and face, and feeling her tears coursing down in streams and tickling her nose and cheeks.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and grew silent for a moment. Then she suddenly rose with unwonted rapidity, looked senselessly about her, and, noticing Natásha, began with all her strength to squeeze her head. Then she turned her face, which was

wrinkled from pain, toward her, and for a long time gazed into it.

"Natásha, you love me," she said, in a soft, confidential whisper. "Natásha, you will not deceive me? You will tell me the whole truth?"

Natásha looked at her with eyes filled with tears, and in her face there was only an entreaty of forgiveness and of love.

"My darling mother," she repeated, straining all the powers of her love in order to take off the surplus of the grief which was oppressing her.

And again, in an impotent struggle with reality, the mother, refusing to believe that she could be living while her beloved boy, who was in the flower of life, was dead, sought safety from reality in the world of madness.

Natásha did not remember how the day passed, and the night, and the following day, and the following night. She did not sleep, nor did she leave her mother. Natásha's love, persistent and patient, not as an explanation, nor as a consolation, but as an invitation to life, seemed all the time to surround the countess. On the third night the countess calmed down for a few minutes, and Natásha closed her eyes, leaning her head on the arm of the chair. The bed creaked, and Natásha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting on her bed and talking softly.

"How glad I am you have come! You are tired. Do you want some tea?"

Natásha walked over to her.

"You look so much more handsome and manly!" continued the countess, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mamma, what are you saying?"

"Natásha, he is no more!"

And, embracing her daughter, the countess began for the first time to weep.

III.

PRINCESS MÁRYA put off her departure. Sónya and the count tried to take Natásha's place, but could not. They saw that Natásha was the only one to keep the mother from insane despair. Natásha lived for three weeks uninterruptedly with her mother, slept in the chair in her room, fed her, and incessantly talked with her, because her tender, caressing voice soothed the countess.

The mother's spiritual wound could not heal. Pétya's death tore half her life away. A month after receiving the news of his death, which had found her a fresh-looking and sturdy woman of fifty, she came out of her room a half-dead old woman who did not take interest in life. But the wound which half-killed the countess called Natásha back to life.

A spiritual wound, which is caused by the ulceration of the spiritual body, in no way differs from a physical wound. However strange it may seem, a spiritual wound, like a physical wound, heals from within by an expelling force of life, long after it has cicatrized and its edges have met.

Even thus Natásha's wound healed up. She thought that her life was ended. But suddenly her love for her mother showed her that the essence of her life — love — was still active in her. Love awoke, and life awoke.

The last days of Prince Andréy had bound Natásha and Princess Márya together. The new calamity brought them together still closer. Princess Márya postponed her departure, and during the last three weeks had waited

on Natásha, as on a sick child. The last weeks which Natásha had passed in her mother's room had affected her physical strength.

Noticing in the middle of the day that Natásha was shaking as though in a fever, Princess Márya took her to her own room and put her down on her bed. Natásha lay down, but when Princess Márya pulled down the blinds and was on the point of going away, Natásha called her back.

"I do not feel like sleeping. Marie, sit down by me!"

"You are tired,— try to fall asleep!"

"No, no! Why did you take me away? She will ask for me."

"She is much better. She talked so well to-day," said Princess Márya.

Natásha lay on the bed and in the semidarkness of the room scanned Princess Márya's face.

"Does she resemble him?" thought Natásha. "Yes and no. But she is a strange, new, unfamiliar, peculiar being, and she loves me. What is there on her soul? Everything good. But how? How does she think? How does she regard me? Yes, she is beautiful."

"Marie," she said, timidly drawing her hand to her. "Marie, don't think that I am bad! No? Marie, my dear, how I love you! Let us be great friends!"

And Natásha, embracing her, began to kiss Princess Márya's face and hands. Princess Márya was ashamed and glad of this manifestation of Natásha's feelings.

From that day on there was established that impassioned and tender friendship between Princess Márya and Natásha, which is to be found only among women. They constantly kissed each other, spoke gentle words to one another, and passed most of their time together. If one went out, the other was uneasy and tried to join her. Together they felt more at peace than when each was left alone. Between them grew up something stronger than

friendship: it was the exclusive feeling of the possibility of living only in the presence of one another.

Now and then they were silent for hours at a time; occasionally, while lying in their beds, they began to talk, and kept up the conversation until morning. Princess Márya told of her childhood, of her mother, her father, her dreams; and Natásha, who formerly used to turn away with calm indifference from this life of devotion and submission, from the poetry of Christian self-sacrifice, now, feeling herself united in love with Princess Márya, began to love also Princess Márya's past, and comprehended her formerly unintelligible side of life. She did not expect to apply that submission and self-sacrifice to her own life, because she was in the habit of seeking for other joys, but she comprehended and loved in another this virtue, which before she had not understood. To Princess Márya, too, listening to the stories of Natásha's childhood and first youth, was disclosed her previously incomprehensible side of life, — a faith in life, in the enjoyment of life.

They still refrained from speaking of *him*, in order not to impair by words that elevation of feeling which they thought was in them, and this silence slowly had the effect of making them forget him, however little they believed this.

Natásha grew thinner and paler, and became physically so feeble that all kept talking of her health, and this gave her pleasure. But occasionally she was seized not only by the terror of death, but also by the terror of disease, weakness, loss of beauty, and she involuntarily examined her bare arm, marvelling at its leanness, or looked in the morning in the mirror at her long-drawn, as she thought, pitiful face. It seemed to her that it had to be so, and yet terror and sadness overcame her.

One day she walked rapidly up-stairs and gasped heavily. She immediately thought of something she could

do down-stairs, and from there again ran up, trying her strength and watching herself.

Another time she called up Dunyáša, and her voice faltered. She called her a second time, though she heard her steps, — she called her with that chest tone with which she sang, and listened to it.

She did not know it, and would not have believed it, but under what to her seemed to be an impenetrable layer of mud which covered her soul, already sprouted the thin, tender blades of grass, which were to take root and soon to cover her crushing grief with their vital runners, so that it would become unnoticeable and invisible. The wound was healing from within.

In the last days of January Princess Márya left for Moscow, and the count insisted that Natáša should go with her, in order to consult the physicians.

IV.

AFTER the conflict at Vyázma, where Kutúzov had been unable to restrain his armies from the desire to overthrow, cut off, and so forth, the further movement of the fleeing Frenchmen and of the Russians in their pursuit, as far as Krásnoe, took place without battles. The flight was so precipitous that the Russian army, running after the French, could not keep up with it, that the cavalry and artillery horses were worn out, and that the information about the movements of the French was always unreliable.

The soldiers of the Russian troops were so exhausted by this incessant motion, of as much as forty versts a day, that they were unable to proceed any faster.

In order to understand the degree of the exhaustion of the Russian army, it is sufficient to consider the fact that, having lost not more than five thousand men in wounded and killed during the whole time of the march from Tarútino, nor more than one hundred in prisoners, the Russian army, which had left Tarútino numbering one hundred thousand, arrived at Krásnoe with no more than fifty thousand men.

The rapid motion of the Russians in pursuit of the French had the same destructive effect upon it as the flight of the French army. The only difference was that the Russian army moved voluntarily, without the menace of destruction, which was hanging over the French army, and that the stragglers and sick French soldiers remained in

the hands of the Russians, while the Russian stragglers were at home. The chief cause of the diminution of Napoleon's army lay in the rapidity of motion, and an indisputable proof of it is found in the corresponding diminution of the Russian troops.

Kutúzov's whole activity, as evidenced at Tarútino and Vyázma, was directed, — in so far as it lay in his power, — not to arrest this motion, which was so disastrous for the French (as they wanted to in St. Petersburg, and as Russian generals in the army demanded), but to coöperate with it, and to make the movements of his own troops as easy as possible.

But, as soon as the exhaustion of the troops and the enormous losses, due to the rapidity of motion, manifested themselves, another cause presented itself to Kutúzov for retarding the movement of the troops and for waiting. The aim of the Russian army was to pursue the French. The path over which the French army travelled was unknown; therefore, the more our troops followed on its heels, the greater were the distances which they marched. Only by following at a certain distance was it possible to intercept the zigzags which the French army was making, and so march the least possible distance. All the skilful manœuvres which the generals proposed were expressed in the transposition of the troops, the increase of the day's marches, whereas the only sensible aim was to diminish these marches. And Kutúzov's whole activity was directed toward this one aim, during the whole campaign, from Moscow to Vílna, — and it was not accidental and temporary, but so consistent that he did not once change it.

Kutúzov knew, not by reasoning or through science, but with his whole Russian being, — what every Russian soldier felt, as well, — that the French were vanquished, that the enemy was fleeing, and that it was necessary to see them out; at the same time he felt, just as the soldiers did, the whole difficulty of this campaign, which,

on account of the rapidity of motion and the unfavourable season, was quite unusual.

But the generals, especially those of foreign extraction, who wished to distinguish themselves, to startle somebody, to capture a duke or a king for some reason, — these generals thought that now, when all battles were preposterous and criminal, was the proper time for giving battle and conquering somebody. Kutúzov only shrugged his shoulders when, one after another, they presented to him projects of manœuvres with those ill-clad, half-starved soldiers who, in one month, without battles, had melted to half their numbers, and who, under the most favourable conditions of a continuous flight, had to cross, before reaching the border, an extent of territory which was twice as large as what they had already traversed.

This tendency to distinguish themselves and make evolutions, to overthrow and cut off, manifested itself with particular vigour whenever the Russian troops stumbled on the French army.

Thus it happened at Krásnoe, where they expected to find one of the three columns of the French, and stumbled on Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. In spite of all the means used by Kutúzov in order to free himself from this disastrous conflict and to save his troops, the slaughter of the scattered French bands indulged in by the exhausted men of the Russian army at Krásnoe lasted for three days.

Toll wrote a disposition, "*Die erste Colonne marschirt,*" and so forth. And, as usual, things were not done at all according to the disposition. Prince Eugene of Würtemberg fired at the fugitive Frenchmen from a hill, and demanded reinforcements, which did not arrive. The French in the night ran around the Russians, scattered, concealed themselves in the woods, and made their way ahead as best they could.

Milorádovich, who said that he did not want to know a

thing about the commissariat of the detachment, which could never be found when it was wanted, Milorádovich, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," as he called himself, and a great lover of conversations with Frenchmen, kept sending messengers of truce, asking for surrender, lost time, and did not do what he was commanded to do.

"I make you a present of this column, boys!" he said, riding up to the troops and indicating the Frenchmen to the cavalry. And the cavalymen, urging on their fagged horses with their spurs and swords, after the greatest effort, rode up at a trot to the column given them as a present, that is, to a crowd of frost-bitten, chilled, hungry Frenchmen; and the column threw down their arms and surrendered, a thing which the Frenchmen had long been desirous of doing.

At Krásnoe they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, hundreds of cannon, a certain stick, called the "marshal's bâton," and they quarrelled as to who distinguished himself there, and were satisfied with the battle, but very sorry not to have captured Napoleon, or at least some hero or marshal, and they reproached each other for this, but especially they reproached Kutúzov.

These men, carried away by their passions, were only the blind executors of the saddest law of necessity; but they regarded themselves as heroes, and imagined that what they did was most worthy and most noble. They accused Kutúzov and said that he had been keeping them from the beginning of the campaign from vanquishing Napoleon; that he thought only of the gratification of his passions, and did not wish to leave the Linen Factory because he was comfortable there; that he had arrested the motion at Krásnoe because, having learned of Napoleon's presence, he became confused; that it might be assumed that he was in conspiracy with Napoleon, and bought by him,¹ and so forth, and so forth.

¹ Wilson's Memoirs. — *Author's Note.*

Not only the contemporaries who were carried away by their passions said that of him ; even posterity and history have found Napoleon to be "grand," and Kutúzov is declared by the foreigners to have been an old, wily, corrupt, weak courtier, and by Russians, something indefinite, — a doll whose only use lay in his Russian name.

V.

IN 1812 and 1813 Kutúzov was directly accused of blunders. The emperor was dissatisfied with him. And in a history written lately by the order of his august Majesty it is said that Kutúzov was a wily, lying courtier, who was afraid of the name of Napoleon, and by his mistakes at Krásnoe and at the Berézina deprived the Russian troops of glory, — of a complete victory over the French.¹

Such is the fate, not of great men, not of "*grands hommes*," whom the Russian mind does not recognize, but of those rare, always even men who, divining the will of Providence, submit their personal will to it. The hatred and aversion of the masses punish these men for having grasped the highest laws.

For the Russian historians, — it is a strange and terrible thing to say, — Napoleon, that most insignificant tool of history, who nowhere and never, not even in exile, displayed human dignity, Napoleon is the subject of enthusiasm and transport, — he is "grand." But Kutúzov, the man who, from the beginning to the end of his activity in 1812, from Borodinó to Vílna, was not untrue to himself, in a single act or word, and who manifests the rare historical example of self-renunciation and of the consciousness in the present of the future significance of an event, — Kutúzov appears to them as something indefinite

¹ Bogdanóvich's "History of the Year 1812": The characterization of Kutúzov, and the reflections on the unsatisfactory results of the battles at Krásnoe. — *Author's Note.*

and pitiable, and, speaking of Kutúzov in 1812, they always seem to feel a little ashamed.

And yet, it is difficult to think of a historical person whose activity was so unchangeably and so constantly directed toward one purpose. It is difficult to imagine a worthier purpose and one which better coincides with the will of the whole nation. Still more difficult is it to find another example in history where the aim placed before himself by the historical person has been so fully attained as the aim toward the attainment of which Kutúzov's whole activity was directed in 1812.

Kutúzov did not speak of the forty centuries that looked down from the pyramids, of the sacrifices which he was making for his country, of what he intended to accomplish or already had accomplished: he said in general nothing about himself, played no rôle, always appeared as a most simple and ordinary man, and said the simplest and most ordinary things. He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame de Staël, read novels, loved the company of beautiful women, jested with the generals, officers, and soldiers, and never contradicted the people who wanted to prove anything to him. When Count Rostopchín galloped up to Kutúzov on the Yaúza Bridge to tell him that he was the cause of the ruin of Moscow, saying, "But you have promised not to abandon Moscow without giving battle!" Kutúzov replied, "I will not abandon it without giving battle," although Moscow was already abandoned. When Arakchéév, sent to him by the emperor, arrived and said that Ermólov ought to be appointed chief of artillery, Kutúzov replied, "I said so myself awhile ago," though a little while ago he had said something quite different. What difference did it make to him, who alone then understood the whole grand meaning of the event, amidst the senseless crowd that surrounded him, — what difference did it make to him whether Count Rostopchín would refer the calamity of Moscow to him, or to himself?

Still less could he be interested in who should be appointed chief of artillery.

Not only in these cases, but continuously, did this old man, who, through his experience of life had arrived at the conviction that ideas, and the words which serve as the vehicle of their expression, are not the prime movers of men, utter quite senseless words, the first that occurred to him.

But this same man, who took so little account of his words, never, in all his activity, uttered a word which was not in conformity with his only aim, toward the attainment of which he marched during the whole war. Apparently against his will, and with the oppressive consciousness that he would not be understood, he expressed his thoughts more than once, in all kinds of circumstances. Beginning with the battle of Borodinó, where his dissensions with his surroundings began, he said that *the battle of Borodinó was a victory*, and he repeated it orally and in his reports, up to his very death. It was he alone who said that *the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia*. In reply to Lauriston's proposal of peace, he answered that *there could be no peace because that was the will of the people*; during the retreat of the French he alone said that *all our manœuvres were useless; that everything would be done better of its own accord than we were able to do it; that a golden bridge must be given to the enemy; that the battles of Tarútino, of Vyázma, and of Krásnoe were equally unnecessary; that we ought to arrive at the border with something; that he would not give up one Russian for ten Frenchmen*.

And he alone, that courtier, as he is represented to us, — the man who lies to Arakchéev for the purpose of pleasing the emperor, — he alone, that courtier, says in Vílna, thus gaining the emperor's disfavour, that *a further war abroad was both harmful and useless*.

But words alone would not prove that he then compre-

hended the meaning of the event. His actions — all without the least exception — are directed to the same triple purpose: (1) to strain all his strength for the purpose of conflicts with the French; (2) to conquer them; and (3) to drive them out of Russia, alleviating as much as possible the suffering of the people and of the army.

He, the cunctator Kutúzov, whose device was “patience and time,” the enemy of decisive actions, gives the battle of Borodinó, circumstancing the preparations for it with unexampled solemnity. He, that Kutúzov who at the battle of Austerlitz had said, before it was begun, that it would be lost, at Borodinó, in spite of the assurance of the generals that the battle was lost, in spite of the unheard-of example in history that after a battle won the army has to retreat, he alone, in opposition to all, affirms to the day of his death that the battle of Borodinó was a victory. He alone, during the whole time of the retreat, insists that battles ought not to be given, that they are useless, that no new war ought to be begun, and that the border is not to be crossed.

It is now easy to understand the significance of the event, if a mass of aims which existed in the heads of a dozen men are not applied to the activity, because the whole event with its consequences lies before us.

But how could that old man, all alone in opposition to the opinion of everybody, have divined so correctly the meaning of the national importance of the event, so that he did not change his opinion once during his whole activity?

The source of that extraordinary power of foresight in the phenomena which were evolving themselves lay in that national feeling which he bore in himself in all its purity and strength.

Only the recognition of that sentiment in him could have made the people in such a strange manner, against the will of the emperor, select him, the old man in dis-

favour, as the representative of the national war. And only this sentiment placed him on that highest human eminence, from which he, the commander-in-chief, directed all his forces, not to kill and destroy men, but to save and pity them.

This simple, modest, and therefore truly majestic figure could not be cast in that false mould of the European hero who is supposed to guide men, such as history has invented him.

For a valet there is no great man, because a valet has his own conception of greatness.

VI.

THE 5th of November was the first day of the so-called battle of Krásnoe. Late in the afternoon, when, after many disputes and blunders by the generals, who took up their positions in the wrong places, and after the adjutants had been sent out with counter-commands, when it became quite evident that the enemy was fleeing everywhere and that there could be and would be no battle, Kutúzov rode out of Krásnoe and went to Dóbroe, whither the headquarters had been transferred on that day.

It was a clear, frosty day. Kutúzov, accompanied by an immense suite of generals, who were dissatisfied with him and who kept whispering behind him, rode on his fat, white horse to Dóbroe. Along the whole road parties of French prisoners taken on that day (seven thousand were taken on that day) crowded and warmed themselves at the camp-fires. Not very far from Dóbroe, an immense mass of ragged prisoners, wrapped and bandaged with anything they could find, kept talking as they stood on the road near a long row of unhitched French ordnance. At the approach of the commander-in-chief the conversation died down, and all eyes were directed upon Kutúzov, who, wearing his white, red-rimmed cap and wadded uniform, which was humped up over his stooping shoulders, was slowly moving down the road. One of the generals reported to Kutúzov where the guns and the prisoners had been taken.

Kutúzov seemed to be preoccupied with something, and did not hear the general's words. He half-closed his eyes

in dissatisfaction, and fixedly gazed at the figures of the prisoners, who presented a peculiarly pitiful appearance. The greater part of the French soldiers were disfigured by frozen noses and cheeks, and nearly all of them had red, swollen, purulent eyes.

One group of Frenchmen was standing close to the road, and two soldiers — the face of one of them was covered with frost-bites — were tearing with their hands a piece of raw meat. There was something terrible and beastly in that fleeting glance which they cast at the riders, and in that resentful glance with which the soldier with the frost-bites, having gazed at Kutúzov, immediately turned away and continued his work.

Kutúzov for a long time looked fixedly at these two soldiers; he frowned even more, half-closed his eyes, and pensively shook his head. In another place he noticed a Russian soldier who, laughing and patting a Frenchman on the shoulder, was speaking kindly to him. Kutúzov again shook his head, with the same expression on his face.

“What are you saying?” he asked the general, who continued to report, and who directed the attention of the commander-in-chief to the captured French flags, which were standing in front of the Preobrazhénski regiment.

“Oh, the flags!” said Kutúzov, evidently with difficulty tearing himself away from the subject which interested him. He looked absently about him. Thousands of eyes were directed upon him from every side, waiting for his word.

He stopped in front of the Preobrazhénski regiment, drew a deep sigh, and closed his eyes. Some one in the suite beckoned to the soldiers who were holding the flags to come up and plant the flagpoles around the commander-in-chief. Kutúzov kept silence for a few seconds and evidently reluctantly submitted to the necessity of his

position, raised his head and began to speak. Groups of officers surrounded him. He carefully surveyed the circle of the officers and recognized a few of them.

"I thank you all!" he said, turning to the soldiers and again to the officers. In the quiet which reigned about him could be distinctly heard his slowly enunciated words: "I thank you all for your laborious and faithful service. It is a complete victory, and Russia will not forget you. Glory to you for ever!"

He looked around him in silence.

"Bend down, bend down his head!" he said to a soldier who was holding a French eagle which he accidentally had lowered before a flag of the Preobrazhénski regiment. "Lower, lower, like that! Hurrah, boys!" he said, with a rapid motion of his chin, turning to the soldiers.

"Hurrah, rah, rah!" roared thousands of voices.

While the soldiers were shouting, Kutúzov, bending down on his saddle, inclined his head, and his eye beamed with a meek, almost derisive sparkle.

"That's it, boys," he said, when the voices died down.

Suddenly his voice and the expression of his face changed: the commander-in-chief stopped speaking, and there spoke a simple old man, who apparently wanted to communicate something most important to his comrades.

In the throng of officers and in the ranks of the soldiers there was a stir, in order to hear more clearly what he was going to say now:

"Listen, friends! I know it is hard for you, but what is to be done? Have a little patience,—only a short time is left. We shall see the guest out, and then we shall rest. Your Tsar will not forget you for your service. It is hard for you, but you are at least at home; but see what they have come to!" he said, pointing to the prisoners. "They are worse than the lowest beggars. As long as they were powerful, we did not pity them,

but now we may be compassionate toward them. They, too, are human beings. Am I right, boys?"

He looked around him, and in the stubborn, respectfully perplexed glances directed at him he read assent to his words: his face grew brighter and brighter from a meek old man's smile, which produced star-shaped wrinkles in the corners of his lips and eyes. He was silent for a moment and lowered his head as though in perplexity.

"To tell the truth, who sent for them? Serves them right, those ——," he suddenly said, raising his head. And, swinging his whip, he rode away at a gallop, for the first time during the campaign, from the soldiers, who were merrily laughing and shouting, "hurrah," while breaking ranks.

The words which Kutúzov had said had hardly been understood by the troops. No one would have been able to give the contents of the field-marshal's speech, which at first was solemn, and at the end good-natured; but the essential meaning of this speech had not only been grasped, but the very feeling of majestic solemnity in conjunction with compassion toward the enemy and consciousness of right, expressed in that very old man's good-natured curse,—that feeling lay in the soul of every soldier and was expressed by a joyous, long-sustained shout. When, after that, one of the generals turned to the commander-in-chief with the question whether he did not wish the carriage to be driven up, Kutúzov, in replying, suddenly burst out into sobs, as though strongly agitated.

VII.

ON October 8th, the last day of the battle of Krásnoe, it was already dark when the troops returned to the place of their bivouac. The whole day had been calm and frosty, with a fall of light snow; toward evening it cleared up. The starry dark-lilac sky could be seen through the snowflakes, and the frost became more intense.

The musketeer regiment which had left Tarútino three thousand men strong, now, with a force of nine hundred men, was one of the first to return to the appointed place of the bivouac, in the village on the highway. The quartermasters, who met the regiment, informed the soldiers that all the huts were occupied by sick and dead Frenchmen, cavalrymen, and the staffs. There was only one hut unoccupied, and that was for the commander of the regiment.

The commander rode up to his hut. The regiment passed through the village and at the outskirt of the village stacked arms on the highway.

Like an immense, multiple animal, the regiment began to prepare its lair and food. A part of the soldiers scattered, knee-deep, in the birch forest, which was on the right from the village, and immediately were heard the blows with axes and swords, the crackling of breaking branches, and merry voices; another part was busy near the centre of the regimental carts and of the horses standing in a group, taking out kettles and hardtack, and feeding the horses; a third party scattered through the

village, building booths for the officers of the staff, picking out the dead bodies of the French that were lying in the huts, and carrying off planks, dry wood, and the straw from the thatches for the camp-fires, and wicker fences for protection.

About fifteen soldiers were back of the huts at the edge of the village, with a merry shout swinging the high wicker wall of a shed, from which the thatch had already been removed.

"All at once, heave!" were heard the voices, and in the darkness of the night the immense snow-drifted sheet of the wicker wall swayed with a frosty crackling. The lower posts creaked oftener and oftener, and finally the wall fell down, with the soldiers who were pressing against it. There resounded a loud, coarsely joyous shout and laughter.

"Take two at a time! Let me have the jack! That's it. Where are you going?"

"Now, all at once! Wait, boys! With a song!"

All grew silent, and a soft, velvety voice started a song. At the end of the third stanza, with the end of the last sound, twenty voices shouted together: "Oo, oo, oo! She goes! All together! Heave, boys!" But, in spite of the united effort, the wall did not stir much, and in the silence which ensued could be heard heavy gasping.

"Oh, there, men of the sixth company! Devils! Give us a lift! We will do you a turn some day."

About twenty men of the sixth company, who were walking to the village, joined those who were dragging the wall; and the wickerwork, about thirty-five feet in length and seven feet in width, bending and pressing against and cutting the shoulders of the gasping men, moved down the village street.

"Move on! — There, he has fallen — Why do you stop? That's it!"

Merry, hideous curses followed each other.

“What are you doing there?” suddenly was heard the commanding voice of a soldier, running up against the men with the wicker wall. “Gentlemen are here! In the hut is the general himself, and you, devils, what are you about? I will teach you!” shouted the corporal, and, swinging his arm, he came down with all his might on the back of the soldier nearest to him. “Can’t you do it with less noise?”

The soldiers grew silent. The one who was struck by the corporal groaned and wiped off his face, which the corporal had made bleed by striking it against the wicker wall.

“I declare the devil fights! He has made my mug bleed!” he said, in a timid whisper, when the corporal had left.

“Don’t you like it?” said a laughing voice. And tempering the sounds of their voices, the soldiers moved on. When they got beyond the village, they again spoke out loud, interlarding their conversation with the same aimless curses.

In the hut, past which the soldiers had gone, were gathered the superior officers, and at tea they discussed in an animated manner the deeds of the past day and the manœuvres for the next. It was proposed to make a flank march to the left, to cut off the viceroy, and to capture him.

When the soldiers brought the wicker wall, the kitchen fires were already lighted on all sides. The wood crackled, the snow melted, and the black shadows of the soldiers flitted to and fro over the whole extent of space where the snow was tramped down.

Axes and swords were at work everywhere. Everything was done without any command. Wood was gathered up for the night; the tents of the superior officers were made warm; the kettles were boiling, and the guns and the ammunition were put in order.

The wicker wall, which the eighth company brought up, was placed in a semicircle on the north side and fastened with forked sticks, and before it a camp-fire was made. The tattoo was beat, roll was called, and the soldiers ate their supper and lay down around the fires for the night, — one to mend his boots, another to smoke his pipe, a third, sitting all naked, to scorch the vermin.

VIII.

ONE would think that in those almost inexpressibly grave conditions of existence, in which the Russian soldiers then were, — without warm boots, without sheepskin fur coats, without a roof overhead, in the snow at eighteen degrees Réaumur below zero, and even without a full supply of provisions, which did not always reach the army in time, — the soldiers ought to have presented a very sad and dismal spectacle.

On the contrary, never, under the best material conditions, did the army present a merrier and more animated spectacle. It was due to the fact that every day the army rejected all those who began to sink in spirits or in physical strength. Everything physically or morally feeble had long ago fallen out: there was left only the flower of the army, as regards the power of the soul and body.

With the eighth company, which had protected itself by the wicker wall, were gathered the largest crowd. Two corporals sat down with them, and their camp-fire burned brightest of any. They demanded that those who shared the privilege of sitting around the fire should bring their armfuls of wood.

“ Oh, Makyéev, what has become of you, son of a — ? Are you lost, or have the wolves eaten you up? Bring some wood!” shouted a red-faced, red-haired soldier, blinking and half-closing his eyes from the smoke, but still not moving away from the fire. “ And you, crow, go and bring us some wood!” this soldier turned to another.

The red-haired man was not an under-officer or corporal, but a strong and healthy soldier, and so he ordered those about who were weaker than he. A lean little soldier, with a sharp nose, whom they had called "crow," humbly rose and went to carry out the command; but just then the thin, handsome figure of a young soldier carrying some billets of wood stepped into the light of the fire.

"Give it here! That's fine!"

The wood was broken up and pressed down; they fanned the fire with their mouths and the skirts of their mantles, and the flame hissed and crackled. The soldiers moved up and lighted their pipes. The young, handsome soldier who had fetched the wood stood up with his arms akimbo and began rapidly and nimbly to stamp the ground with his frosted feet.

"Oh, mother, the dew is cold but fair, and the musketeer —" he sang, as though hiccupping at each syllable of the song.

"Say, your soles are coming off!" shouted the red-haired soldier, noticing that the dancer's sole was loose. "Stop your dancing!"

The dancer stopped, tore off the loose piece of leather and cast it into the fire.

"That's so, my friend," he said, sitting down and taking out of his knapsack a piece of French blue cloth, with which he began to wrap his leg. "I have worn out a pair," he added, stretching his leg out to the fire.

"Soon they will let us have new ones. They say, when we kill them all off, we shall get a double allowance of material."

"I declare, son of a —— Petróv has fallen behind, all the same," said the corporal.

"I noticed him long ago," said another.

"Well, the little soldier —"

"In the third company, they say, they missed nine men yesterday."

"Well, what do you want them to do when their feet are frost-bitten?"

"What nonsense!" said the corporal.

"Do you want the same to happen to you?" said an old soldier, turning reproachfully to the one who spoke of the frost-bitten feet.

"What do you think?" the sharp-nosed soldier, whom they had called "crow," suddenly rising from the fire, said in a squeaky and quivering voice. "He who is sleek will get thin; and who is thin will die. Take me, for example! I have no more strength," he suddenly said, with determination, turning to the corporal. "Have me sent to the hospital: my bones are breaking terribly; I shall fall behind, anyway —"

"That will do, that will do!" the corporal said, calmly.

The soldier grew silent, and the conversation was taken up again.

"What a lot of Frenchmen have been captured to-day! But not on one of them was there a decent pair of boots!" one of the soldiers started the conversation.

"The Cossacks have taken them. We were cleaning a hut for the colonel and carrying them out. It is a pity to look at them, boys!" said the dancer. "We turned them around, and one of them, would you believe it, was alive: he kept jabbering in his language."

"They are a clean lot, boys," said the first. "He was white, — as white as a birch; and there are nice ones among them, you might say noblemen."

"Why, of course! They have been gathered from all conditions of life."

"They know nothing of our language," the dancer said, with a smile of doubt. "I asked him to what Crown he belonged, and he kept jabbering away in his tongue. They are a fine lot!"

"No, this is wonderful, my friends," continued the one who admired their whiteness, "the peasants at Mozháysk

said that when they began to take away the killed where the battle had been, they had been lying there for at least a month. Well, those Frenchmen, they say, were as white as paper and clean, and there was not as much smell to them as to a puff of powder smoke."

"Well, was it from the cold?" asked one of them.

"How clever! From the cold! It was hot then. If it were from the cold, our men would not be stinking either. But they say that when you come up to one of our men, they are all rotten and worm-eaten. They say they have to wrap kerchiefs about their heads and drag them away turning their faces aside, and then they can't do it. But the French, they say, are as white as paper; they do not smell as much as a puff of powder smoke."

All kept silence.

"It must be from the food," said the corporal, "for they have been eating gentlemen's food."

Nobody retorted to this.

"A peasant told me at Mozháysk, where the battle was, that they were driven together from ten villages, and that they hauled away the dead for twenty days, and did not take away all. The wolves, he said —"

"Yes, that was a real battle," said the old soldier. "That battle is worth while to mention; but everything since that has been nothing but a torture to the people."

"That's right, uncle! The other day we ran up to them; but we did not get a chance at them: they just threw away their guns in a lively fashion, and got down on their knees. 'Pardon,' they said. That's what they did. They say that Plátov captured Poleon twice. He did not know the charm. He took him and took him, but Poleon turned into a bird in his hand and flew away. And there is no sense in killing him."

"What a liar you are, Kíselev, upon my word."

"It is no lie, but the gospel truth."

"If I had anything to do with it, I would catch him

and bury him in the ground, and ram him down with an aspen stick. He has made such a lot of people perish."

"We shall make an end of him, anyway, and he will stop coming to us," the old soldier said, yawning.

The conversation slackened, and the soldiers began to lie down for the night.

"Look at the stars! How they burn! You may say the women have laid out the linen to be bleached," said a soldier, looking admiringly at the milky way.

"Boys, this means that we shall have good crops next year."

"We need some more wood."

"I am warming up my back, but my belly is freezing. How funny!"

"O Lord!"

"Don't push that way! Is this fire just for you? I declare, he has spread himself!"

Through the silence that ensued one could hear the snoring of several men who had fallen asleep; others were turning around and warming themselves, now and then exchanging a few words. From a distant camp-fire, about one hundred paces away, proceeded friendly, merry laughter.

"How they are roaring in the fifth company," said a soldier. "What a riot of people are there!"

A soldier got up and went over to the fifth company.

"They are having a lot of fun," said he, upon returning. "Two Frenchmen have joined them. One is all frozen, and the other is such a dashing fellow! He is singing songs to them."

"Oh, oh! Let us go and see!"

Several soldiers went up to the fifth company.

IX.

THE fifth company was bivouacking at the very edge of the forest. An immense fire burned brightly in the middle of the snow, lighting up the boughs of the trees, which were heavy with hoarfrost.

In the middle of the night the soldiers of the fifth company heard steps over the snow in the forest and the crashing of branches.

"Boys, it is a bear!" said a soldier.

All raised their heads. They listened, and out of the forest there stepped into the light of the fire two strangely dressed human beings holding on to each other.

Those were two Frenchmen who had concealed themselves in the woods. They spoke hoarsely in an unintelligible language to the soldiers, and walked over to the fire. One of them was a little taller than the other. He wore an officer's cap, and seemed to be very feeble. As he reached the fire, he wanted to sit down, but fell upon the ground. The other, a small, thick-set soldier, his cheeks wrapped in a kerchief, looked stronger. He raised his companion and, pointing to his mouth, said something. The soldiers surrounded the Frenchmen, put the weak man on a mantle, and brought soup and vodka for the two.

The feeble French officer was Ramball; the one with his cheeks bandaged was his servant Morel.

After Morel had drunk the vodka and eaten a little kettle full of soup, he suddenly became morbidly jolly, and without cessation talked to the soldiers, who did not under-

stand him. Ramball refused the food; he lay silently on his elbow at the fire, and looked with meaningless red eyes at the Russian soldiers. Now and then he uttered a protracted groan, and again grew silent. Morel pointed to his shoulders to give the soldiers to understand that he was an officer, and that he ought to be warmed up. A Russian officer, who came up to the fire, sent some one to the colonel, to ask him whether he would not take the French officer to his room, to get him warm. When the messenger returned with the information that the colonel wanted the officer to be sent to him, Ramball was told to go there. He rose and wanted to walk, but tottered, and would have fallen, if a soldier standing near by had not supported him.

“What? You do not want to?” a soldier said, winking derisively, as he turned to Ramball.

“Oh, fool! Aren’t you ashamed? You are a lout, yes, a lout!” the jesting soldier was reproached on every side.

Ramball was surrounded; two men picked him up on their arms, held him, and carried him to the hut. Ramball embraced the soldiers’ necks and, when he was carried away, said, pitifully:

“*Oh, mes braves, oh, mes bons, mes bons amis! Voilà des hommes! Oh, mes braves, mes bons amis!*” bending, like a child, his head down on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

Meanwhile Morel was sitting in the best place, surrounded by the soldiers.

Morel, an undersized, thick-set Frenchman, with inflamed, tearful eyes, his head wrapped in woman fashion with a kerchief over his cap, wore a woman’s short fur coat. He was evidently under the influence of the liquor, as he embraced a soldier who was sitting near him, and in a hoarse and broken voice sang a French song. The soldiers held their sides, looking at him.

“All right, all right, teach me the song! I am quick

at learning. How?" said the jester and singer, whom Morel was embracing.

"*Vive Henri Quatre! Vive ce roi vaillant!*" sang Morel, blinking. "*Ce diable à quatre —*"

"Vivarika! Vif seruvaru! Sidiablaka —" repeated the soldier, waving his arm and really catching the air.

"That's great. Ho, ho, ho, ho!" a coarse, merry laugh was heard on every side. Morel frowned and laughed himself.

"Keep it up, more, more!"

*Qui eut le triple talent,
De boire, de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant —*

"It sounds fine, I must say! Come now, Zaletáev!"

"Kiu," Zaletáev spoke, with difficulty, "kiu-u-u —" he drew out the word, carefully rounding his lips, "le trip talah de boo de bah i detrah vah galah," he sang out.

"It is great! He is a fine Frenchman! Oh, ho, ho, ho! Well, do you want something more to eat?"

"Give him some more soup! It takes quite awhile for a hungry man to fill himself."

They gave him more soup, and Morel, laughing, started on his third little kettle. Joyful smiles were on all the faces of the young soldiers, who were looking at Morel. The old soldiers, who regarded it as improper to busy themselves with such trifles, were lying on the other side of the fire; occasionally they raised themselves on their elbows, to look smilingly at Morel.

"They, too, are human beings," said one of them, rolling himself up in his mantle. "Wormwood, too, grows on its root."

"Oh, O Lord, O Lord! How beautiful the stars are! It means more frost!"

And all grew silent.

The stars seemed to know that no one would see them now: they began to play in the black heavens, now flaming up, now going out, now quivering; they were whispering with one another about something joyous and mysterious.

X.

THE French troops melted evenly in a mathematically correct progression. That crossing of the Berézina, of which so much has been written, was only one of those intermediate stages of the destruction of the French army, and not at all a decisive episode of the war. If so much has been written about the Berézina, this is due, on the French side, to the fact that on the broken bridge of the Berézina the calamities endured by the French army, of an even tenor before, here suddenly grouped themselves about one moment, — into one tragic spectacle, of which all have preserved a memory. But on the side of the Russians so much has been written and said about the Berézina, because, at a distance away from the theatre of the war, at St. Petersburg, a plan (by the same Pfuel) had been prepared to catch Napoleon in a strategic trap on the Berézina River. All were convinced that everything would happen exactly as mentioned in the plan, and so they insisted that it was the crossing of the Berézina, and nothing else, that caused the ruin of the French. In reality the results of the passage of the Berézina were much less disastrous for the French, in the loss of ordnance and prisoners, than Krásnoe, as the figures show.

The only significance of the passage of the Berézina lies in the fact that this passage gave a palpable and indisputable proof of the falseness of all the plans of cutting off, and the correctness of the only possible mode of action, that demanded by Kutúzov and by the whole mass of the army, — which was that of merely pursuing the enemy.

The crowd of Frenchmen ran with an ever increasing rapidity, with all its energy directed toward attaining the goal. It ran like a wounded animal, and it could not stop on its way. This was proved, not so much by the manner of the passage, as by the movement on the bridges. When the bridges were destroyed, the disarmed soldiers, the Moscow citizens, the women with their children, who were in the baggage-train of the French, did not surrender, but, under the influence of the power of inertia, ran forward into the boats and the frozen water.

This precipitation was sensible. The condition of the fugitives and of the pursuers was equally bad. While remaining with their own, each in the calamity counted on the assistance of his companion, on a definite place among his own. In surrendering to the Russians, he was still in the same calamitous state, but stood on a lower stage as regards the gratification of his vital needs. The French did not have to have any definite information about the position of the captives with whom the Russians did not know what to do, in spite of all the desire of the Russians to save them, and who died of starvation and cold. The most compassionate Russian chiefs and lovers of the French, the Frenchmen in Russian service, could do nothing for the prisoners. The Frenchmen perished from the calamity in which the Russian army was. It was impossible to take the food and the clothing away from the hungry, necessary soldiers, in order to give them not to the harmful, nor hated, nor guilty, but simply to the useless Frenchmen. A few did so; but these were the exception.

Behind, was certain perdition; in front, was hope. The ships had been burned; there was no other hope but in common flight, and to this common flight all the forces of the French were directed.

The farther the French ran, the more pitiable their last remnants were, especially after the passage of the Berézina,

on which the greatest hopes had been based, on account of the St. Petersburg plan, and the more did the passions become kindled in the Russian chiefs, who accused one another and especially Kutúzov. Assuming that the failure of the Berézina plan from St. Petersburg would be referred to him, the dissatisfaction with him, the aversion for him, and the derision in which he was held, expressed themselves more and more strongly. The derision and aversion, naturally, assumed a respectful form, so that Kutúzov could not even ask what he was being accused of. They did not speak seriously with him; in reporting to him and asking his decisions, they looked as though they were carrying out a sad rite, and behind his back they constantly winked to each other and at every step tried to deceive him.

It was acknowledged by all these men, even for the very reason that they could not understand him, that there was no use in talking to the old man; that he would never comprehend the profundity of their plans; that he would reply to them with his phrases (they thought that they were nothing but phrases) about the golden bridge, about its not being right that they should reach foreign countries with a crowd of vagabonds, and so forth. They had heard all that from him. And everything he said, for example, about having to wait for the supplies, and about the soldiers being without boots, was so simple, while what they proposed was so clever and so complicated, that it was evident to them that he was stupid and old, and that they were enslaved military geniuses.

Especially after the juncture of the armies of the brilliant admiral and hero of St. Petersburg, Wittgenstein, this mood and the gossip of the staff reached their highest limits. Kutúzov saw it, and, sighing, only shrugged his shoulders. Only once, after the Berézina, did he grow angry, when he wrote to Bénigsen, who reported individually to the emperor, the following letter:

“On account of your ill health, I ask your Excellency after the receipt of this letter to repair to Kalúga, where you will wait for further orders and for the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty.”

But soon after the despatch of Bénigsen, Grand Duke Konstantín Pávlovich, who had guided the beginning of the campaign, and who had been put aside by Kutúzov, arrived in the army. Now the grand duke informed Kutúzov of the emperor's dissatisfaction with the weak successes of our troops and with the slowness of motion. The emperor himself intended to visit the army in a few days.

The old man, as experienced in court affairs as in military matters, that same Kutúzov, who in August of that year had been chosen commander-in-chief against the will of the emperor, who had removed the Tsarévich and the grand duke from the army, who, by dint of his power, contrary to the wish of the emperor, had decreed the abandonment of Moscow, — that Kutúzov now saw at once that his time was coming to an end, that he had played his rôle, and that he no longer possessed his power. It was not merely from his relations with the court that he understood this. On the one hand he saw that the military affair, in which he had been playing a part, was ended, and he felt that his mission was fulfilled. On the other hand, he at the same time began to feel physical lassitude in his old body and the necessity of a physical rest.

On November 29th Kutúzov entered Vílna, — his good Vílna, as he said (twice during his service Kutúzov had been governor of Vílna). In the rich, intact Vílna, Kutúzov found, not only the comforts of life of which he had been deprived for so long a time, but also his old friends and memories. And suddenly turning away from all the cares of war and State, he was absorbed in the even, habitual tenor of life, so far as the passions which

bubbled around him permitted him to be, as though what was going on and still was to happen in the historical world had no reference to him.

Chichagóv, one of the most impassioned cutters-off and overthrowers, Chichagóv, who at first wanted to make a diversion into Greece, and then into Warsaw, but under no consideration wanted to go where he was sent, Chichagóv, known for his bold speech to the emperor, Chichagóv, who regarded Kutúzov as having received favours from him because, having been sent in the year 1811 to conclude a peace with Turkey despite Kutúzov, and having discovered that the peace had already been concluded, he acknowledged to the emperor that the honour of having reestablished peace belonged to Kutúzov, — this same Chichagóv was the first who met Kutúzov in Vílna at the castle, where Kutúzov was to stop. Chichagóv wore the half-uniform of the marines and his hanger when, holding his cap under his arm, he handed Kutúzov the report of the troops and the keys of the city. That contemptuously respectful relation of the younger men to the dotting old man was most clearly expressed in the whole bearing of Chichagóv, who already knew the accusations which were to be brought against Kutúzov.

While talking with Chichagóv, Kutúzov said to him, among other things, that his carriages with the dishes, which had been captured at Borísov, were intact and would be returned to him.

“ *C'est pour me dire que je n'ai sur quoi manger. Je puis, au contraire, vous fournir de tout dans le cas même où vous voudriez donner des dîners,*” Chichagóv said, flying up, wishing to prove to him with every word that he was right, and, therefore, assuming that Kutúzov was preoccupied with the same thing.

Kutúzov smiled his fine, penetrating smile and, shrugging his shoulders, replied :

“ *Ce n'est que pour vous dire ce que je vous dis.*”

Kutúzov left the greater part of the troops in Vílna, contrary to the emperor's wish. During this stay in Vílna, he broke down completely and became physically feeble, so those said who were about him. He attended reluctantly to army matters, left everything to his generals, and, waiting for the emperor, abandoned himself to the distractions of life.

XI.

ON December 7th the emperor left St. Petersburg with Count Tolstóy, Prince Volkónski, Arakchéev, and others. On December 11th he arrived in Vílna, where he at once drove to the castle in his road sleigh. At the castle, in spite of the severe frost, stood about one hundred generals and officers of the staff, in full parade uniform, and a guard of honour of the Seménovski regiment.

A courier, galloping up to the castle on a sweaty tróyka, in advance of the emperor, shouted, "He is coming!" Konovnísyn rushed into the vestibule to inform Kutúzov, who was waiting in the small porter's room.

A minute later the stout, tall figure of the old man, in full parade uniform, with all his regalia covering his breast, and his abdomen girded with a sash, in a waddling gait walked out on the porch. Kutúzov put on his hat, took his gloves into his hands, and, with difficulty stepping sidewise, descended the steps. In his hand he held a report which was to be handed to the emperor.

A bustle, a whispering, another tróyka racing past, and all eyes were directed toward the sleigh, in which already could be seen the figure of the emperor and of Volkónski.

In spite of having been accustomed to this for fifty years, the old general was physically affected by it; he hurriedly fingered himself all over, adjusted his hat, and, as the emperor, lifting his eyes to him, left the sleigh, took courage and pulled himself together, handed the emperor the report, and began to speak in his even, insinuating voice.

The emperor measured Kutúzov from head to foot with a rapid glance and frowned for a moment, but immediately overcame his feeling, walked over to him, and, extending his arms, embraced the old general. Kutúzov again received his old, customary impression, which was the more intense now on account of his secret thought, and so this embrace affected him as usual, and he burst into a sob.

The emperor greeted the officers and the Seménovski guard, and, once more pressing the old man's hand, went with him into the castle.

When the emperor was left all alone with the field-marshal, he expressed to him his dissatisfaction with the slowness of the pursuit, with the blunders at Krásnoe and at the Berézina, and communicated to him his plans for the future campaign abroad. Kutúzov made no retort and no observations. On his face was the same humble and meaningless expression, with which he seven years before had received the emperor's commands on the field of Austerlitz.

When Kutúzov left the cabinet and with his heavy, lurching gait and drooping head walked through the parlour, some one's voice stopped him.

"Your Serenity!"

Kutúzov raised his head and for a long time looked into the eyes of Count Tolstóy, who, with some little thing on a silver dish, was standing before him. Kutúzov did not seem to comprehend what it was they wanted of him.

Suddenly he seemed to recall something. A barely perceptible smile flashed over his puffy face, and, bending low and with an expression of respect, he took the object on his dish. It was the Cross of St. George of the first degree.

XII.

ON the following day the field-marshal gave a dinner and a ball, which the emperor honoured with his presence. Kutúzov had received the Cross of St. George of the first degree. The emperor showed him the highest honours, but everybody knew the emperor's dissatisfaction with the field-marshal. Proprieties were preserved, and the emperor gave the first example in this; but everybody knew that the old man was guilty and good for nothing. When, at the ball, Kutúzov, following his old habit of the days of Catherine, ordered the captured flags to be laid down before the feet of the emperor as he entered the hall, the emperor frowned and uttered some words, among which some pretended to have heard the words, "Old comedian!"

The emperor's dissatisfaction with Kutúzov was intensified at Vílna, especially because Kutúzov would not, or could not, understand the significance of the future campaign.

When, on the following day, the emperor said to the assembled officers, "You have saved not only Russia, but also Europe," all knew that the war was not ended.

Kutúzov was the only one who refused to understand it, and who openly expressed his opinion that a new war could not improve the situation of Russia and increase her glory, but that, on the contrary, it could make worse her condition and lower that highest pinnacle of glory, upon which, in his opinion, Russia was now standing. He tried to prove to the emperor the impossibility of

levying a new army, spoke of the grave condition of the population, of the possibility of failures, and so forth.

Being in such a mood, the field-marshal naturally presented himself only as an obstacle in the impending war.

In order to avoid a conflict with the old man, there presented itself an issue, which was, as at Austerlitz and as in the beginning of the campaign under Barclay, to take away from underneath the commander-in-chief, without troubling him, or announcing the fact to him, that soil of power on which he was standing, and transferring the power to the emperor himself.

For this purpose the staff was slowly reorganized, and all the essential power of Kutúzov's staff was reduced and transferred to the emperor. Toll, Konovnítsyn, Ermólov received other appointments. All said aloud that the field-marshal had grown very feeble and out of health.

He had to be feeble, in order that his place could be transferred to his successor. And, indeed, his health was failing.

Just as Kutúzov naturally, simply, and successively had come from Turkey to the Treasury in St. Petersburg, in order to levy the militia, and then was transferred to the army, when he was indispensable, so now, when Kutúzov's rôle was finished, there appeared in his place just as naturally, successively, and simply a new, peremptory factor.

The war of 1812, in addition to its national character, so dear to every Russian heart, was to have another, a European significance.

The movement of the nations from the West to the East was to be followed by a movement of the nations from the East to the West, and for this new war a new factor was needed, — one that had different qualities and views from those possessed by Kutúzov, and was moved by different sentiments.

In order to move the nations from the East to the West

and to reëstablish the borders of the nations, Alexander I. was as necessary as Kutúzov had been for the salvation and glory of Russia.

Kutúzov did not comprehend what was meant by the words "Europe, equilibrium, Napoleon." He could not understand it. For the representative of the Russian nation, after the enemy had been destroyed and Russia, freed and placed on the highest level of its glory, to a Russian as a Russian, there was nothing left to do. For the representative of the national war nothing was left but death. And he died.

XIII.

As is often the case, Pierre felt the whole weight of his physical privations and of his strain, experienced by him in captivity, only when these privations and the strain were all over. After his liberation from captivity, he arrived in Orél; but, on the third day, as he was getting ready to go to Kíev, he grew ill, and thus remained for three months in Orél. He suffered from a bilious fever, as the physicians said. He did not get well, although the doctors cured him, bled him, and made him drink all kinds of medicines.

Everything which happened to Pierre after his liberation and up to his falling ill left almost no impression on him. He remembered only gray, misty, now rainy, now snowy weather, an inner physical tedium, a pain in his legs and in his side; he remembered the general impression of men's misfortunes and sufferings; he remembered the troublesome curiosity of the officers and generals who asked him all kinds of questions, his own endeavour to find a carriage and horses, and, above all, his inability to think and feel, which had taken possession of him at that time. On the day of his release he had seen the body of Pétya Rostóv. On the same day he learned that Prince Andréy had been alive a month after the battle of Borodinó, and had but lately died in Yarosláv, in the house of the Rostóvs. On the same day, Denísov, who had given Pierre this information, among other things had mentioned the death of Héliène, thinking that Pierre had learned of it before. All that had appeared merely strange to him. He had felt that

he could not grasp the significance of all this information. He had then had the one care of getting away as fast as possible from those places, where people killed each other, and going to some quiet place of refuge, where he might come to his senses, be rested, and reflect on all those strange and new things which he had learned during that time. But the moment he arrived in Orél, he fell ill. When he recovered from his illness, he found himself surrounded by his two servants, Terénti and Váska, who had come from Moscow, and by the elder princess, who, living in Eléts, on Pierre's estate, and learning of his release and illness, had come to tend on him.

During his convalescence, he only by degrees got rid of his impressions of the last few months, to which he had become accustomed, and got used to these new ones that no one would drive him anywhere to-morrow, that no one would take away his warm bed from him, and that he would certainly have a dinner, and tea, and a supper. But in his dreams he continued for a long time to see himself in those conditions of captivity. Just as slowly did he comprehend the news which he had heard after his liberation: the death of Prince Andréy, the death of his wife, and the destruction of the French.

The joyous feeling of liberty, — of that full, inalienable liberty, which is innate in every man, — of which he had for the first time become conscious at the first day's halt after leaving Moscow, filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was surprised to find that this inner freedom, which is independent of external conditions, was now coupled to excess with an outward liberty as well. He was all alone in a strange city, without acquaintances. No one demanded anything of him; he was not sent anywhere. He had everything he wanted; the thoughts about his wife, which had tormented him so much before, did not exist, just as she did not exist.

"Oh, how good, how fine!" he said to himself, when

they moved up to him a neatly covered table with a savoury soup, or when he at night lay down on a soft, clean bed, or when he recalled that his wife and the French were no more.

“ Oh, how good, how fine ! ” And with his old habit, he put the question to himself : “ Well, and then what ? What shall I do ? ” And immediately he answered himself : “ Nothing. I will live. Oh, how nice ! ”

The same that before had tormented him, that he had been all the time looking for, the aims of life, did not exist for him now. The searchable aim of life did not exist for him merely by accident ; he felt that it was not, and could not be. And this absence of an aim gave him that full, joyous consciousness of freedom, which at that time formed his happiness.

He could not have any aim because he had faith now, — not faith in rules, or words, or ideas, but in the living, always tangible God. Formerly he had been looking for Him in the aims which he had placed before himself. This searching after an aim was only the searching after God ; and suddenly he had learned in his captivity, not through words, or through reflection, but through his immediate feeling, what his nurse had told him long before, that God was here and everywhere. He had learned in his captivity that God was greater, more endless, and more incomprehensible in Karatáev than in what was called by the Freemasons the Architect of the Universe. He experienced the sensation of a man who had found under his feet what he had been looking for, though he had been straining his eyes to find it in the distance. He had all his life been looking into that distance, above the heads of the men surrounding him, whereas he ought not to have strained his vision, but only to have looked ahead of him.

Before, he had been unable to see anything great, incomprehensible, and endless in anything. He had only felt

that it had to be somewhere, and he had been looking for it. In everything near and comprehensible he had seen only that which was limited, petty, terrestrial, senseless. He had armed himself with a mental spy-glass and had peered into the distance, there where the petty circumstances of life, concealing themselves in the misty horizon, had appeared to him great and endless, only because they were not clearly discernible. Such had seemed to him European life, politics, Freemasonry, philosophy, philanthropy. But even then, at those moments, which he regarded as his moments of weakness, his mind had pierced even that distance, and there he had perceived the same petty, terrestrial, senseless characteristics.

But now that he had learned to see the great, eternal, and endless in everything, and, therefore, in order to see it, to enjoy it by contemplation, he naturally threw away that glass, through which he had heretofore been looking above the heads of men, and joyously contemplated all around him the eternally changeable, eternally great, the incomprehensible, and endless life. And the nearer he looked, the calmer and the happier he was. The terrible question, why? which formerly had destroyed all his mental structures, now did not exist for him. Now, to this question, why? there was in his soul always ready the simple answer: Because there is a God, that God, without whose will a hair will not fall from the head of man.

XIV.

PIERRE had hardly changed in his external ways. In looks he was the same he had been before. He was as absent-minded as he had been, and seemed to be occupied not with what was before his eyes, but with something peculiar. The difference between his former and his present condition consisted in this, that formerly, when he had forgotten something which was before him or which he had been told, he used painfully to knit his brow, as though trying to make it out, and yet unable to see what was far away from him. Now he forgot just as easily what was before him, or what he was told; but now he looked with a barely perceptible, almost derisive smile at what was before him, and listened to what he was being told, although he apparently saw and heard something quite different. Formerly he had seemed to be a good, but unhappy man, and so people instinctively kept away from him. Now a smile of the joy of life constantly played about his lips, and in his eyes beamed sympathy for men,—the question whether they were as happy as he. And people felt at their ease in his presence.

Formerly he used to speak much, grew excited when he spoke, and listened little; now he rarely was carried away by a conversation and was able to listen to people, so that they took delight in communicating to him their innermost thoughts.

The elder princess had never liked Pierre, and had had a peculiarly inimical feeling for him ever since the death of the old count, when she had put herself under obliga-

tions to him ; but now, after a short stay in Orél, whither she had come with the intention of proving to Pierre that, in spite of his ingratitude, she regarded it as her duty to look after him, she soon discovered, to her annoyance and surprise, that she actually loved him. Pierre had been doing nothing to gain that favourable opinion from the princess. He had only been watching her with curiosity. Formerly the princess used to feel that in his glance at her there was indifference and derision, and she withdrew from him, as from other people, and presented only her fighting side of life ; now, on the contrary, she felt that he was burrowing down to her most intimate sides of life, and she began, at first with incredulity, and later with gratitude, to show him the hidden good sides of her character.

Not the wiliest man could more artfully have stolen into the confidence of the princess, calling back her recollections of the best time of her youth, and evincing sympathy for them. And yet, all the wiles of Pierre consisted only in seeking his own pleasure, by which he evoked human sentiments in the crabbed, dry, and peculiarly haughty princess.

"Yes, he is a very, very good man when he is not under the influence of bad people, but of such as I am," the princess said to herself.

The change which had taken place in Pierre was noticed in its way also by his servants, Terénti and Váska. They found that he had become much simpler. Having undressed his master, holding his boots and garments in his hand, Terénti would tell him good night and yet hesitate to leave, waiting for his master to enter into a conversation with him. As a rule Pierre stopped Terénti when he noticed that his servant wanted to chat with him.

"Tell me how you provided food for yourself!" he would say. And Terénti would begin a story of the de-

struction of Moscow, or of the old count, and would stand for a long time with the clothes in his hands, talking, or listening to Pierre's stories, after which he would leave for the antechamber, with the agreeable consciousness of his master's nearness and favour to him.

The doctor, who cured Pierre and who came to see him every day, though he, as is the habit of physicians, regarded it as his duty to have the aspect of a man whose every minute was precious to suffering humanity, sat for hours at a time with Pierre, telling him his favourite stories and his observations on the habits of his patients in general and of the ladies in particular.

"Yes, it is a pleasure to have a chat with such a man, — quite different from what it is here in the province," he said.

In Orél were living several captive officers, and the doctor brought one of them, a young Italian officer, with him.

This officer began to call on Pierre, and the princess had to laugh at the tender feelings which the Italian expressed for Pierre.

The Italian apparently was never so happy as when he could see Pierre, and talk with him, and tell him about his past, his domestic life, his love, and give vent to his indignation against the French, and especially against Napoleon.

"If all the Russians resemble you in the least," he said to Pierre, "*c'est un sacrilège que de faire la guerre à un peuple comme le vôtre.* You have suffered so much from the French, and yet have no resentment against them."

And this impassioned love of the Italian Pierre merited only by evoking the best sides of his soul and admiring them.

During the latter part of his stay in Orél, he was visited by his old Masonic acquaintance, Count Willárski,

the one who had introduced him into the lodge in 1807. Willárski was married to a rich Russian lady who had large possessions in the Government of Orél, and temporarily occupied a place in the city with the commissariat.

Upon learning that Bezúkhi was in Orél, Willárski, though he had never been on a close footing with him, came to see him with those expressions of friendship and intimacy which people generally show to each other when meeting in the desert. Willárski felt lonesome in Orél, and he was happy to meet a man belonging to the same circle with him, and having, as he thought, the same interests.

But to his surprise, Willárski soon noticed that Pierre had fallen very much behind actual life, and had dropped, as he considered it, into apathy and egoism.

"*Vous vous encroutez, mon cher,*" he said to him. And yet, in spite of it, Willárski felt more comfortable in Pierre's company than before, and he called on him every day. But Pierre, looking at Willárski and listening to him now, could hardly make himself believe that he had but recently been like him.

Willárski was married, a man with a family, busy with the affairs of his wife's estates, and with the service, and with his family. He considered all these occupations as obstacles in life and as objects of contempt, because they aimed at his personal weal and at that of his family. Military, administrative, political, Masonic considerations constantly absorbed his attention. Without trying to change this opinion of his, and without condemning him with his now constantly calm and joyous smile, Pierre looked with delight at this strange, familiar phenomenon.

In his relations with Willárski, with the princess, with the doctor, with all the people whom he met now, there was a new feature in Pierre which earned for him the good-will of all people: it was the recognition of the pos-

sibility for each man to think, feel, and look at things in his own way, and the acknowledgment of the impossibility of dissuading a man with words. This legitimate peculiarity of each man, which formerly had so agitated and irritated Pierre, now formed the basis of the sympathy and interest which he took in people. The difference, sometimes the complete contradiction, of the views of these men with his own life and among themselves, gave pleasure to Pierre and provoked in him a derisive and meek smile.

In practical affairs Pierre now suddenly felt that he had a centre of gravity, which had been lacking before. Formerly every financial question, especially requests for money, to which he, as a rich man, was frequently subjected, used to agitate and perplex him beyond measure. "Shall I give, or not?" he used to ask himself. "I have some and he needs it. But another needs it worse. Who needs it most? Maybe both are cheats." And he formerly could find no way out of all these suppositions, and gave to all as long as he had anything to give. He used to be in the same perplexity in regard to every question touching his possessions, when one said that he ought to do so and so with them and another said he ought to do otherwise.

Now, to his surprise, he found that there were no more doubts and perplexities in all these questions. There had appeared in him a judge who decided by some incomprehensible laws what he had to do, and what not.

He was as indifferent to monetary matters as before; but now he knew indisputably what was to be done, and what not. The first application of this new judge was made by him in connection with the request of a captive French colonel, who came to him, told him a great deal about his exploits, and in the end almost demanded that Pierre should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children. Pierre without the least effort or

strain refused him, later wondering himself how easy and simple was that which formerly had seemed impossible. At the same time, though refusing the colonel, he decided that it was necessary to employ a ruse when he left Oréli, in order to make the Italian officer take some money, of which he was evidently in need. He found a new proof of his well-established view on practical matters in the solution of the question, which presented itself to him, about the debts of his wife and about repairing his Moscow houses and villas.

Pierre's chief superintendent came to see him in Oréli, and both together made a rough estimate of his changed income. The fire of Moscow cost Pierre, according to the calculation of the chief superintendent, about two millions.

The superintendent consoled Pierre in his losses, by presenting to him for consideration the fact that, in spite of his losses, his income would not only not be diminished, but would even be increased, if he refused to pay his wife's debts, which he could not be compelled to do, and if he would not restore the Moscow houses and the suburban estate, which cost him eighty thousand a year and brought him no income.

"Yes, yes, it is true," said Pierre, smiling merrily. "Yes, yes, I do not need them. My ruin has made me much richer."

But in January Savélich arrived from Moscow, and he told of the condition of the city, and communicated to him the estimate made by the architect for the restoration of his Moscow house and the suburban estate, speaking of it as an accomplished fact. Just then Pierre received letters from Prince Vasili and from other acquaintances in St. Petersburg. The letters spoke of his wife's debts. Pierre decided that the plan of the superintendent, which had pleased him so much, was incorrect, and that he had to go to St. Petersburg to settle his wife's affairs, and then to Moscow to build again. Why it was necessary

to do so he did not know ; but he was absolutely sure he had to do it. His income, in consequence of this decision, would be reduced by three-fourths. But it had to be done ; of that he was sure.

Willárski was going to Moscow, and they agreed to travel together.

Pierre had been experiencing, during the whole period of his convalescence in Orél, a feeling of joy, liberty, life ; but when he, during his journey, found himself in a free world and saw hundreds of new faces, the sentiment was greatly increased. During his whole journey he experienced the joy of a schoolboy on a vacation. All the persons, the driver, the inspector of posts, the peasants on the road and in the village, — all had a new meaning for him. The presence of Willárski and his constant complaints about Russia's poverty, backwardness as compared with Europe, and ignorance only heightened Pierre's joy. Where Willárski saw death, Pierre saw an uncommonly powerful vitality, that force which in the snow, over the whole extent of territory, supported the life of this whole peculiar and unique nation. He did not contradict Willárski, but listened to him and smiled pleasantly, as though agreeing with him (since a feigned assent was the easiest way of avoiding discussions, which would lead to nothing).

XV.

JUST as it is hard to explain why and whither the ants are hurrying from a scattered ant-heap, some of them leaving it with pieces of dirt, and with eggs and dead bodies, others making their way into the hill, why they stumble against each other and fight, — so it would be hard to explain the causes which led the Russians, after the evacuation of the French, to congregate in the place which had once been called Moscow. But just as, looking at the ants who are swarming about the ruined mound, one sees by the persistence, energy, and multitude of the agitated ants that, in spite of the complete destruction of the hill, everything has been devastated except something indestructible and immaterial, something which forms the whole power of the ant-hill, — even so Moscow was in October the same city that it had been in August, though there were there no authorities, no churches, no wealth, no houses. Everything had been destroyed, except something immaterial, but powerful and indestructible.

The motives of the men who from all sides were streaming into Moscow, after its evacuation by the enemy, were of various kinds; they were mostly personal and, at first, generally, of a savage, animal character. There was but one common motive to all, and that was a desire to revisit the place, formerly called Moscow, in order to apply their activities there.

Within a week there were there fifteen thousand people; in two weeks, twenty-five thousand, and so forth.

Growing larger and larger, the number in the fall of 1813 surpassed the population in 1812.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Wintzingerode's detachment, the peasants of the surrounding villages, and the inhabitants of Moscow who had fled and concealed themselves in the neighbouring country. The Russians, upon entering Moscow and finding it pillaged, themselves began to pillage. They continued the work of the French. Caravans of peasant carts arrived in the city, in order to carry off to the villages everything which lay scattered in the devastated houses and streets. The Cossacks took away what they could to their camps; proprietors of houses looted everything they found in other people's houses and carried it to their own buildings, under the pretext that it belonged to them.

But after the first looters arrived others, and again others, and, in proportion as their number increased, pillaging became harder and harder, and assumed more definite forms.

The Frenchmen had found Moscow empty, but with all the forms of a regular organic life, with all its manifestations of commerce, trades, luxury, government offices, and religion. The forms were lifeless, but they existed none the less. There were the rows, shops, stores, magazines, bazars, — most of them filled with wares; there were factories and workshops; there were palaces and opulent houses, filled with objects of luxury; there were hospitals, jails, courts, churches, and cathedrals. The longer the French remained there, the more these forms of city life were being destroyed, and toward the end everything ran together into one inseparable, lifeless field of pillage.

The longer the pillaging of the French lasted, the more did the wealth of the city and the strength of the pillagers suffer from it. On the contrary, the longer the pillaging of the Russians, with which the occupation of the city began, lasted, the greater was the number of the par-

ticipants in it, and the quicker was the wealth of the city and its regular life brought back to its normal condition.

Outside of the pillagers, people of the most varied description, attracted by curiosity, or by the sense of duty, or by calculation, — owners of houses, the clergy, the higher and lower officials, merchants, artisans, peasants, — began from all sides to flow to Moscow, like blood to the heart.

A week later, the peasants who arrived with empty carts in order to take things away were stopped by the authorities and compelled to haul away the dead bodies from the city. Other peasants, who heard of the failure of their comrades, came to the city with grain, oats, hay, and knocked each other's prices down, until they were lower than ever before. Associations of carpenters, hoping to earn good wages, arrived in Moscow every day, and on every side new houses were built, and the old, half-burnt houses were mended. The merchants opened their shops in booths. Taverns and restaurants were opened in the ruined houses. The clergy renewed the divine services in many of the churches still standing. Contributors brought back the looted church vessels. The officials set up their tables with the green cloth and their shelves with the documents in small rooms. The higher authorities and the police looked after the distribution of the property left by the Frenchmen. The proprietors of the houses in which property taken from other houses was left complained of the injustice of taking it away to the palace; others insisted that the French had collected many things in one place, and that, therefore, it was unjust to give the proprietors the things found in their houses. The police were abused; they were bribed; the burnt Crown property was calculated at ten times its value; assistance was asked. Count Rostopchín wrote his proclamations.

XVI.

IN the end of January, Pierre arrived in Moscow, taking up his abode in an intact wing of his house. He called on Count Rostopchín and on a few friends who had returned to Moscow, and two days later got ready to leave for St. Petersburg. Everybody was celebrating the victory; everything swarmed with life in the devastated and reviving capital. All were glad to see Pierre; all wanted to see him and asked him about what he had seen. Pierre felt himself very friendlily disposed to all the men whom he met; but he now involuntarily was guarded with all people, so as not to bind himself in any way. To all the questions put to him, — whether important or insignificant, — such as, where he would live, whether he would build up his houses, when he would go to St. Petersburg, and if he would not take a little box along, — he replied: “Yes, maybe, I think so,” and so forth.

He heard that the Rostóvs were in Kostromá, but he rarely thought of Natásha, or if he did, it was only as a pleasant recollection of a remote past. He felt himself not only free from all material conditions of life, but even from this feeling, which, he thought, he had forced upon himself.

Two days after his arrival in Moscow, he learned from the Drubetskóys that Princess Márya was in Moscow. The death, the suffering, the last days of Prince Andréy had often been in Pierre’s mind, and now occurred to him with renewed vividness. When he heard at dinner that Princess Márya was in Moscow and living in her intact

house in the Vzdvízhenka, he went to see her that same evening.

On his way to Princess Márya, Pierre kept thinking all the time of Prince Andréy, of his friendship with him, and of their various meetings, especially of the last at Borodinó.

"Is it possible he died in that resentful mood in which he was then? Was not the meaning of life revealed to him before his death?" thought Pierre. He recalled Karatáev and his death, and involuntarily began to compare these two men, so different and yet so much alike, on account of the love which he had had for both, and because they both had lived and now were dead.

Pierre reached the house of the old prince in the most serious of moods. The house was intact. Traces of devastation were visible in it, but its character was still the same.

Pierre was met by an old servant, whose stern face seemed to say that the absence of the old prince in no way changed the order of the house. He told Pierre that the princess was in her apartments, and that she received on Sundays.

"Announce me to her! Maybe she will receive me," said Pierre.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "Please go to the portrait-room."

A few minutes later the servant came out with Desalles. Desalles told Pierre in the name of the princess that she would be very glad to see him, and asked him to pardon her informality and come up-stairs to her rooms.

In a low-studded room, lighted by one candle, sat the princess and some one else in a black dress. Pierre recalled that the princess always had some companions with her, but who these companions were, he did not remember. "This is one of her companions," he thought, looking at the lady in black.

The princess quickly got up to meet him, and offered him her hand.

"Yes," she said, examining his changed face, after he had kissed her hand, "so we meet again! He spoke of you frequently before his death," she said, transferring her eyes from Pierre to the companion, with a confusion which for a moment startled Pierre.

"I was so happy when I heard of your safety. That was the only joyful bit of news which we received from bygone days."

The princess again looked, more restlessly still, at her companion, and was on the point of saying something; but Pierre interrupted her. "You must know that I knew nothing of him," he said. "I thought he was killed. I found out everything from third parties. All I know is that he came away with the Rostóvs — What strange fate!"

Pierre was speaking rapidly and with animation. He looked once or twice at the companion, saw her kind, curious, fixed glance directed at him, and, as often happens during a conversation, for some reason felt that the companion in black was a sweet, charming being who would not interfere with his intimate conversation with the princess.

But when he said the last words about the Rostóvs, Princess Márya's face expressed even more embarrassment than before. She again shifted her eyes from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in black, and said:

"Do you not recognize her?"

Pierre looked once more at the pale, thin face of the companion, with the black eyes and strange mouth. Something intimate, long forgotten, and more than sweet looked at him from those gazing eyes.

"But no, it cannot be," he thought. "This stern, lean, pale, aged face cannot be hers. It is only a memory of her." But just then Princess Márya called out "Natá-

sha!" and the face with the gazing look smiled with difficulty and with an effort, as though a rusty door were opened, and through this opened door there was wafted upon Pierre a long-forgotten happiness, of which he had not been thinking, least of all then. It was wafted upon him, and surrounded him, and swallowed him all up. When she smiled, there could no longer be any doubt: it was Natásha, and he loved her.

In the first moment Pierre instinctively told her and Princess Márya, and, above all, himself, this to him unknown secret. He smiled a joyous and, at the same time, an agonizing smile. He wanted to conceal his agitation. But the more he wanted to conceal it, the more clearly, much more clearly than with words, he told himself, and her, and Princess Márya, that he loved her.

"No, this is only from the suddenness," Pierre thought. But the moment he wanted to continue the interrupted conversation with Princess Márya, he again glanced at Natásha, and a deeper blush covered his face, and a still greater agitation of joy and terror took possession of his soul. He became entangled in his words, and stopped in the middle of his speech.

Pierre had not observed Natásha; but the reason he had not recognized her was because the change which had taken place in her since he last saw her was enormous. She was paler and thinner. But it was not that which made her unrecognizable: she could not be recognized when he first entered, because on the face, on which there used to gleam a hidden smile of the joy of life, now, as he for the first time glanced at her, there was not a shadow of a smile; there were only her gazing, kindly, and sadly interrogative eyes.

Pierre's confusion was not reflected in Natásha by confusion, but by pleasure, which barely lighted up her whole face.

XVII.

"SHE has come to stay with me," said Princess Márya. "The count and the countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible condition. But Natáša herself had to see a doctor. She was sent away by force with me."

"Yes, is there a family without its sorrow?" said Pierre, turning to Natáša. "Do you know, it was the same day that we were set free. I saw him. What a charming boy he was!"

Natáša looked at him, and in response to his words her eyes opened wider and gleamed more brightly.

"What can one find to say in consolation?" said Pierre. "Nothing. Why had such a charming boy, in the prime of his life, to die?"

"Yes, in our time it would be hard to live without faith —" said Princess Márya.

"Yes, yes, that is very true," Pierre hurriedly interrupted her.

"Why?" asked Natáša, looking fixedly into Pierre's eyes.

"Why?" said Princess Márya. "The mere thought of what awaits us there —"

Natáša did not hear the rest; she again cast an interrogative glance at Pierre.

"And because," continued Pierre, "only he who believes that there is a God who guides us can endure such a loss as is hers and — yours," said Pierre.

Natáša had already opened her mouth, intending to

say something. Pierre hastened to turn away from her, and again addressed Princess Márya, asking her about the last days of his friend. Pierre's embarrassment had now almost entirely disappeared; at the same time he felt that all his former freedom was gone. He felt that over every word and act of his there was now a judge, a tribunal, which was dearer to him than any tribunal of man. As he now talked, he weighed the impression which his words produced on Natásha. He did not speak purposely to please her, but, whatever he said, he judged himself from her point of view.

Princess Márya reluctantly, as was always the case, began to talk of the condition in which she had found Prince Andréy. But Pierre's questions, his animated and restless glance, his face which was trembling with agitation, by degrees compelled her to enter into details, which, for her own sake, she was afraid to bring back to memory.

"Yes, yes, that is so," said Pierre, bending forward with his whole body toward Princess Márya and eagerly listening to her story. "Yes, yes. So he calmed down? Became more gentle? He had with all the forces of his soul been endeavouring to be absolutely good, and so he could not have been afraid of death. The faults which he had,—if he had any,—could not be attributed to him. So he grew more gentle?" said Pierre. "What happiness that he saw you!" he said to Natásha, suddenly turning to her and looking at her, his eyes all filled with tears.

Natásha's face quivered. She frowned and for a moment lowered her eyes. For a moment she hesitated whether to speak, or not.

"Yes, it was happiness," she said, with soft chest tones, "for me it certainly was happiness." She was silent. "And he—he—he said that he had been wishing it just as I came up to him—" Natásha's voice faltered. She blushed, compressed her hands on her knees,

and suddenly, making an apparent effort over herself, raised her head and began to speak quickly :

“ We knew nothing when we were leaving Moscow. I did not dare to ask about him. And suddenly Sónya told me that he was with us. I could not think, could not imagine in what condition he was. I only wanted to see him, to be with him,” she said, trembling and choking. And, without permitting him to interrupt her, she told him what she had not told any one yet;— everything she had gone through in the three weeks of their journey and of their life at Yarosláv.

Pierre listened to her with open mouth and without taking his tear-filled eyes off her. Listening to her, he did not think of Prince Andréy, nor of death, nor of what she was telling him. He only listened to her and pitied her for what she was suffering as she was telling him all this.

The princess, frowning in her attempt to restrain her tears, sat by Natásha's side, and for the first time heard the story of the last days of her brother's and Natásha's love.

This tantalizing and joyful story evidently was necessary for Natásha.

She kept mingling the most trifling details with the most intimate secrets, and it seemed that she would never get through. Several times she repeated the same thing.

Behind the door was heard Desalles's voice asking whether little Nikoláy could enter to bid them good night.

“ That is all, all — ” said Natásha.

She quickly rose as Nikoláy entered, and almost ran to the door. She knocked herself against the door, which was covered with a portière, and with a groan of mingled pain and grief rushed out of the room.

Pierre looked at the door through which she had dis-

appeared, and did not understand why he was suddenly left all alone in the world.

Princess Márya brought him back from his reverie, by directing his attention to her nephew who had just entered the room.

Nikoláy's face, which resembled his father's, so affected Pierre in the moment of his tender mood that he kissed Nikoláy, hurriedly rose, and, taking out his handkerchief, walked over to the window. He wanted to bid Princess Márya good night, but she held him back.

"No, Natásha and I frequently stay awake until three o'clock. Please stay awhile longer! I will order supper. Go down-stairs! We shall be there at once."

Before Pierre left, Princess Márya said to him:

"This is the first time she has spoken of him in this manner."

XVIII.

PIERRE was taken to a large, well-lighted dining-room. A few minutes later footsteps were heard, and the princess and Natásha entered the room. Natásha was calm, though a stern expression, without a smile, again rested on her face. Princess Márya, Natásha, and Pierre all alike experienced that awkward feeling which generally ensues after a serious and intimate conversation. It is impossible to continue the previous talk; one feels ashamed to mention trifles, and it is not pleasant to keep silence, for all want to speak, while the silence seems to indicate that one is feigning. They silently approached the table. The servants moved away the chairs, and again moved them up. Pierre opened his cool napkin and, deciding to break the silence, looked at Natásha and at Princess Márya. They, too, had evidently made up their mind to do the same: in the eyes of both of them gleamed the satisfaction with life and the recognition of the fact that outside of sorrow there were also joys.

“Do you drink brandy, count?” asked Princess Márya, and these words suddenly dispelled the shadows of the past.

“Tell us about yourself!” said Princess Márya. “They say such strange things about you.”

“Yes,” Pierre replied, with what now was his customary smile of gentle derision. “They even tell me such marvels about myself as I did not even dream of. Márya Abrámovna invited me to her house and told me everything that had happened to me, or that ought to have

happened. Stepán Stepánych, too, taught me what I ought to tell about myself. In general, I have observed that it is a very simple thing to be an interesting man (I am now an interesting man); I am invited, and then they tell me all about me."

Natásha smiled and was on the point of saying something.

"We have been told," Princess Márya interrupted her, "that you have lost two millions in Moscow. Is it true?"

"And I am three times richer than before," said Pierre. Although his wife's debts and the necessity of rebuilding had changed the state of his affairs, he continued to say that he was three times as rich as before.

"What I have unquestionably gained," he said, "is liberty —" He began seriously; but he changed his mind when he noticed that it was too egotistical a subject for conversation.

"Are you rebuilding?"

"Yes, Savélich tells me I must.

"Tell me, you did not know of the decease of the countess when you were still in Moscow?" said Princess Márya. She immediately blushed when she noticed that, putting this question immediately after his statement that he was free, she was ascribing a meaning to it which it probably did not have.

"No," replied Pierre, evidently not annoyed by the interpretation which Princess Márya gave to his words about his freedom. "I learned it in Orél, and you can't imagine how it shocked me. We were not an exemplary couple," he said, rapidly, looking at Natásha, in whose face he discovered an expression of curiosity as to how he would speak of his wife. "Yes, her death has shocked me terribly. When two people quarrel, both are wrong, and one's own guilt suddenly grows dreadfully heavy before a man who is no more. And then, such a death — without friends, without consolation! I am very, very

sorry for her," he ended, and it gave him pleasure to observe a joyous approval on Natásha's face.

"Now you are again a bachelor and a match," said Princess Márya.

Pierre suddenly blushed purple, and for a long time tried not to look at Natásha. When he decided to do so, her face was cold, stern, and even contemptuous, as he thought.

"But have you really seen Napoleon and talked with him as we have been told?" asked Princess Márya.

Pierre laughed.

"Not once, never. All seem to think that being in captivity is being Napoleon's guest. I have not only not seen him, but have not even heard of him. I was in much worse society."

The supper came to an end, and Pierre, who at first had refused to talk of his captivity, slowly was drawn into telling about it.

"But is it not true that you remained in Moscow in order to kill Napoleon?" Natásha asked him, with a slight smile. "I guessed it when we met at the Sukhárev Tower. Do you remember?"

Pierre confessed that it was true, and from this question he was slowly led by the questions of Princess Márya, but especially by those of Natásha, to give a detailed account of his exploits.

At first he spoke in that derisive, meek tone which he now assumed in respect to people in general, and to himself in particular; but later, when he reached the recital of the terrors and sufferings which he had witnessed, he was carried away by his own story, before he knew it, and began to speak with the repressed agitation of a man who is reminiscently passing through some powerful impressions.

Princess Márya looked with a meek smile now at Pierre, and now at Natásha. In the whole story she saw

nothing but Pierre and his goodness. Natásha leaned on her arm and, with an expression which was constantly changing with the story, watched Pierre, without taking her eyes away from him, and evidently lived through all the experiences of which he was telling. Not only her look, but also her exclamations and the short questions which she put, showed Pierre that she understood precisely what he wanted to convey. It was evident that she understood not only what he was telling, but also what he would like to say, without being able to express it in words. About the episode with the child and the woman, in defending whom he had been taken prisoner, he spoke as follows :

“It was a terrible spectacle! Children were abandoned, some of them in the fire— In my presence a child was dragged out— women from whom they tore off their things, pulled out their earrings—”

Pierre blushed and hesitated.

“Just then came a patrol and all men who were not looting were made prisoners. I, too.”

“You, no doubt, are not telling everything. You must have done something,” said Natásha; and after a moment’s silence, “something good!”

Pierre continued his story. In telling about the execution, he wanted to avoid some terrible details; but Natásha demanded that he should not leave out anything.

Pierre began to tell about Karatáev (he had got up from the table and was walking around, Natásha following him with her eyes), but stopped.

“No, you cannot understand what it is I learned from this illiterate, foolish man.”

“Yes, yes, you must tell us,” said Natásha. “Where is he?”

“He was killed in my presence.” And Pierre began to tell about the last days of the retreat, about Karatáev

(his voice was trembling all the time), and about his death.

Pierre told of his experiences as he had never thought of them before. He now seemed to see a new significance in all he had passed through. Now, as he was talking of them to Natásha, he had that rare enjoyment which women give in listening to a man, — not *clever* women, who, listening, try either to retain what they are told in order to enrich their minds and, upon occasion, to tell it to some one else, or to adapt the story to their needs and as quickly as possible to communicate their own clever speeches which they have worked out in their little mental households; but that enjoyment which real women give, who are endowed with the ability to choose and drink in the best that is manifested in a man. Natásha, without knowing it, was all attention: she did not miss a word, nor a modulation of the voice, nor a glance, nor a jerking of a facial muscle, nor one of Pierre's gestures. She caught the still unuttered word on the wing and took it straight to her open heart, divining the secret meaning of Pierre's whole spiritual travail.

Princess Márya understood the story and sympathized with him; but she now saw something else which absorbed her whole attention; she saw the possibility of love and happiness between Natásha and Pierre. And the thought, which came to her for the first time, filled her soul with joy.

It was three hours after midnight. The servants, with saddened, stern faces came to change the candles; but nobody noticed them.

Pierre finished his story. Natásha continued with her sparkling, animated eyes to look persistently and fixedly at Pierre, as though trying to make out the rest which, perhaps, he had suppressed. Pierre now and then looked at her in bashful and happy confusion, and was thinking of what to say in order to change the subject. Princess

Márya was silent. It did not occur to one of them that it was three o'clock, and that it was time to go to bed.

"People talk of the misfortunes of suffering," said Pierre. "If I were asked this very minute, 'Do you want to be what you were before your captivity, or again live through it all?' I should say, 'For God's sake, let me be in captivity once more, and have horse-meat.' We imagine that we are lost, if we are thrown out of the beaten routine; but it is only then that the new, good part of our life begins. So long as there is life, there is happiness. Ahead of us is much, very much. I assure you," he said, turning to Natásha.

"Yes, yes," she said, replying to something quite different. "I, too, would like to go through everything from the beginning."

Pierre looked fixedly at her.

"Yes, and nothing else," affirmed Natásha.

"It is not so, not so!" exclaimed Pierre. "It is not my fault that I am alive and want to live; and so it is with you."

Suddenly Natásha lowered her head upon her hands and burst out into tears.

"What is the matter with you, Natásha?" said Princess Márya.

"Nothing, nothing." She smiled through her tears at Pierre. "Good night, it is time to go to bed."

Pierre got up and took his leave.

Princess Márya and Natásha again met in the sleeping-room, as usual. They talked together about what Pierre had been telling them. Princess Márya did not express her opinion about Pierre. Nor did Natásha talk of him.

"Good night, Marie," said Natásha. "Do you know, I frequently am afraid that we are not speaking of him

(Prince Andréy) because we are in fear of degrading our sentiment, and so we forget him."

Princess Márya drew a deep sigh and thus acknowledged the justice of Natásha's utterance; but she did not agree with her in her words.

"How can we forget!" she said.

"It gave me such a relief to-night to tell everything: it pained me, and yet it was a relief, a great relief," said Natásha. "I am convinced that he loved him. That's why I told him. Did I do wrong to tell him?" she asked, suddenly blushing.

"To tell Pierre? Oh, no! What a fine man he is!" said Princess Márya.

"Do you know, Marie," Natásha suddenly said, with a mischievous smile, which Princess Márya had not seen on her face for a long time, "he has become so clean, smooth, and fresh, as though he came straight from a bath. You understand? From a moral bath. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Princess Márya. "He has gained much."

"And his short coat, and clipped hair; just as though he came from a bath. Papa used to —"

"I understand that *he* (Prince Andréy) loved no one so much as him," said Princess Márya.

"Yes, and he is very different from him. They say that men are friends when they are quite different from each other. It must be so. Is it not so? He does not resemble him one bit."

"Yes, and yet he is a fine man!"

"Well, good night," replied Natásha. And the same mischievous smile, as though she had forgotten herself, did not for a long time leave her face.

XIX.

THAT night Pierre could not fall asleep for a long time. He paced the room, now frowning as if he was thinking of something hard, now suddenly shrugging his shoulders and shuddering, and now smiling a happy smile.

He was thinking of Prince Andréy, of Natásha, of their love, and now was jealous of her in the past, now rebuked, now forgave himself for it. It was six o'clock in the morning, and he was still walking in his room.

"What is to be done? It cannot be otherwise. What is to be done? Evidently it is right so," he said to himself, and, hastily undressing himself, he lay down on the bed, happy and agitated, but without misgivings and indecision.

"However strange and impossible this happiness may be, I must do everything in order to become her husband," he said to himself.

Pierre had several days before determined on Friday as the day when he should leave for St. Petersburg. When he awoke on Thursday, Savélich came to him for his orders about packing his things.

"To St. Petersburg? What is St. Petersburg? Who is in St. Petersburg?" he instinctively asked himself. "Yes, long ago, before this happened, I for some reason intended to go to St. Petersburg," he thought. "Why not? Maybe I will go there. — How good and attentive he is! He remembers everything!" he thought, looking

at Savélich's old face. "What a pleasant smile!" he thought.

"Well, Savélich, do you still not want your freedom?" asked Pierre.

"What shall I do with my freedom, your Serenity? I lived well with the late count, — the kingdom of heaven be his, — and have suffered no insult from you."

"Well, and the children?"

"The children will live thus, too, your Serenity. It is not hard to live with such masters."

"Well, and my heirs?" said Pierre. "Suddenly I shall take a notion and get married — It is possible, you know," he added, with an involuntary smile.

"And I take the liberty of telling your Serenity that it would be right."

"He thinks it is so easy," thought Pierre. "He does not know how terrible it is, how dangerous. It is either too early or too late — Terrible!"

"What is your command? Will you depart to-morrow?" asked Savélich.

"No, I will postpone going for awhile. I will tell you later. Pardon me for the trouble I have given you," said Pierre. Looking at Savélich's smile, he thought: "How strange that he does not know that there is no St. Petersburg now, and that first that other thing has to be decided. However, he no doubt knows and only pretends. Shall I talk with him about it? What is his opinion?" thought Pierre. "No, some other time."

At breakfast Pierre informed the princess that he had called the night before on Princess Márya and had seen there, "Imagine whom? — Natásha Rostóv."

The princess pretended not to see anything unusual in this bit of news, any more than as if he had seen Anna Seménovna.

"Do you know her?" asked Pierre.

"I have seen the princess," she replied. "I have heard

that she has been spoken of as a match for young Rostóv. That would be very nice for the Rostóvs: they say they are ruined."

"No, I mean Natásha Rostóv."

"I have heard about that affair. What a pity!"

"No, she does not understand, or she pretends," thought Pierre. "I had better not tell her, either."

The princess had also got his provisions ready for the journey.

"How good they all are," thought Pierre, "to busy themselves with these things now when they no longer can interest them. And they are doing it all for me, which is surprising."

On that same day the chief of police came to see Pierre to ask him to send a trusty man into the palace to receive the property which was now to be distributed to the proprietors.

"He, too," thought Pierre, looking into the face of the chief of police, "what a fine and handsome officer he is, and how good! *Now* to busy himself with such trifles. And they say that he is not honest and takes bribes! Then again, why should he not take bribes? He was educated that way. All do it. What a pleasant, good face he has! And how he smiles, as he looks at me!"

Pierre went to dine with Princess Márya.

As he drove down the streets, between the burnt houses, he admired the beauty of these ruins. The chimneys of the houses and the shattered walls, picturesquely reminding him of the Rhine and the Coliseum, stretched, concealing each other, through the burnt wards. The cabmen and passengers he passed by, the carpenters working on buildings, the huckstresses, and the shopkeepers, all looked at Pierre with merry, beaming faces, and seemed to say, "Ah, there he is! Let us see what will come of it!"

Upon entering the house of Princess Márya, Pierre was

assailed by doubt whether he had really been there the night before, had seen Natásha, and talked with her. "Maybe it is my imagination. Maybe I shall enter, and see no one." But he had hardly had time to enter the room, when, by the sudden loss of his liberty, he with all his being felt her presence. She wore the same black dress with the soft folds, and had her hair dressed in the same manner, but she was quite different now. If she had been the same the night before, when he had entered the room, he could not have helped recognizing her at once.

She was the same as he had known her almost as a child and later as Prince Andréy's fiancée. A merry, interrogative sparkle beamed in her eyes; on her face there was a kindly and strangely mischievous expression.

Pierre dined with them, and would have remained the whole evening there, but Princess Márya went to vespers, and so he went with them.

On the following day Pierre arrived early, dined with them, and stayed there all the evening. Although Princess Márya and Natásha were apparently glad to see the guest; although Pierre's whole interest in life now centred in this house, they talked themselves out toward evening, and the conversation constantly jumped over from one unimportant subject to another, and frequently broke in the middle. Pierre remained so long that Princess Márya and Natásha kept exchanging looks, wondering whether he would leave soon. Pierre saw this, but could not go. He felt ill at ease and awkward, but he remained sitting because he *could not* get up and leave.

Princess Márya, seeing no end to it, was the first to get up. She complained of a megrim, and began to bid him good night.

"So you go to-morrow to St. Petersburg?" she asked.

"No, I sha'n't," Pierre said, hurriedly, in surprise and as though he were offended. "Yes, no, to St. Petersburg? To-morrow. Only I do not yet bid you good-bye. I will

call to get your commissions," he said, standing before Princess Márya, blushing, and still remaining.

Natásha gave him her hand, and went out. Princess Márya, on the contrary, instead of leaving, dropped down in a chair and with her beaming, deep glance looked sternly and fixedly at him. The lassitude which she had manifested before now left her entirely. She heaved a deep, prolonged sigh, as though getting ready for a long chat.

Pierre's whole confusion and awkwardness disappeared at once upon Natásha's departure, and gave way to agitated animation. He quickly moved up his chair to Princess Márya.

"Yes, I wanted to tell you," he said, replying to her glance, as though she had said something. "Princess, help me! What shall I do? May I hope? Princess, friend, listen to me! I know all. I know that I am not worthy of her; I know that it is impossible to speak of it now. But I want to be a brother to her. No, I can't, I won't —"

He stopped and rubbed his face and eyes with his hands.

"Well," he continued, evidently making an effort over himself to speak connectedly, "I do not know how long I have been loving her. But I have loved only her, her alone, all my life, and I love her so much that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot make up my mind to ask her hand now; but the thought that, perhaps, she may be mine and that I in some way am missing the opportunity — the opportunity — is terrible. Tell me, may I hope? Tell me what to do! Dear princess," he said, after a moment's silence, and touching her hand, as she did not answer him.

"I am thinking of what you have been saying to me," replied the princess. "This is what I will tell you. You are right when you say that now to tell her of love —"

The princess stopped. She wanted to say, "to tell her of love would be impossible," but she stopped because two days before she had noticed by Natásha's complete change that she not only would not be offended if Pierre told her of his love, but that it was the one thing she wished for.

"To tell her now — would be impossible," Princess Márya nevertheless continued.

"What, then, am I to do?"

"Leave it to me," said Princess Márya. "I know —" Pierre looked into Princess Márya's eyes.

"Well, well —" he said.

"I know that she loves — will love you," Princess Márya corrected herself.

She had not yet finished these words when Pierre leaped up and with a frightened face seized Princess Márya's hand.

"Why do you think so? You think that I may hope? Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do," Princess Márya said, smiling. "Write to her parents, and leave it to me! I will tell her when it is possible. I wish it. And my heart feels that it will be."

"No, it cannot be! How happy I am! But it cannot be! How happy I am! No, it cannot be!" said Pierre, kissing the hands of Princess Márya.

"Go to St. Petersburg! That will be better. I will write to you," she said.

"To St. Petersburg? Must I go? Yes, all right, I will. But may I come to-morrow to see you?"

On the following day Pierre came to say good-bye. Natásha was less animated than on the previous days; but on that day, as he now and then looked into her eyes, he felt that he was vanishing, that neither he nor she existed, but only the one feeling of happiness. "Is it possible? No, it cannot be," he said to himself at every

glance of hers, at every gesture and word, which filled his soul with joy.

When, taking leave, he lifted her thin, lean hand, he retained it a little longer than usual in his own.

"Is it possible this hand, this face, these eyes, all this treasure of feminine charm, so foreign to me, will be eternally mine and as known to me as I am to myself? No, it is impossible!"

"Good-bye, count!" she said to him aloud. "I will be waiting for your return," she added, in a whisper.

And these simple words, and the glance and expression of the face which accompanied them for two months formed the subject of inexhaustible memories, interpretations, and happy reveries for Pierre. "I will be waiting for your return — Yes, yes, how did she say it? Yes. I will be waiting for your return. Oh, how happy I am! What is it that makes me so happy?" Pierre said to himself.

XX.

IN Pierre's soul there was now taking place something quite different from what had happened to him under similar circumstances during his courtship of H el ene.

He did not repeat, as then, with painful shame, the words which he had uttered; he did not say, "Ah, why did I not say it? Why did I say, '*Je vous aime*'?" Now, on the contrary, he repeated in his imagination every word of hers and his own words, with all the details of expression and smile, and he wanted neither to take anything away from them, nor add anything: he only wanted to repeat them. There was not even a shadow of a doubt whether that which he had undertaken was good or bad. There was only one terrible doubt that sometimes passed through his mind: "Is it not all in a dream? Did not Princess M arya make a mistake? Am I not too proud and self-confident? I have faith; but suddenly, which certainly must happen, Princess M arya will tell her, and she will smile and reply, 'How strange! He, no doubt, made a mistake. Does he not know that he is a man, simply a man, and I?— I am something quite different, a higher being.'"

It was this doubt only which frequently occurred to him. He now made no plans. The impending happiness seemed so improbable to him that if it should happen, there could be nothing after it. All was ended.

A joyous, unexpected madness, of which he had considered himself incapable, took possession of him. The whole meaning of life, not for him alone, but for the

whole world, seemed to him to consist only in his love and in the possibility of her love for him. Occasionally all men seemed to him occupied with one thing only, — his future happiness. It seemed to him at times that they all rejoiced as much as he himself did, and that they only tried to conceal their joy and pretended to be occupied with other matters. In every motion and word he saw references to his happiness. He frequently surprised people whom he met with his significant, happy glances and smiles, expressive of secret agreement. But when he saw that people did not know of his happiness, he pitied them with his whole heart, and was possessed of the desire in some way to explain to them that everything with which they busied themselves was the merest bosh, and not worthy of attention.

When he was offered some office, or when some general affairs of State or of the war were discussed, and it was assumed that on such and such an issue of an event depended the happiness of all men, he listened with a meek, compassionate smile, and surprised his hearers by his strange remarks. But both the people who to Pierre appeared to understand the real meaning of life, that is, his sentiment, and those unfortunates who obviously did not understand it, — all men at that period of time appeared to him in such a bright light as a result of the sentiment which was a gleam in him that, meeting a man, he without the least effort saw in him everything good and worthy of love.

In examining the affairs and the papers of his late wife, he did not experience any other feeling about her than that of pity because she had not known the happiness which he knew now. Prince Vasili, who was now particularly proud of his new position and of a new decoration, appeared to him as a pathetic, good, pitiful old man.

Pierre later on frequently thought of that time of his happy madness. All the opinions which he formed about

men and things during that period of time remained for ever true for him. He afterward not only never recanted his views on men and things, but, on the contrary, in internal doubts and contradictions had recourse to the view which he had held during his madness, and such a view always proved to be correct.

"Maybe," he thought, "I then seemed strange and ridiculous; but I was not so mad as I seemed. On the contrary, my mind was then more penetrating and sharper than ever, and I understood everything worth understanding in life, because — I was happy."

Pierre's madness consisted in his not waiting, as before, for some personal reasons, which he called men's worth, in order to love them. His love filled his heart to the brim, and he, loving men without cause, discovered indisputable reasons why they deserved that love.

XXI.

BEGINNING with that evening when Natásha, after Pierre's leave, with a merry and derisive smile told Princess Márya that he looked as though he were fresh from a bath, and talked about his coat and clipped hair, — something hidden and incomprehensible to her, and yet something irrepressible, awoke in her soul.

Everything, her face, gait, glance, voice, — everything was suddenly changed in her. Her vital power, her hopes of happiness, swam out to the surface quite unexpectedly for her and demanded to be gratified. With that very evening she seemed to forget what had happened to her. She did not even once complain of her position, did not say a word about her past, and was no longer afraid to make cheerful plans for the future. She spoke little of Pierre, but when Princess Márya mentioned his name, a long extinct splendour flashed in her eyes, and her lips were puckered into a strange smile.

The change which took place in Natásha at first surprised Márya; but when she understood its meaning, it grieved her. "Is it possible she loved my brother so little that she could forget him so soon?" thought Princess Márya, when she reflected on the change. But when she was with Natásha, she was not angry with her and did not scold her. The awakened power of life, which had seized Natásha, was apparently so irresistible, so sudden even to her, that in Natásha's presence she felt that she had no right to rebuke her even in her mind.

Natásha abandoned herself with such fulness and sin-

cerity to the new sensation that she did not even try to conceal the fact that she now experienced, not sorrow, but joy and mirth.

When, after her explanation with Pierre, Princess Márya returned to her room, Natásha met her at the threshold.

"Did he say it? Yes? He did?" she repeated. And a joyful and at the same time piteous expression, as though imploring forgiveness for her joy, stood in Natásha's face.

"I wanted to listen at the door; but I knew that you would tell me."

However natural and touching the glance which Natásha cast at Princess Márya appeared to her, however Princess Márya sympathized with her agitation, Natásha's words in the first moment offended her. She recalled her brother and his love.

"But what is to be done? She cannot help herself," thought Princess Márya, and with a sad and somewhat stern face she told Natásha everything which Pierre had said to her. When Natásha heard that he was going away to St. Petersburg, she was amazed. "To St. Petersburg?" she repeated, as though she did not understand. But, upon looking at Princess Márya's sad expression, she guessed the cause of her sadness and suddenly burst out into tears. "Marie," she said, "teach me what to do! I do not want to be bad. I will do everything you tell me to. Teach me —"

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Natásha.

"Why, then, are you weeping? I am happy for you," said Princess Márya, fully forgiving Natásha's joy for the sake of the tears.

"That will happen some day, not very soon. Think what happiness it will be when I am his wife, and you marry Nicolas!"

“Natasha, I have asked you not to speak of it. Let us speak of you !”

They were silent.

“But why did he go to St. Petersburg ?” Natasha suddenly said, and immediately hastened to answer herself :
“Yes, yes, it must be — Yes, Marie ? It must be —”

EPILOGUE

PART THE FIRST

I.

SEVEN years passed. The agitated historical sea of Europe had settled between its shores. It looked becalmed; but the mysterious powers which move humanity (mysterious, because the laws that determine their motion are unknown to us) continued their action.

Although the surface of the historical sea looked motionless, humanity moved as uninterruptedly as time itself. Various groups of human cohesion were composing and decomposing all the time; causes were active for the formation and dissolution of kingdoms, and for the permutations of peoples.

The historical sea no longer, as before, hurled itself with vehemence from one shore to another; it seethed in its depth. The historical persons were not carried, as before, on the waves from one shore to another; now they seemed to whirl around in one spot. The historical personages, who formerly at the head of armies had reflected the motion of the masses by ordering wars, campaigns, battles, now reflected this motion by political and diplomatic combinations, laws, treatises.

This activity of the historical personages the historians call the reaction.

In describing the activity of these historical persons,

who in their opinion were the cause of what they call the reaction, the historians condemn them severely. All the well-known people of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Madame de Staël, Fóti, Schelling, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and so forth, pass under their severe judgment, and are praised or condemned, according to whether they coöperated with the *progress* or with the *reaction*.

According to their description, Russia was at that time herself passing through a period of reaction, and the chief culprit of this reaction was Alexander I., that same Alexander I., who, according to their own description, had been the chief author of the liberal beginnings of his reign and of the salvation of Russia.

In the contemporary Russian literature there is not a man, from a student of a gymnasium to a learned historian, who does not throw his stone at Alexander for his irregular acts during this period of his reign.

"He ought to have acted so and so. In this case he acted well, and in that badly. He bore himself admirably in the beginning of his reign and during the year 1812; but he acted badly in giving a constitution to Poland, in forming the Holy Alliance, in giving power to Arakchéev, and in encouraging Golítsyn and mysticism, and later Shishkóv and Fóti. He committed a mistake when he busied himself with the army at the front; he committed a mistake when he cashiered the Seménovski regiment, and so forth."

It would take ten sheets of paper to mention all the blunders of which the historians accuse him on the basis of that knowledge of the good of humanity which they possess.

What do these accusations mean?

Do not the same acts for which the historians praise Alexander I., such as the liberal beginnings of his reign, the struggle against Napoleon, the firmness evinced by

him in the year 1812, and the campaign of 1813, spring from the same sources, — the conditions of blood, education and life, which made Alexander's personality what it was, — from which also spring those acts for which he is blamed, such as the Holy Alliance, the restoration of Poland, the reaction of the twenties ?

In what, then, consists the essence of these accusations ?

In this, that such a historical person as Alexander I., — a person who stood on the highest possible round of human power, as it were in the focus of the blinding light of all the historical rays which were concentrated upon him ; a person who was subject to those most powerful influences of intrigues, deceptions, flattery, conceit, which are inseparable from power ; a person who at any moment of his life felt the responsibility for everything which was taking place in Europe ; a person who was not invented, but was as alive as any man, with his individual habits, passions, strivings for what is good, beautiful, and true, — that this person was not exactly not virtuous (for of this the historians do not accuse him), but that he did not have those conceptions about the good of humanity, which now a professor has who from his early youth busies himself with science, that is, with the reading of books and lectures, and with the copying of these books and lectures into note-books.

But, even if we were to admit that Alexander I. fifty years ago was mistaken in his view about what constitutes the weal of the nations, we must involuntarily assume that the historian who judges Alexander will, after the lapse of some time, appear as unjust in his conception about what constitutes the weal of humanity. This assumption is the more natural and necessary since, in examining the evolution of history, we discover that with every year, with every new writer, the conception of what forms the good of humanity is changed, so that what once appeared to be good ten years later turns out to be evil, and vice

versa. More than that, we find in history contradictory views held simultaneously about what is good, and what bad: some regard the constitution given to Poland and the Holy Alliance as being to Alexander's credit, others blame him for it.

Of Alexander's and Napoleon's activity, we cannot say that it was useful or injurious, because we cannot say for what it was useful, and for what injurious. If this activity does not please a person, it fails to please him merely because it does not coincide with his limited understanding of what is good. Whether I regard as good the preservation of my father's house in Moscow in the year 1812, or the glory of the Russian troops, or the flourishing condition of the universities of St. Petersburg and other cities, or the freedom of Poland, or the power of Russia, or the equilibrium of Europe, or progress, — that European enlightenment of a certain kind, — I must acknowledge that the activity of every historical person had, in addition to these aims, other, more general, and to me incomprehensible purposes.

But let us suppose that the so-called science is able to reconcile all the contradictions and has for historical persons and events the invariable measure of good and evil.

Let us suppose that Alexander might have done everything differently. Let us suppose that, following the prescription of those who accuse him, of those who profess to have the knowledge of the final end of the movement of humanity, he might have arranged everything according to that programme of nationality, freedom, equality, and progress (there seems to be no other), which the present accusers would have furnished him with. Let us suppose that this programme had been possible and worked out, and that Alexander would have acted in conformity with it. What would then have become of the activity of all those men who counteracted the government's tendency, — of that activity which, in the opinion of the historians,

is good and useful? That activity would not have existed; there would have been no life; there would have been nothing.

If we admit that human life can be guided by reason, we destroy the possibility of life.

II.

IF we admit, as the historians do, that great men lead humanity to the attainment of certain purposes, which consist either in the greatness of Russia or of France, or in the equilibrium of Europe, or in the dissemination of the ideas of the Revolution, or in general progress, or in anything else, — then it becomes impossible to explain the phenomena of history without the conceptions of chance and of genius.

If the purpose of the European wars in the beginning of the present century consisted in the greatness of Russia, then this purpose might have been attained without all the preceding wars and without the incursion. If the purpose was the grandeur of France, it might have been attained without the Revolution and without the Empire. If the purpose was the dissemination of ideas, printing would have done it much better than the soldiers. If the purpose was the progress of civilization, then it is very easy to assume that outside of the destruction of men and of their wealth there are other, more suitable ways for the dissemination of civilization.

Why did it happen so and not otherwise ?

Because it happened so. “ *Chance* created the situation ; the *genius* took advantage of it,” says history.

What is *chance* ? What is *genius* ?

The words *chance* and *genius* do not denominate anything actually existing, and so cannot be defined. These words only determine a certain stage of the comprehension of phenomena. I do not know why such and such a

phenomenon takes place ; I think that I cannot know, and so I do not want to know, and I say "*chance*." I see a force which is producing an effect out of proportion to the usual human agencies ; I do not understand why it happens so, and I say "*genius*."

To a flock of sheep, the wether, which is every night driven by the shepherd into a separate enclosure for feeding, and which becomes twice as fat as the rest, must seem a genius. And the very fact that this same wether is every night kept away from the common sheepfold, and is driven to a special enclosure, where it is fed on oats, and that this same fattened wether is slaughtered for its meat, must appear as a striking combination of genius with a whole series of extraordinary accidents.

But the sheep need only stop thinking that everything which happens to them is done for the attainment of their sheep aims ; they need only admit that what occurs may have some ends which are incomprehensible to them, and they will see at once the unity and consistency of what takes place with the fattened wether. If they will not know for what purpose the wether is fattened, they will at least know that all that has happened to it was not fortuitous, and they will no longer be in need of the conception of *chance* nor of the conception of *genius*.

Only by rejecting the knowledge of the nearer, comprehensible purpose, and by acknowledging that the final end is inaccessible to us, shall we see the fitness of historical persons in life ; there will be revealed to us the cause of the action which is out of proportion to the usual human agencies, and the words *chance* and *genius* will be unnecessary to us.

We need only admit that the purpose of the agitation of the European nations is unknown to us, and that we only know the facts, which consisted in murders at first in France, then in Italy, in Africa, in Prussia, in Spain, in Russia, and that the movement from the West to the

East, and from the East to the West forms the essence and the purpose of the facts, and we shall not only not be obliged to see something exceptional and *ingenious* in the characters of Napoleon and of Alexander, but we shall even be unable to see in these men anything more than we see in other men; and we shall not only be relieved of the necessity of explaining the *accidentalness* of those petty events which made those men what they were, but it will also become clear to us that all those petty events were necessary.

In renouncing the knowledge of the final end, we shall clearly comprehend that, as we are not able to conceive in any single plant any colour and seed which would be more appropriate for it than what it produces, so it is impossible to imagine any two other men who would to such an extent, to such minutest details, have corresponded to the purpose which they were called to fulfil.

III.

THE fundamental, essential significance of the European events in the beginning of the present century is the warlike movement of the masses of the European nations from the West to the East, and later from the East to the West. In order that the nations of the West might be able to accomplish their warlike movement toward Moscow, which they actually did accomplish, it was necessary that (1) they should combine into a warlike group of such magnitude as to be able to face the conflict with the warlike group of the East; that (2) they should renounce all established traditions and habits, and that (3) in accomplishing their warlike movement they should have at their head a man who for himself and for them would be able to justify all the deceptions, all the pillaging, and all the murders, which were to accompany this movement.

And so, beginning with the French Revolution, the old, insufficiently large group is destroyed; the old habits and traditions disappear; step by step, a group of new dimensions, new habits and traditions is worked out, and the man is evolved who is to stand at the head of the future movement, and who is to bear the whole responsibility of what is about to happen.

A man without convictions, without stated habits, without tradition, without a name, not even a Frenchman, seems by the strangest fortuity to push himself forward amidst all the parties which agitate France, and, without joining any one of them, rises to a prominent place.

The ignorance of his comrades, the weakness and insig-

nificance of his adversaries, the sincerity of this man's lies, and his brilliant and self-confident limitations carry him to the head of the army. The brilliant composition of the soldiers of the Italian army, the reluctance of the adversaries to fight, and his childish boldness and self-confidence gain for him military glory. An endless number of so-called accidents accompany him everywhere. The disfavour into which he falls with the French leaders serves him to good purpose. His attempts to change his predestined path fail him: he is not accepted into Russian service, nor does he get his appointment into Turkey. During his wars in Italy, he is several times on the verge of ruin, and every time is saved in an unexpected manner. The Russian troops, which might have destroyed his glory, through various diplomatic combinations do not enter Europe while he is there.

After his return from Italy, he finds the government in Paris in that process of decomposition when the men who get into the government are inevitably crushed and annihilated. And quite independently of him there appears for him a way out from this perilous situation, which is the senseless, causeless expedition into Africa. Again that so-called chance accompanies him. Inaccessible Malta surrenders without firing a shot; the most incautious endeavours are crowned with success. The hostile fleet, which later will not let a single boat pass by, now permits a whole army to pass. In Africa a whole series of misdeeds is committed against almost unarmed inhabitants.

And the men who commit these misdeeds, and especially their leader, assure themselves that it is beautiful, that it is glory, that it resembles Cæsar and Alexander the Great, and that it is good.

That ideal of glory and of greatness, which consists in regarding nothing as base, but even in priding oneself on one's crime, by ascribing to it an incomprehensible, super-

natural meaning, — that ideal, which in the future is to guide this man and those who are united with him, is worked out at leisure in Africa. Everything he does is successful. The plague does not attack him. The cruelty of killing the wounded is not laid at his doors. His childishly careless, causeless, and ungrateful departure from Africa, from his companions in need, is placed to his credit, and again the hostile fleet misses him twice. Just as he, completely intoxicated by his successful crimes, and prepared for his rôle, arrives in Paris without any aim, the decomposition of the republican government, which might have ruined him the year before, has now reached an extreme, and his presence, that of the man who has kept aloof from parties, now can only advance him.

He has no plan; he is afraid of everything; but the parties get hold of him and demand his participation.

He alone, with his ideal of glory and greatness, worked out by him in Italy and in Egypt, with his madness of self-adoration, with his boldness of crimes, with his sincerity of lying, — he alone is capable of justifying what is about to happen.

He is needed for the place which is awaiting him, and therefore, almost independently of his will and in spite of his indecision and his want of purpose, in spite of all the errors which he commits, he is drawn into the plot which has for its aim the seizing of power, and the plot is crowned with success.

He is pushed into the meeting of the rulers. He is frightened and wants to run, regarding himself as lost; he pretends to fall into a swoon and says senseless things, which ought to cause his ruin. But the rulers of France, shrewd and haughty before, now feel that their rôle has been played, and are even more confused than he; they do not utter the words which they ought to pronounce in order to retain the power and ruin him.

Chance, a million *accidents*, give him the power, and all people, as though having plotted together, coöperate in strengthening this power. *Accidents* make the characters of the contemporary rulers of France submit to him; *accidents* create the character of Paul I., who recognizes his power; *accident* causes a plot to be formed against him, and this does not injure him, but only confirms his power. *Accident* sends into his hands the Duke of Enghien and casually causes him to kill him, in this manner convincing the crowd, better than by any other means, that he has the right to do so, since he has the power. *Accident* makes him strain all his strength for an expedition into England, which no doubt would ruin him, and he never executes his intention, but casually falls upon Mack with his Austrians, and they surrender without giving battle. *Chance* and *genius* give him a victory at Austerlitz, and *accidentally* all men, not only the French, but all of Europe, with the exception of England, which will not take place in the coming events, all men, despite their former terror and disgust with his crimes, now acknowledge his power, the name which he has given himself, and his ideal of greatness and of glory, which to all appears as something beautiful and reasonable.

As though trying their strength and preparing for the coming movement, the forces of the West several times, in 1805, 6, 7, and 9, tend eastward, growing in strength and numbers. In 1811 a group of men, formed in France, blends into one enormous mass with the intermediate nations. With the ever increasing group of men grows the justificative power of the man who is at the head of the movement. In the decennary of his preparation, which precedes the great movement, this man is brought together with all the crowned heads of Europe. The unveiled sovereigns of the world are unable to oppose any sensible ideal to the Napoleonic ideal of *glory and of greatness*, which has no meaning. One after the other

they hasten to show him their insignificance. The King of Prussia sends his wife to sue for the great man's favour; the Emperor of Austria regards it as a favour because this man receives the daughter of the Cæsars to his couch; the Pope, the guardian of the holiness of the nations, with his religion serves the aggrandizement of the great man. It is not so much that Napoleon prepares himself to carry out his part, as that his surroundings force him to take upon himself the responsibility of what is taking place and is still to take place. There is not a deed, not a rascality, nor a petty deception, which he may commit, but what, from the mouths of those who surround him, is reflected in the form of a grand act. The greatest holiday which the Germans can invent for him is the celebration of Jena and of Auerstädt. Not he alone is great, but even his ancestors, his brothers, his stepsons, his brothers-in-law. Everything is taking place to deprive him of his last power of reason and to prepare him for his terrible rôle. And when he is ready, the forces, too, are ready.

The invasion tends to the East; it reaches its final goal, — Moscow. The capital is taken; the Russian army is destroyed, more than the hostile armies have ever been destroyed from Austerlitz to Wagram. But suddenly, in place of those accidents and of that genius, which so consistently have led him by an uninterrupted series of successes toward the predetermined goal, there appear an endless number of reverse accidents, from the cold in the head at Borodinó to the frosts and the sparks which have burnt Moscow, and instead of the *genius*, there appear unexampled stupidity and baseness.

The invaders run, turn back, again run, and all the chance is now no longer for, but against him.

There takes place a counter movement from the East to the West, which has a remarkable resemblance to the preceding movement from the West to the East; the same attempts of moving from the East to the West, as in

1805, in 1807, and 1809, precede the great movement; the same combination into a mass of enormous dimensions; the same participation of the intermediate nations in the movement; the same wavering in the middle of the path, and the same rapidity in proportion to the approach of the goal.

Paris, the final goal, is reached. The Napoleonic government and the troops are destroyed. Napoleon no longer has any meaning, and all his acts are apparently pitiable and base; but again there takes place an inexplicable accident: the allies hate Napoleon, in whom they see the cause of their calamities; deprived of his strength and power, convicted of his misdeeds and rascalities, he ought to present himself to them such as he appeared ten years before and will appear a year later, — as an outlaw. But, by a strange fortuity, no one sees it. His rôle is not yet finished. The man, who ten years before and a year later is regarded as an outlaw, is sent on a two days' voyage from France, to an island, given into his possession, with a guard and with millions, which for some reason are paid out to him.



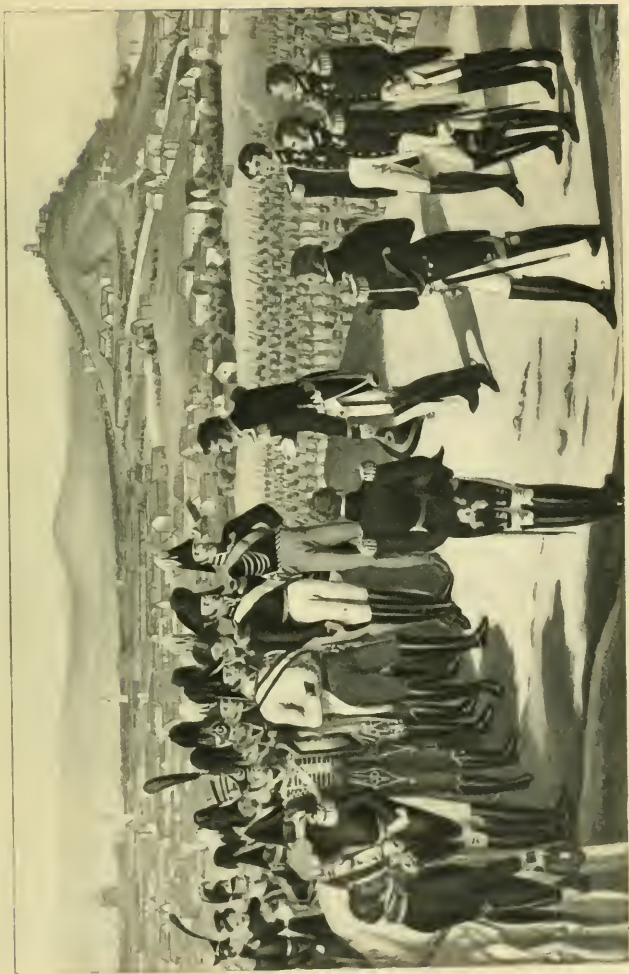
Capitulation of Paris, 1814
The Surrender of Paris to the Allies, 1814

1809, 1810, and 1811, precede the great movement; in some combats there is a mass of soldiers discharging their guns, participation of the infantry and cavalry in the movement; the same wavering in the ranks as in 1806, and the same rapidity in proportion to the approach of the goal.

Paris has had her goal, as reached. The Napoleonic governments and the troops are destroyed. Napoleon no longer has any army, and all his acts are apparently worthless now; but again there takes place an inexorable accident: the allies hate Napoleon, in whom they see the cause of their sufferings, deprived of his strength and power, convicted of his weakness and criminality, he ought to perish; but by the same accident, which is the same before as after, he is saved. He is saved by a single circumstance: the allies are not yet finished. They are not yet finished with a general who remained in the hands of the allies. The last voyage from France is an armed peace into his possession, with a great and well-armed army, which for some years has been...

Capitulation of Paris, 1814

Photogravure from a Contemporary Print



IV.

THE movement of the nations begins to quiet down between the shores. The waves of the great movement have been swept back, and on the becalmed sea are formed circles, on which the diplomats are borne, imagining that it is they who are producing the calm.

But the becalmed sea suddenly rises. It seems to the diplomats that they, their discords, are the cause of this new impulse; they are waiting for a war between their sovereigns; the problem seems to them insoluble. But the wave, the swell of which they feel, is not borne from where they expect it. The same wave rises from the same starting-point, Paris. There takes place the last surging of the movement from the West, a surge which is to decide the apparently insoluble, diplomatic difficulties, and to put an end to the military movement of that period.

The man who has destroyed France, all alone, without a plot, without soldiers, comes to France. Any janitor may arrest him; but, by a strange fortuity, no one arrests him, and all meet in delight the man whom they cursed yesterday and will curse again in a month.

This man is needed in order to justify the last united act.

The act is accomplished.

The last rôle is played. The actor is told to take off his disguise, and to wash off his paint and powder: he is no longer wanted.

And several years pass, during which this man, in his solitude on the island, plays to himself a pitiful comedy, intriguing and lying, and justifying his acts, when this justification is no longer needed, and showing to the whole world what that something was which men took for power, when an invisible hand guided him.

The manager, at the end of the drama, having divested the actor, showed him to us.

“See what you have believed in! Here he is! Do you now see that it is not he, but I, who have moved you?”

But, blinded by the force of the motion, men did not comprehend it for a long time.

A still greater consistency and necessity is presented to us by the life of Alexander I., of that person who stood at the head of the counter movement from the East to the West.

What is wanted of a man that he, overshadowing the rest, should stand at the head of this movement from the East to the West?

What is needed is a feeling of justice, a sympathy for the affairs of Europe, one that is remote and is not clouded by petty interests; there is needed a moral preëminence over the comrades, the sovereigns of the time; there is needed a meek, attractive personality, and a personal grievance against Napoleon. And all this is found in Alexander I.; all this is brought about by an endless number of so-called accidents of his previous life: by his education, his liberal beginnings, by his nearest counsellors, by Austerlitz, by Tilsit, by Erfurt.

During the national war this person is inactive, because he is not needed. But the moment there rises the necessity of a general European war, this person at the given moment appears in his place and, uniting the European nations, leads them to their goal.

The goal is reached. After the last war of the year

1815, Alexander is on the height of the greatest possible human power. How does he use it?

Alexander I., the peacemaker of Europe, a man who from his earliest youth strove for the good of his nations, the first originator of liberal innovations in his country, now, when it seems he possesses the greatest possible power and, therefore, is able to do everything for the welfare of his nations, while Napoleon in exile makes childish and false plans of how he would make humanity happy, if he had the power, Alexander I., having accomplished what he had been bidden to, and feeling upon himself the hand of God, suddenly recognizes the insignificance of this presumable power, turns away from it, places it to the hands of men he hates and despises, and only says:

“Not for us, not for us, but for Thy name! I am a man like you: let me live like a man, and think of my soul and of God!”

Just as the sun and each atom of ether is a sphere which is complete in itself, and at the same time is only an atom of a whole which, on account of its immensity, is incomprehensible to man, — even so each personality has its own purposes within itself, and at the same time possesses them in order to serve some incomprehensible common purposes.

A bee, sitting on a flower, has stung a child. And the child is afraid of the bees and says that the purpose of the bee is to sting men. The poet admires the bee, as it sinks into the flower-cup, and says that the purpose of the bee is to imbibe the aroma of the flowers. The bee-keeper, observing that the bee gathers the pollen and carries it to the hive, says that the purpose of the bee is to gather honey. Another bee-keeper, who has studied the beehive more closely, says that the bee gathers the pollen in order to feed the young brood with it and rear the queen bee, and that its purpose consists in continuing

the species. A botanist notices that, flying on the pistil with the pollen of a dicacious flower, the bee fructifies it, and so he sees in this the purpose of the bee. Another, observing the migration of the plants, sees that the bee takes an important part in this migration; this new observer may say that the purpose of the bee lies in this. But the final end of the bee is not exhausted by this or that purpose, which the human mind may discover. The higher the human reason rises in the discovery of these purposes, the more obvious does the incomprehensibility of the final end become to him.

Man can only grasp by observation the correspondence of a bee's life with other phenomena of life. The same is true of the purposes of historical persons and of nations.

V.

THE marriage of Natásha, who was united with Bezúkhi in 1813, was the last joyful event in the old family of the Rostóvs. During the same year Count Ilyá Andréévich died, and, as often happens, with his death the family fell to pieces.

The events of the last year, — the conflagration of Moscow and the flight from it, the death of Prince Andréy and Natásha's despair, Pétya's death, the countess's bereavement, — all this fell stroke after stroke upon the head of the old count. He did not seem to understand, and felt himself unable to grasp the meaning of all these events, and, morally bending his old head, seemed to be waiting for new strokes to make an end of him. He looked now frightened and lost, now unnaturally animated and enterprising.

Natásha's marriage for awhile occupied him with its external side. He ordered dinners and suppers, and evidently tried to appear merry; but his mirth was not contagious, as formerly, but, on the contrary, provoked compassion in the men who had known him and loved him before.

After the departure of Pierre and his wife, he grew quiet and began to complain of tedium. A few days later he grew ill and took to his bed. From the first day of his illness he understood, in spite of the assurance of the physicians, that he would never rise again. The countess passed two weeks at his bedside, without undressing herself. Every time she gave him his medicine,

he sobbed and silently kissed her hand. On the last day he, sobbing, asked the forgiveness of his wife and, privately, of his son, for having ruined the estate,— the chief guilt he was conscious of. He confessed and received the extreme unction; he died quietly, and on the following day a mass of acquaintances, who arrived in order to do the last honours to the deceased man, filled the rented apartments of the Rostóvs. All these acquaintances, who had so often dined and danced at his house, and who had so often laughed at him, now with one common feeling of self-reproach and contrition, as though justifying themselves before some one, said: "Yes, you may say what you please, but he was a fine man. You will not find such men nowadays — Who has not his weaknesses?"

He died suddenly just as his affairs became so entangled that it was impossible to imagine how it would all end in another year.

Nikoláy was with the Russian troops in Paris, when he received the news of his father's death. He immediately resigned from service and, without waiting for the acceptance of the resignation, took a leave of absence and went to Moscow. The condition of the monetary affairs was cleared up within a month of the count's death; it startled everybody by the immensity of the sum of various minor debts, the existence of which no one had suspected. The debts amounted to twice the value of the estates.

Nikoláy's relatives and friends advised him to reject the inheritance. But Nikoláy saw in this a reproach to his father's memory, which was sacred to him, and so he would not hear of the rejection and assumed the inheritance with the obligations attached to it.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, having in the lifetime of the count come under that indefinite but powerful influence which his lax kindness exerted upon them, now suddenly demanded that they be paid. There was a rivalry between them as to who would be the first



Russian soldiers in Paris, 1814
Engraving from *Album of the War*

expressed and eagerly kissed her hand. On the last day of his life, when the long worms of his wife and physicians of the town he having caused the end—the close path he was pursuing. He confessed and received the sacrament, he died quietly, and on the following day a mass of acquaintances who arrived in order to do the last service to the deceased man, filled the vaulted apartments of the Bastille. All these acquaintances, who had together filled and caused to his house, and who had so often laughed at him, now with one common feeling of self-reproach and regret, as though possessing dominion before some one, said: "You you may say what you please, but he was a hot man. You will not and such men never last." "Was he not a madman?"

He died without any complaint, and it was not until that it was impossible to imagine, and that was in another year.

Nicolas was with the French troops in Paris when he received the news of his father's death. He immediately resigned his command and, without waiting for the acceptance of the resignation, took a leave of absence and went to Moscow. The business of the military affairs was closed up within a month of the count's death; it was closed up by the emergency of the war of various other duties the necessities of which no one had suspected. The debt amounted to more than the value of the estates.

Nicolas's father-in-law advised him to reject the inheritance, consequently not to take a reproach to his father's memory, which was sacred to him, and so he would not have of the rejection and assumed the inheritance with the obligations attached to it.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, heaving in the instance of the count some matter that in former times possessed influence, which by his kindness, exerted upon him, now suddenly demanded that they be paid. Some of them, indeed, because of the count's death, had not

Russian Soldiers in Paris, 1814

Photogravure from Painting by Opitz



to receive his due, and men who, like Mítenska and others, had been given notes as presents, now appeared as the most exacting of creditors. Nikoláy was given no rest, and no days of grace, and those who, it seemed, had pitied the old man who was the cause of their losses (if there were any), now pitilessly pounced down on the innocent young heir who voluntarily assumed the liabilities.

None of the accommodations thought of by Nikoláy was successful. The estate was sold under the hammer for half its value, and half of the debts remained unpaid. Nikoláy took the thirty thousand roubles offered him by his brother-in-law Bezúkhi, with which to pay such part of the debts as he regarded as monetary debts, real debts. And, in order not to be put in the hole for the remaining indebtedness, as the creditors threatened to do, he again entered the service.

He could not return to the army, where he was in line of promotion to the vacant post of the commander of the regiment, because his mother held on to him as her last attachment in life; and thus, in spite of his disinclination to remain in Moscow in the circle of men who knew him, and in spite of his aversion to the civil service, he accepted a civil appointment in Moscow and, doffing his beloved uniform, settled with his mother and with Sónya in small quarters on the Sívtsev Vrazhók.

Natásha and Pierre at that time lived in St. Petersburg, without having any clear conception of Nikoláy's situation. When he had borrowed the money from his brother-in-law, he had tried to conceal his precarious condition from him. Nikoláy's state of affairs was exceedingly bad, since with his 1,200 roubles salary he not only had to support himself, his mother, and Sónya, but to support them in such a way that they should not know that they were poor. The countess could not understand the possibility of a life without the conditions of luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood, and, without

knowing how hard it was for her son, kept asking now for a carriage, which they did not have, in order to send for a friend of hers, now for expensive food for herself and for wine for her son, or for money, with which to give a surprise to Natásha, to Sónya, or even to Nikoláy himself.

Sónya looked after the house, tended on her aunt, read aloud to her, bore her whims and hidden resentment, and helped Nikoláy to conceal from the countess the precarious condition in which they were. Nikoláy felt that he was under eternal obligations to Sónya for everything she was doing for his mother, and admired her patience and devotion, but tried to alienate himself from her.

In his innermost soul he seemed to reproach her for being too perfect, and for giving him no cause for reproaching her. She had everything for which people are valued, but little of that which would make him love her. He felt that the more he esteemed her, the less he loved her. He took her at her word, when in her letter she gave him his liberty, and now carried himself in such a way as though everything which had been between them had been forgotten long ago, and could never be repeated.

Nikoláy's position grew worse and worse. The plan, which he had had, of putting aside part of his salary proved only a dream. He did not save a thing and, on the contrary, had to borrow here and there, in order to satisfy his mother's needs. He could see no escape from his situation. The thought of marriage with a rich girl, of which his relatives spoke to him, was repulsive to him. Another issue—the death of his mother—never presented itself to his mind. He wished for nothing, hoped for nothing; and in the depth of his heart he experienced a grim and gloomy enjoyment in enduring his condition without a murmur. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances, with their sympathy and their offers of offensive aid; he avoided every amusement and distraction, and even at home did nothing more than play solitaires with

his mother, pace the room in silence, and smoke pipe after pipe. It looked as though he took special care to cultivate that gloomy mood, in which alone he felt himself capable of enduring his plight.

VI.

IN the beginning of winter Princess Márya arrived in Moscow. From the city gossip she learned of the condition of the Rostóvs and that "the son was sacrificing himself for his mother;" so they said in the city. "I did not expect anything else of him," Princess Márya said to herself, experiencing a joyful confirmation of her love for him. As she recalled her friendly relations with the whole family, which verged on relationship of blood, she considered it her duty to call on them. But, when she thought of her relations with Nikoláy in Vorónezh, she was afraid to do so. She made a great effort over herself, and finally, after a few weeks in Moscow, drove out to call on the Rostóvs.

Nikoláy was the first to meet her, as it was necessary to pass through his room in order to reach that of the countess. At his first glance at her, Nikoláy's face, instead of expressing the joy which Princess Márya had expected to see on it, assumed an expression of coldness, dryness, and pride, such as she had never seen in him. Nikoláy asked for her health, took her to his mother, and, after staying there for five minutes, left the room.

When the princess left the countess, Nikoláy met her again, and quite solemnly and dryly accompanied her to the anteroom. He did not reply a word to her remarks about the health of the countess. "What is that to you? Let me alone!" his glance seemed to say.

"What is she coming for? What does she want? I

can't bear those ladies and all their amiable ways!" he said, aloud, in Sónya's presence, apparently unable to repress his annoyance, when the carriage of the princess had driven away from the house.

"Oh, how can one speak so, *Nicolas?*" said Sónya, with difficulty concealing her joy. "She is so good, and mamma loves her so!"

Nikoláy made no reply and would have liked never to speak again about the princess. But, ever since her visit, the old countess spoke of her several times each day.

The countess praised her, demanded that her son should call on her, and expressed her wish to see her often; at the same time she grew impatient every time she spoke of her.

Nikoláy tried to keep silence when his mother mentioned the princess, but his silence only irritated the countess.

"She is a very worthy and fine girl," she said, "and you must call on her. You will at least see somebody; I am sure you must be getting tired of our company."

"But, mamma, I have not the least desire."

"There was a time when you wanted to see her, and now you say you have no desire. My dear, I fail to comprehend you. She is a very worthy girl, and you always liked her; I do not understand your reasons. You are all concealing something from me."

"Not at all, mamma."

"I am not asking you to do something unpleasant: I merely ask you to return the call. It seems to me that politeness demands it — I have told you what I wish, and now I will not interfere again, for I see you have secrets from your mother."

"I will go, if you wish it."

"It makes no difference to me. I want it for your sake."

Nikoláy heaved a sigh, bit his moustache, and laid out

the cards, trying to lead his mother's attention to another subject.

On the following day, and on the third and fourth day the same conversation was repeated.

After her call on the Rostóvs and after that unexpectedly cold reception from Nikoláy, Princess Márya acknowledged to herself that she had been right in not wishing to make the first call on the Rostóvs.

"I did not expect anything else," she said to herself, invoking the aid of her pride. "I do not care for him; I only wanted to see the old lady, who has always been kind to me, and to whom I am under many obligations."

But she could not calm herself with such reflections: a sensation resembling repentance tormented her at the recollection of her visit. Though she firmly decided not to call again on the Rostóvs and to forget all that, she was conscious of being in an indefinite position. When she asked herself what it was that tormented her, she had to confess that it was her relation to Rostóv. His cold, civil tone did not spring from his feeling for her (she was sure of that), but that tone concealed something. This something she had to clear up; and she felt that until then she could not be calm.

In the middle of winter she was sitting in the classroom, watching her nephew's lessons, when Rostóv's visit was announced to her. With the firm determination not to betray her secret and not to show any confusion, she invited Mlle. Bourienne to go with her to the drawing-room.

With her first glance at Nikoláy's face, she saw that he had come merely to pay a duty call, and she decided that she would adopt the same tone in which he addressed her.

They spoke of the health of the countess, of their common acquaintances, and of the last news of the war, and when the ten minutes demanded by propriety had passed,

when a guest may rise, Nikoláy got up in order to leave.

The princess, with the aid of Mlle. Bourienne, carried on the conversation very well, but in the very last moment, as he rose, she grew so weary from talking about things she was not interested in, and the thought of how few joys were given her in life occupied her so much, that in an attack of absent-mindedness she fixed her beaming eyes in front of her and sat motionless, without noticing that he had risen.

Nikoláy looked at her and, wishing to appear as though he had not observed her abstraction, said a few words to Mlle. Bourienne and again looked at the princess. She still sat motionless, and on her gentle face there was an expression of suffering. He suddenly felt sorry for her and had a dim idea that he probably was the cause of the grief which was expressed in her face. He wanted to succour her, to tell her something pleasant ; but he could not think what to say to her.

“ Good-bye, princess,” he said.

She regained her senses, blushed, and drew a deep sigh.

“ Oh, I beg your pardon,” she said, as though awakening. “ So you are leaving, count ? Well, good-bye ! And the cushion for the countess ? ”

“ Wait, I will bring it ! ” said Mlle. Bourienne, leaving the room.

Both were silent, now and then looking at one another.

“ Yes, princess,” Nikoláy finally said, with a sad smile, “ it is but a short time ago, but much water has flown since we first met at Boguchárovo. How unfortunate we all seemed to be, and yet I would give much to bring back that time — but that is impossible.”

The princess looked fixedly into his eyes with her lustrous glance, as he said this. She seemed to try to understand the hidden meaning of his words, which would explain to her his feeling for her.

"Yes, yes," she said, "but you have no reason to regret the past, count. As I understand your life now, you will always recall it with pleasure, because the self-sacrifice which you now practise —"

"I do not accept your praises," he hurriedly interrupted her. "On the contrary, I constantly rebuke myself; but this is an entirely uninteresting and cheerless subject for conversation."

Again his glance assumed the former dry, cold expression. But the princess again recognized in him that man she used to know and love, and she was speaking only with that man now.

"I thought you would permit me to say this to you," she said. "We had become so intimate with you — and with your family — that I thought you would not consider my interest in you out of place; but I was mistaken," she said. Her voice suddenly trembled. "I do not know why," she continued, regaining her composure, "but you were formerly a different man and —"

"There are a thousand reasons *why*" (he emphasized the word *why*). "I thank you, princess," he said, softly. "Now and then it is hard."

"So this is the reason! This is the reason!" an inner voice spoke in Princess Márya's soul. "No, it was not this merry, kindly, and open glance, not this handsome appearance that I loved in him; I divined his noble, firm, self-sacrificing soul," she said to herself. "He is poor now, and I am rich — Yes, that is the only reason — Yes, if it were not for that —" And, as she recalled his former tenderness, and now looked at his good, sad face, she suddenly saw the reason of his coldness.

"Why, count, why?" she suddenly almost shouted, instinctively moving up to him. "Why? Tell me! You must tell me!"

He was silent.

"I do not know your why, count," she continued. "But

it oppresses me — I must confess it to you. You want for some reason to deprive me of your former friendship. And this pains me." Tears were in her eyes and voice. "I have had so little happiness in life that such a loss is hard for me to bear — Pardon me, forgive me!"

She suddenly burst out into tears and started to leave the room.

"Princess! Wait, for God's sake!" he exclaimed, trying to stop her. "Princess!"

She looked back. A few seconds they looked silently into each other's eyes, and what was distant and impossible suddenly became near, possible, and inevitable.

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VII.

IN the fall of 1813, Nikoláy married Princess Márya, and they, accompanied by his mother and by Sónya, went to live at Lýsyya Góry.

In four years he, without selling his wife's estate, paid all the remaining debts and, having received a small inheritance from a cousin of his, he acquitted himself of his indebtedness to Pierre.

Three years later, in 1820, Nikoláy so managed his financial affairs that he bought a small estate near Lýsyya Góry and carried on negotiations about buying back his father's Otrádnoe, which was a favourite dream of his.

Having begun to farm from necessity, he soon became so fond of farming that it became his favourite and almost exclusive occupation. Nikoláy was a simple proprietor; he did not care for innovations, especially English ideas, which then were the fashion, laughed at theoretical works on farming, had no use for factories, expensive products, and the sowing of extraordinary seeds, and, in general, did not busy himself with any one part of farming in particular. Before his eyes was constantly the *estate*, and not any part of it. In his estate the chief subject was not the nitrogen and the oxygen which is found in the soil and in the air, not some particular plough and fertilizer, but that main instrument, through which the nitrogen and the oxygen, the fertilizer and the plough, acted, that is, the peasant workman. When Nikoláy took to farming and began to interest himself in the different parts of it, the peasant attracted his greatest attention; the peasant appeared to

him not only as a tool, but as an aim and a judge. At first he only watched the peasant, trying to make out what he needed, what he regarded as good and as bad, and he only pretended that he was ordering him about. In reality, he learned from the peasants the proper mode of action, their speech, and their judgment of what was good and what bad. Only when he understood the tastes and the strivings of the peasant, when he learned to speak his language and to comprehend the hidden meaning of his speech, when he felt himself one with him, did he begin to manage him with firmness, that is, to fulfil the duty toward the peasants which was actually demanded of him. And Nikoláy's farming produced brilliant results.

When Nikoláy took the management of the estate into his hands, he immediately, without a mistake, by a peculiar sense of clairvoyance, appointed as burghmaster, elder, and deputy the very men who would have been elected by the peasants themselves, if they could have chosen them for themselves, and his officers were never changed. Before investigating the chemical properties of the manure, before dabbling with "debit and credit" (as he sarcastically remarked), he investigated the number of cattle held by each peasant, and this he tried to increase by every means possible. The families of the peasants he maintained in the largest possible units, without permitting them to break up. He pursued alike the lazy, the corrupt, and the weak, and tried to exclude them from the Commune.

At sowing-time and at the harvest he watched with equal interest over his own and over the peasant fields. And there were few landed proprietors whose fields were sowed and harvested so early and so well, and who received as much income from them as did Nikoláy.

He did not like to have anything to do with the manorial servants, called them parasites, and, as everybody said, pampered them and was lax in discipline toward

them; whenever some command was to be given to a manorial servant, especially when one had to be punished, he was undecided and took counsel with everybody in the house; only when the opportunity presented itself for enlisting a manorial servant in the army, in the place of a peasant, he did so without the least hesitancy. In all the commands which he had to give to the peasants he never experienced the least wavering. Every order of his, he knew full well, would be approved by the whole mass of them against any one or a few.

He kept himself equally from burdening or punishing a man, simply because he felt like doing so, or from alleviating and rewarding a man, because that coincided with his personal wish. He would have been unable to say by what consideration he was guided in what he ought to do, and what not; but the just measure was firmly rooted in his soul and unshakable.

He frequently used to say in anger, when something went wrong or was in disorder: "What can you expect of our Russian people?" and he imagined that he could not bear the peasant.

But he with all the powers of his soul loved *our Russian people* and their existence, and for that reason comprehended and made his own the only path and method of farming which produces good results.

Countess Márya was jealous of this love of his, and regretted that she was unable to take part in it; she could not understand the joys and sorrows which were caused in him by this separate world of his, which was so foreign to her. She could not understand why he was so peculiarly animated and happy when, rising with daybreak and passing the whole morning in the field or on the threshing-floor, he returned to her tea from planting, mowing, or harvesting. She did not understand why he was so delighted when he told in transport about the wealthy proprietary peasant Matvyéy Ermíshin, who had

been hauling sheaves all night with his whole family, and whose ricks were all up, while nobody else had yet begun to harvest. She did not understand why he so cheerfully passed from the window to the balcony, smiling beneath his moustache and winking, when a warm, drizzly rain fell on the sere blades of sprouting oats, or why, when a menacing cloud was carried away by the wind during mowing or harvesting, he, red, sunburnt, and perspiring, with the odour of wormwood and of gentian in his hair, upon returning from the threshing-floor, joyfully rubbed his hands, saying: "Another day like this, and everything of mine and of the peasants will be under cover."

Still less could she understand why, with his good heart, with his constant readiness to anticipate her wishes, he almost despaired when she communicated to him the requests of some peasant men or women, who had implored her intervention to be freed from labours, why he, good *Nicolas*, persistently refused her, asking her not to interfere in his affairs. She felt that he had a separate world of his own, which he loved passionately and which had its especial laws that she could not grasp.

When she now and then tried to understand him and talked to him about his deserts for doing good to his subjects, he grew angry and said: "Not at all. Never thought of it. I would not do as much as this for them. All this talk about your neighbour's good is nothing but poetry and fairy-tales. All I need is that our children should not be beggars. I must look after our estate while I am alive,—that's all. For this I must have order, and severity,—that's all!" he said, sanguinely, clinching his fist. "And justice, of course," he added, "because if a peasant is naked and hungry, and has but one old nag, he will work neither for himself, nor for me."

And, no doubt, because Nikoláy did not permit himself to think that he was doing anything for others, for vir-

tue's sake, — everything he did bore fruit; his fortune grew rapidly; neighbouring peasants came to beg him to buy them, and the pious memory of his management was current among the people for a long time after his death. "He was a great master — first the peasants' and then his own. He was stern, though. In short, he was a great master."

VIII.

THE one thing that tormented Nikoláy in the matter of his farming, was his irritability in connection with his old hussar habit of giving free play to his hands. At first he saw nothing prejudicial in this, but during the second year of his marriage his view on this kind of justice suddenly changed.

Once, during the summer, the village elder who in Boguchárovo had taken the place of dead Dron was called out; he was accused of all kinds of rascalities and malfeasance. Nikoláy went out on the porch to him, and, immediately after the first answers of the elder, cries and blows were heard in the vestibule. On returning to the house for breakfast, Nikoláy went up to his wife, who was sitting with drooping head over the embroidery-frame, and told her, as usual, everything which had interested him on that morning, and, among other things, about the Boguchárovo elder. Countess Márya, blushing, growing pale, and tightening her lips, sat as before with drooping head and made no reply to her husband's words.

"What an impudent rascal!" he said, flying up at the very recollection of him. "If he had told me that he was drunk, — I did not see it — What is the matter with you, Marie?" he suddenly asked.

Countess Márya raised her head and wanted to say something, but again hastened to lower her head and puckered her lips.

"What is the matter with you? What is it, my dear?"

The homely countess always grew pretty when she wept. She never wept from pain or annoyance, but always from sadness or pity. And when she wept, her beaming eyes assumed an irresistible charm.

The moment Nikoláy took her hand, she was unable to hold in any longer and burst out into tears.

"Nicolas, I saw it — He is guilty, but you — why did you, Nicolas?" and she covered her face with her hands.

Nikoláy kept silence, blushed purple, and, walking away from her, began to pace the room. He understood what she was weeping about; but he could not in his innermost soul agree at once with her that that to which he had been accustomed from childhood, and which he regarded as a usual occurrence, was bad. "It is mawkishness, woman's sentiment, — or is she right?" he asked himself. He did not decide the question; but, upon looking once more at her suffering and loving face, he suddenly understood that she was right, and that he had long been guilty.

"Marie," he said, softly, walking over to her, "it shall never happen again! I give you my word for it. Never!" he repeated, with a trembling voice, like a boy who asks forgiveness.

Tears flowed more copiously from the eyes of the countess. She took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"Nicolas, when did you break your cameo?" she said, in order to change the subject, looking at his fingers, on one of which was a ring with the head of Laocoon.

"To-day. It was done then. Oh, Marie, do not mention it to me!" He again grew excited. "I give you my word of honour that it shall never happen again. And may this remind me of it for all time!" he said, pointing to the broken cameo.

Since that time, whenever in his explanations with the elders or the stewards the blood rushed to his face and

his hands began to clinch themselves into fists, Nikoláy turned the broken ring around on his finger and lowered his eyes before the man that had made him angry. Still, once or twice a year he forgot himself, and then he came to his wife, confessed it to her, and promised her that it was the last time.

"Marie, you, no doubt, despise me," he said to her. "I deserve it."

"Go away, go away as fast as you can, whenever you feel unable to control yourself," Countess Márya said, sadly, trying to comfort her husband.

Nikoláy was respected, but not loved, by the gentry of the Government. He was not interested in the affairs of the nobility. Because of this some regarded him as a proud, and others as a stupid, man. All his time in the summer, from the sowing in the spring until the harvest, was taken up by the cares of the estate. In the fall he abandoned himself to the chase with the same business-like preoccupation with which he attended to the farm, going away for a month or two to hunt in distant places. In the winter he visited the other villages and busied himself with reading. The books he read were mostly historical, and on these he spent every year a stated sum. He was gathering, as he said, a serious library, and made it his rule to read all the books he bought. With a serious look he sat down in his cabinet to read, an employment which at first he had imposed on himself as a duty, but which later became a habitual occupation with him, giving him special pleasure and the consciousness that he was working on something serious. Except for business journeys, he passed the greater part of the winter at home, in close communion with his family, and entering into the intimate relations between the mother and her children. His wife grew nearer and nearer to him, and every day he discovered new spiritual treasures in her.

Sónya had been living in the house ever since Niko-

láy's marriage. Even before his marriage, Nikoláy, accusing himself and praising Sónya, had told his wife everything there had been between them. He asked Princess Márya to be kind and good to his cousin. Countess Márya was quite conscious of her husband's guilt; she also felt her own guilt toward Sónya; she thought that her fortune might have had an influence on his choice; she could not reproach Sónya in anything, and she wanted to love her; but she not only did not love her, but frequently discovered resentment in her heart against her, and could not overcome it.

Once she talked with her friend Natásha about Sónya, and about her injustice toward her.

"Do you know," said Natásha, "you have read the Gospel a great deal; there is a passage in it which refers directly to Sónya."

"What is it?" Countess Márya asked, in surprise.

"'For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath,'—do you remember it? She has not; why, I do not know; maybe she has no egoism,—for aught I know; but from her it will be taken, and already has been taken. I sometimes am very sorry for her; I used to wish that Nicolas would marry her; but I always foresaw that it would never be. She is a sterile flower, you know, as in the strawberries. At times I am sorry for her, and at times I think that she does not feel it as we should feel it."

Although Countess Márya explained to Natásha that these words of the Gospel must be understood differently, she had to agree with Natásha's explanation, as she looked at Sónya. Indeed it seemed that Sónya did not feel her position burdensome and that she was resigned to her vocation as a sterile flower. She was fond not so much of the people as of the whole family. Like a kitten, she got used to the house, and not to the in-

mates. She tended on the old countess, caressed and spoiled the children, and was always ready to do small favours, of which she was always capable; but everybody accepted them instinctively, without any great sense of gratitude —

The manor of Lýsyya Góry was rebuilt, but no longer on the scale on which it had been during the life of the late prince.

The buildings, which were started in time of need, were more than simple. The enormous house, on the old stone foundation, was of wood. It was plastered only on the inside. The large, spacious house, with unpainted plank floors, was furnished with the simplest kind of rough divans, chairs, and tables, made by the home carpenters of birches from the estate. The house was very spacious, and had rooms for the manorial servants, and apartments for guests. The relatives of the Rostóvs and of the Bol-kónskis now and then came to Lýsyya Góry with their whole families, with their sixteen horses and dozens of servants, and stayed there for months at a time. In addition to that, four times a year, during the name-days and birthdays of Nikoláy and his wife, about one hundred guests assembled for a day or two. The remaining part of the year, the regular routine of life, with its usual occupations, teas, breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, all furnished by the products of the farm, went on in unimpaired order.

IX.

IT was the day preceding St. Nicholas Day, December 5, 1820. Natásha, with her husband and children, had been visiting her brother ever since fall. Pierre was in St. Petersburg, whither he had gone for three weeks to attend to his business, as he had said, but where he had been staying seven. He was expected back at any moment.

On December 5th there was at Nikoláy's house, in addition to Bezúkhi's family, his old friend, ex-General Vasíli Fédorovich Denísov.

Nikoláy knew that on December 6th, the day of the celebration, when the guests would call, he would have to take off his frock coat and don a long coat and tight, pointed boots, and drive to the church which he had lately erected, and then receive congratulations, and offer appetizers, and talk of the elections of the gentry and of the crops; but on the day preceding the celebration he regarded it as his privilege not to deviate from his routine. He audited the account of the burghmaster from the Ryazán village, belonging to his wife's nephew, wrote two business letters, and inspected the threshing-floor and the cattle yard and horse stables. Having taken the proper measures against the general intoxication which was expected on the following day on the occasion of the celebration, he went to dinner and, without having had a chance to see his wife all by herself, seated himself at the long table which was set for twenty, and at which all

the household was gathered. There were his mother, the old woman Byélov, who was living with her, his wife, his three children, a governess, a tutor, his nephew with his tutor, Sónya, Denísov, Natásha, her three children, their governess, and old Mikhaíl Iványch, the prince's architect, who was living out his days at Lýsyya Góry.

Countess Márya was sitting at the opposite end of the table. The moment her husband sat down in his seat, she decided from the gesture with which he, taking his napkin, rapidly changed the position of the tumbler and wine-glass, which were standing in front of him, that he was not in spirits, as sometimes happened with him, especially before the soup, and when he came from the farm directly to dinner. Countess Márya knew this disposition very well, and when she herself was in a good humour, she waited for him to finish his soup, and then began to speak with him and made him confess that he had no reason to be out of sorts; but on that day she completely forgot to observe that rule; she was pained to see him angry with her without cause, and she felt unhappy. She asked him where he had been. He told her. She asked him again whether everything was in order on the farm. He gave an unpleasant frown at her unnatural tone and quickly answered her question.

"Yes, I am not mistaken," thought Countess Márya. "Why is he angry with me?" In the tone with which he replied to her Countess Márya heard ill-will toward herself and a desire to stop the conversation. She felt that her words were unnatural, but she could not keep herself from asking him a few questions more.

Thanks to Denísov, the conversation at dinner soon became general and animated, and Countess Márya did not speak with her husband. When they left the table and went to thank the old countess, Countess Márya, in offering her husband her hand, kissed him and asked him why he was angry with her.

“ You have always such strange ideas ! I never thought of being angry,” he said.

But the word *always* told Countess Márya : “ Yes, I am angry, and I do not want to tell you.”

Nikoláy and his wife lived so well together that even Sónya and the old countess, who, out of jealousy, wished to see some difference between them, could find no pretext for reproaches ; but there were between them now and then moments of hostility. At times, particularly after the happiest periods, they were suddenly assailed by a sensation of estrangement and hostility ; this feeling generally appeared during the pregnancy of Countess Márya. She was now in that state.

“ Well, *messieurs et mesdames*,” said Nikoláy, in a loud and seemingly merry voice (Countess Márya thought that he spoke so on purpose, just to offend her), “ I have been on my feet since six o’clock. To-morrow I shall have to suffer, but now I must go and take a rest.” And without saying anything more to Countess Márya, he went to the small sofa-room and lay down on a sofa.

“ It is always like that,” thought Countess Márya. “ He talks with everybody but me. I see, I see that he loathes me. Especially when I am in this state.” She looked at her high abdomen and in the mirror at her sallow, emaciated face with her large eyes, which now looked larger than ever.

And everything became unpleasant to her : Denísov’s shout and laughter, and Natásha’s conversation, and, especially, the glances which Sónya kept casting at her.

Sónya was always the first pretext which Countess Márya chose for her irritation.

Staying awhile with the guests and not understanding a word of all they were saying, she softly went out and walked to the nursery.

The children were riding to Moscow on chairs and invited her to go with them. She sat down and played

with them, but the thought of her husband and of his causeless anger tormented her all the time. She got up and, with difficulty walking on tiptoe, went to the small sofa-room.

"Maybe he is not asleep; I will have an explanation with him," she said to herself. Andryúsha, her eldest boy, imitating her, walked on tiptoe behind her. Countess Márya did not notice him.

"*Chère Marie, il dort, je crois; il est fatigué,*" said Sónya in the large sofa-room. Countess Márya was sure that she always turned up on purpose. "Andryúsha will wake him."

Countess Márya looked around, saw Andryúsha behind her, and felt that Sónya was right; but for that very reason she burst into a passion and with difficulty repressed harsh words. She said nothing and, not to seem to obey her, she beckoned to Andryúsha to follow her quietly, and went up to the door. Sónya passed through another door. From the room where Nikoláy was sleeping proceeded his even breathing, which she knew to its minutest details. As she heard his breathing, she saw before her his smooth, handsome brow, his moustache, his whole face, on which she so frequently gazed when he was asleep, in the stillness of the night. Nikoláy suddenly moved and made a noise. At the same moment Andryúsha beyond the door cried out: "Papa, mamma is here!" Countess Márya grew pale from fright and made signs to her son. He grew silent, and for a moment lasted that terrible silence. She knew how Nikoláy hated to be wakened. Suddenly she heard through the door a louder sound, a moving, and Nikoláy's angry voice:

"Not for a moment will they give me a rest! Marie, is it you? Why did you bring him here?"

"I just came to see — I did not see — forgive me —"

Nikoláy cleared his throat and grew silent. Countess Márya went away from the door and took her son back to

the nursery. Five minutes later, black-eyed, three-year-old Natásha, her father's favourite, learning from her brother that her father was asleep, and that mother was in the sofa-room, ran up to him, unnoticed by her mother. The black-eyed little girl boldly creaked the door, with energetic little steps of her tapping feet went up to the sofa, and, observing the position of her father, who was sleeping with his back toward her, got up on tiptoe and kissed his hand which was lying under his head. Nikoláy turned around with a gentle smile on his face.

"Natásha, Natásha!" was heard the frightened whisper of Countess Márya from the other room. "Papa wants to sleep."

"No, mamma, he does not want to sleep," little Natásha replied, with conviction. "He is laughing."

Nikoláy put down his feet, got up, and took his daughter in his arms.

"Come in, Marie!" he said to his wife.

Countess Márya entered the room and sat down by her husband's side.

"I did not see him running after me," she said, timidly. "I just wanted to see."

Nikoláy, holding his daughter with one arm, and seeing the guilty expression of her face, embraced her with the other, and kissed her hair.

"May I kiss mamma?" he asked Natásha.

Natásha smiled in embarrassment.

"Again!" she said, with an imperative gesture, pointing to the spot where Nikoláy had kissed his wife.

"I do not know why you think that I am in ill humour," said Nikoláy, replying to the question which, he knew, was in his wife's mind.

"You can't imagine how unhappy and lonely I am when you are like that. It then seems to me —"

"Marie, stop it! Why are you not ashamed," he said, merrily.

"It seems to me that you cannot love me, that I am so homely — always — and now — in this condi—"

"Oh, how funny you are! Not beauty makes sweetness, but sweetness beauty. Only Malvina and such like are loved because they are beautiful; but do I love my wife? I do not love her, but, you know, I do not know how to explain it. Without you, or when we have a tiff, I feel all lost, and can't do a thing. Do I love my finger? No, I do not love it, but try to cut it off—"

"No, it is different with me, but I understand you. So you are not angry with me?"

"I am, terribly," he said, smiling, and, rising and arranging his hair, he began to walk up and down in the room.

"Do you know, Marie, what I am thinking about?" he began, when peace had been made, at once beginning to think aloud in his wife's presence. He did not ask her whether she was ready to hear him; that made no difference to him. The thought had come to him, consequently to her, too. He told her of his intention of asking Pierre to stay with them until spring.

Countess Márya listened to him, made her remarks, and began herself to think her thoughts aloud. Her thoughts were of the children.

"How the woman can already be seen in her!" she said, in French, pointing to little Natásha. "You accuse us women of being illogical. Here is our logic. I say, 'Papa wants to sleep,' and she says, 'No, he is laughing.' And she is right," said Countess Márya, with a happy smile.

"Yes, yes," and Nikoláy, taking his daughter on his strong arm, raised her up high, put her on his shoulders with her legs astride, and began to walk up and down the room with her. Father and daughter had both senselessly happy faces.

"Do you know, you may be unjust. You love this one

too much," Countess Márya said, in French, in a whisper.

"Yes, but what is to be done? I try not to show it—" Just then sounds of the door-block and of steps, as though some one had arrived, were heard in the vestibule and anteroom.

"Some one has arrived."

"I am sure that it is Pierre. I will go and see," said Countess Márya, leaving the room.

During her absence Nikoláy galloped around the room with his daughter. Gasping for breath, he took down his laughing child and pressed her to his breast. His leaps reminded him of dancing, and, looking at her happy, round, childish face, he tried to imagine how she would be when he, an old man, should begin to take her out in society, and how he would dance the mazurka with her, just as his father had danced the Daniel Cooper with his daughter.

"It is he, it is he, Nicolas," Countess Márya said a few minutes later, returning to the room. "Now our Natásha is herself again. You ought to have seen her transport, and how he caught it for having stayed away so long!—Come, come at once! Can't you separate?" she said, smiling, and looking at the girl who was pressing against her father.

Nikoláy went out, leading his daughter by the hand. Countess Márya remained in the sofa-room.

"Never, never should I have believed," she whispered to herself, "that it is possible to be so happy." Her face was lighted up by a smile; but, at the same time, she sighed, and calm sorrow was expressed in her profound glance, as though, outside the happiness which she was experiencing, there was another happiness, which was inaccessible in this life, and of which she involuntarily thought at that moment.

X.

NATÁSHA had married early in the spring of the year 1813, and in 1820 she had already three daughters and one son, whom she had wished for so much, and whom she now was nursing. She was broader and fuller now, so that in this healthy mother it was difficult to recognize the once slender and mobile Natásha. Her features were defined and had the expression of calm softness and clearness. In her face there was not, as before, that constant fire of animation, which had formed her charm. Now her face and body could often be seen, but her soul never. All one saw was a sturdy, handsome, fertile female. Her former fire rarely burnt in her now, and that happened only on such occasions, as at that particular time when her husband came back, or when a child got well, or when she and Countess Márya spoke of Prince Andréy (to her husband she never mentioned Prince Andréy, assuming that he was jealous even of his memory), or very rarely, when something accidentally drew her to sing, a thing which she had entirely ceased to do since her marriage. In those rare moments, when the former fire flashed up in her well-developed, beautiful body, she was even more attractive than before.

Since her marriage, Natásha had been living with her husband in Moscow, in St. Petersburg, and in the Moscow suburban estate, and with her mother, that is with Nikoláy. The young Countess Bezúkli was little seen in society, and those who saw her were dissatisfied with her. She was neither attractive nor amiable. It was hard to say

whether Natásha loved solitude (she did not know herself whether she did or not, but now and then she thought she did not); but, being pregnant, bearing and nursing her children, and taking part in every minute of her husband's life, she could not satisfy these wants otherwise than by renouncing the world. All those who had known Natásha before her marriage marvelled at the change which had taken place in her, as though it were something extraordinary. But the old countess, with her maternal instinct, understood that all of Natásha's impulses had for their base the need of having a family and a husband, as she had always said at Otrádnoc, not so much in jest as in earnest. The mother marvelled at the surprise of the people who did not understand Natásha, and kept repeating that she always knew that Natasha would be an exemplary wife and mother.

"The only trouble is, she carries her love for her husband and for her children to excess," the countess would say, "so that it is really stupid."

Natásha did not follow the golden rule which is preached by clever people, especially by the French, and which is that a girl in marrying must not let herself down and neglect her talents, but should, even more than in girlhood, try to attract her husband, as she attracted men before. Natásha, on the contrary, gave up all her enchantments, of which one was particularly great, her singing. She gave it up for the very reason that it was so seductive. Natásha took no care of her manners, nor of the delicacy of her speech, nor did she try to appear to her husband in the most advantageous attitudes, nor trouble herself about her toilet, or about the possibility of annoying her husband with her exactions. She did the very opposite to these rules. She felt that all those seductions, which instinct had taught her to use before, would now be ridiculous in the eyes of her husband, to whom she had given herself body and soul from the start,

without leaving a single corner hidden from him. She felt that her union with her husband was not sustained by those poetic sentiments which had attracted him to her, but by something else, something indefinite, but firm, like the union of her own soul with her body.

To puff up her locks, put on fine robes, and sing romances in order to attract her husband, would have appeared as strange to her as if she embellished herself, in order to be satisfied with herself. To adorn herself in order to please others might have been agreeable to her, — she did not know about that, — but she had absolutely no time to think of it. The chief reason why she did not busy herself with her singing, her toilet, her speech, was that she had absolutely no time to think of these things.

It is well known that man has the ability to concentrate all his attention on one subject, no matter how insignificant it may be, and that no subject is so insignificant but that, with concentrated attention directed upon it, it will grow up to endless dimensions.

The subject in which Natásha was completely absorbed was her family, that is, her husband, who had to be kept in such a way as to belong inseparably to her and to the house, and the children, whom she had to carry in her womb, bear, nurse, and rear.

And the more she penetrated, not with her mind, but with her whole soul, into the subject which absorbed all her attention, the more it expanded, and the weaker and more insignificant her strength appeared to her, so that she concentrated it all on one and the same thing, and still did not succeed in doing what to her seemed necessary.

The talks and reflections about the rights of women, about the relations of the married pair, about their freedom and rights, though not yet called "questions" as now, were then the same that they are now; but these ques-

tions did not interest Natásha ; she did not even understand them.

These questions then existed as they now exist, for those men alone who in wedlock look only for the pleasure which the married pair derive from each other, that is, for the mere beginning of the married state, and not for its whole significance, which consists in the family.

These reflections and the modern questions, like the questions of how to derive the greatest enjoyment out of a dinner, did not exist then, and do not exist now, among people whose purpose in dining is nutrition, and whose purpose of matrimony is the family.

If the purpose of the dinner is the nutrition of the body, then he who eats two dinners may derive greater enjoyment, but will not attain his aim, because two dinners will not be digested in his stomach.

If the purpose of matrimony is the family, then he who wants to have many wives, or she who wants to have many husbands, may derive much pleasure, but in no case will have a family.

The whole question, if the purpose of dining is nutrition, and the purpose of marriage the family, is solved if one does not eat more than one can digest, and has no more wives, or husbands, than is necessary to rear a family, that is one. Natásha needed a husband. A husband was given to her, and the husband gave her the family. And she saw no necessity for any other better husband. As all her spiritual powers were directed toward serving this man and her family, she could not imagine, and saw no interest in imagining, what would have happened if it had been otherwise.

Natásha did not like society in general ; but she valued so much the more the company of her relatives, of Countess Márya, her brother, her mother, and Sónya. She valued the company of those people to whom she, dishevelled, in her morning-gown, could walk out with long strides from

the nursery, with a radiant face showing them the diaper with a yellow instead of a green spot upon it, and listening to their assurances that the baby was much better now.

Natasha let herself down to such an extent that her costumes, her coiffures, her inappropriate remarks, her jealousy, — she was jealous of Sónya, of the governess, of every pretty and every homely woman, — were a standing subject for jokes with all her near friends. The general opinion was that Pierre was under his wife's thumb, and that was really so. Natasha made her peremptory demands on him soon after her marriage. Pierre was surprised at this to him entirely new view of his wife, which was that every minute of his life belonged to her and his family; Pierre was surprised at his wife's demands, but he was flattered by them and submitted to them.

Pierre's submission consisted in this, that he did not dare to court a woman, or even to talk to one with a smile; that he did not dare to drive to the clubs for dinners, just to pass the time there; that he did not dare to spend money on small vices; that he did not dare to leave for a long period of time, except on business, in which she included his occupations with the sciences, of which she did not understand a thing, but to which she ascribed great importance. To compensate for this, Pierre had full liberty in the house, to dispose of himself, and even of the family, as he pleased. In her house, Natasha placed herself on the footing of her husband's slave; and the whole house walked on tiptoe when Pierre was busy, — when he read or wrote in his cabinet. Pierre had only to show a predilection for anything, in order to have his whim satisfied all the time. He needed only to express a wish, and Natasha sprang up and ran to execute it.

The whole house was guided by the seeming commands of her husband, that is, by his wishes, which she tried to divine. Natasha's manner of life, domicile, acquaintances, connections, occupations, and the education of her

children were not only determined by Pierre's explicit will, but Natásha tried to guess what might follow from the thoughts expressed by him in conversations. And she divined correctly the essence of Pierre's wishes, and, having once guessed it, she persistently held on to it. If Pierre himself wanted to change his wish, she fought against him with his own weapon.

Thus, during a grave period, which for ever remained memorable to Pierre, after the birth of her first, weakly child, when they had to change three wet-nurses and Natásha grew ill from despair, Pierre once communicated to her Rousseau's ideas, with which he fully agreed, about the unnaturalness and harm of wet-nurses. With the next baby, in spite of the opposition of the mother, the doctors, and her husband himself, who rose in a body against her nursing as an unheard-of and injurious thing, she stuck to her determination, and ever afterward nursed her own children.

Very frequently, in moments of irritation, it happened that they quarrelled, but much later Pierre, to his joy and surprise, discovered, not only in his wife's words, but also in her actions, that she had adopted the very idea against which she had struggled before. And he not only found that idea in her, but it was purified from all the dross, caused by the exaggeration and the heat of the discussion in the expression of Pierre's idea.

After seven years of married life, Pierre was conscious of a joyous, definite feeling that he was not a bad man, and he felt this because he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt everything good and bad mixed and dimmed; but in his wife only that was reflected which was truly good; everything not absolutely good was rejected. This reflection was not brought about by logical reasoning, but in some other mysterious, direct way.

XI.

Two months before, Pierre, when he was already visiting the Rostóvs, had received a letter from Prince Fédor, who called him to St. Petersburg to deliberate on certain important questions which in St. Petersburg engaged the attention of the members of a certain society, of which Pierre was one of the chief founders.

Having read this letter, Natásha, who always read her husband's correspondence, in spite of the whole burden which would fall upon her through her husband's absence, herself proposed to him that he should go. To everything which was her husband's mental, abstract business she, not understanding it, ascribed a very great importance and lived in eternal fear lest she should be an obstacle to her husband's activity. To Pierre's timid, questioning glance, after he had read the letter, she replied by begging him to go, asking him only to tell her definitely the time of his return. He received his leave of absence for four weeks.

From the time that the period of Pierre's leave was over, that is, for two weeks, Natásha lived in a constant state of fear, sadness, and irritation.

Denísov, now an ex-general, who was dissatisfied with the contemporary state of affairs, and who had arrived during those two weeks, looked at Natásha with surprise and melancholy, as on a bad likeness of a once beloved person. Her gloomy, tedious glance, inappropriate answers, and nursery talk was all he saw or heard from his former enchantress.

Natásha was sad and irritated all the time, especially when her mother, her brother, Sónya, or Countess Márya tried to console her by finding excuses for Pierre, and inventing reasons for his delay.

"Nonsense, bosh," said Natásha, "all these deliberations which lead nowhere, and all these stupid societies!" she said of the very affairs in whose great importance she had implicit faith. And she went to the nursery to feed her only boy, Pétya.

No one could tell her anything so sensible or give her so much comfort as that three-months-old being, as he lay at her breast, and she felt the motion of his mouth and the sniffing of his nose. This being said to her: "You are angry, you are jealous, you would like to have your revenge, you are afraid, but I am he. I am he —" And there was no answer to it. It was more than the truth.

During these two weeks of unrest Natásha had had recourse so often to the babe for consolation, and busied herself so much with him, that she overfed him, and he grew sick. She was afraid for his health, and that was precisely what she needed. Attending to him, she could more easily bear her uneasiness about her husband.

She was nursing the child when Pierre's vehicle was heard at the porch, and the nurse, who knew what would make her mistress happy, with inaudible but rapid steps and a beaming countenance entered the room.

"Has he come?" Natásha asked, in a rapid whisper, fearing to move, lest she should wake the child, who had fallen asleep.

"Yes, my lady," whispered the nurse.

The blood rushed to Natásha's face, and her feet instinctively moved; but she could not jump up and run. The boy again opened his eyes and looked up. "You are here," he seemed to say, and again indolently smacked his little lips.

Slowly pulling away her breast, Natásha jumped up, turned him over to the nurse, and walked with rapid steps toward the door. But at the door she stopped, as though feeling scruples for having left the child so soon, and she looked back. The nurse, with uplifted elbows, lifted the child over the balustrade of his crib.

“Go, go, my lady! Don't worry! Go!” the nurse whispered, smiling, with a certain familiarity which had established itself between the nurse and the mistress.

Natásha ran with light steps into the antechamber.

Denísov, who, smoking his pipe, had gone from the cabinet to the parlour, now for the first time recognized Natásha. A bright, sparkling, joyous light emanated in streams from her transformed face.

“He has come!” she called out to him on her run, and Denísov felt that he himself was in a transport because Pierre had come, though he had little love for him. On reaching the anteroom, Natásha saw a tall figure in a fur coat, unwrapping himself.

“It is he, he! Yes. Here he is,” she muttered to herself, and, flying up to him, she embraced him and pressed his head to her breast, and then, pushing him away, looked at his ruddy, happy face, covered with hoar-frost. “Yes, it is he! Happy, satisfied —”

And suddenly she thought of all the torments of expectancy through which she had passed in the last two weeks: the beaming joy on her face became veiled; she frowned, and a torrent of reproaches and resentful words was poured forth on Pierre.

“Yes, you were comfortable, you had a good time, you have enjoyed yourself — But how was it with me? If you only pitied the children. I am nursing, and my milk is spoilt — Pétya was sick unto death. And you are having a good time. Yes, you are —”

Pierre knew that he was not guilty, because he could not have come earlier; he knew that this outburst of hers

was improper, and that it would pass in two minutes; he knew, above everything else, that he was happy. He felt like smiling, but did not dare to think of it even. He made a pitiful, frightened face, and bent his head.

"I could not, upon my word. But how is Pétya?"

"He is all right now. Come! Aren't you ashamed? If you only could see how I feel when you are not here, how I suffer —"

"Are you well?"

"Come, come!" she said, still holding his hand. And they went to their apartments.

When Nikoláy and his wife went to find Pierre, he was in the nursery, having in his enormous right hand the awakened babe, whom he was holding out. On Pétya's broad face with the open, toothless mouth stood a happy smile. The storm had spent itself long ago, and a bright, joyous sun gleamed on the face of Natásha, who was looking at her husband and her son with emotion.

"Have you talked everything over with Prince Fédor?" asked Natásha.

"Yes, everything."

"You see, he holds it up" (Natásha meant his head). "What a fright he gave me! — Did you see the princess? Is it true that she is in love with that —"

"Yes, just think of —"

The door opened, and Nikoláy and Countess Márya entered the room. Without putting his son down, Pierre bent over and kissed them, and answered their questions. But it was evident that, in spite of the many interesting things that he had to communicate, his baby in its cap, with its nodding head, absorbed his whole attention.

"How sweet!" said Countess Márya, looking at the child, and playing with him. "I cannot understand, Nicolas," she turned to her husband, "how it is you do not appreciate the charm of these sweet little things!"

"I do not, I can't," said Nikoláy, looking at the baby with a cold glance. "A bit of flesh. Come, Pierre!"

"And he is such a tender father," said Countess Márya, trying to justify her husband, "but only when they are a year old, or —"

"Really, Pierre takes excellent care of them," said Natásha. "He says that his palm just fits the baby's bottom. Just see!"

"Only not for this business," Pierre said, with a sudden burst of laughter, putting his arms about the child and giving him to the nurse.

XII.

As in every real family, there were in the manor at Lýsyya Góry several distinct worlds, which, retaining each its peculiarities and making allowances for one another, blended into one harmonious whole. Each event that took place in the house, whether cheerful or sad, was equally important to all those separate worlds, but each world had its distinct, independent causes to rejoice or feel sorrow on account of the event.

Thus Pierre's arrival was a joyous, important event, and as such it was reflected in all.

The servants, the safest judges of their masters, because they do not judge by conversations or by expressions of feeling, but by the acts and manner of life, rejoiced in Pierre's arrival because they knew that, while he was there, the count would not go out on the farm daily, and would be more cheerful and better to them, and also because there would be fine presents given on the holiday.

The children and the governesses were glad of Bezúkhi's arrival because no one drew them so much into the general drift of life as he did. He was the only one who could play on the clavichord that *écossaise* (his only piece), at the sounds of which, as he said, one could dance any dance imaginable, and, no doubt, he had brought presents for everybody.

Nikólenka, Prince Andréy's son, who now was a lean, sickly, clever boy of fifteen, with curly blond hair, was glad because Uncle Pierre, as he called him, was the object of his admiration and impassioned love. No one

had instilled any special love for Pierre in Nikólenka, and he saw him but rarely. His guardian, Countess Márya, used every effort to make Nikólenka love her husband as she loved him, and Nikólenka did love his uncle; but he loved him with a barely perceptible shade of contempt, whereas he worshipped Pierre. He did not want to be a hussar, nor a chevalier of St. George, like Uncle Nikoláy, but he wanted to be learned, clever, and good, like Pierre. In Pierre's presence there was always a joyful lustre in his face, and he blushed and gasped for breath whenever Pierre addressed him. He did not lose a word of what Pierre told him, and later he recalled with Desalles and by himself every word uttered by him, and tried to make out its meaning. Pierre's past life, his misfortunes before the year 1812 (of which he had formed a dim, poetical conception from such things as he had heard about him), his love for Natásha (whom, too, the boy loved with a peculiar love), and, above all, his friendship with his father, whom Nikólenka did not remember, made of Pierre something heroic and holy to him.

From the interrupted talks about his father and Natásha, from the agitation with which Pierre spoke of the deceased man, from that careful, reverential tenderness with which Natásha spoke of him, the boy, who had just begun to comprehend love, formed the conception that his father had loved Natásha, and had, dying, bequeathed her to his friend. His father, whom the boy did not remember, presented himself to him as a divinity above all human comprehension, of whom he did not think otherwise than with trepidation and with tears of sorrow and transport. And so the boy was happy on account of Pierre's arrival.

The guests were glad to see Pierre, as he was a man who always cheered up and unified any company he was in.

The grown home-folk, not to mention his wife, were

glad to see a friend, with whom life went more easily and more calmly.

The old ladies were glad, because they would get some presents from him, and because, above all, Natásha would revive.

Pierre felt all these various attitudes of the different worlds toward him, and hastened to give each his due.

Pierre, the most absent-minded, forgetful of men, had bought everything according to the list made up for him by his wife, without forgetting the commissions of the mother and the brother, or the material for a dress for Miss Byélov, or the toys for his nephews. During the first period of his marriage this demand of his wife that he should carry out to the letter his intention of buying presents, without forgetting anything, had seemed strange to him, and he was startled by her serious grief when, during his first journey, he made a muddle of his purchases. But later he became accustomed to it. Knowing that Natásha never asked him to buy anything for herself, and ordered him to buy for others only when he himself expressed his desire to do so, he now experienced a certain childish enjoyment in these purchases of presents for the whole house, and never forgot anything. If he deserved any rebuke from Natásha, he deserved it for buying too much and too expensive things. To all of what were, in the opinion of the majority, her faults, such as slovenliness and neglect, and in Pierre's opinion, her good qualities, Natásha added stinginess.

Ever since Pierre began to keep a great house, with a large family, demanding great expenditures, he to his surprise discovered that he spent half as much as before, and that his affairs, which had been in a ruinous state, especially on account of the debts of his first wife, were beginning to mend.

It cost him less to live because life was circumscribed : Pierre no longer indulged in that costly luxury, which

consisted in that kind of life which could be changed at any moment, nor did he wish to have it. He felt that his mode of life was now determined once for all until his death and that it was not in his power to change it, and so it was inexpensive.

Pierre with a happy, smiling face laid out his purchases.

"How is this?" he said, opening up, like a shopkeeper, a piece of cloth.

Natásha, holding her eldest daughter on her knees, and swiftly transferring her lustrous eyes from her husband to what he was showing, sat opposite him.

"This is for Miss Byélov? Excellent." She felt the goods. "I suppose a rouble an arshín?"

Pierre told her the price.

"Too much," said Natásha. "How happy the children and mamma will be! Why did you buy this for me?" she added, unable to repress a smile, as she looked at a golden comb set in pearls, such as were just coming into fashion.

"Adèle insisted that I should buy it," said Pierre.

"When shall I put it on?" Natásha put it in her hair. "It will be good to take Másha out into society; maybe they will wear them again then. Come now!"

And picking up the presents, they went, first to the nursery, and then to the countess.

The countess was sitting with Miss Byélov and, as was her custom, was laying out a Grand-patience, when Pierre and Natásha, with the bundles under their arms, entered the drawing-room.

The countess was more than sixty years old. She was all gray and wore a cap, the ruche of which came down over her whole face. Her face was wrinkled; her upper lip had receded, and her eyes were dim.

After the death of her son and of her husband, which followed rapidly one after the other, she suddenly felt herself a forgotten being in the world, without any aim or

meaning. She ate, drank, slept, kept awake, but did not live. Life gave her no impressions. She needed nothing of life but rest, and this rest she could find only in death. But, while death did not come, she had to live, that is, make use of her powers of life. In her was developed in the highest degree that which may be observed in very small children and very old people. In her life could be seen no external purpose, but only the necessity to exercise her various inclinations and functions. She had to eat, sleep, think, talk, weep, work, get angry, and so forth, because she had a stomach, a brain, muscles, nerves, and a liver. All this she did, not under any external stimulus, as people do in the full vigour of life, when the purpose of the application of their forces cannot be seen back of the other purpose toward which they tend. She talked only because she had the physical necessity of working her lungs and her tongue. She wept, like a child, because she had to clear her nose, and so forth. That which for people in their full vigour appeared as a purpose, for her evidently was an excuse.

Thus, in the morning, especially if the day before she had eaten something fat, she felt the necessity of being angry, and then she chose the nearest excuse,— Miss Byélov's deafness.

She began to tell her something in a soft tone of voice from the other end of the room.

"To-day it feels warmer, my dear," she said, in a whisper.

And then Miss Byélov replied, in a gruff voice :

"Yes, he has come."

"O Lord, how deaf and how stupid !"

Another excuse was her snuff, which now seemed to her too dry, now too moist, or badly crushed. After such irritations, the bile spread over her face, and her maids had sure signs when Miss Byélov would again be deaf, and the snuff moist, and her face yellow. Just as she had

to put her bile into operation, so she had now and then to put to work her still existing faculty of thinking, and then a solitaire was her excuse. When she had to weep, her late husband was a pretext. When it was necessary to be agitated, Nikoláy and his health were the excuse; when she had to make some venomous remarks, Countess Márya was the excuse. When she had to give exercise to her organ of speaking, — this generally was at seven o'clock, after a rest of her alimentary canal in a dark room, — the excuse was the telling of ever the same stories to ever the same hearers.

This condition of the old woman was understood by everybody in the house, though nobody ever spoke of it and all made every imaginable effort to satisfy these wants of hers. Only in a casual glance or a sad half-smile, directed at each other by Nikoláy, Pierre, Natásha, and Countess Márya, was expressed their mutual comprehension of her state.

But these glances also told something else; they told that she had done her work in life; that she was not all which now was visible in her; that all of us would be like that some day; and that it was a joy to submit to her, to restrain ourselves for the sake of this to us once dear, but now pitiable being, which was once as full of life as we are. "*Memento mori*," these glances said.

Of the whole household, only very bad and stupid people and the little children did not understand her and kept away from her.

XIII.

WHEN Pierre and his wife came to the drawing-room, the countess was in her habitual state of needing a mental exercise, which found its expression in a Grand-patience, and so, although she spoke the words, which she usually employed at the return of her son or of Pierre, "It is time, it is time, my dear; we have been waiting for you; thank God!" and, when she received her presents, uttered the other customary words, "The present is not expensive, my son; thank you for remembering me, the old woman," — it was evident that Pierre's arrival was not pleasant to her at that moment, because it took away her attention from the Grand-patience. She finished the solitaire, and then only got up to receive her presents. They consisted of a card-case of fine workmanship, of a light blue Sèvres cup, with a lid and shepherd figures, and of a gold snuff-box with the count's portrait, which Pierre had ordered of a miniaturist in St. Petersburg, and which the countess had long been wishing for. She did not feel like weeping just then, and so she looked indifferently at the portrait and busied herself more with the card-case.

"Thank you, my dear! You have given me pleasure," she said. "But the best thing is that you have brought yourself back. Really, it did look dreadful! You ought to scold your wife for it. Why, she is like an insane person without you. She sees nothing, remembers nothing," she spoke her customary sentences. "See, Anna Timoféevna," she added, "what a card-case my son has brought me!"

Anna Byélov praised the presents and admired her cloth.

Although Pierre, Natásha, Nikoláy, Countess Márya, and Denísov had a great many things to talk about, things that were not mentioned in the hearing of the countess, not because anything was concealed from her, but because she had fallen so far behind the times that, when anything was talked of in her presence it became necessary to reply to her questions, inappropriately put, and to repeat the same thing several times: to tell her that such and such a one had died, another had married, which, being a new piece of information, she was unable to remember; — yet, following their old habit, they sat in the drawing-room at the samovár, and to the countess's questions Pierre gave answers which she herself did not need, and which did not interest any one, about Prince Vasíli, who had grown old, and about Márya Aleksyéevna, who sent her best regards, and so forth.

Such a conversation, which interested no one, but nevertheless was necessary, was carried on during the whole time of the tea. All the grown members of the family generally assembled about a round table with the samovár, at which sat Sónya. The children, the tutors, and the governesses had had their tea, and their voices could be heard from the adjoining sofa-room. At tea all occupied their habitual seats: Nikoláy sat down at the stove, behind a small table, on which his tea was served. Old greyhound Mílka, the daughter of the first Mílka, with her completely gray face, on which her large, black eyes bulged out more than ever, lay in a chair near him. Denísov, with his curly, half-gray hair, moustache, and side-whiskers, wearing the uniform of a general all unbuttoned, was sitting near Countess Márya. Pierre was seated between his wife and the old countess. He was telling her what, he knew, might interest the old woman and would be intelligible to her. He spoke of external social matters and about people who at one time had formed the

circle of the old countess's contemporaries, and who formerly had been an actual, living, separate circle, but who now, scattered for the most part through the world, were living out their days like her, garnering the last ears of what they had sowed in life. But they, those contemporaries of hers, appeared to the old countess as the only serious and real world. Natásha saw, by Pierre's animation, that his journey had been interesting and that he wished to tell many things, but did not dare to do so in the presence of the old countess. Denísov, not being a member of the family, did not understand Pierre's caution, and, besides, as one of the dissatisfied, was very much interested in finding out the news in St. Petersburg, and so he kept provoking Pierre to tell about the late incident in the Seménovski regiment, about Arakchéev, and about the Bible Society. Pierre now and then was carried away by these subjects, and started to tell about them, but Nikoláy and Natásha every time took him back to the health of Prince Iván and Countess Márya Antónovna.

"How about all that madness, Gossner and Tatárinova," asked Denísov, "is it still being kept up?"

"Is it kept up?" exclaimed Pierre. "Worse than ever. The Bible Society is now the whole government."

"What is that, *mon cher ami*?" asked the countess, who had finished her tea and now apparently needed a pretext to get angry, after having partaken of her food. "What do you mean by the government? I do not understand."

"You see, mamma," interposed Nikoláy, who knew how to translate into his mother's language, "Prince A. N. Golítsyn has founded a society, and so he is very powerful, they say."

"Arakchéev and Golítsyn," Pierre said, incautiously, "are now the whole government. And what a government! In everything they see plots; they are afraid of everything."

“How is Aleksándr Nikoláevich to blame? He is a very honourable man. I used to meet him in those days at Márya Antónovna’s,” the countess said, provoked, and, still more provoked to hear them all silent, she continued: “They pass judgment now on everybody. An evangelical society, — where is the harm?” and she got up (so did the rest) and with a stern look sailed out into the sofa-room, to her table.

During the melancholy silence which ensued, children’s voices and laughter were heard in the adjoining room. Apparently some joyful agitation had taken possession of the children.

“Ready, ready!” was heard, louder than all, the wail of joy of little Natásha. Pierre exchanged glances with Countess Márya and Nikoláy (he saw Natásha all the time) and smiled a happy smile.

“What charming music!” he said.

“Anna Makárovna has finished knitting a stocking,” said Countess Márya.

“Oh, I must go and see,” said Pierre, leaping up. “Do you know,” he said, stopping at the door, “why I particularly love this music? They are the first to tell me that everything is well. As I was travelling to-day I felt more and more uneasy the nearer I came to the house. As I entered the anteroom, I heard Andryúsha laughing for all he was worth, and I knew that everything was well —”

“I know; I know the feeling,” Nikoláy confirmed him. “I can’t go with you, because the stockings are to be a surprise for me.”

Pierre went to the children, and the laughter and shouts grew louder still.

“Well, Anna Makárovna,” was heard Pierre’s voice, “you stand here, in the middle of the room, and at the command of one, two — and when I say three — You stand here. You get in my arms. Well, one, two —” said Pierre. A silence ensued. “Three!” and there rose

a groan of transport, uttered by the children in the room. "Two, two!" cried the children.

Those were two stockings which, according to a secret known to her alone, Anna Makárovna had knit at the same time, and which she always solemnly took out one from the other before the children, whenever the work was done.

XIV.

SOON after the children came to say good night. The children kissed everybody, and the governesses and tutors bowed themselves out and went away. Desalles alone with his pupil remained in the room. The tutor in a whisper asked the boy to go down-stairs.

"*Non, M. Desalles, je demanderai à ma tante de rester,*" Nikólenka Bolkónski answered him, also in a whisper.

"*Ma tante, permit me to stay,*" said Nikólenka, walking over to his aunt. His face expressed entreaty, agitation, and ecstasy. The countess looked at him and turned to Pierre.

"When you are here, he cannot tear himself away," she said to him.

"*Je vous le ramènerai tout-à-l'heure, M. Desalles ; bon-soir !*" said Pierre, giving the Swiss his hand, and, smiling, he turned to Nikólenka: "We have not seen each other yet. Marie, how much like him he is getting to be!" he added, turning to Countess Márya.

"Like father?" asked the boy, blushing purple and looking up at Pierre with his ecstatic, beaming eyes.

Pierre nodded to him and continued the story which had been interrupted by the children. Countess Márya was working on the embroidery-frame; Natásha did not take her eyes off her husband. Nikoláy and Denísov kept getting up, asking for their pipes, smoking, taking tea from Sónya, who sat gloomy and sullen at the samovár, and putting questions to Pierre. The curly-headed,

sickly boy, with his lustrous eyes, sat, unnoticed by any one, in the corner. Turning his curly head on his thin neck, which protruded from a turnover collar, in the direction where Pierre was, he now and then shuddered and whispered to himself, evidently experiencing a new, powerful sensation.

The conversation turned on that contemporary gossip from the higher spheres of the administration, in which the majority of people generally find the most important interest of internal politics. Denísov, who was dissatisfied with the government on account of his failure in the service, was glad to hear of all the stupid things which, in his opinion, were now being done in St. Petersburg, and in sharp, vigorous expressions commented on Pierre's words.

"Formerly one had to be a German, and now one must dance with Tatárinova and read Madame Krüdner—Eckarhausen and the brotherhood. Oh, I should like to see our good fellow Bonaparte come down on them once more. He would drive all the nonsense out of them. What sense is there in giving the Seménovski regiment to the soldier Schwartz?" he shouted.

Though not possessed of that desire, which Denísov had, of finding everything bad, Nikoláy considered it proper and important to pass judgment on the government, and thought that the fact that A—— had been appointed minister of such and such an office, and that B—— was sent as governor-general to such and such a place, and that the emperor had said this and that, and a minister had expressed himself so and so, was of prime importance. And he regarded it as necessary to take an interest in these things and to ask Pierre questions about them. So long as those two interlocutors plied him with questions, the conversation did not depart from that general character of gossiping about the higher administrative spheres.

But Natásha, who knew all the hidden thoughts of her

husband, saw that he had long been trying to turn the conversation into another groove, without being able to do so. He wanted to tell them his secret thought, the one on account of which he had gone to St. Petersburg to consult his new friend, Prince Fédor, and she helped him out with the question :

“ How about the affair with Prince Fédor ? ”

“ What is that ? ” asked Nikoláy.

“ Still the same, ” said Pierre, looking around him. “ Everybody sees that matters proceed so badly that they cannot be left as they are, and that it is the duty of all honest men to counteract this condition to the best of their ability. ”

“ What can the honest men do ? ” Nikoláy said, slightly frowning. “ What can be done ? ”

“ This — ! ”

“ Let us go to the cabinet ! ” said Nikoláy.

Natásha, who had been expecting to be called to feed the baby, heard the nurse's call, and went to the nursery. Countess Márya followed her. The men went to the cabinet, and Nikólenka Bolkónski, unnoticed by his uncle, entered too, and seated himself in the shadow, at the writing-desk near the window.

“ Well, what are you going to do ? ” asked Denísov.

“ Mere fancy, ” said Nikoláy.

“ This, ” began Pierre, without sitting down. He now paced the room, now stopped, lispng and making quick motions with his arms, while he was speaking. “ It is this. The situation in St. Petersburg is like this: the emperor does not take part in anything. He is all absorbed in that mysticism. ” (Pierre now forgave no one his mysticism.) “ He is looking only for quiet, and this quiet is given him by those men *sans foi ni loi*, who hew everything down from the shoulder: Magnítski, Arakchéev, and *tutti quanti* — You will admit that if you did not busy yourself with the farm, but were looking only for

quiet, your burghmaster would be so much the more cruel, and you would attain your end so much the sooner," he turned to Nikoláy.

"What are you saying this for?" asked Nikoláy.

"Well, everything is perishing. They steal in the courts, and in the army the stick rules: nothing but marching and military settlements; — they are tormenting the people; they are crushing enlightenment. They destroy everything that is young and honest. All see that things cannot go on that way. Everything is stretched too much, and it must burst," said Pierre (as people have been saying ever since governments have existed, whenever they examine the acts of those governments). "I told them a thing in St. Petersburg."

"Whom?" asked Denísov.

"Well, you know whom," said Pierre, casting a significant, stealthy look at them. "Prince Fédor and the rest. It is all very nice to do all you can for enlightenment and charity, — of course. It's a fine purpose, and all that; but, in the present circumstances, something different is wanted."

At that time Nikoláy noticed the presence of his nephew. His face grew sullen; he walked over to him.

"What are you doing here?"

"Why, leave him!" said Pierre, taking Nikoláy's hand, and continuing: "That is not enough, — I told them. Now we need something else. When you stand and wait for that strained string to burst, when all are waiting for the inevitable revolution, — it is necessary for as many people as possible to unite closely and walk hand in hand in order to withstand the general catastrophe. All the youthful, vigorous elements are attracted by it and are corrupted. One is seduced by women, another by honours, a third by ambition, or money, and they go over to that camp. There are left no independent, free men, such as you and I. I told them to widen the circle

of the society and let the *mot d'ordre* be not merely virtue, but independence and activity."

Nikoláy after leaving his nephew, angrily moved his chair away, sat down in it, and, listening to Pierre, angrily cleared his throat and kept frowning more and more.

"What do you want with activity?" he exclaimed. "And in what relation will you stand to the government?"

"In the relation of helpers. The society need not be a secret one, if the government will permit it. It is not inimical to the government,—it is a society of real conservatives, a society of gentlemen in the full acceptance of the word. All we want is that Pugachév shall not slaughter my children and yours, and that Arakchéev shall not send me into a military settlement. We go hand in hand for this only: our aim is the common good and the common safety."

"Yes; but it is a secret organization, consequently hostile and harmful, and it can do only an injury."

"Why? Has the Tugendbund, which has saved Europe" (at that time they did not yet dare believe that it was Russia that had saved Europe), "produced anything harmful? The Tugendbund is a society of virtue: it is love, mutual aid; it is what Christ has preached on the cross."

Natásha, who had entered the room in the middle of the conversation, looked joyfully at her husband. She was not rejoiced at what he was saying. It did not even interest her, for she thought that it was all extraordinarily simple and that she had always known it (it seemed so to her because she knew all that it originated from,— Pierre's whole soul); but she was happy, looking at his animated, ecstatic face.

Still more ecstatically and blissfully Pierre was watched by the boy, who was forgotten by everybody, with his thin neck protruding from the turnover collar. Every word of

Pierre's burnt his heart, and, without knowing it, he with a nervous movement of his fingers broke the sealing-wax and the pens on his uncle's desk, that fell into his hands.

"Not at all what you imagine. Let me tell you what the German Tugendbund was, and what the society is which I have proposed."

"My friend, the Tugendbund may be good enough for the sausage-eaters, — I do not know about that, and have no objection to it," was heard Denísov's loud, determined voice. "Everything is bad and base, I admit, only I do not understand your Tugendbund; if things do not go well, let us *bunt*, that's what. *Je suis vot'e homme.*"

Pierre smiled and Natásha laughed; but Nikoláy knit his brow more than before and began to prove to Pierre that no revolution was in sight, and that the whole peril, which he foresaw, was only in his imagination. Pierre proved the opposite, and as his mental powers were stronger and more versatile, Nikoláy felt that he got the worst of the argument. This angered him still more, for in his innermost soul he knew, not by reflection, but by something more powerful than reflection, that his opinion was indisputably correct.

"Let me tell you," he said, getting up, and with nervous movements putting his pipe in the corner and giving it up altogether. "I cannot prove it to you. You say that everything is in a bad shape with us, and that there will be an overthrow, — I do not see it; but you say that an oath is a conventional matter, and I say to you: you are my best friend, you know that, but form a secret society, begin to work against the government, whatever it be, and I know that it is my duty to obey the latter. And let Arakchéev command me to go against you with a squadron and mow you down, — I will not hesitate for a second, and will go. You may judge me as you please."

After these words ensued an awkward silence. Natá-

sha was the first to speak. She defended her husband and attacked her brother. The conversation was again taken up, and no longer in that disagreeable and hostile tone in which Nikoláy's last words had been said.

When all rose to go to supper, Nikólenka Bolkónski went up to Pierre. He was pale, and his lustrous eyes were sparkling.

"Uncle Pierre — you — no — If papa were alive — would he have agreed with you?" he asked.

Pierre suddenly comprehended what peculiar, independent, complex, and vigorous work of mind and sentiment had been going on in the boy during the conversation, and, recalling all he had said, he was sorry that the boy had heard him. Still, he had to answer him.

"I think he would," he said, reluctantly, leaving the cabinet.

The boy bent his head and now for the first time noticed what he had done on the table. His face was flushed, and he went up to Nikoláy.

"Uncle, pardon me! I did it, — unwittingly," he said, pointing to the broken sealing-wax and pens.

Nikoláy gave an angry jerk.

"All right, all right," he said, throwing away the bits of sealing-wax and the pens. And, apparently unable to restrain the wrath which had risen in him, he turned away from him.

"You had no business being here anyway," he said.

XV.

AT supper the conversation no longer turned on politics and societies, but on the recollections of the year 1812, which was quite to the liking of Nikoláy. It was provoked by Denísov, and Pierre was here very charming and amusing. They all parted with the happiest of feelings for each other.

When, after supper, Nikoláy, having undressed himself in the cabinet and having given his orders to the superintendent who had been waiting for him, came in his morning-gown into the sleeping-room, he found his wife still at the writing-desk: she was writing something.

“What are you writing, Marie?” asked Nikoláy.

Countess Márya blushed. She was afraid that what she had written would not be understood or approved by her husband. She would have liked to conceal from him what she had written, but, at the same time, she was glad that he had found her at work, and that she would have to tell him.

“It is a diary, Nicolas,” she said, handing him a blue note-book, filled with her firm, large writing.

“A diary?” Nikoláy said, with a shade of sarcasm, taking the note-book into his hands. It was written in French.

“December 4th. This morning Andryúsha” (her eldest son), “on getting up, did not want to get dressed, and Mlle. Louise sent for me. He was whimsical and stubborn. I tried to threaten him, but he got angrier still. So I changed my manner: I left him alone, and, with the

nurse, began to dress the other children, but told him that I did not love him. He was silent for a long time, as though amazed; then he leaped out of his bed in his shirt, ran up to me, and wept so bitterly that I could not quiet him for a long time. It was evident that he was tormented at having grieved me; then, in the evening, when I gave him a ticket, he again wept pitifully, as he kissed me. One can do anything with him by kindness."

"What is a ticket?" asked Nikoláy.

"I have begun to give the elder children notes in the evening, telling of their conduct."

Nikoláy glanced at her beaming eyes that were looking at him, and continued to turn the pages and to read. In this diary was noted down everything in the lives of the children which seemed to the mother of any importance in defining their character, or giving hints about educational methods. These observations were for the most part about trifles, but they did not seem so to the mother, nor now to the father, who was reading them for the first time.

Under December 5th it said:

"Mitya was naughty at table. Papa said not to let him have any pastry. He got none; but he looked so pitifully and so eagerly at the others, as they ate theirs! I think that punishing, by refusing sweetmeats, only develops a longing for them. Must tell Nicolas."

Nikoláy put the book aside, and looked at his wife. Her beaming eyes looked interrogatively at him, to discover whether he approved of the diary or not. There could be no doubt of Nikoláy's approval of his wife's action; he admired it.

Maybe it was not necessary to do it so pedantically, maybe not at all, thought Nikoláy; but this incessant, eternal straining, having for its aim only the moral good of the children, delighted him. If Nikoláy had been able to analyze his feeling, he would have found that the chief

foundation of his firm, tender, and proud love for his wife had for its basis that sense of admiration for her spirituality, for that elevated moral world, almost inaccessible to Nikoláy, in which his wife had always lived.

He was proud of her cleverness and goodness, recognizing at the same time his insignificance in the spiritual world, and so he was greatly rejoiced because she, with her soul, not only belonged to him, but formed part of himself.

"I approve of it very, very much, my dear," he said, with a significant glance. And, after a moment's silence, he added: "I have acted miserably to-day. You were not in the cabinet. Pierre and I had a heated debate, and I lost my temper. I could not help it. He is such a baby. I do not know what would happen to him if Natásha did not hold him in check. Can you imagine what he went to St. Petersburg for? They have founded there —"

"Yes, I know," said Countess Márya. "Natásha has told me."

"Well, then you know," Nikoláy continued, getting excited at the very recollection of the dispute. "He wants to convince me that it is the duty of every honest man to go against the government, while oath and duty — I am sorry you were not there. They all fell upon me, Denísov and Natásha — Natásha is very amusing. She keeps him under her thumb, but the moment it comes to reflections, she has no words of her own, — she talks his words," added Nikoláy, succumbing to that invincible tendency to pass judgment on very near and dear people. Nikoláy forgot that what he was saying about Natásha could have been said, word for word, of him in reference to his wife.

"Yes, I have noticed it," said Countess Márya.

"When I told them that duty and oath stood higher than anything else, he began to prove to me God knows

what. I am sorry you were not there. I wonder what you would have said."

"In my opinion, you are quite right. I told Natásha so. Pierre says that all suffer, are tormented, and corrupted, and that it is our duty to aid our neighbours. Of course, he is right," said Countess Márya, "but he forgets that we have other, nearer duties, which God himself has pointed out to us, and that we may risk our own lives, but not those of our children."

"Precisely, precisely. That's what I told him," Nikoláy interrupted her. He actually thought that he had said that very thing. "But they kept talking about love of your neighbour and Christianity, all that in the presence of Nikólenka, who had slunk into the cabinet, where he broke up everything."

"Oh, do you know, Nicolas, Nikólenka worries me a great deal," said Countess Márya. "He is such an unusual boy. I am afraid I neglect him on account of my children. We all of us have children, and a family; but he has nobody. He is always alone with his thoughts."

"It seems to me you have no reason to reproach yourself. Everything the tenderest mother could do for her son, you have been doing for him. And I, of course, am glad of it. He is a fine boy. To-night he has been listening to Pierre in some kind of oblivion. And, do you know, as we were going out to supper, I found that he had broken everything on my table into splinters, and he told me so at once. I have never known him to tell an untruth. A fine, fine boy!" repeated Nikoláy. In his heart he did not like Nikólenka, but he always tried to acknowledge that he was a fine boy.

"Still, I am not like a mother to him," said Countess Márya. "I feel that I am not, and that worries me. He is a superb boy; but I am terribly afraid for him. Society will do him good."

"Well, it will not be long. Next summer I will take him to St. Petersburg," said Nikoláy.

"Yes, Pierre has always been and always will be a dreamer," he continued, returning to his conversation in the cabinet, which apparently agitated him. "What in the world do I care whether Arakchéev is a bad man, and all such things? what was all that to me when I married and had so many debts that they wanted to put me in the hole, and my mother could not see the state of affairs and did not want to comprehend it? And then, you, the children, affairs. Do I attend to business and the farm just for my personal pleasure? No, I know that I must work in order to soothe mother, pay back to you what I owe you, and not leave the children such beggars as I was."

Countess Márya wanted to tell him that men live not by bread alone, and that he ascribed too much importance to *affairs*; but she knew that it was unnecessary and useless to say that. She only grasped his hand and kissed it. He took this gesture of his wife as an approval and confirmation of his thoughts and, after thinking awhile in silence, continued then aloud:

"You know, Marie," he said, "Ilyá Mitrofánych" (the business manager) "has arrived to-day from the Government of Támbov; he tells me that they now offer eighty thousand for the forest." And Nikoláy began to talk with an animated face about the possibility, which would soon present itself, of buying Otrádnoe back. "Ten years more of life, and I will leave it to the children — in an excellent condition."

Countess Márya listened to her husband and understood everything he was telling her. She knew that when he thought aloud thus, he might ask her what he said, and would get angry if he noticed that she was thinking of something else. But she was making a great effort at listening, because she was not in the least inter-

ested in what he was saying. She was looking at him and not so much thinking as feeling something else. She felt a submissive, tender love for this man, who would never understand everything she understood, and, as though for that very reason, she loved him more intensely still, with a shade of passionate tenderness. Outside of this feeling, which absorbed her whole being and prevented her from penetrating into all the details of her husband's plans, there flashed through her head thoughts which had nothing in common with what he was saying. She was thinking of her nephew (her husband's statement about his agitation during Pierre's discourse had struck her very forcibly), and she passed in review the various features of his gentle, sensitive character; and, thinking of her nephew, she also thought of her children. She did not compare her nephew with her children, but her feeling for him with the feeling which she had for them, and she found, to her sorrow, that something was lacking in her affection for Nikólenka.

Now and then she thought that this difference was due to their ages; but she felt that she was guilty toward him, and in her innermost soul she promised herself to mend and to do the impossible, that is, in this life to love her husband, and her children, and Nikólenka, and all her neighbours, as Christ had loved humanity. Countess Márya's soul always strove after the infinite, eternal, and perfect, and so she could never be calm. On her face appeared the stern expression of the secret, exalted suffering of her soul burdened by a body. Nikoláy looked at her. "O Lord! What will become of us, if she dies,—that is what I always think when she looks like that," he thought, and, standing before the image, he began to say his evening prayer.

XVI.

NATÁSHA, too, when left alone with her husband, talked with him as only a married couple talk together, that is, with extraordinary clearness and rapidity recognizing and communicating thoughts, along a path which is contrary to all the rules of logic, without premises, conclusions, or deductions, but in their own peculiar way. Natásha had become so accustomed to speak with her husband in this manner that her safest sign that something was wrong between them was the logical sequence of Pierre's thoughts. When he began to prove, to speak sensibly and calmly, and she, carried away by his example, began to do the same, she knew that it would certainly lead to a quarrel.

As soon as they were left alone, and Natásha, with wide-open, happy eyes, softly went up to him and, quickly grasping his head, suddenly pressed it to her breast, and said, "Now you are all, all mine! You will not get away again!" there began that conversation which is contrary to all the laws of logic, if for no other reason than because they spoke of the greatest variety of subjects at the same time. This simultaneous discussion of a number of things did not in the least interfere with the clearness of comprehension; on the contrary, it was the surest sign that they fully understood each other.

Just as everything in a dream is incorrect, senseless, and contradictory, except the guiding sensation of the dream, so in this communion, which was contrary to all the laws of reason, it is not the utterances that are

consistent and clear, but only the feeling which guides them.

Natásha told Pierre of how her brother was getting on, and of how she suffered without her husband, and of how she had got fonder still of Marie, and of how Marie was in every respect better than she. Saying this, Natásha was quite sincere. At the same time, she demanded of Pierre that he should none the less prefer her to Marie and to all other women, and that he should say so to her again now, especially since he had seen so many women in St. Petersburg.

Answering Natásha, Pierre told her how unbearable it had been for him to be in St. Petersburg at evening entertainments and dinners with the ladies.

"I have entirely forgotten how to talk to ladies," he said. "It just wearied me, — particularly since I was so busy."

Natásha looked fixedly at him, and continued :

"Marie is such a dear!" she said. "How she understands the children! She seems to see nothing but their souls. Yesterday, for example, Mitya was fussy —"

"How he resembles his father!" interrupted Pierre.

Natásha knew why he made that remark about Mitya's resemblance to Nikoláy: he was displeased at the thought of his dispute with his brother-in-law, and he wanted to know Natásha's opinion on the matter.

"Nikoláy has the weakness of not agreeing to a thing if it is not accepted by everybody. I understand that you value particularly the right to *ouvrir une carrière*," she said, repeating the words which Pierre had once used.

"No, the worst is that Nikoláy," said Pierre, "looks upon ideas and reflections as upon an entertainment, almost a pastime. He has been gathering a library, and makes it his rule not to buy any new book without reading it, — Sismondi, and Rousseau, and Montesquieu," Pierre said, with a smile. "You know how I once —"

he began, toning down his words, but Natásha interrupted him, intimating to him that it was unnecessary.

“So you say that ideas are a pastime for him —”

“Yes, and for me everything else is waste of time. I saw everybody in St. Petersburg as in a dream. When an idea interests me, everything else is a waste of time.”

“What a pity I did not see you when you first greeted the children!” said Natásha. “Who was the happiest? No doubt Liza?”

“Yes,” said Pierre, and he proceeded with what interested him. “Nikoláy says that we must not think, but how can I help it? Not only did I feel (I may tell you so) that without me everything in St. Petersburg would fall to pieces, — each was pulling in his own direction; but I succeeded in uniting them all, and then my idea is so simple and so clear. I do not say that we must counteract this and that. We may be mistaken. But I do say: join hands all of you who love goodness, and let us all have one standard — active virtue. Prince Sérgi is a fine man and he is clever.”

Natásha had no doubt but that Pierre's idea was great, but there was one thing which troubled her, and that was that he was her husband. “Is it possible that such a distinguished man, who is so needed by society, is at the same time my husband? Why did it happen this way?” She felt like expressing her doubt to him. “Who of all men could decide that he is really more intelligent than the rest?” she asked herself, scanning in her imagination all the men who were most respected by Pierre. To judge from his accounts, there was no one whom he respected so much as Platón Karatáev.

“Do you know what I am thinking about?” she said. “About Platón Karatáev. How about him? Would he approve of you now?”

Pierre was not in the least surprised at this question. He understood the march of his wife's thoughts.

“Platón Karatáev?” he said, musing, evidently making a sincere attempt at imagining Karatáev’s judgment on this subject. “He would not have understood it, and — perhaps he would.”

“I love you terribly!” Natásha suddenly said. “Terribly, terribly!”

“No, he would not have approved of it,” said Pierre, after some thinking. “What he would have approved of is our domestic life. He wanted so much to see in everything order, happiness, peace, and I should have taken a pride in showing my family to him. You talk of separation. You do not know what a peculiar feeling I have for you after a separation —”

“Another thing —” Natásha began.

“No, not that. I never cease loving you. And one cannot love more; but there is something special — Well —” he did not finish, because their glances, meeting, said the rest.

“What nonsense,” Natásha suddenly said, “to imagine that the honeymoon and the greatest happiness are only in the beginning. On the contrary, now is the happiest time. If you only did not leave me! Do you remember how we quarrelled? And it was always I who was to blame. Always I. I do not even remember what it was we used to quarrel about.”

“Always the same thing,” said Pierre, smiling, “jeal—”

“Don’t say it, I can’t bear it,” exclaimed Natásha. And a cold, evil sparkle flashed in her eyes. “Have you seen her?” she added, after a moment’s silence.

“No. I should have, but did not hear of her.”

They were silent.

“Do you know, as you were talking in the cabinet, I was looking at you,” said Natásha, evidently wishing to dispel the shrouding cloud. “You and he, the boy, are like two drops of water.” She meant her son. “It is

time to go to him — The milk has come — I hate to leave you.”

They grew silent for a few seconds. Then they suddenly turned to each other at one and the same time and began to talk. Pierre began with self-satisfaction and enthusiasm; Natásha with a calm, happy smile. Upon striking against each other, they both stopped, one giving the other a chance to talk.

“What is it? Go on, talk!”

“No, you speak, — I had nothing, just foolishness,” said Natásha.

Pierre said what he had begun to say. It was the continuation of his self-satisfied reflections on his success in St. Petersburg. It seemed to him at that moment that he was called to give a new direction to Russian society and to the whole world.

“I only wanted to say that all the thoughts that have enormous consequences are always simple. My idea is that if vicious people unite and form a force, honest men must do the same. This is so simple.”

“Yes.”

“What did you want to say?”

“Nothing, just some foolishness!”

“Tell it, all the same!”

“Oh, nothing,” said Natásha, beaming with a brighter smile; “I just wanted to tell you about Pétya: to-day the nurse came to take him from me, and he laughed, half-closed his eyes, and pressed close to me, — no doubt he thought that he hid himself. He is awfully sweet. There, he is crying. Good-bye!” and she left the room.

At the same time a lamp was burning, as always, in Nikólenka Bolkónski's sleeping-room (the boy was afraid of the dark, and could not be cured of his fear). Desalles was sleeping high on his four pillows, and his Roman nose emitted even sounds of snoring. Nikólenka, just awakened, in a cold perspiration, was sitting on his

bed with his eyes wide open, and looking in front of him. A terrible dream had wakened him. He had seen himself and Pierre in helmets, such as were painted in the edition of Plutarch. Pierre and he had been marching in front of an enormous army. This army was composed of white, slanting lines which filled the air like those gossamers which fly about in the fall, and which Desaltes called "*le fil de la Vierge*." In front was Glory, just like the rest of the gossamers, only a little more solid. They, Pierre and he, were borne away easily and joyfully nearer and nearer to their aim. Suddenly the threads that moved them grew weaker and became entangled; there was a heavy feeling. Uncle Nikoláy Ilích stopped in front of them in a stern attitude.

"Did you do it?" he said, pointing to the broken bits of sealing-wax and pens. "I loved you, but Arakchéev has commanded me, and I will kill the first man who moves."

Nikólenka looked back at Pierre; but Pierre was no more. Pierre was his father, Prince Andréy, and his father had no features and no form, but he was, and, seeing him, Nikólenka felt the weakness of love: he felt himself helpless, boneless, and liquid. His father was caressing him and pitying him. But Uncle Nikoláy Ilích moved upon them, nearer and nearer. Terror took possession of Nikólenka, and he awoke.

"My father," he thought. "My father" (though there were two good likenesses of his father in the house, Nikólenka never thought of Prince Andréy in a human form), "my father was here, and he caressed me. He approved of me, he approved of Uncle Pierre. I will do whatever he says. Mucius Scævola burned his hand. Why, then, will there not be the same in my life? I know they want me to study, and I will. But some day I shall stop; and then I will do it. I pray God only for this, that the same may happen to me that has happened to the men of Plu-

tarch, and I will do the same. I will do better. All will know it, and all will love me and admire me." Suddenly Nikólenka felt a lump rising in his throat, and he burst out into tears.

"*Etes-vous indisposé ?*" was heard Desalles's voice.

"*Non,*" replied Nikólenka, lying down on his pillow. "He is good and kind, I love him," he thought of Desalles. "And Uncle Pierre? Oh, what a charming man! And father? Father! Father! Yes, I will do that with which even *he* shall be satisfied!"

PART THE SECOND

I.

THE life of the nations and of humanity forms the subject of history. Directly to seize and clothe in words, — to describe the life, not of humanity, but even of one nation, presents itself as an impossibility.

All the ancient historians have employed one and the same method in order to describe and seize the apparently impalpable life of a nation. They have described the individual men who have ruled the nation, and this activity for them expressed the activity of the whole nation.

To the question in what manner individual men compelled the nations to act according to their will, and what governed the will of these men, the ancients replied, to the first question, by recognizing the will of the Divinity which submitted the nations to the will of one chosen man, and to the second, by assuming that the same Divinity directed the will of this chosen man toward a predetermined end.

For the ancients, these questions were decided by faith in the immediate participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity.

Modern history has, in its theory, rejected these two principles.

One would think that, in order to reject the beliefs of the ancients in the submission of men to the Divinity, and in the definite aim toward which the nations are led,

modern history would have to study, not the manifestations of the power, but the causes which form it. But modern history has not done so. Though in theory it has rejected the conceptions of the ancients, it follows them in practice.

In the place of men who are endowed with divine power and who are directly guided by the will of the Divinity, modern history has put either heroes who are endowed with unusual, superhuman properties, or simply men with a great variety of different qualities, from monarchs to journalists, who guide the masses. In the place of the former divinely approved purposes of the nations, the Judean, the Greek, the Roman, which to the ancients appeared as the purposes of the movement of humanity, modern history has put its own purposes, — the French, the German, the English welfare, and, in its highest abstraction, the purposes of the weal of all humanity, by which are to be understood as a rule the nations which occupy a small northwest corner of a large continent.

Modern history has rejected the beliefs of the ancients, without putting in their place any new conception, and the logic of the situation compelled the historians, despite the rejection of the divine power of the kings and of the *fatum* of the ancients, to arrive at the same conclusions by another road, — to recognize (1) that the nations are guided by individual men, and (2) that there exists a certain aim toward which the nations and humanity are tending.

In all the works of the latest historians, from Gibbon to Buckle, these two ancient, inevitable principles are assumed as a basis, in spite of the apparent difference of opinion among the historians and the apparent novelty of their conceptions.

In the first place, the historian describes the activity of separate individuals, who, in his opinion, have guided

humanity (one regards as such only monarchs, military leaders, ministers; another, in addition to monarchs and orators, includes also the learned, the reformers, philosophers, poets). In the second place, the aim toward which humanity is being led is known to the historian (for one this aim is the greatness of the Roman, the Spanish, the French realms; for another it is freedom, equality, a certain kind of civilization in a small corner of the world, called Europe).

In 1789 a ferment begins in Paris; it grows, spreads, and is expressed in the movement of the nations from the West to the East. It is several times directed to the East, and comes in contact with the countermovement from the East to the West; in 1812 it reaches its extreme goal, Moscow, and, with remarkable symmetry, the countermovement takes place from the East to the West, just as in the first movement, drawing along with it the intermediate nations. The reverse movement reaches the starting-point of the movement in the West, Paris, and dies down.

In this period of twenty years, an immense area of fields has remained uncultivated: houses are burned; commerce reverses its direction; millions of people are impoverished, enriched, transplanted, and millions of Christians, who profess the law of the love of their neighbours, kill one another.

What does it all mean? Why has it happened? What is it that has compelled these men to burn houses and kill their like? What were the causes of these events? These are instinctive, simple-minded, and most legitimate questions, which humanity proposes to itself, as it stumbles on the monuments and traditions of the past period of this movement.

To solve these questions, the common sense of humanity turns to the science of history, which has for its aim the study of the nations and of humanity.

If history retained the conception of the ancients, it would say: "To reward, or to punish the nation, the Divinity gave Napoleon the power and guided his will, for the attainment of his divine aims." And such an answer would be complete and clear. It was possible to believe, or not to believe, in the divine significance of Napoleon; for the believer everything would be intelligible in the whole history of that time, and there could not be a single contradiction.

But modern history cannot answer in such a way. Science does not admit the conception of the ancients in the direct participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, and so it has to give different answers.

Answering these questions, modern history says: You want to know what this movement means? what has caused it, and what force has brought about those events? Listen!

"Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-confident man; he had such and such paramours and such and such ministers, and he governed France badly. The descendants of Louis were also weak men, and they, too, governed France badly. And they had such and such paramours and such and such favourites. Besides, at that time some people wrote books. At the end of the eighteenth century a score of men were gathered in Paris, who began to talk about all men being equal and free. From this, people began to slash and drown one another throughout France. These men killed the king and a lot of other people. At that time there was in France a great genius, Napoleon. He conquered everybody everywhere, that is, he killed a lot of people, because he was a genius. And he went for some reason to kill the Africans, and he killed so well, and he was so cunning and so clever, that, upon returning to France, he made everybody obey him. And all obeyed him. Having become an emperor, he again went out to kill people in Italy, Austria, and Prussia. And he killed

a great many there. In Russia there was an emperor, Alexander, who decided that he would reëstablish order in Europe, and so he fought with Napoleon. But in the year 1807 he suddenly made friends with him, and in 1811 he again quarrelled with him, and they began once more to kill a large number of people. And Napoleon took six hundred thousand to Russia and conquered Moscow; then he suddenly ran away from Moscow, and then Emperor Alexander, with the aid of Stein's counsel, and with the counsel of others, united Europe into an armament against the disturber of its peace. All of Napoleon's allies suddenly became his enemies; and this army went against Napoleon, who had collected new forces. The allies vanquished Napoleon, entered Paris, made Napoleon abdicate, and sent him to the island of Elba, without depriving him of the title of emperor, and showing him every mark of respect, although five years before and a year later they all regarded him as an outlaw. And there began to reign Louis XVIII., whom heretofore the French and the allies had ridiculed. But Napoleon, weeping before his old Guard, abdicated and went into exile. Then experienced statesmen and diplomats (particularly Talleyrand, who managed to seat himself before any one else in a certain chair and thus expanded the boundaries of France) talked in Vienna, and with their conversations made the peoples of Europe happy or miserable. Suddenly the diplomats and monarchs almost quarrelled; they were just getting ready to order their armies again to kill one another; but just then Napoleon arrived in France with a battalion, and the French, who despised him, at once submitted to him. But the allied monarchs got angry at that, and went to fight France once more. And the genius Napoleon was conquered and taken to the island of St. Helena, being suddenly declared a robber. And there the exile, separated from those who were dear to his heart and from his

beloved France, died a slow death on a rock, and transmitted his great deeds to posterity. But in Europe a reaction took place, and all the sovereigns began once more to oppress their nations."

It would be fruitless to assume that this is sarcasm, a caricature of historical descriptions. On the contrary, it is a very mild expression of those contradictory answers, which do not reply to the questions, and which are given by *every* history, from the authors of memoirs and histories of separate kingdoms to the universal histories and the new-fangled histories of civilization for that period.

The strangeness and comicalness of these answers is due to the fact that modern history resembles a deaf person who replies to questions which no one is putting to him.

If the aim of history is the description of the movement of humanity and of the nations, the first question, which, remaining unanswered, leaves everything else incomprehensible, is the following: What power moves the nations? To this modern history takes pains to say that Napoleon was a great genius, or that Louis XIV. was very proud, or that such and such authors have written such and such books.

All that is very possible, and humanity will agree to it; but it is not this that it wants to know. All that would be interesting, if we recognized a divine power, based on itself, and for ever the same, as guiding its nations through Napoleons, Louises, and authors; but we do not recognize this power, and so, before speaking of Napoleons, Louises and authors, it becomes necessary to show the existing connection between these persons and the movement of the nations.

If another force has taken the place of the divine power, it behoves us to explain wherein this new force consists, because the whole interest of history lies in this very force.

History seems to assume that this force is self-evident

and known to everybody. But, in spite of all desire to recognize this new force as known, he who reads very many historical works will involuntarily come to doubt that this force, so variously understood by the historians themselves, is well known to everybody.

II.

WHAT force moves the nations ?

The private biographical historians and the historians of the separate nations understand this force as a power which is inherent in heroes and rulers. According to their interpretation, events are produced exclusively by the will of a Napoleon, an Alexander, or, in general, by those persons whom the private historian happens to describe. The answers given by the historians of this class to the question about what force moves the events, are satisfactory, but only so long as there exists one historian for each event. But the moment the historians of various nationalities and conceptions begin to describe the same event, the answers which they give at once lose their whole meaning, because this force is understood by each of them not only differently, but often in a diametrically opposite sense. One historian affirms that such and such an event was produced by the power of Napoleon ; another affirms that it was produced by the power of Alexander ; a third, that it was done through the agency of a third person. Besides, the historians of this class contradict each other even in the exposition of that force on which is based the power of one and the same person. Thiers, a Bonapartist, says that Napoleon's power was based on his virtue and genius ; Lanvrey, a republican, says that it was based on his rascality and on the deception of the people. Thus the historians of this class, mutually annihilating their respective views, by so doing destroy the concep-

tion of the force which produces the events, and give no answer to the essential question of history.

The universal historians, who deal with all the nations, seem to recognize the incorrectness of the view of the private historians in regard to the force which produces the events. They do not recognize this force as a power which is inherent in heroes and rulers, but as the result of a multiplicity of variously directed forces. In describing a war or the subjection of a people, the universal historian looks for the cause of the event, not in the power of one person, but in the interaction of many persons who are connected with the event.

According to this view, the power of historical persons, presenting itself as the result of many forces, would not seem to admit the interpretation of it as a force which of itself produces the events. And yet the universal historians, in the majority of cases, again use the concept of power as a force of itself producing the events and standing to them in the relation of cause. According to their exposition, the historical person is the product of his time, and his power is only the product of various forces; or his power is a force which produces the events. Gervinus, Schlosser, for example, and others, now prove that Napoleon is the product of the Revolution, of the ideas of the year 1789, and so forth, or they say distinctly that the campaign of the year 1812, and other events which they do not like, are only the product of the falsely directed will of Napoleon, and that the very ideas of the year 1789 had been arrested in their development by Napoleon's arbitrariness. The ideas of the Revolution, the general trend of public opinion, produced Napoleon; but Napoleon's power suppressed the ideas of the Revolution and the general trend of public opinion.

This curious contradiction is not accidental. It not only is met with at every step, but all the descriptions of the universal historians are composed from a consecutive

series of such contradictions. This contradiction is due to the fact that, having entered the field of analysis, they stop in the middle of the road.

In order to find the component forces which are equal to the composite or resultant, it is necessary for the sum of the component forces to be equal to the resultant. This condition is never observed by the universal historians, and so, in order to explain the resultant force, they are obliged to admit, in addition to the insufficient components, a still unexplained force, which acts along the resultant.

The private historian, describing the campaign of the year 1813, or the restoration of the Bourbons, says distinctly that these events were produced by the will of Alexander. But the universal historian Gervinus, in overthrowing this conception of the private historian, tries to prove that the campaign of the year 1813 and the restoration of the Bourbons had for their causes, outside of Alexander's will, the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and others. The historian has evidently decomposed Alexander's power into the components: Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, and so forth; the sum of these components, that is, the interaction of Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and others, evidently does not equal the whole resultant, that is, that phenomenon that millions of Frenchmen submitted to the Bourbons. From the fact that Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and others said certain words to each other, there follows only their mutual relations, but not the subjugation of millions. And so, in order to explain in what manner the subjugation of millions follows from these relations of theirs, that is, how from the components equal to one A there should follow the resultant, which is equal to one thousand A, the historian is necessarily obliged to assume the same force of power which he denies by recognizing it as the result of the forces, that is, he is obliged to admit that unexplained force which

acts along the resultant. It is precisely this that the universal historians do, and thus they not only contradict the private historians, but themselves as well.

Country people, having no exact conception about the causes of the rain, and wishing either rain or good weather, say, "The wind has driven away the clouds," and "The wind has driven up the clouds." Even thus the universal historians: at times, when they want it, when it falls in with their theory, they say that power is the result of events; at others, when they have to prove something else, they say that power produces the events.

The class of historians, called the historians of civilization, following in the path laid out by the universal historians, who now and then recognize authors and ladies as event-producing forces, understand this force in quite a different manner. They see it in the so-called culture, in the mental activity.

The historians of civilization are quite consistent in relation to their precedents, the universal historians, for, if historical events may be explained by the fact that certain people acted so and so toward each other, why not explain them by the fact that certain people wrote certain books? These historians select the token of mental activity out of an immense number of tokens that accompany any living phenomenon, and say that that token is the cause. But, in spite of all their endeavours to show that the cause of the event lay in the mental activity, it takes a great deal of yielding in order to admit that there is anything in common between mental activity and the movement of the nations, and in no case is it possible to agree with the statement that mental activity has guided the activity of men, because such phenomena as the most cruel murders of the French Revolution, arising from the sermons on the equality of man, and the direst wars and executions, arising from the sermon on love, do not confirm this proposition.

But, even admitting that all the ingenious considerations, with which these histories are filled, are true; admitting that the nations are governed by an indefinable force, called the *idea*, — the essential question of history is still left without an answer, or to the former power of the monarchs and to the influence of counsellors and other persons, introduced by the universal historians, is added a new force of the *idea*, the connection of which with the masses demands an explanation. It is possible to understand that Napoleon had the power, and so an event occurred; with some yielding, it is possible to comprehend that Napoleon, together with other influences, was the cause of an event; but in what way the book, "*Le Contrat Social*," had the effect of making Frenchmen drown each other, cannot be understood without the explanation of the causal nexus of this new force with the event.

Unquestionably, there exists some connection among all things which live simultaneously, and so there is a possibility of finding a certain connection between the mental activity of men and their historical movement, just as this connection may be found between the movement of humanity and commerce, the trades, gardening, or anything else you may wish. But it is hard to understand why the mental activity of men is represented by the historians of civilization as the cause or expression of every historical movement. To such a conclusion the historians could have been brought only by the following considerations: (1) that history is written by the learned, and so it is natural and agreeable for them to think that the activity of their guild is the foundation of the movement of all humanity, just as it is natural and agreeable for the merchants, agriculturists, and soldiers to think so (this finds no expression because merchants and soldiers write no history), and (2) that spiritual activity, enlightenment, civilization, culture, idea, — are all indistinct, indefinite conceptions, under the banner of which it is very

convenient to employ words which have an even less definite meaning, and which, therefore, are easily introduced into all kinds of theories.

But, leaving out of consideration the internal value of histories of this class (maybe they are necessary for somebody and something), the histories of civilization, to which universal histories are now being reduced more and more frequently, are significant in that they, seriously and in detail analyzing all kinds of religious, philosophical, and political doctrines, as the causes of events, every time when they have to describe a really historical event, as, for example, the campaign of the year 1812, involuntarily describe it as a manifestation of power, saying distinctly that the campaign was the product of Napoleon's will. Speaking thus, the historians of civilization involuntarily contradict themselves, or prove that that new force which they have invented does not express historical events, and that the only means for understanding history is that power, which they pretend not to recognize.

III.

THERE is an engine in motion. The question is: why does it move? The peasant says: the devil moves it. Another says that the engine moves because the wheels in it move. A third asserts that the cause of the motion is in the smoke which the wind is carrying off.

The peasant is not to be refuted. In order to refute him it is necessary to prove to him that there is no devil, or for another peasant to tell him that it is not the devil, but a German, who is moving the engine.

Only then will he see from the contradictions that they are both wrong. But he who says that the motion of the wheels is the cause, is refuting himself, for, since he has entered on the road of analysis, he must go farther and farther: he must explain the cause of the motion of the wheels, and so long as he does not arrive at the last cause of the engine's motion, at the steam which is compressed in the boiler, he will have no right to stop in the search for truth. But he who explained the motion of the engine from the smoke which is carried back, seeing that the explanation of the wheels did not give the cause, took the first sign which occurred to him, and, on his part, gave it out as a cause.

The only conception which can explain the motion of the engine is the conception of a force equal to the visible motion.

The only conception by means of which the movement of the nations can be explained is the conception of a force equal to the whole movement of the nations.

In the meantime, a great variety of forces, all of them unequal to the visible motion, are understood by the various historians under this concept. Some see in it a force which is directly inherent in the heroes, as the peasant sees the devil in the engine; others see in it the resultant of certain other forces, like the motion of the wheels; others again see in it a mental influence, like the smoke that is carried away.

So long as histories of separate individuals are written, — be they a Caesar, an Alexander, a Luther, or a Voltaire, — and not the history of *all*, absolutely *all*, men who take part in an event, there is no possibility of describing the movement of humanity without the concept of a force compelling men to direct their activity toward one aim. And the only concept of the kind, which is known to the historians, is power.

This concept is the only handle by means of which one can control the material of history under its present exposition, and he who should break off this handle, as Buckle has done, without discovering any other method of treating the historical material, would only deprive himself of the last possibility of manipulating it. The inevitableness of the concept of power for the explanation of historical phenomena is proved best of all by the universal historians and the historians of civilization themselves, who claim to reject the concept of power, and who, none the less, inevitably make use of it at every stage.

Historical science is so far, in respect to the questions of humanity, like the money in circulation, — like the paper money and the coin. The biographical and individually national histories are like the paper money. They can be in circulation, satisfying their purpose without doing any one any harm, and may even be useful, so long as the question does not rise how they are guaranteed. It is enough to forget about the question in what way the will of the heroes produces the events, and the history of

a Thiers will be interesting, instructive, and, besides, will have a tinge of poetry. But just as the doubt will rise in respect to the actual value of the assignats, because, it being easy to make them, people will begin to manufacture a good many of them, or because somebody will wish to have them exchanged for gold, — just so arises the doubt as to the actual value of the histories of this kind, either because there are too many of them, or because some one in the simplicity of his heart will ask: "By what force did Napoleon do it?" that is, he will wish to exchange the current paper for the pure gold of actual comprehension.

The universal historians and the historians of civilization are like the men who, recognizing the inconvenience of the paper money, would decide to substitute for it coins made from a metal which has not the specific gravity of gold. It would indeed be a *coin*, but nothing else. A paper could deceive the ignorant; but a coin which is not made of a precious metal cannot deceive anybody. Just as gold is only gold when it can be used not merely in exchange, but also independently, even so the general historians will only then be gold when they are able to reply to the essential question of history: what is power? The universal historians answer it contradictorily, and the historians of civilization reply to something quite different. And just as counters, which resemble gold, may be used in an assembly of men who agree to regard them as gold and by those who do not know the property of gold, even so the universal historians and the historians of civilization, who do not answer the essential questions of humanity for some reasons of their own, serve as currency in the universities and among a mass of readers, — lovers of serious books, as they call them.

IV.

HAVING renounced the conception of the ancients about the divine subjection of the nation's will to one chosen man, and about the subjection of this will to the Divinity, history cannot take one step without contradictions, unless it chooses one of two things : either to return to the former belief in the immediate participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, or definitely to explain the significance of the force which produces historical events, and which is called "power."

It is impossible to return to the first : the faith has been destroyed, and so it becomes necessary to explain the meaning of power.

Napoleon ordered an army to be collected and to go to war. We are so much accustomed to this conception, we have become so used to this view, that the question why six hundred thousand men go to war when Napoleon pronounces certain words seems senseless to us. He had the power, and so that which he ordered was executed.

This answer is quite satisfactory if we believe that the power was given him by God. But as soon as we do not acknowledge this, it becomes necessary to determine what this power of one man over others is.

This power cannot be the immediate power of the physical predominance of the stronger being over the weaker, — a predominance which is based on the application, or on the threat of the application, of physical force, — as the power of Hercules ; nor can it be based on the pre-

dominance of moral force, as some historians imagine, in the simplicity of their hearts, saying that the historical actors are heroes, that is, men endowed with a special force of mind and soul, called genius. This power cannot be based on the predominance of moral force, because, leaving out the human heroes, such as Napoleon, on whose moral qualities opinions differ widely, history shows us that neither a Louis XI., nor a Metternich, who governed millions of people, had any especial qualities of moral force, but, on the contrary, generally were morally weaker than any one of the millions of people over whom they ruled.

If the source of power does not lie in the physical, nor in the moral qualities of the man possessing it, then it becomes evident that the source of this power must be found outside this person,—in those relations to the masses in which the power-possessing person is.

Even thus power is understood by the science of jurisprudence, that historical exchange-bank which promises to give pure gold in exchange for the historical interpretation of power.

Power is the compound of the wills of the masses, transferred by expressed or tacit consent to the rulers which are chosen by the masses.

In the field of jurisprudence, which is composed of the reflections of how the state and the power are to be arranged if it is at all possible to arrange them, all this is very clear; but in its application to history this definition of power demands elucidations.

Jurisprudence considers the state and the power, as the ancients used to consider fire, as something absolutely existing. But for history the state and the power are only phenomena, just as for modern physics fire is not an element, but a phenomenon.

From this fundamental difference in the views of history and jurisprudence it follows that the latter can give

us a detailed account of how, in its opinion, power is to be constructed and what the power is which exists immutably outside of time; but to the historical questions about the meaning of the power, which varies with time, it can give us no reply.

If the power is the sum of wills transferred to the ruler, then is not Pugachév the representative of the wills of the masses? If not, why is Napoleon I.? Why was Napoleon III. a criminal when he was caught in Boulogne, and why were later those criminals whom he caught?

In court revolutions, in which sometimes only two or three men take part, is the will of the masses transferred to the new person? Is the will of the masses of the nation transferred to the victor in international relations? Was the will of the Rhenish Confederation transferred to Napoleon in 1808? Was the will of the mass of the Russian nation transferred to Napoleon in 1809, when our troops, in alliance with the French, went to fight against Austria?

To these questions we may answer in three ways:

Either (1) we assume that the will of the masses is always unconditionally transferred to the ruler, or rulers, whom they have chosen, and that, therefore, every formation of a new power, every struggle against the once delegated power, must be regarded only as a violation of the existing power.

Or (2) we assume that the will of the masses is delegated to the rulers conditionally, under definite, well-known conditions, and we show that all the oppressions, conflicts, and even destructions of power are due to the non-observance of those conditions, under which the power was delegated to the rulers.

Or (3) we assume that the will of the masses is delegated to the rulers conditionally, under unknown, indefinite conditions, and that the formation of many powers, their struggle, and their fall are due to the greater or

lesser adherence by the rulers to those unknown conditions, under which the wills of the masses have been transferred from one set of persons to another.

In this threefold manner the historians explain the relations of the masses to the rulers.

One class of historians, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, do not understand the question about the significance of power, — those very private and biographical historians, who have been mentioned before, — seem to assume that the sum of the wills of the masses is unconditionally delegated to the historical persons, and so, in describing some one power, these historians take for granted that this same power is the only absolute and real power, and that any other force which counteracts this real power is not a power, but the violation of power, — violence.

Their theory, which is applicable to primitive and peaceful periods of history, in its application to complex and stormy periods of the life of nations, during which various powers arise simultaneously and struggle with each other, has this disadvantage, that the Legitimist historian will prove that the Convent, the Directory, and Bonaparte were only violations of power, while a republican and a Bonapartist will prove, the one, that the Convent, and the other, that the empire, was the real power, and that everything else was a violation of power. It is evident that as they thus mutually overthrow one another, the explanation of power given by these historians may be good enough for children in their tenderest years.

In recognizing the falseness of this view of history, another class of historians say that power is based on the conditional delegation of the sum of the wills of the masses to the rulers, and that the historical persons have power only under the condition of carrying out the programme which, by tacit consent, the will of the nation has prescribed to them; but the historians do not tell us

wherein this programme consists, or if they do, they continually contradict one another.

To every historian, according to his view of what constitutes the aim of the movement of the nations, this programme presents itself in the greatness, wealth, freedom, enlightenment of the citizens of France or of another state. But, leaving out of consideration the fact that the historians contradict each other as to what this programme is, and admitting that there exists a common programme, the historical facts nearly always contradict this theory. If the conditions under which the power is delegated consist in the wealth, freedom, enlightenment of the nation, then why do a Louis XIV. and a John IV. end their reigns in peace, and why are a Louis XVI. and a Charles I. executed by the nations? To this question the historians reply that the activity of Louis XIV., which was contrary to the programme, was reflected on Louis XVI. But why was it not reflected on Louis XIV. and XV.? Why had it by all means to be reflected on Louis XVI.? What is the limit of time for such a reflection? To these questions there are no answers, and there can be none. Just as little, in holding this view, can be explained the cause of the fact that the sum of the wills of several centuries is not taken away from the rulers and their heirs, and then suddenly, in the course of fifty years, is transferred to the Convent, to the Directory, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., again to Napoleon, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the republican government, to Napoleon III. In explaining these rapidly succeeding transferences of the wills from one person to another, and especially in considering the international relations, conquests, and alliances, the historians are involuntarily compelled to acknowledge that part of these phenomena are not a regular delegation of wills, but accidents which depend on the cunning, or blunder, or craftiness, or weakness of a diplomat, or ruler, or leader of a

party. Thus the greater part of the phenomena of history — civil wars, revolutions conquests — are represented by these historians, not as the products of the delegation of free wills, but as the products of the wrongly directed will of one or of several individuals, that is, again as violations of power. And thus the historical events are represented by the historians of this class as deviations from the theory.

These historians resemble that botanist who, having observed that some plants grow out of the seeds with two cotyledons, insists that all growing things are dicotyledonous, and that the palm, the mushroom, and even the oak, which branch out in their full growth and have no longer any semblance of two cotyledons, depart from the theory.

The historians of the third class assume that the will of the masses is transferred conditionally to the historical persons, but that these conditions are unknown to us. They say that the historical persons have power only because they execute the will of the masses which has been delegated to them.

But, in that case, if the force which moves the nations does not rest in the historical persons, but in the nations themselves, wherein, then, does the significance of these historical persons lie?

The historical persons, say these historians, express the will of the masses; the activity of the historical persons serves as a representative of the activity of the masses.

But, in that case, there rises the question whether the whole activity of the historical persons serves as an expression of the will of the masses, or only a certain part of it. If the whole activity of the historical persons serves as an expression of the will of the masses, as some actually think, then the biographies of a Napoleon, a Catherine, with all the details of court gossip, serve as an expression of the life of the nations, which is obvious nonsense; but if only one side of the activity of a historical person serves

as the expression of the life of the nations, as other so-called philosophical historians believe, then, in order to determine what side of the activity of the historical person expresses the life of the nation, it is necessary first to know in what this life of the nation consists.

To meet this difficulty, the historians of this class invent a most indistinct, impalpable, and general abstraction, under which it is possible to classify the greatest number of events, and say that the aim of the movement of humanity lies in this abstraction. The most common general abstractions, as adopted by nearly all the historians, are: freedom, equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, culture. Having assumed any one abstraction as the aim of the movement of humanity, the historians study the men who have left behind them the greatest number of monuments, — kings, ministers, generals, authors, reformers, popes, journalists, in proportion as all these persons, in their opinion, have coöperated with, or opposed themselves to, a given abstraction. But, as it is in no way proved that the aim of humanity consists in freedom, equality, enlightenment, or civilization, and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and enlighteners of humanity is based only on an arbitrary assumption that the sum of the wills of the masses is always transferred to those persons who are noticeable to us, the activity of the millions of men, who migrate, burn houses, abandon agriculture, and destroy each other is never expressed in the description of the activity of half a score of men, who do not burn houses, busy themselves with agriculture, or kill their like.

History proves this at every step. Are the ferment of the nations of the West, at the end of last century, and their tendency toward the East to be explained by the activities of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., of their paramours and ministers, or by the lives of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarché, and others ?

Is the movement of the Russian nation to the East — to Kazán and Siberia — expressed in the details of John IV.'s madness and in his correspondence with Kúrbiski?

Is the movement of the nations during the crusades to be explained by the lives and activities of a Godfrey and a Louis, and their ladies? The movement of the nations from the West to the East, without any aim, without any leadership, with a crowd of vagrants, with Peter the Hermit, has remained incomprehensible to us. Still more incomprehensible is the cessation of this movement at a time when the sensible, sacred aim of the crusades, the liberation of Jerusalem, was clearly enunciated by the historical actors. Popes, kings, and knights kept inciting the people to liberate the Holy Land; but the people did not go, since that unknown cause, which had incited them to move before, no longer existed. The history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers apparently does not embrace the life of the nations. And the history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers has remained a history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers, and the history of the life of the nations and of their impulses has remained unknown to us.

Still less does the history of the authors and of the reformers explain to us the life of the nations.

The history of civilization explains to us the impulses, the conditions of life, and the ideas of a writer or a reformer. We learn that Luther was irritable and made such and such speeches: we learn that Rousseau was diffident and wrote some books; but we do not learn why after the Reformation the nations slew one another, and why during the French Revolution men executed one another.

If both kinds of history are combined, as is done by the newest historians, we shall get histories of monarchs and writers, and not histories of the life of the nations.

V.

THE life of the nations is not embraced by the lives of a few men ; for the connection between these few people and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transference of the sum of the wills to the historical persons is a hypothesis which is not confirmed by historical experience.

The theory of the transference of the sum of the wills of the masses to the historical persons may explain very many things in the field of jurisprudence, and may be necessary for its aims ; but, in its application to history, the moment there appear revolutions, conquests, and civil wars, — as soon as history begins, — this theory does not explain anything.

This theory seems irrefutable for the very reason that the act of the transference of the wills of the nation cannot be verified, because it has never existed.

Whatever event may take place, whoever may stand at the head of an event, the theory can always say that such a person stood at the head of that event because the sum of the wills was delegated to him.

The answers given to the historical questions by this theory resemble the answers of a man who, looking at a flock in motion, and not taking into consideration the different qualities of the pasturage in the various parts of the field, nor the driving of the shepherd, judges of the causes of this or that direction of the flock from the animal which is at the head of the flock.

“The flock is going in this direction because the animal in front is leading it, and the sum of the wills of the individual animals has been transferred to this guide of the flock.” Thus answer the historians of the first class, those who assume the unconditional surrender of the power.

“If the animals walking at the head of the flock are changed, it is due to the fact that the sum of the wills of all the animals is transferred from one guide to another, according to whether this animal is leading in the direction selected by the flock, or not.” Thus answer the historians who assume that the sum of the wills of the masses is delegated to the rulers under conditions which they regard as unknown. (With such a method of observation, it frequently happens that the observer, conforming with the direction chosen by him, regards those as guides who, in the case of the change of direction of the masses, are no longer in the front, but at the side or even in the rear.)

“If the animals at the head are constantly changed, and the direction of the flock is constantly changed, it is due to the fact that, in order to obtain the direction which we know, the animals transfer their wills to those animals that are noticeable to us, and so, in order to study the movement of the flock, it is necessary for us to observe all the prominent animals which are walking on all the sides of the flock.” Thus say the historians of the third class, those who regard all the historical persons, from monarchs down to journalists, as expressions of their time.

The theory of the transference of the wills of the masses to the historical persons is only a paraphrase, — an expression of the question with other words.

What is the cause of historical events? Power. What is power? Power is the sum of the wills delegated to one person. Under what conditions are the wills of the masses delegated to one person? Under conditions under which the person expresses the wills of all men; that is,

power is power ; that is, power is a word the meaning of which is incomprehensible to us.

If the sphere of human knowledge were limited to mere abstract reasoning, then humanity, submitting to criticism that explanation of power which *science* gives, would come to the conclusion that power is merely a word, and that it does not exist in reality. But, for the cognition of phenomena, man has, in addition to the abstract reasoning, the tool of experience with which he verifies the results of reasoning. And experience says that power is not a word, but an actual, existing phenomenon.

Not only can no single description of the collective activity of men neglect the concept of power, but the existence of power is proved both by history and by the observation of contemporary events.

Whenever an event takes place, there appears a man, or a few men, by whose will the event seems to take place. Napoleon III. prescribes, and the French go to Mexico. The King of Prussia and Bismarck prescribe, and the troops march into Bohemia. Napoleon I. commands, and the army goes to Russia. Alexander I. commands, and the French submit to the Bourbons. Experience teaches us that, no matter what event may take place, it is always connected with the will of one or of several men who have ordered it.

The historians, following their old habit of assuming the divine participation in the affairs of humanity, want to see the cause of the event in the expression of the will of the person endowed with the power ; but that conclusion is confirmed neither by reason nor by experience.

On the one hand, reflection shows that a man's expressions — his words — are only a part of the general activity which is expressed in the event, as, for example, in a war or revolution ; therefore, without acknowledging an incomprehensible, supernatural power, — the miracle, — it

is impossible to admit that the words could be the immediate cause of the movement of millions ; on the other hand, if we should admit that words may be the cause of an event, history shows that the expressions of the will of historical persons in the majority of cases produce no results, that is, that their commands are frequently not carried out, and that sometimes even the very opposite takes place of what they are commanded to do.

Without admitting the divine participation in the affairs of humanity, we cannot take power to be the cause of events.

Power, from the standpoint of experience, is only the relation which exists between the expression of a person's will and the execution of this will by other men.

In order to make clear to ourselves the conditions of this relation, we must first establish the concept of the expression of the will, by referring it to man, and not to the Divinity.

If the Divinity gives a command, expresses his will, as is shown to us in the history of the ancients, the expression of this will does not depend on time and is not called forth by anything, since the Divinity is in no way connected with the event. But, speaking of commands, — of the expression of the will of men acting in time and connected with each other, — we, in order to explain to ourselves the nexus of the commands with the events, must establish: (1) the condition of everything which is taking place: the uninterruptedness of the movement in time, both of the events and of the person commanding, and (2), the condition of the necessary connection in which the person commanding stands with the persons who execute his command.

VI.

ONLY the expression of the Divinity's will, which does not depend on time, can be referred to a whole series of events which is to take place in a few years or centuries, and only the Divinity, unprovoked by anything, by dint of His will alone, can determine the direction of the movement of humanity; but man acts in time and himself takes part in an event.

In establishing the first condition, omitted heretofore, — the condition of time, — we shall see that no command can be fulfilled unless there has been a preceding command, which makes the execution of the latter possible.

No command ever appears arbitrarily, or ever includes a whole series of events; but each command flows from another and never refers to a whole series of events, but always only to one moment of an event.

When, for example, we say that Napoleon commanded the armies to go to war, we combine into one simultaneous command a series of consecutive commands, which depend on each other. Napoleon could not have commanded an expedition into Russia, and he never did. He commanded to-day the writing of certain papers to Vienna, to Berlin, and to St. Petersburg, to-morrow, of such and such decrees and orders to the army, the fleet, the commissariat, and so forth, and so forth, — a million commands, from which was composed a series of commands corresponding to a series of events which led the French armies into Russia.

If Napoleon during his whole reign gives the commands

about an expedition into England and in none of his undertakings wastes such efforts and so much time, and yet, in spite of it, during his whole reign does not even once make the attempt to carry out his intention, but makes an expedition into Russia, with which country he, according to his repeatedly expressed conviction, regards it as advantageous to be in alliance, — then this is due to the fact that the first commands correspond to a series of events, and the second do not.

In order that a command should be surely executed, it is necessary for a man to give such a command as can be executed. But it is impossible to know what can be executed, and what not, not only in the case of the Napoleonic expedition into Russia, in which millions take part, but even in the case of the least complex event, because millions of obstacles may be met with in the execution of either. Each command executed is always one out of an immense number of those that are not executed. All the impossible commands are not connected with the event and are not executed. Only those which are possible are connected into consecutive series of commands, corresponding to series of events, and are executed.

Our deceptive conception that the command which precedes the event is the cause of it is due to the fact that, when the event has taken place and those few out of thousands of commands which are connected with the events are executed, we forget those that were not executed, because they could not be. Besides, the chief source of our error in this sense is due to the fact that in the historical exposition a whole series of endless, divers, petty events, as, for example, all that which brought the French armies to Russia, is generalized into one event, according to the result produced by that series of events, and, corresponding to this generalization, a whole series of commands is also generalized into one expression of will.

We say : Napoleon wanted to make an expedition into

Russia, and he made it. In reality, we shall never find in all of Napoleon's activity anything resembling the expression of that will, but a series of commands, or expressions of his will, directed in sundry, indefinite ways. Out of an endless number of unexecuted commands of Napoleon there was formed a series of executed commands for the expedition of the year 1812, not because these commands in any way differed from the other unexecuted commands, but because the series of these commands coincided with the series of events which brought the French armies to Russia; just as this or that figure will be drawn with a stencil, not according to the manner in which the dye will be smeared over it, but because the dye has been smeared all over the stencil, on all sides of the figure cut into it.

Thus, in considering the relation in time of the commands to the events, we shall find that the command in no case can be the cause of an event, but between the two there exists a certain definite dependence.

In order to comprehend in what this dependence consists, it is necessary to establish another condition, heretofore omitted, of any command which originates not in the Divinity, but in man, which is, that the man commanding himself takes part in the event.

This relation of the commander to those to whom he commands is precisely that which is called power. This relation consists in the following:

For a common activity men always unite into certain combinations, in which, despite the difference of the aims taken for collective action, the relation between the men who take part in the action is always the same. In uniting in these combinations, men always assume such relations toward each other that the greatest number of men take the greatest direct part, and the smallest number of men the least direct part, in that collective action for which they have combined.

Of all the combinations, in which men unite in order to

perform collective actions, one of the most sharply defined is the army.

Every army is composed of the lowest military rank, — the rank and file, — of whom there is always the greatest number ; of the next higher in military rank, — the corporals, under-officers, — whose number is smaller than that of the first ; of the still higher, the number of whom is still less, and so forth, to the highest military power, which is concentrated in one person.

The military structure may quite exactly be expressed by the figure of a cone, in which the base with the greatest diameter will represent the rank and file, a higher, lesser base, the higher order of the army, and so forth, to the apex, which represents the general.

The soldiers, of whom there is the greatest number, form the lower points of the cone and its base. The soldier himself stabs, cuts, burns, pillages, and always receives the command from higher persons for the commission of these deeds. The under-officer (the number of under-officers is already smaller) less frequently commits the act itself than the soldier ; but instead he commands. The officer still less often commits the act itself and commands more frequently. The general only commands the troops, pointing out the aim to them, and seldom makes use of a weapon. The commander-in-chief can never take part in the action itself, and only gives general orders about the movement of the masses. The same relation of individuals among themselves is to be found in every combination of men for a common activity, — in agriculture, commerce, and in every management.

Thus without artificially dividing all the contiguous points of the cone and the ranks of the army, or the organization of any management, or common affair, from the lowest to the highest, we get the law according to which men, for the commission of collective actions, always combine in such a relation that the more imme-

diate their participation in the commission of the action, the less can they command and the greater their number; and that the weaker the direct part taken by the men in the action itself, the more they command, and the smaller their number; in this manner we rise from the lowest strata to one last man, who takes the least direct part in the event, and who more than the rest directs his activity to commanding.

This relation of the commanding individuals to those whom they command constitutes the essence of the concept called power.

Having established the condition of time under which all events take place, we found that the command is executed only when it refers to a corresponding series of events. In establishing the necessary condition of the nexus between him who commands and him who executes, we found that, by their very constitution, the commanders take the least part in the event itself, and that their activity is directed exclusively to giving commands.

VII.

WHEN a certain event takes place, men express their opinions, their wishes in regard to the event, and, as the event arises from the collective action of many men, one of the expressed opinions or wishes is sure to be fulfilled, at least approximately. When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled, it is connected with the event, as a command which preceded it.

Men are dragging a log. Each of them expresses his opinion about how and whither to drag it. The men drag the log out, and it turns out that it has been done as one of them has said. He ordered it. Here we have command and power in their primitive form.

The one who works most with his hands can least consider what he is doing, or reflect what will come of the common activity, or command. The one who commands most, on account of his activity in words, can evidently act least with his hands. The larger the concourse of men who direct their activity upon one aim, the more sharply is the class of men defined whose activity is directed toward commanding in proportion to the lesser part they take in the common activity.

When a man works by himself, he always carries with him a certain series of reflections which, so he thinks, have guided his past activity, serve as a justification of his present acts, and will govern him in planning his future actions.

Even thus act concourses of men, when they leave it to those who do not take part in the action to reflect on, justify, and plan their collective activity.

From known or unknown causes, the French begin to drown and cut one another. And the event is accompanied by its justification in the expressed wills of the men, which is, that it is necessary for the good of France, for freedom, for equality. Men cease slaughtering each other, and this event is accompanied by the justification of the necessity of unity of power, of resistance to Europe, etc. Men go from the West to the East, killing their like, and this event is accompanied by the words about the glory of France, the baseness of England, and so forth. History shows us that these justifications of the event have no general sense and are self-contradictory, like the killing of a man as the result of the recognition of his rights, and the killing of millions in Russia in order to humiliate England. But these justifications have in a contemporary sense a necessary value.

These justifications relieve from moral responsibility the men who produce the event. These temporary aims are like the brushes which are attached in front of the locomotive, in order to clear the path: they clear the path of the moral responsibility of these men. Without these justifications there could not be explained the simplest question which presents itself in examining any event: How can millions of people commit collective crimes, wars, murders, and so forth?

Is it possible, with the present complex forms of public and social life in Europe, to imagine any event which is not prescribed, pointed out, commanded by kings, ministers, parliaments, gazettes? Is there any collective action which would not find its justification in the unity of state, in nationality, in the equilibrium of Europe, in civilization? Thus every event which takes place inevitably coincides with some expressed wish and, finding its justification, presents itself as the result of the will of one man, or of a few men.

No matter in what direction a ship may go, a stream

of the waves cut by it will always precede it. For the men on board that ship the motion of this stream will be the only perceptible movement.

Only by watching it near by, moment after moment, and comparing the motion of this stream with the movement of the ship, shall we convince ourselves that every moment of the movement of the stream is determined by the movement of the ship, and that we have been led into error because we ourselves were moving imperceptibly.

We shall observe the same if we watch, moment after moment, the movement of historical persons (that is, if we reëstablish the necessary condition of every event, — the condition of uninterruptedness of motion in time), and if we do not let out of sight the necessary connection of historical persons with the masses.

No matter what may take place, it will always appear that that has been foreseen and commanded. No matter in what direction the ship may go, the stream, without guiding, or increasing its motion, seethes in front of it, and from the distance will present itself to us not only as moving arbitrarily, but even as governing the movement of the ship.

By examining only those expressions of the will of historical persons that stand to the events in the relation of commands, the historians have assumed that the events are dependent on these commands. But, by examining the events themselves, and the connection of the historical persons with the masses, we have found that the historical persons are dependent on the events. As an indisputable proof of this deduction serves the fact that, no matter how many commands there may be, the event will not take place if there are no other causes for it; but, the moment the event takes place, — whatever it be, — there will always be found, among the number of uninterruptedly expressed wills of various persons, such as in

meaning and in time will be referred to the event as commands.

Having come to this conclusion, we can directly and positively answer the two essential questions of history :

(1) What is power ?

(2) What force produces the movement of the nations ?

(1) Power is such a relation of a given individual to other individuals, that this individual takes a proportionately lesser part in the action, according to the degree in which he expresses opinions, plans, and justifications of the collective action in question.

(2) The movement of the nations is not produced by power, **by** mental activity, not even by the union of the two, as historians have imagined, but by the activity of *all* men who take part in the event and who are always connected with each other in such a way that those who take the greatest direct part in the event assume the least responsibility, and vice versa.

In the moral sense, power appears as the cause of an event; in the physical, those who submit to the power. But as the moral activity is unthinkable without the physical, the cause of the event is neither in the one nor in the other, but in the union of the two.

Or, in other words, the concept of cause is inapplicable for the phenomenon which we are considering.

In the last analysis we arrive at the eternal circle, at that extreme boundary, at which the human understanding arrives in every sphere of reasoning, if it does not play with its subject. Electricity produces heat; heat produces electricity. Atoms attract each other; atoms repel each other.

Speaking of the interaction of heat and electricity and of the atoms, we cannot say why it is so, and we say that it is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, because it must be, — because it is a law. The same is true of historical phenomena. We do not know why a war or a

revolution takes place; all we know is that, in order to produce this or that action, men form certain combinations, in which all take part; and we say that it is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, — it is a law.

VIII.

If history had to do with external phenomena, the positing of this simple and obvious law would be sufficient, and we should be through with our reflection. But the law of history refers to man. A particle of matter cannot say to us that it does not at all feel the need of attraction and repulsion, and that these phenomena are not true; but man, who is the subject of history, says distinctly: I am free, and so I am not subject to laws.

The presence of the question of the freedom of the human will, even though not expressed, is felt at every step in history.

All the serious historians have involuntarily come to this question. All the contradictions and obscurities of history — that false path over which that science is travelling — are based only on the lack of a solution for this question.

If the will of each man has been free, that is, if each man could have acted as he pleased, then the whole history is a series of disconnected accidents.

If even one man in a million, in the period of a thousand years, has been able to act freely, that is, as he wished, then it is evident that one free act of that man, which is contrary to the laws, destroys the possibility of the existence of any laws for the whole of humanity.

But, if there is even one law which governs the actions of men, there can be no free will, for the will of men must be subject to this law.

In this contradiction lies the question about the freedom of the will, which since the most remote times has interested the best minds of humanity, and which since the most remote times has been put in all its enormous meaning.

The question consists in this, that, looking at man as an observation from whatever point of view, — from the theological, historical, ethical, philosophical, — we find a common law of necessity, to which he is subject, like everything existing. But, looking at him from within ourselves, as at something which we are conscious of, we feel ourselves free.

This consciousness is an entirely separate source of self-knowledge, independent from reason. By means of reason man observes himself; but he knows himself only through consciousness.

Without self-consciousness no observation and no application of reason is thinkable.

In order to understand, observe, ratiocinate, man must first cognize himself as living. Man is conscious of living only by knowing himself as wishing, that is, he is conscious of his will. But his will, which forms the essence of his life, man recognizes, and cannot help recognizing, as free.

If, subjecting himself to observation, man sees that his will is always directed according to one and the same law (whether he observes the necessity of taking food, or the activity of the brain, or anything else), he is unable to understand this ever equal direction of his will otherwise than as a limitation of it. That which would not be free could not be limited. Man's will presents itself to him as limited, even because he cognizes it not otherwise than free.

You say: I am not free. But I have raised my arm and have dropped it again. Everybody understands that this illogical answer is an irrefutable proof of freedom.

This answer is the expression of consciousness which is not subject to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate source of self-consciousness, independent of reason, it would be subject to reflection and experiment; but in reality such a subjection never exists and is unthinkable.

A series of experiments and reflections shows to every man that, as an object of observation, he is subject to certain laws, and he submits to them and never struggles with the once cognized law of gravity or impermeability. But the same series of experiments and reflections shows him that the full liberty of which he is cognizant is impossible, that every action of his depends on his organization, his character, and the motives acting upon him; but he never submits to the deductions of these experiments and reflections.

Having learned from experiment and reflection that a stone falls downwards, man has absolute faith in this and in all cases expects the fulfilment of the cognized law.

But having learned just as infallibly that his will is subject to laws, he does not believe it, and cannot believe it.

No matter how often experiment and reflection may show a man that, under the same conditions, with the same character, he will do the same as before, he, for the thousandth time approaching the same conditions, with the same character, for the action which has always ended in the same manner, will be sure to feel just as convinced that he is able to act freely, as before the experiment. No matter how irrefutably reflection and experiment may prove to a savage or a thinker that it is impossible to imagine two acts under precisely the same conditions, he feels that without this senseless concept (which forms the essence of freedom) he could not imagine life. He feels that, however impossible it may be, it exists; for without this concept of freedom he not

only would fail to understand life, but would even be unable to live a single minute.

He could not live because all the impulses of men, all the inducements of life are only tendencies toward the increase of freedom. Wealth — poverty, glory — ingloriousness, power — subjection, strength — weakness, health — disease, culture — ignorance, work — leisure, satiety — hunger, virtue — vice, are only greater or lesser degrees of freedom.

A man having no freedom cannot be imagined otherwise than deprived of life.

If the concept of freedom presents itself to reason as a senseless contradiction, as the possibility of committing two acts at one and the same moment of time, or an act without a cause, it only proves that consciousness is not subject to reason.

This imperturbable, irrefutable consciousness of freedom, subject to neither experiment nor reflection, acknowledged by all thinkers and perceived by all men without exception, — the consciousness without which no conception of man is possible, — forms the other side of the question.

Man is the creation of almighty, all-bountiful, omniscient God. What, then, is sin, a conception which arises from the consciousness of man's freedom? That is a question of theology.

The actions of men are subject to general, immutable laws expressed by statistics. In what, then, does man's responsibility before society consist, — a conception which arises from the consciousness of freedom? That is a question of jurisprudence.

A man's acts spring from his inborn character and from the motives that act upon him. What is conscience and the knowledge of the good and the evil of acts, which arise from the consciousness of freedom? That is a question of ethics.

Man, in connection with the general life of humanity, presents himself as subject to laws which determine this life. But the same man, independently of this connection, imagines himself to be free. How should the past life of the nations and of humanity be considered? as the product of the free, or the not free activity of men? That is a question of history.

Only in our self-confident time of the popularization of science, thanks to the most powerful tool of ignorance, — the dissemination of printing, — the question of the freedom of the will has been transferred to a sphere where the question itself can no longer exist. In our day, the majority of the so-called leaders, that is, a mass of ignoramuses, have accepted the labours of the naturalists, who busy themselves with one side of the question, as the solution of the whole question.

There is no soul and no freedom, because man's life is expressed by muscular motions, and the muscular motions are conditioned by nervous activity; there is no soul and no freedom, because at an unknown period of time we originated from apes, they say, write, and print, not at all suspecting that thousands of years ago, all religions, all thinkers, had not only accepted, but had even never denied that very law of necessity, which they now attempt to prove so carefully by means of physiology and comparative zoology. They do not see that the rôle of the natural sciences in this question consists only in serving as a tool for the enlightenment of one of its sides; for that, from the standpoint of observation, reason and will are only secretions of the brain, and that man, following the general law, may have evolved from the lower animals at an uncertain period of time, elucidates only from a new side the truth, which was recognized thousands of years ago by all the religions and philosophical theories, that, from the standpoint of reason, man is subject to the laws of necessity, but does not advance a hair's breadth

the solution of the question, which has another, opposite side based on the consciousness of freedom.

If men originated from apes at an unknown period of time, this is as intelligible as that men were formed from a handful of earth at a given period of time (in the first case x is the time, in the second, the origin), and the question of how the consciousness of man harmonizes with the law of necessity, to which man is subject, cannot be determined by comparative physiology and zoology, because in the frog, the rabbit, and the ape we can observe only a nervo-muscular activity, while in man we observe both the nervo-muscular activity and consciousness.

The naturalists and their admirers, who think that they can solve this question, are like plasterers who are put to work to plaster one side of a church wall, and who, making use of the absence of the chief master workman, in an outburst of zeal, plaster up the windows, and the images, and the timbers, and the unsteadied walls, and admire their work which, from their plasterer standpoint, is so smooth and even.

IX.

THE solution of the question about freedom and necessity has this advantage for history, as compared with the other branches of knowledge, in which the solution of the question has been attempted, in that for history this question does not refer to the essence itself of the human will, but to the conception about the manifestation of this will in the past and under certain conditions.

History, in the matter of solving this question, stands to the other sciences in the position of an experimental science as compared with speculative sciences.

History has for its subject, not the human will, but our conception about it.

Therefore, for history does not exist, as for theology, ethics, and philosophy, the unsolved mystery about the union of the two contradictions of freedom and necessity. History examines the conception of human life, in which this union has already taken place.

In actual life each historical event, each human action, is understood quite clearly and definitely, without the perception of the smallest contradiction, although each event presents itself now as free, and now as necessary.

In order to solve the question how freedom and necessity may be combined, and what forms the essence of these concepts, the philosophy of history may and must proceed on an opposite path from the one traversed by the other sciences. Instead of defining the concepts of freedom and of necessity in themselves, and of classifying the phenomena of life according to the definitions thus formed,

history must deduce the definition of the very concepts of freedom and of necessity from an immense number of phenomena subject to its investigation, which always present themselves as dependent on freedom and necessity.

No matter what conception of the activity of many men or of one man we may examine, we never understand it otherwise than as the product partly of the freedom of man, and partly of the laws of necessity.

We do not see the least contradiction whether we speak of the migration of peoples and the incursions of the barbarians, or of the orders of Napoleon III., or of the act of a man committed an hour ago, which consists in having chosen one out of several directions for a walk. The measure of freedom and necessity, which has guided the acts of these men, is clearly defined for us.

Very frequently the conception of the greater or lesser freedom varies, according to the different point of view from which we examine the event; but, invariably, each action of man presents itself to us not otherwise than as a certain combination of freedom and of necessity. In each action under examination we see a certain measure of freedom and a certain measure of necessity. And always, the more freedom we see in any action, the less there is necessity; and the more necessity, the less freedom.

The relation of freedom to necessity may be greater or smaller, according to the standpoint from which an act may be viewed; but the relation will always be in inverse proportion.

A drowning man who catches at another and drowns him, or a hungry mother who, exhausted by her babe's suckling, steals food, or a man drilled in discipline who, while in the ranks, kills by command a defenceless man, appears less guilty, that is, less free and more subject to the law of necessity, to him who knows the conditions in which these men were, and more free to him who does not know that the man himself was drowning, the mother

hungry, and the soldier in the ranks, and so forth. Even thus a man who twenty years before committed a murder and ever afterward lived peacefully and harmlessly in society, appears less guilty; his act seems more subject to the law of necessity to him who views it after the lapse of twenty years, and more free to him who examined it a day after it had been committed. Even thus every deed of an insane, intoxicated, or highly excited man appears as less free and more necessary to him who knows the mental condition of the man who has committed the deed, and more free and less necessary to him who does not know it. In all these cases the conception of freedom is increased or diminished, and the conception of necessity is correspondingly diminished or increased, according to the point from which the act is viewed. So that the greater the necessity appears to be, the smaller is the freedom, and vice versa.

Religion, the common sense of humanity, jurisprudence, and history itself have the same notions about the relations between necessity and freedom.

All the cases without exception, in which our conception of the freedom and the necessity is increased or diminished, have only three foundations:

(1) The relation of the man committing an act to the external world,

(2) to time, and

(3) to the causes which led to the act.

(1) The first foundation is a greater or lesser visible relation of man to the external world, a more or less clear conception of the definite place which each man occupies in relation to everything which exists contemporaneously with him. It is that foundation which makes it apparent that the drowning man is less free and is more subject to the law of necessity than the man who stands on dry ground; that foundation, in consequence of which the actions of a man living in close connection with other

men in a densely populated locality, the actions of a man who is tied down by a family, service, enterprises, unquestionably present themselves as less free and more subject to necessity than the actions of a single and solitary man.

If we view a man alone, without any relation to everything surrounding him, every action of his will appear free to us. But if we see any relation to what surrounds him, if we see his connection with anything whatsoever, with a man who is speaking with him, with a book which he is reading, with the labour with which he is occupied, even with the air which surrounds him, or with the light that falls upon the objects surrounding him, — we see that each of these conditions has an influence upon him and guides at least one side of his activity. And inasmuch as we see these influences, insomuch do we diminish our conception of his freedom, and increase our conception of the necessity to which he is subjected.

(2) The second foundation is a greater or lesser visible temporal relation of man to the world, — a more or less clear conception of the place which a man's action occupies in time. It is that foundation, in consequence of which the fall of the first man, which had for its result the origin of the human race, presents itself obviously as less free than the marriage of a modern man. It is that foundation, in consequence of which the lives and activities of men who lived centuries ago, and who are connected with me in time, cannot appear to me so free as contemporary life, the consequences of which are not yet known to me.

The gradation of the conception of the greater or lesser freedom in this respect depends on the greater or lesser interval of time from the performance of the deed to the judgment about it.

If I examine an act performed by me a minute ago, under approximately the same conditions under which I now am, my act indubitably presents itself to me as free.

But if I reflect on an act committed by me a month ago, I, finding myself under different conditions, involuntarily assume that, if the act had not been committed, many useful, agreeable, and even necessary things which sprang from that deed would not have taken place. If I transfer myself in imagination to a still more remote act, ten years back, or more, the consequences of my act are still more manifest to me, and I find it hard to make out what would have happened if the act had not been. The farther back I transfer myself in imagination, or, what is the same, in advance of the judgment, the more doubtful will my reflection be about the freedom of the act.

Precisely the same progression of persuasiveness as regards the influence of the free will on the general affairs of humanity we find in history. A contemporary event presents itself to us as unquestionably the product of all the known men; but in a more remote event we see its inevitable consequences, in the place of which we cannot imagine any other. And the farther back we transfer ourselves in the examination of events, the less arbitrary do they appear to us.

The Austro-Prussian war appears to us as the unquestionable result of the actions of wily Bismarck, and so forth.

The Napoleonic wars, though somewhat doubtfully, still appear to us as the products of the will of the heroes; but in the crusades we already see an event which occupies a definite place, and without which the modern history of Europe is unthinkable, though to the chroniclers of the crusades this event appeared only as the result of the will of several persons. In the migration of the peoples no one in our day imagines that Attila's arbitrary will had anything to do with the renovation of the European world. The farther back in history we take the subject of observation, the more doubtful does the freedom of the event-producing men become, and the more manifest is the law of necessity.

(3) The third foundation is a greater or lesser accessibility of that endless nexus of causes, forming an inevitable demand of reason, in which each conceptual phenomenon and, therefore, each human action must have its definite place, as a result of the foregoing and a cause for the consequent.

It is that foundation, in consequence of which our acts and those of other men present themselves to us, the more free and the less subject to necessity, on the one hand, the better we are acquainted with the physiological, psychological, and historical laws, which are deduced from observation, and to which man is subject, and the more correctly we have seized the physiological, psychological, or historical cause of action; on the other hand, the simpler the observable action and the less complex in character and mind the man is, whose action we are examining.

When we absolutely fail to understand the causes of an act,—whether in the case of a misdeed, or an act of virtue, or an indifferently good or bad act,—we in such a case assume the greatest measure of freedom. In the case of a misdeed we demand most persistently that it be punished; in the case of an act of virtue, we most value such a deed. In the indifferent case we assume the greatest individuality, originality, freedom. But, if only one of the endless causes is known to us, we recognize a certain measure of necessity, and less persistently demand retribution for a crime, less readily acknowledge the deserts of a virtuous deed, and see less freedom in what seemed to be an original act. The fact that the criminal was brought up among malefactors already extenuates his guilt. The self-sacrifice of a father, a mother,—a self-sacrifice with the possibility of reward,—is more comprehensible than aimless self-sacrifice, and so appears as less deserving sympathy, as free. The founder of a sect or party, an inventor, surprises us less when we know how

and by what his activity has been prepared. If we have a long series of experiments, if our observation is constantly directed toward discovering the correlations in the actions of men between their causes and their consequences, the actions of men will appear to us the more necessary and the less free, the more correctly we connect the consequences with the causes. If the actions under observation are simple, our conception of their necessity will be fuller still. The dishonest act of a son of a dishonest father, the bad behaviour of a woman who has fallen into bad company, a drunkard's relapse into drunkenness, and so forth, are acts which appear to us the less free, the more intelligible the cause is to us. But if the man, whose action we are viewing, stands on the very lowest stage of mental development, as a child, a demented person, a fool, we, knowing the causes of action and the simplicity of character and mind, see such a great measure of necessity and such a small measure of freedom that, the moment we know the cause which is to bring about an action, we are able to predict the deed itself.

Only on these three foundations are based the irresponsibility for crimes and the extenuating circumstances which are to be found in all legislations. The imputability is represented as greater or as less, according to the greater or lesser knowledge of the conditions under which the man was, whose act is being judged, according to the greater or lesser interval of time from the commission of the deed to the judgment about it, and according to the greater or lesser comprehension of the causes of the act.

X.

THUS our conception of freedom and of necessity gradually decreases or increases, according to the greater or lesser connection with the external world, according to the greater or lesser remoteness of time, and the greater or lesser dependence on the causes, under which we view the phenomenon of human life.

So that, if we examine the position of a man in which the connection with the external world is best known, the period of judgment most remote from the period of the commission of the deed, and the causes of the act most accessible, we get the conception of the greatest necessity and the least freedom. But if we view a man in the least dependence on external conditions, if his act was committed in a moment near to the present, and the causes of his action are inaccessible to us, we get the conception of the least necessity and of the greatest freedom.

But, in neither case, no matter how much we may change our point of view; no matter how we may elucidate that connection which subsists between man and the external world, or how accessible it may seem to us; no matter how much we may lengthen or shorten the period of time; no matter how intelligible or inaccessible the causes may be to us, — we are never able to imagine either complete freedom, or complete necessity.

1. No matter how we may imagine man exempt from the influences of the external world, we shall never arrive at the conception of freedom in space. Every human act

is inevitably conditioned by what surrounds him,—his very body. I raise my arm and I drop it. This action to me seems voluntary; but I ask myself: Could I have raised my arm in every direction? I see that I raised my arm in the direction where for this action I found least resistance, both in the bodies surrounding me and in the structure of my own body. If, of all possible directions, I chose one, I did so because there were the least number of obstacles. In order to imagine man as free, we must imagine him outside of space, which is obviously impossible.

2. No matter how much we may move up the time of judgment to the time of the deed, we shall never get a concept of freedom in time. For, if I examine an act which was committed a second ago, I still must recognize the necessity of the act, because it is fettered in that moment of time when it was committed. Can I raise my arm? I raise it; but I ask myself: Could I have not raised my arm in that already past moment of time? To convince myself of it, I do not raise it in the next moment of time. But I did not raise my arm not in that first moment when I asked myself about the freedom. Time has passed, which it was not in my power to keep back, and the arm which I then raised is not the same arm with which I now do not make that motion, and the air in which I then made the motion is no longer the same air which now surrounds me. The moment in which the first movement took place is irretrievable, and at that moment I could have made but one motion, and whatever motion I might have made, it would have been the only one. The fact that I did not raise my arm the next moment does not prove that I could have not raised it then. And since my motion could have been one only at a given moment of time, it could not have been anything else. In order to imagine it as free, we must imagine it in the present, on the boundary-line between

the past and the future, that is, outside of time, which is impossible, and —

3. No matter how much the difficulty of comprehending the cause may increase, we shall never arrive at the conception of complete freedom, that is, at the absence of cause. No matter how inaccessible to us may be the cause of the expression of the will in any one act of our own or of others, the first demand of reason is the assumption of a cause and the search for it, for without cause no phenomenon is thinkable. I raise my hand in order to commit an act which is independent of all causes, but my wishing to commit an act which has no cause is the cause of my act.

But even if, imagining a man who is entirely exempt from all influences, and examining only his momentary act in the present, which is not called forth by any cause, we should admit an infinitely small remainder of necessity, equal to zero, we should still not arrive at the conception of absolute freedom; because a being which does not receive the influences of the external world, which stands outside of time, is no longer a man.

In the same manner we can never imagine the action of a man without the participation of freedom, and subject only to the law of necessity.

1. No matter how much our knowledge of those space conditions, in which a man is, may increase, this knowledge can never be full, because the number of these conditions is illimitably large, just as illimitable as space itself. And therefore, so long as not *all* conditions of the influences exerted on man are determined, there is no full necessity, and there is a certain measure of freedom.

2. No matter how much we may lengthen the period of time from the event which we are examining to the time of the judgment, this period will be finite, while time is infinite, and so in this relation, too, there cannot be full necessity.

3. No matter how accessible the causal chain of any act may be, we shall never know the whole chain, because it is endless, and again we shall not arrive at full necessity.

But, besides, even if, admitting a remainder of minimum freedom, equal to zero, we should in some case, such as in the dying man, the germ, the idiot, assume a complete absence of freedom, we should by that very assumption destroy the conception of man, which we are examining; because, as soon as there is no freedom, there is no man. And so the conception of a human action which is subject only to the law of necessity, without the least remainder of freedom, is just as impossible as the conception of an absolutely free human action.

And so, in order to imagine the action of a man which is subject only to the law of necessity, without freedom, we must assume the knowledge of an *infinite* number of space relations of an *infinitely* large period of time and an *infinite* series of causes.

In order to imagine an absolutely free man, who is not subject to the law of necessity, we must imagine him all alone, *outside of space, outside of time, and outside of dependence on causes.*

In the first case, if necessity without freedom were possible, we should arrive at the definition of the laws of necessity by necessity itself, that is, at the mere form without contents.

In the second case, if freedom without necessity were possible, we should arrive at unconditional freedom outside of space, time, and causes, which, for the very reason that it would be unconditional and not limited by anything, would be nothing or mere contents without form.

We should, in general, arrive at those two foundations of which the whole world-philosophy of man is composed, — at the incomprehensible essence of life, and at the laws which define that essence.

Reason says: (1) Space, with all the forms which visible matter gives it, is endless and cannot be thought of otherwise. (2) Time is infinite motion without a moment of rest, and it is not thinkable otherwise. (3) The causal nexus has no beginning and can have no end.

Consciousness says: (1) I am alone, and everything which exists is nothing but I; consequently, I include space; (2) I measure flowing time by the immovable moment of the present, in which alone I am conscious of living; consequently, I am outside of time, and (3) I am outside of cause, for I feel myself the cause of every manifestation of my life.

Reason expresses the laws of necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of freedom.

Freedom, not limited by anything, is the essence of life in the consciousness of man. Necessity without contents is human reason with its three forms.

Freedom is that which is being viewed. Necessity is that which views. Freedom is contents. Necessity is form.

Only in dissevering the two sources of cognition, which stand to each other in the relation of form to contents, do we receive the mutually excluding and incomprehensible concepts of freedom and of necessity.

Only in uniting them do we get a clear conception of human life.

Outside of these two concepts, which in their union mutually determine each other as form and contents, no conception of life is possible.

Everything which we know of the lives of men is only a certain relation of freedom to necessity, that of consciousness to the laws of reason.

Everything which we know about the external world of Nature is only a certain relation of the forces of Nature to necessity, or the essence of life to the laws of reason.

The vital forces of Nature lie outside of us and are not cognizable by us, and we call these forces gravity, inertia, electricity, vital force, and so forth; but the vital force of man is cognizable by us, and we call it freedom.

But just as the in itself incomprehensible force of gravity, which is perceived by every man, becomes comprehensible to us to the extent to which we know the laws of necessity to which it is subject (from the first knowledge that all bodies are heavy to the laws of Newton), even so the in itself incomprehensible force of freedom, which is cognizable by everybody, is comprehensible to us only to the extent to which we know the laws of necessity to which it is subject (beginning with the fact that every man dies, and up to the knowledge of the most complex economic or historic laws).

Every knowledge is only a subordination of the essence of life to the laws of reason.

Man's freedom differs from every other force in that this force is recognized by man; but for the reason it in no way differs from any other force. The force of gravity, of electricity, and of chemical affinity differ from each other only by being differently defined by reason. Just so the force of human freedom is distinguished by reason from the other forces of Nature only by the definition which this reason makes of it. But freedom without necessity, that is, without the laws of reason that define it, in no way differs from gravity, or heat, or the vegetative force, — it is for the reason only a momentary, indefinable sensation of life.

And as the indefinable essence of the force which moves the celestial bodies, the indefinable essence of the force of heat and electricity, or of the force of chemical affinity, or of the vital force, form the contents of astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, and so forth, even so the essence of the force of freedom forms the contents of history. But just as the subject of every

science is the manifestation of this unknown essence of life, while the essence itself can be the subject only of metaphysics, — even so the manifestation of the force of freedom of men in space, time, and dependence on causes forms the subject of history; but the freedom itself is the subject of metaphysics.

In the experimental sciences, that which we know we call the laws of necessity; that which we do not know we call vital force. Vital force is only the expression of an unknown remainder from what we know of the essence of life.

Even so in history, what is known to us we call laws of necessity; what is unknown to us, — freedom. Freedom for history is only the expression of the unknown remainder from what we know of the laws of human life.

XI.

HISTORY views the manifestations of human freedom in connection with the external world in time and in the dependence on causes, that is, it defines this freedom by the laws of reason, and so history is a science only in so far as this freedom is defined by these laws.

For history, the recognition of human freedom as a force which may influence historical events, that is, as not subject to laws, is the same as the assumption, for astronomy, of a free force of motion for the heavenly bodies.

This assumption destroys the possibility of the existence of laws, that is, of any knowledge. If there exists even one single freely moving body, then there do not exist the laws of Kepler and of Newton, and there no longer exists any conception about the movements of the heavenly bodies. If there exists a single free act of a man, there does not exist a single historical law or any conception of historical events.

For history there exist lines of movements of human wills, one end of which is concealed in the unknown, and at the other end of which there moves in space, in time, and in the dependence on causes the consciousness of human freedom in the present.

The more this field of motion expands before our eyes, the more evident are the laws of this motion. To seize and define these laws forms the problem of history.

From that point of view from which science now looks at its subject, on that path on which it now travels, in

endeavouring to discover the causes of the phenomena in the free will of men, the expression of laws is impossible for science, because, no matter how much we may limit human freedom, the moment we recognize it as a force which is subject to no laws, the existence of a law is impossible.

Only by limiting this freedom to infinity, that is, by viewing it as an infinitely small quantity, shall we convince ourselves of the absolute insufficiency of causes, and then, instead of looking for causes, history will have for its problem the discovery of laws.

The discovery of these laws was begun long ago, and those new methods of reasoning, which history must adopt, are being worked out simultaneously with the self-destruction toward which, by parcelling out the causes of the phenomena, the old history is moving.

On this path all the sciences have marched. In arriving at the infinitely small, mathematics, the most exact of sciences, abandons the process of parcelling, and proceeds to the summation of the unknown, the infinitely small. Receding from the conception of cause, mathematics tries to discover the law, that is, the properties which are common to all unknown, infinitely small elements.

Still on the same path of reasoning, though in a different form, the other sciences have proceeded. When Newton enunciated the law of gravity, he did not say that the sun and earth had the property of attraction; he said that every body, from the largest to the minutest, had the property of attracting each other, that is, leaving aside the question of the cause of the movement of the bodies, he expressed the property which is common to all bodies, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small. The same is done by the natural sciences: leaving aside the question of the cause, they look for the laws. On the same path stands history. And if history has for its

object the study of the movement of the nations and of humanity, and not the description of episodes from the lives of men, then it must reject the conception of causes and try to discover the laws which are common to all equal and inseparably interrelated infinitely small elements of freedom.

XII.

EVER since the law of Copernicus was discovered and proved, the mere recognition that it was not the sun that was moving, but the earth, has destroyed the whole cosmography of the ancients. It was possible to reject this law and retain the old conception of the movement of the bodies, but, by not rejecting it, it would seem, it would not have been possible to continue the study of Ptolemy's worlds. But even after the discovery of the law of Copernicus, Ptolemy's worlds continued to be studied for a long time.

Ever since the first man said and proved that the number of births or crimes is subject to mathematical laws, and that certain geographical and economic conditions determine this or that mode of government, and that certain relations of the population to the land produce the movement of the peoples, the foundations on which history was built were destroyed in their essence.

It was possible to reject the new laws and still cling to the old view of history, but, in not rejecting them, it seems, it was impossible to continue to study historical events as the product of the free will of men. For, if such and such a mode of government has been established, and such and such a movement of the nations has taken place, as the result of geographical, ethnographical, or economic conditions, then the will of those men, who to us appear as having established the mode of government, or having evoked the movement of the nations, can no longer be considered as a cause.

And yet, the former history is still studied together with the laws of statistics, geography, political economy, comparative philology, and geology, which directly contradict its propositions.

The struggle between the old and the new view has gone on for a long time in the physical philosophy. Theology was on the *qui vive* for its old view and accused the new of destroying revelation. But when truth prevailed, theology built just as firmly on the new foundation.

Just as long and as stubbornly has the struggle been going on between the old and the new conception of history, and even so theology is on the lookout for the old view and accuses the new of having destroyed revelation.

In either case, the struggle provokes the passions on either side and chokes truth. On the one side appears the struggle of terror and pity for the whole structure which has been reared in past ages; and on the other the struggle of the passion for destroying.

To the men who struggled against the rising truth of physical philosophy it seemed that, if they accepted the truth, there would be destroyed the faith in God, in the creation of the firmament, in the miracle of Joshua. To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire, for example, it seemed that the laws of astronomy destroyed religion, and so he used the laws of gravity as a tool against religion.

Even so, it seems, it will suffice to recognize the law of necessity, and there will be destroyed the conception about the soul, about good and evil, and all the institutions of Church and State, which are based upon it.

Even so now, the uninvited defenders of the law of necessity use, as Voltaire did in his time, this law of necessity as a tool against religion, whereas, just as was the case with the law of Copernicus in astronomy, the law of

necessity in history not only does not destroy, but even strengthens the foundation on which the institutions of State and Church are reared.

As then, in the question of astronomy, so now, in the question of history, the whole difference of the view is based on the recognition or non-recognition of the absolute unit which serves as a measure of the visible phenomena. In astronomy it was the immovability of the earth; in history it is the independence of the personality,—freedom.

Just as in astronomy the difficulty of recognizing the motion of the earth consisted in renouncing the immediate feeling of the stability of the earth and of a similar feeling of the motion of the planets, so in history the difficulty in recognizing the subjection of the individual to the laws of space, time, and causality consists in renouncing the immediate feeling of the independence of one's own personality. But as in astronomy the new view said, "It is true, we do not feel the movement of the earth, but by assuming its immovability we arrive at nonsense; and by admitting the motion, which we do not feel, we arrive at laws," so in history the new view says, "It is true, we do not feel our dependence, but, by admitting our freedom, we arrive at nonsense; and, by admitting our dependence on the external world, on time, and on causes, we arrive at laws."

In the first case, it was necessary to renounce the recognition of a non-existent immovability in space and recognize the motion which is imperceptible to our senses; even so, in the present case, it is necessary to renounce the non-existent freedom and recognize the dependence of which we are not conscious.

THE END.

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