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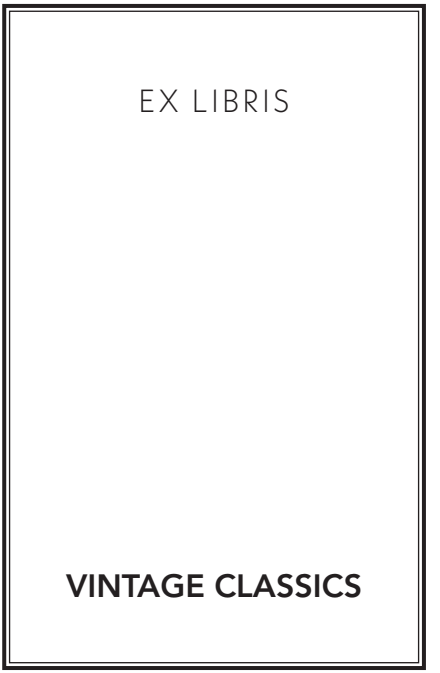
LEO TOLSTOY

WAR AND PEACE

'If you've never read it, now is the moment'
The Times



LEO TOLSTOY

Leo Tolstoy was born in central Russia on 9 September 1828. In 1852 he published his first work, the autobiographical *Childhood*. He served in the army during the Crimean War and his *Sevastopol Sketches* (1855-6) are based on his experiences. His two most popular masterpieces are *War and Peace* (1864-69) and *Anna Karenina* (1875-8). He died in 1910.

RICHARD PEVEAR AND LARISSA VOLOKHONSKY

Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky have translated works by Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Gogol, Bulgakov and Pasternak. They were both twice awarded the PEN/Book-of-the-Month Club Translation Prize (for Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*). They are married and live in France.

LEO TOLSTOY

WAR AND PEACE

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN,
ANNOTATED AND INTRODUCED BY
Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky

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INTRODUCTION

If the world could write by itself, it would write like Tolstoy.

— ISAAC BABEL

War and Peace is the most famous and at the same time the most daunting of Russian novels, as vast as Russia itself and as long to cross from one end to the other. Yet if one makes the journey, the sights seen and the people met on the way mark one's life for ever. The book is set in the period of the Napoleonic wars (1805–12) and tells of the interweaving of historical events with the private lives of two very different families of the Russian nobility—the severe Bolkonskys and the easygoing Rostovs—and of a singular man, reminiscent of the author himself—Count Pierre Bezukhov. It embodies the national myth of "Russia's glorious period," as Tolstoy himself called it, in the confrontation of the emperor Napoleon and Field Marshal Kutuzov, and at the same time it challenges that myth and all such myths through the vivid portrayal of the fates of countless ordinary people of the period, men and women, young and old, French as well as Russian, and through the author's own passionate questioning of the truth of history.

Tolstoy wrote that he "spent five years of ceaseless and exclusive labour, under the best conditions of life," working on *War and Peace*. Those were the years from 1863 to 1868. He was thirty-five when he began. The year before, he had married Sofya Behrs, the daughter of a Moscow doctor, who was eighteen, and they had moved permanently to his estate at Yasnaya Polyana, in Tula province, a hundred and twenty miles south of Moscow. She bore him four children while he worked on the book, was his first reader (or listener), and was in part the model for his heroine, Natasha Rostov.

The orderliness and routine of family life and estate management were not only the best conditions for work, they were also new conditions for Tolstoy. His mother had died when he was two. His father had moved to Moscow with the children in 1830, but died himself seven years later, and the children were eventually taken to Kazan by their aunt. Tolstoy entered Kazan University in 1844 but never graduated; his later attempts to pass examinations at Petersburg University also led to nothing. In 1851, after several years of idle and dissipated life in Moscow and Petersburg, he visited the Caucasus with his brother Nikolai, who was in the army, and there took part in a raid on a Chechen village, which he described a year later in a story entitled "The Raid,"

his first attempt to capture the actuality of warfare in words. His experiences in the Caucasus were also reflected in his novel *The Cossacks,* which he began writing in 1853 but finished only nine years later, and in his very last piece of fiction, the superb short novel *Hadji Murad,* completed in 1904 but published only posthumously.

In 1852, he joined the army as a noncommissioned officer and served in Wallachia. Two years later he was promoted to ensign and was transferred at his own request to the Crimea, where he fought in the Crimean War and was present at the siege of Sevastopol. His *Sevastopol Sketches,* which were published in 1855, made him famous in Petersburg social and literary circles. They were a second and fuller attempt at a true depiction of war.

During his army years, Tolstoy lived like a typical young Russian officer, drinking, gambling, and womanizing. In 1854 he lost the family house in Yasnaya Polyana at cards, and it was dismantled and moved some twenty miles away, leaving only a foundation stone on which Tolstoy later had carved: HERE STOOD THE HOUSE IN WHICH L. N. TOLSTOY WAS BORN. In 1856 he was promoted to lieutenant but resigned his commission and returned to the estate, where he lived in one of the surviving wings of the house and began to occupy himself with management and the education of the peasant children. By then, besides the works I have already mentioned, he had also published the semi-fictional trilogy *Childhood, Boyhood,* and *Youth*.

The years from 1857 to 1862 were a time of restlessness and seeking for Tolstoy. He had left Petersburg, disgusted by the literary life there. He made two trips abroad. During the first, in 1857, he forced himself to witness a public execution in Paris, and the sight shook him so deeply that he vowed he would never again serve any government. At the beginning of the second trip, in September 1860, he visited his beloved brother Nikolai, who was dying of tuberculosis in the southern French town of Hyères. The death and burial of his brother were, he said, "the strongest impression in my life." In 1861 he returned to Yasnaya Polyana, where he began work on a novel about the Decembrists, a group of young aristocrats and officers who, at the death of the emperor Alexander I in December 1825, rose up in the name of constitutional monarchy, were arrested and either executed or sent to Siberia. This novel would eventually become *War and Peace*.

Tolstoy himself later described the process of its transformation. At first he had wanted to write about a Decembrist on his return from Siberia in 1856, when the exiles were pardoned by Alexander II. In preparation for that, he went back to 1825, the year of the uprising itself, and from there to the childhood and youth of his hero and the others who took part in it. That brought him to the war of 1812, with which he became fascinated, and since those events were directly linked to events of 1805, it was there that he decided to begin. The original title, in the serial publication of the book, was *The Year*

1805; it was only in 1867 that he changed it to *War and Peace,* which he may have borrowed from a work by the French socialist thinker Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, whom he had met in Brussels during his second trip abroad. All that remains of the Decembrists in the final version are some slight hints about the futures of Pierre Bezukhov and of Prince Andrei Bolkonsky's son Nikolenka.

The book grew organically as Tolstoy worked on it. In 1865, partly under the influence of Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma,* he revised the battle scenes he had already written and added new ones, including one of the most important, the description of the battle of Schöngraben. Coming across a collection of Masonic texts in the library of the Rumyantsev Museum, he became interested and decided to make Pierre Bezukhov a Mason. He studied the people of Moscow at the theatres, in the clubs, in the streets, looking for the types he needed. A great many of his fictional characters, if not all of them, had real-life models. The old Prince Bolkonsky and the old Count Rostov were drawn from Tolstoy's grandfathers, Nikolai Rostov and Princess Marya from his parents, Sonya from one of his aunts. The Rostov estate, Otradnoe, is a reflection of Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoy spent two days on the battlefield of Borodino and made his own map of the disposition of forces, correcting the maps of the historians. He collected a whole library of materials on the Napoleonic wars, many bits of which also found their way into the fabric of the book. His memory for historical minutiae was prodigious. But above all, there is the profusion and precision of sensual detail that brings the world of *War and Peace* so vividly to life. In his autobiographical sketch, *People and Situations* (1956), Pasternak wrote of Tolstoy:

> All his life, at every moment, he possessed the faculty of seeing phenomena in the detached finality of each separate instant, in perfectly distinct outline, as we see only on rare occasions, in childhood, or on the crest of an all-renewing happiness, or in the triumph of a great spiritual victory.
>
> To see things like that, our eye must be directed by passion. For it is passion that by its flash illuminates an object, intensifying its appearance.
>
> Such passion, the passion of creative contemplation, Tolstoy constantly carried within him. It was precisely in its light that he saw everything in its pristine freshness, in a new way, as if for the first time. The authenticity of what he saw differs so much from what we are used to that it may appear strange to us. But Tolstoy was not seeking that strangeness, was not pursuing it as a goal, still less did he apply it to his works as a literary method.

I was struck, while working on the translation of *War and Peace,* by the impression that I was translating two books at the same time. Not two books in alternation, as one might expect from the title, but two books simultaneously. One is a very deliberate and self-conscious work, expressive of the out-

size personality of its author, who is everywhere present, selecting and manipulating events, and making his own absolute pronouncements on them: "On the twelfth of June, the forces of Western Europe crossed the borders of Russia, and war began—that is, an event took place contrary to human reason and to the whole of human nature." It is a work full of provocation and irony, and written in what might be called Tolstoy's signature style, with broad and elaborately developed rhetorical devices—periodic structure, emphatic repetitions, epic similes. The other is an account of all that is most real and ordinary in life, all that is most fragile and therefore most precious, all that eludes formulation, that is not subject to absolute pronouncements, that is so mercurial that it can hardly be reflected upon, and can be grasped only by a rare quality of attention and self-effacement. And it is written in a style that reaches the expressive minimum of a sentence like *Kápli kápali,* "Drops dripped"—which makes silence itself audible. It seems to me that the incomparable experience of reading *War and Peace* comes from the shining of the one work through the other—an effect achieved by artistic means of an unusual sort.

The first thing a reader today must overcome is the notion of *War and Peace* as a classic, the greatest of novels, and the model of what a novel should be. In 1954, Bertolt Brecht wrote a note on "Classical Status as an Inhibiting Factor" that puts the question nicely. "What gets lost," he says of the bestowing of classical status on a work (he is speaking of works for the theatre), "is the classic's original freshness, the element of surprise . . . of newness, of productive stimulus that is the hallmark of such works. The passionate quality of a great masterpiece is replaced by stage temperament, and where the classics are full of fighting spirit, here the lessons taught the audience are tame and cozy and fail to grip."

The first readers of *War and Peace* were certainly surprised, but often also bewildered and even dismayed by the book. They found it hard to identify the main characters, to discover anything like a plot, to see any connection between episodes, to understand the sudden leaps from fiction to history, from narration to philosophizing. There seemed to be no focus, no artistic unity to the work, no real beginning, and no resolution. It was as if the sheer mass of detail overwhelmed any design Tolstoy might have tried to impose on it. Such observations were made by Russian critics, including Tolstoy's great admirer, Ivan Turgenev, and when the book became known in translation, they were repeated by Flaubert and by Henry James, who famously described *War and Peace* as a "large loose baggy monster."

Another cause of surprise for its first readers was the language of *War and Peace*. The book opens in French—not with a few words of French (as in those English versions that do not eliminate the French altogether), but with a whole paragraph of French, with only a few phrases of Russian at the end. This mixing of French and Russian goes on for another five chapters or more,

and occurs frequently throughout the rest of the book. There are also some long letters entirely in French, as well as official dispatches, and quotations from the French historian Adolphe Thiers. There are passages in German as well. For all of them Tolstoy supplied his own translations in footnotes, as we do. But that made the question still more problematic, because Tolstoy's translations are occasionally inaccurate, perhaps deliberately so. The amount of French in the text is smaller than some early critics asserted—not a third, but only about two per cent. But there is also a great deal of gallicized Russian, either implying that the speaker is speaking in French, or showing that upper-class ladies like Julie Karagin are unable to write correctly in their own language. And there are other heterogeneous elements in the composition: Tolstoy's map and commentary on the battlefield of Borodino, and his own interpolated essays, which repeatedly disrupt the fictional continuum.

The formal structure of *War and Peace* and the texture of its prose are indeed strange. Those who did not simply declare the book a failure, dismissing the newness, the "passionate quality" and "fighting spirit" of what Tolstoy was doing as artistic helplessness and naïveté, often said that it succeeded in spite of its artistic flaws. But that is a false distinction. *War and Peace* is a work of art, and if it succeeds, it cannot be in spite of its formal deficiencies, but only because Tolstoy created a new form that was adequate to his vision.

It is equally mistaken to go to the other extreme and declare, as more recent critics have done, that, far from being a magnificent failure, *War and Peace* is a masterpiece of nineteenth-century realism, simple and artless, a direct transcription of life. Tolstoy was well aware of the perplexities his book caused and addressed them in an article (included here as an appendix) entitled "A Few Words Apropos of the Book *War and Peace,*" published in the magazine *Russian Archive* in 1868, before the final parts of the book had appeared in print. "What is *War and Peace*?" he asked.

> It is not a novel, still less an epic poem, still less a historical chronicle. *War and Peace* is what the author wanted and was able to express, in the form in which it is expressed. Such a declaration of the author's disregard of the conventional forms of artistic prose works might seem presumptuous, if it were premeditated and if it had no previous examples. The history of Russian literature since Pushkin's time not only provides many examples of such departure from European forms, but does not offer even one example to the contrary. From Gogol's *Dead Souls* to Dostoevsky's *Dead House,* there is not a single work of artistic prose of the modern period of Russian literature, rising slightly above mediocrity, that would fit perfectly into the form of the novel, the epic, or the story.

Two things in this passage are especially characteristic of Tolstoy: first, the negative definition of the genre; and second, the assertion that his departure

from artistic convention was not premeditated. Both might be taken as disingenuous, but I do not think they are. Tolstoy was trying to express something which, to his mind, had never been expressed before, and which therefore required a new form that could only define itself as he worked. By excluding the known forms of extended narrative, he leaves an empty place in which an as yet unknown form, indefinable and unnameable, may appear. (He uses the same negative method throughout *War and Peace* itself.) But this procedure was not premeditated—that is, as Pasternak rightly said, it was not a literary method, not a play with form for its own sake in the modernist sense. He found it necessary for the task he had set himself.

What was that task? What was it that Tolstoy "wanted to express" in his book, which he deliberately does not call a novel? Boris de Schloezer, a fine critic and philosopher, wrote in the preface to his French translation of *War and Peace* (1960) that Tolstoy's one aim, from the beginning, was "to speak the truth" as perceived by his eye and his conscience. "All the forces of his imagination, his power of evocation and expression, converge on that one single goal. Outside any other religious or moral considerations, Tolstoy when he writes obeys one imperative, which is the foundation of what one might call his literary ethic. That imperative is not imposed on the artist by the moralist, it is the voice of the artist himself." As early as the sketch "Sevastopol in May" of 1855, Tolstoy had asserted, "My hero is truth." In *War and Peace* he wanted to speak the truth about a certain period of Russian life—the period of the Napoleonic wars of 1805 to 1812. He wanted to say, not how that period could be made to appear in a beautiful lie, an entertaining or instructive story, a historical narrative, but how it was. He wanted to capture in words what happened the way it happened. But how does happening happen? How can words express it without falsifying it? How can one capture the past once it is past? These were questions that Tolstoy constantly brooded on. He had already posed them for himself in 1851, in his very first literary work, the fragment "A History of Yesterday." The composition of *War and Peace* was his fullest response to them.

Poète et non honnête homme, wrote Pascal, meaning that a poet cannot be an honest man. Tolstoy fully agreed with Pascal; he tried all his life to be *honnête homme et non poète.* Nabokov, in his lecture notes on *Anna Karenina,* speaks of "Tolstoy's style with its readiness to admit any robust awkwardness if that is the shortest way to sense." Yet Tolstoy found that the truth could not be approached directly, that every attempt at direct expression became a simplification and therefore a lie, and that the "shortest way to sense" was rather long and indirect. He was acutely aware of the inadequacy of all human means of speaking the truth, but his artistic intuition told him that those means might be composed in such a way as to allow the truth to appear. Against his will, he found that to be an honest man he had to be a poet.

In the fifth section of "A Few Words," Tolstoy freely embraces that role, discussing the differences between the historian and the artist. "A historian and an artist, describing a historical epoch, have two completely different objects . . . For a historian, considering the contribution rendered by some person towards a certain goal, there are heroes; for the artist, considering the correspondence of this person to all sides of life, there cannot and should not be any heroes, but there should be people." And further on: "A historian has to do with the results of an event, the artist with the fact of the event." And again: "The difference between the results obtained is explained by the sources from which the two draw their information. For the historian (we continue the example of a battle), the main source is the reports of individual commanders and the commander in chief. The artist can draw nothing from such sources, they tell him nothing, explain nothing. Moreover, the artist turns away from them, finding in them a necessary falsehood." Neither here nor elsewhere, however, does Tolstoy say what sources the artist does draw from. To compound the problem, he says at the end of the same section: "But the artist should not forget that the notion of historical figures and events formed among people is based not on fantasy, but on historical documents, insofar as historians have been able to amass them; and therefore, while understanding and presenting these figures and events differently, the artist ought to be guided, like the historian, by historical materials." The difference lies not in the figures and events that are seen, but in the way of seeing them: the artist sees not heroes but people, not results but facts, and considers a person not in terms of a goal, but "in correspondence to all sides of life"—with what Pasternak calls "the passion of creative contemplation," which Tolstoy wisely avoids defining.

This leads to a crucial if paradoxical reversal: the most real and even, in Tolstoy's sense, historical figures in *War and Peace* turn out to be the fictional ones; and the most unreal, the most insubstantial and futile, the historical ones.* Tolstoy undermines the idea of significant action, though it was the foundation of virtually all narrative before him. He does not say that all action is insignificant, but that the only significant actions are the insignificant ones, whose meaning lies elsewhere, not in the public space but in absolute solitude. For Prince Andrei there *is* something in the infinite sky above him, but it is not a general idea, and he is unable to communicate it to anyone else. In her comparison of Homer and Tolstoy (*On the Iliad,* translated by Mary McCarthy, New York, 1947), Rachel Bespaloff wrote: "Great common truths are disclosed to man only when he is alone: they are the revelation made by solitude in the thick of collective action." Tolstoy grants this intimate but immense reality to each of his major characters, and to many of the minor ones (who then

*The great exception to this rule is Field Marshal Kutuzov, who for Tolstoy is "historical" in both senses of the word and thus becomes a touchstone figure in the book.

cease to be minor). Yet there is nothing very remarkable about these characters. Turgenev complained that they were all mediocrities, and in a sense he was right. They are ordinary men and women. Tolstoy was aware of that; it was what he intended. As Rachel Bespaloff observed: "Tolstoy's universe, like Homer's, is what our own is from moment to moment. We don't step into it; we are there."

* * *

A few words about translation and this translation.

It is often said that a good translation is one that "does not feel like a translation," one that reads "smoothly" in "idiomatic" English. But who determines the standard of the idiomatic, and why should it be applied to something so idiolectic as a great work of literature? Is Melville idiomatic? Is Faulkner? Is Beckett? Those who raise the question of the "idiomatic" in translation do not seem to realize that they are imposing their own, often very narrow, limits on the original. A translator who turns a great original into a patchwork of ready-made "contemporary" phrases, with no regard for its particular tone, rhythm, or character, and claims that that is "how Tolstoy would have written today in English," betrays both English and Tolstoy. Translation is not the transfer of a detachable "meaning" from one language to another, for the simple reason that in literature there is no meaning detachable from the words that express it. Translation is a dialogue between two languages. It occurs in a space between two languages, and most often between two historical moments. Much of the real value of translation as an art comes from that unique situation. It is not exclusively the language of arrival or the time of the translator and reader that should be privileged. We all know, in the case of *War and Peace,* that we are reading a nineteenth-century Russian novel. That fact allows the twenty-first-century translator a different range of possibilities than may exist for a twenty-first-century writer. It allows for the enrichment of the translator's own language, rather than the imposition of his language on the original.

To move from that fertile ground towards either extreme—that is, towards interlinear literalness or total accommodation to the new language—is to lose the possibilities that exist only in the space between two times and languages. Tolstoy's prose has been much praised and much criticized. He scorned fine writers, calling them "hairdressers," yet we know from the many drafts he preserved that he constantly worked over his texts, revising and refining them, bringing them closer to what he wanted to express. Tolstoy's prose is an artistic medium; it is all of a piece; it is not good or bad Russian prose, it is Tolstoyan prose. What the translator should seek in his own language is the equivalent of that specific artistic medium. He must have the freedom in his own language to be faithful to the original.

In *Tolstoy: A Critical Introduction* (Cambridge, 1969), R. H. Christian

says: "From the point of view of language and style, Tolstoy has been better served by his translators than many of his fellow-countrymen. Nevertheless, standards fall a long way short of perfection. Clumsiness and *simplesse* apart, no English version of *War and Peace* has succeeded in conveying the power, balance, rhythm and above all the repetitiveness of the original. Perhaps it is repetition which is the most characteristic single feature of Tolstoy's prose style." He illustrates his point with two passages, the second of which, in our translation, reads as follows (italics added):

> . . . thought Prince Andrei, waiting among many significant and insignificant persons in Count Arakcheev's *anteroom*.
>
> During his service, mostly as an adjutant, Prince Andrei had seen many *anterooms* of significant persons, and the differing characters of these *anterooms* were very clear to him. Count Arakcheev's *anteroom* had a completely special character. The insignificant persons waiting in line for an audience in Count Arakcheev's *anteroom* . . .

Without mentioning the parallel play on "significant and insignificant persons," Christian notes that the Russian word *priémnaya* ("anteroom") recurs five times in as many lines, and that the Maude translation (1927) glosses over that fact by omitting the word once and using three different words for the rest. I will add that in Ann Dunnigan's translation (1968) the repetitions are treated in exactly the same way as in the Maudes'; that Anthony Briggs, in his 2005 version, omits the repeated word twice and varies it twice; while Constance Garnett (1904) omits it once, but otherwise keeps the repetitions. This passage is a fairly restrained example of what I have called Tolstoy's "signature style," but it does illustrate how the balance and rhythm of his prose depend on repetition. These qualities are lost when the general principle of avoiding repetitions is mechanically applied to it. Tolstoy also had a fondness for larger rhetorical structures based on repeated triads of nouns, verbs, adjectives, and so on. We have made it a point to keep his repetitions, as well as other devices of formal rhetoric (for instance, chiasmus) that Tolstoy consciously used and that his translators have often ignored. Tolstoy once boasted that in writing *War and Peace* he had used every rhetorical device of the old Latin grammarians, which means they are not there by chance.

The other extreme of Tolstoy's style is exemplified by the short sentence (the shortest in *War and Peace*) that I have already quoted: "Drops dripped." It is the first sentence of a paragraph made up of four brief, staccato sentences, four quite ordinary observations, which acquire a lyrical intensity owing solely to the sound and rhythm of the words: *Kápli kápali. Shyól tíkhii góvor. Lóshadi zarzháli i podrális. Khrapél kto-to.* "Drops dripped. Quiet talk went on. Horses neighed and scuffled. Someone snored." It is a night scene, and one of the most haunting moments in the book. Other English versions translate the

first sentence as "The branches dripped," "The trees were dripping," or, closer to the Russian, "Raindrops dripped." They all state a fact instead of rendering a sound, which (by a stroke of translator's luck) comes out almost the same in English as in Russian.

Here is another example of the same stylistic compactness, this time expressing a psychological insight rather than a sense impression. It describes the moment when Natasha, who has almost cut herself off from all life, suddenly has to take care of her grief-stricken mother. Tolstoy says simply: *Prosnúlas lyubóv, i prosnúlas zhízn.* "Love awoke, and life awoke." All that Tolstoy leaves unsaid about Natasha's inner life in these few words is implied by their very matter-of-factness, expressed in the exact rhetorical balance of the phrasing. Other English versions read: "Love was awakened, and life waked with it," "Love awoke, and so did life," or "When love reawakened, life reawakened." They convey the same general meaning, but hardly the same sense as the original.

A final example. Tolstoy describes children playing in their room when their mother comes in: *Dyéti na stúlyakh yékhali v Moskvú i priglasíli yeyó s sobóyu.* "The children were riding to Moscow on chairs and invited her to go with them." To translate the first phrase as "The children were sitting on chairs playing at driving to Moscow," or "The children were playing at 'going to Moscow' in a carriage made of chairs," or "The children were perched on chairs playing at driving to Moscow," as has been done, is to miss both the rhythm and the point. The charm of Tolstoy's sentence comes from the fact that he does not explain in an adult way what the children are doing; he enters into the spirit of their game by the phrasing he uses to describe it, and the whole atmosphere of the moment is suddenly there, naïve, natural, and alive.

I do not mean to suggest that Tolstoy calculated these effects. They are not "effects" at all, they are what he saw and felt, as he wanted and was able to express it. But to translate what he saw and felt, one must also translate, as far as possible, the way it is expressed. These examples will give at least an idea of how we have gone about that task. We have kept all the French and German as Tolstoy had it, as well as the mixed voicings, the Gallicisms, Germanisms and implied foreign accents, as they play throughout the book. We have tried to be true to Tolstoy's rhetorical power, his sharp irony, and his astonishing delicacy.

—RICHARD PEVEAR

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Russian names are composed of first name, patronymic (from the father's first name), and family name. Formal address requires the use of first name and patronymic; diminutives are commonly used among family and friends and are for the most part endearing, though in a certain blunt form (Katka for Katerina, Mitka for Dmitri) they can be rude or dismissive; the family name alone can also be used familiarly or casually, and on occasion only the patronymic is used, usually among the lower classes. In speech, the patronymic can also take a shortened form: Andreich instead of Andreevich, or Kirilych instead of Kirillovich. The accented syllables of Russian names are long, the others very short. We also give the French forms of first names as Tolstoy uses them.

Bezúkhov, Count Kiríll Vladímirovich
- Count Pyótr Kiríllovich or Kirílych (Pierre), his son
- Princess Katerína Semyónovna (Catiche), his niece

Bolkónsky, Prince Nikolái Andréevich or Andréich
- Prince Andréi Nikoláevich (Andryúsha, André), his son
- Princess Márya Nikoláevna (Másha, Máshenka, Marie), his daughter
- Princess Elizavéta Kárlovna, née Meinen (Líza, Lizavéta, Lise), the "little princess," Prince Andrei's wife
- Prince Nikolái Andréevich (Nikólushka, Nikólenka, Coco), their son

Rostóv, Count Ilyá Andréevich or Andréich (Élie)
- Countess Natálya (no patronymic) (Natalie), his wife
- Countess Véra Ilyínichna (Verúshka, Vérochka), their elder daughter
- Count Nikolái Ilyích (Nikólushka, Nikólenka, Nikoláshka, Kólya, Nicolas, Coco), their elder son
- Countess Natálya Ilyínichna (Natásha, Natalie), their younger daughter
- Count Pyótr Ilyích (Pétya, Petrúsha), their younger son
- Sófya Alexándrovna (no family name) (Sónya, Sophie), orphaned cousin of the younger Rostovs

Kurágin, Prince Vassíly Sergéevich
Prince Anatóle Vassílievich, his younger son
Prince Ippolít Vassílievich (Hippolyte), his elder son
Princess Eléna Vassílievna (Lélya, Hélène), his daughter

Drubetskóy, Princess Ánna Mikháilovna
Prince Borís (no patronymic) (Bórya, Bórenka), her son

Akhrosímov, Márya Dmítrievna, Moscow society matron

Alpátych, Yákov (no family name), steward of the Bolkonsky estates

Bazdéev, Ósip (Iósif) Alexéevich, an important figure in the Masons

Berg, Alphónse Kárlovich or Kárlych (later called Adólf), a young Russian officer

Bouriénne, Amália Evgénievna (Amélie, Bourriénka), Princess Marya's French companion

Denísov, Vassíly Dmítrich (Váska), a hussar officer, friend of Nikolai Rostov

Dólokhov, Fyódor Ivánovich (Fédya), a Russian officer

Karágin, Julie (no Russian first name or patronymic), a wealthy heiress

Karatáev, Platón, peasant foot soldier befriended by Pierre Bezukhov

Lavrúshka (no patronymic or family name), Denisov's and later Nikolai Rostov's orderly

Schérer, Ánna Pávlovna (Annette), hostess of an aristocratic salon in Petersburg

Tíkhon (no patronymic or family name) (Tíshka), old Prince Bolkonsky's personal manservant

Túshin (no first name or patronymic), captain of Russian artillery at the battle of Schöngraben

Willárski (no first name or patronymic), Polish count and Mason

VOLUME I

Part One

I

"*Eh bien, mon prince, Gênes et Lucques ne sont plus que des apanages, des* estates*, de la famille Buonaparte.*[1] *Non, je vous préviens, que si vous ne me dites pas que nous avons la guerre, si vous vous permettez encore de pallier toutes les infamies, toutes les atrocités de cet Antichrist (ma parole, j'y crois)—je ne vous connais plus, vous n'êtes plus mon ami, vous n'êtes plus* my faithful slave*, comme vous dites.* Well, good evening, good evening. *Je vois que je vous fais peur,* sit down and tell me about it."*

So spoke, in July 1805, the renowned Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honour and intimate of the empress Maria Feodorovna, greeting the important and high-ranking Prince Vassily, the first to arrive at her soirée. Anna Pavlovna had been coughing for several days. She had the *grippe,* as she put it (*grippe* was a new word then, used only by rare people). Little notes had been sent out that morning with a red-liveried footman, and on all of them without distinction there was written:

*Si vous n'avez rien de mieux à faire, Monsieur le comte (*or *mon prince), et si la perspective de passer la soirée chez une pauvre malade ne vous effraye pas trop, je serai charmée de vous voir chez moi entre 7 et 10 heures.*†

Annette Scherer.

"Dieu, quelle virulente sortie!"‡ the entering prince replied, not ruffled in the least by such a reception. He was wearing an embroidered court uniform, stockings, shoes, and stars, and had a bright expression on his flat face.

He spoke that refined French in which our grandparents not only spoke but thought, and with those quiet, patronizing intonations which are proper to a significant man who has grown old in society and at court. He went over to

*Well, my prince, Genoa and Lucca are now no more than possessions, *estates,* of the Buonaparte family. No, I warn you, if you do not tell me we are at war, if you still allow yourself to palliate all the infamies, all the atrocities of that Antichrist (upon my word, I believe it)—I no longer know you, you are no longer my friend, you are no longer . . . as you say . . . I see that I'm frightening you . . .

†If you have nothing better to do, Monsieur the Count (or My Prince), and if the prospect of spending the evening with a poor sick woman does not frighten you too much, I shall be delighted to see you here between 7 and 10 o'clock.

‡God, what a virulent outburst!

Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, presenting her with his perfumed and shining bald pate, and settled comfortably on the sofa.

"*Avant tout dites-moi, comment vous allez, chère amie.** Set me at ease," he said, without changing his voice and in a tone in which, through propriety and sympathy, one could discern indifference and even mockery.

"How can one be well . . . when one suffers morally? Is it possible to remain at ease in our time, if one has any feeling?" said Anna Pavlovna. "You'll stay the whole evening, I hope?"

"And the fête at the British ambassador's? Today is Wednesday. I must put in an appearance," said the prince. "My daughter will come to fetch me and take me there."

"I thought today's fête was cancelled. *Je vous avoue que toutes ces fêtes et tous ces feux d'artifice commencent à devenir insipides.*"†

"If they had known that you wished it, the fête would have been cancelled," said the prince, uttering out of habit, like a wound-up clock, things that he did not even wish people to believe.

"*Ne me tourmentez pas. Eh bien, qu'a-t-on décidé par rapport à la dépêche de Novosilzoff?*[2] *Vous savez tout.*"‡

"What can I tell you?" said the prince, in a cold, bored tone. "*Qu'a-t-on décidé? On a décidé que Buonaparte a brûlé ses vaisseaux, et je crois que nous sommes en train de brûler les nôtres.*"§

Prince Vassily always spoke lazily, the way an actor speaks a role in an old play. Anna Pavlovna Scherer, on the contrary, despite her forty years, was brimming with animation and impulses.

Being an enthusiast had become her social position, and she sometimes became enthusiastic even when she had no wish to, so as not to deceive the expectations of people who knew her. The restrained smile that constantly played on Anna Pavlovna's face, though it did not suit her outworn features, expressed, as it does in spoiled children, a constant awareness of her dear shortcoming, which she did not wish, could not, and found no need to correct.

In the midst of a conversation about political doings, Anna Pavlovna waxed vehement.

"Ah, don't speak to me of Austria! Maybe I don't understand anything, but Austria does not want and has never wanted war. She's betraying us.[3] Russia alone must be the saviour of Europe. Our benefactor knows his lofty calling and will be faithful to it. That is the one thing I trust in. Our kind and wonderful

*Before all, tell me how you are doing, my dear friend.

†I confess to you that all these fêtes and all these fireworks are beginning to become insipid.

‡Don't torment me. Well, what has been decided in connection with Novosiltsov's dispatch? You know everything.

§What has been decided? It has been decided that Bonaparte has burned his boats, and I believe that we are in the process of burning ours.

sovereign is faced with the greatest role in the world, and he is so virtuous and good that God will not abandon him, and he will fulfil his calling to crush the hydra of revolution, which has now become still more terrible in the person of this murderer and villain. We alone must redeem the blood of the righteous one.[4] In whom can we trust, I ask you? . . . England with her commercial spirit will not and cannot understand all the loftiness of the emperor Alexander's soul. She refused to evacuate Malta.[5] She wants to see, she searches for ulterior motives in our acts. What did they say to Novosiltsov? Nothing. They did not, they could not understand the self-denial of our emperor, who wants nothing for himself and everything for the good of the world. And what have they promised? Nothing. And what they did promise will not be done! Prussia has already declared that Bonaparte is invincible and that all Europe can do nothing against him . . . And I don't believe a single word of Hardenberg or of Haugwitz.[6] *Cette fameuse neutralité prussienne, ce n'est qu'un piège.** I trust only in God and in the lofty destiny of our dear emperor. He will save Europe! . . ." She suddenly stopped with a mocking smile at her own vehemence.

"I think," the prince said, smiling, "that if they sent you instead of our dear Wintzingerode, you would take the Prussian king's consent by storm.[7] You're so eloquent! Will you give me tea?"

"At once. *À propos,*" she added, calming down again, "I'll have two very interesting men here tonight, *le vicomte de Mortemart, il est allié aux Montmorency par les Rohan,*† one of the best French families. He's one of the good émigrés,[8] one of the real ones. And then *l'abbé Morio*‡—do you know that profound mind? He's been received by the sovereign. Do you know him?"

"Ah! I'll be very glad," said the prince. "Tell me," he added, as if just recalling something and with special casualness, though what he asked about was the main purpose of his visit, "is it true that *l'impératrice-mère*§ wants Baron Funke to be named first secretary in Vienna? *C'est un pauvre sire, ce baron, à ce qu'il paraît.*"# Prince Vassily wanted his son to be appointed to this post, which, through the empress Maria Feodorovna, had been solicited for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna all but closed her eyes as a sign that neither she nor anyone else could judge of the empress's good pleasure or liking.

"*Monsieur le baron de Funke a été recommandé à l'impératrice-mère par sa soeur,*"** she merely said in a sad, dry tone. The moment Anna Pavlovna mentioned the empress, her face suddenly presented a profound and sincere

*This famous Prussian neutrality is nothing but a trap.
†The viscount of Mortemart, he is allied to the Montmorency family through the Rohans.
‡The abbot Morio.
§The dowager empress.
#He's a poor fellow, this baron, so it seems.
**Monsieur the baron of Funke was recommended to the dowager empress by her sister.

expression of devotion and respect, combined with sadness, which happened each time she referred to her exalted patroness in conversation. She said that her majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime,** and her eyes again clouded over with sadness.

The prince lapsed into indifferent silence. Anna Pavlovna, with her courtly and feminine adroitness and ready tact, wanted both to swat the prince for daring to make such a pronouncement about a person recommended to the empress, and at the same time to comfort him.

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

The prince bowed in a sign of respect and gratitude.

"I often think," Anna Pavlovna went on after a moment's silence, moving closer to the prince and smiling tenderly at him, as if to show thereby that the political and social conversations were at an end and a heart-to-heart one was beginning, "I often think how unfairly life's good fortune is sometimes distributed. Why has fate given you two such nice children (excluding Anatole, your youngest, I don't like him)," she put in peremptorily, raising her eyebrows, "such lovely children? And you really value them less than anyone and are therefore unworthy of them."

And she smiled her rapturous smile.

"*Que voulez-vous? Lavater aurait dit que je n'ai pas la bosse de la paternité,*"‡ said the prince.

"Stop joking. I wanted to talk seriously with you. You know, I'm displeased with your younger son. Just between us," her face acquired a sad look, "there was talk about him at her majesty's, and you were pitied . . ."

The prince did not reply, but she fell silent, looking at him significantly, waiting for a reply. Prince Vassily winced.

"What am I to do?" he said finally. "You know, I did all a father could for their upbringing, and they both turned out *des imbéciles*. Ippolit is at least an untroublesome fool, but Anatole is a troublesome one. That's the only difference," he said, smiling more unnaturally and animatedly than usual, and with that showing especially clearly in the wrinkles that formed around his mouth something unexpectedly coarse and disagreeable.

"Ah, why do such people as you have children? If you weren't a father, I'd have nothing to reproach you for," said Anna Pavlovna, raising her eyes pensively.

"*Je suis votre* faithful slave, *et à vous seule je puis l'avouer.* My children—

*Much respect.

†But apropos of your family . . . has been the delight of everyone. They find her beautiful as the day.

‡What do you want? Lavater would have said that I lack the bump of paternity.

*ce sont les entraves de mon existence.** That's my cross. I explain it that way to myself. *Que voulez-vous? . . .*" He paused, expressing with a gesture his submission to cruel fate.

Anna Pavlovna fell to thinking.

"Have you never thought of getting your prodigal son Anatole married? They say," she observed, "that old maids *ont la manie des mariages.*† I don't feel I have that weakness yet, but I know one *petite personne* who is very unhappy with her father, *une parente à nous, une princesse* Bolkonsky."‡ Prince Vassily did not reply, though, with the quickness of grasp and memory characteristic of society people, he showed by a nod of the head that he had taken this information into account.

"No, you know, this Anatole costs me forty thousand a year," he said, obviously unable to restrain the melancholy course of his thoughts. He paused.

"How will it be in five years, if it goes on like this? *Voilà l'avantage d'être père.*§ Is she rich, this princess of yours?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. You know, it's the famous Prince Bolkonsky,[9] already retired under the late emperor and nicknamed 'the King of Prussia.' He's a very intelligent man, but an odd and difficult one. *La pauvre petite est malheureuse comme les pierres.*# She has a brother, Kutuzov's adjutant, the one who recently married Lise Meinen. He'll come tonight."

"*Écoutez, chère Annette,*" said the prince, suddenly taking his interlocutor by the hand and pulling it down for some reason. "*Arrangez-moi cette affaire et je suis votre* faithful slave *à tout jamais* (slafe—*comme mon* village headman *écrit des* reports: *f* instead of *v*).** She's from a good family and rich. That's all I need."

And with those free and familiarly graceful movements which distinguished him, he took the maid of honour's hand, kissed it, and, having kissed it, waved the maid-of-honourly hand a little, sprawled himself in an armchair, and looked away.

"*Attendez,*" Anna Pavlovna said, pondering. "Tonight I'll discuss it with Lise *(la femme du jeune* Bolkonsky*)*. And maybe something can be settled. *Ce sera dans votre famille que je ferai mon apprentissage de vieille fille.*"††

*I am your . . . and to you alone can I confess it . . . they are the fetters of my existence.
†Have a mania for marriages.
‡Little person . . . a relation of ours, a princess *Bolkonsky.*
§There's the advantage of being a father.
#The poor little thing is as unhappy as can be.
**Listen, dear Annette . . . Arrange this business for me and I am your[s] . . . for ever (. . . as my . . . writes me in . . .).
††Wait . . . Liza (the wife of young *Bolkonsky*) . . . It will be in your family that I serve my apprenticeship as an old maid.

II

Anna Pavlovna's drawing room gradually began to fill up. The high nobility of Petersburg came, people quite diverse in age and character, but alike in the society they lived in. Prince Vassily's daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to fetch her father and go with him to the fête at the ambassador's. She was wearing a ball gown with a monogram.[10] The young little princess Bolkonsky, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg,** also came; married the previous winter, she did not go into *high* society now for reason of her pregnancy, but did still go to small soirées. Prince Ippolit, Prince Vassily's son, came with Mortemart, whom he introduced; the abbé Morio also came, and many others.

"Have you seen yet" or "have you made the acquaintance of *ma tante?*"† Anna Pavlovna said to the arriving guests, and led them quite seriously to a little old lady in high ribbons, who had come sailing out of the next room as soon as the guests began to arrive, called them by name, slowly shifting her gaze from the guest to *ma tante,* and then walked away.

All the guests performed the ritual of greeting the totally unknown, totally uninteresting and unnecessary aunt. With sad, solemn sympathy, Anna Pavlovna followed their greetings, silently approving of them. To each of them *ma tante* spoke in the same expressions about his health, her own health, and the health of her majesty, which, thank God, was better that day. All those who went up to her, showing no haste for propriety's sake, left the little old lady with a feeling of relief after the fulfilment of a heavy obligation, never to approach her again all evening.

The young princess Bolkonsky came with handwork in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty upper lip with its barely visible black moustache was too short for her teeth, but the more sweetly did it open and still more sweetly did it sometimes stretch and close on the lower one. As happens with perfectly attractive women, her flaw—a short lip and half-opened mouth—seemed her special, personal beauty. Everyone felt cheerful looking at this pretty future mother full of health and liveliness, who bore her condition so easily. To old men and to bored, morose young ones it seemed that they themselves came to resemble her, having been with her and spoken with her for a time. Anyone who talked with her and saw her bright little smile at every word and her gleaming white teeth, which showed constantly, thought himself especially amiable that day. And that is what each of them thought.

*The most seductive woman of Petersburg.
†My aunt.

The little princess, waddling, went round the table with small, quick steps, her bag of handwork hanging on her arm, and, cheerfully straightening her dress, sat down on the sofa near the silver samovar, looking as though everything she did was a *partie de plaisir** for her and for everyone around her.

"J'ai apporté mon ouvrage,"† she said, unclasping her reticule and addressing them all together.

"Look, Annette, *ne me jouez pas un mauvais tour,*" she turned to the hostess. "*Vouz m'avez écrit que c'était une toute petite soirée; voyez comme je suis attifée.*"‡

And she spread her arms to show her elegant grey, lace-trimmed dress, tied slightly below the breasts with a broad ribbon.

"Soyez tranquille, Lise, vous serez toujours la plus jolie,"§ Anna Pavlovna replied.

"Vous savez, mon mari m'abandonne," she went on in the same tone, turning to a general, *"il va se faire tuer. Dites moi, pourquoi cette vilaine guerre?"*# she said to Prince Vassily and, not waiting for an answer, turned to Prince Vassily's daughter, the beautiful Hélène.

*"Quelle délicieuse personne, que cette petite princesse!"*** Prince Vassily said to Anna Pavlovna.

Soon after the little princess came a massive, fat young man with a cropped head, in spectacles, light-coloured trousers of the latest fashion, a high jabot, and a brown tailcoat. This fat young man was the illegitimate son of a famous courtier from Catherine's time, Count Bezukhov, who was now dying in Moscow. He did not serve anywhere yet, he had only just arrived from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first time in society. Anna Pavlovna greeted him with a nod reserved for people of the lowest hierarchy in her salon. But, despite this greeting of the lowest sort, at the sight of the entering Pierre uneasiness and fear showed in Anna Pavlovna's face, like that expressed at the sight of something all too enormous and unsuited to the place. Though Pierre was indeed somewhat larger than the other men in the room, this fear could have referred only to the intelligent and at the same time shy, observant, and natural gaze which distinguished him from everyone else in that drawing room.

"C'est bien aimable à vous, monsieur Pierre, d'être venu voir une pauvre

*Pleasure party.

†I've brought my work.

‡Don't play a dirty trick on me . . . You wrote me that it was a very small soirée; look how I'm got up.

§Don't worry, Liza, you'll always be the prettiest.

#You know, my husband is leaving me . . . he's going to get himself killed. Tell me, why this nasty war?

**What a delightful person this little princess is!

*malade,"** Anna Pavlovna said to him, exchanging fearful looks with the aunt, to whom she was bringing him. Pierre burbled something incomprehensible and went on searching for something with his eyes. He smiled joyfully, merrily, bowed to the little princess as to a close acquaintance, and went up to the aunt. Anna Pavlovna's fear was not in vain, because Pierre, without hearing out the aunt's talk about her majesty's health, walked away from her. The frightened Anna Pavlovna stopped him with the words:

"You don't know the abbé Morio? He's a very interesting man . . ." she said.

"Yes, I've heard about his plan for eternal peace,[11] and it's very interesting, but hardly possible . . ."

"You think so? . . ." said Anna Pavlovna, in order to say something, and again turned to her duties as mistress of the house, but Pierre committed the reverse discourtesy. Earlier he had walked away without hearing out a lady who was talking to him; now he held with his conversation a lady who needed to leave him. Lowering his head and spreading his big feet, he began to explain to Anna Pavlovna why he thought that the abbé's plan was a chimera.

"We'll talk later," Anna Pavlovna said, smiling.

And, ridding herself of the young man who did not know how to live, she returned to her duties as mistress of the house and went on listening and looking out, ready to come to the rescue at any point where the conversation lagged. As the owner of a spinning mill, having put his workers in their places, strolls about the establishment, watching out for an idle spindle or the odd one squealing much too loudly, and hastens to go and slow it down or start it up at the proper speed—so Anna Pavlovna strolled about her drawing room, going up to a circle that had fallen silent or was too talkative, and with one word or rearrangement set the conversation machine running evenly and properly again. But amidst all these cares there could still be seen in her a special fear for Pierre. She glanced at him concernedly when he went over to listen to what was being talked about around Mortemart and went on to another circle where the abbé was talking. For Pierre, brought up abroad, this soirée of Anna Pavlovna's was the first he had seen in Russia. He knew that all the intelligentsia of Petersburg was gathered there, and, like a child in a toy shop, he looked everywhere at once. He kept fearing to miss intelligent conversations that he might have listened to. Looking at the self-assured and elegant expressions on the faces gathered here, he kept expecting something especially intelligent. Finally he went up to Morio. The conversation seemed interesting to him, and he stopped, waiting for a chance to voice his thoughts, as young people like to do.

*It's very nice of you, Monsieur Pierre, to have come to see a poor sick woman.

III

Anna Pavlovna's soirée got going. The spindles on all sides hummed evenly and ceaselessly. Besides *ma tante,* next to whom sat only one elderly lady with a thin, weepy face, somewhat alien to this brilliant company, the company had broken up into three circles. In one, mostly masculine, the centre was the abbé; in another, of young people, it was the beautiful Princess Hélène, Prince Vassily's daughter, and the pretty, red-cheeked little princess Bolkonsky, too plump for her age. In the third, it was Mortemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The viscount was a nice-looking young man, with soft features and manners, obviously regarded himself as a celebrity, but, from good breeding, modestly allowed himself to be made use of by the company in which he found himself. Anna Pavlovna was obviously treating her guests to him. As a good maître d'hôtel presents, as something supernaturally excellent, a piece of beef one would not want to eat if one saw it in the dirty kitchen, so that evening Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests first the viscount, then the abbé, as something supernaturally refined. In Mortemart's circle the conversation turned at once to the murder of the duc d'Enghien.[12] The viscount said that the duc d'Enghien had perished from his own magnanimity and that there were special reasons for Bonaparte's viciousness.

"*Ah, voyons. Contez-nous cela, vicomte,*"* said Anna Pavlovna, joyfully sensing that something à la Louis XV echoed in this phrase, "*contez-nous cela, vicomte.*"

The viscount bowed as a sign of submission and smiled politely. Anna Pavlovna circled around the viscount and invited everyone to listen to his story.

"*Le vicomte a été personnellement connu de monseigneur,*" Anna Pavlovna whispered to one. "*Le vicomte est un parfait conteur,*" she said to another. "*Comme on voit l'homme de la bonne compagnie,*"† she said to a third; and the viscount was presented to the company in a most refined and advantageous light, like a roast beef on a hot platter sprinkled with herbs.

The viscount was just about to begin his story and smiled subtly.

"Come over here, *chère* Hélène," Anna Pavlovna said to the beautiful princess, who was sitting some way off, forming the centre of another circle.

Princess Hélène was smiling; she got up with the same unchanging smile of a perfectly beautiful woman with which she had entered the drawing room. Lightly rustling her white ball gown trimmed with ivy and moss, her white

*Ah, there now. Tell us about that, Viscount.

†The viscount was known personally to my lord . . . The viscount is a perfect storyteller . . . How one can tell a man of good company.

shoulders gleaming, her hair and diamonds shining, she walked straight on between the parted men, not looking at anyone, but smiling to everyone, and as if kindly granting each of them the right to admire the beauty of her figure, her full shoulders, her very exposed bosom and back, as the fashion then was, and, as if bringing with her the brilliance of a ball, approached Anna Pavlovna. Hélène was so good-looking that there was not only not a trace of coquetry to be seen in her, but, on the contrary, it was as if she was embarrassed by her unquestionable and all too strongly and triumphantly effective beauty. It was as if she wished but was unable to diminish the effect of her beauty.

"*Quelle belle personne!*"* said everyone who saw her. As if struck by something extraordinary, the viscount shrugged his shoulders and lowered his eyes while she was seating herself before him and shining upon him that same unchanging smile.

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

The princess rested the elbow of her bare, rounded arm on a little table and did not find it necessary to say anything. She waited, smiling. Throughout the story she sat erect, glancing occasionally now at her rounded, beautiful arm lying lightly on the table, now at the still more beautiful bosom on which she straightened a diamond necklace; she also straightened the folds of her gown several times, and, when the story produced an impression, turned to look at Anna Pavlovna and at once assumed the same expression as on the maid of honour's face, and then settled back into a radiant smile. After Hélène, the little princess also came over from the tea table.

"*Attendez-moi, je vais prendre mon ouvrage,*" she said. "*Voyons, à quoi pensez-vous?*" she turned to Prince Ippolit. "*Apportez-moi mon reticule.*"‡

The princess, smiling and talking with everyone, suddenly effected the transposition, and, taking a seat, cheerily settled herself.

"Now I feel good," she said several times, and, asking them to begin, started to work.

Prince Ippolit fetched her reticule, came after her, and, moving his chair towards her, sat down close by.

Le charmant Hippolyte was striking in his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister, and still more in being strikingly unattractive, despite that resemblance. The features of his face were the same as his sister's, but in her everything was lit up by her joyous, self-contented, young, unchanging smile

*What a beautiful person!

†Madame, I fear for my powers before such an audience.

‡Wait for me, I'm going to bring my handwork . . . Come, what are you thinking of? . . . Bring me my reticule.

and the extraordinary classical beauty of her body. In her brother, on the contrary, the same face was clouded by idiocy and invariably expressed a self-assured peevishness, and his body was skinny and weak. His eyes, nose, and mouth all seemed to shrink into an indefinite and dull grimace, and his arms and legs always assumed an unnatural position.

"*Ce n'est pas une histoire des revenants?*"* he said, sitting down near the princess and hastily affixing a lorgnette to his eyes, as if he was unable to start talking without this instrument.

"*Mais non, mon cher,*"† the surprised storyteller said, shrugging his shoulders.

"*C'est que je déteste les histoires des revenants,*"‡ said Prince Ippolit in such a tone that it was clear he had said these words and only then understood what they meant.

Because of the self-assurance with which he spoke, no one could make out whether what he had said was very clever or very stupid. He was wearing a dark green tailcoat, trousers the colour of *cuisse de nymphe effrayée,*§ as he said himself, stockings and shoes.

The *vicomte* told very nicely the then current anecdote that the duc d'Enghien had secretly gone to Paris to meet with Mlle George, and that there he had met Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the famous actress's favours, and that there, having met the duke, Napoleon happened to fall into one of those faints he was prone to and found himself in the duke's power, which the duke did not take advantage of, and that Bonaparte afterwards revenged himself for this magnanimity with the duke's death.

The story was very nice and interesting, especially the moment when the rivals suddenly recognized each other, and the ladies, it seemed, were stirred.

"*Charmant,*" said Anna Pavlovna, looking questioningly at the little princess.

"*Charmant,*" whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work as if to signify that the interest and charm of the story kept her from going on working.

The viscount appreciated this silent praise and, smiling gratefully, began to go on; but at that moment Anna Pavlovna, who kept glancing at the young man she found so frightening, noticed that his conversation with the abbé was much too loud and vehement, and she rushed to the rescue at the place of danger. Indeed, Pierre had managed to strike up a conversation with the abbé about political balance, and the abbé, obviously intrigued by the young man's simple-hearted vehemence, was developing his favourite idea before him. The

*It's not a ghost story?
†No, my dear.
‡Because I detest ghost stories.
§Thigh of frightened nymph.

two men listened and talked too animatedly and naturally, and it was this that Anna Pavlovna did not like.

"The means are European balance and the *droit des gens,*"* the abbé was saying. "Let a powerful state like Russia, famous for its barbarism, stand disinterestedly at the head of a union having as its purpose the balance of Europe—and it will save the world!"

"How are you going to find such balance?" Pierre began; but just then Anna Pavlovna came over and, with a stern glance at Pierre, asked the Italian how he was taking the local climate. The Italian's face suddenly changed and acquired an insultingly false sweetness of expression, which was probably habitual with him in conversations with women.

"I'm so enchanted with the charms of the intelligence and cultivation of society, especially the women's, where I have had the happiness to be received, that I have not yet had time to think about the climate," he said.

Not letting go of the abbé and Pierre, Anna Pavlovna, the better to keep an eye on them, joined them to the general circle.

Just then a new person entered the drawing room. This new person was the young Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, the little princess's husband. Prince Bolkonsky was of medium height, a rather handsome young man with well-defined and dry features. Everything in his figure, from his weary, bored gaze to his quiet, measured gait, presented the sharpest contrast with his small, lively wife. Obviously, he not only knew everyone in the drawing room, but was also so sick of them that it was very boring for him to look at them and listen to them. Of all the faces he found so boring, the face of his pretty wife seemed to be the one he was most sick of. With a grimace that spoiled his handsome face, he turned away from her. He kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand and, narrowing his eyes, looked around at the whole company.

"*Vous vous enrôlez pour la guerre, mon prince?*"† said Anna Pavlovna.

"*Le général Koutouzoff,*" said Bolkonsky, emphasizing the last syllable, *zoff*, like a Frenchman, "*a bien voulu de moi pour aide-de-camp . . .*"‡

"*Et Lise, votre femme?*"§

"She'll go to the country."

"Shame on you to deprive us of your lovely wife."

"André," said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish tone in which she addressed others, "what a story the viscount told us about *mademoiselle* George and Bonaparte!"

Prince Andrei closed his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who had not taken his

*The right of nations.

†You're enlisting for the war, my prince?

‡General Kutuzov wanted me for his adjutant.

§And Liza, your wife?

joyful, friendly eyes off Prince Andrei since he entered the drawing room, went up to him and took his arm. Prince Andrei, without turning round, wrinkled his face into a grimace, expressing vexation at whoever had taken his arm, but, seeing Pierre's smiling face, suddenly smiled an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

"Well, well! . . . So you, too, are in high society!" he said to Pierre.

"I knew you'd be here," Pierre replied. "I'll come to you for supper," he added softly, so as not to interfere with the viscount, who was going on with his story. "May I?"

"No, you may not," Prince Andrei said, laughing, letting Pierre know by the pressure of his hand that there was no need to ask. He was about to say more, but just then Prince Vassily and his daughter rose, and the men stood up to let them pass.

"You will excuse me, my dear viscount," Prince Vassily said to the Frenchman, gently pulling him down on his chair by the sleeve, so that he would not stand up. "This unfortunate fête at the ambassador's deprives me of my pleasure and interrupts you. I'm very sorry to leave your delightful soirée," he said to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, Princess Hélène, lightly holding the folds of her gown, walked between the chairs, and the smile shone still more brightly on her beautiful face. Pierre looked with enraptured, almost frightened eyes at this beauty as she walked past him.

"Very good-looking," said Prince Andrei.

"Very," said Pierre.

Passing by, Prince Vassily seized Pierre by the hand and turned to Anna Pavlovna.

"Educate this bear for me," he said. "He's been living with me for a month, and this is the first time I've seen him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the company of intelligent women."

IV

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to occupy herself with Pierre, who she knew was related to Prince Vassily through his father. The elderly lady who had so far been sitting with *ma tante* hastily got up and overtook Prince Vassily in the front hall. All the former sham interest disappeared from her face. Her kind, weepy face expressed only anxiety and fear.

"What can you tell me, Prince, about my Boris?" she said, overtaking him in the front hall. (She pronounced the name Boris with a special emphasis on the *o*.) "I cannot remain in Petersburg any longer. Tell me, what news can I bring my poor boy?"

Though Prince Vassily listened to the elderly lady reluctantly and almost impolitely, and even showed impatience, she smiled at him gently and touchingly, and even took him by the arm to keep him from walking away.

"It won't cost you anything to say a word to the sovereign, and he'll be transferred straight away to the guards," she pleaded.

"Believe me, Princess, I'll do all I can," replied Prince Vassily, "but it's hard for me to ask the sovereign. I'd advise you to turn to Rumyantsev through Prince Golitsyn—that would be smarter."

The elderly lady bore the name of Princess Drubetskoy, one of the best families of Russia, but she was poor, had long since left society, and had lost her former connections. She had come now to solicit an appointment to the guards for her only son. She had invited herself and come to Anna Pavlovna's soirée only in order to see Prince Vassily, only for that had she listened to the viscount's story. Prince Vassily's words frightened her; her once beautiful face showed spite, but that lasted no more than a moment. She smiled again and took a slightly stronger grip on Prince Vassily's arm.

"Listen, Prince," she said, "I've never asked you for anything, and never will, I've never reminded you of my father's friendship for you. But now, I adjure you in God's name, do this for my son, and I will consider you my benefactor," she added hastily. "No, don't be angry, but promise me. I asked Golitsyn and he refused. *Soyez le bon enfant que vous avez été,*"* she said, trying to smile, though there were tears in her eyes.

"Papá, we'll be late," said Princess Hélène, who was waiting at the door, turning her beautiful head on her classical shoulders.

But influence in society is a capital that must be used sparingly, lest it disappear. Prince Vassily knew that and, having once realized that if he were to solicit for everyone who solicited from him, it would soon become impossible for him to solicit for himself, he rarely used his influence. In Princess Drubetskoy's case, however, after her new appeal, he felt something like a pang of conscience. She had reminded him of the truth: he owed his first steps in the service to her father. Besides, he could see from the way she behaved that she was one of those women, especially mothers, who, once they take something into their heads, will not leave off until their desire is fulfilled, and are otherwise prepared to pester you every day and every minute, and even to make scenes. This last consideration gave him pause.

"*Chère* Anna Mikhailovna," he said, with his usual tone of familiarity and boredom, "it is almost impossible for me to do what you want; but to prove to you how much I love you and honour the memory of your late father, I will do the impossible: your son will be transferred to the guards, here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?"

*Be the good boy you used to be.

"My dear, you are our benefactor! I expected nothing else from you; I knew how kind you are."

He was about to leave.

"Wait, two more words. *Une fois passé aux gardes . . .*"* She faltered. "You're on good terms with Mikhail Ilarionovich Kutuzov, recommend Boris as his adjutant. Then I'll be at peace and . . ."

Prince Vassily smiled.

"That I will not promise you. You know how besieged Kutuzov has been since he was appointed commander in chief.[13] He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies are conspiring to send their children to be his adjutants."

"No, you must promise, I won't let you go, my dear benefactor."

"Papá," the beauty repeated in the same tone, "we'll be late."

"Well, *au revoir,* goodbye, you see . . ."

"So you'll speak to the sovereign tomorrow?"

"Without fail, but to Kutuzov I don't promise."

"No, do promise, do promise, Basile," Anna Mikhailovna said behind him, with the smile of a young coquette, which must have suited her very well once, but now did not go with her emaciated face.

She evidently forgot her age and employed, out of habit, all her old feminine resources. But as soon as he left, her face again acquired the same cold, sham expression it had had before. She went back to the circle, where the viscount was going on with his story, and again pretended to listen, waiting for the moment to leave, since her business was done.

"But how do you find all this latest comedy *du sacre de Milan,*"[14] asked Anna Pavlovna. *"Et la nouvelle comédie des peuples de Gênes et de Lucques, qui viennent présenter leurs voeux à M. Buonaparte. M. Buonaparte assis sur un trône, et exauçant les voeux des nations! Adorable! Non, mais c'est à en devenir folle! On dirait, que le monde entier a perdu la tête."*†

Prince Andrei grinned, looking straight into Anna Pavlovna's face.

" 'Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche,' " he said (Bonaparte's words, spoken as the crown was placed on him). *"On dit qu'il a été très beau en prononçant ces paroles,"*‡ he added, and repeated the words once more in Italian: *" 'Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la tocca.' "*

"J'espère enfin," Anna Pavlovna continued, *"que ça a été la goutte d'eau*

*Once he's transferred to the guards . . .

†. . . of the coronation in Milan . . . And the new comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca, who come to present their best wishes to M. Buonaparte. M. Buonaparte seated on a throne and granting the wishes of the nations! Adorable! No, but it could make you crazy! You'd think the whole world has lost its mind!

‡"God gives it to me, woe to him who touches it" . . . They say he was very handsome as he spoke those words.

*qui fera déborder le verre. Les souverains ne peuvent plus supporter cet homme, qui menace tout."**

"*Les souverains? Je ne parle pas de la Russie,*" the viscount said courteously and hopelessly. "*Les souverains, madame? Qu'ont-ils fait pour Louis XVI, pour la reine, pour madame Elisabeth?*[15] *Rien,*" he continued, growing animated. "*Et croyez-moi, ils subissent la punition pour leur trahison de la cause des Bourbons. Les souverains? Ils envoient des ambassadeurs complimenter l'usurpateur.*"†

And with a contemptuous sigh, he again changed position. At these words, Prince Ippolit, who had long been gazing at the viscount through his lorgnette, suddenly turned his whole body to the little princess and, asking her for a needle, began showing her the coat of arms of the Condés,[16] drawing with the needle on the table. He explained this coat of arms to her with a significant air, as if the princess had asked him about it.

"*Bâton de gueules, engrêlé de gueules d'azur—maison Condé,*"‡ he said.

The princess listened, smiling.

"If Bonaparte remains on the throne of France for another year," the viscount continued the new conversation, with the air of a man who does not listen to others, but, in matters known better to him than to anyone else, follows only the train of his own thoughts, "things will go too far. Intrigues, coercion, banishments, executions will for ever destroy French society—I mean good society—and then . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders and spread his arms. Pierre was about to say something: the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who was keeping watch on him, interrupted.

"The emperor Alexander," she said, with the sadness that always accompanied her talk about the imperial family, "declared that he would leave it to the French themselves to choose their form of government. And I think there's no doubt that the whole nation, freed of the usurper, will throw itself into the arms of the lawful king," Anna Pavlovna said, trying to be amiable to the émigré and royalist.

"That's doubtful," said Prince Andrei. "*Monsieur le vicomte* quite rightly supposes that things have already gone too far. I think it would be hard to return to the old ways."

*I hope, finally . . . that this was the drop of water that will make the glass overflow. The sovereigns can no longer put up with this man who threatens everything.

†The sovereigns? I'm not speaking of Russia . . . The sovereigns, madame! What did they do for Louis XVI, for the queen, for Madame Elizabeth? Nothing . . . And believe me, they are being punished for their betrayal of the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns? They send ambassadors to compliment the usurper.

‡Bar of gules, engrailed with gules of azure—house of Condé.

"From what I've heard," Pierre, blushing, again mixed into the conversation, "almost all the nobility have already gone over to Bonaparte's side."

"It's the Bonapartists who say that," said the viscount, not looking at Pierre. "Right now it's hard to know public opinion in France."

"*Bonaparte l'a dit,*"* Prince Andrei said with a grin. (It was evident that he did not like the viscount and that, though he was not looking at him, his talk was directed against him.)

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

"*Aucun,*" the viscount retorted. "After the duke's murder, even the most partial people ceased to see a hero in him. *Si même ça a été un héros pour certains gens,*" the viscount said, turning to Anna Pavlovna, "*depuis l'assassinat du duc il y a un martyr de plus dans le ciel, un héros de moins sur la terre.*"‡

Before Anna Pavlovna and the others had time to smile appreciatively at these words of the viscount's, Pierre again burst into the conversation, and Anna Pavlovna, though she anticipated that he would say something improper, could no longer stop him.

"The execution of the duc d'Enghien," said Pierre, "was a necessity of state; and I precisely see greatness of soul in the fact that Napoleon was not afraid to take upon himself alone the responsibility for this act."

"*Dieu! mon dieu!*"§ Anna Pavlovna whispered in a frightened whisper.

"*Comment, monsieur Pierre, vous trouvez que l'assassinat est grandeur d'âme?*"# said the little princess, smiling and drawing her work towards her.

"Ah! Oh!" said various voices.

"Capital!" Prince Ippolit said in English and began slapping his knee with his palm. The viscount merely shrugged.

Pierre gazed triumphantly at his listeners over his spectacles.

"I say that," he went on desperately, "because the Bourbons fled from the revolution, abandoning the people to anarchy; and Napoleon alone was able to understand the revolution, to defeat it, and therefore, for the sake of the common good, he could not stop short at the life of a single man."

"Wouldn't you like to move to that table?" asked Anna Pavlovna. But Pierre, not answering, went on with his speech.

*Bonaparte has said that.

†"I showed them the path to glory . . . they did not want it; I opened my antechambers to them, they rushed there in a mob." I don't know to what extent he had the right to say it.

‡None . . . Even if that had been a hero for certain people . . . since the assassination of the duke there is one more martyr in heaven, one less hero on earth.

§God! my God!

#What, Monsieur Pierre, you find that assassination is greatness of soul?

"No," he said, growing more and more inspired, "Napoleon is great, because he stood above the revolution, put an end to its abuses, and kept all that was good—the equality of citizens and freedom of speech and of the press—and that is the only reason why he gained power."

"Yes, if he had taken that power and, without using it for murder, given it to the lawful king," said the viscount, "then I would call him a great man."

"He couldn't do that. The people gave him power only so that he could deliver them from the Bourbons, and because the people saw a great man in him. The revolution was a great thing," M'sieur Pierre went on, showing by this desperate and provocative parenthetical phrase his great youth and desire to speak everything out all the sooner.

"Revolution and regicide a great thing? . . . After that . . . wouldn't you like to move to that table?" Anna Pavlovna repeated.

"*Contrat social,*"*[17] the viscount said with a meek smile.

"I'm not talking about regicide. I'm talking about ideas."

"Yes, the ideas of pillage, murder, and regicide," an ironic voice interrupted again.

"Those were extremes, to be sure, but the whole meaning wasn't in them, the meaning was in the rights of man, emancipation from prejudice, the equality of citizens; and Napoleon kept all these ideas in all their force."

"Liberty and equality," the viscount said scornfully, as if finally deciding to prove seriously to this young man all the stupidity of his talk, "these are resounding words that have long been compromised. Who doesn't love liberty and equality? Our Saviour already preached liberty and equality. Did people become happier after the revolution? On the contrary. We wanted liberty, but Bonaparte destroyed it."

Prince Andrei kept glancing with a smile now at Pierre, now at the viscount, now at the hostess. For the first moment of Pierre's outburst, Anna Pavlovna was horrified, accustomed though she was to society; but when she saw that despite the blasphemous speeches uttered by Pierre, the viscount did not lose his temper, and when she became certain that it was now impossible to suppress these speeches, she gathered her forces and, joining the viscount, attacked the orator.

"*Mais, mon cher monsieur Pierre,*" said Anna Pavlovna, "how do you explain a great man who could execute a duke, or, finally, any simple man, without a trial and without guilt?"

"I'd like to ask," said the viscount, "how *monsieur* explains the eighteenth Brumaire.[18] Was that not a deception? *C'est un escamotage, qui ne ressemble nullement à la manière d'agir d'un grand homme.*"†

*Social contract.

†It is a conjuring trick which in no way resembles the way a great man acts.

"And the prisoners he killed in Africa?"[19] said the little princess. "It's terrible!" And she shrugged her shoulders.

*"C'est un roturier, vous aurez beau dire,"** said Prince Ippolit.

M'sieur Pierre did not know whom to answer, looked around at them all, and smiled. His smile was not like that of other people, blending into a nonsmile. With him, on the contrary, when a smile came, his serious and even somewhat sullen face vanished suddenly, instantly, and another appeared—childish, kind, even slightly stupid, and as if apologetic.

To the viscount, who was meeting him for the first time, it was clear that this Jacobin was not at all as frightening as his words. Everyone fell silent.

"Do you want him to answer everybody at once?" asked Prince Andrei. "Besides, in the acts of a statesman one must distinguish among the acts of the private person, the military leader, and the emperor. So it seems to me."

"Yes, yes, of course," Pierre picked up, gladdened by the arrival of unexpected help.

"It's impossible not to admit," Prince Andrei went on, "that Napoleon was a great man on the bridge of Arcole, and in the Jaffa hospital, when he shook hands with the plague victims,[20] but . . . there are other acts which are hard to justify."

Prince Andrei, who evidently wanted to soften the awkwardness of Pierre's speech, got up, intending to leave and making a sign to his wife.

Suddenly Prince Ippolit rose and, gesturing for everyone to stay and sit down, began to speak:

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

And Prince Ippolit began to speak in Russian, with a pronunciation such as Frenchmen have after spending a year in Russia. Everyone stayed: so animatedly, so insistently did Prince Ippolit call for attention to his story.

"In *Moscou* there is a ladee, *une dame*. And she is very stingee. She must 'ave two *valets de pied*‡ behind the carriage. And of very grand height. That was in her taste. Now, she 'ad *une femme de chambre*,§ also of grand height. She said . . ."

Here Prince Ippolit fell to thinking, evidently having a hard time working it out.

*He's a commoner, you may as well say.

†Ah! today someone told me a charming Muscovite anecdote. I must treat you to it. Excuse me, Viscount, I must tell it in Russian. Otherwise the salt of the story won't be felt.

‡Footmen.

§A chambermaid.

"She said . . . yes, she said: 'Girl' (to the *femme de chambre*), 'put on a *livrée* and come with me, behind the carriage, *faire des visites*.' "*

Here Prince Ippolit snorted and guffawed, far in advance of his listeners, which produced an impression unfavourable to the narrator. Many smiled, however, the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna among them.

"So she went. Suddenly there was a strong wind. The girl lost her hat, and her long hairs came undone . . ."

Here he could no longer control himself and began laughing fitfully, saying through his laughter:

"And the whole world found out . . ."

With that the anecdote ended. Though it was not clear why he had told it, and why it absolutely had to be told in Russian, all the same Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Ippolit's social grace, in thus pleasantly putting an end to M'sieur Pierre's unpleasant and ungracious outburst. After the anecdote, the conversation broke up into small, insignificant commentaries on past and future balls, on performances, and on who would see whom when and where.

V

Having thanked Anna Pavlovna for her *charmante soirée,* the guests began to leave.

Pierre was clumsy. Fat, unusually tall, broad, with enormous red hands, he did not, as they say, know how to enter a salon, and still less did he know how to leave one, that is, by saying something especially pleasant at the door. Besides that, he was absent-minded. Getting up, he took a three-cornered hat with a general's plumage instead of his own and held on to it, plucking at the feathers, until the general asked him to give it back. But all his absent-mindedness and inability to enter a salon and speak in it were redeemed by his expression of good nature, simplicity, and modesty. Anna Pavlovna turned to him and, with a Christian meekness expressing forgiveness for his outburst, nodded to him and said:

"I hope to see you again, but I also hope that you will change your opinions, my dear M'sieur Pierre," she said.

When she said this to him, he made no reply, but only bowed and once more showed everyone his smile, which said nothing except perhaps this: "Opinions are opinions, but you see what a good and nice fellow I am." And everyone, including Anna Pavlovna, involuntarily felt it.

Prince Andrei went out to the front hall and, offering his shoulders to the footman, who was putting his cloak on him, listened indifferently to his wife's

*. . . livery . . . to make visits.

chatter with Prince Ippolit, who also came out to the front hall. Prince Ippolit stood beside the pretty, pregnant princess and looked at her directly and intently through his lorgnette.

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

Anna Pavlovna had already managed to speak with Liza about the match she was contriving between Anatole and the little princess's sister-in-law.

"I'm relying on you, my dear friend," Anna Pavlovna said, also softly, "you'll write to her and tell me *comment le père envisagera la chose. Au revoir*."† And she left the front hall.

Prince Ippolit went over to the little princess and, bringing his face down close to hers, began saying something to her in a half whisper. Two footmen, one the princess's, the other his, waiting for them to finish talking, stood with shawl and redingote and listened to their French talk, which they could not understand, with such faces as if they understood what was being said but did not want to show it. The princess, as usual, talked smilingly and listened laughingly.

"I'm very glad I didn't go to the ambassador's," said Prince Ippolit, "it's boring . . . A wonderful evening. Wonderful, isn't it so?"

"They say the ball will be very nice," replied the princess, her slightly moustached lip pulling upwards. "All the beautiful society women will be there."

"Not all, since you won't be there; not all," said Prince Ippolit, laughing joyfully, and, snatching the shawl from the footman, even shoving him, he began putting it on the princess. Either from awkwardness or intentionally (no one would have been able to tell), he was a long while lowering his arms, even when the shawl was already put on, and it was as if he was embracing the young woman.

Graciously, but still smiling, she withdrew, turned, and looked at her husband. Prince Andrei's eyes were shut, which made him look tired and sleepy.

"Are you ready, madame?" he asked his wife, looking past her.

Prince Ippolit hastily put on his redingote, which, in the new style, hung lower than his heels, and, tangling himself in it, ran to the porch after the princess, whom the footman was helping into the carriage.

"*Princesse, au revoir,*" he cried, his tongue getting as tangled as his feet.

The princess, picking up her dress, was settling herself in the darkness of the carriage; her husband was straightening his sword; Prince Ippolit, on the pretext of being of service, got in everyone's way.

"Ex-cuse me, sir," Prince Andrei, with dry unpleasantness, addressed himself in Russian to Prince Ippolit, who was standing in his way.

*It's agreed.
†How the father will look upon it. Goodbye.

"I'll be waiting for you, Pierre," the same voice of Prince Andrei said gently and tenderly.

The postilion touched up the horses, and the wheels of the carriage rumbled. Prince Ippolit laughed fitfully, standing on the porch and waiting for the viscount, whom he had promised to take home.

"Eh, bien, mon cher, votre petite princesse est très bien, très bien," said the viscount, getting into the carriage with Ippolit. *"Mais très bien."* He kissed the tips of his fingers. *"Et tout-à-fait française."**

Ippolit laughed with a snort.

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

Ippolit snorted again and said through his laughter:

"Et vous disiez, que les dames russes ne valaient pas les dames françaises. Il faut savoir s'y prendre."‡

Pierre, arriving first, went to Prince Andrei's study, being a familiar of the house, and, as was his habit, at once lay down on the sofa, took the first book that caught his eye from the shelf (it was Caesar's *Commentaries*),[21] and, leaning on his elbow, began reading it from the middle.

"What have you done to *mademoiselle* Scherer? She'll be quite ill now," said Prince Andrei, coming into his study and rubbing his small white hands.

Pierre swung his whole body so that the sofa creaked, turned his animated face to Prince Andrei, smiled, and waved his hand.

"No, that abbé is very interesting, only he has the wrong notion of things . . . In my opinion, eternal peace is possible, but I don't know how to say it . . . Only it's not through political balance . . ."

Prince Andrei was obviously not interested in these abstract conversations.

"*Mon cher,* you can't go saying what you think everywhere. Well, so, have you finally decided on anything? Are you going to be a horse guard or a diplomat?" Prince Andrei asked after a moment's silence.

Pierre sat up on the sofa with both legs tucked under him.

"Can you imagine, I still don't know. I don't like either of them."

*Well, my dear, your little princess is very nice, very nice . . . Very nice indeed . . . And completely French.

†And you know, you're terrible with your innocent little air. . . . I pity the poor husband, that little officer who gives himself the airs of a reigning prince.

‡And you were saying that Russian ladies were not as good as French ladies. You just have to know how to handle them.

"But you must decide on something. Your father's waiting."

At the age of ten, Pierre had been sent abroad with an abbé-tutor and had remained there until he was twenty. When he returned to Moscow, his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man: "Go to Petersburg now, look around, and choose. I'll agree to anything. Here's a letter to Prince Vassily, and here's some money. Write to me about everything, I'll help you in everything." Pierre had been choosing a career for three months already and had done nothing. This was the choice that Prince Andrei was talking about with him. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

"But he must be a Mason,"[22] he said, meaning the abbé he had seen at the soirée.

"That's all rubbish," Prince Andrei stopped him again, "better let's talk about business. Have you been to the horse guards? . . ."

"No, I haven't, but here's what's come into my head and I wanted to tell you. There's war now against Napoleon. If it were a war for freedom, I could understand it, I'd be the first to go into military service; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world . . . is not right."

Prince Andrei merely shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish talk. He made it look as though he could not reply to such stupidity; but in fact it was hard to reply to this naïve question in any other way than Prince Andrei had done.

"If everyone made war only according to his own convictions, there would be no war," he said.

"And that would be excellent," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei smiled.

"It might very well be excellent, but it will never happen . . ."

"Well, what makes you go to war?" asked Pierre.

"What makes me? I don't know. I have to. Besides, I'm going . . ." He paused. "I'm going because this life I lead here, this life—is not for me!"

VI

There was the rustle of a woman's dress in the next room. Prince Andrei shook himself as if coming to his senses, and his face took on the same expression it had had in Anna Pavlovna's drawing room. Pierre lowered his legs from the sofa. The princess came in. She had already changed to a house dress, but one just as elegant and fresh. Prince Andrei stood up, politely moving an armchair for her.

"Why is it, I often wonder," she began in French as always, hurriedly and fussily sitting down in the armchair, "why is it that Annette has never married? How stupid you all are, *messieurs,* not to have married her. Forgive me,

but you understand nothing about women. You're such an arguer, M'sieur Pierre."

"I also keep arguing with your husband. I don't understand why he wants to go to the war," said Pierre, without any constraint (so usual in the relations of a young man with a young woman), turning to the princess.

The princess gave a flutter. Evidently Pierre's words had touched her to the quick.

"Ah, that's just what I say!" she said. "I don't understand, I decidedly do not understand, why men can't live without war. Why is it that we women want none of it and have no need of it? Well, you be the judge. I keep telling him: here he's his uncle's adjutant, a most brilliant position. He's so well-known, so appreciated by everyone. The other day at the Apraksins' I heard a lady ask: *'C'est ça le fameux prince André?' Ma parole d'honneur!'** she laughed. "He's so well received everywhere. He could easily become an imperial adjutant. You know, the sovereign spoke to him very graciously. Annette and I were saying that it could easily be arranged. What do you think?"

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

"When do you go?" he asked.

"Ah! ne me parlez pas de ce départ, ne m'en parlez pas. Je ne veux pas en entendre parler,"† the princess said in the same capriciously playful tone in which she had spoken with Ippolit in the drawing room and which was so obviously unsuited to the family circle, where Pierre was like a member. "Today, when I thought how I'd have to break off all these dear relations . . . And then, you know, André?" She winked meaningfully at her husband. *"J'ai peur, j'ai peur!"*‡ she whispered, her back shuddering.

Her husband looked at her as if he was surprised to notice there was someone else in the room besides himself and Pierre. However, with cold politeness he enquiringly addressed his wife:

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

"See what egoists all men are; all, all egoists! For the sake of his whims, God knows why, he abandons me, he locks me up in the country alone."

"With my father and sister, don't forget," Prince Andrei said quietly.

"Alone all the same, without *my* friends . . . And he wants me not to be afraid."

Her tone was querulous now, her little lip rose, giving her face not a joyful but an animalish, squirrel-like expression. She fell silent, as if finding it inde-

*"So that's the famous Prince Andrei?" My word of honour.

†Ah! do not speak to me of this departure, do not speak to me of it. I do not want to hear it spoken of.

‡I'm afraid, I'm afraid!

cent to speak of her pregnancy in front of Pierre, though that was where the essence of the matter lay.

"I still haven't understood *de quoi vous avez peur,*"* Prince Andrei said slowly, not taking his eyes off his wife.

The princess blushed and waved her hands desperately.

"Non, André, je dis que vous avez tellement, tellement changé . . ."†

"Your doctor tells you to go to bed earlier," said Prince Andrei. "You should get some sleep."

The princess said nothing, and her short lip with its little moustache suddenly trembled. Prince Andrei, getting up and shrugging his shoulders, began to pace the room.

Pierre gazed wonderingly and naïvely through his spectacles now at him, now at the princess, and stirred as if he also wanted to get up, but changed his mind again.

"What do I care if M'sieur Pierre is here," the little princess said suddenly, and her pretty face suddenly spread into a tearful grimace. "I've long wanted to say to you, André: why have you changed so much towards me? What have I done to you? You're going into the army, you have no pity for me. Why is it?"

"Lise!" was all Prince Andrei said; but in this word there was an entreaty, and a threat, and above all the conviction that she herself would regret her words; but she hurriedly went on:

"You treat me like a sick person or a child. I see it all. You weren't like this six months ago."

"Lise, I beg you to stop," Prince Andrei said still more expressively.

Pierre, who was becoming more and more agitated during this conversation, got up and went over to the princess. He seemed unable to bear the sight of tears and was about to start crying himself.

"Calm yourself, Princess. It seems so to you, because, I assure you, I myself have experienced . . . why . . . because . . . No, excuse me, an outsider is in the way here . . . No, calm yourself . . . Goodbye . . ."

Prince Andrei caught him by the arm.

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

"No, he thinks only of himself," said the princess, not holding back her angry tears.

"Lise," Prince Andrei said drily, raising his tone to a degree which showed that his patience had run out.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression on the princess's beautiful little face changed to an attractive and compassion-provoking expression of fear;

*. . . what you are afraid of.

†No, Andrei, I say you've changed so much, so much . . .

her pretty eyes glanced from under her eyebrows at her husband, and her face acquired the timid and admissive look of a dog rapidly but weakly wagging its drooping tail.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu!" said the princess, and taking up a fold of her dress in one hand, she went over to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

*"Bonsoir, Lise,"** said Prince Andrei, standing up and kissing her hand politely, as if she were a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither of them would begin talking. Pierre kept glancing at Prince Andrei; Prince Andrei was rubbing his forehead with his small hand.

"Let's go and have supper," he said with a sigh, getting up and heading for the door.

They went into the elegantly, newly, richly decorated dining room. Everything from the napkins to the silverware, china, and crystal bore that special stamp of newness that is found in the households of the recently married. In the middle of supper, the prince leaned his elbow on the table and, with an expression of nervous irritation such as Pierre had never seen in his friend before, began to talk, like a man who has long had something on his heart and suddenly decides to speak it out:

"Never, never marry, my friend. Here's my advice to you: don't marry until you can tell yourself that you've done all you could, and until you've stopped loving the woman you've chosen, until you see her clearly, otherwise you'll be cruelly and irremediably mistaken. Marry when you're old and good for nothing . . . Otherwise all that's good and lofty in you will be lost. It will all go on trifles. Yes, yes, yes! Don't look at me with such astonishment. If you expect something from yourself in the future, then at every step you'll feel that it's all over for you, it's all closed, except the drawing room, where you'll stand on the same level as a court flunkey and an idiot . . . Ah, well! . . ."

He waved his hand energetically.

Pierre took off his spectacles, which made his face change, expressing still more kindness, and looked at his friend in astonishment.

"My wife," Prince Andrei went on, "is a wonderful woman. She's one of those rare women with whom one can be at ease regarding one's own honour; but, my God, what wouldn't I give now not to be married! You're the first and only one I'm saying this to, because I love you."

Prince Andrei, in saying this, was less than ever like that Bolkonsky who sat sprawled in Anna Pavlovna's armchair and, narrowing his eyes, uttered French phrases through his teeth. His dry face was all aquiver with the nervous

*Good night, Liza.

animation of every muscle; his eyes, in which the fire of life had seemed extinguished, now shone with a bright, radiant brilliance. One could see that, the more lifeless he seemed in ordinary times, the more energetic he was in moments of irritation.

"You don't understand why I'm saying this," he went on. "Yet it's a whole life's story. You talk of Bonaparte and his career," he said, though Pierre had not talked of Bonaparte. "You talk of Bonaparte; but Bonaparte, when he was working, went step by step towards his goal, he was free, he had nothing except his goal—and he reached it. But bind yourself to a woman—and, like a prisoner in irons, you lose all freedom. And whatever hope and strength you have in you, it all only burdens and torments you with remorse. Drawing rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, triviality—that is the vicious circle I can't get out of. I'm now going to the war, to the greatest war that has ever been, yet I know nothing and am good for nothing. *Je suis très aimable et très caustique,*"* Prince Andrei went on, "and they listen to me at Anna Pavlovna's. And this stupid society, without which my wife cannot live, and these women . . . If you only knew what *toutes les femmes distinguées*† and women in general really are! My father is right. Egoism, vanity, dull-wittedness, triviality in everything—that's women, when they show themselves as they are. Looking at them in society, it seems there's something there, but there's nothing, nothing, nothing! No, don't marry, dear heart, don't marry," Prince Andrei concluded.

"I find it funny," said Pierre, "that *you, you yourself,* consider that you have no ability and that your life is a ruined life. You have everything, everything ahead of you. And you . . ."

He did not say *you what,* but his tone already showed how highly he valued his friend and how much he expected from him in the future.

"How can he say that!" thought Pierre. Pierre considered Prince Andrei the model of all perfections, precisely because Prince Andrei united in the highest degree all those qualities which Pierre did not possess and which could be most nearly expressed by the notion of strength of will. Pierre always marvelled at Prince Andrei's ability to deal calmly with all sorts of people, at his extraordinary memory, his erudition (he had read everything, knew everything, had notions about everything), and most of all at his ability to work and learn. If Pierre had often been struck by Andrei's lack of ability for dreamy philosophizing (for which Pierre had a particular inclination), he saw it not as a defect, but as a strength.

In the best, the friendliest and simplest relations, flattery or praise is necessary, just as grease is necessary to keep wheels turning.

*I am very amiable and very caustic.

†. . . all refined women.

*"Je suis un homme fini,"** said Prince Andrei. "Why talk about me? Let's talk about you," he said, pausing and smiling at his comforting thoughts. This smile was instantly reflected on Pierre's face.

"But what is there to say about me?" asked Pierre, spreading his mouth into a carefree, merry smile. "What am I? *Je suis un bâtard!*" And he suddenly flushed crimson. One could see that it had cost him great effort to say that. "*Sans nom, sans fortune*† . . . And what, really . . ." But he did not say *what really.* "I'm free so far, and I feel fine. Only I have no idea where to make my start. I seriously wanted to ask your advice."

Prince Andrei looked at him with kindly eyes. But in his friendly, gentle gaze a consciousness of his own superiority still showed.

"You're dear to me especially because you're the only live person in our whole society. That's fine for you. Choose whatever you like; it's all the same. You'll be fine anywhere, but there's one thing: stop going to those Kuragins and leading that sort of life. It simply doesn't suit you: all this carousing with hussars, and all . . ."

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

"I don't understand," replied Andrei. "*Les femmes comme il faut* are another matter; but *les femmes* of Kuragin, *les femmes et le vin,*§ I don't understand!"

Pierre lived at Prince Vassily Kuragin's and took part in the dissolute life of his son Anatole, the same one they planned to marry to Prince Andrei's sister in order to reform him.

"You know what?" said Pierre, as if a lucky thought had unexpectedly occurred to him. "Seriously, I've been thinking that for a long time. With this life I can't decide or even consider anything. I have a headache and no money. He invited me tonight, but I won't go."

"Give me your word of honour that you won't go any more?"

"Word of honour!"

It was already past one o'clock when Pierre left his friend's house. It was a duskless Petersburg June night. Pierre got into a hired carriage with the intention of going home. But the closer he came, the more he felt the impossibility of falling asleep on that night, which more resembled an evening or a morning. One could see far down the empty streets. On the way, Pierre recalled that

*I'm a finished man.

†I'm a bastard . . . With no name, no fortune . . .

‡What do you want, my dear . . . women, my dear, women!

§Proper women . . . women . . . women and wine.

the usual gambling company was to gather at Anatole Kuragin's that evening, after which there was usually drinking, ending with one of Pierre's favourite amusements.

"It would be nice to go to Kuragin's," he thought. But at once he remembered the word of honour he had given Prince Andrei not to visit Kuragin.

But at once, as happens with so-called characterless people, he desired so passionately to experience again that dissolute life so familiar to him, that he decided to go. And at once the thought occurred to him that the word he had given meant nothing, because before giving his word to Prince Andrei, he had also given Prince Anatole his word that he would be there; finally he thought that all these words of honour were mere conventions, with no definite meaning, especially if you considered that you might die the next day, or something so extraordinary might happen to you that there would no longer be either honour or dishonour. That sort of reasoning often came to Pierre, destroying all his decisions and suppositions. He went to Kuragin's.

Driving up to the porch of a large house near the horse guards' barracks, in which Anatole lived, he went up the lighted porch, the stairs, and entered an open door. There was no one in the front hall; empty bottles, capes, galoshes were lying about; there was a smell of wine, the noise of distant talking and shouting.

Cards and supper were over, but the guests had not dispersed yet. Pierre threw off his cape and went into the first room, where the remains of supper lay and one lackey, thinking no one could see him, was finishing on the sly what was left of the wine in the glasses. From the third room came a racket, guffawing, the shouting of familiar voices, and the roaring of a bear. Some eight young men were crowded busily by an open window. Three were romping with a young bear, one of them dragging it by a chain, trying to frighten the others.

"I stake a hundred on Stevens!" shouted one.

"Make sure there's no holding on!" shouted another.

"I'm for Dolokhov!" cried a third. "Break the grip, Kuragin."[23]

"Let Bruin be, we're making a bet."

"At one go, otherwise you lose," shouted a fourth.

"Yakov! Let's have a bottle, Yakov!" shouted the host himself, a tall, handsome man, who was standing in the midst of the crowd in nothing but a fine shirt open on his chest. "Wait, gentlemen. Here's Petrusha, my dear friend," he turned to Pierre.

Another voice, that of a not very tall man with clear blue eyes, especially striking amidst all these drunken voices by its sober expression, shouted from the window: "Come here – break the grip!" This was Dolokhov, an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment, a notorious gambler and duellist, who lived with Anatole. Pierre smiled, looking around merrily.

"I don't understand a thing. What's up?" he asked.

"Wait, he's not drunk. Give me a bottle," said Anatole, and taking a glass from the table, he went up to Pierre.

"First of all, drink."

Pierre started drinking glass after glass, looking from under his brows at the drunken guests, who again crowded by the window, and listening to their talk. Anatole poured the wine for him and told him that Dolokhov was making a bet with the Englishman Stevens, a sailor who was there, that he, Dolokhov, could drink a bottle of rum sitting in the third-floor window with his legs hanging out.

"Well, drink it all," said Anatole, handing Pierre the last glass, "otherwise I won't let you go!"

"No, I don't want to," said Pierre, pushing Anatole away, and he went over to the window.

Dolokhov was holding the Englishman by the hand and clearly, distinctly articulating the terms of the bet, mainly addressing Anatole and Pierre.

Dolokhov was a man of medium height, curly-haired and with light blue eyes. He was about twenty-five. Like all infantry officers, he wore no moustache, and his mouth, the most striking feature of his face, was entirely visible. The lines of his mouth were remarkably finely curved. In the middle, the upper lip came down energetically on the sturdy lower lip in a sharp wedge, and at the corners something like two smiles were constantly formed, one on each side; and all of that together, especially combined with a firm, insolent, intelligent gaze, made up such an expression that it was impossible not to notice this face. Dolokhov was not a rich man and had no connections. And though Anatole ran through tens of thousands, Dolokhov lived with him and managed to place himself so that Anatole and all those who knew them respected Dolokhov more than Anatole. Dolokhov gambled at all games and almost always won. No matter how much he drank, he never lost his clear-headedness. Kuragin and Dolokhov were both celebrities at that time in the world of Petersburg scapegraces and carousers.

A bottle of rum was brought. Two lackeys were tearing out the frame that prevented one from sitting on the outer ledge of the window; they were obviously hurrying and intimidated by the orders and shouts of the surrounding gentlemen.

Anatole went up to the window with his victorious look. He wanted to break something. He pushed the lackeys away and pulled at the frame, but the frame did not yield. He smashed a pane.

"You next, strongman," he turned to Pierre.

Pierre took hold of the crosspieces, pulled, and, with a crash, here broke and there ripped out the oak frame.

"Away with all of it, otherwise they'll think I'm holding on," said Dolokhov.

"The Englishman's boasting . . . eh? . . . all right? . . ." said Anatole.

"All right," said Pierre, looking at Dolokhov, who, holding the bottle of rum in his hand, was approaching the window, through which the light of the sky could be seen and the glow of morning and evening merging in it.

Dolokhov jumped up into the window with the bottle of rum in his hand.

"Listen!" he shouted, standing on the windowsill and turning to the room. Everyone fell silent.

"I put down" (he spoke in French so that the Englishman would understand him, and he did not speak the language all that well), "I put down fifty imperials—want to make it a hundred?" he added, addressing the Englishman.

"No, fifty," said the Englishman.

"Very well, fifty imperials, that I will drink a whole bottle of rum, without taking it from my lips, drink it sitting outside the window, on this place" (he bent down and indicated the sloping ledge outside the window), "and without holding on to anything . . . Right? . . ."

"Very good," said the Englishman.

Anatole turned to the Englishman and, taking him by the button of his tailcoat and looking at him from above (the Englishman was short), began repeating the terms of the bet to him in English.

"Wait," cried Dolokhov, tapping the bottle against the window to attract attention. "Wait, Kuragin; listen. If anybody else does the same, I'll pay him a hundred imperials. Understood?"

The Englishman nodded his head, in no way making clear whether he did or did not accept this new bet. Anatole did not let go of the Englishman, and though he had nodded to show he had understood everything, Anatole translated Dolokhov's words into English for him. A young, lean boy, a life-hussar, who had gambled away everything that evening, climbed up on the window, stuck his head out, and looked down.

"Oooh!" he said, looking out of the window at the stone of the pavement.

"Attention!" cried Dolokhov and pulled the officer from the window. Getting tangled in his spurs, the boy jumped down awkwardly into the room.

After placing the bottle on the windowsill to have it conveniently at hand, Dolokhov slowly and carefully climbed into the window. Lowering his legs and spreading both hands against the sides of the window, he tried his position, settled himself, let go with his hands, shifted a little to the right, to the left, and took the bottle. Anatole brought two candles and set them on the windowsill, though it was already quite light. Dolokhov's back in its white shirt and his curly head were lit up from both sides. Everyone crowded by the window. The Englishman stood in front. Pierre smiled and said nothing. One of those present, older than the others, with a frightened and angry face, suddenly moved forward and was about to seize Dolokhov by the shirt.

"Gentlemen, this is stupid; he'll kill himself," said this more reasonable man.

Anatole stopped him.

"Don't touch, you'll frighten him, and he'll be killed. Eh? . . . What then? . . . Eh? . . ."

Dolokhov turned, adjusting his position, and again spreading his hands.

"If anybody else tries to get at me," he said, slowly forcing the words through his compressed and thin lips, "I'll chuck him down from here right now. So! . . ."

Having said "So!" he turned back again, let go with his hands, took the bottle and put it to his lips, threw his head back, and thrust his free arm up for balance. One of the lackeys, who had begun picking up the glass, stopped in a bent position, not taking his eyes from the window and Dolokhov's back. Anatole stood erect, his eyes gaping. The Englishman, his lips thrust out, watched from the side. The man who had tried to stop them rushed to the corner of the room and lay down on a sofa, face to the wall. Pierre covered his face, and a faint smile remained forgotten on it, though it now expressed terror and fear. Everyone was silent. Pierre took his hands away from his eyes. Dolokhov was sitting in the same position, only his head was thrown far back, so that the curly hair of his nape touched the collar of his shirt, and the hand holding the bottle rose higher and higher, trembling and making an effort. The bottle was apparently emptying and rising at the same time, pushing the head back. "Why is it taking so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him that more than half an hour had gone by. Suddenly Dolokhov made a backward movement, and his arm trembled nervously; this shudder was enough to shift his whole body, which was sitting on the sloping ledge. He shifted completely, and his arm and head trembled still more from the effort. One arm rose to take hold of the windowsill, but lowered itself again. Pierre again shut his eyes and said to himself that he was never going to open them. Suddenly he felt everything around him stirring. He looked: Dolokhov was standing on the windowsill, his face pale and merry.

"Empty!"

He tossed the bottle to the Englishman, who deftly caught it. Dolokhov jumped down from the window. He smelled strongly of rum.

"Excellent! Good boy! There's a bet for you! Devil take you all!" they cried on all sides.

The Englishman, having produced his purse, counted out the money. Dolokhov frowned and said nothing. Pierre climbed into the window.

"Gentlemen! Who wants to make a bet with me? I'll do the same thing," he suddenly shouted. "And there's no need for a bet, that's what. Tell them to bring a bottle. I'll do it . . . tell them."

"Let him, let him!" said Dolokhov, smiling.

"What, have you lost your mind? Who'd let you? You get dizzy on the stairs," came from various sides.

"I'll drink it, give me a bottle of rum!" Pierre cried, pounding the table with a determined and drunken gesture, and he climbed into the window.

They seized him by the arms; but he was so strong that he pushed those who came near him far away.

"No, you won't get anywhere with him that way," said Anatole. "Wait, I'll trick him. Listen, I'll make a bet with you, but tomorrow, and now let's all go to the * * *."

"Let's go," cried Pierre, "let's go! . . . And we'll take Bruin with us . . ."

And he seized the bear and, hugging him and lifting him up, began waltzing around the room with him.

VII

Prince Vassily fulfilled the promise he had given at Anna Pavlovna's soirée to Princess Drubetskoy, who had solicited him for her only son Boris. A report on him was made to the sovereign, and, unlike others, he was transferred to the Semyonovsky guards regiment as an ensign. But Boris was not to be appointed adjutant or attaché to Kutuzov, despite all Anna Mikhailovna's soliciting and scheming. Soon after Anna Pavlovna's soirée, Anna Mikhailovna returned to Moscow, straight to her rich relations, the Rostovs, with whom she stayed in Moscow, and with whom her adored Borenka, just made an ensign in the army and transferred to the guards, had been brought up and had lived for years. The guards had already left Petersburg on the tenth of August, and her son, who had remained in Moscow to equip himself, was to catch up with them on the way to Radzivilov.

At the Rostovs' it was the name day of the Natalyas, mother and younger daughter.[24] Since morning, coach-and-sixes had constantly been driving up and leaving, bringing people with congratulations to the big house of the countess Rostov on Povarskaya Street, which was known to all Moscow. The countess with her beautiful older daughter and the guests, who constantly replaced each other, were sitting in the drawing room.

The countess was a woman with a thin, Oriental type of face, forty-five years old, evidently worn out by children, of whom she had had twelve. The slowness of her movements and speech, caused by weakness, gave her an air of importance that inspired respect. Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskoy, as a member of the household, sat right there, helping with the business of receiving the guests and occupying them with conversation. The young people were in the back rooms, finding it unnecessary to take part in receiving visits. The count met the guests and saw them off, inviting them all to dinner.

"Much obliged to you, *ma chère* or *mon cher*" (he said *ma chère* or *mon cher* to everyone without exception and without the slightest nuance, whether they were of higher or lower standing than himself), "for myself and the dear name-day ladies. See that you come for dinner. You'll offend me if you don't, *mon cher.* I cordially invite you on behalf of the whole family, *ma chère*." These words he said with the same expression on his full, cheerful, and clean-shaven face, with the same strong handshake and repeated short bows, to everyone without exception or variation. Having seen off a guest, the count would return to the gentleman or lady who was still in the drawing room; moving up an armchair, and with the look of a man who loves life and knows how to live it, spreading his legs dashingly and putting his hands on his knees, he would sway significantly, offer his surmises about the weather, discuss health, sometimes in Russian, sometimes in very poor but self-confident French, and again, with the look of a man weary but firm in the fulfilment of his duty, would go to see people off, smoothing the thin grey hair over his bald spot, and again invite them to dinner. Occasionally, on returning from the front hall, he would pass through the conservatory and the servants' room to a big marble hall, where a table of eighty settings was being laid, and, looking at the servants carrying silver and china, opening out tables, and spreading damask tablecloths, he would call Dmitri Vassilievich, a nobleman who managed all his affairs, and say:

"Well, well, Mitenka, see that it's all nice. Right, right," he would say, looking over the enormous, opened-out table. "The main thing's the setout. So, so . . ." And, sighing self-contentedly, he would go back to the drawing room.

"Marya Lvovna Karagin with daughter!" the countess's enormous footman announced in a bass voice, coming to the door of the drawing room. The countess pondered and took a pinch from a gold snuffbox with her husband's portrait on it.

"I'm worn out with these visits," she said. "Well, she'll be the last I receive. She's so prim. Ask her in," she said to the footman in a sad voice, as if to say: "Well, so finish me off."

A tall, stout, proud-looking lady and her round-faced, smiling daughter came into the room, rustling their skirts.

*"Chère comtesse, il y a si longtemps . . . elle a été alitée, la pauvre enfant . . . au bal des Razoumowsky . . . et la comtesse Apraksine . . . j'ai été si heureuse . . ."** women's voices were heard, interrupting each other and merging with the rustling of skirts and the moving of chairs. That sort of conversation began which is designed to last just long enough so that one can get

*Dear countess, it's been so long . . . she was bedridden, the poor child . . . at the Razumovskys' ball . . . and the countess Apraksin . . . I was so happy . . .

up at the first pause, with a rustling of skirts, say, *"Je suis bien charmée; la santé de maman . . . et la comtesse Apraksine,"** and again, with a rustling of skirts, go back to the front hall, put on a fur coat or a cloak, and drive off. The conversation turned to the main news of the town at that time—the illness of the rich and famous beau of Catherine's time, old Count Bezukhov, and his illegitimate son Pierre, who had behaved so improperly at Anna Pavlovna Scherer's soirée.

"I'm very sorry for the poor count," said the guest. "He was in poor health to begin with, and now this distress on account of his son. It will kill him!"

"What do you mean?" asked the countess, as if she did not know what the guest was talking about, though she had already heard the cause of Count Bezukhov's distress a good fifteen times.

"It's modern upbringing! While still abroad," the guest went on, "this young man was left to himself, and now in Petersburg, they say, he did such awful things that he's been banished by the police."

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

"He chose his acquaintances poorly," Princess Anna Mikhailovna mixed in. "Prince Vassily's son, he and a certain Dolokhov, they say, were up to God knows what. And they've both suffered for it. Dolokhov has been broken to the ranks, and Bezukhov's son has been banished to Moscow. As for Anatole Kuragin—his father somehow hushed it up. But they did banish him from Petersburg."

"Why, what on earth did they do?" asked the countess.

"They're perfect ruffians, especially Dolokhov," said the guest. "He's the son of Marya Ivanovna Dolokhov, such a respectable lady, and what then? Can you imagine: the three of them found a bear somewhere, put it in the carriage with them, and went to the actresses. The police came running to quiet them down. They took a policeman and tied him back to back with the bear, and threw the bear into the Moika. So the bear goes swimming about with the policeman on him."

"A fine figure the policeman must have cut, *ma chère,*" cried the count, dying with laughter.

"Ah, how terrible! What is there to laugh at, Count?"

But the ladies could not help laughing themselves.

"They barely managed to save the poor fellow," the guest went on. "That's how intelligently the son of Count Kirill Vladimirovich Bezukhov amuses himself!" she added. "And I heard he was so well-bred and intelligent. There's what all this foreign upbringing leads to. I hope no one receives him here, despite his wealth. They wanted to introduce him to me. I decidedly refused: I have daughters."

*I'm quite delighted; mama's health . . . and the countess Apraksin.

"What makes you say this young man is so wealthy?" asked the countess, leaning away from the girls, who at once pretended they were not listening. "The man has only illegitimate children. It seems . . . Pierre, too, is illegitimate."

The guest waved her hand.

"He has a score of them, I should think."

Princess Anna Mikhailovna mixed into the conversation, clearly wishing to show her connections and her knowledge of all the circumstances of society.

"The thing is this," she said significantly and also in a half whisper. "Count Kirill Vladimirovich's reputation is well-known . . . He's lost count of his children, but this Pierre was his favourite ."

"How good-looking the old man was," said the countess, "even last year! I've never seen a handsomer man."

"He's quite changed now," said Anna Mikhailovna. "So, as I was about to say," she went on, "Prince Vassily is the direct heir to the whole fortune through his wife, but the father loved Pierre very much, concerned himself with his upbringing, and wrote to the sovereign . . . so that when he dies (he's so poorly that they expect it any moment, and Lorrain has come from Petersburg), no one knows who will get this enormous fortune, Pierre or Prince Vassily. Forty thousand souls,[25] and millions of roubles. I know it very well, because Prince Vassily told me himself. And Kirill Vladimirovich is my uncle twice removed through my mother. And he's Borya's godfather," she added, as if ascribing no importance to this circumstance.

"Prince Vassily came to Moscow yesterday. He's going to do some inspecting, I'm told," said the guest.

"Yes, but *entre nous,*"* said the countess, "it's a pretext. He's come, essentially, to see Count Kirill Vladimirovich, having learned that he was so poorly."

"However, *ma chère,* that was a nice stunt," said the count and, noticing that the elder guest was not listening, he turned to the young ladies. "A fine figure that policeman cut, I imagine."

And, picturing how the policeman waved his arms, he again burst into resounding, bass-voiced laughter, which shook his whole stout body, as people laugh who always eat, and especially drink, very well. "So please do come for dinner," he said.

VIII

Silence ensued. The countess looked at the guest with a pleasant smile, without concealing, however, that she would not be upset in the least now if the guest

*Between us.

got up and left. The guest's daughter was already smoothing her dress, looking questioningly at her mother, when suddenly from the neighbouring room came the sound of several men's and women's feet running to the door, the crash of a tripped-over and fallen chair, and a thirteen-year-old girl ran in, bundling something in her short muslin skirt, and stopped in the middle of the room. It was obvious that she had run so far inadvertently, miscalculating the distance. At the same moment a student in a raspberry-coloured collar,[26] an officer of the guards, a fifteen-year-old girl, and a fat, red-cheeked boy in a child's jacket appeared in the doorway.

The count jumped up and, swaying, spread his arms wide around the running girl.

"Ah, here she is!" he shouted, laughing. "The name-day girl! *Ma chère* name-day girl!"

"*Ma chère, il y a un temps pour tout,*"* said the countess, feigning sternness. "You always spoil her, *Élie*," she added to her husband.

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

The dark-eyed, big-mouthed, not beautiful, but lively girl, with her child's bare shoulders popping out of her bodice from running fast, with her black ringlets all thrown back, her thin, bare arms, her little legs in lace-trimmed knickers and low shoes, was at that sweet age when a girl is no longer a child, but the child is not yet a young lady. Wriggling out of her father's arms, she ran to her mother and, paying no attention to her stern remark, buried her flushed face in her mother's lace mantilla and laughed. She laughed at something, talking fitfully about the doll she took out from under her skirt.

"You see? . . . My doll . . . Mimi . . . You see . . ."

And Natasha could say no more (everything seemed funny to her). She fell on her mother and burst into such loud and ringing laughter that everyone else, even the prim guest, laughed involuntarily.

"Well, off you go, off you go, you and that ugly thing!" said the mother, pushing her daughter away with feigned gruffness. "This is my younger one," she turned to her guest.

Natasha, tearing her face momentarily from her mother's lace wrap, looked up at her through tears of laughter and hid her face again.

The guest, forced to admire the family scene, found it necessary to take some part in it.

"Tell me, my dear," she said, addressing Natasha, "what is this Mimi to you? Your daughter, it must be?"

*My dear, there's a time for everything.
†Hello, my dear, I congratulate you . . . What a delightful child!

Natasha did not like the tone of condescension to childish talk in which the guest addressed her. She made no reply and gave the guest a serious look.

Meanwhile all this younger generation—Boris, the officer, son of Princess Anna Mikhailovna; Nikolai, the student, the count's eldest son; Sonya, the count's fifteen-year-old niece; and little Petrusha, the youngest son—all settled themselves in the drawing room and obviously tried to keep within the limits of propriety the animation and gaiety which their every feature still breathed. It was clear that there in the back rooms, from which they had all come running so precipitously, the talk was merrier than the talk here about town gossip, the weather, and the *comtesse Apraksine*. They glanced at each other from time to time and could barely hold back their laughter.

The two young men, the student and the officer, friends from childhood, were of the same age and both handsome, but they did not resemble each other. Boris was a tall, blond youth with the regular, fine features of a calm and handsome face. Nikolai was a curly-haired young man, not very tall, and with an open expression of the face. On his upper lip a little black hair had already appeared, and his whole face expressed impetuousness and rapturousness. Nikolai blushed as soon as he came into the drawing room. One could see that he was searching for something to say and could not find it. Boris, on the other hand, got his bearings at once and told calmly, jokingly, how he had known this Mimi, the doll, when she was still a young girl, with an unspoiled nose, how she had grown old in the five years he remembered, and how her head had got cracked across the entire skull. Having said this, he glanced at Natasha. Natasha turned away from him, glanced at her younger brother, who, with his eyes shut tight, was shaking with soundless laughter, and, unable to hold herself back any longer, jumped down and ran out of the room as fast as her quick feet would carry her. Boris did not laugh.

"I believe you also wanted to go, *maman*? Do you need a carriage?" he said, turning to his mother with a smile.

"Yes, go, go, tell them to make ready," she said, smiling.

Boris quietly went to the door and followed Natasha out; the fat boy angrily ran after them, as if vexed at the disturbance that had interfered with his pursuits.

IX

Of the young people, not including the countess's elder daughter (who was four years older than her sister and already behaved like an adult), and the young lady guest, only Nikolai and the niece Sonya remained in the drawing room. Sonya was a slender, diminutive brunette with a soft gaze shaded by long eyelashes, a thick black braid wound twice round her head, and a sallow

tinge to the skin of her face and especially of her bared, lean, but gracefully muscular arms and neck. In the smoothness of her movements, the softness and suppleness of her small limbs, and her somewhat sly and reserved manner, she resembled a pretty but not yet fully formed kitten, which would one day be a lovely little cat. She evidently considered it the proper thing to show by a smile her interest in the general conversation; but, against her will, her eyes under their long, thick lashes kept looking with such passionate girlish adoration at her cousin, who was leaving for the army, that her smile could not deceive anyone for a moment, and it was clear that the little cat crouched down only in order to leap up more energetically and play with her cousin as soon as they, like Boris and Natasha, could get out of this drawing room.

"Yes, *ma chère,*" said the old count, addressing the guest and pointing to his Nikolai. "Here his friend Boris has just been made an officer, and out of friendship he doesn't want to lag behind; he's leaving both the university and his old father: he's going into the army, *ma chère*. And a post had already been prepared for him in the archives and all.[27] Isn't that friendship?" the count said questioningly.

"Yes, they say war has been declared," said the guest.

"They've been saying it for a long time," said the count. "Again they'll talk and talk and leave it at that. *Ma chère,* that's friendship!" he repeated. "He's joining the hussars."

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

"Not at all out of friendship," replied Nikolai, blushing and protesting, as if it was a shameful calumny. "It's not friendship, I simply feel a calling for military service."

He shot a glance at his cousin and the young lady guest: they both looked at him with a smile of approval.

"Tonight Schubert will be dining with us, a colonel in the Pavlogradsky hussar regiment. He's been on leave here and is taking him along. What to do?" said the count, shrugging his shoulders and speaking jokingly about a matter that obviously cost him much grief.

"I've already told you, papa," said his son, "that if you don't want to let me go, I'll stay. But I know I'm not good for anything but military service; I'm not a diplomat, not a functionary, I'm unable to hide my feelings," he said, glancing all the while with the coquetry of a handsome youth at Sonya and the young lady guest.

The little cat fixed her eyes on him and seemed ready at any instant to begin playing and show all her cat nature.

"Well, well, all right!" said the old count. "He keeps getting heated up. It's this Bonaparte who's turned all their heads; they all wonder how it is that from the lieutenants he landed among the emperors. Well, God grant it," he added, not noticing the guest's mocking smile.

The adults began talking about Bonaparte. Julie, Mme Karagin's daughter, turned to the young Rostov:

"What a pity you weren't at the Arkharovs' on Thursday. I was bored without you," she said, smiling tenderly at him.

The flattered young man, with the coquettish smile of youth, sat closer to her and got into a separate conversation with the smiling Julie, completely unaware that his involuntary smile cut the heart of the blushing and falsely smiling Sonya with the knife of jealousy. In the middle of the conversation, he turned to look at her. Sonya gave him a passionately angry look and, barely holding back the tears in her eyes, with a false smile on her lips, got up and left the room. All of Nikolai's animation vanished. He waited for the first lull in the conversaton and with an upset face left the room to look for Sonya.

"How crystal clear all these young ones' secrets are!" said Anna Mikhailovna, pointing to Nikolai as he left. "*Cousinage dangereux voisinage,*"* she added.

"Yes," said the countess, when the ray of sunlight that had penetrated the room with the young generation vanished, and as if answering a question no one had asked her, but which constantly preoccupied her. "So much suffering, so much anxiety endured so as to rejoice in them now! And now, too, there's really more fear than joy. One is afraid, always afraid! It's precisely the age when there are so many dangers both for girls and for boys."

"Everything depends on upbringing," said the guest.

"Yes, true for you," the countess went on. "Up to now, thank God, I've been a friend to my children and have enjoyed their full trust," said the countess, repeating the error of many parents who suppose that their children have no secrets from them. "I know that I'll always be my daughters' first *confidente* and that if Nikolenka, with his fiery character, gets up to some mischief (boys can't do without it), it still won't be the same as with these Petersburg gentlemen."

"Yes, nice, nice children," agreed the count, who always resolved all tangled questions by finding everything nice. "Just look at him! Decided to be a hussar! Well, what do you want, *ma chère*!"

"What a sweet creature your younger one is!" said the guest. "A ball of fire!"

"Yes, a ball of fire," said the count. "She takes after me! And what a voice! Though she's my daughter, I'll tell you the truth: she'll be a singer, another Salomoni. We've hired an Italian to teach her."

"Isn't it too early? They say it harms the voice to study at that age."

"Oh, no, not too early at all!" said the count. "How is it, then, that our mothers got married when they were twelve or thirteen?"

*Cousinhood is a dangerous neighbourhood.

"She's already in love with Boris now! What a one!" said the countess, smiling quietly, looking at Boris's mother, and, evidently responding to the thought that always preoccupied her, she went on: "Well, so you see, if I were strict with her, if I forbade her . . . God knows what they'd do on the sly" (the countess meant they would be kissing), "but now I know her every word. She'll come running to me herself in the evening and tell me everything. I may be spoiling her, but it really seems better. I was strict with the elder one."

"Yes, I was brought up quite differently," said the elder one, the beautiful Countess Vera, smiling.

But the smile did not embellish Vera's face, as usually happens; on the contrary, her face became unnatural and therefore unpleasant. The elder one, Vera, was good-looking, far from stupid, an excellent student, well-brought-up, had a pleasant voice, and what she said was correct and appropriate; but, strangely, everyone, both the guest and the countess, turned to look at her, as if wondering why she had said it, and they felt awkward.

"One is always too clever with the older children, wanting to do something extraordinary," said the guest.

"There's no use denying it, *ma chère*! The dear countess was too clever with Vera," said the count. "Well, so what! She still turned out nice," he added, winking at Vera approvingly.

The guests got up and left, promising to come for dinner.

"What manners! They sat and sat!" said the countess, after seeing the guests off.

X

When Natasha left the drawing room and ran off, she ran no further than the conservatory. In that room she stopped, listening to the talk in the drawing room and waiting for Boris to come out. She was already growing impatient and, stamping her little foot, was about to cry because he did not come at once, when she heard the neither slow nor quick, but proper footsteps of the young man. Natasha quickly darted among the tubs of plants and hid herself.

Boris stopped in the middle of the room, looking around, brushed some specks of dust off the sleeve of his uniform with his hand, and went up to a mirror, studying his handsome face. Natasha kept still, peeking from her ambush, waiting to see what he would do. He stood for some time before the mirror, smiled, and walked to the other door. Natasha was about to call him, but then changed her mind.

"Let him search," she said to herself. As soon as Boris left, the flushed Sonya came from the other door, whispering something spitefully through her tears. Natasha restrained her first impulse to rush out to her and remained in her

ambush, as if under the cap of invisibility, observing what went on in the world. She experienced a special new pleasure. Sonya was whispering something and kept looking back at the door of the drawing room. Nikolai came out of that door.

"Sonya! what's wrong? how can you?" said Nikolai, rushing to her.

"Never mind, never mind, leave me alone!" Sonya burst into sobs.

"No, I know what it is."

"So you know, and that's wonderful, and so go to her."

"So-o-onya! One word! How can you torment me and yourself so because of a fantasy?" said Nikolai, taking her hand.

Sonya did not pull her hand away and stopped crying.

Natasha, motionless and breathless, with shining eyes, watched from behind her ambush. "What will happen now?" she thought.

"Sonya! The whole world is no use to me! You alone are everything," said Nikolai. "I'll prove it to you."

"I don't like it when you talk like that."

"Well, then I won't, well, forgive me, Sonya!" He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah, how nice!" thought Natasha, and when Sonya and Nikolai left the room, she went out after them and called Boris.

"Boris, come here," she said with a significant and sly air. "There's something I must tell you. Here, here," she said and led him to the conservatory, to the place between the tubs where she had been hiding. Boris, smiling, followed her.

"What is this *something*?" he asked.

She became embarrassed, looked around, and, seeing her doll abandoned on a tub, took it in her hands.

"Kiss the doll," she said.

Boris looked into her animated face with attentive, gentle eyes and said nothing.

"You don't want to? Well, come here, then," she said and went deeper among the plants and dropped her doll. "Closer, closer!" she whispered. She caught the officer by the cuffs with both hands, and her flushed face showed solemnity and fear.

"And do you want to kiss me?" she whispered barely audibly, looking at him from under her eyebrows, smiling and almost weeping with excitement.

Boris blushed.

"You're so funny!" he said, bending down to her, blushing still more, but not undertaking anything and waiting.

She suddenly jumped up onto a tub, becoming taller than he, embraced him with her thin, bare arms, which bent higher than his neck, and, tossing her hair back with a movement of the head, kissed him right on the lips.

She slipped between the pots to the other side of the plants and stopped, her head lowered.

"Natasha," he said, "you know I love you, but . . ."

"You're in love with me?" Natasha interrupted.

"Yes, I am, but, please, let's not do like just now . . . Another four years . . . Then I'll ask for your hand."

Natasha reflected.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen . . ." she said, counting on her thin little fingers. "All right! So it's settled?"

And a smile of joy and reassurance lit up her animated face.

"Settled!" said Boris.

"For ever?" said the girl. "Till death?"

And, taking him under the arm, with a happy face she slowly walked beside him to the sitting room.

XI

The countess was so tired out from the visits that she ordered no one else to be received, and the porter was told simply to be sure to invite for dinner everyone who came by with congratulations. The countess wanted to talk personally with her childhood friend, Princess Anna Mikhailovna, whom she had not seen properly since her return from Petersburg. Anna Mikhailovna, with her weepy and pleasant face, moved closer to the countess's armchair.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," said Anna Mikhailovna. "There are few of us old friends left! That's why I cherish your friendship so much."

Anna Mikhailovna looked at Vera and stopped. The countess pressed her friend's hand.

"Vera," said the countess, turning to her older daughter, obviously not her favourite. "How is it you have no notion of anything? Can't you feel that you're not needed here? Go to your sisters, or . . ."

The beautiful Vera smiled disdainfully, apparently not feeling the slightest offence.

"If you had told me long ago, mama, I would have left at once," she said and went to her room. But, passing through the sitting room, she noticed two couples sitting symmetrically by the two windows. She stopped and smiled disdainfully. Sonya was sitting close to Nikolai, who was writing out some verses for her, the first he had ever written. Boris and Natasha were sitting by the other window and fell silent when Vera came in. Sonya and Natasha looked at Vera with guilty and happy faces.

It was amusing and touching to look at these enamoured girls, but the sight of them evidently did not arouse any pleasant feelings in Vera.

"How many times have I asked you not to take my things," she said. "You have a room of your own." She took the inkstand from Nikolai.

"Just a moment," he said, dipping his pen.

"You manage to do everything at the wrong time," said Vera. "The way you came running into the drawing room just now, everyone was ashamed of you."

In spite of, or precisely because of, the fact that what she said was perfectly correct, no one answered her, and the four only exchanged glances with each other. She lingered in the room, with the inkstand in her hand.

"And what secrets can there be at your age between Natasha and Boris and between you two? It's all silliness!"

"Well, what does it matter to you, Vera?" Natasha said pleadingly in a quiet little voice.

Clearly, that day she was being kinder and more affectionate with everyone than ever.

"Very silly," said Vera. "I'm ashamed of you. Why secrets?"

"We all have our secrets. We don't bother you and Berg," Natasha said, flaring up.

"Of course you don't," said Vera, "because there can never be anything bad in my actions. But I shall tell mama how you behave with Boris."

"Natalya Ilyinichna behaves very well with me," said Boris. "I can't complain," he said.

"Stop it, Boris, you're such a diplomat" (the word *diplomat* was much in vogue among children in that special sense they endowed it with); "it's even boring," Natasha said in an offended, trembling voice. "Why is she pestering me?"

"You'll never understand it," she said, turning to Vera, "because you've never loved anybody, you have no heart, you're just a Madame de Genlis" (this nickname, considered very offensive, had been given to Vera by Nikolai), "and your highest pleasure is to do unpleasant things to others. Go and flirt with Berg as much as you like," she said quickly.

"I certainly won't go running after a young man in front of guests . . ."

"Well, she's done it," Nikolai mixed in, "she's said unpleasant things to everybody and upset everybody. Let's go to the nursery."

All four, like a frightened flock of birds, got up and left.

"They said unpleasant things to *me,* but I said nothing to anybody," said Vera.

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

The beautiful Vera, who had such an irritating, unpleasant effect on everyone, smiled and, apparently untouched by what had been said to her, went up to the mirror and straightened her scarf and hair. Looking at her beautiful face, she appeared to become even colder and calmer.

. . .

In the drawing room the conversation was still going on.

"*Ah! chère,*" said the countess, "in my life, too, *tout n'est pas rose*. Don't I see that, *du train que nous allons,** our fortune won't last long! It's all his club and his kindness. Our life in the country—is that any respite? Theatre, hunting, God knows what. Ah, why talk about me! Well, how did you arrange it all? I often marvel at you, Annette, how at your age you can gallop off in a carriage, by yourself, to Moscow, to Petersburg, to all the ministers, to all the nobility, and you know how to deal with them all—I marvel at it! Well, how did it get arranged? I don't know how to do any of it."

"Ah, my dear heart!" Princess Anna Mikhailovna replied. "God forbid that you ever learn how hard it is to be left a widow without support and with a son whom you love to distraction. One learns everything," she went on with a certain pride. "My lawsuit has taught me. If I need to see one of these trumps, I write a note: '*Princesse une telle*† wishes to see so and so'—and I go in person, in a hired cab two, even three times, even four—until I get what I want. It's all the same to me what they think of me."

"Well, whom did you solicit for Borenka?" asked the countess. "Here your son is an officer in the guards, and Nikolushka is going as a junker.[28] There's no one to solicit. Who did you ask?"

"Prince Vassily. He was very nice. He agreed at once to do everything and reported to the emperor," Princess Anna Mikhailovna said with rapture, forgetting entirely about all the humiliation she had gone through to achieve her goal.

"And what, has he aged, Prince Vassily?" asked the countess. "I haven't seen him since our theatre performances at the Rumyantsevs'. And I suppose he's forgotten me. *Il me faisait la cour,*"‡ the countess remembered with a smile.

"He's the same as ever," replied Anna Mikhailovna, "amiable, overflowing. *Les grandeurs ne lui ont pas tourné la tête de tout.*§ 'I'm sorry I can do so little for you, dear Princess,' he says to me, 'I'm yours to command.' No, he's a nice man, and excellent family. But you know my love for my son, Nathalie. I don't know what I wouldn't do for his happiness. And my circumstances are so bad," Anna Mikhailovna went on sadly, lowering her voice, "so bad that I'm now in a most terrible position. My wretched lawsuit eats up all I have and doesn't get anywhere. Can you imagine, I don't have even ten kopecks *à la lettre,*# and I don't know how I'll pay to equip Boris." She took out a handkerchief and began to cry. "I need five hundred roubles, and all I have is one

*. . . all is not rosy . . . at the rate we're going . . .
†Princess So-and-So.
‡He once courted me.
§Grandeurs haven't turned his head at all.
#Literally.

twenty-five-rouble note. I'm in such a position . . . My only hope now rests with Count Kirill Vladimirovich Bezukhov. If he doesn't care to support his godson—he's Borya's godfather—and lay out something for his maintenance, all my troubles will have been in vain, I won't have the money to equip him."

The countess also waxed tearful and silently pondered something.

"I often think—maybe it's sinful," said the princess, "but I often think: here Count Kirill Vladimirovich Bezukhov lives alone . . . this enormous fortune . . . and what does he live for? Life's a burden to him, and Borya is only beginning to live."

"He'll surely leave Boris something," said the countess.

"God knows, *chère amie*! These rich courtiers are such egoists. But even so I'll go to him now with Boris and tell him outright what it's about. Let them think whatever they like of me, it really makes no difference to me, when my son's destiny depends on it." The princess got up. "It's now two o'clock, and you dine at four. I have time to go."

And with the air of a practical Petersburg lady who knows how to make use of her time, Anna Mikhailovna sent for her son and went out with him to the front hall.

"Goodbye, dear heart," she said to the countess, who came to see her to the door; "wish me success," she added in a whisper, so that her son would not hear.

"Are you going to see Count Kirill Vladimirovich, *ma chère*?" the count asked from the dining room, also coming out to the front hall. "If he's better, invite Pierre to dine with us. He used to come here, danced with the children. Invite him without fail, *ma chère*. Well, we'll see how Taras distinguishes himself today. He says that Count Orlov had no such dinners as we're going to have."

XII

"Mon cher Boris," Princess Anna Mikhailovna said to her son when Countess Rostov's carriage, in which they were sitting, drove down the straw-laid street[29] and into the wide courtyard of Count Kirill Vladimirovich Bezukhov. *"Mon cher Boris,"* said the mother, freeing her hand from under her old mantle and placing it with a timid and caressing movement on her son's hand, "be gentle, be attentive. Count Kirill Vladimirovich is, after all, your godfather, and your future fate depends on him. Remember that, *mon cher,* be nice, as you know how to be . . ."

"If I knew anything would come of it besides humiliation . . ." her son replied coldly. "But I've promised you, and I'm doing it for you."

Despite the fact that someone's carriage was standing at the entrance, the

porter, having looked over the mother and son (who, without asking to be announced, had walked directly through the glass entryway between two rows of statues in niches), with a significant glance at the old mantle, asked whom they wanted to see, the princesses or the count, and, on learning that it was the count, said that his excellency was feeling worse that day, and that his excellency was not receiving anyone.

"We can leave," the son said in French.

"Mon ami!" the mother said in a pleading voice, again touching her son's hand as if this touch could calm or encourage him.

Boris fell silent and, without taking off his overcoat, looked questioningly at his mother.

"Dearest," Anna Mikhailovna said in a tender little voice, turning to the porter, "I know Count Kirill Vladimirovich is very ill . . . that's why I've come . . . I'm a relation . . . I won't trouble anyone, dearest . . . All I need is to see Prince Vassily Sergeevich: he is staying here, I believe. Announce us, please."

The porter sullenly pulled the bell rope that rang upstairs and turned away.

"Princess Drubetskoy to see Prince Vassily Sergeevich," he called out to the servant in stockings, shoes, and a tailcoat, who had come running down and was now peering from the turn of the stairway.

The mother smoothed the folds of her re-dyed silk dress, looked in a full-length Venetian mirror on the wall, and, in her down-at-heel shoes, went briskly up the carpet of the stairs.

*"Mon cher, vous m'avez promis,"** she addressed her son again, touching his hand to encourage him.

The son, lowering his eyes, calmly followed after her.

They entered a large room, in which one door led to the apartment assigned to Prince Vassily.

As the mother and son reached the middle of the room, intending to ask their way from an old servant who had jumped up when they came in, the bronze handle of one of the doors turned, and Prince Vassily, in an informal velvet house jacket, with one star, came out, accompanying a handsome dark-haired man. This man was the famous Petersburg doctor, Lorrain.

"C'est donc positif?"† the prince was saying.

"Mon prince, 'errare humanum est,' mais . . ."‡ the doctor replied, swallowing his *r*s and pronouncing the Latin words with a French accent.

"C'est bien, c'est bien . . ."§

*My dear, you promised me.

†So it's positive?

‡My prince, "to err is human," but . . .

§Very well, very well.

Noticing Anna Mikhailovna and her son, Prince Vassily dismissed the doctor with a bow and silently, but with a questioning look, came over to them. The son noticed how deep grief suddenly appeared in his mother's eyes and smiled slightly.

"Yes, Prince, we meet here under such sad circumstances . . . Well, how is our dear patient?" she said, as if oblivious of the cold, insulting gaze directed at her.

Prince Vassily looked questioningly, to the point of bewilderment, at her, then at Boris. Boris bowed courteously. Prince Vassily, without responding to the bow, turned to Anna Mikhailovna and replied to her question with a movement of the head and lips signifying the worst hopes for the patient.

"Can it be?" exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna. "Ah, it's terrible! I'm afraid to think . . . This is my son," she added, pointing to Boris. "He wanted to thank you himself."

Boris once more bowed courteously.

"Believe me, Prince, a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us."

"I'm glad that I could give you pleasure, my dearest Anna Mikhailovna," said Prince Vassily, straightening his jabot and in his gesture and voice displaying here, in Moscow, before the patronized Anna Mikhailovna, far greater importance than in Petersburg, at Annette Scherer's soirée.

"Try to serve well and be worthy," he added, sternly addressing Boris. "I'm glad . . . You're here on leave?" he dictated in his passionless tone.

"Awaiting orders, Your Excellency, to be dispatched to my new assignment," replied Boris, showing neither vexation at the prince's abrupt tone, nor the wish to get into conversation, but so calmly and deferentially that the prince looked at him intently.

"You live with your mother?"

"I live at the countess Rostov's," said Boris, again adding, "Your Excellency."

"It's that Ilya Rostov who married Nathalie Shinshin," said Anna Mikhailovna.

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

"*Mais très brave homme, mon prince,*"† observed Anna Mikhailovna, smiling touchingly, as though she, too, knew that Count Rostov deserved such an opinion, but begged for pity on the poor old man.

*I've never been able to conceive how Nathalie decided to marry that unkempt bear! A completely stupid and ridiculous personage. And a gambler from what they say.

†But a very nice man, my prince.

"What do the doctors say?" the princess asked after a brief pause and again showing great sorrow on her weepy face.

"There's little hope," said the prince.

"And I wished so much to thank *Uncle* for all his benefactions to me and to Borya. *C'est son filleul,*"* she added in such a tone, as though this news was to make Prince Vassily extremely glad.

Prince Vassily pondered and winced. Anna Mikhailovna understood that he feared to find in her a rival over Count Bezukhov's will. She hastened to reassure him.

"If it weren't for my true love and devotion to *Uncle,*" she said, uttering this word with special assurance and casualness, "I know his character, noble, direct, but there are just the princesses around him . . . They're still young . . ." She inclined her head and added in a whisper: "Has he fulfilled his last duty,[30] Prince? How precious these last moments are! It cannot get any worse; he must be prepared, if he's so poorly. We women," she smiled tenderly, "always know how to say these things, Prince. I must see him. However hard it is for me, by now I'm used to suffering."

The prince apparently realized, as at Annette Scherer's soirée, that it was difficult to get rid of Anna Mikhailovna.

"This meeting might be hard on him, *chère* Anna Mikhailovna," he said. "Let's wait till evening; the doctors have predicted a crisis."

"But we cannot wait, Prince, at such a moment. *Pensez, il y va du salut de son âme . . . Ah! c'est terrible, les devoirs d'un chrétien . . .*"†

The door to the inner rooms opened and one of the young princesses—the count's nieces—came out, with a cold and sullen face and a long waist strikingly out of proportion with her legs.

Prince Vassily turned to her.

"Well, how is he?"

"The same. And, like it or not, this noise . . ." said the princess, looking Anna Mikhailovna over like a stranger.

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

The princess made no reply, did not even smile, and left at once. Anna Mikhailovna took off her gloves and settled into a hard-won position in an armchair, inviting Prince Vassily to sit down beside her.

*He's his godson.

†Think, it's a question of the salvation of his soul . . . Ah! it's terrible, the duties of a Christian . . .

‡Ah, dear, I didn't recognize you . . . I've just come and I'm at your service to help you look after *my uncle*. I can imagine how much you've suffered.

"Boris!" she said to her son and smiled. "I'll go to the count, my uncle, and meanwhile you go to Pierre, *mon ami,* and don't forget to convey to him the invitation from the Rostovs. They're inviting him to dinner. He won't go, I suppose?" she turned to the prince.

"On the contrary," said the prince, now plainly out of sorts. "*Je serais très content si vous me débarrassez de ce jeune homme . . .** He just sits here. The count has never once asked about him."

He shrugged his shoulders. The servant led the young man down and up another stairway to Pyotr Kirillovich.

XIII

Pierre had not managed to choose a career for himself in Petersburg, and had indeed been banished to Moscow for riotous behaviour. The story told at Count Rostov's was true. Pierre had taken part in tying the policeman to the bear. He had arrived several days ago and was staying, as usual, at his father's house. Though he supposed that his story was already known in Moscow, and that the ladies who surrounded his father, always ill-disposed towards him, would have used this chance to rile the count, he nevertheless went to his father's part of the house the day he arrived. On entering the drawing room, where the princesses were usually to be found, he greeted the ladies, who were sitting over their embroidery and a book, which one of them was reading aloud. There were three of them. The eldest, a neat, long-waisted, stern young lady, the one who had come out to Anna Mikhailovna, was reading; the younger ones, both red-cheeked and pretty, differing from each other only in that one had a mole above her lip, which was very becoming to her, were doing embroidery. Pierre was met like a dead man or a leper. The eldest princess interrupted her reading and silently stared at him with frightened eyes; the younger one, without the mole, assumed exactly the same expression; the youngest, with the mole, of a merry, laughter-prone character, bent over her embroidery frame to hide a smile, probably evoked by the forthcoming scene, which she foresaw would be amusing. She drew the woollen thread through and bent down as if studying the design, barely able to keep from laughing.

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

"I recognize you only too well, only too well."

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

*I would be very happy if you would rid me of this young man . . .
†Hello, cousin. Don't you recognize me?

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

"May I see the count?" Pierre repeated.

"Hm! . . . If you want to kill him, to kill him outright, you may see him. Olga, go and see whether uncle's bouillon is ready, it's soon time," she added, thereby showing Pierre that they were busy, and busy comforting his father, while he was obviously only busy upsetting him.

Olga went out. Pierre stood looking at the sisters for a while and, bowing, said:

"I'll go to my room, then. Tell me when I can see him."

He went out, and the ringing, though not loud, laughter of the sister with the mole could be heard behind him.

The next day Prince Vassily came and settled in the count's house. He summoned Pierre and said to him:

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

Since then Pierre had not been disturbed, and he spent whole days alone upstairs in his room.

When Boris came in, Pierre was pacing his room, stopping now and then in the corners, making threatening gestures to the wall, as if piercing the invisible enemy with a sword, and looking sternly over his spectacles, and then starting his promenade again, uttering vague words, shrugging his shoulders, and spreading his arms.

"*L'Angleterre a vécu,*" he said, frowning and pointing his finger at someone. "*Monsieur Pitt comme traitre à la nation et au droit des gens est condamné à . . .*"†—he did not have time to finish Pitt's sentence, imagining at that moment that he was Napoleon himself and with his hero had already carried out the dangerous crossing of the Pas de Calais and conquered London, before he saw a young, trim, and handsome officer come into his room. He stopped. Pierre had left Boris a fourteen-year-old boy and had decidedly no recollection of him; but, despite that, with the quick and cordial manner proper to him, he took his hand and smiled amiably.

"Do you remember me?" Boris said quietly, with a pleasant smile. "I've come to see the count with my mother, but it seems he's not entirely well."

"Yes, it seems he's unwell. They keep disturbing him," Pierre replied, trying to recall who this young man was.

*My dear, if you behave yourself here as you did in Petersburg, you'll end very badly; that is all I can say to you.

†England has had its day . . . Mister Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the right of nations, is condemned to . . .

Boris felt that Pierre did not recognize him, but he did not consider it necessary to give his name, and, not feeling the least embarrassed, looked him straight in the eye.

"Count Rostov invites you to dinner today," he said after a rather long silence, which was awkward for Pierre.

"Ah! Count Rostov!" Pierre began joyfully. "So you're his son Ilya? Can you imagine, I didn't recognize you at first. Remember, we used to go to the Sparrow Hills with Madame Jacquot . . . long ago."

"You are mistaken," Boris said unhurriedly, with a bold and slightly mocking smile. "I am Boris, the son of Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskoy. The Rostov father is called Ilya, the son is Nikolai. And I never knew any Madame Jacquot."

Pierre waved his hands and head, as if he was being attacked by mosquitoes or bees.

"Ah, well, how about that! I got everything confused. There are so many relations in Moscow! You're Boris . . . yes. So we've finally straightened it out. Well, what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? Won't the English be in trouble if Napoleon crosses the channel? I think the expedition is very important. If only Villeneuve doesn't botch it!"[31]

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he did not read the newspapers, and was hearing about Villeneuve for the first time.

"Here in Moscow we're more taken up with dinners and gossip than with politics," he said in his calm, mocking tone. "I neither know nor think about any of it. Moscow is taken up with gossip most of all," he went on. "Now the talk is about you and the count."

Pierre smiled his kindly smile, as if fearing that his interlocutor might say something he would then regret. But Boris spoke distinctly, clearly, drily, looking Pierre straight in the eye.

"Moscow has nothing else to do but gossip," he went on. "Everyone's concerned about whom the count will leave his fortune to, though maybe he'll outlive us all, which is my heartfelt wish . . ."

"Yes, it's all very painful," Pierre picked up, "very painful." Pierre kept fearing that this officer would accidentally fall into a conversation awkward for himself.

"And it must seem to you," Boris said, blushing slightly, but without changing his voice or pose, "it must seem to you that all everyone is concerned with is getting something out of the rich man."

"Here we go," thought Pierre.

"But I precisely wish to tell you, so as to avoid misunderstandings, that you are greatly mistaken if you count my mother and me among those people. We're very poor, but I can speak for myself at least: precisely because your father is rich, I don't consider myself his relation, and neither I nor my mother will ever ask for or accept anything from him."

Pierre could not understand for a long time, but when he did, he jumped up from the sofa, seized Boris's arm from below with his peculiar quickness and awkwardness, and, turning much more red than Boris, began speaking with a mixed feeling of shame and vexation:

"How strange! Did I ever . . . and who could think . . . I know very well . . ."

But Boris interrupted him again:

"I'm glad I've spoken it all out. Maybe it's unpleasant for you, you must excuse me," he said, reassuring Pierre instead of being reassured by him, "but I hope I haven't offended you. I make it a rule to say everything directly . . . What shall I tell them, then? Will you come to the Rostovs' for dinner?"

And Boris, obviously relieving himself of a painful duty, getting out of an awkward situation himself, and putting another man in one, again became perfectly pleasant.

"No, listen," said Pierre, calming down. "You're a surprising man. What you just said is good, very good. Of course, you don't know me. We haven't met for so long . . . since we were children . . . You may suppose that I . . . I understand you, understand you very well. I wouldn't have done it, I wouldn't have courage enough, but it's beautiful. I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance. It's strange," he added, after a pause, and smiling, "what you supposed of me!" He laughed. "Well, so what? We'll become better acquainted. If you please." He shook Boris's hand. "You know, I haven't once been to see the count. He hasn't sent for me . . . I pity him as a human being . . . But what to do?"

"And you think Napoleon will manage to send the army across?" Boris asked, smiling.

Pierre understood that Boris wanted to change the subject, and, agreeing with him, began to explain the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne undertaking.

A lackey came to summon Boris to the princess. The princess was leaving. Pierre promised to come for dinner, in order to become closer with Boris, pressed his hand hard, looked him affectionately in the eye through his spectacles . . . After his departure, Pierre spent a long time pacing the room, no longer piercing the invisible enemy with his sword, but smiling at the memory of this nice, intelligent, and firm young man.

As happens in early youth, and especially when one is alone, he felt a gratuitous tenderness for this young man and promised himself to be sure to become friends with him.

Prince Vassily was seeing the princess off. The princess was holding a handkerchief to her eyes, and her face was all in tears.

"It's terrible! terrible!" she was saying. "But whatever it costs me, I will fulfil my duty. I will come to spend the night. He can't be left like that. Every minute is precious. I don't understand why the princesses keep delaying. Maybe

God will help me find the means to prepare him . . . *Adieu, mon prince, que le bon Dieu vous soutienne . . .*"*

"*Adieu, ma bonne,*"† Prince Vassily replied, turning away from her.

"Ah, he's in a terrible state," the mother said to the son, as they were getting back into the carriage. "He hardly recognizes anyone."

"I don't understand, mama, what is his attitude towards Pierre?" asked the son.

"It will all be spelled out in the will; our fate, too, depends on it . . ."

"But why do you think he'll leave us anything?"

"Ah, my friend! He's so rich, and we're so poor!"

"Well, that's still not enough of a reason, mama."

"Ah, my God! my God! he's so ill!" the mother exclaimed.

XIV

When Anna Mikhailovna and her son left for Count Kirill Vladimirovich Bezukhov's, Countess Rostov sat for a long time alone, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Finally she rang.

"What's wrong, dear," she said crossly to the girl, who made her wait a few minutes. "You don't want to serve me? Then I'll find another place for you, miss."

The countess was upset by her friend's woes and humiliating poverty, and was therefore out of sorts, which always expressed itself in her calling the maid "dear" and "miss."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the maid.

"Ask the count to come to me."

The count, waddling, approached his wife with a somewhat guilty look, as he always did.

"Well, my little countess! what a *sauté au madère* of hazel grouse we'll have, *ma chère!* I sampled it. Not for nothing did I pay a thousand roubles for Taraska. He's worth it!"

He sat down by his wife, resting his elbows dashingly on his knees and ruffling his grey hair.

"What are your orders, little countess!"

"The thing is, my friend—what's this stain you've got there?" she said, pointing to his waistcoat. "Must be the *sauté,*" she added, smiling. "The thing is, Count, that I need money."

Her face grew sad.

*Goodbye, my prince, may the good Lord sustain you . . .
†Goodbye, my good one.

"Ah, little countess! . . ." And the count began fussing, pulling out his wallet.

"I need a lot, Count, I need five hundred roubles." And, taking out a cambric handkerchief, she began rubbing her husband's waistcoat.

"Just a moment. Hey, you there!" he cried in a voice such as people use who are sure that those they call will come rushing to them. "Send Mitenka to me!"

Mitenka, that nobleman's son, brought up by the count, who now managed all his affairs, came into the room with quiet steps.

"The thing is, my dear . . ." the count said to the deferential young man as he came in. "Bring me . . ." He pondered. "Yes, yes, seven hundred roubles. And see that you don't bring torn and dirty ones like the other time, but nice ones, for the countess."

"Yes, Mitenka, please, be sure they're clean," said the countess, sighing sadly.

"When shall I bring it, Your Excellency?" asked Mitenka. "Allow me to tell you that . . . However, please don't worry," he added, noticing that the count was beginning to breathe heavily and quickly, which was always a sign of incipient wrath. "I almost forgot . . . Shall I deliver it this minute?"

"Yes, yes, right, bring it. Give it to the countess."

"He's pure gold, my Mitenka," the count added, smiling, when the young man went out. "Nothing's ever impossible. I can't stand that. Everything's possible."

"Ah, money, Count, money—there's so much grief in the world because of it!" said the countess. "But I need this money very badly."

"You, my dear countess, are a notorious spendthrift," said the count, and, kissing his wife's hand, he went back to his study.

When Anna Mikhailovna came back from Bezukhov's, the money was already lying before the countess, all in new notes, under a handkerchief on a little table, and Anna Mikhailovna noticed that something was troubling the countess.

"Well, my friend?" asked the countess.

"Ah, he's in such a terrible state! You wouldn't recognize him, he's so poorly, so poorly; I stayed only a minute and didn't say two words . . ."

"Annette, for God's sake, don't refuse me," the countess said suddenly, blushing, which was quite strange with her thin, dignified, and no longer young face, and taking the money from under the handkerchief.

Anna Mikhailovna instantly realized what it was about and bent forward so as to embrace the countess adroitly at the right moment.

"This is for Boris from me, to have his uniform made. . ."

Anna Mikhailovna was already embracing her and weeping. The countess was also weeping. They wept because they were friends; and because they were

kind; and because they, who had been friends since childhood, were concerned with such a mean subject—money; and because their youth was gone . . . But for both of them they were pleasant tears . . .

XV

Countess Rostov, with her daughters and an already large number of guests, was sitting in the drawing room. The count led the male guests to his study, to offer them his prize collection of Turkish pipes. From time to time he came out and asked whether *she* had come yet. They were expecting Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimov, known in society as *le terrible dragon,* a lady famous neither for her wealth nor for her rank, but for her directness of mind and frank simplicity of manners. Marya Dmitrievna was known to the tsar's family, was known to all Moscow and all Petersburg, and both cities, astonished at her, chuckled secretly at her rudeness and told anecdotes about her; nevertheless, everyone without exception respected and feared her.

In the smoke-filled study the conversation turned to the war, which had been declared in the manifesto, and to recruitment.[32] No one had read the manifesto yet, but everyone knew of its appearance. The count sat on an ottoman between two smoking and talking neighbours. The count himself neither smoked nor talked, but, inclining his head now to one side, now to the other, looked with obvious pleasure at the smokers and listened to the conversation of his two neighbours, whom he had set on each other.

One of the talkers was a civilian with a wrinkled, bilious, gaunt, and cleanshaven face, a man approaching old age, though dressed like a most fashionable young man; he sat with his feet on the ottoman, looking like a familiar of the house, the amber bit deep in the side of his mouth, impetuously sucking in smoke and squinting. This was the old bachelor Shinshin, the countess's cousin, a wicked tongue, as the talk went in Moscow drawing rooms. He seemed to be condescending to his interlocutor. The other, a fresh, pink officer of the guards, impeccably scrubbed, combed, and buttoned-up, held the amber bit in the middle of his mouth and drew the smoke in lightly with his pink lips, letting it out of his handsome mouth in rings. This was that Lieutenant Berg, an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment, with whom Boris was going off to join the regiment, and whom Natasha, teasing Vera, her older sister, called her fiancé. The count sat between them and listened attentively. For the count, the most agreeable occupation, apart from the game of boston, which he liked very much, was the position of listener, especially when he managed to set two garrulous interlocutors on each other.

"Well, what then, old boy, *mon très honorable* Alphonse Karlych," said Shinshin, chuckling and combining (which was a peculiarity of his speech) the

simplest popular Russian expressions with refined French phrases. "*Vous comptez vous faire des rentes sur l'état,**? you want to get a little something from your company?"

"No, Pyotr Nikolaevich, I merely wish to prove, sir, that the cavalry is much less profitable than the infantry. Now look, Pyotr Nikolaevich, just consider my position."

Berg always spoke very precisely, calmly, and courteously. His conversation was always concerned with himself alone; he always kept calmly silent when the talk was about something that had no direct relation to himself. And he could be silent like that for several hours, without experiencing in himself or causing in others the slightest embarrassment. But as soon as the conversation concerned him personally, he began to speak expansively and with obvious pleasure.

"Consider my position, Pyotr Nikolaich: if I were in the cavalry, I'd get no more than two hundred roubles every four months, even with the rank of sublieutenant; while now I get two hundred and thirty," he said with a joyful, pleasant smile, looking at Shinshin and the count as though it was obvious to him that his success would always constitute the chief goal of everyone else's desires.

"Besides that, Pyotr Nikolaevich, in transferring to the guards, I am in view," Berg went on, "and vacancies in the foot guards are much more frequent. Then, consider for yourself how I'm able to get along on two hundred and thirty roubles. Yet I save some and also send some to my father," he went on, letting out a smoke ring.

"*La balance y est . . .* A German can make cheese from chalk, *comme dit le proverbe,*"† said Shinshin, shifting the amber to the other side of his mouth, and he winked at the count.

The count burst out laughing. Other guests, seeing that Shinshin was conducting a conversation, came over to listen. Berg, oblivious of both the mockery and the indifference, went on to tell how he, by being transferred to the guards, was already one rank ahead of his comrades in the corps, how in wartime the company commander might be killed, and he, remaining the senior in the company, could very easily become the commander, and how everyone in the regiment liked him, and how his papa was pleased with him. Berg apparently enjoyed telling about it all and seemed not to suspect that other people might also have their interests. But everything he told about was so nice, so earnest, the naïveté of his youthful egoism was so obvious, that his listeners were disarmed.

"Well, old boy, infantry or cavalry, you'll make it anywhere; that I prophesy

*You are counting on getting an income from the state.
†There you have it . . . as the proverb says.

to you," said Shinshin, patting him on the shoulder and lowering his feet from the ottoman.

Berg smiled joyfully. The count, and his guests after him, went to the drawing room.

It was that time before a formal dinner when the assembled guests refrain from beginning a long conversation, expecting to be called to the hors d'oeuvres, but at the same time consider it necessary to move about and not be silent, in order to show that they are not at all impatient to sit down at the table. The hosts keep glancing at the door and occasionally exchange glances with each other. The guests try to guess from these glances who or what they are still waiting for: an important belated relation or a dish that is not ready yet.

Pierre arrived just before dinner and sat awkwardly in the middle of the drawing room, in the first armchair he happened upon, getting in everyone's way. The countess wanted to get him to talk, but he looked around naïvely through his spectacles, as if searching for someone, and gave monosyllabic answers to all the countess's questions. He was an inconvenience and was the only one not to notice it. The majority of the guests, knowing his story with the bear, looked curiously at this big, fat, and placid man, wondering how such a clumsy and shy fellow could perform such a stunt with a policeman.

"Did you arrive recently?" the countess asked him.

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

"Have you seen my husband?"

"Non, madame." He smiled quite inappropriately.

"It seems you were recently in Paris? I suppose it was very interesting."

"Very interesting."

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhailovna. Anna Mikhailovna understood that she was being asked to take up this young man, and sitting beside him, she began speaking of his father; but, as with the countess, he gave her nothing but monosyllabic answers. The guests were all taken up with each other.

*"Les Razoumovsky . . . Ça a été charmant . . . Vous êtes bien bonne . . . La comtesse Apraksine . . ."** was heard on all sides. The countess got up and went to the reception room.

"Marya Dmitrievna?" her voice was heard from there.

"Herself," a rough female voice was heard in reply, after which Marya Dmitrievna came into the room.

All the girls and even the ladies, except for the oldest ones, rose. Marya

*The Razumovskys . . . That was charming . . . You are very kind . . . The countess Apraksin . . .

Dmitrievna stood in the doorway and, from the height of her corpulent body, her fifty-year-old head with its grey curled hair held high, looked over the guests, and unhurriedly straightened the wide sleeves of her dress, as if pushing them up. Marya Dmitrievna always spoke in Russian.

"Congratulations to the dear name-day lady and her children," she said in her loud, dense voice, which overwhelmed all other noises. "And you, you old sinner," she turned to the count, who was kissing her hand, "I bet you're bored in Moscow? No chasing about with dogs here? Nothing to be done, old boy, look how these birdies are growing up." She pointed to the girls. "Like it or not, you'll have to hunt for suitors."

"Well, how's my Cossack?" (Marya Dmitrievna called Natasha a Cossack), she said, caressing Natasha, who came up to kiss her hand fearlessly and merrily. "I know she's a wicked girl, but I love her."

She took from her enormous reticule a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings and, having given them to the festively radiant and red-cheeked Natasha, turned away at once and addressed Pierre.

"E-eh! my gallant! come here to me!" she said in a falsely quiet and high voice. "Come here to me, my gallant . . ."

And she menacingly pushed her sleeves up still higher.

Pierre approached, gazing at her naïvely through his spectacles.

"Come on, come on, my gallant! I was the only one to tell your father the truth when chance smiled on him,[33] and to you, too, God willing."

She paused. Everyone fell silent, waiting for what would happen and feeling that this was only the preface.

"A fine one, to say the least! a fine lad! . . . His father's lying on his deathbed, and he's having fun, sitting a policeman on the back of a bear! Shame on you, old boy, shame on you! You'd do better to go to the war."

She turned away and offered her arm to the count, who could barely keep from laughing.

"Well, so, I suppose it's to table?" said Marya Dmitrievna.

The count went first with Marya Dmitrievna; then came the countess, led by a hussar colonel, a useful man, with whom Nikolai was to overtake his regiment, and Anna Mikhailovna with Shinshin. Berg offered his arm to Vera. The smiling Julie Karagin went to the table with Nikolai. After them came other couples, stretching the whole length of the room, and behind them all the children, tutors, and governesses came singly. Servants bustled about, chairs scraped, music began playing in the gallery, and the guests seated themselves. The sounds of the count's household music were replaced by the sounds of knives and forks, the talk of the guests, the soft footsteps of the servants. At the head of the table on one end sat the countess. To her right Marya Dmitrievna, to her left Anna Mikhailovna and the other ladies. At the other end sat the count, to his left the hussar colonel, to his right Shinshin and the other male

guests. One side of the long table was occupied by the older young people: Vera sat next to Berg, Pierre next to Boris; on the other side were the children, tutors, and governesses. From behind the crystal, the bottles, and the bowls of fruit, the count kept glancing at his wife and her tall cap with blue ribbons, and diligently poured wine for his neighbours, not forgetting himself. The countess, too, from behind the pineapples, never forgetting her duties as hostess, cast meaningful glances at her husband, the redness of whose face and bald head, it seemed to her, contrasted sharply with his grey hair. At the ladies' end a steady chatter went on; at the men's, louder and louder voices could be heard, especially that of the hussar colonel, who ate and drank so much, growing redder and redder, that the count now set him as an example to the other guests. Berg was saying to Vera, with a tender smile, that love was a heavenly, not an earthly, feeling. Boris was naming the guests at the table for his new friend Pierre, while exchanging glances with Natasha, who was sitting across from him. Pierre spoke little, looked at the new faces, and ate a lot. Starting with the two soups, of which he chose *à la tortue*,* and the savoury pie, and right up to the hazel grouse, he did not skip a single dish or a single wine, which the butler mysteriously displayed for him behind his neighbour's shoulder, the bottle wrapped in a napkin, murmuring: "dry Madeira," or "Hungarian," or "Rhine wine." Of the four crystal glasses with the count's monogram that stood before each place, he would hold out the first he happened upon and drank with enjoyment, glancing around at the guests with a more and more pleasant air. Natasha, who was sitting across from him, gazed at Boris as a thirteen-year-old girl gazes at a boy she has just kissed for the first time and is in love with. She occasionally turned this same gaze to Pierre, and, under the gaze of this funny, lively girl, he wanted to laugh himself, without knowing why.

Nikolai sat far away from Sonya, next to Julie Karagin, and again was saying something to her with an involuntary smile. Sonya smiled formally, but was clearly suffering from jealousy: she turned pale, then red, and tried as hard as she could to hear what Nikolai and Julie were saying to each other. The governess looked around anxiously, as if preparing to resist, if anyone took it into his head to offend the children. The German tutor tried to memorize all the kinds of dishes, desserts, and wines, in order to describe everything in detail in his letter to his family in Germany, and was quite offended that the butler with the napkin-wrapped bottle bypassed him. The German frowned, trying to show by his look that he did not even wish to have this wine, but was offended because no one wanted to understand that the wine was necessary for him, not in order to quench his thirst, nor out of greed, but out of a conscientious love of knowledge.

*Turtle.

XVI

At the men's end of the table, the conversation was becoming more and more animated. The colonel said that the manifesto with the declaration of war had already been published in Petersburg, and that a copy, which he had seen himself, had been delivered today by messenger to the commander in chief.

"And what the deuce makes us go to war with Bonaparte?" said Shinshin. *"Il a déjà rabattu le caquet à l'Autriche. Je crains que cette fois ce ne soit notre tour."**

The colonel was a tall, stout, and sanguine German, obviously a seasoned soldier and a patriot. He took offence at Shinshin's words.

"Pecause, my tear sir," he said, pronouncing the *b* as a *p* and the *d* as a *t,* "pecause the emperor knows that. He said in the manifesto that he cannot look mit intifference at the tangers that threaten Russia, and that the security of the empire, its tignity, and the sacretness of its *alliances* . . ." he said, for some reason giving special emphasis to the word *alliances,* as if this was the essence of the matter.

And with that impeccable official memory peculiar to him, he repeated the introductory words of the manifesto: ". . . and the desire, which constitutes the sole and absolute aim of the sovereign, to establish peace in Europe on firm foundations, led to his present decision to move part of the army abroad and to make further efforts towards the achievement of that intention."[34]

"It's pecause of that, my tear sir," he concluded didactically, drinking a glass of wine and looking to the count for encouragement.

"*Connaissez-vous le proverbe:* 'Jerome, Jerome, stay close to home, keep your shovel in the loam'?" asked Shinshin, wincing and smiling. *"Cela nous convient à merveille.* Take Suvorov[35]—even he got beaten *à plate couture,* and where are our Suvorovs now? *Je vous demande un peu,"*† he said, constantly switching from Russian to French.

"Ve must fight to the last trop of plood," said the colonel, pounding the table, "und ti-i-ie for our emperor, and then all vill be vell. And reason as little as po-o-ossible" (he especially drew out the word *possible*), "as little as po-o-ossible," he concluded, again addressing the count. "So ve old hussars see it, anyvay. And how to you, a young man and a young hussar, see it?" he added, turning to Nikolai, who, hearing that things had got on to the war, had abandoned his interlocutrice and was looking all eyes and listening all ears to the colonel.

*He has already stopped Austria's cackling. I'm afraid this time it will be our turn.
†Do you know the proverb . . . That suits us perfectly . . . flat as a pancake . . . I ask you kindly.

"I agree with you completely," replied Nikolai, blushing all over, turning his plate and rearranging the glasses, and with such a determined and desperate air as though he was exposed right then to great danger. "I'm convinced that the Russians must either die or conquer," he said, aware himself, as the others were, once the word had been spoken, that it was too rapturous and pompous for the present occasion and therefore awkward.

"*C'est bien beau ce que vous venez de dire,*"* Julie, who was sitting next to him, said with a sigh. Sonya trembled all over and blushed to her ears, behind her ears, and down her neck and shoulders, as Nikolai was speaking. Pierre listened to what the colonel said and nodded approvingly.

"That's very nice," he said.

"A real hussar, young man," cried the colonel, pounding the table again.

"What's this noise about?" Marya Dmitrievna's bass voice was suddenly heard all down the table. "What are you pounding the table for?" she addressed the hussar. "Why are you getting excited? Maybe you think the French are here in front of you?"

"I'm speakink the truth," the hussar said, smiling.

"It's all about the war," the count shouted down the table. "My son's going, Marya Dmitrievna, my son."

"I've got four sons in the army, and I'm not grieving. It's all God's will: you can die in your sleep, and God can spare you in battle," the dense voice of Marya Dmitrievna rang out effortlessly from the other end of the table.

"That's so."

And the conversation again became concentrated, the ladies' at their end of the table, the men's at theirs.

"You don't dare ask," said Natasha's little brother, "you don't dare ask!"

"Yes, I do," replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly flushed, expressing a desperate and merry resolve. She stood up, her eyes inviting Pierre, who sat across from her, to listen, and addressed her mother.

"Mama!" her throaty child's voice rang out for the whole table to hear.

"What is it?" the countess asked fearfully, but, seeing from her daughter's face that it was a prank, she sternly waved her hand at her, making a threatening and negative gesture with her head.

The conversation hushed.

"Mama! what's for dessert?" Natasha's little voice rang out still more resolutely, without faltering.

The countess wanted to frown, but could not. Marya Dmitrievna shook her fat finger.

"Cossack!" she said menacingly.

*That's very beautiful, what you just said.

Most of the guests looked at the parents, not knowing how to take this escapade.

"You're going to get it!" said the countess.

"Mama! what's for dessert?" cried Natasha, boldly now and with capricious merriment, certain beforehand that her escapade would be taken well.

Sonya and fat Petya hid their faces with laughter.

"So I dared," Natasha whispered to her little brother and to Pierre, at whom she glanced again.

"Ice cream, only you won't get any," said Marya Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw there was nothing to fear, so she was not afraid of Marya Dmitrievna either.

"What kind of ice cream, Marya Dmitrievna? I don't like vanilla."

"Carrot."

"No, what kind, Marya Dmitrievna, what kind?" she nearly shouted. "I want to know!"

Marya Dmitrievna and the countess laughed, and all the guests followed suit. Everyone laughed not at Marya Dmitrievna's reply, but at the inconceivable boldness and adroitness of this girl, who was both smart and pert enough to treat Marya Dmitrievna that way.

Natasha left off only when they told her there would be pineapple ice cream. Before the ice cream, champagne was served. The music struck up again, the count kissed his dear countess, and the guests, rising, wished the countess a happy name day, and clinked glasses across the table with the count, the children, and each other. Again the waiters scurried about, chairs scraped, and the guests, in the same order but with redder faces, returned to the drawing room and the count's study.

XVII

Tables were set up for boston, parties were chosen, and the count's guests settled themselves in the two drawing rooms, the sitting room, and the library.

The count, his cards spread in a fan, refrained with difficulty from his usual after-dinner nap and laughed at everything. The young people, at the countess's urging, gathered around the clavichord and the harp. Julie was the first, at everybody's request, to play a piece with variations for the harp, and, along with the other girls, began asking Natasha and Nikolai, known for their musicality, to sing something. Natasha, who was addressed like a grown-up, was obviously very proud of it, but at the same time afraid.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

" 'The Spring,' "[36] replied Nikolai.

"Well, let's be quick about it. Boris, come here," said Natasha. "But where's Sonya?"

She looked around and, seeing that her friend was not in the room, ran to look for her.

Running into Sonya's room and not finding her friend there, Natasha ran to the nursery—Sonya was not there either. Natasha realized that Sonya was in the corridor on the chest. The chest in the corridor was the place of sorrows for the young female generation of the Rostov house. Indeed, Sonya, in her airy pink dress, crushing it, was lying face down on the nanny's dirty striped featherbed, on the chest, and, covering her face with her fingers, was sobbing, her bare little shoulders twitching. Natasha's face, animated and festive all day, suddenly changed: her eyes stared, then her broad neck shuddered, and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"Sonya! what is it? . . . What, what's the matter with you? Wa-a-a! . . ."

And Natasha, spreading her big mouth and looking perfectly ugly, started howling like a baby, not knowing the reason why, only because Sonya was crying. Sonya wanted to raise her head and reply, but could not and buried herself still more. Natasha wept, sitting on the blue featherbed and embracing her friend. Gathering her forces, Sonya sat up and began wiping away her tears and telling her story.

"Nikolenka's leaving in a week, his . . . papers . . . are ready . . . he told me himself . . . But all the same I wouldn't be crying" (she held up the paper she had in her hand: it was verses written by Nikolai) ". . . all the same I wouldn't be crying, but you can't . . . nobody can understand . . . what a soul he has."

And again she began to cry, because his soul was so good.

"It's all right for you . . . I'm not envious . . . I love you, and Boris, too," she said, gathering her forces a little, "he's nice . . . there are no obstacles for you. But Nikolai's my cousin . . . we need . . . the metropolitan himself[37] . . . even then it's impossible. And then, if mama" (Sonya considered and called the countess her mother) ". . . she'll say that I'm ruining Nikolai's career, that I have no heart, that I'm ungrateful, and really . . . I swear to God" (she crossed herself) ". . . I love her and all of you so much, only Vera . . . Why? What have I done to her? I'm so grateful to you that I'd be glad to sacrifice everything I have, but I don't have anything . . ."

Sonya could not speak any more and again hid her head in her hands and in the featherbed. Natasha began to calm down, but it was clear from her face that she realized all the importance of her friend's grief.

"Sonya!" she said suddenly, as if guessing the real reason for her cousin's distress. "Vera must have talked with you after dinner. Did she?"

"Yes, Nikolai himself wrote out these verses, and I wrote down some others; she found them on my desk and said she'd show them to mama, and she also

said I was ungrateful, that mama would never let him marry me, and that he'd marry Julie. You see how he's been with her the whole day . . . Natasha! Why? . . ."

And again she burst out crying more bitterly than before. Natasha pulled her up, hugged her, and, smiling through her tears, began to reassure her.

"Sonya, don't believe her, dear heart, don't believe her. Remember how we and Nikolenka, the three of us, talked in the sitting room—remember, after supper? We decided how everything was going to be. I don't remember how any more, but remember how good and possible it all was? Why, Uncle Shinshin's brother married his first cousin, and we're just second cousins. And Boris said it was very possible. You know, I told him everything. And he's so intelligent and so nice," Natasha went on saying ". . . so don't cry, Sonya, dearest, darling Sonya." And she kissed her, laughing. "Vera's wicked, God help her! But everything will be all right, and she won't tell mama; Nikolenka will tell her himself, and he never gave a thought to Julie."

And she kissed her on the head. Sonya got up, the kitten revived, its eyes sparkled, and it seemed ready to raise its tail any moment, spring up on its soft paws, and play with a ball of yarn, as a kitten ought to do.

"Do you think so? Really? Swear to God?" she said, quickly straightening her dress and hair.

"Really! Swear to God!" replied Natasha, straightening a strand of stiff hair that had come loose from her friend's braid.

And the two girls laughed.

"So, let's go and sing 'The Spring.' "

"Yes, let's."

"You know, that fat Pierre, who sat across from me, is so funny!" Natasha said suddenly, stopping. "I feel so merry!"

And Natasha went running down the corridor.

Sonya, brushing off feathers, and hiding the verses in her bosom, near her neck with its protruding collarbones, her face flushed, went running after Natasha with light, merry steps down the corridor to the sitting room. At the request of the guests, the young people sang the quartet "The Spring," which everyone liked very much. Then Nikolai sang a song he had just learned:[38]

On a pleasant night beneath the moon
How happy is the reverie
That in this world there still is one
Whose thoughts do ever turn to thee!
And as her lovely hand, which she
Lets wander o'er the harp's bright strings,
Plays in impassioned harmony,
So she to thee her summons sings!

One day, two days, then paradise . . .
But ah! thy friend is cold as ice!

And he had not finished singing the last words before the young people in the ballroom began preparing to dance, and the musicians began stamping their feet and coughing in the gallery.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing room, where Shinshin, knowing he had come from abroad, had started a boring political conversation with him, in which other people joined. When the music began to play, Natasha came into the drawing room and, going straight up to Pierre, blushing and with laughing eyes, said:

"Mama told me to ask you to dance."

"I'm afraid I'll confuse the figures," said Pierre, "but if you'd like to be my teacher . . ."

And, lowering his fat arm, he offered it to the slender girl.

While the couples were being placed and the musicians were tuning up, Pierre sat with his little partner. Natasha was perfectly happy: she was dancing with a *grown-up* who had come *from abroad*. She sat in full view of everyone and talked to him like a grown-up. In her hand was a fan which a young lady had given her to hold. And, assuming a most worldly pose (God knows where and when she had learned it), fanning herself and smiling through the fan, she talked with her partner.

"Look at her! Just look at her!" said the old countess, walking through the room and pointing at Natasha.

Natasha blushed and laughed.

"Well, what is it, mama? What are you getting at? What's so surprising?"

In the middle of the third *écossaise,* chairs began moving in the drawing room where the count and Marya Dmitrievna were playing, and the greater part of the honoured guests and old folk, stretching after sitting so long and putting their wallets and purses in their pockets, came to the door of the ballroom. At their head came Marya Dmitrievna and the count—both with merry faces. The count, with jocular politeness, somehow in a ballet-like fashion, offered his rounded arm to Marya Dmitrievna. He drew himself up and his face brightened with a special dashingly sly smile, and as soon as the last figures of the *écossaise* came to an end, he clapped his hands and called out to the musicians in the gallery, addressing the first fiddler:

"Semyon! Do you know 'Daniel Cooper'?"

That was the count's favourite dance, which he used to dance while still in his youth. ("Daniel Cooper" was in fact one of the figures of the *anglaise*.)

"Look at papa," Natasha shouted to the whole ballroom (completely forgetting that she was dancing with a grown-up), bending her curly head to her knees and dissolving into her ringing laughter for the whole ballroom to hear.

Indeed, all who were in the ballroom looked with smiles of joy at the merry old man, who, beside his stately partner, Marya Dmitrievna, who was taller than he, rounded his arms, shook them in time to the music, squared his shoulders, flexed his legs, stamped slightly, and, the smile widening more and more on his round face, prepared the spectators for what was to come. As soon as the merry, provocative sounds of "Daniel Cooper," resembling a rollicking *trepak*,[39] rang out, all the doors of the ballroom suddenly filled with the smiling faces of the servants—the men on one side, the women on the other—who came to watch their master's merrymaking.

"Look at the old dear! An eagle!" the nanny said loudly from one door.

The count danced well and knew it, but his partner could not and would not dance well at all. Her enormous body stood straight, her powerful arms hung down (she had given her reticule to the countess); only her stern but handsome face danced. What was expressed in the whole round figure of the count, in Marya Dmitrievna was expressed in her ever more smiling face and ever more thrust-up nose. On the other hand, if the count, who got himself going more and more, fascinated his spectators by his unexpectedly deft capers and the light leaps of his supple legs, Marya Dmitrievna, by the slightest exertion in moving her shoulders or rounding her arms while turning or stamping, produced no less of an impression by its merit, which everyone appreciated in view of her corpulence and perpetual severity. The dance became more and more lively. The other couples could not draw attention to themselves for a minute and did not even try to. All were taken up with the count and Marya Dmitrievna. Natasha pulled everyone present by the sleeve or the dress, demanding that they look at papa, though even without that they never took their eyes off the dancers. The count, during the pauses in the dance, panted heavily, waved and shouted to the musicians to play faster. More and more quickly, more and more dashingly the count deployed himself, now on tiptoe, now on his heels, racing around Marya Dmitrievna, and finally, returning his partner to her seat, he performed the last step, raising his supple leg behind him, bending down his sweating head with its smiling face, and waving his rounded right arm amidst the thunder of applause and laughter, especially from Natasha. The two dancers stopped, breathing heavily and wiping their faces with cambric handkerchiefs.

"That's how people danced in our time, *ma chère,*" said the count.

"Ah, what a Daniel Cooper!" said Marya Dmitrievna, letting out a long, deep breath and pushing up her sleeves.

XVIII

Just as the sixth *anglaise* was being danced in the Rostovs' ballroom to the sounds of the weary, out-of-tune musicians and the weary servants and cooks were preparing supper, Count Bezukhov had his sixth stroke. The doctors declared that there was no hope of recovery; the sick man was given a blank confession[40] and communion; preparations for extreme unction were made, and the house was filled with the bustle and anxiety of expectation usual at such moments. Outside the house, beyond the gate, avoiding the carriages that drove up, undertakers crowded in anticipation of a rich order for the count's funeral. The commander in chief of Moscow, who had constantly been sending adjutants to ask after the count's health, came in person that evening to take leave of Catherine's celebrated courtier, Count Bezukhov.

The magnificent reception room was filled. Everyone rose deferentially when the commander in chief, having spent about half an hour alone with the sick man, came out, responding slightly to the bows and trying to go quickly past the looks that doctors, clergymen, and relations directed at him. Prince Vassily, grown thin and pale during those days, accompanied the commander in chief and quietly repeated something to him several times.

Having seen the commander in chief off, Prince Vassily sat by himself on a chair in the hall, his legs crossed high up, his elbow resting on his knee, his hand over his eyes. Having sat like that for some time, he got up and, with unhabitually hurried steps, looking around with frightened eyes, went down the long corridor to the rear half of the house, to the eldest princess.

Those who were in the dimly lit room talked together in broken whispers, and fell silent each time, turning with eyes full of enquiry and expectation to the door which led to the dying man's room and which made a faint noise whenever someone went in or came out.

"A limit has been set," said a little old man, a clerical person, to a lady who sat down beside him and listened to him naïvely, "a limit has been set to human life, which cannot be overstepped."

"I wonder if it's not too late to give extreme unction?" the lady asked, adding his clerical title, as if she had no opinion on the subject.

"It is a great sacrament, my dear," the clerical person replied, passing his hand over his bald head, which had several strands of half-grey hair combed over it.

"Who was that? The commander in chief himself?" someone asked at the other end of the room. "What a youthful man!"

"He's in his sixties! Well, so they say the count no longer recognizes anyone? Do they mean to give him extreme unction?"

"I knew a man who received extreme unction seven times."

The second princess came out of the sick man's room with tearful eyes and sat down next to Dr. Lorrain, who was sitting in a graceful pose under a portrait of Catherine, leaning his elbow on a table.

"*Très beau,*" the doctor said in reply to a question about the weather, "*très beau, princesse, et puis, à Moscou on se croit à la campagne.*"*

"*N'est-ce-pas?*"† said the princess, sighing. "So he's allowed to drink?"

Lorrain pondered.

"Has he taken his medicine?"

"Yes."

The doctor looked at his Breguet.[41]

"Take a glass of boiled water and put in *une pincée*" (with his slender fingers he showed what *une pincée* meant) "*de cremortartari . . .*"‡

"Dere hass been no occasion," a German doctor said to an adjutant, "dat one remains alife after a second shtroke."

"And he was such a fresh man!" said the adjutant. "And to whom will all that wealth go?" he added in a whisper.

"Dere vill be no lack of seekers," the German said, smiling.

Everyone looked at the door again: it creaked, and the second princess, having prepared the drink prescribed by Lorrain, carried it to the sick man. The German doctor went over to Lorrain.

"He may still last until tomorrow morning?" the German asked in poorly pronounced French.

Lorrain, compressing his lips, wagged his finger sternly and negatively in front of his nose.

"Tonight, no later," he said softly, with a decent smile of self-satisfaction at being able to clearly understand and explain the patient's condition, and walked away.

Meanwhile, Prince Vassily had opened the door to the princess's room.

The room was in semi-darkness, only two icon lamps burned before the icons, and there was a good smell of incense and flowers. The whole room was filled with small furniture: little chiffoniers, cupboards, tables. Behind a screen the white covers of a high featherbed could be seen. A little dog barked.

"Ah, it's you, *mon cousin*?"

She got up and straightened her hair, which was always, even now, so extraordinarily smooth that it seemed varnished and of one piece with her head.

*Very fine . . . very fine, Princess, and then, in Moscow one thinks one is in the country.
†Isn't it so?
‡A pinch . . . of *cremortartari.*

"What, has something happened?" she asked. "I'm so frightened."

"Nothing, it's all the same; I have only come to have a talk with you, Catiche, about business," said the prince, sitting with an air of fatigue in the armchair from which she had got up. "How warm you keep it, though," he said. "Well, sit down here, *causons*."*

"I thought something had happened," said the princess, and with her unchanging, stern and stony expression, she sat down opposite the prince and prepared to listen.

"I wanted to get some sleep, *mon cousin,* but I can't."

"Well, and so, my dear?" said Prince Vassily, taking the princess's hand and pulling it down, as was his habit.

It was clear that this "and so" referred to many things they both understood without naming them.

The princess, with her dry and straight waist, incongruously long for her legs, looked straight and passionlessly at the prince with her prominent grey eyes. She shook her head and, sighing, turned to look at the icons. Her gesture could have been interpreted either as an expression of sorrow and devotion, or as an expression of weariness and hope for a speedy repose. Prince Vassily interpreted this gesture as an expression of weariness.

"And do you think it's any easier for me?" he said. "*Je suis éreinté comme un cheval de poste;*† but all the same I must talk with you, Catiche, and very seriously."

Prince Vassily fell silent, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously now on one side, now on the other, giving his face an unpleasant expression which never appeared on Prince Vassily's face when he was in a drawing room. His eyes were also not the same as usual: now they looked with insolent jocularity, now they glanced around fearfully.

The princess, holding the dog on her lap with her dry, thin hands, looked attentively into Prince Vassily's eyes; but it was evident that she would not break the silence with a question, even if she had to remain silent till morning.

"So you see, my dear princess and cousin, Katerina Semyonovna," Prince Vassily continued, evidently getting himself to continue his talk only after an inner struggle, "at moments like this, it is necessary to think of everything. It is necessary to think of the future, of you . . . I love you all like my own children, you know that."

The princess went on looking at him just as dully and fixedly.

"Finally, it is necessary to think of my family, too," Prince Vassily continued, angrily pushing a little table away and without looking at her. "You know, Catiche, that you three Mamontov sisters, and my wife as well—we are the

*Let's talk.

†I'm as exhausted as a post-horse.

count's only direct heirs. I know, I know how hard it is for you to speak and think about such things. It's no easier for me; but I'm over fifty, my friend, I must be ready for anything. Do you know that I have sent for Pierre, and that the count, pointing directly at his portrait, demanded that he come?"

Prince Vassily looked questioningly at the princess, but could not tell whether she was considering what he had said to her, or was simply staring at him . . .

"There's one thing for which I never cease praying to God, *mon cousin,*" she replied, "that He have mercy on him and grant that his beautiful soul peacefully depart this . . ."

"Yes, that's right," Prince Vassily went on impatiently, rubbing his bald head and angrily seizing the little table he had pushed away and moving it towards him again, "but, finally . . . finally, the thing is, as you know yourself, that last winter the count wrote a will according to which, passing over his direct heirs and us, he bequeathed all his property to Pierre."

"He has written all sorts of wills," the princess said calmly, "but he cannot bequeath anything to Pierre! Pierre is illegitimate."

"But, *ma chère,*" Prince Vassily said suddenly, clutching the little table to him, becoming animated, and beginning to speak more quickly, "what if a letter had been written to the sovereign and the count had asked to adopt Pierre? You understand, given the count's merits, his request would be granted . . ."

The princess smiled as people smile who think they know more about a matter than those they are talking with.

"I'll tell you more," Prince Vassily went on, gripping her hand. "The letter has been written, though not sent, and the sovereign knows of it. The only question is whether it has been destroyed or not. If not, then as soon as it's *all over,*" Prince Vassily sighed, letting it be understood *what* he meant by the words *all over,* "and the count's papers are opened, the will and the letter will be sent to the sovereign, and his request will most likely be granted. As a legitimate son, Pierre will get everything."

"And our share?" asked the princess, smiling ironically, as if anything but that could happen.

"*Mais, ma pauvre Catiche, c'est clair comme le jour*.* He alone is then the legitimate heir to everything, and you won't get even this much. You must know, my dear, whether the will and the letter were written, and whether they have been destroyed. And if they've been overlooked for some reason, you must know where they are and must find them, because . . ."

"That's all we need!" the princess interrupted, smiling sardonically and without changing the expression of her eyes. "For a woman; in your opinion,

*But, my poor Catiche, it's clear as day.

we're all stupid; but I know enough to be sure that an illegitimate son cannot inherit . . . *Un bâtard,*" she added, supposing that this translation would definitively prove to the prince his groundlessness.

"How is it you don't understand, finally, Catiche? You're so intelligent, how is it you don't understand: if the count wrote a letter to the sovereign, in which he asked that his son be recognized as legitimate, it means that Pierre will no longer be Pierre, but Count Bezukhov, and then according to the will he'll get everything. And if the will and the letter have not been destroyed, there will be nothing left for you except the consolation that you have been virtuous *et tout ce qui s'en suit.** That is certain."

"I know that the will has been written; but I also know that it is not valid, and you seem to consider me a perfect fool, *mon cousin,*" said the princess, with that expression with which women speak when they suppose they have said something witty and insulting.

"My dear Princess Katerina Semyonovna!" Prince Vassily began speaking impatiently. "I have come to you not in order to exchange barbs, but in order to talk with you, as with a kinswoman, a good, kind, true kinswoman, about your own interests. I tell you for the tenth time that if the letter to the sovereign and the will favouring Pierre are among the count's papers, then, my darling, you and your sisters do not inherit. If you don't believe me, believe people who know: I've just spoken with Dmitri Onufrich" (this was the family lawyer), "and he says the same thing."

Evidently something suddenly changed in the princess's mind; her thin lips turned pale (her eyes remained the same), and her voice, when she began to speak, kept breaking into such tremors as she evidently did not expect herself.

"That would be just fine," she said. "I don't want anything and never did."

She threw the dog off her lap and straightened the folds of her dress.

"There's gratitude, there's thankfulness to people who have sacrificed everything for him," she said. "Wonderful! Very fine! I need nothing, Prince."

"Yes, but you're not alone, you have sisters," replied Prince Vassily.

But the princess was not listening to him.

"Yes, I've long known, but I had forgotten, that apart from baseness, deceit, envy, intrigue, apart from ingratitude, the blackest ingratitude, I could expect nothing in this house . . ."

"Do you or do you not know where the will is?" Prince Vassily asked, his cheeks twitching still more than before.

"Yes, I was stupid, I still believed in people, and loved them, and sacrificed myself. But only those who are mean and vile succeed. I know whose intrigue this is."

*And all that follows from it.

The princess was about to get up, but the prince held her by the arm. The princess had the air of someone who has suddenly become disappointed in the whole human race; she looked spitefully at her interlocutor.

"There's still time, my friend. Remember, Catiche, it was all done inadvertently, in a moment of wrath, illness, and then forgotten. Our duty, my dear, is to correct his mistake, to alleviate his last moments by not allowing him to do this injustice, by not letting him die thinking he has made unhappy those people who . . ."

"Those people who sacrificed everything for him," the princess picked up, again trying to rise, but the prince did not let her, "something he was never able to appreciate. No, *mon cousin,*" she added with a sigh, "I shall remember that one can expect no reward in this world, that in this world there is neither honour nor justice. One must be cunning and wicked in this world."

"Well, *voyons,** calm down; I know your excellent heart."

"No, I have a wicked heart."

"I know your heart," the prince repeated, "I value your friendship, and I wish you were of the same opinion about me. Calm down and *parlons raison,*† while there's time—maybe a day, maybe an hour. Tell me all you know about the will, and above all, where it is: you must know. We'll take it right now and show it to the count. He has surely forgotten about it by now and will want it destroyed. You understand that my only desire is to fulfil his wishes religiously; that is the only reason I've come here. I am here only to help him and you."

"Now I've understood everything. I know whose intrigue it is. I know," said the princess.

"That's not the point, dear heart."

"It's your protégée, your dear Anna Mikhailovna, whom I wouldn't have as a housemaid—that vile, loathsome woman."

"Ne perdons point de temps."‡

"Ah, don't speak to me! Last winter she wormed her way in here and told the count a whole heap of such vile, such nasty things about us all, especially Sophie—I can't repeat it—that the count became ill and didn't want to see us for two weeks. I know it was then that he wrote that nasty, loathsome document; but I thought the document meant nothing."

"*Nous y voilà,*§ why didn't you tell me anything before?"

"It's in the inlaid portfolio he keeps under his pillow. Now I know," said the princess, not replying. "Yes, if I have a sin, a great sin, it's my hatred of that loathsome woman," the princess nearly shouted, changing into a completely

*Come now.
†Let's talk reason.
‡Let's not waste time.
§There we are.

different person. "And why is she worming her way in here? But I'll have it out with her, I'll have it all out. The time will come!"

XIX

While such conversations were going on in the reception room and the princess's apartments, the carriage bringing Pierre (who had been sent for) and Anna Mikhailovna (who found it necessary to go with him) was driving into Count Bezukhov's courtyard. As the wheels of the carriage rumbled softly over the straw spread under the windows, Anna Mikhailovna, turning to her companion with words of comfort, discovered that he was asleep in the corner of the carriage, and woke him up. Coming to his senses, Pierre followed Anna Mikhailovna out of the carriage and only then thought about the meeting with his dying father that lay ahead of him. He noticed that they had driven up not to the front, but to the back entrance. Just as he was stepping out, two men in tradesman's clothes hastily ran away from the entrance into the shadow of the wall. Having stopped, Pierre made out several more men of the same sort in the shadow of the house on both sides. But neither Anna Mikhailovna, nor the footman, nor the coachman, who could not help seeing these men, paid any attention to them. So that is how it has to be, Pierre decided to himself and went after Anna Mikhailovna. Anna Mikhailovna went up the dimly lit, narrow stone stairs with hasty steps, calling to Pierre, who lagged behind her, and who, though he did not understand why in general he had to go to the count, and still less why he had to go by the back stairs, decided to himself, judging by Anna Mikhailovna's assurance and haste, that this had necessarily to be so. Halfway up the stairs, they were nearly knocked off their feet by some people with buckets who came running down the stairs, stamping with their boots. These people pressed themselves to the wall to let Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna pass and did not show the least surprise when they saw them.

"Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?" Anna Mikhailovna asked one of them.

"Yes," the lackey answered in a bold, loud voice, as though everything was permitted now, "the door on the left, good lady."

"Maybe the count didn't send for me," said Pierre, when he came to the landing. "I'll just go to my own rooms."

Anna Mikhailovna stopped so that Pierre could catch up with her.

"Ah, mon ami!" she said, with the same gesture as in the morning, when she touched her son's arm, *"croyez que je souffre autant que vous, mais soyez homme."**

*Ah, my friend! . . . believe me, I'm suffering as much as you, but be a man.

"Really, why don't I go?" asked Pierre, looking at Anna Mikhailovna affectionately through his spectacles.

"Ah, mon ami, oubliez les torts qu'on a pu avoir envers vous, pensez que c'est votre père . . . peut-être à l'agonie." She sighed. *"Je vous ai tout de suite aimé comme mon fils. Fiez à moi, Pierre. Je n'oublierais pas vos intérêts."**

Pierre understood none of it; he had a still stronger impression that this was how it had to be, and he obediently followed Anna Mikhailovna, who was already opening the door.

The door led to the backstairs hallway. In the corner sat the princesses' old servant knitting a sock. Pierre had never been in this part of the house; he had not even suspected the existence of these rooms. Anna Mikhailovna asked a girl who walked past them with a carafe on a tray (calling her dear and sweetheart) about the princesses' health, and drew Pierre further down the stone corridor. The first room to the left from the corridor led to the princesses' living quarters. The maid with the carafe, in her haste (everything was being done in haste just then in this house), did not close the door, and as they were passing by, Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna involuntarily glanced into the room where the eldest princess and Prince Vassily were sitting close together, talking. Seeing them pass by, Prince Vassily made an impatient movement and drew back; the princess jumped up and, in a desperate gesture, slammed the door shut with all her might.

This gesture was so unlike the princess's usual calm, the fear that showed on Prince Vassily's face was so inconsistent with his augustness, that Pierre stopped and looked at his guide questioningly through his spectacles. Anna Mikhailovna expressed no surprise, she only smiled slightly and sighed, as if to show that she had expected it all.

"Soyez homme, mon ami, c'est moi qui veillerai à vos intérêts,"† she said in response to his look and went still more quickly down the corridor.

Pierre did not understand what it was all about, and still less what *veiller à vos intérêts* meant, but he understood that it all had to be so. From the corridor they went into the half-lit salon adjoining the count's anteroom. It was one of those cold and luxurious rooms which Pierre knew only from the front porch. But in this room, too, in the middle of it, stood an empty tub, and water had been spilled on the carpet. They encountered a servant and an acolyte with a censer, who were walking on tiptoe and paid no attention to them. They went into the anteroom, so familiar to Pierre, with its two Italian windows opening on the winter garden, a big bust, and a full-length portrait of

*Ah, my friend, forget the wrongs that may have been done you, think that this is your father . . . perhaps in his death agony . . . I loved you at once like my own son. Trust me, Pierre. I won't forget your interests.

†Be a man, my friend, it is I who will watch over your interests.

Catherine. The same people, in almost the same positions, were sitting in the anteroom, exchanging whispers. They all fell silent and turned to look at the entering Anna Mikhailovna, with her pale, weepy face, and the big, fat Pierre, who, with his head hanging, obediently followed her.

Anna Mikhailovna's face expressed an awareness that the decisive moment had come; with the manner of a businesslike Petersburg lady, she entered the room still more boldly than in the morning, not letting Pierre stray from her. She felt that, since she was bringing with her the person whom the dying man wished to see, her reception was assured. With a quick glance around, taking in everyone who was in the room and noticing the count's father confessor, not really bending down, but suddenly making herself smaller, at a quick amble, she glided over to the father confessor and respectfully received a blessing first from the one, then from the other clerical person.

"Thank God we're in time," she said to the clerical person. "We, his relations, were all so afraid. This young man is the count's son," she added in a lower voice. "A terrible moment!"

Having spoken these words, she went over to the doctor.

"Cher docteur," she said to him, *"ce jeune homme est le fils du comte . . . y a-t-il de l'espoir?"**

The doctor was silent, raising his eyes and shoulders with a quick movement. Anna Mikhailovna, with exactly the same movement, raised her shoulders and eyes, almost closing them, sighed, and walked away from the doctor towards Pierre. She addressed Pierre with special respectfulness and tender sorrow.

"Ayez confiance en sa miséricorde!"† she said to him and, pointing to a little settee on which he could sit and wait for her, made inaudibly for the door that everyone was looking at, and, following the barely audible noise of that door, disappeared behind it.

Pierre, having decided to obey his guide in all things, made for the little settee she had pointed out to him. As soon as Anna Mikhailovna disappeared, he noticed that the eyes of everyone in the room turned to him with something more than curiosity and sympathy. He noticed that they all exchanged whispers, indicating him with their eyes, as if with fear and even obsequiousness. He was being shown a respect no one had ever shown him before: a lady unknown to him, who had been talking with the clerical persons, got up from her place and offered him a seat; the adjutant picked up a glove Pierre had dropped and handed it to him; the doctors fell deferentially silent when he walked past them and stepped aside to make way for him. Pierre first wanted to sit somewhere else, so as not to inconvenience the lady, wanted to pick up the glove himself, and to bypass the doctors, who were not standing in his way;

*Dear doctor . . . this young man is the count's son . . . is there any hope?
†Trust in His mercy!

but he suddenly felt that that would be improper, he felt that that night he was the person responsible for performing some terrible rite which everyone expected, and that he therefore had to accept services from them all. He silently accepted the glove from the adjutant, sat down in the lady's place, putting his big hands on his symmetrically displayed knees in the naïve pose of an Egyptian statue, and decided to himself that this was precisely as it had to be and that that evening, so as not to lose his head and do something foolish, he ought not to act according to his own reasoning, but give himself up entirely to the will of those who were guiding him.

Two minutes had not gone by before Prince Vassily, in his kaftan with three stars, holding his head high, majestically entered the room. He seemed to have grown thinner since morning; his eyes were larger than usual as he looked around and saw Pierre. He went over to him, took his hand (something he had never done before), and pulled it down, as if testing whether it was well attached.

"*Courage, courage, mon ami. Il a demandé de vous voir. C'est bien . . .*"* And he was about to leave.

But Pierre considered it necessary to ask:

"How is the health of . . ." He hesitated, not knowing whether it was proper to call the dying man "count"; yet he was embarrassed to call him "father."

"*Il a eu encore un coup, il y a une demi-heure*.† Yet another stroke. *Courage, mon ami . . .*"

Pierre was in such a state of mental confusion that, at the word "stroke," he pictured some sort of blow to the body. He looked at Prince Vassily in perplexity, and only then realized that "stroke" referred to an illness. Prince Vassily spoke several words to Lorrain in passing and went through the door on tiptoe. He did not know how to walk on tiptoe, and his whole body bobbed up and down awkwardly. The elder princess went in after him, then the clerical persons and the acolytes went in, then the servants also went through the door. Behind the door movement was heard, and finally, with the same face, pale but firm in the fulfilment of her duty, Anna Mikhailovna rushed out and, touching Pierre's arm, said:

"*La bonté divine est inépuisable. C'est la cérémonie de l'extrême onction qui va commencer. Venez.*"‡

Pierre went through the door, stepping on the soft carpet, and noticed that the adjutant and the unknown lady, and some other servants—all came in after him, as if there was no longer any need to ask permission to enter that room.

*He has asked to see you. That's good . . .

†He had another stroke half an hour ago.

‡The divine goodness is inexhaustible. The ceremony of extreme unction is about to begin. Come.

XX

Pierre knew well that big room, divided by columns and an archway, all hung with Persian carpets. The part of the room behind the columns, where on one side stood a high mahogany bed under a silk canopy and on the other an enormous stand with icons, was brightly lit with red light, as is usual in churches during evening services. Under the shining casings of the icons stood a long Voltaire armchair, and on the chair, its upper part spread with snow-white, unrumpled, apparently just-changed pillows, covered to the waist with a bright green coverlet, lay the majestic figure, so familiar to Pierre, of his father, Count Bezukhov, with the same mane of grey hair, reminiscent of a lion's, above his broad forehead, and the same characteristically noble, deep furrows on his handsome reddish-yellow face. He lay directly under the icons; his two large, fat arms were freed of the coverlet and lay on top of it. In his right hand, which lay palm down, a wax candle had been placed between the thumb and the index finger, held in place by an old servant who reached from behind the armchair. Over the armchair stood the clerical persons in their majestic, shining vestments, their long hair spread loose on them, lighted candles in their hands, performing the service with slow solemnity. A little behind them stood the two younger princesses, holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, and in front of them the elder princess, Catiche, with a spiteful and resolute air, not taking her eyes off the icons for a moment, as if telling everyone that she would not answer for herself if she glanced back. Anna Mikhailovna, meek sorrow and all-forgiveness on her face, and the unknown lady stood by the door. Prince Vassily stood on the other side of the door, close to the armchair, behind a velvet-upholstered chair with its carved back turned to him, resting his elbow on it, holding a candle in his left hand, crossing himself with the right, raising his eyes each time he put the fingers to his forehead. His face expressed calm piety and submission to the will of God. "If you don't understand these feelings, the worse for you," his face seemed to say.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the male servants; the men and women were separated as in church. All were silent, crossing themselves, only the church reading could be heard, the restrained bass singing, and, in moments of silence, sighing and the shuffling of feet. Anna Mikhailovna, with a significant air which showed that she knew what she was doing, went all the way across the room to give Pierre a candle. He lit it and, diverted by observing the others, began to cross himself with the same hand in which he was holding the candle.

The youngest, the red-cheeked and laughter-prone Princess Sophie, with the little mole, looked at him. She smiled, hid her face in her handkerchief, and did

not uncover it for a long time; but, looking at Pierre, she laughed again. She evidently felt herself unable to look at him without laughing, but could not keep from looking at him, and, to avoid temptation, slowly moved behind a column. Midway through the service, the voices of the clergy suddenly fell silent; the clerical persons said something to each other in a whisper; the old servant who was holding the count's hand straightened up and turned to the ladies. Anna Mikhailovna stepped forward and, bending over the sick man, beckoned behind her back for Lorrain to come. The French doctor—who stood without a lighted candle, leaning on a column, in the respectful pose of a foreigner, which showed that, despite differences of belief, he understood all the importance of the rite being performed and even approved of it—went over to the sick man with the inaudible steps of a man in the prime of life, took up his free hand from the green coverlet in his white, slender fingers, and, turning away, began taking his pulse and pondering. The sick man was given something to drink, there was stirring around him, then everyone went to their places and the service resumed. During this interruption, Pierre noticed that Prince Vassily came from behind the back of his chair and with that same look which showed that he knew what he was doing, and so much the worse for the others if they did not understand him, did not go up to the sick man, but passing by him, joined the eldest princess and together with her made for the depths of the bedroom, to the high bed under the silk canopy. From the bed, both prince and princess disappeared through a rear door, but before the end of the service they came back to their places one after the other. Pierre paid no more attention to this circumstance than to all the others, having decided in his mind once and for all that everything taking place before him that evening had necessarily to be so.

The sound of the church singing ceased, and the voice of the clerical person was heard deferentially congratulating the sick man with having received the sacrament. The sick man went on lying in the same way, lifelessly and motionlessly. Around him everyone stirred, footsteps and whispers were heard, among which the whisper of Anna Mikhailovna stood out more sharply than the rest.

Pierre heard her say:

"He must be transferred to his bed, here it will be quite impossible . . ."

The sick man was so surrounded by doctors, princesses, and servants that Pierre could no longer see the reddish-yellow head with its grey mane, which, though he did see other faces, had never once left his sight during the whole service. By the cautious movements of the people standing around the armchair, Pierre guessed that the dying man was being lifted up and transferred.

"Hold on to my arm, otherwise you'll drop him," the frightened whisper of one of the servants reached him, "from below . . . one more," voices said, and

the heavy breathing and the tread of people's feet quickened, as if the load they were carrying was beyond their strength.

The carriers, who also included Anna Mikhailovna, came even with the young man, and for a moment, over people's backs and necks, he saw the high, fleshy, bared chest and massive shoulders of the sick man, raised up by the people who held him under the arms, and his curly, grey leonine head. That head, with its extraordinarily wide brow and cheekbones, handsome sensual mouth, and majestic, cold gaze, was not disfigured by the proximity of death. It was the same as Pierre had known it three months earlier, when the count had seen him off to Petersburg. But this head swayed helplessly from the uneven steps of the carriers, and the cold, indifferent gaze did not know where to rest.

Several minutes were spent bustling around the high bed; the people who had carried the sick man dispersed. Anna Mikhailovna touched Pierre's arm and said: "*Venez.*"* Together with her, Pierre went up to the bed, on which the sick man had been laid in a stately pose, evidently having to do with the just-received sacrament. He lay with his head resting on the highly propped pillows. His hands were symmetrically laid out, palms down, on the green silk coverlet. When Pierre went up, the count looked straight at him, but looked with a gaze the meaning and significance of which no man could possibly understand. Either this gaze said nothing at all, except that as long as one has eyes one must look somewhere, or it said all too much. Pierre stood there not knowing what to do, and looked questioningly at his guide, Anna Mikhailovna. Anna Mikhailovna made a hasty gesture with her eyes, indicating the sick man's hand and sending it an airborne kiss with her lips. Pierre, diligently stretching his neck so as not to snag the coverlet, followed her advice and put his lips to the wide-boned and fleshy hand. Neither the hand nor a single muscle of the count's face stirred. Pierre again looked questioningly at Anna Mikhailovna, asking what he was to do now. Anna Mikhailovna pointed him with her eyes to an armchair that stood by the bed. Pierre obediently began to sit down in the chair, his eyes still asking whether he was doing the right thing. Anna Mikhailovna nodded her head approvingly. Pierre again assumed the symmetrically naïve pose of an Egyptian statue, evidently regretting that his clumsy and fat body took up so much space, and applying all his inner forces to making himself seem as small as possible. He looked at the count. The count looked at the same place where Pierre's face had been when he was standing. Anna Mikhailovna's face expressed an awareness of the touching importance of this last-minute meeting of father and son. This went on for two minutes, which seemed like an hour to Pierre. Suddenly a shuddering came over the big muscles and furrows of the count's face. The shuddering increased, the hand-

*Come.

some mouth became contorted (only here did Pierre realize how close to death his father was), a vague, hoarse sound came from the contorted mouth. Anna Mikhailovna diligently looked into the sick man's eyes, trying to guess what he wanted, pointed to Pierre, then to the drink, then in a questioning whisper named Prince Vassily, then pointed to the coverlet. The sick man's eyes and face showed impatience. He made an effort to look at the servant who never left his post at the head of the bed.

"He would like to be turned on that side," whispered the servant, and he got up to turn the count's heavy body face to the wall.

Pierre stood up to help the servant.

As the count was being turned, one of his arms was left hanging helplessly, and he made a vain attempt to drag it over. Either the count noticed the horror with which Pierre looked at this lifeless arm, or some other thought flashed in his dying head at that moment, but he looked at the disobedient arm, at the expression of horror on Pierre's face, at the arm again, and on his face there appeared—so incongruous with his features—a faint, suffering smile, as if expressing mockery at his own strengthlessness. Unexpectedly, at the sight of this smile, Pierre felt a shuddering in his breast, a tickling in his nose, and tears blurred his vision. The sick man was turned on his side to the wall. He sighed.

"Il est assoupi," said Anna Mikhailovna, noticing the princess coming to replace them. *"Allons."**

Pierre went out.

XXI

There was no one in the reception room now except Prince Vassily and the elder princess, who were sitting under the portrait of Catherine having a lively talk. As soon as they saw Pierre with his guide, they fell silent. The princess hid something, as it seemed to Pierre, and whispered:

"I can't bear that woman."

"Catiche a fait donner du thé dans le petit salon," Prince Vassily said to Anna Mikhailovna. *"Allez, ma pauvre* Anna Mikhailovna, *prenez quelque chose, autrement vous ne suffirez pas."*†

He said nothing to Pierre, only squeezed his upper arm feelingly. Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna moved on to the small drawing room.

"Il n'y a rien qui restaure, comme une tasse de cet excellent thé Russe après une nuit blanche,"‡ said Lorrain, with an expression of restrained ani-

*He has dozed off . . . Let's go.

†Catiche has had tea served in the small drawing room. Go, my poor *Anna Mikhailovna,* have something, otherwise you won't hold out.

‡There's nothing so restorative as a cup of this excellent Russian tea after a sleepless night.

mation, sipping from a fine china cup without a handle, standing in the small, round drawing room in front of a table on which a tea service and a cold supper had been laid. Everyone who was in Count Bezukhov's house that night gathered around the table to fortify themselves. Pierre remembered very well this small, round drawing room with its mirrors and little tables. During balls at the count's house, Pierre, who danced poorly, liked to sit in this little room of mirrors and watch how ladies in ball gowns, with diamonds and pearls on their bare shoulders, passing through this room, looked at themselves in the brightly lit mirrors, which repeated their reflections several times. Now the same room was barely lit with two candles, and in the middle of the night a tea service and some dishes lay in disorder on one of the little tables, and various non-festive people, exchanging whispers, were sitting in it, showing with each movement, each word, that none of them had forgotten what was going on and was yet to be consummated in the bedroom. Pierre did not eat, though he very much wanted to. He glanced questioningly at his guide and saw her going out on tiptoe, back to the reception room, where Prince Vassily had remained with the elder princess. Pierre supposed that it had to be so, lingered a little, and followed her. Anna Mikhailovna was standing by the princess, and the two women were speaking simultaneously in agitated whispers.

"Allow me, Princess, to know what is and what is not necessary," the younger woman was saying, evidently in the same agitated state she had been in when she had slammed the door to her room.

"But, my dear princess," Anna Mikhailovna was saying meekly and persuasively, barring the way to the bedroom and preventing the princess from going in, "won't it be too hard on poor, dear uncle at such a moment, when he needs rest? To talk about worldly things at such a moment, when his soul is already prepared . . ."

Prince Vassily was sitting in an armchair, in his casual pose, one leg crossed high up over the other. His cheeks were twitching badly, and, when they slackened, seemed fatter below; but he had the look of a man who was little taken up with the conversation of the two ladies.

"*Voyons, ma bonne* Anna Mikhailovna, *laissez faire Catiche.** You know how the count loves her."

"I don't even know what's in this document," said the princess, turning to Prince Vassily and pointing to the inlaid portfolio she was holding in her hands. "I only know that the real will is in his desk, and this is a forgotten document . . ." She tried to go around Anna Mikhailovna, but Anna Mikhailovna sprang over and again barred her way.

"I know, dear, good princess," said Anna Mikhailovna, seizing the portfolio with her hand and so firmly that it was clear she would not soon let go

*Come, my good *Anna Mikhailovna,* let Catiche do as she likes.

of it. "Dear princess, I beg you, I beseech you, have pity on him. *Je vous en conjure . . .**

The princess said nothing. All that could be heard were the sounds of the efforts of the struggle over the portfolio. It was clear that if she did start to talk, it would not be flattering for Anna Mikhailovna. Anna Mikhailovna held on tight, but in spite of that her voice retained all its sweet, drawling softness.

"Pierre, come here, my friend. I think he won't be out of place in the family council—isn't that so, Prince?"

"Why are you silent, *mon cousin?*" the princess suddenly shouted so loudly that the people in the drawing room heard and were frightened by her voice. "Why are you silent, when here God knows who allows herself to interfere and make scenes on a dying's man's threshold? Intriguer!" she whispered spitefully and tugged at the portfolio with all her might, but Anna Mikhailovna went a few steps so as not to let go of the portfolio, and shifted her grip.

"Oh!" Prince Vassily said with reproach and astonishment. He got up. "*C'est ridicule. Voyons,* let go, I tell you."

The princess let go.

"You, too!"

Anna Mikhailovna did not obey him.

"Let go, I tell you. I take it all upon myself. I'll go and ask him. I . . . let that be enough for you."

"*Mais, mon prince,*" said Anna Mikhailovna, "give him a moment's rest after such a great sacrament. Here, Pierre, tell us your opinion," she turned to the young man who, coming up close to them, looked with astonishment at the princess's spiteful face, which had lost all decency, and at the twitching cheeks of Prince Vassily.

"Remember that you will answer for all the consequences," Prince Vassily said sternly. "You don't know what you're doing."

"Loathsome woman!" the princess cried, suddenly falling upon Anna Mikhailovna and tearing the portfolio from her.

Prince Vassily hung his head and spread his hands.

At that moment the door, that awful door at which Pierre had stared for so long and which had opened so softly, now opened noisily, banging against the wall, and the younger princess ran out clasping her hands.

"What are you doing!" she said desperately. "*Il s'en va et vous me laissez seule.*"†

The elder princess dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhailovna quickly bent down and, picking up the disputed object, ran to the bedroom. The elder princess and Prince Vassily came to their senses and followed her. A few min-

*I entreat you . . .

†He's going and you leave me alone.

utes later, the elder princess was the first to come out, with a pale and dry face, biting her lower lip. At the sight of Pierre, her face showed irrepressible spite.

"Yes, rejoice now," she said, "you've been waiting for this."

And, bursting into sobs, she covered her face with a handkerchief and ran out of the room.

After the princess, Prince Vassily came out. Staggering, he reached the sofa on which Pierre was sitting and collapsed on it, covering his eyes with his hand. Pierre noted that he was pale and his lower jaw was twitching and shaking as in a fever.

"Ah, my friend!" he said, taking Pierre by the elbow; and in his voice there was sincerity and weakness, such as Pierre had never noticed in him before. "We sin so much, we deceive so much, and all for what? I'm over fifty, my friend . . . I'll . . . Everything ends in death, everything. Death is terrible." He wept.

Anna Mikhailovna was the last to come out. She went to Pierre with quiet, slow steps.

"Pierre! . . ." she said.

Pierre looked at her questioningly. She kissed the young man on the forehead, wetting it with tears. She paused.

*"Il n'est plus . . ."**

Pierre looked at her through his spectacles.

"Allons, je vous reconduirai. Tâchez de pleurer. Rien ne soulage comme les larmes."†

She led him to the dark drawing room, and Pierre was glad that nobody could see his face. Anna Mikhailovna left him, and when she came back, he was sound asleep, his head resting on his arm.

The next morning Anna Mikhailovna said to Pierre:

"Oui, mon cher, c'est une grande perte pour nous tous. Je ne parle pas de vous. Mais Dieu vous soutiendra, vous êtes jeune et vous voilà à la tête d'une immense fortune, je l'espère. Le testament n'a pas été encore ouvert. Je vous connais assez pour savoir que cela ne vous tournera pas la tête, mais cela vous impose des devoirs, et il faut être homme."‡

Pierre was silent.

"Peut-être plus tard je vous dirai, mon cher, que si je n'avais pas été là, Dieu sait ce que serait arrivé. Vous savez mon oncle avant-hier encore me

*He's no more.

†Come, I'll see you out. Try to weep. Nothing relieves one like tears.

‡Yes, my dear, it is a great loss for us all. To say nothing of your. But God will sustain you, you are young, and here you are at the head of an immense fortune, I hope. The will has not yet been opened. I know you well enough to know that this will not turn your head, but it does impose duties on you, and one must be a man.

*promettait de ne pas oublier Boris. Mais il n'a pas eu le temps. J'espère, mon cher ami, que vous remplirez le désir de votre père."**

Pierre understood nothing and silently gazed at Anna Mikhailovna, blushing shyly. Having talked with Pierre, Anna Mikhailovna drove off to the Rostovs' and went to bed. She woke up in the morning and told the Rostovs and all her acquaintances the details of Count Bezukhov's death. She said that the count had died as she would like to die, that his end had been not only touching, but also instructive; and the last meeting of the father and son had been so touching that she could not recall it without tears, and that she did not know who had behaved better in those terrible moments: the father, who remembered everything and everyone so well in the last minutes and said such touching things to the son; or Pierre, who was a pity to see, he was so crushed, but who nevertheless tried to hide his sorrow, so as not to upset his dying father. *"C'est pénible, mais cela fait du bien; ça élève l'âme de voir des hommes comme le vieux comte et son digne fils,"*† she said. She also told disapprovingly about the actions of the princess and Prince Vassily, but as a great secret and in a whisper.

XXII

At Bald Hills, the estate of Prince Nikolai Andreevich Bolkonsky, the arrival of the young Prince Andrei and the princess was expected any day; but that expectation did not disrupt the harmonious order in which life went on in the old prince's house. General in Chief Prince Nikolai Andreevich, known in society as *le roi de Prusse,*‡ had been banished to his country estate under Paul, and had lived uninterruptedly at Bald Hills ever since, with his daughter, Princess Marya, and her companion, Mlle Bourienne. And under the new reign, though he was permitted entry to the capitals,[42] he went on living uninterruptedly in the country, saying that anyone who needed him could travel the hundred miles from Moscow to Bald Hills, but that he himself needed no one and nothing. He used to say that there were only two sources of human vice: idleness and superstition; and that there were only two virtues: activity and intelligence. He occupied himself personally with his daughter's upbringing, and to develop the two chief virtues in her, gave her lessons in algebra and geometry and portioned out her whole life among constant studies. He himself

*Perhaps later on I'll tell you, my dear, that if I hadn't been there, God knows what would have happened. You know my uncle just the day before yesterday promised me not to forget Boris. But he had no time. I hope, my dear friend, that you will fulfil your father's wish.

†It's painful, but it does one good; it elevates the soul to see men like the old count and his worthy son.

‡The king of Prussia.

was constantly occupied, now with writing his memoirs, now with higher mathematical calculations, now with turning snuffboxes on a lathe, now with working in the garden and supervising the construction work that never ceased on his estate. As the main condition for activity was order, so the order in his way of life was brought to the utmost degree of precision. His coming to the table was performed under the same invariable conditions, and not only at the same hour, but at the same minute. With the people around him, from his daughter to the servants, the prince was brusque and invariably demanding, and thus, without being cruel, inspired a fear and respect for himself such as the cruellest of men would not find it easy to obtain. Though he was retired and now had no importance in state affairs, every governor of the province in which the prince's estate lay considered it his duty to call on him and, like the architect, the gardener, or Princess Marya, to wait at the appointed hour for the prince to come out to the high-ceilinged waiting room. And each person in the waiting room experienced the same feeling of respect and even fear at the moment when the immensely high door to the study opened and revealed the small figure of the old man, in a powdered wig, with small dry hands and grey beetling brows, which sometimes, when he frowned, hid the brightness of his intelligent and youthfully bright eyes.

On the day of the young couple's arrival, in the morning, as usual, Princess Marya went into the waiting room at the appointed hour for the morning greeting and fearfully crossed herself and inwardly recited a prayer. Every day she went in and every day she prayed that this daily meeting would go well.

A powdered old servant who was sitting in the waiting room got up with a quiet movement and in a whisper announced: "If you please."

From behind the door came the regular sounds of a lathe. The princess timidly pulled the easily and smoothly opening door and stopped in the doorway. The prince was working at the lathe and, having glanced at her, went on with what he was doing.

The immense study was filled with things obviously in constant use. The big table with books and plans lying on it, the tall bookcases with keys in their glass doors, the tall table for writing in a standing position, on which lay an open notebook, the lathe with tools laid out and wood shavings strewn around it—everything spoke of constant, diverse, and orderly activity. By the movements of the small foot shod in a silver-embroidered Tartar boot, by the firm pressure of the sinewy, lean hand, one could see in the prince the still persistent and much-enduring strength of fresh old age. Having made a few more turns, he took his foot from the pedal of the lathe, wiped the chisel, dropped it into a leather pouch attached to the lathe, and, going to the table, called his daughter over. He never blessed his children, but, offering her his bristly, as yet unshaven cheek and giving her a stern and at the same time attentively tender look, merely said:

"Are you well? . . . Sit down, then!"

He took the geometry notebook, written in his own hand, and moved a chair over with his foot.

"For tomorrow!" he said, quickly finding the page and marking it paragraph by paragraph with his hard fingernail.

The princess bent to the table over the notebook.

"Wait, there's a letter for you," the old man said suddenly, taking an envelope with a woman's handwriting on it from a pouch attached to the table and dropping it in front of her.

At the sight of the letter, the princess's face became covered with red blotches. She hastily took it and bent over it.

"From Héloïse?"[43] asked the prince, baring his still strong and yellowish teeth in a cold smile.

"Yes, from Julie," said the princess, glancing up timidly and smiling timidly.

"I'll skip two letters and read the third," the prince said sternly. "I'm afraid you write a lot of nonsense. I'll read the third."

"You can read this one, *mon père*," the princess replied, blushing still more and handing him the letter.

"The third, I said, the third," the prince shouted curtly, pushing the letter away, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he drew the notebook with geometric drawings towards him.

"Well, ma'am," the old man began, bending close to his daughter over the notebook and putting one arm on the back of the chair in which the princess was sitting, so that the princess felt herself surrounded on all sides by her father's smell of tobacco and pungent old age, which she had known so long. "Well, ma'am, these triangles are similar; kindly look, the angle ABC . . ."

The princess glanced fearfully at her father's bright eyes, so near to her; red blotches came over her face, and it was obvious that she understood nothing, and was so afraid that fear would prevent her from understanding all of her father's further explanations, however clear they were. Whether it was the teacher or the pupil who was at fault, the same thing repeated itself each day: the princess felt giddy, saw nothing, heard nothing, but only felt the lean face of her stern father near her, felt his breathing and his smell, and thought only of how to get out of the study as quickly as possible and work out the problem in the freedom of her own room. The old man would get beside himself: he would noisily move the chair he was sitting in back and forth, try hard to keep himself from flying into a rage, and almost always flew into a rage, poured out abuse, and sometimes flung the notebook away.

The princess gave the wrong answer.

"Well, aren't you a fool!" shouted the prince, shoving the notebook away, but he got up at once, paced about, touched the princess's hair with his hands, and sat down again.

He moved closer and continued his explanations.

"It won't do, Princess, it won't do," he said, when the princess, having taken and closed the notebook with the next day's lesson, was getting ready to leave. "Mathematics is a great thing, my lady. And I don't want you to be like our stupid women here. Much patience, much pleasure." He patted her on the cheek. "It will knock the foolishness out of your head."

She was about to leave, but he gestured for her to stop and took a new, uncut book from the tall table.

"Here's some *Key to the Mystery*[44] your Héloïse sends you. Religious. But I don't interfere with anyone's beliefs . . . I've looked through it. Take it. Well, off with you, off with you!"

He patted her on the shoulder and locked the door behind her himself.

Princess Marya went back to her room with the sad, frightened expression which rarely left her and made her unattractive, sickly face still more unattractive, and sat down at her desk, covered with miniature portraits and heaped with books and notebooks. The princess was as disorderly as her father was orderly. She put down her geometry notebook and impatiently unsealed the letter. The letter was from the princess's closest childhood friend; this friend was that same Julie Karagin who had been at the Rostovs' name-day party.

Julie wrote:

*Chère et excellente amie, quelle chose terrible et effrayante que l'absence! J'ai beau me dire que la moitié de mon existence et de mon bonheur est en vous, que malgré la distance qui nous sépare, nos coeurs sont unis par des liens indissolubles; le mien se révolte contre la destinée, et je ne puis, malgré les plaisirs et les distractions qui m'entourent, vaincre une certaine tristesse cachée que je ressens au fond du coeur depuis notre séparation. Pourquoi ne sommes-nous pas réunies, comme cette été dans votre grand cabinet sur le canapé bleu, le canapé à confidences? Pourquoi ne puis-je, comme il y a trois mois, puiser de nouvelles forces morales dans votre regard si doux, si calme et si pénétrant, regard que j'aimais tant et que je crois voir devant moi, quand je vous écris?**

Having read that far, Princess Marya sighed and glanced into the pier glass that stood to the right of her. The mirror reflected an unattractive, weak body

**Dear and excellent friend, what a terrible and frightening thing is absence! Though I tell myself that half of my existence and of my happiness is in you, that despite the distance which separates us, our hearts are united by indissoluble bonds, my own heart revolts against destiny, and despite the pleasures and distractions that surround me, I am unable to overcome a certain hidden sadness which I feel at the bottom of my heart since our separation. Why are we not reunited, as this summer in your big study on the blue couch, the couch of confidences? Why can I not, as three months ago, draw new moral strength from your look, so gentle, so calm, so penetrating, that look I loved so much and that I think I see before me as I write to you?

and a thin face. Her eyes, always sad, now looked into the mirror with particular hopelessness. "She's flattering me," thought the princess, and she turned away and went on reading. Julie, however, was not flattering her friend: indeed, the princess's eyes, large, deep, and luminous (sometimes it was as if rays of warm light came from them in sheaves), were so beautiful that very often, despite the unattractiveness of the whole face, those eyes were more attractive than beauty. But the princess had never seen the good expression of those eyes, the expression they had in moments when she was not thinking of herself. As with all people, the moment she looked in the mirror, her face assumed a strained, unnatural, bad expression. She went on reading:

Tout Moscou ne parle que guerre. L'un de mes deux frères est déjà a l'étranger, l'autre est avec la garde, qui se met en marche vers la frontière. Notre cher empereur a quitté Pétersbourg et, à ce qu'on prétend, compte lui-même exposer sa précieuse existence aux chances de la guerre. Dieu veuille que le monstre corsicain, qui détruit le repos de l'Europe, soit terrassé par l'ange que le tout-puissant, dans sa miséricorde, nous a donné pour souverain. Sans parler de mes frères, cette guerre m'a privée d'une relation des plus chères à mon coeur. Je parle du jeune Nicolas Rostoff, qui avec son enthousiasme n'a pu supporter l'inaction et a quitté l'université pour aller s'enrôler dans l'armée. Eh bien, chère Marie, je vous avouerai, que, malgré son extrême jeunesse, son départ pour l'armée a été un grand chagrin pour moi. Le jeune homme, dont je vous parlais cet été, a tant de noblesse, de veritable jeunesse qu'on rencontre si rarement dans le siècle où nous vivons parmi nos vieillards de vingt ans. Il a surtout tant de franchise et de coeur. Il est tellement pur et poétique, que mes relations avec lui, quelques passagères qu'elles fussent, ont été l'une des plus douces jouissances de mon pauvre coeur, qui a déjà tant souffert. Je vous raconterai un jour nos adieux et tout ce qui s'est dit en partant. Tout cela est encore trop frais. Ah! chère amie,*

*All Moscow talks only of war. One of my two brothers is already abroad, the other is with the guards, who are starting on the march to the frontier. Our dear emperor has left Petersburg and, they claim, is intending to expose his own precious existence to the hazards of war. God grant that the Corsican monster, who is destroying the peace of Europe, be overthrown by the angel whom the Almighty, in His mercy, has given us for a sovereign. Not to mention my brothers, this war has deprived me of a relation that is one of the dearest to my heart. I am speaking of young Nikolai Rostov, who with his enthusiasm could not bear inaction and has left the university to go and enlist in the army. Well, dear Marie, I'll admit to you that, despite his extreme youth, his leaving for the army has been a great sadness for me. The young man, of whom I spoke to you this summer, has so much nobility, so much true youthfulness, which one encounters so rarely in the age we live in among our old men of twenty. Above all he has so much candour and heart. He is so pure and poetical that my relations with him, ephemeral as they were, have been one of the sweetest joys of my poor heart, which has already suffered so much. One day I'll tell you about our farewells and all that got said in parting. It's all still too fresh. Ah! dear friend, you are fortunate not to know these

vous êtes heureuse de ne pas connaître ces jouissances et ces peines si poignantes. Vous êtes heureuse, puisque les dernières—sont ordinairement les plus fortes! Je sais fort bien que le comte Nicolas est trop jeune pour pouvoir jamais devenir pour moi quelque chose de plus qu'un ami, mais cette douce amitié, ces relations si poétiques et si pures ont été un besoin pour mon coeur. Mais n'en parlons plus. La grande nouvelle du jour qui occupe tout Moscou est la mort du vieux comte Bezukhov *et son héritage. Figurez-vous que les trois princesses n'ont reçu que très peu de chose, le prince Basile rien, et que c'est M. Pierre qui a tout hérité, et qui par-dessus le marché a été reconnu pour fils légitime, par conséquant comte* Bezukhov *et possesseur de la plus belle fortune de la Russie. On prétend que le prince Basile a joué un très vilain rôle dans toute cette histoire et qu'il est reparti tout penaud pour Pétersbourg.*

Je vous avoue, que je comprends très peu toutes ces affaires de legs et de testament; ce que je sais, c'est que depuis que le jeune homme que nous connaissions tous sous le nom de M. Pierre tout court est devenu comte Bezukhov *et possesseur de l'une des plus grandes fortunes de la Russie, je m'amuse fort à observer les changements de ton et des manières des mamans accablées de filles à marier et des demoiselles elles-mêmes à l'égard de cet individu, qui, par parenthèse, m'a paru toujours être un pauvre sire. Comme on s'amuse depuis deux ans à me donner des promis que je ne connais pas le plus souvent, la chronique matrimoniale de Moscou me fait comtesse* Bezukhov. *Mais vous sentez bien que je ne me soucie nullement de le devenir. A propos de mariage, savez-vous que tout dernièrement la "tante en générale"* Anna Mikhailovna *m'a confié sous le sceau du plus grand secret*

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so poignant joys and sorrows. You are fortunate, because the latter—are usually the stronger! I know very well that Count Nikolai is too young ever to be able to be anything more than a friend to me, but this sweet friendship, these relations, so poetical and so pure, have been a need of my heart. But let us speak no more of that. The big news of the day, with which all Moscow is taken up, is the death of old Count *Bezukhov* and his inheritance. Imagine, the three princesses got very little, Prince Vassily nothing, and it is M. Pierre who has inherited everything, and who on top of that has been recognized as a legitimate son, consequently as Count *Bezukhov* and possessor of the handsomest fortune in Russia. They claim that Prince Vassily played a very nasty role in this whole story and that he has gone back quite sheepishly to Petersburg.

I confess to you that I understand very little of all these matters of legacies and wills; what I do know is that since the young man we knew simply under the name of M. Pierre has become Count *Bezukhov* and possessor of one of the largest fortunes in Russia, I have been much amused to observe the changes of tone and manners of mamas burdened with marriageable daughters and of the young ladies themselves with regard to this individual, who, parenthetically, has always seemed a poor sort to me. Since people have amused themselves for the past two years by making matches for me that I mostly knew nothing about, the matrimonial chronicle of Moscow is now making me Countess *Bezukhov*. But you can feel very well that I do not care at all to become that. Speaking of marriage, do you know that the "aunt in general" *Anna Mikhailovna*, under the seal of the greatest secrecy, has confided to me a plan to get you married? It is no more nor less than the son of Prince Vassily, Anatole, whom they would like to set up by marrying him to a rich and distin-

un projet de mariage pour vous. Ce n'est ni plus ni moins, que le fils du prince Basile, Anatole, qu'on voudrait ranger en le mariant à une personne riche et distinguée, et c'est sur vous qu'est tombé le choix des parents. Je ne sais comment vous envisagerez la chose, mais j'ai cru de mon devoir de vous en avertir. On le dit très beau et très mauvais sujet; c'est tout ce que j'ai pu savoir sur son compte.

Mais assez de bavardage comme cela. Je finis mon second feuillet, et maman me fait chercher pour aller dîner chez les Apraksines. Lisez le livre mystique que je vous envoie et qui fait fureur chez nous. Quoiqu'il y ait des choses dans ce livre difficiles à atteindre avec la faible conception humaine, c'est un livre admirable dont la lecture calme et élève l'âme. Adieu. Mes respects à monsieur votre père et mes compliments à mlle Bourienne. Je vous embrasse comme je vous aime.

Julie.

P.S. Donnez-moi des nouvelles de votre frère et de sa charmante petite femme.

The princess pondered, smiled pensively (at which her face, lit up by her luminous eyes, was completely transformed) and, suddenly getting up, went with her heavy step to the desk. She took out some paper, and her hand quickly began moving across it. This is what she wrote in reply:

Chère et excellente amie. Votre lettre du 13 m'a causé une grande joie. Vous m'aimez donc toujours, ma poétique Julie. L'absence, dont vous dites tant de mal, n'a donc pas eu son influence habituelle sur vous. Vous vous plaignez de l'absence—que devrai-je dire moi si* j'osais *me plaindre, privée de tous ceux qui me sont chers? Ah! si nous n'avions pas la religion pour nous consoler, la vie serait bien triste. Pourquoi me supposez-vous un regard sévère, quand vous me parlez de votre affection pour le jeune homme? Sous*

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guished person, and the choice of the parents has fallen on you. I do not know how you would look at it, but I thought it my duty to warn you of it. He's said to be very handsome and a very bad boy; that is all I have been able to learn about him.

But enough of this chattering. I am finishing my second sheet, and mama has sent for me to go to dinner at the Apraksins. Read the mystical book I am sending you and that is causing a furore here. Though there are things in this book that are hard to grasp with weak human understanding, it is an admirable book, the reading of which calms and elevates the soul. Farewell. My respects to your father and my compliments to Mlle Bourienne. I embrace you as I love you. Julie. P.S. Give me news of your brother and his charming little wife.

*Dear and excellent friend. Your letter of the 13th gave me great joy. So you still love me, my poetical Julie. Absence, of which you say such bad things, has thus not had its usual influence on you. You complain about absence—what would I have to say if I *dared* to complain, deprived of all those who are dear to me? Ah! if we did not have religion to console us, life would be quite sad. Why do you suppose me to have a stern look when you speak to me of your affection for the young man? In that connection I am strict only with myself. I understand these feelings in others and if I cannot approve of them, never having felt them, I do not condemn them. It only seems to me that

ce rapport je ne suis rigide que pour moi. Je comprends ces sentiments chez les autres et si je ne puis approuver ne les ayant jamais ressentis, je ne les condamne pas. Il me paraît seulement que l'amour chrétien, l'amour du prochain, l'amour pour ses ennemis est plus méritoire, plus doux et plus beau, que ne le sont les sentiments que peuvent inspirer les beaux yeux d'un jeune homme à une jeune fille poétique et aimante comme vous.

La nouvelle de la mort du comte Bezukhov *nous est parvenue avant votre lettre, et mon père en a été très affecté. Il dit que c'était l'avant-dernier représentant du grand siècle, et qu'à présent c'est son tour; mais qu'il fera son possible pour que son tour vienne le plus tard possible. Que Dieu nous garde de ce terrible malheur! Je ne puis partager votre opinion sur Pierre que j'ai connu enfant. Il me paraissait toujours avoir un coeur excellent, et c'est la qualité que j'estime le plus dans les gens. Quant à son héritage et au rôle qu'y a joué le prince Basile, c'est bien triste pour tous les deux. Ah! chère amie, la parole de notre divin Sauveur qu'il est plus aisé à un chameau de passer par le trou d'une aiguille, qu'il ne l'est à un riche d'entrer dans le royaume de Dieu, cette parole est terriblement vraie; je plains le prince Basile et je regrette encore davantage Pierre. Si jeune et accablé de cette richesse, que de tentations n'aura-t-il pas a subir! Si on me demandait ce que je désirerais le plus au monde, ce serait d'être plus pauvre que le plus pauvre des mendiants. Mille grâces, chère amie, pour l'ouvrage que vous m'envoyez, et qui fait si grande fureur chez vous. Cependant, puisque vous me dites qu'au milieu de plusieurs bonnes choses il y en a d'autres que la faible conception humaine ne peut atteindre, il me paraît assez inutile de s'occuper d'une lecture inintelligible; qui par là même, ne pourrait être d'aucun fruit. Je n'ai jamais pu comprendre la passion qu'ont certaines personnes de s'em-*

Christian love, the love of one's neighbour, the love for one's enemies, is more meritorious, sweeter, and more beautiful than are the feelings that the beautiful eyes of a young man can inspire in a poetical and loving young girl like you.

The news of the death of Count *Bezukhov* reached us before your letter, and my father was much affected by it. He says that he was the next-to-last representative of the grand century, and that now it is his turn; but that he will do his best to put his turn off as long as possible. God keeps us from that terrible misfortune! I cannot share your opinion of Pierre, whom I knew as a child. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart, and that is the quality I esteem the most in people. As for his inheritance and the role Prince Vassily played in it, it is a sad thing for them both. Ah! dear friend, the word of our divine Saviour, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, that word is terribly true; I pity Prince Vassily and I feel even sorrier for Pierre. So young and burdened with such wealth, what temptations he will have to endure! If I were asked what I would like most in the world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest beggar. A thousand thanks, dear friend, for the work you have sent me, and which is causing such a furore there. However, since you tell me that amidst several good things there are others that weak human understanding cannot grasp, it would seem to me rather useless to occupy myself with unintelligible reading-matter, which by that very fact cannot be of any fruit. I have never been able to understand the passion certain persons have for muddling their wits by fastening upon mystical books, which only awaken doubts in their minds, excite their imagination,

brouiller l'entendement, en s'attachant à des livres mystiques, qui n'élèvent que des doutes dans leurs esprits, exaltent leur imagination et leur donnent un charactère d'exagération tout-à-fait contraire à la simplicité Chrétienne. Lisons les Apôtres et l'Évangile. Ne cherchons pas à pénétrer ce que ceux-là renferment de mystérieux, car, comment oserions-nous, misérable pécheurs que nous sommes, prétendre à nous initier dans les secrets terribles et sacrés de la Providence, tant que nous portons cette dépouille charnelle, qui élève entre nous et l'éternel un voile impénétrable? Bornons-nous donc à étudier les principes sublimes que notre divin Sauveur nous a laissé pour notre conduite ici-bas; cherchons à nous y conformer et à les suivre, persuadons-nous que moins nous donnons d'essor à notre faible esprit humain et plus il est agréable à Dieu, qui rejette toute science ne venant pas de lui; que moins nous cherchons à approfondir ce qu'il lui a plu de dérober à notre connaissance, et plutôt il nous en accordera la découverte par son divin esprit.

Mon père ne m'a pas parlé du prétendant, mais il m'a dit seulement qu'il a reçu une lettre et attendait une visite du prince Basile. Pour ce qui est du projet de mariage qui me regarde, je vous dirai, chère et excellente amie, que le mariage, selon moi, est une institution divine à laquelle il faut se conformer. Quelque pénible que cela soit pour moi, si le Tout-puissant m'impose jamais les devoirs d'épouse et de mère, je tâcherai de les remplir aussi fidèlement que je le pourrai, sans m'inquieter de l'examen de mes sentiments à l'égard de celui qu'il me donnera pour époux.

J'ai reçu une lettre de mon frère, qui m'annonce son arrivée à Bald Hills *avec sa femme. Ce sera une joie de courte durée, puisqu'il nous quitte pour prendre part à cette malheureuse guerre, à laquelle nous sommes entraînés*

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and give them an exaggerated character totally contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospel. Let us not seek to penetrate what they contain of the mysterious, for how should we dare aspire, miserable sinners that we are, to initiate ourselves into the terrible and sacred secrets of Providence, so long as we wear this fleshly husk, which raises an impenetrable veil between us and the eternal? Let us limit ourselves, then, to studying the sublime principles that our divine Saviour has left us for our conduct here below; let us seek to conform ourselves to them and to follow them, let us persuade ourselves that the less flight we give to our weak human spirit, the more pleasing it is to God, who rejects all science that does not come from Him; that the less we seek to delve into what He has been pleased to conceal from our knowledge, the sooner He will grant us the discovery of it through His divine spirit.

My father did not speak to me of the suitor, he only told me that he had received a letter and was awaiting a visit from Prince Vassily. As for the marriage plan regarding me, I shall tell you, dear and excellent friend, that for me marriage is a divine institution to which one must conform oneself. However painful it may be for me, if the Almighty ever imposes upon me the duties of a wife and mother, I shall try to fulfil them as faithfully as I can, without troubling myself with the examination of my feelings regarding him whom He will give me for a husband.

I have received a letter from my brother, who announces his arrival at *Bald Hills* with his wife. This will be a short-lived joy, since he is leaving us to take part in this wretched war, into which we are being dragged God knows how or why. Not just with you there in the centre of affairs and of

Dieu sait comment et pourquoi. Non seulement chez vous au centre des affaires et du monde on ne parle que de guerre, mais ici, au milieu de ces travaux champêtres et de ce calme de la nature que les citadins se représentent ordinairement à la campagne, les bruits de la guerre se font entendre et sentir péniblement. Mon père ne parle que marche et contremarche, choses auxquelles je ne comprends rien; et avant hier en faisant ma promenade habituelle dans la rue du village, je fus témoin d'une scène déchirante . . . C'était un convoi des recrues enrôlées chez nous et expédiées pour l'armée . . . Il fallait voir l'état dans lequel se trouvaient les mères, les femmes, les enfants des hommes qui partaient et entendre les sanglots des uns et des autres! On dirait que l'humanité a oublié les lois de son divin Sauveur, qui prêchait l'amour et le pardon des offenses, et qu'elle fait consister son plus grand mérite dans l'art de s'entretuer.

Adieu, chère et bonne amie, que notre divin Sauveur et sa très sainte Mère vous aient en leur sainte et puissante garde.

Marie.

*"Ah, vous expédiez le courrier, princesse, moi j'ai déjà expedié le mien. J'ai écris à ma pauvre mère,"** the smiling Mlle Bourienne spoke in a quick, pleasant, juicy little voice, swallowing her *r*s and bringing with her into the concentrated, sad, and dreary atmosphere of Princess Marya a completely different, frivolously gay and self-contented world.

"Princesse, il faut que je vous prévienne," she added, lowering her voice, *"le prince a eu une altercation,"* she said, deliberately swallowing her *r*s and listening to herself with pleasure, *"une altercation avec Michel Ivanoff. Il est de très mauvaise humeur, très morose. Soyez prévenue, vous savez . . ."*†

"Ah, chère amie," answered Princess Marya, *"je vous ai priée de ne jamais me prévenir de l'humeur dans laquelle se trouve mon père. Je ne me permets pas de le juger, et je ne voudrais pas que les autres le fassent."*‡

The princess glanced at her watch and noticing that she was already five

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the world is there talk only of war, but here, in the midst of these rural labours and this calm of nature which city dwellers usually picture to themselves in the country, the noise of war makes itself heard and felt painfully. My father speaks of nothing but marches and countermarches, things of which I have no understanding; and the day before yesterday, while going for my usual stroll along the village street, I was witness to a heartrending scene . . . It was a convoy of recruits enlisted from our estate and being sent off to the army . . . You should have seen the state that the mothers, the wives, the children of these departing men were in, and heard the sobs on both sides! You would think that humanity has forgotten the laws of its divine Saviour, who preached love and the forgiveness of transgressions, and that it finds its greatest merit in the art of mutual killing.

Farewell, dear and good friend. May our divine Saviour and His most holy Mother keep you in their holy and powerful care. Marie.

*Ah, you're sending a letter, Princess, I've already sent mine. I wrote to my poor mother.

†Princess, I must warn you . . . the prince has had an altercation . . . an altercation with Mikhail Ivanov. He's in a very bad humour, very morose. Be warned, you know . . .

‡Ah! dear friend . . . I've begged you never to warn me of the humour my father happens to be in. I do not allow myself to judge him, and I would prefer that others not do so.

minutes late for playing the clavichord, went with a frightened face to the sitting room. According to the established order of the day, between noon and two o'clock the prince rested and the princess played the clavichord.

XXIII

The grey-haired valet sat dozing and listening to the prince's snoring in the immense study. From the far side of the house, from behind a closed door, came the sounds of a Dusek sonata,[45] the difficult passages repeated twenty times.

Just then a carriage and a britzka drove up to the porch, and from the carriage stepped Prince Andrei, who helped his little wife out and allowed her to go ahead. Grey-haired Tikhon, in a wig, stuck himself out of the door of the waiting room, said in a whisper that the prince was sleeping, and hastily closed the door. Tikhon knew that neither the son's arrival nor any sort of extraordinary event was to interrupt the order of the day. Prince Andrei evidently knew it as well as Tikhon; he looked at his watch, as if to check whether his father's habits had changed during the time he had not seen him, and, verifying that they had not, turned to his wife.

"He'll get up in twenty minutes. Let's go to Princess Marya," he said.

The little princess had filled out during this time, but her eyes and her short lip with its little moustache and smile rose as gaily and sweetly as ever when she began to speak.

"Mais c'est un palais," she said to her husband, looking around with the expression of someone paying compliments to the host at a ball. *"Allons, vite, vite! . . ."** Looking about, she smiled at Tikhon, and at her husband, and at the servant who accompanied them.

"C'est Marie qui s'exerce? Allons doucement, il faut la surprendre."†

Prince Andrei walked behind her with a polite and sad expression.

"You've aged, Tikhon," he said to the old man, who kissed his hand as he passed.

Before the room from which the sounds of the clavichord came, a pretty blonde Frenchwoman popped out of a side door. Mlle Bourienne seemed wildly ecstatic.

"Ah! quel bonheur pour la princesse," she said. *"Enfin! Il faut que je la prévienne."*‡

"Non, non, de grâce . . . Vous êtes Mlle Bourienne, je vous connais déjà par l'amitié que vous porte ma belle-soeur," said the princess, kissing her. *"Elle ne nous attend pas!"*§

*Why, it's a palace . . . Let's go, quickly, quickly!

†Is that Marie practising? Let's go quietly, we must surprise her.

‡Ah! what happiness for the princess . . . At last! I must inform her.

§No, no, please . . . You are Mlle Bourienne, I know you already by the friendship my sister-in-law feels for you . . . She's not expecting us!

They went up to the door of the sitting room, through which came the sounds of the same passage repeated again and again. Prince Andrei stopped and winced, as if expecting something unpleasant.

The princess went in. The passage broke off in the middle; a cry was heard, then the heavy footsteps of Princess Marya and the sounds of kissing. When Prince Andrei went in, the two princesses, who had seen each other only once for a short time at Prince Andrei's wedding, were standing with their arms round each other, their lips pressed hard to whatever place they had happened upon in the first moment. Mlle Bourienne was standing beside them, her hands pressed to her heart, smiling piously, apparently as ready to weep as to laugh. Prince Andrei shrugged his shoulders and winced, as music lovers wince when they hear a false note. The two women let go of each other, then again, as if fearing it would be too late, seized each other by the hands, began kissing, tore their hands away, and then again began kissing each other on the face, and, quite unexpectedly for Prince Andrei, they both wept and began to kiss again. Mlle Bourienne also wept. Prince Andrei obviously felt awkward; but for the two women it seemed natural to weep; it seemed it had never occurred to them that their meeting could be otherwise.

"Ah! chère! . . . Ah! Marie! . . ." the two women suddenly began to speak and then laughed. *"J'ai rêvé cette nuit . . ." "Vous ne nous attendiez donc pas? . . ." "Ah, Marie, vous avez maigri . . ." "Et vous avez repris . . ."**

"J'ai tout de suite reconnu madame la princesse,"† Mlle Bourienne put in.

"Et moi qui ne me doutais pas! . . ." exclaimed Princess Marya. *"Ah! André, je ne vous voyais pas."*‡

Prince Andrei and his sister kissed each other's hands, and he told her she was the same *pleurnicheuse*§ she had always been. Princess Marya turned to her brother, and through her tears the loving, warm, and meek gaze of her big, luminous eyes, very beautiful at that moment, rested on Prince Andrei's face.

The little princess talked non-stop. Her short upper lip with its moustache would momentarily flit down, touching, where it had to, the rosy lower lip, and open up again in a smile of gleaming teeth and eyes. She told about an incident that had happened to her on Spasskoe Hill, which was dangerous for her in her condition, and just after that said she had left all her dresses in Petersburg and would go about here in God knows what, and that Andrei was quite changed, and that Kitty Ordyntsev had married an old man, and that there was

*Ah! dear! . . . Ah! Marie! . . . I dreamed last night . . . So you weren't expecting us? . . . Ah, Marie, you've grown thinner . . . And you have put on weight!

†And I recognized madame the princess at once.

‡And I had no idea! . . . Ah! André, I didn't see you.

§Crybaby.

a suitor for Princess Marya *pour tout de bon,** but we'll talk about that later. Princess Marya went on silently looking at her brother, and there was love and sadness in her beautiful eyes. It was clear that she had established her own train of thought, independent of her sister-in-law's talk. In the middle of her story about the last fête in Petersburg, she addressed her brother.

"And you're decidedly going to the war, André?" she said, sighing.

Lise also sighed.

"Tomorrow even," her brother answered.

"Il m'abandonne ici et Dieu sait pourquoi, quand il aurait pu avoir de l'avancement . . ."†

Princess Marya did not finish listening and, continuing with the thread of her thoughts, turned to her sister-in-law, her gentle eyes indicating her stomach.

"Is it certain?" she asked.

The princess's face changed. She sighed.

"Yes, certain," she said. "Ah! It's very frightening . . ."

Liza's little lip lowered. She brought her face close to her sister-in-law's face and again wept unexpectedly.

"She needs rest," said Prince Andrei, wincing. "Isn't it so, Liza? Take her to your rooms, and I'll go to father. How is he, the same?"

"The same, yes, the same; I don't know whether in your eyes," the princess replied joyfully.

"The same hours, and the strolls in the avenues? The lathe?" asked Prince Andrei with a barely perceptible smile, which showed that, despite all his love and respect for his father, he was aware of his weaknesses.

"The same hours, and the lathe, also mathematics, and my geometry lessons," Princess Marya replied joyfully, as though her lessons in geometry were one of the most joyful impressions of her life.

When they had waited out the twenty minutes until it was time for the old prince to get up, Tikhon came to summon the young prince to his father. In honour of his son's arrival, the old man had made an exception in his way of life: he gave orders to allow him into his part of the house while he was still dressing for dinner. The prince held to the old fashion of wearing a kaftan and powdering his hair. And at the moment when Prince Andrei (not with that peevish expression and manner he assumed in drawing rooms, but with the same animated face he had when he talked with Pierre) came to his father's, the old man was sitting in his dressing room, on a wide morocco-upholstered armchair, in a powdering mantle, entrusting his head to Tikhon's hands.

"Ah! The warrior! So you want to defeat Bonaparte?" said the old man, shaking his powdered head as much as the braided queue, which was in Tikhon's hands, would let him. "At least give him a good drubbing, or pretty

*In all reality.

†He's abandoning me here and God knows why, when he could have had a promotion . . .

soon he'll be writing us down, too, as his subjects. Greetings!" And he offered his cheek.

The old man was in high spirits following his before-dinner nap. (He used to say that an after-dinner nap was silver, but a before-dinner nap was gold.) He joyfully cast sidelong glances at his son from under his thick, beetling brows. Prince Andrei went up and kissed his father on the place indicated to him. He did not respond to his father's favourite subject—poking fun at the present-day military, and especially at Bonaparte.

"Yes, I've come to see you, papa, and with a pregnant wife," said Prince Andrei, his animated and respectful eyes following the movement of every feature of his father's face. "How is your health?"

"Only fools and profligates can be unwell, my boy, and you know me: I'm busy from morning till evening, I'm temperate, and so I'm well."

"Thank God," his son said, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with it. Well, tell me," he went on, getting back on his hobbyhorse, "how have the Germans taught you to fight Bonaparte by this new science of yours known as strategy?"

Prince Andrei smiled.

"Let me collect my wits, papa," he said, with a smile which showed that his father's weaknesses did not prevent him from loving and respecting him. "I haven't even settled in."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man, shaking his queue to see whether it was tightly braided and seizing his son's arm. "The house is ready for your wife. Princess Marya will take her around and show her and babble three cartloads. That's their womanish business. I'm glad of her. Sit down, tell me. Mikhelson's army I understand, and Tolstoy's . . . a simultaneous landing . . . What's the southern army going to do? Prussia, neutrality . . . that I know. What about Austria?" he said, getting up from his chair and pacing the room, with Tikhon running after him and handing him pieces of clothing. "What about Sweden? How will they cross Pomerania?"[46]

Seeing his father's insistent demand, Prince Andrei, reluctantly at first, but then with more and more animation, and inadvertently switching from Russian to French, out of habit, in the middle of his discourse, began to explain the plan of operations for the proposed campaign. He told how a ninety-thousand-man army was to threaten Prussia, so as to draw her out of neutrality and involve her in the war, how part of that army was to unite with the Swedish army in Strahlsund, how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians, united with a hundred thousand Russians, were to go into action in Italy and on the Rhine, and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English would land at Naples, and how in all a five-hundred-thousand-strong army was to attack the French from different sides. The old prince showed not the slightest interest during the telling, as though he was not listening, and,

continuing to dress as he paced, interrupted him three times unexpectedly. Once he stopped him and shouted:

"The white one! the white one!"

This meant that Tikhon had not handed him the waistcoat he wanted. Another time he stopped, asked:

"And how soon will she give birth?" and, shaking his head reproachfully, said: "Not good! Go on, go on."

The third time, as Prince Andrei was finishing his description, the old man sang in an old man's off-key voice: "*Malbroug s'en va-t-en guerre. Dieu sait quand reviendra.*"*[47]

His son merely smiled.

"I'm not saying that this is a plan I approve of," the son said, "I've only told you what's in it. Napoleon has already put together a plan no worse than this one."

"Well, you haven't told me anything new." And the old man muttered pensively to himself in a quick patter: "*Dieu sait quand reviendra.* Go to the dining room."

XXIV

At the appointed hour, powdered and clean-shaven, the prince came out to the dining room, where he was awaited by his daughter-in-law, Princess Marya, Mlle Bourienne, and the prince's architect, who by the prince's strange caprice was admitted to the table, though by his insignificant position the man could in no way count on such an honour. The prince, who in his life kept firmly to social distinctions and rarely admitted even important provincial officials to the table, suddenly decided to demonstrate by means of the architect Mikhail Ivanovich, who used to blow his nose in the corner on a checkered handkerchief, that all men are equal, and more than once impressed it upon his daughter that Mikhail Ivanovich was no worse than you or I. At table the prince most often addressed himself to the wordless Mikhail Ivanovich.

In the dining room, immensely high like all the rooms in the house, the prince's entrance was awaited by the domestics and servants standing behind each chair; the butler, a napkin over his arm, examined the place settings, winking to the lackeys and constantly shifting his anxious gaze from the wall clock to the door from which the prince was to appear. Prince Andrei was looking at a huge gilded frame, new to him, with a picture of the family tree of the princes Bolkonsky, which hung across the room from an equally huge frame with a poorly painted portrait (obviously from the hand of a household

*Malbroug [Marlborough] is going to war. God knows when he'll come back.

artist) of a sovereign prince in a crown, who was supposed to be a descendant of Rurik and the first ancestor of the Bolkonsky family. Prince Andrei looked at this genealogical tree, shaking his head and chuckling with the air of someone looking at a portrait that is a ridiculously good likeness.

"That's him all over!" he said to Prince Marya, who came up to him.

Princess Marya looked at her brother in surprise. She did not understand what made him smile. Everything her father did evoked an awe in her which was not subject to discussion.

"Every man has his Achilles' heel," Prince Andrei went on. "With *his* enormous intelligence, *donner dans ce ridicule!*"*

Princess Marya could not understand her brother's bold opinions and was getting ready to object to him when the awaited footsteps were heard from the study: the prince came in quickly, gaily, as he always did, as if deliberately contrasting his hasty manners to the strict order of the house. At the same moment, the big clock struck two and another in the drawing room responded in a high voice. The prince stopped; from under his thick, beetling brows, his lively, bright, stern eyes looked around at everyone and rested on the young princess. The young princess experienced at that moment the feeling courtiers experience at the appearance of the tsar, that feeling of fear and respect which this old man evoked in all those around him. He stroked the princess's head and then, with an awkward gesture, patted her on the back of the neck.

"Delighted, delighted," he said and, looking her intently in the eye once again, quickly stepped away and sat down in his place. "Sit down, sit down! Mikhail Ivanovich, sit down."

He pointed his daughter-in-law to the place next to him. A servant pulled out the chair for her.

"Ho, ho!" said the old man, looking at her rounded waist. "Rushing things; that's not good!"

He laughed drily, coldly, unpleasantly, as he always laughed—only with his mouth, not with his eyes.

"You must walk, walk as much as possible, as much as possible," he said.

The little princess either did not hear or did not want to hear his words. She was silent and seemed embarrassed. The prince asked about her father, and the princess began to speak and smiled. He asked her about mutual acquaintances: the princess became still more animated and started talking away, giving the prince greetings and town gossip.

"*La comtesse Apraksine, la pauvre, a perdu son mari et elle a pleuré les larmes de ses yeux,*"† she said, becoming more and more animated.

As her animation increased, the prince looked at her more and more sternly,

*To take to such ridiculousness.

†Countess Apraksin, poor woman, lost her husband and wept her eyes out.

and suddenly, as if he had studied her enough and arrived at a clear idea of her, turned away and addressed Mikhail Ivanovich.

"Well, now, Mikhail Ivanovich, things are going badly for our friend Buonaparte. Prince Andrei" (he always referred to his son in the third person like this) "has just been telling me what forces are being prepared against him! But you and I always considered him an empty man."

Mikhail Ivanovich, who had no idea when this you and I had spoken such words about Bonaparte, but who understood that he was needed in order to launch into the favourite subject, looked at the young prince in surprise, not knowing what would come of it.

"We have a great tactician here!" the prince said to his son, pointing to the architect.

And the conversation turned again to the war, to Bonaparte, and to today's generals and statesmen. The old prince seemed to be convinced not only that all present-day men of action were mere boys, who did not even understand the ABCs of military and state affairs, and that Bonaparte was a worthless little Frenchman who was successful only because there were no Potemkins and Suvorovs to oppose him; but he was also convinced that there were no political difficulties in Europe, nor was there a war, but only some sort of marionette comedy that today's people played at, pretending they meant business. Prince Andrei cheerfully endured his father's mockery of the new people, and provoked his father to talk and listened to him with obvious delight.

"All that there was before seems good," he said, "but wasn't it that same Suvorov who fell into the trap set for him by Moreau and was unable to get out of it?"[48]

"Who told you that? Who told you?" cried the prince. "Suvorov!" And he flung away his plate, which was deftly caught by Tikhon. "Suvorov! . . . Think a little, Prince Andrei. Two men: Friedrich and Suvorov . . . Moreau! Moreau would have been captured if Suvorov had had a free hand; but he had the Hofs-kriegs-wurst-schnapps-rath[49] on his hands. Even the devil wouldn't be glad of that. But go, and you'll learn about these Hofs-kriegs-wurst-schnapps-raths! Suvorov couldn't get on with them, how is Mikhail Kutuzov going to do it?! No, my friend," he went on, "you and your generals won't get around Bonaparte; you need to get hold of a Frenchman, so that their own don't know their own, and their own beat their own.[50] They sent the German Pahlen to New York, to America, to fetch the Frenchman Moreau,"[51] he said, alluding to the invitation made to Moreau that year to enter the Russian service. "Wonders!! What, were the Potemkins, the Suvorovs, the Orlovs Germans? No, brother, either you've all lost your wits there, or mine have burnt out. God help you, but we'll see. They take Bonaparte for a great general! Hm! . . ."

"I'm by no means saying that all the plans are good," said Prince Andrei,

"only I can't understand how you can make such a judgement about Bonaparte. Laugh all you like, but Bonaparte is still a great general!"

"Mikhail Ivanovich!" the old prince cried to the architect, who, being busy with the roast, had hoped to be forgotten. "Didn't I tell you Bonaparte was a great tactician? Well, he says so, too."

"Sure thing, Your Excellency," replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his cold laugh.

"Bonaparte was born lucky. He has excellent soldiers. And the Germans were the first he attacked. You'd have to be a do-nothing not to beat the Germans. Ever since the world began, everybody's beaten the Germans. And they've beaten nobody. Except each other. It was on them he earned his glory."

And the prince began to analyse all the mistakes which, to his way of thinking, Bonaparte had made in all his wars and even in state affairs. His son did not object, but it was clear that, whatever the arguments presented to him, he was as little able to change his opinion as the old prince was. Prince Andrei listened, holding back his objections, and involuntarily amazed at how this old man, who had sat alone in the country uninterruptedly for so many years, could know and discuss, in such detail and with such subtlety, all the military and political circumstances of Europe in recent years.

"You think I'm an old man and don't understand the real state of affairs," he concluded. "But I have it all up here! I don't sleep nights. So, where has this great general of yours shown himself?"

"That would be a long story," said his son.

"Off with you to your Buonaparte, then. *Mademoiselle Bourienne, voilà encore un admirateur de votre goujat d'empereur!*"* he shouted in excellent French.

"*Vous savez que je ne suis pas bonapartiste, mon prince.*"†

"*Dieu sait quand reviendra . . .*" the prince sang off-key, laughed still more off-key, and left the table.

All through the argument and the rest of dinner, the little princess was silent and kept glancing fearfully now at Princess Marya, now at her father-in-law. When they left the table, she took her sister-in-law by the arm and led her to another room.

"*Comme c'est un homme d'esprit, votre père,*" she said, "*c'est à cause de cela peut-être qu'il me fait peur.*"‡

"Ah, he's so kind!" said the princess.

*Mademoiselle Bourienne, here's another admirer of your boor of an emperor!

†You know I am not a Bonapartist, my prince.

‡What a witty man your father is . . . maybe that's why he scares me.

XXV

Prince Andrei was leaving the next evening. The old prince, not abandoning his order, went to his rooms after dinner. The little princess was with her sister-in-law. Prince Andrei, dressed in a travelling frock coat without epaulettes, was packing with his valet in the rooms assigned to him. He personally saw to the carriage and the loading of the trunks, and ordered the horses harnessed up. All that remained in the room were the objects Prince Andrei always carried with him: a strongbox, a big silver cellaret, two Turkish pistols, and a sabre—a present from his father, brought back from Ochakov. All these travelling accessories Prince Andrei kept in great order: everything was new, clean, in broadcloth covers, carefully tied with tapes.

At moments of departure and a change of life, people capable of reflecting on their actions usually get into a serious state of mind. At these moments they usually take stock of the past and make plans for the future. Prince Andrei's face was very thoughtful and tender. His hands behind his back, he paced rapidly up and down the room, looking straight ahead and thoughtfully shaking his head. Was he afraid of going to the war, was he sad to be leaving his wife—perhaps both, but, evidently not wishing to be seen in such a state, when he heard footsteps in the hallway, he quickly unclasped his hands, stopped by the table, pretending to tie the tapes on the strongbox cover, and assumed his usual calm and impenetrable expression. They were the heavy footsteps of Princess Marya.

"They told me you gave orders to harness up," she said breathlessly (she had obviously come running), "and I wanted so much to talk more with you alone. God knows for how long we're parting again. You're not angry that I've come? You've changed very much, Andryusha," she added, as if to explain her question.

She smiled as she pronounced the name *Andryusha*. It must have been strange to her to think that this stern, handsome man was that same Andryusha, a thin, frolicsome boy, her childhood companion.

"And where is Lise?" he asked, only smiling in answer to her question.

"She was so tired that she fell asleep in my room on the sofa. *Ah, André! Quel trésor de femme vous avez,*"* she said, sitting down on the sofa opposite her brother. "She's a perfect child, such a dear, merry child. I've come to love her so."

Prince Andrei was silent, but the princess noticed the ironic and scornful expression that appeared on his face.

*Ah, Andrei! What a treasure of a wife you have.

"But one must be indulgent towards little weaknesses—who doesn't have them, André! Don't forget that she grew up and was formed in society. And then, her position now isn't very rosy. One must enter into each person's position. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.** Just think how it is for the poor dear, in her condition, after the life she's used to, to part with her husband and remain alone in the country? It's very hard."

Prince Andrei smiled, looking at his sister, as we smile listening to people whom we think we can see through.

"You live in the country, and you don't find this life so terrible," he said.

"I'm another matter. Why talk of me! I do not and cannot wish for any other life, because I don't know any other life. But think, André, for a young and worldly woman, in the best years of her life, to be buried in the country, alone, because papa's always busy, and I . . . you know me . . . how poor I am *en ressources,* for a woman accustomed to the best society. Mademoiselle Bourienne alone . . ."

"I dislike her very much, your Bourienne," said Prince Andrei.

"Oh, no! She's a very dear and kind, and, above all, a pitiful girl. She has nobody, nobody. To tell the truth, she's not only unnecessary to me, she's even an inconvenience. You know, I've always been a wild creature, and now more than ever. I like being alone . . . *Mon père* likes her very much. She and Mikhail Ivanovich are the two persons with whom he's always gentle and kind, because he's their benefactor. As Sterne[52] says: 'We love people not so much for the good they've done us, as for the good we've done them.' *Mon père* took her as an orphan *sur le pavé,*† and she's very kind. And *mon père* likes her way of reading. She reads aloud to him in the evenings. She reads beautifully."

"Well, but in truth, Marie, I wonder if father's character isn't sometimes hard on you?" Prince Andrei asked suddenly.

Princess Marya was first surprised, then frightened by this question.

"On me? . . . On me?! Hard on me?!" she said.

"He's always been tough, but now I think he's becoming difficult," said Prince Andrei, probably speaking so lightly of their father on purpose, to puzzle or test his sister.

"You're good in every way, André, but you have a sort of mental pride," the princess said, following her own train of thought more than the course of the conversation, "and that is a great sin. Is it possible to judge one's father? And even if it were possible, what other feeling than *vénération* can a man like *mon père* evoke? And I am so content and happy with him. I only wish everyone could be as happy as I am."

Her brother shook his head mistrustfully.

"The one thing that's hard for me—to tell you the truth, André—is father's

*To understand all is to forgive all.

†From the street.

way of thinking in the religious respect. I don't understand how a man with such an enormous intellect cannot see what is clear as day and can be so deluded. That constitutes my one unhappiness. But here, too, I've seen a shade of improvement recently. His mockery recently hasn't been so biting, and there's a monk whom he received and with whom he spoke for a long time."

"Well, my friend, I'm afraid you and this monk are wasting your powder," Prince Andrei said mockingly but affectionately.

"Ah, *mon ami.* I only pray to God and hope He will hear me. André," she said timidly, after a moment's silence, "I have a big request to make of you."

"What is it, my friend?"

"No, promise me you won't refuse. It won't be any trouble for you, and there won't be anything in it that's unworthy of you. Only you'll comfort me. Promise, Andryusha," she said, putting her hand into her reticule and taking hold of something in it, but not showing it yet, as if what she was holding constituted the object of her request, and before she got his promise to fulfil her request, she could not take this *something* out of her reticule.

She looked at her brother with a timid, pleading gaze.

"Even if it was a great deal of trouble for me . . ." Prince Andrei said, as if guessing what it was about.

"You can think what you like! I know you're the same as *mon père.* Think what you like, but do it for me. Do it, please! Father's father, our grandfather, wore it through all the wars . . ." She still would not take what she was holding out of the reticule. "So promise me? . . ."

"Of course, what is it?"

"André, I'm going to bless you with an icon, and you promise me never to take it off . . . Do you promise?"

"Of course, if it doesn't weigh a hundred pounds and pull my neck down . . . To give you pleasure . . ." said Prince Andrei, but that same second, noticing the distressed look that came to his sister's face at this joke, he instantly repented. "I'm very glad, truly, very glad, my friend," he added.

"Against your will He will save you and have mercy on you and turn you to Him, because in Him alone there is truth and peace," she said in a voice trembling from emotion, with a solemn gesture holding up in both hands before her brother an old oval icon of the Saviour with a blackened face, in a silver setting, on a finely wrought silver chain.

She crossed herself, kissed the icon, and gave it to Andrei.

"Please, André, for me . . ."

From her big eyes shone rays of a kindly and timid light. These eyes lit up her whole thin, sickly face and made it beautiful. Her brother wanted to take the icon, but she stopped him. Andrei understood, made the sign of the cross, and kissed the icon. His face was at the same time tender (he was touched) and mocking.

"*Merci, mon ami.*"

She kissed him on the forehead and sat down again on the sofa. They were silent.

"So as I was saying to you, André, be kind and magnanimous, as you've always been. Don't judge Lise too severely," she began. "She's so dear, so kind, and her position is very hard now."

"I don't believe I've said anything to you, Masha, about reproaching my wife for anything or being displeased with her. Why are you saying all this to me?"

Princess Marya broke out in red blotches and said nothing, as if she felt guilty.

"I haven't said anything to you, but it has already *been said* to you. And that makes me sad."

The red blotches stood out still more on Princess Marya's forehead, neck, and cheeks. She wanted to say something, but could not bring it out. Her brother had guessed right: the little princess had wept after dinner, had said she had a foreboding of a bad delivery, was afraid of it, and had complained about her life, her father-in-law, and her husband. After her tears, she had fallen asleep. Prince Andrei felt sorry for his sister.

"Know one thing, Masha, I cannot, have not, and never will reproach *my wife* for anything, nor can I reproach myself for anything in relation to her; and that will always be so, whatever circumstances I find myself in. But if you want to know the truth . . . if you want to know whether I'm happy? No. Is she happy? No. Why is that? I don't know . . ."

As he was saying this, he got up, went over to his sister, and, bending down, kissed her on the forehead. His fine eyes shone with an intelligent and kindly, unhabitual light, but he was looking not at his sister but into the darkness of the open doorway, over her head.

"Let's go to her, I must say goodbye! Or you go alone, wake her up, and I'll come presently. Petrushka!" he called to his valet. "Come here, take these things out. This goes under the seat, this to the right-hand side."

Princess Marya got up and went to the door. She paused.

*"André, si vous avez la foi, vous vous seriez adressé à Dieu, pour qu'il vous donne l'amour que vous ne sentez pas, et votre prière aurait été exaucée."**

"Yes—there's always that!" said Prince Andrei. "Go, Masha, I'll come presently."

On the way to his sister's room, in the gallery that connected one house to the other, Prince Andrei met the sweetly smiling Mlle Bourienne, who three times that day had already run into him with her rapturous and naïve smile in secluded passages.

*Andrei, if you had faith, you would have turned to God, asking that He give you the love you do not feel, and your prayer would have been answered.