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WAR AND PEACE

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY
WAR AND PEACE

DESIGNED TO BE READ AS A
MODERN NOVEL



THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
New York

CL

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

WAR AND PEACE

PART I

‘WELL, prince, Genoa and Lucca are now no more than private estates of the Bonaparte family. No, I warn you, that if you do not tell me we are at war, if you again allow yourself to palliate all the infamies and atrocities of this Antichrist (upon my word, I believe he is), I don't know you in future, you are no longer my friend, no longer my faithful slave, as you say. There, how do you do, how do you do? I see I'm scaring you, sit down and talk to me.’

These words were uttered in July 1805 by Anna Pavlovna Scherer, a distinguished lady of the court, and confidential maid-of-honour to the Empress Marya Fyodorovna. It was her greeting to Prince Vassily, a man high in rank and office, who was the first to arrive at her *soirée*. Anna Pavlovna had been coughing for the last few days; she had an attack of *la grippe*, as she said—*grippe* was then a new word only used by a few people. In the notes she had sent round in the morning by a footman in red livery, she had written to all indiscriminately:

‘If you have nothing better to do, count (or prince), and if the prospect of spending an evening with a poor invalid is not too alarming to you, I shall be charmed to see you at my house between 7 and 10. Annette Scherer.’

‘Heavens! what a violent outburst!’ the prince responded, not in the least disconcerted at such a reception. He was wearing an embroidered court uniform, stockings and slippers, and had stars on his breast, and a bright smile on his flat face.

He spoke in that elaborately choice French in which our forefathers not only spoke but thought, and with those slow, patronising intonations peculiar to a man of importance who has grown old in court society. He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, presenting her with a view of his perfumed, shining bald head, and complacently settled himself on the sofa.

‘First of all, tell me how you are, dear friend. Relieve a friend's anxiety,’ he said, with no change of his voice and tone, in which indifference, and even irony, was perceptible through the veil of courtesy and sympathy.

‘How can one be well when one is in moral suffering? How can one help being worried in these times, if one has any feeling?’ said Anna Pavlovna. ‘You'll spend the whole evening with me, I hope?’

‘And the fête at the English ambassador's? To-day is Wednesday. I

must put in an appearance there,' said the prince. 'My daughter is coming to fetch me and take me there.'

'I thought to-day's fête had been put off. I confess that all these festivities and fireworks are beginning to pall.'

'If they had known that it was your wish, the fête would have been put off,' said the prince, from habit, like a wound-up clock, saying things he did not even wish to be believed.

'Don't tease me. Well, what has been decided in regard to the Novosiltsov dispatch? You know everything.'

'What is there to tell?' said the prince in a tired, listless tone. 'What has been decided? It has been decided that Bonaparte has burnt his ships, and I think that we are about to burn ours.'

Prince Vassily always spoke languidly, like an actor repeating his part in an old play. Anna Pavlovna Scherer, in spite of her forty years, was on the contrary brimming over with excitement and impulsiveness. To be enthusiastic had become her pose in society, and at times even when she had, indeed, no inclination to be so, she was enthusiastic so as not to disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. The affected smile which played continually about Anna Pavlovna's face, out of keeping as it was with her faded looks, expressed a spoilt child's continual consciousness of a charming failing of which she had neither the wish nor the power to correct herself, which, indeed, she saw no need to correct.

In the midst of a conversation about politics, Anna Pavlovna became greatly excited.

'Ah, don't talk to me about Austria! I know nothing about it, perhaps, but Austria has never wanted, and doesn't want war. She is betraying us. Russia alone is to be the saviour of Europe. Our benefactor knows his lofty destiny, and will be true to it. That's the one thing I have faith in. Our good and sublime emperor has the greatest part in the world to play, and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not desert him, and he will fulfil his mission—to strangle the hydra of revolution, which is more horrible than ever now in the person of this murderer and miscreant. . . . Whom can we reckon on, I ask you? . . . England with her commercial spirit will not comprehend and cannot comprehend all the loftiness of soul of the Emperor Alexander. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She tries to detect, she seeks a hidden motive in our actions. What have they said to Novosiltsov? Nothing. They didn't understand, they're incapable of understanding the self-sacrifice of our emperor, who desires nothing for himself, and everything for the good of humanity. And what have they promised? Nothing. What they have promised even won't come to anything! Prussia has declared that Bonaparte is invincible, and that all Europe can do nothing against him. . . . And I don't believe a single word of what was said by Hardenberg or Haugwitz. That famous Prussian neutrality is a mere snare. I have no faith but in God and the lofty destiny of our adored emperor. He will save Europe!' She stopped short abruptly, with a smile of amusement at her own warmth.

'I imagine,' said the prince, smiling, 'that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintsengerode, you would have carried the Prussian king's consent by storm, you are so eloquent. Will you give me some tea?'

'In a moment. By the way,' she added, subsiding into calm again, 'there are two very interesting men to be here to-night, the vicomte de Mortemart; he is connected with the Montmorencies through the Rohans, one of the best families in France. He is one of the good emigrants, the real ones. Then Abbé Morio; you know that profound intellect? He has been received by the emperor. Do you know him?'

'Ah! I shall be delighted,' said the prince. 'Tell me,' he added, as though he had just recollected something, speaking with special nonchalance, though the question was the chief motive of his visit: 'is it true that the dowager empress desires the appointment of Baron Funke as first secretary to the Vienna legation? He is a poor creature, it appears, that baron.' Prince Vassily would have liked to see his son appointed to the post, which people were trying, through the Empress Marya Fyodorovna, to obtain for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes to signify that neither she nor any one else could pass judgment on what the empress might be pleased or see fit to do.

'Baron Funke has been recommended to the empress-mother by her sister,' was all she said in a dry, mournful tone. When Anna Pavlovna spoke of the empress her countenance suddenly assumed a profound and genuine expression of devotion and respect, mingled with melancholy, and this happened whenever she mentioned in conversation her illustrious patroness. She said that her Imperial Majesty had been graciously pleased to show great esteem to Baron Funke, and again a shade of melancholy passed over her face. The prince preserved an indifferent silence. Anna Pavlovna, with the adroitness and quick tact of a courtier and a woman, felt an inclination to chastise the prince for his temerity in referring in such terms to a person recommended to the empress, and at the same time to console him.

'But about your own family,' she said, 'do you know that your daughter, since she has come out, charms everybody? People say she is as beautiful as the day.'

The prince bowed in token of respect and acknowledgment.

'I often think,' pursued Anna Pavlovna, moving up to the prince and smiling cordially to him, as though to mark that political and worldly conversation was over and now intimate talk was to begin: 'I often think how unfairly the blessings of life are sometimes apportioned. Why has fate given you two such splendid children—I don't include Anatole, your youngest—him I don't like' (she put in with a decision admitting of no appeal, raising her eyebrows)—'such charming children? And you really seem to appreciate them less than any one, and so you don't deserve them.'

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

'I am your faithful slave and to you alone I can confess. My children

are the bane of my existence. It's the cross I have to bear, that's how I explain it to myself. What would you have?' . . . He broke off with a gesture expressing his resignation to a cruel fate. Anna Pavlovna pondered a moment.

'Have you never thought of marrying your prodigal son Anatole? People say,' she said, 'that old maids have a mania for matchmaking. I have never been conscious of this failing before, but I have a little person in my mind, who is very unhappy with her father, a relation of ours, the young Princess Bolkonsky.'

Prince Vassily made no reply, but with the rapidity of reflection and memory characteristic of worldly people, he signified by a motion of the head that he had taken in and was considering what she said.

'No, do you know that that boy is costing me forty thousand roubles a year?' he said, evidently unable to restrain the gloomy current of his thoughts. He paused. 'What will it be in five years if this goes on? These are the advantages of being a father. . . . Is she rich, your young princess?'

'Her father is very rich and miserly. He lives in the country. You know that notorious Prince Bolkonsky, retired under the late emperor. He's a very clever man, but eccentric and tedious. The poor little thing is as unhappy as possible. Her brother it is who has lately been married to Liza Meinen. He'll be here this evening.'

'Listen, dear Annette,' said the prince, suddenly taking his companion's hand, 'arrange this matter for me and I am your faithful slave for ever and ever. She's of good family and well off. That's all I want.'

Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room gradually began to fill. The people of the highest distinction in Petersburg were there, people very different in ages and characters, but alike in the set in which they moved. The daughter of Prince Vassily, the beauty, Ellen, came to fetch her father and go with him to the ambassador's fête. She was wearing a ball-dress with an imperial badge on it. The young Princess Bolkonsky was there, celebrated as the most seductive woman in Petersburg. She had been married the previous winter, and was not now going out into the great world on account of her interesting condition, but was still to be seen at small parties. Prince Ippolit, the son of Prince Vassily, came too with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio was there too, and many others.

'Have you not yet seen, or not been introduced to *ma tante*?' Anna Pavlovna said to her guests as they arrived, and very seriously she led them up to a little old lady wearing tall bows, who had sailed in out of the next room as soon as the guests began to arrive. Anna Pavlovna mentioned their names, deliberately turning her eyes from the guest to *ma tante*, and then withdrew. All the guests performed the ceremony of greeting the aunt, who was unknown, uninteresting and unnecessary to every one. Anna Pavlovna with mournful, solemn sympathy, followed these greetings, silently approving them. *Ma tante* said to each person the same words about his health, her own health, and the health of her

majesty, who was, thank God, better to-day. Every one, though from politeness showing no undue haste, moved away from the old lady with a sense of relief at a tiresome duty accomplished, and did not approach her again all the evening.

The young Princess Bolkonsky had come with her work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, faintly darkened with down, was very short over her teeth, but was all the more charming when it was lifted, and still more charming when it was at times drawn down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with perfectly charming women, her defect—the shortness of the lip and the half-opened mouth—seemed her peculiar, her characteristic beauty. Every one took delight in watching the pretty creature full of life and gaiety, so soon to be a mother, and so lightly bearing her burden.

The little princess, moving with a slight swing, walked with rapid little steps round the table with her work-bag in her hand, and gaily arranging the folds of her gown, sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar; it seemed as though everything she did was a festival for herself and all around her.

‘I have brought my work,’ she said, displaying her reticule, and addressing the company generally. ‘Mind, Annette, don’t play me a nasty trick,’ she turned to the lady of the house; ‘you wrote to me that it was quite a little gathering. See how I am got up.’

And she flung her arms open to show her elegant grey dress, trimmed with lace and girt a little below the bosom with a broad sash.

‘Never mind, Lise, you will always be prettier than any one else,’ answered Anna Pavlovna.

‘You know my husband is deserting me,’ she went on in just the same voice, addressing a general; ‘he is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this nasty war is for,’ she said to Prince Vassily, and without waiting for an answer she turned to Prince Vassily’s daughter, the beautiful Ellen.

‘How delightful this little princess is!’ said Prince Vassily in an undertone to Anna Pavlovna.

Soon after the little princess, there walked in a massively built, stout young man in spectacles, with a cropped head, light breeches in the mode of the day, with a high lace ruffle and a ginger-coloured coat. This stout young man was the illegitimate son of a celebrated dandy of the days of Catherine, Count Bezuhov, who was now dying at Moscow. He had not yet entered any branch of the service; he had only just returned from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society. Anna Pavlovna greeted him with a nod reserved for persons of the very lowest hierarchy in her drawing-room. But, in spite of this greeting, Anna Pavlovna’s countenance showed signs on seeing Pierre of uneasiness and alarm, such as is shown at the sight of something too big and out of place. Though Pierre certainly was somewhat bigger than any of the other men in the room, this expression could only have reference

to the clever, though shy, observant and natural look that distinguished him from every one else in the drawing-room.

'It is very kind of you, M. Pierre, to have come to see a poor invalid,' Anna Pavlovna said to him, exchanging anxious glances with her aunt, to whom she was conducting him.

Pierre murmured something unintelligible, and continued searching for something with his eyes. He smiled gleefully and delightedly, bowing to the little princess as though she were an intimate friend, and went up to the aunt. Anna Pavlovna's alarm was not without grounds, for Pierre walked away from the aunt without waiting to the end of her remarks about her majesty's health. Anna Pavlovna stopped him in dismay with the words: 'You don't know Abbé Morio? He's a very interesting man,' she said.

'Yes, I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace, and it's very interesting, but hardly possible . . .'

'You think so?' said Anna Pavlovna in order to say something and to get away again to her duties as hostess, but Pierre committed the opposite incivility. Just now he had walked off without listening to the lady who was addressing him; now he detained by his talk a lady who wanted to get away from him. With head bent and legs planted wide apart, he began explaining to Anna Pavlovna why he considered the abbé's scheme chimerical.

'We will talk of it later,' said Anna Pavlovna, smiling.

And getting rid of this unmannerly young man she returned to her duties, keeping her eyes and ears open, ready to fly to the assistance at any point where the conversation was flagging. Just as the foreman of a spinning-mill settles the work-people in their places, walks up and down the works, and noting any stoppage or unusual creaking or too loud a whir in the spindles, goes up hurriedly, slackens the machinery and sets it going properly, so Anna Pavlovna, walking about her drawing-room, went up to any circle that was pausing or too loud in conversation and by a single word or change of position set the conversational machine going again in its regular, decorous way. But in the midst of these cares a special anxiety on Pierre's account could still be discerned in her. She kept an anxious watch on him as he went up to listen to what was being said near Mortemart, and walked away to another group where the abbé was talking.

Except the aunt, beside whom was sitting no one but an elderly lady with a thin, careworn face, who seemed rather out of her element in this brilliant society, the company was broken up into three groups. In one of these, the more masculine, the centre was the abbé; in the other, the group of young people, the chief attractions were the beautiful Princess Ellen, Prince Vassily's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkonsky, with her rosy prettiness, too plump for her years. In the third group were Mortemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The vicomte was a pretty young gentleman with soft features and

manners, who obviously regarded himself as a celebrity, but with good-breeding modestly allowed the company the benefit of his society. Anna Pavlovna unmistakably regarded him as the chief entertainment she was giving her guests. As a clever *maitre d'hôtel* serves as something superlatively good the piece of beef which no one would have cared to eat seeing it in the dirty kitchen, Anna Pavlovna that evening served up to her guests—first, the vicomte and then the abbé, as something superlatively subtle. In Mortemart's group the talk turned at once on the execution of the duc d'Enghien. The vicomte said that the duc d'Enghien had been lost by his own magnanimity and that there were special reasons for Bonaparte's bitterness against him.

'Ah, come! Tell us about that, vicomte,' said Anna Pavlovna gleefully. 'Come over here, *chère Hélène*.'

Princess Ellen smiled. She got up with the same unchanging smile of the acknowledged beauty with which she had entered the drawing-room. Her white ball-dress adorned with ivy and moss rustled lightly; her white shoulders, glossy hair, and diamonds glittered, as she passed between the men who moved apart to make way for her. Not looking directly at any one, but smiling at every one, as it were courteously allowing to all the right to admire the beauty of her figure, her full shoulders, her bosom and back, which were extremely exposed in the mode of the day, she moved up to Anna Pavlovna, seeming to bring with her the brilliance of the ballroom. Ellen was so lovely that she was not merely free from the slightest shade of coquetry, she seemed on the contrary ashamed of the too evident, too violent and all-conquering influence of her beauty. She seemed to wish but to be unable to soften the effect of her beauty.

'What a beautiful woman!' every one said on seeing her. As though struck by something extraordinary, the vicomte shrugged his shoulders and dropped his eyes.

'Madame, I doubt my abilities before such an audience,' he said, bowing with a smile.

The princess leaned her plump, bare arm on the table and did not find it necessary to say anything. She waited, smiling. During the vicomte's story she sat upright, looking from time to time at her beautiful, plump arm, which lay with its line changed by pressure on the table, then at her still lovelier bosom, on which she set straight her diamond necklace. Several times she settled the folds of her gown, and when the narrative made a sensation upon the audience, she glanced at Anna Pavlovna and at once assumed the expression she saw on the maid-of-honour's face, then she relapsed again into her unvarying smile.

The vicomte very charmingly related the anecdote then current, that the duc d'Enghien had secretly visited Paris for the sake of an interview with the actress, Mlle. Georges, and that there he met Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the favours of the celebrated actress, and that, meeting the duc, Napoleon had fallen into one of the fits to which he was subject and had been completely in the duc's power, how the duc had not taken advantage

of it, and Bonaparte had in the sequel avenged this magnanimity by the duc's death.

The story was very charming and interesting, especially at the point when the rivals suddenly recognise each other, and the ladies seemed to be greatly excited by it. '*Charmant!*' said Anna Pavlovna, looking inquiringly at the little princess. '*Charming!*' whispered the little princess, sticking her needle into her work as an indication that the interest and charm of the story prevented her working. The vicomte appreciated this silent homage, and smiling gratefully, resumed his narrative. But meanwhile Anna Pavlovna, still keeping a watch on the dreadful young man, noticed that he was talking too loudly and too warmly with the abbé and hurried to the spot of danger. Pierre had in fact succeeded in getting into a political conversation with the abbé on the balance of power, and the abbé, evidently interested by the simple-hearted fervour of the young man, was unfolding to him his cherished idea. Both were listening and talking too eagerly and naturally, and Anna Pavlovna did not like it.

'The means?—the balance of power in Europe and the rights of the people,' said the abbé. 'One powerful state like Russia—with the prestige of barbarism—need only take a disinterested stand at the head of the alliance that aims at securing the balance of power in Europe, and it would save the world!' 'How are you going to get such a balance of power?' Pierre was beginning; but at that moment Anna Pavlovna came up, and glancing severely at Pierre, asked the Italian how he was supporting the climate. The Italian's face changed instantly and assumed the look of offensive, affected sweetness, which was evidently its habitual expression in conversation with women. 'I am so enchanted by the wit and culture of the society—especially of the ladies—in which I have had the happiness to be received, that I have not yet had time to think of the climate,' he said. Not letting the abbé and Pierre slip out of her grasp, Anna Pavlovna, for greater convenience in watching them, made them join the bigger group.

At that moment another guest walked into the drawing-room. This was the young Prince Andrey Bolkonsky, the husband of the little princess. Prince Bolkonsky was a very handsome young man, of medium height, with clear, clean-cut features. Everything in his appearance, from his weary, bored expression to his slow, measured step, formed the most striking contrast to his lively little wife. Obviously all the people in the drawing-room were familiar figures to him, and more than that, he was unmistakably so sick of them that even to look at them and to listen to them was a weariness to him. Of all the wearisome faces the face of his pretty wife seemed to bore him most. With a grimace that distorted his handsome face he turned away from her. He kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and with half-closed eyelids scanned the whole company.

'You are enlisting for the war, prince?' said Anna Pavlovna.

'General Kutuzov has been kind enough to have me as an aide-de-camp,' said Bolkonsky.

‘And Lise, your wife?—’

‘She is going into the country.’

‘*André*,’ said his wife, addressing her husband in exactly the same coquettish tone in which she spoke to outsiders, ‘the vicomte has just told us such a story about Mlle. Georges and Bonaparte!’

Prince Andrey scowled and turned away. Pierre, who had kept his eyes joyfully and affectionately fixed on him ever since he came in, went up to him and took hold of his arm. Prince Andrey, without looking round, twisted his face into a grimace of annoyance at any one’s touching him, but seeing Pierre’s smiling face, he gave him a smile that was unexpectedly sweet and pleasant.

‘Why, you! . . . And in such society too,’ he said to Pierre.

‘I knew you would be here,’ answered Pierre. ‘I’m coming to supper with you,’ he added in an undertone, not to interrupt the vicomte who was still talking. ‘Can I?’

‘Oh no, impossible,’ said Prince Andrey, laughing, with a squeeze of his hand giving Pierre to understand that there was no need to ask. He would have said something more, but at that instant Prince Vassily and his daughter got up and the two young men rose to make way for them.

‘Pardon me, my dear vicomte,’ said Prince Vassily in French, gently pulling him down by his sleeve to prevent him from getting up from his seat. ‘This luckless fête at the ambassador’s deprives me of a pleasure and interrupts you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party,’ he said to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, Princess Ellen, lightly holding the folds of her gown, passed between the chairs, and the smile glowed more brightly than ever on her handsome face. Pierre looked with rapturous, almost frightened eyes at this beautiful creature as she passed them.

‘Very lovely!’ said Prince Andrey.

‘Very,’ said Pierre.

As he came up to them, Prince Vassily took Pierre by the arm, and addressing Anna Pavlovna:

‘Get this bear into shape for me,’ he said. ‘Here he has been staying with me for a month, and this is the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing’s so necessary for a young man as the society of clever women.’

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to look after Pierre, who was, she knew, related to Prince Vassily on his father’s side. The elderly lady, who had been till then sitting by the aunt, got up hurriedly, and overtook Prince Vassily in the hall. All the affectation of interest she had assumed till now vanished. Her kindly, careworn face expressed nothing but anxiety and alarm.

‘What have you to tell me, prince, of my Boris?’ she said, catching him in the hall. ‘I can’t stay any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news am I to take to my poor boy?’

Although Prince Vassily listened reluctantly and almost uncivilly to

the elderly lady and even showed signs of impatience, she gave him an ingratiating and appealing smile, and to prevent his going away she took him by the arm. 'It is nothing for you to say a word to the Emperor, and he will be transferred at once to the Guards,' she implored.

'Believe me, I will do all I can, princess,' answered Prince Vassily; 'but it's not easy for me to petition the Emperor. I should advise you to apply to Rummyantsov, through Prince Galitsin; that would be the wisest course.'

The elderly lady was a Princess Drubetskoy, one of the best families in Russia; but she was poor, had been a long while out of society, and had lost touch with her former connections. She had come now to try and obtain the appointment of her only son to the Guards. It was simply in order to see Prince Vassily that she had invited herself and come to Anna Pavlovna's party, simply for that she had listened to the vicomte's story. She was dismayed at Prince Vassily's words; her once handsome face showed exasperation, but that lasted only one moment. She smiled again and grasped Prince Vassily's arm more tightly.

'Hear what I have to say, prince,' she said. 'I have never asked you a favour, and never will I ask one; I have never reminded you of my father's affection for you. But now, for God's sake, I beseech you, do this for my son, and I shall consider you my greatest benefactor,' she added hurriedly. 'No, don't be angry, but promise me. I have asked Galitsin; he has refused. Be as kind as you used to be,' she said, trying to smile, though there were tears in her eyes.

'Papa, we are late,' said Princess Ellen, turning her lovely head on her statuesque shoulders as she waited at the door.

Influence in the world is a capital which must be carefully guarded if it is not to disappear. Prince Vassily knew this, and having once for all reflected that if he were to beg for all who begged him to do so, he would soon be unable to beg for himself, he rarely made use of his influence. In Princess Drubetskoy's case, however, he felt after her new appeal something akin to a conscience-prick. She had reminded him of the truth; for his first step upwards in the service he had been indebted to her father. Besides this, he saw from her manner that she was one of those women—especially mothers—who having once taken an idea into their heads will not give it up till their wishes are fulfilled, and till then are prepared for daily, hourly persistence, and even for scenes. This last consideration made him waver.

'*Chère Anna Mihalovna,*' he said, with his invariable familiarity and boredom in his voice, 'it's almost impossible for me to do what you wish; but to show you my devotion to you, and my reverence for your dear father's memory, I will do the impossible—your son shall be transferred to the Guards; here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?'

'My dear prince, you are our benefactor. I expected nothing less indeed; I know how good you are—' He tried to get away. 'Wait a moment, one word. Once in the Guards . . .' She hesitated. 'You are on

friendly terms with Mihail Ilarionovitch Kutuzov; recommend Boris as his adjutant. Then my heart will be set at rest, then indeed . . .’

Prince Vassily smiled. ‘That I can’t promise. You don’t know how Kutuzov has been besieged ever since he has been appointed commander-in-chief. He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies were in league together to give him all their offspring as adjutants.’

‘No, promise me; I can’t let you off, kind, good friend, benefactor . . .’

‘Papa,’ repeated the beauty in the same tone, ‘we are late.’

‘Come, *au revoir*, good-bye. You see how it is.’

‘To-morrow then you will speak to the Emperor?’

‘Certainly; but about Kutuzov I can’t promise.’

‘Yes; do promise, promise, *Basile*,’ Anna Mihalovna said, pursuing him with the smile of a coquettish girl, once perhaps characteristic, but now utterly incongruous with her careworn face. Evidently she had forgotten her age and from habit was bringing out every feminine resource. But as soon as he had gone out her face assumed once more the frigid, artificial expression it had worn all the evening. She went back to the group in which the vicomte was still talking, and again affected to be listening, waiting for the suitable moment to get away, now that her object had been attained.

‘And what do you think of this latest farce of the coronation at Milan?’ said Anna Pavlovna. ‘And the new comedy of the people of Lucca and Genoa coming to present their petitions to Monsieur Buonaparte. Monsieur Buonaparte sitting on a throne and granting the petitions of nations! Adorable! Why, it is enough to drive one out of one’s senses! It seems as though the whole world had lost its head.’

Prince Andrey smiled sarcastically, looking straight into Anna Pavlovna’s face.

‘God gives it me; let man beware of touching it,’ he said (Bonaparte’s words uttered at the coronation). ‘They say that he was very fine as he spoke those words,’ he added, and he repeated the same words in Italian: ‘*Dio mi la dona, gai a qui la tocca.*’

‘I hope that at last,’ pursued Anna Pavlovna, ‘this has been the drop of water that will make the glass run over. The sovereigns cannot continue to endure this man who is a threat to everything.’

‘The sovereigns! I am not speaking of Russia,’ said the vicomte, deferentially and hopelessly. ‘They are sending ambassadors to congratulate the usurper. If Bonaparte remains another year on the throne of France, things will have gone too far. By intrigue and violence, by exiles and executions, French society—I mean good society—will have been destroyed for ever, and then . . .’

He shrugged his shoulders, and made a despairing gesture with his hand. Pierre wanted to say something—the conversation interested him—but Anna Pavlovna, who was keeping her eye on him, interposed.

‘And the Emperor Alexander,’ she said with the pathetic note that always accompanied all her references to the imperial family, ‘has de-

clared his intention of leaving it to the French themselves to choose their own form of government. And I imagine there is no doubt that the whole nation, delivered from the usurper, would fling itself into the arms of its lawful king,' said Anna Pavlovna, trying to be agreeable to an *émigré* and loyalist.

'That's not certain,' said Prince Andrey. '*M. le vicomte* is quite right in supposing that things have gone too far by now. I imagine it would not be easy to return to the old régime.'

'As far as I could hear,' Pierre, blushing, again interposed in the conversation, 'almost all the nobility have gone over to Bonaparte.'

'That's what the Bonapartists assert,' said the vicomte without looking at Pierre. 'It's a difficult matter now to find out what public opinion is in France.'

'Bonaparte said so,' observed Prince Andrey with a sarcastic smile. It was evident that he did not like the vicomte, and that though he was not looking at him, he was directing his remarks against him.

"I showed them the path of glory; they would not take it," he said after a brief pause, again quoting Napoleon's words. "I opened my anterooms to them; they crowded in." . . . I do not know in what degree he had a right to say so.'

'None!' retorted the vicomte. 'Since the duc's murder, even his warmest partisans have ceased to regard him as a hero. If indeed some people made a hero of him,' said the vicomte addressing Anna Pavlovna, 'since the duc's assassination there has been a martyr more in heaven, and a hero less on earth.'

Anna Pavlovna and the rest of the company hardly had time to smile their appreciation of the vicomte's words, when Pierre again broke into the conversation, and though Anna Pavlovna had a foreboding he would say something inappropriate, this time she was unable to stop him.

'The execution of the duc d'Enghien,' said Monsieur Pierre, 'was a political necessity, and I consider it a proof of greatness of soul that Napoleon did not hesitate to take the whole responsibility of it upon himself.'

'*Dieu! mon Dieu!*' moaned Anna Pavlovna, in a terrified whisper.

'What, Monsieur Pierre! you think assassination is greatness of soul,' said the little princess, smiling and moving her work nearer to her.

'Ah! oh!' cried different voices.

Pierre looked solemnly over his spectacles at his audience.

'I say so,' he pursued desperately, 'because the Bourbons ran away from the Revolution, leaving the people to anarchy; and Napoleon alone was capable of understanding the Revolution, of overcoming it, and so for the public good he could not stop short at the life of one man.'

'Won't you come over to this table?' said Anna Pavlovna. But Pierre went on without answering her.

'Yes,' he said, getting more and more eager, 'Napoleon is great because he has towered above the Revolution, and subdued its evil tendencies,

preserving all that was good—the equality of all citizens, and freedom of speech and of the press, and only to that end has he possessed himself of supreme power.’

‘Yes, if on obtaining power he had surrendered it to the lawful king, instead of making use of it to commit murder,’ said the vicomte, ‘then I might have called him a great man.’

‘He could not have done that. The people gave him power simply for him to rid them of the Bourbons, and that was just why the people believed him to be a great man. The Revolution was a grand fact,’ pursued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and irrelevantly provocative statement his extreme youth and desire to give full expression to everything.

‘Revolution and regicide a grand fact? . . . What next? . . . but won’t you come to this table?’ repeated Anna Pavlovna.

‘*Contrat social*,’ said the vicomte with a bland smile.

‘I’m not speaking of regicide. I’m speaking of the idea.’

‘The idea of plunder, murder, and regicide!’ an ironical voice put in.

‘Those were extremes, of course; but the whole meaning of the Revolution did not lie in them, but in the rights of man, in emancipation from conventional ideas, in equality; and all these Napoleon has maintained in their full force.’

‘Liberty and equality,’ said the vicomte contemptuously, as though he had at last made up his mind to show this youth seriously all the folly of his assertions: ‘all high-sounding words, which have long since been debased. Who does not love liberty and equality? Our Saviour indeed preached liberty and equality. Have men been any happier since the Revolution? On the contrary. We wanted liberty, but Bonaparte has crushed it.’

Prince Andrey looked with a smile first at Pierre, then at the vicomte, then at their hostess.

For the first minute Anna Pavlovna had, in spite of her social adroitness, been dismayed by Pierre’s outbreak; but when she saw that the vicomte was not greatly discomposed by Pierre’s sacrilegious utterances, and had convinced herself that it was impossible to suppress them, she rallied her forces and joined the vicomte in attacking the orator.

‘*Mais, mon cher Monsieur Pierre*,’ said Anna Pavlovna, ‘what have you to say for a great man who was capable of executing the duc—or simply any human being—guiltless and untried?’

‘I should like to ask,’ said the vicomte, ‘how *monsieur* would explain the 18th of Brumaire? Was not that treachery?’

‘It was a juggling trick, not at all like a great man’s way of acting.’

‘And the wounded he killed in Africa?’ said the little princess; ‘that was awful!’ And she shrugged her shoulders.

‘He’s a plebeian, whatever you may say,’ said Prince Ippolit.

Monsieur Pierre did not know which to answer. He looked at them all and smiled. His smile was utterly unlike the half-smile of all the others.

When he smiled, suddenly, instantaneously, his serious, even rather sullen, face vanished completely, and a quite different face appeared, childish, good-humoured, even rather stupid, that seemed to beg indulgence. The vicomte, who was seeing him for the first time, saw clearly that this Jacobin was by no means so formidable as his words. Every one was silent.

'How is he to answer every one at once?' said Prince Andrey. 'Besides, in the actions of a statesman, one must distinguish between his acts as a private person and as a general or an emperor. So it seems to me.'

'Yes, yes, of course,' put in Pierre, delighted at the assistance that had come to support him.

'One must admit,' pursued Prince Andrey, 'that Napoleon as a man was great at the bridge of Arcola, or in the hospital at Jaffa, when he gave his hand to the plague-stricken, but . . . but there are other actions it would be hard to justify.'

Prince Andrey, who obviously wished to relieve the awkwardness of Pierre's position, got up to go, and made a sign to his wife.

Thanking Anna Pavlovna for her *charmante soirée*, the guests began to take leave.

Pierre was clumsy, stout and uncommonly tall, with huge red hands; he did not, as they say, know how to come into a drawing-room and still less how to get out of one, that is, how to say something particularly agreeable on going away. Moreover, he was dreamy. He stood up, and picking up a three-cornered hat with the plume of a general in it instead of his own, he kept hold of it, pulling the feathers till the general asked him to restore it. But all his dreaminess and his inability to enter a drawing-room or talk properly in it were atoned for by his expression of good-nature, simplicity and modesty. Anna Pavlovna turned to him, and with Christian meekness signifying her forgiveness for his misbehaviour, she nodded to him and said:

'I hope I shall see you again, but I hope too you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre.'

He made no answer, simply bowed and displayed to every one once more his smile, which said as plainly as words: 'Opinions or no opinions, you see what a nice, good-hearted fellow I am.' And Anna Pavlovna and every one else instinctively felt this.

Pierre, arriving first, went to Prince Andrey's study, like one of the household, and at once lay down on the sofa, as his habit was, and taking up the first book he came upon in the shelf (it was Cæsar's *Commentaries*) he propped himself on his elbow, and began reading it in the middle.

'What a shock you gave Mlle. Scherer! She'll be quite ill now,' Prince Andrey said, as he came into the study rubbing his small white hands.

Pierre rolled his whole person over so that the sofa creaked, turned his eager face to Prince Andrey, smiled and waved his hand to him.

'Oh, that abbé was very interesting, only he's got a wrong notion about it. . . . To my thinking, perpetual peace is possible, but I don't know how to put it. . . . Not by means of the balance of political power. . . .'

Prince Andrey was obviously not interested in these abstract discussions.

'One can't always say all one thinks everywhere, *mon cher*. Come tell me, have you settled on anything at last? Are you going into the cavalry or the diplomatic service?'

Pierre sat on the sofa with his legs crossed under him.

'Can you believe it, I still don't know. I don't like either.'

'But you must decide on something; you know your father's expecting it.'

At ten years old Pierre had been sent with an abbé as tutor to be educated abroad, and there he remained till he was twenty. When he returned to Moscow, his father had dismissed the tutor and said to the young man: 'Now you go to Petersburg, look about you and make your choice. I agree to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vassily and here is money. Write and tell me everything; I will help you in everything.' Pierre had been three months already choosing a career and had not yet made his choice. It was of this choice Prince Andrey spoke to him now. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

'But he must be a freemason,' he said, meaning the abbé he had seen that evening.

'That's all nonsense,' Prince Andrey pulled him up again; 'we'd better talk of serious things. Have you been to the Horse Guards?'

'No, I haven't; but this is what struck me and I wanted to talk to you about it. This war now is against Napoleon. If it were a war for freedom, I could have understood it, I would have been the first to go into the army; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world—that's not right.'

Prince Andrey simply shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish words. He looked as though one really could not answer such absurdities. But in reality it was hard to find any answer to this naïve question than the answer Prince Andrey made. 'If every one would only fight for his own convictions, there'd be no war,' he said.

'And a very good thing that would be too,' said Pierre.

Prince Andrey smiled ironically. 'Very likely it would be a good thing, but it will never come to pass . . .'

'Well, what are you going to the war for?' asked Pierre.

'What for? I don't know. Because I have to. Besides, I'm going . . .'

he stopped. 'I'm going because the life I lead here, this life is—not to my taste!'

There was the rustle of a woman's dress in the next room. Prince Andrey started up, as it were pulling himself together, and his face assumed the expression it had worn in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room. Pierre dropped

his legs down off the sofa. The princess came in. She had changed her gown, and was wearing a house dress as fresh and elegant as the other had been. Prince Andrey got up and courteously set a chair for her.

'Why is it, I often wonder,' she began in French as always, while she hurriedly and fussily settled herself in the low chair, 'why is it Annette never married? How stupid you gentlemen all are not to have married her. You must excuse me, but you really have no sense about women. What an argumentative person you are, Monsieur Pierre!'

'I'm still arguing with your husband; I can't make out why he wants to go to the war,' said Pierre, addressing the princess without any of the affectation so common in the attitude of a young man to a young woman.

The princess shivered. Clearly Pierre's words touched a tender spot.

'Ah, that's what I say,' she said. 'I can't understand, I simply can't understand why men can't get on without war. Why is it we women want nothing of the sort? we don't care for it. See what egoists all men are; they are all, all egoists! Of his own accord, for his own whim, for no reason whatever, he is deserting me, shutting me up alone in the country.'

'With my father and sister, remember,' said Prince Andrey quietly.

'It's just the same as alone, without my friends. . . . And he doesn't expect me to be afraid.' Her tone was querulous now, her upper lip was lifted, giving her face not a joyous expression, but a wild-animal look, like a squirrel. She paused as though feeling it indecorous to speak of her condition before Pierre, though the whole gist of the matter lay in that.

'I still don't understand what you are afraid of,' Prince Andrey said deliberately, not taking his eyes off his wife. The princess flushed red, and waved her hands despairingly.

'No, André, I say you are so changed, so changed . . .'

'Your doctor's orders were that you were to go to bed earlier,' said Prince Andrey. 'It's time you were asleep.'

The princess said nothing, and suddenly her short, downy lip began to quiver; Prince Andrey got up and walked about the room, shrugging his shoulders.

Pierre looked over his spectacles in naïve wonder from him to the princess, and stirred uneasily as though he too meant to get up, but had changed his mind.

'What do I care if Monsieur Pierre is here,' the little princess said suddenly, her pretty face contorted into a tearful grimace; 'I have long wanted to say to you, Andrey, why are you so changed to me? What have I done? You go away to the war, you don't feel for me. Why is it?'

'Liza!' was all Prince Andrey said, but in that one word there was entreaty and menace, and, most of all, conviction that she would herself regret her words; but she went on hurriedly.

'You treat me as though I were ill, or a child. I see it all. You weren't like this six months ago.'

'Liza, I beg you to be silent,' said Prince Andrey, still more expressively. Pierre, who had been growing more and more agitated during this con-

versation, got up and went to the princess. He seemed unable to endure the sight of her tears, and was ready to weep himself.

'Please don't distress yourself, princess. You only fancy that because . . . I assure you, I've felt so myself . . . because . . . through . . . Oh, excuse me, an outsider has no business . . . Oh, don't distress yourself . . . good-bye.'

Prince Andrey held his hand and stopped him.

'No, stay a little, Pierre. The princess is so good, she would not wish to deprive me of the pleasure of spending an evening with you.'

'No, he thinks of nothing but himself,' the princess declared, not attempting to check her tears of anger.

'Liza,' said Prince Andrey drily, raising his voice to a pitch that showed his patience was exhausted.

All at once the angry squirrel expression of the princess's lovely little face changed to an attractive look of terror that awakened sympathy.

'*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*' murmured the princess, and holding her gown with one hand, she went to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

'Good-night, Liza,' said Prince Andrey, getting up and kissing her hand courteously, as though she were a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither of them began to talk. Pierre looked at Prince Andrey; Prince Andrey rubbed his forehead with his small hand.

'Never, never marry, my dear fellow; that's my advice to you; don't marry till you have faced the fact that you have done all you're capable of doing, and till you cease to love the woman you have chosen, till you see her plainly, or else you will make a cruel mistake that can never be set right. Marry when you're old and good for nothing . . . Or else everything good and lofty in you will be done for. It will all be frittered away over trifles. Yes, yes, yes! Don't look at me with such surprise.'

Pierre took off his spectacles, which transformed his face, making it look even more good-natured, and looked wonderingly at his friend.

'My wife,' pursued Prince Andrey, 'is an excellent woman. She is one of those rare women with whom one can feel quite secure of one's honour; but, my God! what wouldn't I give now not to be married! You are the first and the only person I say this to, because I like you.'

'You can't understand why I say this,' he went on. 'Why, the whole story of life lies in it. 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 his way up, going step by step straight to his aim, he was free; he had nothing except his aim and he attained it. But tie yourself up with a woman, and, like a chained convict, you lose all freedom. And all the hope and strength there is in you is only a drag on you, torturing you with regret. Drawing-rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, frivolity—that's the enchanted circle I can't get out of. I am setting off now to the war, the greatest war there has ever been, and I know nothing, and am good for nothing. . . . If you only knew what these society women are, and, indeed, women generally! My father's right. Egoism, vanity, silliness, triviality in

everything—that's what women are when they show themselves as they really are. Looking at them in society, one fancies there's something in them, but there's nothing, nothing, nothing. No, don't marry, my dear fellow, don't marry!' Prince Andrey concluded.

'It seems absurd to me,' said Pierre, 'that *you, you* consider *yourself* a failure, your life wrecked. You have everything, everything before you. And *you* . . .'

Pierre regarded Prince Andrey as a model of all perfection, because Prince Andrey possessed in the highest degree just that combination of qualities in which Pierre was deficient, and which might be most nearly expressed by the idea of strength of will. Pierre always marvelled at Prince Andrey's faculty for dealing with people of every sort with perfect composure, his exceptional memory, his wide knowledge (he had read everything, knew everything, had some notion of everything), and most of all at his capacity for working and learning. If Pierre were frequently struck in Andrey by his lack of capacity for dreaming and philosophising (to which Pierre was himself greatly given), he did not regard this as a defect but as a strong point.

'I am a man whose day is done,' said Prince Andrey. 'Why talk of me? let's talk about you,' he said after a brief pause, smiling at his own reassuring thoughts. The smile was instantly reflected on Pierre's face.

'Why, what is there to say about me?' said Pierre, letting his face relax into an easy-going, happy smile. 'What am I? I am a bastard.' And he suddenly flushed crimson. Apparently it was a great effort to him to say this. 'With no name, no fortune. . . . And after all, really . . .'

Prince Andrey looked at him with kindly eyes. But in his eyes, friendly and kind as they were, there was yet a consciousness of his own superiority.

'You are dear to me just because you are the one live person in all our society. You're lucky. Choose what you will, that's all the same. You'll always be all right, but there's one thing: give up going about with the Kuragins and leading this sort of life. It's not the right thing for you at all; all this riotous living and dissipation and all . . .'

'What would you have, my dear fellow?' said Pierre, shrugging his shoulders; 'women, my dear fellow, women.'

'I can't understand it,' answered Andrey. 'Ladies, that's another matter, but Kuragin's women, women and wine, I can't understand!'

Pierre was living at Prince Vassily Kuragin's, and sharing in the dissipated mode of life of his son Anatole, the son whom they were proposing to marry to Prince Andrey's sister to reform him.

'Do you know what,' said Pierre, as though a happy thought had suddenly occurred to him; 'seriously, I have been thinking so for a long while. Leading this sort of life I can't decide on anything, or consider anything properly. My head aches and my money's all gone. He invited me to-night, but I won't go.'

'Give me your word of honour that you will give up going.'

'On my honour!'

It was past one o'clock when Pierre left his friend's house. It was a cloudless night, a typical Petersburg summer night. Pierre got into a hired coach, intending to drive home. But the nearer he got, the more he felt it impossible to go to bed on such a night, more like evening or morning. It was light enough to see a long way in the empty streets. On the way Pierre remembered that all the usual gambling set were to meet at Anatole Kuragin's that evening, after which there usually followed a drinking-bout, winding up with one of Pierre's favourite entertainments.

'It would be jolly to go to Kuragin's,' he thought. But he immediately recalled his promise to Prince Andrey not to go there again.

But, as so often happens with people of weak character, as it is called, he was at once overcome with such a passionate desire to enjoy once more this sort of dissipation which had become so familiar to him, that he determined to go. And the idea at once occurred to him that his promise was of no consequence, since he had already promised Prince Anatole to go before making the promise to Andrey. Finally he reflected that all such promises were merely relative matters, having no sort of precise significance, especially if one considered that to-morrow one might be dead or something so extraordinary might happen that the distinction between honourable and dishonourable would have ceased to exist. Such reflections often occurred to Pierre, completely nullifying all his resolutions and intentions. He went to Kuragin's.

Driving up to the steps of a big house in the Horse Guards' barracks, where Anatole lived, he ran up the lighted steps and the staircase and went in at an open door. There was no one in the ante-room; empty bottles, cloaks, and over-shoes were lying about in disorder: there was a strong smell of spirits; in the distance he heard talking and shouting.

The card-playing and the supper were over, but the party had not broken up. Pierre flung off his cloak, and went into the first room, where there were the remnants of supper, and a footman who, thinking himself unobserved, was emptying the half-full glasses on the sly. In the third room there was a great uproar of laughter, familiar voices shouting, and a bear growling. Eight young men were crowding eagerly about the open window. Three others were busy with a young bear, one of them dragging at its chain and frightening the others with it.

'I bet a hundred on Stevens!' cried one.

'Mind there's no holding him up!' shouted another.

'I'm for Dolohov!' shouted a third. 'Hold the stakes, Kuragin.'

'I say, let Mishka be, we're betting.'

'All at a go or the wager's lost!' cried a fourth.

'Yakov, give us a bottle, Yakov!' shouted Anatole himself, a tall, handsome fellow, standing in the middle of the room, in nothing but a thin shirt, open over his chest. 'Stop, gentlemen. Here he is, here's Petrusha, the dear fellow,' he turned to Pierre.

A man of medium height with bright blue eyes, especially remarkable from looking sober in the midst of the drunken uproar, shouted from the

window: 'Come here. I'll explain the bets!' This was Dolohov, an officer of the Semenov regiment, a notorious gambler and duellist, who was living with Anatole. Pierre smiled, looking good-humouredly about him.

'I don't understand. What's the point?'

'Wait a minute, he's not drunk. A bottle here,' said Anatole; and taking a glass from the table he went up to Pierre.

'First of all, you must drink.'

Pierre began drinking off glass after glass, looking from under his brows at the drunken group, who had crowded about the window again, and listening to their talk. Anatole kept his glass filled and told him that Dolohov had made a bet with an Englishman, Stevens, a sailor who was staying here, that he, Dolohov, would drink a bottle of rum sitting in the third story window with his legs hanging down outside.

'Come, empty the bottle,' said Anatole, giving Pierre the last glass, 'or I won't let you go!'

'No, I don't want to,' said Pierre, shoving Anatole away; and he went up to the window.

Dolohov was holding the Englishman's hand and explaining distinctly the terms of the bet, addressing himself principally to Anatole and Pierre.

Dolohov was a man of medium height, with curly hair and clear blue eyes. He was five-and-twenty, a man of small means and no connections. And yet though Anatole was spending ten thousand a year, Dolohov lived with him and succeeded in so regulating the position that Anatole and all who knew them respected Dolohov more than Anatole. Dolohov played at every sort of game, and almost always won. However much he drank, his brain never lost its clearness. Both Kuragin and Dolohov were at that time notorious figures in the fast and dissipated world in Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought: the window-frame, which hindered any one sitting on the outside sill of the window, was being broken out by two footmen, obviously flurried and intimidated by the shouts and directions given by the gentlemen around them.

Anatole with his swaggering air came up to the window. He was longing to break something. He shoved the footman aside and pulled at the frame, but the frame did not give. He smashed a pane.

'Now then, you're the strong man,' he turned to Pierre. Pierre took hold of the cross beam, tugged, and with a crash wrenched the oak frame out.

'All out, or they'll think I'm holding on,' said Dolohov.

'The Englishman's bragging . . . it's a fine feat . . . eh?' said Anatole.

'Fine,' said Pierre, looking at Dolohov, who with the bottle in his hand had gone up to the window, from which the light of the sky could be seen and the glow of morning and of evening melting into it. Dolohov jumped up on to the window, holding the bottle of rum in his hand. 'Listen!' he shouted, standing on the sill and facing the room. Every one was silent.

'I take a bet' (he spoke in French that the Englishman might hear him, and spoke it none too well) . . . 'I take a bet for fifty imperials—like to make it a hundred?' he added, turning to the Englishman.

'No, fifty,' said the Englishman.

'Good, for fifty imperials, that I'll drink off a whole bottle of rum without taking it from my lips. I'll drink it sitting outside the window, here on this place' (he bent down and pointed to the sloping projection of the wall outside the window) . . . 'and without holding on to anything. . . . That right?'

'All right,' said the Englishman.

A thin, youthful hussar, who had been losing at cards that evening, slipped up to the window, poked his head out and looked down.

'Oo! . . . oo! . . . oo!' he said, looking out of the window at the pavement below.

'Shut up!' cried Dolohov, and he pushed the officer away, so that, tripping over his spurs, he went skipping awkwardly into the room.

Setting the bottle on the window-sill, so as to have it within reach, Dolohov climbed slowly and carefully into the window. Lowering his legs over, with both hands spread open on the window-ledge, he tried the position, seated himself, let his hands go, moved a little to the right, and then to the left, and took the bottle. Anatole brought two candles, and set them on the window-ledge, so that it was quite light. Dolohov's back in his white shirt and his curly head were lighted up on both sides. All crowded round the window. The Englishman stood in front. Pierre smiled, and said nothing. One of the party, rather older than the rest, suddenly came forward with a scared and angry face, and tried to clutch Dolohov by his shirt.

'Gentlemen, this is idiocy; he'll be killed,' said this more sensible man. Anatole stopped him.

'Don't touch him; you'll startle him and he'll be killed. Eh? . . . What then, eh?'

Dolohov turned, balancing himself, and again spreading his hands out.

'If any one takes hold of me again,' he said, letting his words drop one by one through his thin, tightly compressed lips, 'I'll throw him down from here. Now . . .'

Saying 'now,' he turned again, let his hands drop, took the bottle and put it to his lips, bent his head back and held his disengaged hand upwards to keep his balance. One of the footmen who had begun clearing away the broken glass, stopped still in a stooping posture, his eyes fixed on the window and Dolohov's back. Anatole stood upright, with wide-open eyes. The Englishman stared from one side, pursing up his lips. The man who had tried to stop it had retreated to the corner of the room, and lay on the sofa with his face to the wall. Pierre hid his face, and a smile strayed forgotten upon it, though it was full of terror and fear. All were silent. Pierre took his hands from his eyes; Dolohov was still sitting in the same position, only his head was so far bent back that his curls touched his shirt collar, and the hand with the bottle rose higher and higher, trembling with evident effort. Evidently the bottle was nearly empty, and so was tipped higher, throwing the head back. 'Why is it so long?' thought Pierre. It seemed to

him that more than half an hour had passed. Suddenly Dolohov made a backward movement of the spine, and his arm trembled nervously; this was enough to displace his whole body as he sat on the sloping projection. He moved all over, and his arm and head trembled still more violently with the strain. One hand rose to clutch at the window-ledge, but it dropped again. Pierre shut his eyes once more, and said to himself that he would never open them again. Suddenly he was aware of a general stir about him. He glanced up, Dolohov was standing on the window-ledge, his face was pale and full of merriment.

‘Empty!’

He tossed the bottle to the Englishman, who caught it neatly. Dolohov jumped down from the window. He smelt very strongly of rum.

‘Capital! Bravo! That’s something like a bet. You’re a devil of a fellow!’ came shouts from all sides.

The Englishman took out his purse and counted out the money. Dolohov frowned and did not speak. Pierre dashed up to the window.

‘Gentlemen. Who’ll take a bet with me? I’ll do the same!’ he shouted suddenly. ‘I don’t care about betting; see here, tell them to give me a bottle. I’ll do it. . . . Tell them to give it here.’

‘Let him, let him!’ said Dolohov, smiling.

‘What, are you mad? No one would let you. Why, you turn giddy going downstairs,’ various persons protested.

‘I’ll drink it; give me the bottle of rum,’ roared Pierre, striking the table with a resolute, drunken gesture, and he climbed into the window. They clutched at his arms; but he was so strong that he shoved every one far away who came near him.

‘No, there’s no managing him like that,’ said Anatole. ‘Wait a bit, I’ll get round him. . . . Listen, I’ll take your bet, but for to-morrow, for we’re all going on now to . . .’

‘Yes, come along,’ shouted Pierre, ‘come along. . . . And take Mishka with us.’ . . . And he caught hold of the bear, and embracing it and lifting it up, began waltzing round the room with it.

PRINCE VASSILY kept the promise he had made at Anna Pavlovna’s *soirée* to Princess Drubetskoy, who had petitioned him in favour of her only son Boris. His case had been laid before the Emperor, and though it was not to be a precedent for others, he received a commission as sub-lieutenant in the Guards of the Semenovskiy regiment. But the post of an adjutant or *attaché* in Kutuzov’s service was not to be obtained for Boris by all Anna Mihalovna’s efforts and entreaties. Shortly after the gathering at Anna Pavlovna’s, Anna Mihalovna went back to Moscow, to her rich relatives the Rostovs, with whom she stayed in Moscow.

The Rostovs were keeping the name-day of the mother and the younger daughter, both called Natalya. Ever since the morning, coaches with six horses had been incessantly driving to and from the Countess Rostov’s big house in Povarsky, which was known to all Moscow. The countess and her

handsome eldest daughter were sitting in the drawing-room with their visitors, who came in continual succession to present their congratulations to the elder lady.

The countess was a woman with a thin face of Oriental cast, forty-five years old, and obviously exhausted by child-bearing. She had had twelve children. The deliberate slowness of her movements and conversation, arising from weak health, gave her an air of dignity which inspired respect. Princess Anna Mihalovna Drubetskoy, as an intimate friend of the family, sat with them assisting in the work of receiving and entertaining their guests.

'Dear countess, it is such a long time . . . she has been laid up, poor child . . . at the Razumovskys' ball, and the Countess Apraxin . . . I was so glad,' feminine voices chattered briskly, interrupting one another and mingling with the sound of rustling skirts and the scraping of chairs. The conversation touched on the chief items of news in the town, on the illness of the wealthy old Count Bezuhov, a man who had been renowned for his personal beauty in the days of Catherine, and on his illegitimate son, Pierre, who had behaved so improperly at a *soirée* at Anna Pavlovna's. 'I am very sorry for the poor count,' declared the visitor; 'his health in such a precarious state, and now this distress caused him by his son; it will be the death of him!'

'Why, what has happened?' asked the countess, as though she did not know what was meant, though she had heard about the cause of Count Bezuhov's distress fifteen times already.

'This is what comes of modern education! When he was abroad,' the visitor pursued, 'this young man was left to his own devices, and now in Petersburg, they say, he has been doing such atrocious things that he has been sent away under police escort.'

'Really!' said the countess.

'He has made a bad choice of his companions,' put in Princess Anna Mihalovna. 'Prince Vassily's son—he and a young man called Dolohov, they say—God only knows the dreadful things they've been doing. And both have suffered for it. Dolohov has been degraded to the rank of a common soldier, while Bezuhov's son has been banished to Moscow. As to Anatole Kuragin . . . his father managed to hush it up somehow. But he has been sent out of Petersburg too.'

'Why, what did they do?' asked the countess.

'They're perfect ruffians, especially Dolohov,' said the visitor. 'Only fancy, the three of them had got hold of a bear somewhere, put it in a carriage with them, and were taking it to some actress's. The police ran up to stop them. They took the police officer, tied him back to back to the bear, and dropped the bear into the Moika: the bear swam with the police officer on him. It was all they could do to rescue the unlucky man,' the visitor went on. 'And that's the intellectual sort of amusement the son of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezuhov indulges in!' she added.

'How handsome the old man was,' said the countess, 'only last year! A finer-looking man I have never seen.'

'Now he's very much altered,' said Anna Mihalovna. 'Well, I was just saying,' she went on, 'the direct heir to all the property is Prince Vassily through his wife, but the father is very fond of Pierre, has taken trouble over his education, and he has written to the Emperor . . . so that no one can tell, if he dies (he's so ill that it's expected any moment, and Lorrain has come from Petersburg), whom that immense property will come to, Pierre or Prince Vassily. Forty thousand serfs and millions of money. I know this for a fact, for Prince Vassily himself told me so. And indeed Kirill Vladimirovitch happens to be a third cousin of mine on my mother's side, and he's Boris's godfather too,' she added, apparently attaching no importance to this circumstance.

'Prince Vassily arrived in Moscow yesterday. He's coming on some inspection business, so I was told,' said the visitor.

'Yes, between ourselves,' said the princess, 'that's a pretext; he has come simply to see Prince Kirill Vladimirovitch, hearing he was in such a serious state.'

A silence followed. The countess looked at her guest, smiling affably, but still not disguising the fact that she would not take it at all amiss now if the guest were to get up and go. Suddenly they heard in the next room several girls and boys running to the door, and the grating sound of a chair knocked over and a girl of thirteen ran in. There appeared in the doorway a student with a crimson band on his collar, a young officer in the Guards, a girl of fifteen and a fat, rosy-cheeked boy in a child's smock.

The prince jumped up, and swaying from side to side, held his arms out wide round the little girl.

'Ah, here she is!' he cried, laughing. 'Our little darling on her fête day!'

'My dear, there is a time for everything,' said the countess, affecting severity. 'You're always spoiling her, *Elie*,' she added to her husband.

The dark-eyed little girl, plain, but full of life, with her wide mouth, her childish bare shoulders, which shrugged and panted in her bodice from her rapid motion, her black hair brushed back, her slender bare arms and little legs in lace-edged long drawers and open slippers, was at that charming stage when the girl is no longer a child, while the child is not yet a young girl. Wriggling away from her father, she ran up to her mother, and taking no notice whatever of her severe remarks, she hid her flushed face in her mother's lace kerchief and broke into laughter.

Meanwhile all the younger generation, Boris, the officer, Anna Mihalovna's son; Nikolay, the student, the count's elder son; Sonya, the count's niece; and little Petya, his younger son, had all placed themselves about the drawing-room, and were obviously trying to restrain within the bounds of decorum the excitement and mirth which was brimming over in their faces. Clearly in the back part of the house, from which they had dashed out so impetuously, the conversation had been more amusing than the small-talk in the drawing-room.

The two young men, the student and the officer, friends from childhood, were of the same age, and both good-looking, but not like each other.

Boris was a tall, fair-haired lad with delicate, regular features, and a look of composure on his handsome face. Nikolay was a curly-headed youth, not tall, with an open expression. On his upper lip there were already signs of a black moustache coming, and his whole face expressed impulsiveness and enthusiasm. Nikolay flushed red as he came into the drawing-room.

'Yes, *ma chère*,' said the old count, addressing the visitor and pointing to his Nikolay; 'here his friend Boris has received his commission as an officer, and he's so fond of him he doesn't want to be left behind, and is giving up the university and his poor old father to go into the army, *ma chère*. And there was a place all ready for him in the archives department, and all. Isn't that friendship now?' said the count interrogatively.

'But they do say that war has been declared, you know,' said the visitor.

'They've been saying so a long while,' said the count. 'They'll say so again and again, and so it will remain. There's friendship for you, *ma chère!*' he repeated. 'He's going into the hussars.'

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

'It's not from friendship at all,' answered Nikolay, flushing hotly, and denying it as though it were some disgraceful imputation. 'Not friendship at all, but simply I feel drawn to the military service.'

He looked round at his cousin and the young lady visitor; both looked at him with a smile of approval.

'Schubert's dining with us to-night, the colonel of the Pavologradsky regiment of hussars. He has been here on leave, and is taking him with him. There's no help for it,' said the count, shrugging his shoulders and speaking playfully of what evidently was a source of much distress to him.

'I've told you already, papa,' said his son, 'that if you're unwilling to let me go, I'll stay. But I know I'm no good for anything except in the army.'

'Well, well, it's all right!' said the old count; 'he always gets so hot. Bonaparte's turned all their heads; they're all dreaming of how he rose from a lieutenant to be an emperor. Well, and so may it turn out again, please God,' he added, not noticing the visitor's sarcastic smile.

The guests got up and went away, promising to come to dinner.

'What manners! Staying on and on!' said the countess, when she had seen her guests out.

The countess was longing for a *tête-à-tête* talk with the friend of her childhood, Anna Mihalovna, whom she had not seen properly since she had arrived from Petersburg. Anna Mihalovna, with her tear-worn and amiable face, moved closer up to the countess's easy-chair.

'With you I will be perfectly open,' said Anna Mihalovna. 'We haven't many old friends left. That's how it is I value your friendship so.'

The countess pressed her friend's hand.

'*Ab, chère*,' said the countess, 'in my life, too, everything is not rose-coloured. Do you suppose I don't see that, in the way we are going on, our fortune can't last long? When we're in the country it's nothing but theatricals, hunting parties, and God knows what. But we won't talk of me. Come, tell me how you managed it all. I often wonder at you, Annette, the way

you go racing off alone, at your age, to Moscow, and to Petersburg, to all the ministers, and all the great people, and know how to get round them all too. I admire you, really! Well, how was it arranged? Why, I could never do it.'

'Ah, my dear!' answered Princess Anna Mihalovna, 'God grant that you never know what it is to be left a widow, with no one to support you, and a son whom you love to distraction. One learns how to do anything,' she said with some pride. 'My lawsuit trained me to it. If I want to see one of these great people, I write a note: "Princess so-and-so wishes to see so-and-so," and I go myself in a hired cab two or three times—four, if need be—till I get what I want. I don't mind what they think of me.'

'Well, tell me, then, whom did you interview for Borinka?' asked the countess. 'Here's your boy an officer in the Guards, while my Nikolinka's going as an ensign. There's no one to manage things for him. Whose help did you ask?'

'Prince Vassily's. He was so kind. Agreed to do everything immediately; put the case before the Emperor,' said Princess Anna Mihalovna enthusiastically, entirely forgetting all the humiliation she had been through to attain her object.

'And how is he? beginning to get old, Prince Vassily?' inquired the countess. 'I dare say he has forgotten me. He paid me attentions,' the countess recalled with a smile.

'He's just the same,' answered Anna Mihalovna, 'so affable, brimming over. Greatness has not turned his head. "I am sorry I can do so little for you, Princess," he said to me; "I'm at your command." Yes, he's a splendid man, and very good to his relatives. But you know, Natalie, my love for my boy. I don't know what I would not do to make him happy. And my means are so scanty,' pursued Anna Mihalovna, dropping her voice mournfully, 'that now I am in a most awful position. My wretched lawsuit is eating up all I have, and making no progress. I have not, can you conceive it, literally, not sixpence in the world, and I don't know how to get Boris's equipment.' She took out her handkerchief and shed tears. 'I must have five hundred roubles, and I have only a twenty-five rouble note. I'm in such a position. . . . My one hope now is in Prince Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezuhov. If he will not come to the help of his godson—you know he is Boris's godfather—and allow him something for his maintenance, all my efforts will have been in vain; I shall have nothing to get his equipment with.'

The countess deliberated in tearful silence.

'I often think—perhaps it's a sinful thought,' said the princess—'but I often think: here is Prince Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezuhov living all alone . . . that immense fortune . . . and what is he living for? Life is a burden to him, while Boris is only just beginning life.'

'He will be sure to leave something to Boris,' said the countess.

'God knows, *chère amie!* These wealthy grand people are such egoists. But still I'm going to see him at once with Boris, and I will tell him plainly the state of the case. People may think what they choose of me, I really

don't care, when my son's fate depends on it.' The princess got up. 'It's now two o'clock, and you dine at four. I shall have time to drive there and back.'

And with the air of a Petersburg lady, used to business, and knowing how to make use of every moment, Anna Mihalovna sent for her son, and with him went out into the hall.

'Good-bye, my dear,' she said to the countess, who accompanied her to the door. 'Wish me good-luck,' she added in a whisper unheard by her son.

'You're going to Prince Kirill Vladimirovitch's, *ma chère?*' said the count, coming out of the dining-room into the hall. 'If he's better, invite Pierre to dine with us. He has been here; used to dance with the children.'

'*MON CHER BORIS,*' said Anna Mihalovna as the Countess Rostov's carriage drove along the street strewn with straw and into the wide courtyard of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezuhov's house. '*Mon cher Boris,*' said the mother, putting her hand out from under her old mantle, and laying it on her son's hand with a timid, caressing movement, 'be nice, be attentive. Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is after all your godfather, and your future depends on him. Remember that, *mon cher*, be charming, as you know so well how to be. . . .'

'If I knew anything would come of it but humiliation,' her son answered coldly. 'But I have promised, and I will do it for your sake.'

Although the carriage was standing at the entrance, the hall-porter, scanning the mother and son (they had not sent in their names, but had walked straight in through the glass doors between two rows of statues in niches), and looking significantly at the old mantle, inquired whom they wanted, the princesses or the count; and hearing that they wanted to see the count, said that his excellency was worse to-day, and his excellency could see no one.

'We may as well go away,' the son said in French.

'*Mon ami!*' said the mother in a voice of entreaty, again touching her son's hand, as though the contact might soothe or rouse him. Boris said no more, but without taking off his overcoat, looked inquiringly at his mother.

'My good man,' Anna Mihalovna said ingratiatingly, addressing the hall-porter, 'I know that Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is very ill . . . that is why I am here. . . . I am a relation. . . . I shall not disturb him, my good man. . . . I need only see Prince Vassily Sergyevitch; he's staying here; I know. Announce us, please.'

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

'Princess Drubetskoy to see Prince Vassily Sergyevitch,' he called to a footman in stockings, slippers and a frockcoat, who ran down from above, and looked down from the turn in the staircase.

The mother straightened out the folds of her dyed silk gown, looked at herself in the full-length Venetian looking-glass on the wall, and boldly walked up on the stair carpet in her shabby, shapeless shoes.

'My dear, you promised me,' she turned again to her son, rousing him by a touch on his arm. The son, with his eyes on the floor, walked submissively after her.

They went into a large room, from which a door led to the apartments that had been assigned to Prince Vassily.

At the moment when the mother and son reached the middle of the room and were about to ask their way of an old footman, who had darted out at their entrance, the bronze handle of one of the doors turned, and Prince Vassily, dressed in a house jacket of velvet, with one star, came out, accompanying a handsome, black-haired man. This man was the celebrated Petersburg doctor, Lorrain.

'It is positive, then?' said the prince.

'Prince, *errare est humanum*,' answered the doctor, lisping, and pronouncing the Latin words with a French accent.

'Very well, very well . . .'

Perceiving Anna Mihalovna and her son, Prince Vassily dismissed the doctor with a bow, and in silence, with an air of inquiry, advanced to meet them. The son noticed how an expression of intense grief came at once into his mother's eyes, and he smiled slightly.

'Yes, in what distressing circumstances we were destined to meet again, prince. . . . Tell me how is our dear patient?' she said, apparently not observing the frigid, offensive glance that was fixed on her. Prince Vassily stared at her, then at Boris with a look of inquiry that amounted to perplexity. Boris bowed politely. Prince Vassily, without acknowledging his bow, turned away to Anna Mihalovna, and to her question he replied by a movement of the head and lips, indicative of the worst fears for the patient.

'Is it possible?' cried Anna Mihalovna. 'Ah, this is terrible! It is dreadful to think . . . This is my son,' she added, indicating Boris. 'He wanted to thank you in person.'

Boris once more made a polite bow.

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

'I am glad I have been able to do you any service, my dear Anna Mihalovna,' said Prince Vassily, pulling his lace frill straight, and in voice and manner manifesting here in Moscow, before Anna Mihalovna, who was under obligation to him, an even greater sense of his own dignity than in Petersburg at Anna Pavlovna's *soirée*.

'Try to do your duty in the service, and to be worthy of it,' he added, turning severely to him. 'I am glad . . . you are here on leave?' he asked in his expressionless voice.

'I am awaiting orders, your excellency, to join my new regiment,' answered Boris, showing no sign either of resentment at the prince's abrupt manner, nor of desire to get into conversation, but speaking with such respectful composure that the prince looked at him attentively.

'You are living with your mother?'

'I am living at Countess Rostov's,' said Boris, again adding: 'your excellency.'

'What do the doctors say?' asked the princess, after a brief pause, and again the expression of deep distress reappeared on her tear-worn face.

'There is little hope,' said the prince.

'And, I was so longing to thank uncle once more for all his kindness to me and to Boris. He is his godson,' she added in a tone that suggested that Prince Vassily would be highly delighted to hear this fact.

Prince Vassily pondered and frowned. Anna Mihalovna saw he was afraid of finding in her a rival with claims on Count Bezuhov's will. She hastened to reassure him. 'If it were not for my genuine love and devotion for uncle,' she said, uttering the last word with peculiar assurance and carelessness, 'I know his character,—generous, upright; but with only the princesses about him. . . . They are young. . . .' She bent her head and added in a whisper: 'Has he performed his last duties, prince? How priceless are these last moments! He is as bad as he could be, it seems; it is absolutely necessary to prepare him, if he is so ill. We women, prince,' she smiled tenderly, 'always know how to say these things. I absolutely must see him. Hard as it will be for me, I am used to suffering.'

The prince evidently understood, and understood too, as he had at Anna Pavlovna's, that it was no easy task to get rid of Anna Mihalovna.

'Would not this interview be trying for him, *chère* Anna Mihalovna?' he said. 'Let us wait till the evening; the doctors have predicted a crisis.'

'But waiting's out of the question, prince, at such a moment. Think, it is a question of saving his soul. Ah! how terrible, the duties of a Christian. . . .'

The door from the inner rooms opened, and one of the count's nieces entered with a cold and forbidding face, and a long waist strikingly out of proportion with the shortness of her legs.

Prince Vassily turned to her. 'Well, how is he?'

'Still the same. What can you expect with this noise? . . .' said the princess, scanning Anna Mihalovna, as a stranger.

'Ah, dear, I did not recognise you,' said Anna Mihalovna, with a delighted smile, and she ambled lightly up to the count's niece. 'I have just come, and I am at your service to help in nursing my uncle. I imagine what you have been suffering,' she added, sympathetically turning her eyes up.

The princess made no reply, she did not even smile, but walked straight away. Anna Mihalovna took off her gloves, and entrenched herself as it were in an armchair, inviting Prince Vassily to sit down beside her.

'Boris!' she said to her son, and she smiled at him, 'I am going in to the count, to poor uncle, and you can go to Pierre, *mon ami*, meanwhile, and don't forget to give him the Rostovs' invitation. They ask him to dinner. I suppose he won't go?' she said to the prince.

'On the contrary,' said the prince, visibly cast down. 'I should be very glad if you would take that young man off my hands. . . . He sticks on here. The count has not once asked for him.'

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted the youth downstairs and up another staircase to the apartments of Pyotr Kirillovitch.

Pierre had not succeeded in fixing upon a career in Petersburg, and really had been banished to Moscow for disorderly conduct. The story told about him at Count Rostov's was true. Pierre had assisted in tying the police officer to the bear. He had arrived a few days previously, stopping as he always did at his father's house. Though he had assumed that this story would be already known at Moscow, and that the ladies who were about his father, always unfavourably disposed to him, would profit by this opportunity of turning the count against him, he went on the day of his arrival to his father's part of the house. Going into the drawing-room, where the princesses usually sat, he greeted the ladies. There were three of them. The eldest, a trim, long-waisted, severe maiden-lady, the one who had come out to Anna Mihalovna, was reading. The younger ones, both rosy and pretty, were both working at their embroidery frames. Pierre was received like a man risen from the dead or stricken with plague. The eldest princess paused in her reading and stared at him in silence with dismay in her eyes.

'Good-morning, cousin,' said Pierre. 'You don't know me?'

'I know you only too well, only too well.'

'How is the count? Can I see him?' Pierre asked, awkwardly as always, but not disconcerted.

'Hm . . . if you want to kill him, to kill him outright, you can see him. Olga, go and see if uncle's broth is ready—it will soon be time for it,' she added, to show Pierre they were busy, and busy in seeing after his father's comfort, while he was obviously only busy in causing him discomfort.

Olga went out. Pierre stood still a moment, looked at the sisters and bowing said: 'Then I will go to my room. When I can see him, you will tell me.'

The next day Prince Vassily had come and settled in the count's house. He sent for Pierre and said to him:

'My dear fellow, if you behave here as you did at Petersburg, you will come to a very bad end; that's all I have to say to you. The count is very, very ill; you must not see him.'

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

At the moment when Boris came in, Pierre was walking up and down his room, stopping now and then in the corners, making menacing gestures at the wall, as though thrusting some invisible enemy through with a lance, then he gazed sternly over his spectacles, then pacing up and down again, murmuring indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating.

'England's day is over!' he said, scowling and pointing at some one with his finger. 'Mr. Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the rights of man, is condemned . . .' He had not time to deliver Pitt's sentence, imagining himself at that moment Napoleon, and having in the person

of his hero succeeded in the dangerous crossing of the Channel and in the conquest of London, when he saw a graceful, handsome young officer come in. He stood still. Pierre had seen Boris last as a boy of fourteen, and did not remember him in the least. But in spite of that he took his hand in his characteristically quick and warm-hearted manner, and smiled cordially at him.

'You remember me?' Boris said calmly with a pleasant smile. 'I have come with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is not quite well. Count Rostov asks you to come to dinner with him to-day.'

'Ah, Count Rostov,' began Pierre, delighted. 'So you are his son, Ilya? Can you believe it, for the first moment I did not recognise you.'

'You are mistaken,' said Boris, deliberately, with a bold and rather sarcastic smile. 'I am Boris, the son of Princess Anna Mihalovna Drubetskoy. It is the father of the Rostovs who is called Ilya, the son's Nikolay.'

Pierre shook his hands and head, as though flies or bees were swarming upon him.

'Ah, how is it! I've mixed it all up. There are such a lot of relatives in Moscow! You are Boris . . . yes. Well, now, we have got it clear. Tell me, what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? Things will go badly with the English, you know, if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I believe that the expedition is very possible.'

Boris knew nothing at all about the Boulogne expedition.

'Here in Moscow we are more interested in dinner parties and scandal than in politics,' he said in his self-possessed, sarcastic tone. 'I know nothing and think nothing about it. Moscow's more engrossed in scandal than anything,' he went on. 'Just now they are all talking about you and about the count.'

Pierre smiled his kindly smile, as though afraid for his companion's sake that he might say something he would regret. But Boris spoke distinctly, clearly and drily, looking straight into Pierre's face.

'There's nothing else to do in Moscow but talk scandal,' he went on. 'Every one's absorbed in the question whom the count will leave his fortune to, though perhaps he will outlive us all, as I sincerely hope he may.'

'Yes, all that's very horrid,' Pierre interposed, 'very horrid.' Pierre was still afraid this officer would inadvertently drop into some remark disconcerting for himself.

'And it must seem to you,' said Boris, flushing slightly, but not changing his voice or attitude, 'it must seem to you that every one's thinking of nothing but getting something from him.'

'That's just it,' thought Pierre.

'And that's just what I want to say to you to prevent misunderstandings, that you are very much mistaken if you reckon me and my mother among those people. We are very poor, but I—at least I speak for myself—just because your father is rich, I don't consider myself a rela-

tion of his, and neither I nor my mother would ever ask him for anything or take anything from him.'

It was a long while before Pierre understood, but, when he did understand, he jumped up from the sofa, seized Boris's hand with his characteristic quickness and awkwardness, and blushing far more than Boris, began speaking with a mixed sensation of shame and annoyance.

'Well, this is strange! Do you suppose I . . . how you could think . . . I know very well . . .'

But Boris again interrupted him.

'I am glad I have told you everything frankly. Perhaps you dislike it: you must excuse me,' he said, trying to put Pierre at his ease instead of being put at his ease by him; 'but I hope I have not offended you. I make it a rule to say everything quite plainly. . . . Then what message am I to take? You will come to dinner at the Rostovs?'' And Boris, with an evident sense of having discharged an onerous duty, having extricated himself from an awkward position, and put somebody else into one, became perfectly pleasant again.

'No, let me tell you,' said Pierre, regaining his composure, 'you are a wonderful person. What you have just said was very fine, very fine. Of course you don't know me, it's so long since we've seen each other . . . we were children. . . . You might suppose I should . . . I understand, I quite understand. I shouldn't have done it, I shouldn't have had the courage, but it's splendid. I'm very glad I have made your acquaintance. A queer idea,' he added, pausing and smiling, 'you must have had of me.' He laughed. 'But what of it? Let us know each other better, please!' He pressed Boris's hand. 'Do you know I've not once seen the count? He has not sent for me . . . I am sorry for him, as a man . . . But what can one do?'

'And so you think Napoleon will succeed in getting his army across?' Boris queried, smiling.

Pierre saw that Boris was trying to change the conversation, and so he began explaining the advantages and difficulties of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came in to summon Boris; the princess was going. Pierre promised to come to dinner in order to see more of Boris.

Prince Vassily accompanied the princess to the hall. The princess was holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and her face was tearful.

'It is terrible, terrible!' she said; 'but whatever it costs me, I will do my duty. I will come to stay the night. He can't be left like this. Every minute is precious. I can't understand why his nieces put it off. Maybe God will help me to find a way to prepare him. Adieu, prince, may God support you . . .'

'Adieu, my kind friend,' answered Prince Vassily, turning away from her.

'Oh, he is in an awful position!' said the mother to her son, when they were sitting in the carriage again. 'He scarcely knows any one.'

'I don't understand, mamma, what his attitude is as regards Pierre.'

'The will will make all that plain, my dear; our fate, too, hangs upon it . . .'

'But what makes you think he will leave us anything?'

'Oh, my dear! He is so rich, and we are so poor.'

'Well, that's hardly a sufficient reason, mamma.'

'Oh, my God, how ill he is, how ill he is!' cried his mother.

COUNTESS ROSTOV, with her daughters and the greater number of the guests, was sitting in the drawing-room. It was that interval just before a dinner when the assembled guests do not care to enter on a lengthy conversation, expecting to be summoned to the dining-room.

Pierre arrived just at dinner-time, and awkwardly sat down in the middle of the drawing-room in the first easy-chair he came across, blocking up the way for every one. The countess tried to make him talk, but he looked naïvely round him over his spectacles as though he were looking for some one, and replied in monosyllables to all the countess's questions. He was in the way, and was the only person unaware of it. The greater number of the guests, knowing the story of the bear, looked inquisitively at this big, stout, inoffensive-looking person, puzzled to think how such a spiritless and staid young man could have played such a prank.

'You have only lately arrived?' the countess asked him.

'*Oui, madame.*'

'You have not seen my husband?'

'*Non, madame.*' He smiled very inappropriately.

'You have lately been in Paris, I believe? I suppose it's very interesting.'

'Very interesting.'

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mihalovna. Anna Mihalovna saw that she was asked to undertake the young man, and sitting down by him she began talking of his father. But to her as to the countess he replied only in monosyllables. The other guests were all busily engaged together. 'The Razumovskys . . . It was very charming . . . You are so kind . . . Countess Apraxin . . .' rose in murmurs on all sides. The countess got up and went into the reception hall.

'Marya Dmitryevna?' her voice was heard asking from there.

'Herself,' a rough voice was heard in reply, and immediately after, Marya Dmitryevna walked into the room. All the girls and even the ladies, except the very old ones, got up. Marya Dmitryevna, a stout woman of fifty, stopped in the doorway, and holding her head with its grey curls erect, she looked down at the guests and as though tucking up her cuffs, she deliberately arranged the wide sleeves of her gown. Marya Dmitryevna always spoke Russian.

'Health and happiness to the lady whose name-day we are keeping and to her children,' she said in her loud, rich voice that dominated all other

sounds. 'Well, you old sinner,' she turned to the count who was kissing her hand, 'I suppose you are tired of Moscow—nowhere to go out with the dogs? Well, my good man, what's to be done? these nestlings will grow up. . . .' She pointed to the girls. 'Willy-nilly, you must look out for young men for them.'

She took out of her huge reticule some amber earrings with drops, and giving them to Natasha, whose beaming birthday face flushed rosy red, she turned away immediately and addressed Pierre.

'Ay, ay! come here, sir!' she said in an intentionally quiet and gentle voice. 'Come here, sir . . .' And she tucked her sleeve up higher in an ominous manner.

Pierre went up, looking innocently at her over his spectacles.

'Come along, come along, sir! I was the only person that told your father the truth when he was in high favour, and in your case it is a sacred duty.' She paused. Every one was mutely expectant of what was to follow, feeling that this was merely a prelude. 'A pretty fellow, there's no denying! a pretty fellow! . . . His father is lying on his deathbed, and he's amusing himself, setting a police-constable astride on a bear! For shame, sir, for shame! You had better have gone to the war.'

She turned away and gave her hand to the count.

'Well, I suppose dinner's ready, eh?' said Marya Dmitryevna. The count led the way with Marya Dmitryevna, then followed the countess, taken in by a colonel of hussars, a person of importance, as Nikolay was to travel in his company to join the regiment; then Anna Mihalovna with Shinshin, an old bachelor cousin of the countess's. They were followed by a string of other couples, stretching right across the hall, and behind all, the children with their tutors and governesses trooped in, walked singly. There was a bustle among the waiters and a creaking of chairs; the orchestra began playing, as the guests took their places. Then the strains of the count's household band were succeeded by the clatter of knives and forks, the conversation of the guests, and the subdued tread of the waiters. The countess presided at one end of the table. On her right was Marya Dmitryevna; on her left Anna Mihalovna and the other ladies of the party. At the other end sat the count, with the colonel of hussars on his left, and on his right Shinshin and the other guests of the male sex. On one side of the large table sat the more grown-up of the young people, Pierre beside Boris. On the other side were the children with their tutors and governesses. The count peeped from behind the crystal of the decanters and fruit-dishes at his wife and her high cap with blue ribbons, and zealously poured out wine for his neighbours, not overlooking himself. The countess, too, while mindful of her duties as hostess, cast significant glances from behind the pineapples at her husband, whose face and bald head struck her as looking particularly red against his grey hair. At the ladies' end there was a rhythmic murmur of talk, but at the other end of the table the men's voices grew louder and louder, especially the voice of the colonel of hussars.

Boris was telling his new friend Pierre the names of the guests, while he exchanged glances with Natasha sitting opposite him. Pierre said little, looked about at the new faces, and ate a great deal. Of the two soups he chose *à la tortue*, and from that course to the fish-pastries and the grouse, he did not let a single dish pass, and took every sort of wine that the butler offered him, as he mysteriously poked a bottle wrapped in a napkin over his neighbour's shoulder, murmuring, 'Dry Madeira,' or 'Hungarian,' or 'Rhine wine.' Pierre took a wine-glass at random out of the four crystal glasses engraved with the count's crest that were set at each place, and drank with relish, staring at the guests with a countenance that became more and more amiable as the dinner went on. Natasha, who sat opposite him, gazed at Boris as girls of thirteen gaze at the boy whom they have just kissed for the first time, and with whom they are in love. This gaze sometimes strayed to Pierre, and at the look on the funny, excited little girl's face, he felt an impulse to laugh himself without knowing why.

The German tutor was trying to learn by heart a list of all the kinds of dishes, desserts, and wines, in order to write a detailed description of them to the folks at home in Germany, and was greatly mortified that the butler with the bottle in the napkin had passed him over. The German knitted his brows, and tried to look as though he would not have cared to take that wine, but he was mortified because no one would understand that he had not wanted the wine to quench his thirst, or through greed, but from a conscientious desire for knowledge.

At the men's end of the table the conversation was becoming more and more lively. The colonel was asserting that the proclamation of the declaration of war had already been issued in Petersburg, and that a copy, which he had seen himself, had that day been brought by a courier to the commander-in-chief.

'And what evil spirit must make us go to war with Bonaparte?' said Shinshin. 'He has already made Austria take a back seat. I am afraid it may be our turn this time.'

The colonel was a stout, tall, and plethoric German, evidently a zealous officer and good patriot. He resented Shinshin's words.

'The reason why, my good sir,' he said, speaking with a German accent, 'is just that the Emperor knows that. In his proclamation he says that he cannot behold with equanimity the danger threatening Russia, and that the security of the empire, its dignity, and the sacredness of its *alliances*.' He laid a special emphasis on the word *alliances*, as though the gist of the matter lay in that word. And with the unflinching memory for official matters that was peculiar to him, he repeated the introductory words of the proclamation . . . 'and the desire, which constitutes the Sovereign's sole and immutable aim, to establish peace on a secure foundation, have determined him to despatch now a part of the troops abroad, and to make dispositions for carrying out this new project. That is the reason why, my dear sir,' he concluded, tossing off a glass of wine

in edifying fashion, and looking towards the count for encouragement.

'Do you know the proverb, "Erema, Erema, you'd better stay at home and mind your spindle"?' said Shinshin, frowning and smiling.

'We ought to fight to the last drop of our blood,' said the colonel, thumping the table, 'and to die for our emperor, and then all will be well. And to discuss it as little as possible,' he concluded, turning again to the count, and drawling out the word 'possible.' 'That's how we old hussars look at it; that's all we have to say. And how do you look at it, young man and young hussar?' he added, addressing Nikolay.

'I perfectly agree with you,' answered Nikolay, growing hot all over, twisting his plate round, and changing the places of the glasses with a face as desperate and determined as though he were exposed to great danger at that actual moment. 'I am convinced that the Russians must die or conquer,' he said.

'That was very fine, what you just said,' Julie sitting beside him said breathlessly. Sonya trembled all over and crimsoned to her ears, and behind her ears, and down her neck and shoulders, while Nikolay was speaking. Pierre listened to the colonel's remarks, and nodded his head approvingly.

'That's capital,' said he.

'You're a true hussar, young man,' the colonel shouted, thumping on the table again.

Before the ices, champagne was passed round. Again the band struck up, the count kissed the countess, and the guests getting up from the table congratulated the countess, and clinked glasses across the table with the count, the children, and one another. Again the waiters darted about, chairs grated on the floor, and in the same order, but with flushed faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and the count's study.

The card-tables were opened, parties were made up for boston, and the count's guests settled themselves in the two drawing-rooms, the divan room, and the library.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room, where Shinshin had started a conversation with him on the political situation, as a subject likely to be of interest to any one who had just come home from abroad, though it did not in fact interest Pierre. Several other persons joined in the conversation. When the orchestra struck up, Natasha walked into the drawing-room, and going straight up to Pierre, laughing and blushing, she said, 'Mamma told me to ask you to dance.'

'I'm afraid of muddling the figures,' said Pierre, 'but if you will be my teacher . . .' and he gave his fat hand to the slim little girl, putting his arm low down to reach her level.

While the couples were placing themselves and the musicians were tuning up, Pierre sat down with his little partner. Natasha was perfectly happy; she was dancing with a grown-up person, with a man who had just come from abroad. She was sitting in view of every one and talking to him like a grown-up person. She had in her hand a fan, which some

lady had given her to hold, and taking the most modish pose (God knows where and when she had learnt it), fanning herself and smiling all over her face, she talked to her partner.

'What a girl! Just look at her, look at her!' said the old countess, crossing the big hall and pointing to Natasha. Natasha coloured and laughed.

'Why, what do you mean, mamma? Why should you laugh? Is there anything strange about it?'

WHILE in the Rostovs' hall they were dancing the sixth anglaise, while the weary orchestra played wrong notes, and the tired footmen and cooks were getting the supper, Count Bezuhov had just had his sixth stroke. The doctors declared that there was no hope of recovery; the sick man received absolution and the sacrament while unconscious. Preparations were being made for administering extreme unction, and the house was full of the bustle and thrill of suspense usual at such moments. Outside the house undertakers were crowding beyond the gates, trying to escape the notice of the carriages that drove up, but eagerly anticipating a good order for the count's funeral. The governor of Moscow, who had been constantly sending his adjutants to inquire after the count's condition, came himself that evening to say good-bye to the renowned grandee of Catherine's court, Count Bezuhov.

The magnificent reception-room was full. Every one stood up respectfully when the governor, after being half an hour alone with the sick man, came out of the sick-room. Bestowing scanty recognition on the bows with which he was received, he tried to escape as quickly as possible from the gaze of the doctors, ecclesiastical personages, and relations. Prince Vassily, who had grown paler and thinner during the last few days, escorted the governor out.

'Who was that? was it the governor himself?' they were asking at the other end of the room. 'What a young-looking man!'

'And he's over sixty! . . . What, do they say, the count does not know any one? Do they mean to give extreme unction?'

'I knew a man who received extreme unction seven times.'

'There has never been a case,' said the German doctor to the adjutant, speaking broken Russian, 'of recovery after having a third stroke.'

'And what a vigorous man he was!' said the adjutant. 'And to whom will this great wealth go?' he added in a whisper.

'Candidates will be found,' the German replied, smiling. Every one looked round again at the door; it creaked, and the second princess having made the drink according to Lorrain's direction, carried it into the sick-room. The German doctor went up to Lorrain.

'Can it drag on till to-morrow morning?' asked the German, with a vile French accent.

Lorrain, with compressed lips and a stern face, moved his finger before his nose to express a negative.

'To-night, not later,' he said softly, and with a decorous smile of satis-

faction at being able to understand and to express the exact position of the sick man.

Meanwhile Prince Vassily had opened the door of the princess's room.

It was half dark in the room; there were only two lamps burning before the holy pictures, and there was a sweet perfume of incense and flowers. The whole room was furnished with miniature furniture, little sideboards, small bookcases, and small tables. Behind a screen could be seen the white coverings of a high feather-bed. A little dog barked.

'Ah, is that you, *mon cousin*?'

She got up and smoothed her hair, which was always, even now, so extraordinarily smooth that it seemed as though made out of one piece with her head and covered with varnish.

'Has anything happened?' she asked. 'I am in continual dread.'

'Nothing, everything is unchanged. I have only come to have a little talk with you, Katish, about business,' said the prince, sitting down wearily in the low chair from which she had just risen. 'How warm it is here, though,' he said. 'Come, sit here; let us talk.'

'I wondered whether anything had happened,' said the princess, and with her stonily severe expression unchanged, she sat down opposite the prince, preparing herself to listen. 'I have been trying to get some sleep, *mon cousin*, but I can't.'

'Well, my dear?' said Prince Vassily, taking the princess's hand, and bending it downwards as his habit was.

It was plain that this 'well?' referred to much that they both comprehended without mentioning it in words.

The princess, with her spare, upright figure, so disproportionately long in the body, looked straight at the prince with no sign of emotion in her prominent grey eyes. She shook her head, and sighing looked towards the holy pictures. Her gesture might have been interpreted as an expression of grief and devotion, or as an expression of weariness and the hope of a speedy release. Prince Vassily took it as an expression of weariness.

'And do you suppose it's any easier for me?' he said.

The princess looked at him with the same dull immovable gaze.

'Finally, we have to think of my family too,' continued Prince Vassily, angrily pushing away a little table and not looking at her: 'you know, Katish, that you three sisters and my wife,—we are the only direct heirs of the count. I know, I know how painful it is for you to speak and think of such things. And it's as hard for me; but, my dear, I am a man over fifty, I must be ready for anything. Do you know that I have sent for Pierre, and that the count, pointing straight at his portrait, has asked for him?'

Prince Vassily looked inquiringly at the princess, but he could not make out whether she was considering what he had said, or was simply staring at him.

'I pray to God for one thing only continually, *mon cousin*,' she replied, 'that He may have mercy upon him, and allow his noble soul to leave this . . .'

'Yes, quite so,' Prince Vassily continued impatiently, rubbing his bald head and again wrathfully moving the table towards him that he had just moved away, 'but in fact . . . in fact the point is, as you are yourself aware, that last winter the count made a will by which, passing over his direct heirs and us, he bequeathed all his property to Pierre.'

'He may have made ever so many wills!' the princess said placidly; 'but he can't leave it to Pierre. Pierre is illegitimate.'

'*Ma chère,*' said Prince Vassily suddenly, pushing the table against him, growing more earnest and beginning to speak more rapidly: 'but what if a letter has been written to the Emperor, and the count has petitioned him to legitimise Pierre? You understand, that the count's services would make his petition carry weight . . .'

The princess smiled, as people smile who believe that they know much more about the subject than those with whom they are talking.

'I can say more,' Prince Vassily went on, clasping her hand; 'that letter has been written, though it has not been sent off, and the Emperor has heard about it. The question only is whether it has been destroyed or not. If not, as soon as all is over,' Prince Vassily sighed, giving her thereby to understand what he meant precisely by the words 'all is over,' 'and they open the count's papers, the will with the letter will be given to the Emperor, and his petition will certainly be granted. Pierre, as the legitimate son, will receive everything.'

'What about our share?' the princess inquired, smiling ironically as though anything but that might happen.

'Why, my poor Katish, it is as clear as daylight. He will then be the only legal heir of all, and you won't receive as much as this, see. You ought to know, my dear, whether the will and the petition were written, and whether they have been destroyed, and if they have somehow been overlooked, then you ought to know where they are and to find them, because . . .'

'That would be rather too much!' the princess interrupted him, smiling sardonically, with no change in the expression of her eyes. 'I am a woman, and you think we are all silly; but I do know so much, that an illegitimate son can't inherit . . . *Un bâtard,*' she added, supposing that by this translation of the word she was conclusively proving to the prince the groundlessness of his contention.

'How can you not understand, Katish, really! You are so intelligent; how is it you don't understand that if the count has written a letter to the Emperor, begging him to recognise his son as legitimate, then Pierre will not be Pierre but Count Bezuhov, and then he will inherit everything under the will? And if the will and the letter have not been destroyed, then except the consolation of having been dutiful and of all that results from having done your duty, nothing is left for you. That's the fact.'

'I know that the will was made, but I know, too, that it is invalid, and you seem to take me for a perfect fool, *mon cousin,*' said the princess,

with the air with which women speak when they imagine they are saying something witty and biting.

'My dear princess, Katerina Semyonovna!' Prince Vassily began impatiently, 'I have come to you not to provoke you, but to talk to you as a kinswoman, a good, kind-hearted, true kinswoman, of your own interests. I tell you for the tenth time that if the letter to the Emperor and the will in Pierre's favour are among the count's papers, you, my dear girl, and your sisters are not heiresses. If you don't believe me, believe people who know; I have just been talking to Dmitry Onufritch' (this was the family solicitor); 'he said the same.'

There was obviously some sudden change in the princess's ideas; her thin lips turned white (her eyes did not change), and when she began to speak, her voice passed through transitions which she clearly did not anticipate.

'That would be a pretty thing,' she said. 'I wanted nothing, and I want nothing.' She flung her dog off her lap and smoothed out the folds of her skirt.

'That's the gratitude, that's the recognition people get who have sacrificed everything for him,' she said. 'Very nice! Excellent! I don't want anything, prince.'

'Yes, but you are not alone, you have sisters,' answered Prince Vassily. But the princess did not heed him.

'Yes, I knew it long ago, but I'd forgotten that I could expect nothing in this house but baseness, deceit, envy, scheming, nothing but ingratitude, the blackest ingratitude . . .'

'Do you or do you not know where that will is?' asked Prince Vassily, the twitching of his cheeks more marked than ever.

'Yes, I have been foolish; I still kept faith in people, and cared for them and sacrificed myself. But no one succeeds except those who are base and vile. I know whose plotting this is.'

The princess would have risen, but the prince held her by the arm. The princess had the air of a person who has suddenly lost faith in the whole human race. She looked viciously at her companion.

'There is still time, my dear. Remember, Katish, that all this was done heedlessly, in a moment of anger, of illness, and then forgotten. Our duty, my dear girl, is to correct his mistake, to soften his last moments by not letting him commit this injustice, not letting him die with the thought that he has made miserable those . . .'

'Those who have sacrificed everything for him,' the princess caught him up; and she made an impulsive effort again to stand up, but the prince would not let her, 'a sacrifice he has never known how to appreciate. No, *mon cousin*,' she added, with a sigh, 'I will remember that one can expect no reward in this world, that in this world there is no honour, no justice. Cunning and wickedness is what one wants in this world.'

'Come, *voyons*, calm yourself and let us talk sensibly while there is time—'

perhaps twenty-four hours, perhaps one. Tell me all you know about the will, and what's of most consequence, where it is; you must know. We will take it now at once and show it to the count. He has no doubt forgotten about it and would wish to destroy it. You understand that my desire is to carry out his wishes religiously. That is what I came here for. I am only here to be of use to him and to you.'

'Now I see it all. I know whose plotting this is. I know,' the princess was saying.

'That's not the point, my dear.'

'It's all your precious Anna Mihalovna, your *protégée* whom I wouldn't take as a housemaid, the nasty creature.'

'Do not let us waste time.'

'Oh, don't talk to me! Last winter she forced her way in here and told such a pack of vile, mean tales to the count about all of us, especially Sophie—I can't repeat them—that it made the count ill, and he wouldn't see us for a fortnight. It was at that time, I know, he wrote that hateful, infamous document, but I thought it was of no consequence.'

'There we are. Why didn't you tell us about it before?'

'It's in the inlaid portfolio that he keeps under his pillow. Now I know,' said the princess. 'Yes, if I have a sin to my account, a great sin, it's my hatred of that infamous woman,' almost shrieked the princess, utterly transformed. 'And why does she force herself in here? But I'll have it out with her. The time will come!'

At the time that these conversations were taking place in the reception-room and the princess's room, a carriage with Pierre (who had been sent for) and Anna Mihalovna (who had thought fit to come with him) in it was driving into the court of Count Bezuhov's mansion. When the sound of the carriage wheels was muffled by the straw in the street, Anna Mihalovna turned with words of consolation to her companion, discovered that he was asleep in his corner of the carriage, and waked him up. Rousing himself, Pierre followed Anna Mihalovna out of the carriage, and only then began to think of the interview with his dying father that awaited him. He noticed that they had driven not up to the visitors' approach, but to the back entrance. As he got down from the carriage step, two men in the dress of tradesmen hastily scurried away from the entrance into the shadow of the wall. Pierre, as he stood waiting, noticed several other similar persons standing in the shadow of the house on both sides. But neither Anna Mihalovna nor the footman and coachman, who must have seen these people, took any notice of them. So it must be all right, Pierre decided, and he followed Anna Mihalovna. With hurrying footsteps Anna Mihalovna walked up the dimly lighted, narrow stone staircase, urging on Pierre, who lagged behind. Though Pierre had no notion why he had to go to the count at all, and still less why he had to go by the back stairs, yet, impressed by Anna Mihalovna's assurance and haste, he made up his mind that it was undoubtedly necessary for him to do so. Half-way up the stairs they were almost knocked over by

some men with pails, who ran down towards them, tramping loudly with their big boots.

'Is this the princess's side of the house?' Anna Mihalovna asked of one of them . . .

'Yes, it is,' answered the footman in a bold, loud voice, as though anything were permissible at such a time; 'the door on the left, ma'am.'

'Perhaps the count has not asked for me,' said Pierre, as he reached the landing. 'I had better go to my own room.' Anna Mihalovna stopped for Pierre to catch her up.

'Ah, *mon ami*,' she said, touching his hand with just the same gesture as she had used in the morning with her son. 'Believe me, I am suffering as much as you; but be a man.'

'Really, had I not better go?' Pierre asked affectionately, looking at her over his spectacles.

'Ah, *mon ami*, forget the wrong that may have been done you, think that it is your father . . . and perhaps in his death agony,' she sighed. 'I have loved you like a son from the first. Trust in me, Pierre. I shall not forget your interests.'

Pierre did not understand a word. Again he felt more strongly than before that all this had to be so, and he obediently followed Anna Mihalovna, who was already opening the door. The door led into the vestibule of the back stairs. In the corner sat the princess's old man-servant knitting stockings. Pierre had never been in this part of the house, and had not even suspected the existence of these apartments. A maid-servant carrying a tray with a decanter overtook them, and Anna Mihalovna (calling her 'my dear' and 'my good girl') asked her after the princess's health, and drew Pierre further along the stone corridor. The first door to the left led out of the corridor into the princesses' living rooms. The maid with the decanter was in a hurry (everything seemed to be done in a hurry at that moment in the house), and she did not close the door after her. Pierre and Anna Mihalovna, as they passed by, glanced unconsciously into the room where the eldest princess and Prince Vassily were sitting close together talking. On catching sight of their passing figures, Prince Vassily made an impatient movement and drew back, the princess jumped up, and with a despairing gesture she closed the door, slamming it with all her might. This action was so unlike the princess's habitual composure, the dismay depicted on the countenance of Prince Vassily was so out of keeping with his dignity, that Pierre stopped short and looked inquiringly over his spectacles at his guide. Anna Mihalovna manifested no surprise; she simply smiled a little and sighed, as though to show that she had anticipated all that.

'Be a man, *mon ami*, I am looking after your interests,' she said in response to his look of inquiry, and she walked more quickly along the corridor.

Pierre had no notion what was going on, and no inkling of what was meant by watching over his interests. But he felt that all this had had

to be so. From the corridor they went into the half-lighted hall adjoining the count's reception-room. This was one of the cold, sumptuously furnished rooms which Pierre knew, leading from the visitors' staircase. But even in this apartment there was an empty bath standing in the middle of the floor, and water had been spilt on the carpet. They were met here by a servant and a church attendant with a censer, who walked on tiptoe and took no notice of them. They went into the reception-room opening into the winter garden, a room Pierre knew well, with its two Italian windows, its big bust and full-length portrait of Catherine. The same persons were all sitting almost in the same positions exchanging whispers in the reception-room. All ceased speaking and looked round at Anna Mihalovna, as she came in with her pale, tear-stained face, and at the big, stout figure of Pierre, as with downcast head he followed her submissively.

The countenance of Anna Mihalovna showed a consciousness that the crucial moment had arrived. With the air of a Petersburg lady of experience, she walked into the room even more boldly than in the morning, keeping Pierre at her side. She felt that as she was bringing the person the dying man wanted to see, she might feel secure as to her reception. With a rapid glance, scanning all the persons in the room, and observing the count's spiritual adviser, she did not precisely bow down, but seemed somehow suddenly to shrink in stature, and with a tripping amble swam up to the priest and reverentially received a blessing first from one and then from another ecclesiastic.

'Thank God that we are in time,' she said to the priest; 'all of us, his kinsfolk, have been in such alarm. This young man is the count's son,' she added more softly. 'It is a terrible moment.'

Having uttered these words she approached the doctor.

'Dear doctor,' she said to him, 'this young man is the count's son. Is there any hope?'

The doctor did not speak but rapidly shrugged his shoulders and turned up his eyes. With precisely the same gesture Anna Mihalovna moved her shoulders and eyes, almost closing her eyelids, sighed and went away from the doctor to Pierre. She addressed Pierre with peculiar deference and tender melancholy.

'Have faith in His mercy,' she said to him, and indicating a sofa for him to sit down and wait for her, she went herself with inaudible steps towards the door, at which every one was looking, and after almost noiselessly opening it, she vanished behind it.

Pierre, having decided to obey his mistress in everything, moved towards the sofa she had pointed out to him. As soon as Anna Mihalovna had disappeared, he noticed that the eyes of all the persons in the room were fixed upon him with something more than curiosity and sympathy in their gaze. He noticed that they were all whispering together, looking towards him with something like awe and even obsequious deference. 'They showed him a respect such as had never been shown him before.'

A lady, a stranger to him, the one who had been talking to the priest, got up and offered him her place. An adjutant picked up the glove Pierre had dropped and handed it to him. The doctors respectfully paused in their talk when he passed by them and moved aside to make way for him. Pierre wanted at first to sit somewhere else, so as not to trouble the lady; he would have liked to pick up the glove himself and to walk round the doctors, who were really not at all in the way. But he felt all at once that to do so would be improper; he felt that he was that night a person who had to go through a terrible ceremony which every one expected of him, and that for that reason he was bound to accept service from every one. He took the glove from the adjutant in silence, sat down in the lady's place, laying his big hands on his knees, sitting in the naïvely symmetrical pose of an Egyptian statue, and decided mentally that it must all inevitably be like this, and that to avoid losing his head and doing something stupid, he must for that evening not act on his own ideas, but abandon himself wholly to the will of those who were guiding him.

Two minutes had not elapsed before Prince Vassily came majestically into the room, wearing his coat with three stars on it, and carrying his head high. He looked as though he had grown thinner since the morning. His eyes seemed larger than usual as he glanced round the room, and caught sight of Pierre. He went up to him, took his hand (a thing he had never done before), and drew it downwards, as though he wanted to try its strength.

'Courage, courage, *mon ami*. He has asked to see you, that is well . . .' and he would have gone on, but Pierre thought it fitting to ask: 'How is . . . ?' He hesitated, not knowing whether it was proper for him to call the dying man 'the count'; he felt ashamed to call him 'father.'

'He has had another stroke half-an-hour ago. Courage, *mon ami*.'

Pierre was in a condition of such mental confusion that the word stroke aroused in his mind the idea of a blow from some heavy body. He looked in perplexity at Prince Vassily, and only later grasped that an attack of illness was called a stroke. Prince Vassily said a few words to Lorrain as he passed and went to the door on tiptoe. He could not walk easily on tiptoe, and jerked his whole person up and down in an ungainly fashion. He was followed by the eldest princess, then by the clergy and church attendants; some servants too went in at the door. Through that door a stir could be heard, and at last Anna Mihalovna, with a face still pale but resolute in the performance of duty, ran out and, touching Pierre on the arm, said:

'The goodness of heaven is inexhaustible; it is the ceremony of extreme unction which they are beginning. Come.'

Pierre went in, stepping on to the soft carpet, and noticed that the adjutant and the unknown lady and some servants too, all followed him in, as though there were no need now to ask permission to enter that room.

Pierre knew well that great room, divided by columns and an arch, and

carpeted with Persian rugs. The part of the room behind the columns, where on one side there stood a high mahogany bedstead with silken hangings, and on the other a huge case of holy pictures, was brightly and decoratively lighted up, as churches are lighted for evening service. Under the gleaming ornamentation of the case stood a long invalid chair, and in the chair, on snow-white, uncrumpled, freshly changed pillows, covered to the waist with a bright green quilt, Pierre recognised the majestic figure of his father, Count Bezuhov, with the grey shock of hair like a lion's mane over his broad forehead, and the characteristically aristocratic, deep lines on his handsome, reddish-yellow face. He was lying directly under the holy pictures: both his great stout arms were lying on the quilt. In his right hand, which lay with the palm downwards, a wax candle had been thrust between the thumb and forefinger, and an old servant bending down over the chair held it in it. About the chair stood the clergy in their shining ceremonial vestments, with their long hair pulled out over them. They held lighted candles in their hands, and were performing the service with deliberate solemnity. A little behind them stood the two younger princesses holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, and in front of them the eldest, Katish, stood with a vindictive and determined air, never for an instant taking her eyes off the holy image, as though she were declaring to all that she would not answer for herself, if she were to look round. Anna Mihalovna with a countenance of meek sorrow and forgiveness stood at the door. Prince Vassily was standing close to the invalid chair on the other side of the door.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the men-servants; the men and the women had separated as though they were in church. All were silently crossing themselves, nothing was audible but the reading of the service, the subdued, deep bass singing, and in the intervals of silence sighs could be heard and the shuffling of feet. With a significant air, which showed she knew what she was about, Anna Mihalovna walked right across the room to Pierre and gave him a candle. He lighted it, and absorbed in watching the people around him, he absent-mindedly crossed himself with the hand in which he held the candle.

In the middle of the service the voices of the priests suddenly ceased, and they whispered something to one another. The old servant, who was holding the count's hand, got up and turned to the ladies. Anna Mihalovna stepped forward and, stooping over the sick man, she beckoned behind her back to Lorrain. The French doctor had been leaning against the column without a candle, in the respectful attitude of the foreigner, who would show that in spite of the difference of religion, he comprehends all the solemnity of the ceremony and even approves of it. With the noiseless steps of a man in full vigour of his age, he went up to the sick man. His delicate, white fingers lifted his disengaged hand from the quilt, and turning away, the doctor began feeling the pulse in absorbed attention. They gave the sick man some drink; there was

a slight bustle around him, then all went back to their places and the service was continued. During this break in the proceedings Pierre noticed that Prince Vassily moved away from his chair-back, and with that same air of being quite sure of what he was about, and of its being so much the worse for others, if they failed to understand it, he did not go up to the sick man, but passed by him and joined the eldest princess. Then together they went away to the further end of the room to the high bedstead under the silk canopy.

The sounds of the church singing ceased and the voice of the chief ecclesiastic was heard, respectfully congratulating the sick man on his reception of the mystery. The dying man lay as lifeless and immovable as before. Every one was moving about him, there was the sound of footsteps and of whispers, Anna Mihalovna's whisper rising above the rest.

Pierre heard her say: 'Undoubtedly he must be moved on to the bed; it's impossible . . .'

The sick man was so surrounded by the doctors, the princesses and the servants, that Pierre could no longer see the reddish-yellow face with the grey mane, which he had never lost sight of for one instant during the ceremony, even though he had been watching other people too. Pierre guessed from the cautious movements of the people about the chair that they were lifting the dying man up and moving him.

'Hold on to my arm; you'll drop him so,' he heard the frightened whisper of one of the servants. 'Lower down . . . another one here,' said voices. And their heavy breathing and hurried tread seemed to show that the weight they carried was too heavy for them.

As they passed him—Anna Mihalovna among them—the young man caught a glimpse over people's backs and necks of the great muscular open chest, the grey, curly, leonine head, and the massive shoulders of the sick man, which were pushed up, as he was supported under the armpits. His head, with extraordinarily broad brow and cheek-bones, its beautiful sensual mouth, and haughty, cold eyes, was not disfigured by the proximity of death. It was just the same as Pierre had seen it three months before, when his father had been sending him off to Petersburg. But the head swayed helplessly with the jerky steps of the bearers, and the cold, apathetic eyes did not know on what to rest.

They were busy for several minutes round the high bed; then the people who had moved the count dispersed. Anna Mihalovna touched Pierre's arm and said, 'Come along.' With her Pierre approached the bed, on which the sick man had been laid in a ceremonial position in keeping with the sacred rite that had just been performed. He was lying with his head propped high on the pillows. His hands were laid symmetrically on the green silk quilt with the palms turned downwards. When Pierre came up, the count looked straight at him, but he looked at him with a gaze the intent and significance of which no man could fathom. Either these eyes said nothing, but simply looked because as eyes they must look at something, or they said too much. Pierre stopped.

not knowing what he was to do, and looked inquiringly at his monitress. Anna Mihalovna gave him a hurried glance, with a gesture indicating the sick man's hand and with her lips wafting towards it a phantom kiss. Pierre did as he was bid, and carefully craning his neck to avoid entanglement with the quilt, kissed the broad-boned, muscular hand. There was not the faintest stir in the hand, nor in any muscle of the count's face. Pierre again looked inquiringly at Anna Mihalovna to learn what he was to do now. Anna Mihalovna glanced towards the armchair that stood beside the bed. Pierre proceeded obediently to sit down there, his eyes still inquiring whether he had done the right thing. Anna Mihalovna nodded approvingly. Again Pierre fell into the naïvely symmetrical pose of an Egyptian statue, obviously distressed that his ungainly person took up so much room, and doing his utmost to look as small as possible. He looked at the count. The count still gazed at the spot where Pierre's face had been, when he was standing up. Anna Mihalovna's attitude evinced her consciousness of the touching gravity of this last meeting between father and son. It lasted for two minutes, which seemed to Pierre an hour. Suddenly a shudder passed over the thick muscles and furrows of the count's face. The shudder grew more intense; the beautiful mouth was contorted (it was only then that Pierre grasped how near death his father was) and from the contorted mouth there came a husky, muffled sound. Anna Mihalovna looked intently at the sick man's mouth, and trying to guess what he wanted, pointed first to Pierre, then to some drink, then in an inquiring whisper she mentioned the name of Prince Vassily, then pointed to the quilt. The eyes and face of the sick man showed impatience. He made an effort to glance at the servant, who never moved away from the head of his bed.

'His excellency wants to be turned over on the other side,' whispered the servant, and he got up to turn the heavy body of the count facing the wall.

Pierre stood up to help the servant.

While the count was being turned over, one of his arms dragged helplessly behind, and he made a vain effort to pull it after him. Whether the count noticed the face of horror with which Pierre looked at that lifeless arm, or whether some other idea passed through his dying brain, he looked at the refractory arm, at the expression of horror on Pierre's face, again at his arm, and a smile came on to his face, strangely out of keeping with its features; a weak, suffering smile, which seemed mocking at his own helplessness. Suddenly, at the sight of that smile, Pierre felt a lump in his throat and a tickling in his nose, and tears dimmed his eyes. The sick man was turned towards the wall. He sighed.

'He has fallen into a doze,' said Anna Mihalovna, noticing the princess coming to take her turn by the bedside. 'Let us go.'

Pierre went out.

There was by now no one in the reception-room except Prince Vassily and the eldest princess who were in eager conversation together, sitting

under the portrait of Catherine. They were mute at once on seeing Pierre and his companion, and the princess concealed something as Pierre fancied and murmured: 'I can't stand the sight of that woman.'

'Katish has had tea served in the little drawing-room,' Prince Vassily said to Anna Mihalovna. 'Go, my poor Anna Mihalovna, take something or you will not hold out.'

To Pierre he said nothing; he simply pressed his arm sympathetically. Pierre and Anna Mihalovna went on into the little drawing-room.

'There is nothing so reviving as a cup of this excellent Russian tea, after a sleepless night,' said Lorrain with an air of restrained briskness, sipping it out of a delicate china cup without a handle, as he stood in the little circular drawing-room close to a table laid with tea-things and cold supper-dishes. All who were in Count Bezuhov's house on that night had, with a view to fortifying themselves, gathered around the table. Pierre remembered well that little circular drawing-room with its mirrors and little tables. When there had been balls in the count's house, Pierre, who could not dance, had liked sitting in that little room full of mirrors, watching the ladies in ball-dresses with pearls and diamonds on their bare shoulders, as they crossed that room and looked at themselves in the brightly lighted mirrors that repeated their reflections several times. Now the same room was dimly lighted with two candles, and in the middle of the night the tea-set and supper-dishes stood in disorder on one of the little tables, and heterogenous, plainly dressed persons were sitting at it, whispering together, and showing in every word that no one could forget what was passing at that moment and what was still to come in the bedroom. Pierre did not eat anything, though he felt very much inclined to. He looked round inquiringly towards his monitress, and perceived that she had gone out again on tiptoe into the reception-room where Prince Vassily had remained with the eldest princess. Pierre supposed that this too was an inevitable part of the proceedings, and, after a little delay, he followed her. Anna Mihalovna was standing beside the princess, and they were both talking at once in excited tones.

'Allow me, madam, to know what is and what is not to be done,' said the princess, who was apparently in the same exasperated temper as she had been when she slammed the door of her room.

'But, dear princess,' Anna Mihalovna was saying mildly and persuasively, blocking up the way towards the bedroom and not letting the princess pass. 'Would that not be too great a tax on poor uncle at such a moment, when he needs repose? At such moments to talk of worldly matters when his soul is already prepared . . .'

Prince Vassily was sitting in a low chair in his habitual attitude, with one leg crossed high above the other. He wore the air of a man little interested in the two ladies' discussion.

'No, my dear Anna Mihalovna, let Katish act on her own discretion. You know how the count loves her.'

'I don't even know what is in this document,' said the princess, addressing Prince Vassily, and pointing to the inlaid portfolio which she held in her

hand. 'All I know is that the real will is in the bureau, and this is a paper that has been forgotten. . . .'

She tried to get round Anna Mihalovna, but the latter, with another little skip, barred her way again.

'I know, dear, sweet princess,' said Anna Mihalovna, taking hold of the portfolio, and so firmly that it was clear she would not readily let go of it again. 'Dear princess, I beg you, I beseech you, spare him. I entreat you.'

The princess did not speak. All that was heard was the sound of a scuffle over the portfolio. There could be no doubt that if she were to speak, she would say nothing complimentary to Anna Mihalovna. The latter kept a tight grip, but in spite of that her voice retained all its sweet gravity and softness.

'Pierre, come here, my dear boy. He will not be one too many, I should imagine, in a family council; eh, prince?'

'Why don't you speak, *mon cousin?*' the princess shrieked all of a sudden, so loudly that they heard her voice, and were alarmed by it in the drawing-room. 'Why don't you speak when here a meddling outsider takes upon herself to interfere, and make a scene on the very threshold of a dying man's room? Scheming creature,' she muttered viciously, and tugged at the portfolio with all her might, but Anna Mihalovna took a few steps forward so as not to lose her grasp of it and changed hands.

'Ah,' said Prince Vassily, in reproachful wonder. He got up. 'It is ridiculous. Come, let go, I tell you.' The princess let go.

'And you.'

Anna Mihalovna did not heed him.

'Let go, I tell you. I will take it all upon myself. I will go and ask him. I . . . you let it alone.'

'But, prince,' said Anna Mihalovna, 'after this solemn sacrament, let him have a moment's peace. Here, Pierre, tell me your opinion,' she turned to the young man, who going up to them was staring in surprise at the exasperated face of the princess, which had thrown off all appearance of decorum, and the twitching cheeks of Prince Vassily.

'Remember that you will have to answer for all the consequences,' said Prince Vassily sternly; 'you don't know what you are doing.'

'Infamous woman,' shrieked the princess, suddenly pouncing on Anna Mihalovna and tearing the portfolio from her. Prince Vassily bowed his head and flung up his hands.

At that instant the door, the dreadful door at which Pierre had gazed so long, and which had opened so softly, was flung rapidly, noisily open, banging against the wall, and the second princess ran out wringing her hands.

'What are you about?' she said, in despair. 'He is passing away, and you leave me alone.'

The eldest princess dropped the portfolio. Swiftly Anna Mihalovna stooped and, snatching up the object of dispute, ran into the bedroom. The eldest princess and Prince Vassily recovering themselves followed her.

A few minutes later the eldest princess came out again with a pale, dry face, biting her underlip. At the sight of Pierre her face expressed irrepressible hatred.

'Yes, now you can give yourself airs,' she said, 'you have got what you wanted.' And breaking into sobs, she hid her face in her handkerchief and ran out of the room.

The next to emerge was Prince Vassily. He staggered to the sofa, on which Pierre was sitting, and sank on to it, covering his eyes with his hand. Pierre noticed that he was pale, and that his lower jaw was quivering and working as though in ague.

'Ah, my dear boy,' he said, taking Pierre by the elbow—and there was a sincerity and a weakness in his voice that Pierre had never observed in him before—'what sins, what frauds we commit, and all for what? I'm over fifty, my dear boy. . . . I too. . . . It all ends in death, all. Death is awful.' He burst into tears.

Anna Mihalovna was the last to come out. She approached Pierre with soft, deliberate steps. 'Pierre,' she said. Pierre looked inquiringly at her. She kissed the young man on the forehead, wetting him with her tears. She did not speak for a while.

'He is no more. . . .'

Pierre gazed at her over his spectacles.

'Come. I will take you back. Try to cry. Nothing relieves like tears.'

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was glad that no one could see his face. Anna Mihalovna left him, and when she came back he was fast asleep with his arm under his head.

The next morning Anna Mihalovna said to Pierre: 'Yes, my dear boy, it is a great loss for us all. I do not speak of you. But God will uphold you; you are young, and now you are at the head of an immense fortune, I hope. The will has not been opened yet. I know you well enough to know that this will not turn your head, but it will impose duties upon you and you must be a man.'

Pierre did not speak.

'Perhaps, later, I may tell you, my dear boy, that if I had not been there God knows what would have happened. You know, my uncle promised me, only the day before yesterday, not to forget Boris. But he had no time. I hope, dear friend, that you will fulfil your father's desire.'

Pierre did not understand a word, and colouring shyly, looked dumbly at Anna Mihalovna. After talking to him, Anna Mihalovna drove to the Rostovs', and went to bed. On waking in the morning, she told the Rostovs and all her acquaintances the details of Count Bezuhov's death. She said that the count had died, as she would wish to die herself, that his end had been not simply touching, but edifying; that the last interview of the father and son had been so touching that she could not recall it without tears; and that she did not know which had behaved more nobly in those terrible moments: the father, who had remembered everything and every one so well at the last, and had said such moving words to his son; or Pierre, whom

it was heartbreaking to see, so utterly crushed was he, though he yet tried to conceal his grief, so as not to distress his dying father. 'It is painful, but it does one good; it uplifts the soul to see such men as the old count and his worthy son,' she said. She told them about the action of the princess and Prince Vassily too, but in great secrecy, in whispers, and with disapproval.

At Bleak Hills, the estate of Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky, the arrival of young Prince Andrey and his wife was daily expected. But this expectation did not disturb the regular routine in which life moved in the old prince's household. Prince Nikolay Andreivitch, once a commander-in-chief, known in the fashionable world by the nickname of 'the Prussian king,' had been exiled to his estate in the reign of Paul, and had remained at Bleak Hills ever since with his daughter, Princess Marya, and her companion, Mademoiselle Bourienne. Even in the new reign, though he had received permission to return to the capital, he had never left his home in the country, saying that if any one wanted to see him, he could travel the hundred and fifty versts from Moscow to Bleak Hills, and, for his part, he wanted nobody and nothing. He used to maintain that human vices all sprang from only two sources—idleness and superstition, and that there were but two virtues—energy and intelligence. He had himself undertaken the education of his daughter; and to develop in her these important qualities, he continued giving her lessons in algebra and geometry up to her twentieth year, and mapped out her whole life in uninterrupted occupation. He was himself always occupied in writing his memoirs, working out problems in higher mathematics, turning snuff-boxes on his lathe, working in his garden, or looking after the erection of farm buildings which were always being built on his estate. Since the great thing for enabling one to get through work is regularity, he had carried regularity in his manner of life to the highest point of exactitude. His meals were served in a fixed and invariable manner, and not only at a certain hour, but at a certain minute. With those about him, from his daughter to his servants, the count was sharp and invariably exacting, and so, without being cruel, he inspired a degree of respect and awe that the most cruel man could not readily have commanded. In spite of the fact that he was now on the retired list, and had no influence whatever in political circles, every high official in the province in which was the prince's estate felt obliged to call upon him, and had, just like the architect, the gardener, or Princess Marya, to wait till the regular hour at which the prince always made his appearance in the lofty waiting-room. And every one in the waiting-room felt the same veneration, and even awe, when the immensely high door of the study opened and showed the small figure of the old man in a powdered wig, with his little withered hands and grey, overhanging eyebrows, that, at times when he scowled, hid the gleam in his shrewd, youthful-looking eyes.

On the day that the young people were expected to arrive, Princess Marya went as usual at the fixed hour in the morning into the waiting-room to say good-morning to her father, and with dread in her heart crossed

herself and mentally repeated a prayer. Every day she went in to her father in the same way, and every day she prayed that her interview with her father might pass off well that day. The old man-servant, wearing powder, softly got up from his seat in the waiting-room and whispered: 'Walk in.'

Through the door came the regular sounds of the lathe. The princess kept timidly hold of the door, which opened smoothly and easily, and stood still in the doorway. The prince was working at his lathe, and glancing round, he went on with what he was doing.

The immense room was filled with things obviously in constant use. The large table, on which lay books and plans, the high bookcases with keys in the glass-covered doors, the high table for the prince to write at, standing up, with an open manuscript-book upon it, the carpenter's lathe with tools ranged about it and shavings scattered around, all suggested continual, varied, and orderly activity. The movements of the prince's small foot in its Tatar, silver-embroidered boot, the firm pressure of his sinewy, lean hand, showed the strength of vigorous old age still strong-willed and wiry. After making a few more turns, he took his foot from the pedal of the lathe, wiped the plane, dropped it into a leather pouch attached to the lathe, and going up to the table called his daughter. He never gave the usual blessing to his children; he simply offered her his scrubby, not yet shaved cheek, and said sternly and yet at the same time with intense tenderness, as he looked her over: 'Quite well? . . . All right, then, sit down!' He took a geometry exercise-book written by his own hand, and drew his chair up with his leg.

'For to-morrow,' he said quickly, turning to the page and marking it from one paragraph to the next with his rough nail. The princess bent over the exercise-book. 'Stop, there's a letter for you,' the old man said suddenly, pulling out of a pocket hanging over the table an envelope addressed in a feminine hand.

The princess's face coloured red in patches at the sight of the letter. She took it hurriedly.

'From Heloise?' asked the prince, showing his still strong, yellow teeth in a cold smile.

'Yes, from Julie,' said the princess, glancing at him, and timidly smiling.

'Two more letters I'll let pass, but the third I shall read,' said the prince severely; 'I'm afraid you write a lot of nonsense. The third I shall read.'

'Read this one, father,' answered the princess, colouring still more and handing him the letter.

'The third, I said the third,' the prince cried shortly; pushing away the letter and leaning his elbow on the table, he drew up to him the book with the figures of geometry in it.

'Now, madam,' began the old man, bending over the book close to his daughter, and laying one arm on the back of the chair she was sitting on, so that the princess felt herself surrounded on all sides by the peculiar acrid smell of old age and tobacco, which she had so long associated with her father. 'Come, madam, these triangles are equal: kindly look; the angle A B C. . . .'

The princess glanced in a scared way at her father's eyes gleaming close beside her. She could see and hear nothing; she could feel nothing but the dry face of her stern father near her, his breath and the smell of him, and could think of nothing but how to escape as soon as possible from the study and to make out the problem in freedom in her room. The old man lost his temper.

'Well, you are too stupid!' cried the prince, pushing away the book, and turning sharply away. 'This won't do; it won't do,' he said, when Princess Marya, taking the exercise-book with the lesson set her, and shutting it, was about to leave the room, 'mathematics is a grand subject, madam. And to have you like the common run of our silly misses is what I don't want at all. Patience, and you'll get to like it.' He patted her on the cheek. 'It will drive all the nonsense out of your head.'

Princess Marya went back to her own room with that dejected, scared expression that rarely left her, and made her plain, sickly face even plainer. She sat down at her writing-table, which was dotted with miniature portraits, and strewn with books and manuscripts. The princess was as untidy as her father was tidy. She put down the geometry exercise-book and impatiently opened the letter. The letter was from the princess's dearest friend from childhood; this friend was none other than Julie Karagin, who had been at the Rostovs' name-day party.

Julie wrote in French:

'DEAR AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,—What a terrible and frightful thing is absence! I say to myself that half of my existence and of my happiness is in you, that notwithstanding the distance that separates us, our hearts are united by invisible bonds; yet mine rebels against destiny, and in spite of the pleasures and distractions around me, I cannot overcome a certain hidden sadness which I feel in the bottom of my heart since our separation. Why are we not together as we were this summer in your great study, on the blue sofa, the confidential sofa? Why can I not, as I did three months ago, draw new moral strength from that gentle, calm, penetrating look of yours, a look that I loved so well and that I seem to see before me as I write to you.'

When she reached this passage, Princess Marya sighed and looked round into the pier-glass that stood on her right. The glass reflected a feeble, ungraceful figure and a thin face. The eyes, always melancholy, were looking just now with a particularly hopeless expression at herself in the looking-glass. She flatters me, thought the princess, and she turned away and went on reading. But Julie did not flatter her friend: the princess's eyes—large, deep, and luminous (rays of warm light seemed at times to radiate in streams from them), were really so fine, that very often in spite of the plainness of the whole face her eyes were more attractive than beauty. But the princess had never seen the beautiful expression of her eyes; the expression that came into them when she was not thinking of herself. As in the

case with every one, her face assumed an affected, unnatural, ugly expression as soon as she looked in the looking-glass.

She went on reading:

‘All Moscow talks of nothing but 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, people declare, intends to expose his precious existence to the risks of war. God grant that the Corsican monster who is destroying the peace of Europe may be brought low by the angel whom the Almighty in His mercy has given us as sovereign. Without speaking of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one of my heart’s dearest alliances. I mean the young Nicholas Rostov, whose enthusiasm could not endure inaction, and who has left the university to go and join the army. Well, dear Marie, I will own to you that, in spite of his extreme youth, his departure for the army has been a great grief to me. This young man, of whom I spoke to you in the summer, has so much nobility, so much real youthfulness, rarely to be met with in our age, among our old men of twenty. Above all, he has so much openness and so much heart. He is so pure and poetic that my acquaintance with him, though so transient, has been one of the dearest joys known by my poor heart, which has already had so much suffering. Some day I will tell you about our farewells and all that we said to each other as we parted. As yet, all that is too fresh. Ah, dear friend, you are fortunate in not knowing these joys and these pains which are so poignant. You are fortunate, because the latter are generally stronger! I know very well that Count Nicholas is too young ever to become more to me than a friend, but this sweet friendship, this poetic and pure intimacy have fulfilled a need of my heart. No more of this. The great news of the day, with which all Moscow is taken up, is the death of old Count Bezuhov, and his inheritance. Fancy, the three princesses have hardly got anything, Prince Vassily nothing, and everything has been left to M. Pierre, who has been acknowledged as a legitimate son into the bargain, so that he is Count Bezuhov and has the finest fortune in Russia. People say that Prince Vassily behaved very badly in all these matters and that he has gone back to Petersburg quite cast down.

‘I own that I understand very little about all these details of legacies and wills; what I know is that since the young man whom we all used to know as plain M. Pierre has become Count Bezuhov and owner of one of the largest fortunes in Russia, I am much amused to observe the change in the tone and the manners of mammas burdened with marriageable daughters and of those young ladies themselves, towards that individual—who I may say in passing has always seemed to me a poor creature. As people have amused themselves for the last two years in giving me husbands whom I don’t know, the matrimonial gossip of Moscow generally makes me Countess Bezuhov. But you, I am sure, feel that I have no desire to become so. About marriage, by the by, do you know that the *universal aunt*, Anna Mihalovna,

has confided to me, under the seal of the deepest secrecy, a marriage scheme for you? It is no one more or less than Prince Vassily's son, Anatole, whom they want to settle by marrying him to some one rich and distinguished, and the choice of his relations has fallen on you. I don't know what view you will take of the matter, but I thought it my duty to let you know beforehand. He is said to be very handsome and very wild; that is all I have been able to find out about him.

'But enough of gossip. I am finishing my second sheet and mamma is sending for me to go and dine with the Apraxins. Read the mystical book which I send you, and which is the rage here. Though there are things in this book, difficult for our human conceptions to attain to, it is an admirable book, and reading it 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.—Let me hear news of your brother and his charming little wife.'

Princess Marya thought a minute, smiling dreamily (her face, lighted up by her luminous eyes, was completely transformed). Suddenly the princess glanced at her watch, and seeing that it was already five minutes later than the hour fixed for her practice on the clavichord, she went with a face of alarm into the divan-room. In accordance with the rules by which the day was mapped out, the prince rested from twelve to two, while the young princess practised on the clavichord.

At that moment a carriage and a little cart drove up to the steps, and Prince Andrey got out of the carriage, helped his little wife out and let her pass into the house before him. Grey Tihon in his wig, popping out at the door of the waiting room, informed him in a whisper that the prince was taking a nap and made haste to close the door. Tihon knew that no extraordinary event, not even the arrival of his son, would be permitted to break through the routine of the day. Prince Andrey was apparently as well aware of the fact as Tihon.

'He will get up in twenty minutes. Let's go to Marie,' he said.

When the twenty minutes had elapsed, and the time for the old prince to get up had come, Tihon came to call the young man to his father. The old man made a departure from his ordinary routine in honour of his son's arrival. He directed that he should be admitted into his apartments during his time for dressing, before dinner.

'Ah! the warrior! So you want to fight Bonaparte?' said the old man, shaking his powdered head as far as his plaited tail, which was in Tihon's hands, would permit him.

'Mind you look sharp after him, at any rate, or he'll soon be putting us on the list of his subjects. Come, tell me, how have the Germans trained you to fight with Bonaparte on their new scientific method—strategy as they call it?'

Prince Andrey smiled.

'Give me time to recover myself, father,' he said, with a smile that showed that his father's failings did not prevent his respecting and loving him. 'Why, I have only just got here.'

'Nonsense, nonsense,' cried the old man, shaking his tail to try whether it were tightly plaited, and taking his son by the hand. 'The house is ready for your wife. Marie will look after her and show her everything, and talk nineteen to the dozen with her too. That's their feminine way. I'm glad to have her. Sit down, talk to me. Mihelson's army, I understand, Tolstoy's too . . . a simultaneous expedition . . . but what's the army of the South going to do? Prussia, her neutrality . . . I know all that. What of Austria?' he said, getting up from his chair and walking about the room, with Tihon running after him, giving him various articles of his apparel. 'What about Sweden? How will they cross Pomerania?'

Prince Andrey, seeing the urgency of his father's questions, began explaining the plan of operations of the proposed campaign, speaking at first reluctantly, but becoming more interested as he went on, and unconsciously from habit passing from Russian into French. He told him how an army of ninety thousand troops was to threaten Prussia so as to drive her out of her neutrality and draw her into the war, how part of these troops were to join the Swedish troops at Strahlsund, how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians were to combine with a hundred thousand Russians in Italy and on the Rhine, and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English troops were to meet at Naples, and how the army, forming a total of five hundred thousand, was to attack the French on different sides at once. The old prince went on dressing, apparently not listening, and when Prince Andrey was just finishing the old man hummed in French, in his falsetto old voice: 'Malbrook goes off to battle, God knows when he'll come back.'

His son only smiled.

'I don't say that this is a plan I approve of,' he said; 'I'm only telling you what it is. Napoleon has made a plan by now as good as this one.'

'Well, you have told me nothing new.' And thoughtfully the old man repeated, speaking quickly to himself: 'God knows when he'll come back. Go into the dining-room.'

At the exact hour, the prince, powdered and shaven, walked into the dining-room, where there were waiting for him his daughter-in-law, Princess Marya, Mademoiselle Bourienne, and the prince's architect, who, though an insignificant person of no social standing, dined at his table. The prince, who was in practice a firm stickler for distinctions of rank, and rarely admitted to his table even important provincial functionaries, had suddenly pitched on the architect Mihail Ivanovitch, blowing his nose in a check pocket-handkerchief in the corner, to illustrate the theory that all men are equal.

In the dining-room, which, like all the other rooms in the house, was immensely lofty, the prince's entrance was awaited by all the members of his household and the footmen. standing behind each chair. Prince Andrey

stared at an immense golden frame on the wall that was new to him. It contained the genealogical tree of the Bolkonskys, and hanging opposite it was a frame, equally immense, with a badly painted representation (evidently the work of some household artist) of a reigning prince in a crown, intended for the descendant of Rurik and founder of the family of the Bolkonsky princes. Prince Andrey looked at this genealogical tree shaking his head, and he laughed as one laughs at a portrait ridiculously like.

'There you have him all over!' he said to Princess Marya as she came up to him.

Everything her father did inspired in her a reverence that did not admit of criticism.

Princess Marya was making ready to protest, when the step they were all listening for was heard coming from the study. The prince walked in with a quick, lively step, as he always walked, as though intentionally contrasting the elasticity of his movements with the rigidity of the routine of the house. At that instant the big clock struck two, and another clock in the drawing-room echoed it in thinner tones. The prince stood still; his keen, stern eyes gleaming under his bushy, overhanging brows scanned all the company and rested on the little princess.

'I'm glad, glad to see you,' he said, and looking intently into her eyes he walked away and sat down in his place. 'Sit down, sit down, Mihail Ivanovitch, sit down.'

He pointed his daughter-in-law to a seat beside him. The footman moved a chair back for her.

'Ho, ho!' said the old man, looking at her rounded figure. 'You've not lost time; that's bad!' He laughed a dry, cold, unpleasant laugh, laughing as he always did with his lips, but not with his eyes. 'You must have exercise, as much exercise as possible, as much as possible,' he said.

The little princess did not hear or did not care to hear his words. She sat dumb and seemed disconcerted. The prince asked after her father, and she began to talk and to smile. He asked her about common acquaintances; the princess became more and more animated, and began talking away, giving the prince greetings from various people and retailing the gossip of the town.

'Poor Countess Apraxin has lost her husband; she has quite cried her eyes out, poor dear,' she said, growing more and more lively.

As she became livelier, the prince looked more and more sternly at her, and all at once, as though he had studied her sufficiently and had formed a clear idea of her, he turned away and addressed Mihail Ivanovitch:

'Well, Mihail Ivanovitch, our friend Bonaparte is to have a bad time of it. Prince Andrey' (this was how he always spoke of his son) 'has been telling me what forces are being massed against him! While you and I have always looked upon him as a very insignificant person.'

The conversation turned again on the war, on Bonaparte, and the generals and political personages of the day. The old prince was, it seemed, convinced that all the public men of the period were mere babes who had

no idea of the A B C of military and political matters. He was even persuaded firmly that there were no political difficulties in Europe, that there was no war indeed, but only a sort of marionette show in which the men of the day took part, pretending to be doing the real thing.

'No, my dear,' he went on. 'No, my lad, either you have all lost your wits, or I have outlived mine. God help you, and we shall see. Bonaparte's become a great military leader among them! H'm! . . .'

'I don't say at all that all those plans are good,' said Prince Andrey; only I can't understand how you can have such an opinion of Bonaparte. Laugh, if you like, but Bonaparte is any way a great general!'

'Bonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He has splendid soldiers. And he attacked the Germans first too. And any fool can beat the Germans. From the very beginning of the world every one has beaten the Germans. And they've never beaten any one. They only conquer each other. He made his reputation fighting against them. God knows when he'll come back . . .'

the prince hummed in falsetto, laughed still more falsetto, and got up from the table.

Prince Andrey was leaving the following evening. The old prince, not departing from his regular routine, went away to his own room after dinner. The little princess was with her sister-in-law. Prince Andrey had been packing with his valet in the rooms set apart for him. Nothing was left in the room but a travelling-case, a big silver wine-case, two Turkish pistols and a sabre, a present from his father. Catching the sound of footsteps in the outer room, he stood at the table, engaged in fastening the cover of the case.

'They told me you had ordered the horses,' Princess Marya said, panting (she had evidently been running), 'and I did so want to have a little more talk with you alone. God knows how long we shall be parted again. You're not angry with me for coming?'

'And where's Liza?' he asked, only answering her question by a smile.

'She was so tired that she fell asleep on the sofa in my room. O Andrey, what a treasure of a wife you have,' she said. 'She is a perfect child; such a sweet, merry child. I like her so much.' Prince Andrey did not speak, but the princess noticed the ironical and contemptuous expression that came into his face.

'But one must be indulgent to little weaknesses. Who is free from them, Andrey? You mustn't forget that she has grown up and been educated in society. Only think what it must be for her, poor girl, after the life she has been used to, to part from her husband and be left alone in the country, and in her condition too. It's very hard.'

Prince Andrey smiled, looking at his sister as we smile listening to people whom we fancy we see through.

'You live in the country and think the life so awful?' he said.

'I—that's a different matter. Why bring me in? But only think, Andrey, what it is for a young woman used to fashionable society to be buried for the best years of her life in the country, alone, because papa is always busy,

and I . . . you know me . . . I am not a cheerful companion for women used to the best society. Mademoiselle Bourienne is the only person . . .'

'I don't like her at all, your Bourienne,' said Prince Andrey.

'Oh, no! she's a very good and sweet girl, and what's more, she's very much to be pitied. She has nobody, nobody. *Mon père* picked her up an orphan in the streets, and she's very good-natured. And *mon père* likes her way of reading. She reads aloud to him in the evenings. She reads very well.'

'Come, tell me the truth, Marie, you suffer a good deal, I expect, sometimes from our father's character?' Prince Andrey asked suddenly. Princess Marya was at first amazed, then aghast at the question.

'Me? . . . me? . . . me suffer!' she said.

'He was always harsh, but he's growing very tedious, I should think,' said Prince Andrey, speaking so slightly of his father with an unmistakable intention either of puzzling or of testing his sister.

'You are good in every way, Andrey, but you have a sort of pride of intellect,' said the princess, evidently following her own train of thought rather than the thread of the conversation, 'and that's a great sin. Do you think it right to judge our father? But if it were right, what feeling but *vénération* could be aroused by such a man as *mon père*? And I am so contented and happy with him. I could only wish you were all as happy as I am.'

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

'The only thing that troubles me,—I'll tell you the truth, Andrey,—is our father's way of thinking in religious matters. I can't understand how a man of such immense intellect can fail to see what is as clear as day, and can fall into such error. That is the one thing that makes me unhappy. But even in this I see a slight change for the better of late. Lately his jeers have not been so bitter, and there is a monk whom he received and talked to a long time.'

'Well, my dear, I'm afraid you and your monk are wasting your powder and shot,' Prince Andrey said ironically but affectionately.

'Ah, *mon ami!* I can only pray to God and trust that He will hear me. Andrey,' she said timidly after a minute's silent, 'I have a great favour to ask of you.'

'What is it, dear?'

'No; promise me you won't refuse. It will be no trouble to you, and there is nothing beneath you in it. Only it will be a comfort to me. Promise, Andryusha,' she said, putting her hand into her reticule and holding something in it, but not showing it yet, as though what she was holding was the object of her entreaty, and before she received a promise to grant it, she could not take that something out of her reticule. She looked timidly with imploring eyes at her brother.

'Even if it were a great trouble . . .' answered Prince Andrey, seeming to guess what the favour was.

'You may think what you please about it. I know you are like *mon père*. Think what you please, but do this for my sake. Do, please. The father of my father, our grandfather, always wore it in all his wars . . .' She still did

not take out what she was holding in her reticule. 'You promise me, then?'

'Of course, what is it?'

'Andrey, I am blessing you with the holy image, and you must promise me you will never take it off. . . . You promise?'

'If it does not weigh a ton and won't drag my neck off . . . To please you,' said Prince Andrey. The same second he noticed the pained expression that came over his sister's face at this jest, and felt remorseful. 'I am very glad, really very glad, dear,' he added.

'Against your own will He will save and will have mercy on you and turn you to Himself, because in Him alone is truth and peace,' she said in a voice shaking with emotion, and with a solemn gesture holding in both hands before her brother an old-fashioned, little, oval holy image of the Saviour with a black face in a silver setting, on a little silver chain of delicate workmanship. She crossed herself, kissed the image, and gave it to Andrey.

'Please, Andrey, for my sake.'

Rays of kindly, timid light beamed from her great eyes. Those eyes lighted up all the thin, sickly face and made it beautiful.

'So as I was telling you, Andrey, you must be kind and generous as you always used to be. Don't judge Liza harshly,' she began; 'she is so sweet, so good-natured, and her position is a very hard one just now.'

'I fancy I have said nothing to you, Masha, of my blaming my wife for anything or being dissatisfied with her. What makes you say all this to me?'

Princess Marya coloured in patches, and was mute, as though she felt guilty.

'I have said nothing to you, but you have been *talked to*. And that makes me sad.'

The red patches grew deeper on the forehead and neck and cheeks of Princess Marya. She would have said something, but could not utter the words. Her brother had guessed right: his wife had shed tears after dinner, had said that she had a presentiment of a bad confinement, that she was afraid of it, and had complained of her hard lot, of her father-in-law and her husband. After crying she had fallen asleep. Prince Andrey felt sorry for his sister.

'Let me tell you one thing, Masha, I can't reproach *my wife* for anything, I never have and I never shall, nor can I reproach myself for anything in regard to her, and that shall always be so in whatever circumstances I may be placed. But if you want to know the truth . . . if you want to know if I am happy. No. Is she happy? No. Why is it so? I don't know.'

Princess Marya got up and moved toward the door. She stopped. 'Andrey, if you had faith, you would have appealed to God, to give you the love that you do not feel, and your prayer would have been granted.'

'Yes, perhaps so,' said Prince Andrey.

On the way to his sister's room, Prince Andrey encountered Mademoiselle Bourienne smiling sweetly. It was the third time that day that she had thrown herself in his way in secluded passages.

'Ah, I thought you were in your own room,' she said, for some reason

blushing and casting down her eyes. Prince Andrey looked sternly at her.

When he reached his sister's room, the little princess was awake and her gay little voice could be heard through the open door, hurrying one word after another. She talked as though, after being long restrained, she wanted to make up for lost time, and, as always, she spoke French.

'No, but imagine the old Countess Zubov, with false curls and her mouth full of false teeth as though she wanted to defy the years. *Ha, ha, ha, Marie!*

Just the same phrase about Countess Zubov and just the same laugh Prince Andrey had heard five times already from his wife before outsiders. He walked softly into the room. The little princess, plump and rosy, was sitting in a low chair with her work in her hands, trotting out her Petersburg reminiscences and phrases. Prince Andrey went up, stroked her on the head, and asked if she had got over the fatigue of the journey. She answered him and went on talking.

The coach with six horses stood at the steps. It was a dark autumn night. The coachman could not see the shafts of the carriage. Servants with lanterns were running to and fro on the steps. The immense house glared with its great windows lighted up. The house-serfs were crowding in the outer hall, anxious to say good-bye to their young prince. Prince Andrey had been summoned to the study of his father, who wanted to take leave of him alone.

When Prince Andrey went into the study, the old prince was in his old-age spectacles and his white dressing-gown, in which he never saw any one but his son. He was sitting at the table writing. He looked round.

'Going?' And he went on writing again.

'I have come to say good-bye.'

'Kiss me here,' he touched his cheek; 'thanks, thanks!'

'What are you thanking me for?'

'For not lingering beyond your fixed time, for not hanging about a woman's petticoats. Duty before everything. Thanks, thanks!' And he went on writing, so that ink spurted from the scratching pen.

'If you want to say anything, say it. I can do these two things at once,' he added.

'About my wife . . . I'm ashamed as it is to leave her on your hands. . . .'

'Why talk nonsense? Say what you want.'

'When my wife's confinement is due, send to Moscow for an *accoucheur* . . . Let him be here.'

The old man stopped and stared with stern eyes at his son, as though not understanding.

'I know that no one can be of use, if nature does not assist,' said Prince Andrey, evidently confused. 'I admit that out of a million cases only one goes wrong, but it's her fancy and mine. They've been telling her things; she's had a dream and she's frightened.'

'H'm . . . h'm . . .' the old prince muttered to himself, going on with

his writing. 'I will do so.' He scribbled his signature, and suddenly turned quickly to his son and laughed.

'It's a bad business, eh?'

'What's a bad business, father?'

'Wife!' the old prince said briefly and significantly.

'I don't understand,' said Prince Andrey.

'But there's no help for it, my dear boy,' said the old prince; 'they're all like that, and there's no getting unmarried again. Don't be afraid, I won't say a word to any one, but you know it yourself.'

He grasped his hand with his thin, little, bony fingers, shook it, looked straight into his son's face with his keen eyes, that seemed to see right through any one, and again he laughed his frigid laugh.

The son sighed, acknowledging in that sigh that his father understood him. The old man, still busy folding and sealing the letters with his habitual rapidity, snatched up and flung down again the wax, the seal, and the paper.

'It can't be helped. She's pretty. I'll do everything. Set your mind at rest,' he said jerkily, as he sealed the letter.

Andrey did not speak; it was both pleasant and painful to him that his father understood him. The old man got up and gave his son the letter.

'Listen,' said he. 'Don't worry about your wife; what can be done shall be done. Now, listen; give this letter to Mihail Ilarionovitch. I write that he is to make use of you on good work, and not to keep you long an adjutant; a vile duty! Tell him I remember him and like him. And write to me how he receives you. If he's all right, serve him. The son of Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky has no need to serve under any man as a favour.'

He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half of his words, but his son was used to understanding him.

'There's another thing I wanted to ask you,' went on Prince Andrey; 'if I'm killed, and if I have a son, don't let him slip out of your hands, as I said to you yesterday; let him grow up with you . . . please.'

'Not give him up to your wife?' said the old man, and he laughed.

They stood mutually facing each other. The old man's sharp eyes were fixed on his son's eyes. A quiver passed over the lower part of the old prince's face.

'We have said good-bye . . . go along!' he said suddenly. 'Go along!' he cried in a loud and wrathful voice, opening the study door.

'What is it, what's the matter?' asked the two princesses on seeing Prince Andrey, and catching a momentary glimpse of the figure of the old man in his white dressing-gown, wearing his spectacles and no wig, and shouting in a wrathful voice.

Prince Andrey sighed and made no reply.

'Now, then,' he said, turning to his wife, and that 'now then' sounded like a cold sneer, as though he had said, 'Now, go through your little performance.'

'Andrey? Already!' said the little princess, turning pale and looking with

dismay at her husband. He embraced her. She shrieked and fell swooning on his shoulder.

He cautiously withdrew the shoulder, glanced into her face and carefully laid her in a low chair.

'Good-bye, Masha,' he said gently to his sister, and they kissed one another's hands, then with rapid steps he walked out of the room.

The little princess lay in the arm-chair; Princess Marya, supporting her sister-in-law, still gazed with her fine eyes full of tears at the door by which Prince Andrey had gone, and she made the sign of the cross at it. From the study she heard like pistol shots the repeated and angry sounds of the old man blowing his nose. Just after Prince Andrey had gone, the door of the study was flung open, and the stern figure of the old man in his white dressing-gown peeped out.

'Gone? Well, and a good thing too!' he said, looking furiously at the fainting princess. He shook his head reproachfully and slammed the door.

PART II

IN OCTOBER OF 1805 the Russian troops were occupying the towns and villages of the Austrian archduchy, and fresh regiments kept arriving from Russia and encamping about the fortress of Braunau, burdening the inhabitants on whom they were billeted. Braunau was the chief headquarters of the commander-in-chief, Kutuzov.

On the 11th of October 1805, one of the infantry regiments that had just reached Braunau had halted half a mile from the town, awaiting the inspection of the commander-in-chief. In spite of the un-Russian character of the country and the environment (the fruit gardens, the stone walls, the tiled roofs, the mountains in the distance, the foreign peasants, who looked with curiosity at the Russian soldiers), the regiment looked exactly as every Russian regiment always looks when it is getting ready for inspection anywhere in the heart of Russia. In the evening, on the last stage of the march, the order had been received that the commander-in-chief would inspect the regiment on the march. Though the wording of the order did not seem quite clear to the general in command of the regiment, and the question arose whether they were to take it to mean, in marching order or not, it was decided on a consultation between the majors to present the regiment in parade order on the ground, since, as the saying is, it is better to bow too low than not to bow low enough. And the soldiers after a twenty-five mile march had not closed their eyes, but had spent the night mending and cleaning, while the adjutants and officers had been reckoning up and calculating. And by the morning the regiment, instead of the straggling, disorderly crowd it had been on the last march, the previous evening, presented the spectacle of an organised mass of two thousand men, of whom every one knew his part and his duty, and had every button and every strap in its proper position, and shining with cleanliness.

It was not only the outside that was in good order; if the commander-in-chief should think fit to peep below the uniform, he would see on every man alike a clean shirt, and in every knapsack he would find the regulation number of articles. There was only one circumstance which no one could feel comfortable about. That was their foot-gear. More than half the soldiers had holes in their boots. But this deficiency was not due to any shortcoming on the part of their commanding officer, since in spite of his repeated demands the boots had not yet been granted him by the Austrian authorities, and the regiment had marched nearly a thousand miles.

The commander of the regiment was a sanguine-looking general past middle age, with grey whiskers and eyebrows, broad and thick-set, and thicker through from the chest to the back than across the shoulders. He wore a brand-new uniform with the creases still in it where it had been folded, and rich gold epaulettes, which seemed to stand up instead of lying down on his thick shoulders. He walked about in front of the line, and quivered as he walked, with a slight jerk of his back at each step.

'Well, sir,' he said, addressing a major, 'we have had our hands full all night . . . But it'll do, I fancy; the regiment's not so bad as some . . . eh?'

At that moment two figures on horseback came into sight on the road from the town, where sentinels had been posted to give the signal. They were an adjutant, and a Cossack riding behind him.

The adjutant had been sent by the commander-in-chief to confirm to the commander what had not been clearly stated in the previous order, namely, that the commander-in-chief wished to inspect the regiment exactly in the order in which it had arrived—wearing their overcoats, and carrying their baggage, and without any sort of preparation.

A member of the Hofkriegsrath from Vienna had been with Kutuzov the previous day, proposing and demanding that he should move on as quickly as possible to effect a junction with the army of Archduke Ferdinand and Mack; and Kutuzov, not considering this combination advisable, had intended, among other arguments in support of his view, to point out to the Austrian general the pitiable condition in which were the troops that had arrived from Russia. It was with this object, indeed, that he had meant to meet the regiment, so that the worse the condition of the regiment, the better pleased the commander-in-chief would be with it. Though the adjutant did not know these details, he gave the general in command of the regiment the message that the commander-in-chief absolutely insisted on the men being in their overcoats and marching order.

On hearing this the general's head sank; he shrugged his shoulders, and flung up his hands.

'Here's a mess we've made of it,' he said. 'Why, didn't I tell you that on the march meant in their overcoats,' he said reproachfully to the major. 'Ah, my God!' he added, and stepped resolutely forward. 'Captains of the companies!' he shouted in a voice used to command. 'Sergeants! . . . Will his excellency be coming soon?' he said, turning to the adjutant with an expression of respectful deference, that related obviously only to the person he was speaking of.

'In an hour's time, I believe.'

'Have we time to change clothes?'

'I can't say, general. . . .'

The general, going himself among the ranks, gave orders for the men to change back to their overcoats. The captains ran about among the companies, the sergeants bustled to and fro (the overcoats were not quite up to the mark), and instantaneously the squadrons, that had been in regular order and silent, were heaving to and fro, straggling apart and humming with

talk. The soldiers ran backwards and forwards in all directions, stooping with their shoulders thrown back, drawing their knapsacks off over their heads, taking out their overcoats and lifting their arms up to thrust them into the sleeves.

Half an hour later everything was in its former good order again, only the squadrons were now grey instead of black. The general walked in front of the regiment again with his quivering strut, and scanned it from some distance.

'What next? what's this!' he shouted, stopping short. 'Captain of the third company!'

'You'll soon be dressing your men in petticoats! What's the meaning of it?' shouted the general, thrusting out his lower jaw and pointing in the ranks of the third division to a soldier in an overcoat of a colour different from the rest. 'I'll teach you to rig your men out in dressing-gowns for inspection! . . . Eh?'

'Your excellency, that's Dolohov, the degraded officer,' the captain said softly.

'Well, is he degraded to be a field-marshal, or a common soldier? If he's a soldier, then he must be dressed like all the rest, according to regulation.'

'Your excellency, you gave him leave yourself on the march.'

'Gave him leave? Gave him leave? If one says a word to you, you go and . . .' The general, looking round at the adjutant, walked with his quivering strut towards the regiment.

'Why are you in a blue coat? Off with it! . . . Sergeant! change his coat . . . the dir . . .' Before he had time to finish the word—

'General, I am bound to obey orders, but I am not bound to put up with . . .' Dolohov hastened to say.

'No talking in the ranks! . . . No talking, no talking!'

'Not bound to put up with insults,' Dolohov went on, loudly and clearly. The eyes of the general and the soldier met. The general paused, angrily pulling down his stiff scarf.

'Change your coat, if you please,' he said as he walked away.

'Coming!' the sentinel shouted at that moment. The general, turning red, ran to his horse, with trembling hands caught at the stirrup, swung himself up, settled himself in the saddle, drew out his sword, and with a pleased and resolute face opened his mouth on one side, in readiness to shout.

'Silence!' roared the general, in a soul-quaking voice, expressing at once gladness on his own account, severity as regards the regiment, and welcome as regards the approaching commander-in-chief.

A high, blue Vienna coach with several horses was driving at a smart trot, rumbling on its springs, along the broad unpaved high-road, with trees planted on each side of it. The general's suite and an escort of Croats galloped after the coach. Beside Kutuzov sat an Austrian general in a white uniform, that looked strange among the black Russian ones. The coach drew up on reaching the regiment. Kutuzov and the Austrian general were talking of something in low voices, and Kutuzov smiled

slightly as, treading heavily, he put his foot on the carriage step, exactly as though those two thousand men gazing breathlessly at him and at their general did not exist at all.

The word of command rang out, again the regiment quivered with a clanking sound as it presented arms. In the deathly silence the weak voice of the commander-in-chief was audible. The regiment roared: 'Good health to your Ex . . . lency . . . lency . . . lency!' And again all was still. At first Kutuzov stood in one spot, while the regiment moved; then Kutuzov began walking on foot among the ranks, stopping now and then and saying a few friendly words to officers he had known in the Turkish war, and sometimes to the soldiers. Looking at their boots, he several times shook his head dejectedly, and pointed them out to the Austrian general, with an expression as much as to say that he blamed no one for it, but he could not help seeing what a bad state of things it was.

Behind Kutuzov followed his suite, consisting of some twenty persons. These gentlemen were talking among themselves, and sometimes laughed. Nearest of all to the commander-in-chief walked a handsome adjutant. It was Prince Bolkonsky. Beside him was his comrade Nesvitsky, a tall staff-officer, excessively stout, with a good-natured, smiling, handsome face, and moist eyes. Nesvitsky could hardly suppress his mirth, which was excited by a swarthy officer of hussars walking near him. This officer, without a smile or a change in the expression of his fixed eyes, was staring with a serious face at the commanding officer's back, and mimicking every movement he made. Every time the commanding officer quivered and darted forward, the officer of hussars quivered and darted forward in precisely the same way. Nesvitsky laughed, and poked the others to make them look at the mimic.

Kutuzov walked slowly and listlessly by the thousands of eyes which were almost rolling out of their sockets in the effort to watch him.

The third company was the last, and Kutuzov seemed pondering, as though trying to recall something. Prince Andrey stepped forward and said softly in French: 'You told me to remind you of the degraded officer, Dolohov, serving in the ranks in this regiment.'

'Where is Dolohov?' asked Kutuzov.

Dolohov, attired by now in the grey overcoat of a private soldier, did not wait to be called up. The slender figure of the fair-haired soldier, with his bright blue eyes, stepped out of the line. He went up to the commander-in-chief and presented arms.

'A complaint to make?' Kutuzov asked with a slight frown.

'This is Dolohov,' said Prince Andrey.

'Ah!' said Kutuzov. 'I hope this will be a lesson to you, do your duty thoroughly. The Emperor is gracious. And I shall not forget you, if you deserve it.'

The bright blue eyes looked at the commander-in-chief just as impudently as at the general of his regiment, as though by his expression tearing down

the veil of convention that removed the commander-in-chief so far from the soldier.

'The only favour I beg of your most high excellency,' he said in his firm, ringing, deliberate voice, 'is to give me a chance to atone for my offence, and to prove my devotion to his majesty the Emperor, and to Russia.'

Kutuzov turned away and frowned, as though to express that all Dolohov had said to him and all he could say, he had known long, long ago, that he was sick to death long ago of it, and that it was not at all what was wanted. He turned away and went towards the coach.

Although so short a time had passed since Prince Andrey had left Russia, he had changed greatly during that time. In the expression of his face, in his gestures, in his gait, there was scarcely a trace to be seen now of his former affectation, ennui, and indolence. He had the air of a man who has not time to think of the impression he is making on others, and is absorbed in work, both agreeable and interesting. His face showed more satisfaction with himself and those around him. His smile and his glance were more light-hearted and attractive.

Kutuzov, whom he had overtaken in Poland, had received him very cordially, had promised not to forget him, had marked him out among the other adjutants, had taken him with him to Vienna and given him the more serious commissions. From Vienna, Kutuzov had written to his old comrade, Prince Andrey's father.

'Your son,' he wrote, 'gives promise of becoming an officer, who will make his name by his industry, firmness, and conscientiousness. I consider myself lucky to have such an assistant at hand.'

On Kutuzov's staff, among his fellow-officers, and in the army generally, Prince Andrey had, as he had had in Petersburg society, two quite opposite reputations. Some, the minority, regarded Prince Andrey as a being different from themselves and from all other men, expected great things of him, listened to him, were enthusiastic in his praise, and imitated him, and with such people Prince Andrey was frank and agreeable. Others, the majority, did not like Prince Andrey, and regarded him as a sulky, cold, and disagreeable person. But with the latter class, too, Prince Andrey knew how to behave so that he was respected and even feared by them.

The report in circulation of the defeat of the Austrians and the surrender of the whole army at Ulm turned out to be the truth. It was evident that the Russian troops which had hitherto been inactive, were destined soon to meet the enemy.

Prince Andrey was one of those rare staff-officers whose interests were concentrated on the general progress of the war. On seeing Mack and learning the details of his overthrow, he grasped the fact that half the campaign was lost; he perceived all the difficulty of the position of the Russian troops, and vividly pictured to himself what lay before the army, and the part he would have to play in the work in store for them. He could not help feeling a rush of joyful emotion at the thought of the humiliation of self-confident Austria, and the prospect within a week, perhaps, of

seeing and taking part in the meeting of the Russians with the French. But he was afraid of the genius of Bonaparte, which might turn out to be more powerful than all the bravery of the Russian troops.

Excited and irritated by these ideas, Prince Andrey went towards his own room to write to his father, to whom he wrote every day. In the corridor he met Nesvitsky, the comrade with whom he shared a room, laughing at some joke.

‘What are you looking so dismal about?’ asked Nesvitsky. ‘Come, what is the matter, my dear boy?’

‘What’s the matter?’ said Prince Andrey, standing still from excitement. ‘Why, you ought to understand that we’re either officers, who serve their Tsar and their country and rejoice in the success, and grieve at the defeat of the common cause, or we’re hirelings, who have no interest in our master’s business. Forty thousand men massacred and the army of our allies destroyed, and you find something in that to laugh at?’

THE Pavlogradsky regiment of hussars was stationed two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nikolay Rostov was serving as ensign was billeted on a German village, Salzeneck. The officer in command of the squadron, Captain Denisov, had been assigned the best quarters in the village. Ensign Rostov had been sharing his quarters, ever since he overtook the regiment in Poland.

On the 8th of October, the very day when at headquarters all was astir over the news of Mack’s defeat, the routine of life was going on as before among the officers of this squadron.

Denisov, who had been losing all night at cards, had not yet returned home, when Rostov rode back early in the morning from a foraging expedition. Rostov, in his ensign’s uniform, rode up to the steps, with a jerk to his horse, swung his leg over with a supple, youthful action, stood a moment in the stirrup as though loath to part from the horse, at last sprang down.

‘Ah, Bondarenko, friend of my heart,’ he said to the hussar who rushed headlong up to his horse. ‘Walk him up and down, my dear fellow,’ he said, with that gay and brotherly cordiality with which good-hearted young people behave to every one, when they are happy.

‘Yes, your excellency,’ answered the Little Russian, shaking his head good-humouredly.

‘Mind now, walk him about well!’ Rostov stroked the horse on the neck.

‘Splendid! What a horse he will be!’ he said to himself, and smiling and holding his sword, he ran up the steps, clanking his spurs. The German on whom they were billeted, looked out of the cowshed, wearing a jerkin and a pointed cap, and holding a fork, with which he was clearing out the dung. The German’s face brightened at once when he saw Rostov. He smiled good-humouredly and winked. ‘Good-morning, good-morning!’ he repeated, apparently taking pleasure in greeting the young man.

‘At work already!’ said Rostov, still with the same happy, fraternal smile

that was constantly on his eager face. 'Long live the Austrians! Long live the Russians! Hurrah for the Emperor Alexander!' he said, repeating phrases that had often been uttered by the German. The German laughed, came right out of the cowshed, pulled off his cap, and waving it over his head, cried:

'And long live all the world!'

Rostov too, like the German, waved his cap over his head, and laughing cried: 'And hurrah for all the world!' Though there was no reason for any special rejoicing either for the German, clearing out his shed, or for Rostov, coming back from foraging for hay, both these persons gazed at one another in delighted ecstasy and brotherly love, wagged their heads at each other in token of their mutual affection, and parted with smiles, the German to his cowshed, and Rostov to the cottage he shared with Denisov.

'Where's your master?' he asked of Lavrushka, Denisov's valet, well known to all the regiment as a rogue.

'His honour's not been in since the evening. He's been losing, for sure,' answered Lavrushka. 'I know by now, if he wins, he'll come home early to boast of his luck; but if he's not back by morning, it means that he's lost,—he'll come back in a rage. Shall I bring coffee?'

'Yes, bring it.'

Ten minutes later, Lavrushka brought in the coffee.

'Ah! you are up already,' said Denisov, coming into the room.

'Long ago,' said Rostov; 'I've been out already after hay.'

'Really? And I've been losing, my boy, all night. . . . As soon as you left, my luck was gone.'

Denisov, puckering up his face as though he were smiling, and showing his short, strong teeth, began with his short-fingered hands ruffling up his thick, black hair, that was tangled like a forest.

'The devil was in me to go to that rat,' he said, rubbing his brow and face with both hands. 'Only fancy, he didn't deal me one card, not one, not one card! If there were only women. But here, except drinking, there's nothing to do. If only we could get to fighting soon. . . . Hey, who's there?' he called towards the door, catching the sounds of thick boots and clanking spurs that came to a stop, and of a respectful cough.

'The sergeant!' said Lavrushka. Denisov puckered up his face more than ever.

'That's a nuisance,' he said, flinging down a purse with several gold coins in it. 'Rostov, count, there's a dear boy, how much is left, and put the purse under the pillow,' he said, and he went out to the sergeant. Rostov took the money and mechanically sorting and arranging in heaps the old and new gold, he began counting it over.

'Ah, Telyanin! Good-morning! I was cleaned out last night,' he heard Denisov's voice saying from the other room.

'Where was that? At the rat's? . . . I knew it,' said a thin voice, and thereupon there walked into the room Lieutenant Telyanin, a little officer in the same squadron.

Rostov put the purse under the pillow, and shook the damp little hand that was offered him. Telyanin had for some reason been transferred from the guards just before the regiment set out. He had behaved very well in the regiment, but he was not liked, and Rostov, in particular, could not endure him.

'Well, young cavalryman, how is my Rook doing for you?' (Rook was a riding-horse Telyanin had sold to Rostov.) The lieutenant never looked the person he was speaking to in the face. His eyes were continually flitting from one object to another. 'I saw you riding to-day . . .'

'Oh, he's all right; a good horse,' answered Rostov, though the horse, for which he had paid seven hundred roubles, was not worth half that sum. 'He's begun to go a little lame in the left fore leg . . .'

'The hoof cracked! That's no matter. I'll teach you, I'll show you the sort of thing to put on it.'

'Yes, please do,' said Rostov.

'I'll show you, I'll show you; it's not a secret. But you'll be grateful to me for that horse.'

'Then I'll have the horse brought round,' said Rostov, anxious to be rid of Telyanin. He went out to order the horse to be brought round.

In the outer room Denisov was squatting on the threshold with a pipe, facing the sergeant, who was giving him some report. On seeing Rostov, Denisov screwed up his eyes, and pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to the room where Telyanin was sitting, he frowned and shook his head with an air of loathing.

'Ugh! I don't like the fellow,' he said, regardless of the presence of the sergeant.

Rostov shrugged his shoulders as though to say, 'Nor do I, but what's one to do?' And having given his order, he went back to Telyanin.

The latter was still sitting in the same indolent pose in which Rostov had left him, rubbing his little white hands.

'What nasty faces there are in this world!' thought Rostov as he went into the room.

'Well, have you given orders for the horse to be fetched out?' said Telyanin, getting up and looking carelessly about him.

'Yes.'

'Well, you come along yourself. I only came round to ask Denisov about yesterday's order. Have you got it, Denisov?'

'Not yet. But where are you off to?'

'I'm going to show this young man here how to shoe a horse,' said Telyanin.

They went out down the steps and into the stable. The lieutenant showed how to put on the remedy, and went away to his own quarters.

When Rostov went back there was a bottle of vodka and some sausage on the table. Denisov was sitting at the table, and his pen was squeaking over the paper. He looked gloomily into Rostov's face.

'I am writing to her,' he said. He leaned his elbow on the table with the

pen in his hand, and, obviously rejoicing at the possibility of saying by word of mouth all he meant to write, he told the contents of his letter to Rostov. 'You see, my dear boy,' he said, 'we are plunged in slumber, we are the children of dust and ashes, until we love . . . but love, and you are a god, you are pure, as on the first day of creation. . . . Who's that now? Send him to the devil! I've no time!' he shouted to Lavrushka, who, not in the slightest daunted, went up to him.

'Why, who should it be? You told him to come yourself. The sergeant has come for the money.'

Denisov frowned. 'How much money was there left there in the purse?' he asked Rostov.

'Seven new and three old gold pieces.'

Denisov went to the bed to take the purse from under the pillow.

'Where did you put it, Rostov?'

'Under the lower pillow.'

'But it's not there.' Denisov threw both the pillows on the floor. There was no purse. 'Well, that's a queer thing.'

'Wait a bit, haven't you dropped it?' said Rostov, picking the pillows up one at a time and shaking them. He took off the quilt and shook it. The purse was not there.

'Could I have forgotten? No, for I thought that you keep it like a secret treasure under your head,' said Rostov. 'I laid the purse here. Where is it?' He turned to Lavrushka.

'I never came into the room. Where you put it, there it must be.'

'But it isn't.'

Lavrushka ransacked the whole bed, glanced under it and under the table, ransacked the whole room and stood still in the middle of the room. Denisov watched Lavrushka's movements in silence, and when Lavrushka flung up his hands in amazement to signify that it was nowhere, he looked round at Rostov.

'Rostov, none of your schoolboy jokes.'

Rostov, feeling Denisov's eyes upon him, lifted his eyes and instantly dropped them again. He could hardly draw his breath.

'And there's been no one in the room but the lieutenant and yourselves. It must be here somewhere,' said Lavrushka.

'Now then, you devil's puppet, bestir yourself and look for it!' Denisov shouted suddenly, turning purple and dashing at the valet with a threatening gesture.

'Denisov, let him be; I know who has taken it,' said Rostov.

Denisov stopped, thought a moment, and evidently understanding Rostov's hint, he clutched him by the arm.

'Nonsense!' he roared so that the veins stood out on his neck and forehead like cords. 'I tell you, you've gone out of your mind; I won't allow it. The purse is here; I'll flay the skin off this rascal, and it will be here.'

But Rostov looked at Denisov with as much fury as if he had been his greatest enemy.

‘Do you understand what you’re saying?’ he said in a trembling voice; ‘except me, there has been no one else in the room. So that, if it’s not so, why then . . .’

Rostov went to Telyanin’s quarters.

‘The master’s not at home, he’s gone to the staff,’ Telyanin’s orderly told him. ‘Has something happened?’ the orderly added.

‘No, nothing.’

‘You’ve only just missed him,’ said the orderly.

The staff quarters were two miles and a half from Salzeneck. Rostov took his horse and rode to the quarters of the staff. In the village, where the staff was quartered, there was a restaurant which the officers frequented. Rostov saw Telyanin’s horse at the entry.

In the second room the lieutenant was sitting over a dish of sausages and a bottle of wine.

‘Ah, you have come here too, young man,’ he said, smiling and lifting his eyebrows.

‘Yes,’ said Rostov, speaking as though the utterance of the word cost him great effort; and he sat down at the nearest table.

Both were silent; there were two Germans and a Russian officer in the room. Every one was mute, and the only sounds audible were the clatter of knives on the plates and the munching of the lieutenant. When Telyanin had finished his lunch, he took out of his pocket a double purse; with his little white fingers, that were curved at the tips, he parted the rings, took out some gold, and raising his eyebrows, gave the money to the attendant.

‘Make haste, please,’ he said.

The gold was new. Rostov got up and went to Telyanin.

‘Let me look at the purse,’ he said in a low voice, scarcely audible.

With shifting eyes, but eyebrows still raised, Telyanin gave him the purse.

‘Yes, it’s a pretty purse . . . yes . . .’ he said, and suddenly he turned white.

Rostov took the purse in his hand and looked both at it and at the money in it, and also at Telyanin.

‘What are you going to do? have lunch too? They give you decent food,’ Telyanin went on. ‘Give it me.’ He put out his hand and took hold of the purse. Rostov let go of it. Telyanin took the purse and began carelessly dropping it into the pocket of his riding trousers, while his eyebrows were carelessly lifted and his mouth stood a little open, as though he would say: ‘Yes, yes, I’m putting my purse in my pocket, and that’s a very simple matter, and no one has anything to do with it.’

‘Well, young man?’ he said with a sigh, and from under his lifted eyebrows he glanced into Rostov’s eyes.

‘Come here,’ said Rostov, taking Telyanin by the arm. He almost dragged him to the window. ‘That’s Denisov’s money; you took it . . .’ he whispered in his ear.

‘What? . . . what? . . . How dare you? What?’ . . . said Telyanin. But the words sounded like a plaintive, despairing cry and prayer for forgive-

ness. As soon as Rostov heard the sound of his voice, a great weight of suspense, like a stone, rolled off his heart. He felt glad, and at the same instant he pitied the luckless creature standing before him.

'I know that, and I'll prove it,' said Rostov.

The terrified, white face of Telyanin began twitching in every muscle; his eyes still moved uneasily, but on the ground, never rising to the level of Rostov's face, and tearful sobs could be heard.

'Count! . . . don't ruin a young man . . . here is the wretched money, take it.' . . . He threw it on the table. 'I've an old father and mother!' . . .

Rostov took the money, avoiding Telyanin's eyes, and without uttering a word, he went out of the room. But in the doorway he stopped and turned back.

'My God!' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'how could you do it?'

'Count,' said Telyanin, coming nearer.

'Don't touch me,' said Rostov, drawing back. 'If you're in need, take the money.'

He thrust a purse on him and ran out of the restaurant.

In the evening of the same day a lively discussion was taking place in Denisov's quarters between some officers of the squadron.

'But I tell you, Rostov, that you must apologise to the colonel,' the tall staff-captain was saying, addressing Rostov, who was crimson with excitement.

'I permit no one to tell me I'm lying!' cried Rostov. 'He told me I was lying and I told him he was lying. And there it rests. He can put me on duty every day, he can place me under arrest, but no one can compel me to apologise.'

'But you wait a bit, my good fellow; you listen to me,' interrupted the staff-captain in his bass voice. 'You tell the colonel in the presence of other officers that an officer has stolen—'

'I'm not to blame for the conversation being in the presence of other officers. Possibly I ought not to have spoken before them, but I'm not a diplomatist. That's just why I went into the hussars; I thought that here I should have no need of such finicky considerations, and he tells me I'm a liar . . . so let him give me satisfaction.'

'That's all very fine, no one imagines that you're a coward; but that's not the point. Ask Denisov if it's not utterly out of the question for an ensign to demand satisfaction of his colonel?'

Denisov was biting his moustache with a morose air, listening to the conversation, evidently with no desire to take part in it. To the captain's question, he replied by a negative shake of the head.

'No, he didn't. He said I was telling an untruth.'

'Quite so, and you talked nonsense to him, and you must apologise.'

'Not on any consideration!' shouted Rostov.

'I shouldn't have expected this of you,' said the staff-captain seriously and severely. 'You won't apologise, but, my good sir, it's not only him, but all the regiment, all of us, that you've acted wrongly by; you're to blame all

round. Look here; if you'd only thought it over, and taken advice how to deal with the matter, but you must go and blurt it all straight out before the officers. What was the colonel to do then? Is he to bring the officer up for trial and disgrace the whole regiment?' The staff-captain's voice began to quaver. 'You, sir, have been next to no time in the regiment; you're here to-day, and to-morrow you'll be passed on somewhere as an adjutant; you don't care a straw for people saying: "There are thieves among the Pavlograd officers!" But we do care! Don't we, Denisov? Do we care?'

'That's the truth, damn it!' shouted Denisov, jumping up. 'Come, Rostov, come!'

Rostov, turning crimson and white again, looked first at one officer and then at the other.

'No, gentlemen, no . . . you mustn't think . . . I quite understand, you're wrong in thinking that of me . . . I . . . for me . . . for the honour of the regiment I'd . . . but why talk? I'll prove that in action and for me the honour of the flag . . . well, never mind, it's true, I'm to blame!' . . . There were tears in his eyes. 'I'm wrong, wrong all round! Well, what more do you want?' . . .

'Come, that's right, count,' cried the staff-captain, turning round and clapping him on the shoulder with his big hand.

'I tell you,' shouted Denisov, 'he's a capital fellow.'

'That's better, count,' repeated the captain, beginning to address him by his title as though in acknowledgment of his confession. 'Go and apologise, your excellency.'

'Gentlemen, I'll do anything, no one shall hear a word from me,' Rostov protested in an imploring voice, 'but I can't apologise, by God, I can't, say what you will! How can I apologise, like a little boy begging pardon!'

Denisov laughed.

'It'll be the worse for you, if you don't.'

'By God, it's not obstinacy! I can't describe the feeling it gives me. I can't do it.'

'Well, as you like,' said the staff-captain. 'What has the scoundrel done with himself?' he asked Denisov.

'He has reported himself ill; to-morrow the order's given for him to be struck off,' said Denisov.

'It is an illness, there's no other way of explaining it,' said the staff-captain.

'Whether it's illness or whether it's not, he'd better not cross my path—I'd kill him,' Denisov shouted bloodthirstily.

The regimental adjutant came in; they were under orders to advance next day.

'To the front, gentlemen!'

'Well, thank God! we've been sticking here too long.'

KUTUZOV fell back to Vienna, destroying the bridges behind him. On the 23rd of October the Russian troops crossed the river Enns. The Russian

baggage-waggons and artillery and the columns of troops were in the middle of that day stretching in a long string across the town of Enns on both sides of the bridge. The day was warm, autumnal, and rainy. The wide view that opened out from the heights where the Russian batteries stood guarding the bridge was at times narrowed by the slanting rain that shut it in like a muslin curtain, then again widened out, and in the bright sunlight objects could be distinctly seen in the distance, looking as if covered with a coat of varnish. The little town could be seen below with its white houses and its red roofs, its cathedral and its bridge, on both sides of which streamed masses of Russian troops, crowded together. At the bend of the Danube could be seen ships and the island and a castle with a park, surrounded by the waters formed by the Enns falling into the Danube, and the precipitous left bank of the Danube, covered with pine forest, with a mysterious distance of green tree-tops and bluish gorges. Beyond the pine forest, that looked wild and untouched by the hand of man, rose the turrets of a nunnery; and in the far distance in front, on the hill on the further side of the Enns, could be seen the scouts of the enemy.

Between the cannons on the height stood the general in command of the rear-guard and an officer of the suite scanning the country through a field-glass. A little behind them, there sat on the trunk of a cannon, Nesvitsky, who had been despatched by the commander-in-chief to the rear-guard. The Cossack who accompanied Nesvitsky had handed him over a knapsack and a flask, and Nesvitsky was regaling the officers with pies and real doppelkümmeL.

'Look, prince,' said one of the officers, who would dearly have liked to take another pie but was ashamed to, and therefore affected to be gazing at the countryside; 'look, our infantry have just got in there. Over there, near the meadow behind the village, three of them are dragging something. They will clean out that palace nicely,' he said, with evident approval.

'No doubt,' said Nesvitsky. 'No; but what I should like,' he added, munching a pie in his moist, handsome mouth, 'would be to slip in there.' He pointed to the turreted nunnery that could be seen on the mountainside.

Meanwhile the officer of the suite, who was standing in front, pointed something out to the general; the general looked through the field-glass.

'Yes, so it is, so it is,' said the general angrily, taking the field-glass away from his eye and shrugging his shoulders; 'they are going to fire at them at the crossing of the river. And why do they linger so?'

With the naked eye, looking in that direction, one could discern the enemy and their batteries, from which a milky-white smoke was rising. The smoke was followed by the sound of a shot in the distance, and our troops were unmistakably hurrying to the place of crossing.

Nesvitsky got up puffing and went up to the general, smiling.

'Wouldn't your excellency take some lunch?' he said.

'It's a bad business,' said the general, without answering him; 'our men have been too slow.'

Shouldn't I ride over, your excellency,' said Nesvitsky.

'Yes, ride over, please,' said the general, repeating an order that had already once before been given in detail; 'and tell the hussars that they are to cross last and to burn the bridge, as I sent orders, and that they're to overhaul the burning materials on the bridge.'

'Very good,' answered Nesvitsky. He called the Cossack with his horse, told him to pick up the knapsack and flask, and lightly swung his heavy person into the saddle.

'Upon my word, I am going to pay a visit to the nuns,' he said to the officers who were watching him, smiling, and he rode along the winding path down the mountain.

'Now then, captain, try how far it'll carry,' said the general, turning to the artillery officer. 'Have a little fun to pass the time.'

'Men, to the guns!' commanded the officer, and in a moment the gunners ran gaily from the camp fires and loaded the big guns.

'One!' they heard the word of command. Number one bounded back nimbly. The cannon boomed with a deafening metallic sound, and whistling over the heads of our men under the mountainside, the grenade flew across, and falling a long way short of the enemy showed by the rising smoke where it had fallen and burst.

The faces of the soldiers and officers lightened up at the sound. Every one got up and busily watched the movements of our troops below, which could be seen as in the hollow of a hand, and the movements of the advancing enemy. At the same instant, the sun came out fully from behind the clouds, and the full note of the solitary shot and the brilliance of the bright sunshine melted into a single inspiriting impression of light-hearted gaiety.

Over the bridge two of the enemy's shots had already flown and there was a crush on the bridge. In the middle of the bridge stood Nesvitsky. He had dismounted and stood with his stout person jammed against the railings. He looked laughingly back at his Cossack, who was standing several paces behind him holding the two horses by their bridles. Every time Nesvitsky tried to move on, the advancing soldiers and waggons bore down upon him and shoved him back against the railings. There was nothing for him to do but to smile.

'Hi there, my lad,' said the Cossack to a soldier in charge of a waggon-load who was forcing his way through the foot-soldiers that pressed right up to his wheels and his horses; 'what are you about? No, you wait a bit; you see the general wants to pass.'

But the convoy soldier, taking no notice of the allusion to the general, bawled to the soldiers who blocked the way: 'Hi! fellows, keep to the left! wait a bit!' But the fellows, shoulder to shoulder, with their bayonets interlocked, moved over the bridge in one compact mass.

Looking down over the rails, Prince Nesvitsky saw the noisy, rapid, but not high waves of the Enns, which, swirling in eddies round the piles of the bridge, chased one another down stream. Looking on the bridge he saw the living waves of the soldiers, all alike as they streamed by: shakoes with covers on them, knapsacks, bayonets, long rifles, and under the shakoes

broad-jawed faces, sunken cheeks, and looks of listless weariness, and legs moving over the boards of the bridge, that were coated with sticky mud. Sometimes among the monotonous streams of soldiers, like a crest of white foam on the waves of the Enns, an officer forced his way through, in a cloak, with a face of a different type from the soldiers. Sometimes, like a chip whirling on the river, there passed over the bridge among the waves of infantry a dismounted hussar, an orderly, or an inhabitant of the town. Sometimes, like a log floating down the river, there moved over the bridge, hemmed in on all sides, a baggage-waggon, piled up high and covered with leather covers.

'Why they're like a river bursting its banks,' said the Cossack, stopping hopelessly. 'Are there many more over there?'

'A million, all but one!' said a cheerful soldier in a torn coat, winking, as he passed out of sight. Then came some hilarious soldiers, who had unmistakably been drinking.

'And didn't he up with the butt end of his gun and give him one right in the teeth,' one soldier was saying gleefully with a wide sweep of his arm.

'It just was a delicious ham,' answered the other with a chuckle. And they passed on, so that Nesvitsky never knew who had received the blow in his teeth, and what the ham had to do with it.

'Nesvitsky! Nesvitsky! You, old chap!' he heard a husky voice shouting from behind at that instant.

Nesvitsky looked round and saw, fifteen paces away, separated from him by a living mass of moving infantry, the red and black and towzled face of Vaska Denisov with a forage-cap on the back of his head, and a pelisse swung jauntily over his shoulder.

'Tell them to make way, the damned devils!' roared Denisov, who was evidently in a great state of excitement. He rolled his flashing, coal-black eyes, showing the bloodshot whites, and waved a sheathed sword, which he held in a bare hand as red as his face.

'Eh! Vaska!' Nesvitsky responded joyfully. 'But what are you about?'

'The squadron can't advance!' roared Vaska Denisov, viciously showing his white teeth, and spurring his handsome, raven thoroughbred.

The soldiers, with terrified faces, squeezed together, and Denisov joined Nesvitsky.

'How is it you're not drunk to-day?' said Nesvitsky, when he came up.

'They don't even give us time to drink!' answered Vaska Denisov. 'They've been dragging the regiment to and fro the whole day. Fighting's all very well, but who the devil's to know what this is!'

'How smart you are to-day!' said Nesvitsky, looking at his new pelisse and fur saddle-cloth.

Denisov smiled, pulled out of his sabretache a handkerchief that diffused a smell of scent, and put it to Nesvitsky's nose.

'To be sure, I'm going into action! I've shaved, and cleaned my teeth and scented myself!'

Nesvitsky's imposing figure, accompanied by his Cossack, and the deter-

mination of Denisov, waving his sword and shouting desperately, produced so much effect that they stopped the infantry and got to the other end of the bridge. Nesvitsky found at the entry the colonel, to whom he had to deliver the command, and having executed his commission he rode back.

The rest of the infantry pressed together into a funnel shape at the entrance of the bridge, and hastily marched across it. At last all the baggage-waggons had passed over; the crush was less, and the last battalion were stepping on to the bridge. Only the hussars of Denisov's squadron were left on the further side of the river facing the enemy. Denisov could not keep still in one place, but galloped to and fro before the squadron.

The staff-captain on his stout, steady charger rode at a walking pace to meet him. The staff-captain's face with its long whiskers was serious, as always, but his eyes looked brighter than usual.

'Well,' he said to Denisov, 'it won't come to a fight. You'll see, we shall retreat again.'

'Devil knows what they're about!' growled Denisov. 'Ah, Rostov!' he called to the ensign, noticing his beaming face. 'Well, you've not had long to wait.' And he smiled approvingly, unmistakably pleased at the sight of the ensign. Rostov felt perfectly blissful. At that moment the colonel appeared at the bridge. Denisov galloped up to him.

'Your excellency, let us attack! we'll settle them.'

'Attack, indeed!' said the colonel in a bored voice, puckering his face up as though at a teasing fly. 'And what are you stopping here for? You see the flanks are retreating. Lead the squadron back.'

The squadron crossed the bridge and passed out of range of the enemy's guns without losing a single man. It was followed by the second squadron, and the Cossacks last of all crossed, leaving the further side of the river clear.

An orderly rode up from the commander of the rear-guard. 'Colonel, there's an order to go back and burn the bridge.'

'An order, *who to?*' asked the colonel grimly.

'Well, I don't know, colonel, *who to?*' answered the cornet, seriously, 'only the prince commanded me: "Ride and tell the colonel the hussars are to make haste back and burn the bridge."''

An officer of the suite rode up to the colonel with the same command. After the officer of the suite the stout figure of Nesvitsky was seen riding up on a Cossack's horse, which had some trouble to gallop with him.

'Why, colonel,' he shouted, while still galloping towards him, 'I told you to burn the bridge, and now some one's got it wrong; they're all frantic over there, there's no making out anything.'

The colonel in a leisurely way stopped the regiment and turned to Nesvitsky.

'You told me about burning materials,' he said; 'but about burning it, you never said a word.'

'Why, my good man,' said Nesvitsky, as he halted, taking off his forage-cap and passing his plump hand over his hair, which was drenched with

sweat, 'what need to say the bridge was to be burnt when you put burning materials to it?'

'I'm not your "good man," M. le staff-officer, and you never told me to set fire to the bridge! I know my duty, and it's my habit to carry out my orders strictly. You said the bridge will be burnt, but who was going to burn it I couldn't tell.'

'Well, that's always the way,' said Nesvitsky, with a wave of his arm.

'You said, M. le staff-officer . . .' pursued the colonel in an aggrieved tone.

'Colonel,' interposed the officer of the suite, 'there is need of haste, or the enemy will have moved up their grape-shot guns.'

The colonel looked dumbly at the officer of the suite, at the stout staff-officer, and scowled.

'I will burn the bridge,' he said in a solemn tone, as though he would express that in spite of everything they might do to annoy him, he would still do what he ought.

Beating his long muscular legs against his horse, as though he were to blame for it all, the colonel moved forward and commanded the second squadron, the one under Denisov's command, in which Rostov was serving, to turn back to the bridge.

'Yes, it really is so,' thought Rostov, 'he wants to test me!' His heart throbbed and the blood rushed to his face. 'Let him see whether I'm a coward!' he thought.

Their swords catching in the reins and their spurs jingling, the hussars dismounted in haste, not knowing themselves what they were to do. The soldiers crossed themselves. Rostov did not look at the colonel now; he had no time. He dreaded, with a sinking heart he dreaded, being left behind by the hussars.

'Stretchers!' shouted a voice behind him. Rostov did not think of the meaning of the need of stretchers. He ran along, trying only to be ahead of all. But just at the bridge, not looking at his feet, he got into the slippery, trodden mud, and stumbling fell on his hands. The others outstripped him.

'On both sides, captain,' he heard shouted by the colonel, who, riding on ahead, had pulled his horse up near the bridge, with a triumphant and cheerful face.

Rostov, rubbing his muddy hands on his riding-breeches, looked round at his enemy, and would have run on further, imagining that the forwarder he went the better it would be.

Meanwhile Nesvitsky and the officer of the suite were standing together out of range of the enemy, watching the little group of men in yellow shakoes, dark-green jackets, embroidered with frogs, and blue riding-breeches, swarming about the bridge, and on the other side of the river the blue tunics and the groups with horses, that might so easily be taken for guns, approaching in the distance.

'Will they burn the bridge or not? Who'll get there first? Will they run there and burn it, or the French train their grape-shot on them and

kill them?' These were the questions that, with a sinking of the heart, each man was asking himself in the great mass of troops overlooking the bridge. In the brilliant evening sunshine they gazed at the bridge and the hussars, and at the blue tunics, with bayonets and guns, moving up on the other side.

'Ugh! The hussars will be caught,' said Nesvitsky. 'They're not out of range of grape-shot now.'

'He did wrong to take so many men,' said the officer of the suite.

'Yes, indeed,' said Nesvitsky. 'If he'd sent two bold fellows it would have done as well.'

'Ah, your excellency,' put in Zherkov, his eyes fixed on the hussars, though he still spoke with his naïve manner, from which one could not guess whether he were speaking seriously or not. 'Ah, your excellency. How you look at things. Send two men, but who would give us the Vladimir and ribbon then? But as it is, even if they do pepper them, one can represent the squadron and receive the ribbon oneself. Our good friend knows the way to do things.'

'I say,' said the officer of the suite, 'that's grape-shot.'

On the French side, smoke rose among the groups that had cannons. One puff, a second and a third almost at the same instant; and at the very moment when they heard the sound of the first shot, there rose the smoke of a fourth; two booms came one after another, then a third.

'If I were Tsar, I'd never go to war,' said Nesvitsky, turning away.

The French cannons were speedily loaded again. The infantry in their blue tunics were running towards the bridge. Again the puffs of smoke rose at different intervals, and the grape-shot rattled and cracked on the bridge. But this time Nesvitsky could not see what was happening at the bridge. A thick cloud of smoke had risen from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting fire to the bridge, and the French batteries were firing at them now, not to hinder them, but because their guns had been brought up and they had some one to fire at.

The French had time to fire three volleys of grape-shot before the hussars got back to their horses. Two were badly aimed, and the shot flew over them, but the last volley fell in the middle of the group of hussars and knocked down three men.

Rostov stepped on the bridge, not knowing what he had to do. There was no one to slash at with his sword (that was how he always pictured a battle to himself), and he could be of no use in burning the bridge, because he had not brought with him any wisps of straw, like the other soldiers. He stood and looked about him, when suddenly there was a rattle on the bridge, like a lot of nuts being scattered, and one of the hussars, the one standing nearest him, fell with a groan on the railing. Rostov ran up to him with the others. Again some one shouted, 'Stretchers!' Four men took hold of the hussar and began lifting him up. 'Oooo! . . . Let me be, for Christ's sake!' shrieked the wounded man, but still they lifted him up and laid him on a stretcher.

Nikolay Rostov turned away, and began staring into the distance, at the waters of the Danube, at the sky, at the sun, as though he were searching for something. How fair that sky seemed, how blue and calm and deep. How brilliant and triumphant seemed the setting sun. With what an enticing glimmer shone the water of the far-away Danube. And fairer still were the far-away mountains that showed blue beyond the Danube, the nunnery, the mysterious gorges, the pine forests, filled with mist to the tree-tops . . . there all was peace and happiness. . . . 'There is nothing, nothing I could wish for, if only I were there,' thought Rostov. 'In myself alone and in that sunshine there is so much happiness, while here . . . groans, agonies, and this uncertainty, this hurry. . . . Here they are shouting something again and again, all of them are running back somewhere, and I'm running with them, and here is *it, it*, death hanging over me, all round me. . . . One instant, and I shall never see that sunshine, that water, that mountain gorge again. . . .' At that moment the sun went behind the clouds; more stretchers came into view ahead of Rostov. And the terror of death and of the stretchers, and the loss of the sunshine and life, all blended into one sensation of sickening fear.

'Good God, Thou who art in that sky, save and forgive, and protect me,' Rostov whispered to himself.

The hussars ran back to their horses; their voices grew louder and more assured; the stretchers disappeared from sight.

'Well, lad, so you've had a sniff of powder!' Vaska Denisov shouted in his ear.

'It's all over, but I am a coward, yes, I am a coward,' thought Rostov.

'What was that—grape-shot?' he asked of Denisov.

'Yes, and something like it too,' cried Denisov; 'they worked their guns in fine style. But it's a nasty business. A cavalry attack's a pleasant thing—slash away at the dogs; but this is for all the devil like aiming at a target.'

'It seems as if no one noticed it, though,' Rostov thought to himself. And indeed no one had noticed it at all, for every one was familiar with the feeling that the ensign, never before under fire, was experiencing for the first time.

'Inform the prince that I have burnt the bridge,' said the colonel, in a cheerful and triumphant tone.

'And if he inquires with what losses?'

'Not worth mentioning,' boomed the colonel; 'two hussars wounded, and one stark dead on the spot,' he said, with undisguised cheerfulness.

PURSUED by the French army of a hundred thousand men under the command of Bonaparte, received with hostility by the inhabitants, losing confidence in their allies, suffering from shortness of supplies, and forced to act under circumstances unlike anything that had been foreseen, the Russian army of thirty-five thousand men, under the command of Kutuzov,

beat a hasty retreat to the lower ground about the Danube. There they fought a few rear-guard skirmishes, avoiding an engagement, except in so far as it was necessary to secure a retreat without the loss of their baggage and guns.

On the 28th of October, Kutuzov took his army across to the left bank of the Danube, and then for the first time halted, leaving the Danube between his army and the greater part of the enemy's forces. On the 30th he attacked Mortier's division, which was on the left bank of the Danube, and defeated it. In this action for the first time trophies were taken—a flag, cannons, and two of the enemy's generals. For the first time, after retreating for a fortnight, the Russian troops had halted, and after fighting had not merely kept the field of battle, but had driven the French off it. Although the troops were without clothing and exhausted, and had lost a third of their strength in wounded, killed, and missing; although they had left their sick and wounded behind on the other side of the Danube, with a letter from Kutuzov commending them to the humanity of the enemy; although the great hospitals and houses in Krems could not contain all the sick and wounded,—in spite of all that, the halt before Krems and the victory over Mortier had greatly raised the spirits of the troops. Throughout the whole army, and also at headquarters, there were the most cheerful but groundless rumours of the near approach of the columns from Russia, of some victory gained by the Austrians, and of the retreat of Bonaparte panic-stricken.

Prince Andrey had been during the engagement in attendance on the Austrian general Schmidt, who was killed in the battle. His horse had been wounded under him, and he had himself received a slight wound on his arm from a bullet. As a mark of special favour on the part of the commander-in-chief, he was sent with the news of this victory to the Austrian court, now at Brünn, as Vienna was threatened by the French.

Prince Andrey stayed at Brünn with a Russian of his acquaintance in the diplomatic service, Bilibin.

Not his journey only, but all the time he had spent with the army on the march, deprived of all the conveniences of cleanliness and the elegancies of life, made Prince Andrey feel now an agreeable sense of repose among the luxurious surroundings to which he had been accustomed from childhood. Moreover, after his Austrian reception, he was glad to speak—if not in Russian, for they talked French—at least to a Russian, who would, he imagined, share the general Russian dislike (which he felt particularly keenly just then) for the Austrians.

Bilibin was a man of five-and-thirty, a bachelor, of the same circle as Prince Andrey. They had been acquainted in Petersburg, but had become more intimate during Prince Andrey's last stay at Vienna with Kutuzov. Just as Prince Andrey was a young man, who promised to rise high in a military career, Bilibin promised to do even better in diplomacy. He was still a young man, but not a young diplomat, as he had been in the service since he was sixteen. He had been in Paris and in Copen-

hagen; and now in Vienna he filled a post of considerable importance.

'Come, now, tell us about your victories,' he said. Bolkonsky in the most modest fashion, without once mentioning himself in connection with it, described the engagement, and afterwards his reception by the war minister.

'They received me and my news like a dog in a game of skittles,' he concluded.

Bilibin grinned.

'I must own that I don't understand it; perhaps there are diplomatic subtleties in it that are beyond my feeble intellect; but I can't make it out. Mack loses a whole army, Archduke Ferdinand and Archduke Karl give no sign of life and make one blunder after another; Kutuzov alone gains at last a decisive victory, breaks the prestige of invincibility of the French, and the minister of war does not even care to learn the details!'

'For that very reason, my dear boy, don't you see! Hurrah for the Tsar, for Russia, for the faith! That's all very nice; but what have we, I mean the Austrian court, to do with your victories? You bring us good news of a victory of Archduke Karl or Ferdinand—one archduke's as good as the other, as you know—if it's only a victory over a fire brigade of Bonaparte, and it will be another matter, it will set the cannons booming. But this can only tantalise us, as if it were done on purpose. Archduke Karl does nothing, Archduke Ferdinand covers himself with disgrace! . . . You must admit that anything more exasperating than the news you have brought could not be conceived. It's as though it were done on purpose, done on purpose. But apart from that, if you were to gain a really brilliant victory, if Archduke Karl even were to win a victory, what effect could it have on the general course of events? It's too late now, when Vienna is occupied by the French forces.'

'Occupied? Vienna occupied?'

'Not only is Vienna occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn.'

'But still that doesn't mean that the campaign is over,' said Prince Andrey.

'But I believe that it is over. And so do all the big-wigs here, though they don't dare to say so. And so between ourselves, my dear boy, my instinct tells me of negotiations with France and projects of peace, a secret peace, concluded separately.'

'Impossible!' said Prince Andrey. 'That would be too base.'

'Time will show,' said Bilibin.

Bolkonsky received invitations on all hands, and had to spend the whole morning paying visits to the principal personages in the Austrian Government. After paying his visits, Prince Andrey, at five o'clock in the evening, was returning homewards to Bilibin's, mentally composing a letter to his father about the battle and his reception at Brünn. At the steps of Bilibin's house stood a cart packed half full of things, and Franz, Bilibin's servant, came out of the doorway, with difficulty dragging a travelling-trunk.

'Ah, your excellency!' said Franz, with some exertion rolling the trunk

on the cart. 'We are to move on still farther. The scoundrel is already at our heels again!'

'Eh? what?' queried Prince Andrey.

Bilibin came out to meet Bolkonsky. His ordinarily composed face looked excited.

'No, no, confess that this is charming,' he said, 'this story of the bridge of Tabor. They have crossed it without striking a blow. Murat is at this moment running along the road to Brünn, and to-day or to-morrow they'll be here.'

'Here? But how is it the bridge wasn't blown up, since it was mined?'

'Why, that's what I ask you. No one—not Bonaparte himself—can tell why.' Bolkonsky shrugged his shoulders.

'But if they have crossed the bridge, then it will be all over with the army; it will be cut off,' he said.

'That's the whole point,' answered Bilibin. 'Listen. The French enter Vienna, as I told you. Everything is satisfactory. Next day, that is yesterday, *Messieurs les Maréchaux*, Murat, Lannes, and Beliard get on their horses and ride off to the bridge. "Gentlemen," says one, "you know that the Tabor bridge has been mined and countermined, and is protected by a formidable fortification and fifteen thousand troops, who have orders to blow up the bridge and not to let us pass. But our gracious Emperor Napoleon will be pleased if we take the bridge. Let us go us three and take it." "Yes, let us go," say the others; and they start off and take the bridge, cross it, and now with their whole army on this side of the Danube, they are coming straight upon us, and upon you and your communications.'

'Leave off jesting,' said Prince Andrey, with mournful seriousness. The news grieved Prince Andrey, and yet it gave him pleasure. As soon as he heard that the Russian army was in such a hopeless position, the idea struck him that he was the very man destined to extricate the Russian army from that position, and that it had come—the Toulon—that would lift him for ever from out of the ranks of unknown officers, and open the first path to glory for him! As he listened to Bilibin, he was already considering how, on reaching the army, he would, at a council of war, give the opinion that alone could save the army, and how he would be entrusted alone to execute the plan.

'Leave off joking,' he said.

'I'm not joking,' Bilibin went on. 'Nothing could be more truthful or more melancholy. These three gentlemen advance to the bridge alone and wave white handkerchiefs; they declare that it's a truce, and that they, the marshals, are come for a parley with Prince Auersperg. The officer on duty lets them into the *tête du pont*. They tell him a thousand Gascon absurdities; say that the war is over, that Emperor Francis has arranged a meeting with Bonaparte, that they desire to see Prince Auersperg, and so on. The officer sends for Auersperg. These Gascon gentlemen embrace the officers, make jokes, and sit about on the cannons, while a French battalion meantime advances unnoticed on the bridge, flings the sacks

of inflammable material into the river, spikes the cannons, and the bridge is taken. No, but really the best part of the whole episode,' he went on, his excitement subsiding under the interest of his own story, 'is that the sergeant in charge of the cannon which was to give the signal for firing the mines and blowing up the bridge, this sergeant seeing the French troops running on to the bridge wanted to fire, but Lannes pulled his arm away. The sergeant, who seems to have been sharper than his general, goes up to Auersperg and says: "Prince, they're deceiving you, here are the French!" Murat sees the game is up if he lets the sergeant have his say. With an affectation of surprise (a true Gascon!) he addresses Auersperg: "Is this the Austrian discipline so highly extolled all over the world," says he, "do you let a man of low rank speak to you like this?" It was a stroke of genius. The Prince of Auersperg is touched in his honour and has the sergeant put under arrest. No, but confess that all this story of the bridge of Tabor is charming. It is neither stupidity, nor cowardice . . .'

'It is treason, perhaps,' said Prince Andrey, vividly picturing to himself grey overcoats, wounds, the smoke and sound of firing, and the glory awaiting him.

'Not that either. This puts the court into a pretty pickle,' pursued Bilibin. 'It is not treason, nor cowardice, nor stupidity; it is just as it was at Ulm . . .'

'I must start.'

'Where to?'

'To the army.'

'Why are you going? You have received no orders to go back, and you are not dismissed from here, so that you can remain and go with us, where our ill-luck takes us. They say they are going to Olmütz. And Olmütz is a very charming town. And we can travel there comfortably together in my carriage.'

'That's enough joking, Bilibin,' said Bolkonsky.

'I am speaking to you sincerely as a friend. Consider where are you going and with what object now, when you can stay here. You have two alternatives before you: you won't reach the army before peace will be concluded, or you will share the defeat and disgrace with Kutuzov's whole army.'

'That I can't enter into,' said Prince Andrey coldly, but he thought: 'I am going to save the army.'

'My dear fellow, you are a hero,' said Bilibin.

The same night, after taking leave of the minister of war, Bolkonsky set off to join the army, not knowing where he should find it, at the risk of being caught by the French on the way to Krems.

At Brünn all the court and every one connected with it was packing up, and the heavy baggage was already being despatched to Olmütz. Near Esselsdorf, Prince Andrey came out on the road along which the Russian army was moving in the utmost haste and in the greatest disorder. The

most sinister rumours reached him on the road, and the appearance of the army fleeing in disorder confirmed these rumours.

‘As for that Russian army which English gold has brought from the ends of the universe, we are going to inflict upon it the same fate (the fate of the army of Ulm)’; he remembered the words of Bonaparte’s address to his army at the beginning of the campaign, and these words aroused in him simultaneously admiration for the genius of his hero, a feeling of mortified pride, and the hope of glory. ‘And if there’s nothing left but to die?’ he thought. ‘Well, if it must be! I will do it no worse than others.’

Prince Andrey looked disdainfully at the endless, confused mass of companies, of baggage-waggons, parks of artillery, and again store-waggons, carts, and waggons of every possible form, pursuing one another and obstructing the muddy road three and four abreast. On every side, behind and before, as far as the ear could reach in every direction there was the rumble of wheels, the rattle of carts, of waggons, and of gun-carriages, the tramp of horses, the crack of whips, the shouts of drivers, the swearing of soldiers, of orderlies, and officers. At the sides of the roads he saw fallen horses, and sometimes their skinned carcasses, broken-down waggons, with solitary soldiers sitting on them, waiting for something, detached groups of soldiers strayed from their companies, starting off to neighbouring villages, or dragging back from them fowls, sheep, hay, or sacks of stores of some sort. Where the road went uphill or downhill the crush became greater, and there was an uninterrupted roar of shouts.

Prince Andrey galloped towards the village where he was told that the commander-in-chief was. On reaching the village, he got off his horse, and looked round. Out of a little window of the first house was thrust the handsome face of Nesvitsky.

‘Bolkonsky! Bolkonsky! Don’t you hear, eh? Make haste,’ he shouted.

Going into the house, Prince Andrey found Nesvitsky and another adjutant having a meal. They hastily turned to Bolkonsky with the inquiry, had he any news? On their familiar faces Prince Andrey read alarm and uneasiness. That expression was particularly noticeable in Nesvitsky’s face, usually so full of laughter.

‘Where is the commander-in-chief?’ asked Bolkonsky.

‘Here in this house,’ answered the adjutant.

‘Well, is it true, about the peace and capitulation?’ asked Nesvitsky.

‘I ask you. I know nothing except that I have had great difficulty in getting through to you.’

Kutuzov himself was in the inner room of the hut with the Austrian general.

Prince Andrey went towards the door from which the sound of voices came. But at the moment when he was going to open the door, the voices in the room paused, the door opened of itself, and Kutuzov with his eagle nose and podgy face appeared in the doorway. He looked straight into his adjutant’s face and did not recognise him.

'I have the honour to report myself,' Prince Andrey said, rather loudly. 'Ah, from Vienna? Very good!' Kutuzov went out towards his carriage. 'Get in with me,' he said to Bolkonsky.

'Your Most High Excellency, I should like to be of use—'

'Get in,' said Kutuzov, 'I have need of good officers.'

Kutuzov had, on the 1st of November, received from one of his spies information that showed the army he commanded to be in an almost hopeless position. The spy reported that the French, after crossing the bridge at Vienna, were moving in immense force on Kutuzov's line of communications with the reinforcements marching from Russia. If Kutuzov were to remain at Krems, Napoleon's army of a hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off from all communications, and would surround his exhausted army of forty thousand.

BEFORE four o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andrey reached Grunte, and joined Bagration. In Bagration's detachment, they knew nothing of the progress of events. They talked about peace, but did not believe in its possibility. They talked of a battle, but did not believe in a battle's being close at hand either.

Knowing Bolkonsky to be a favourite and trusted adjutant, Bagration received him with a commanding officer's special graciousness and condescension. He informed him that there would probably be an engagement that day or the next day.

'To-day, though, there will most likely be no action,' said Bagration, as though to reassure Prince Andrey.

'If this is one of the common run of little staff dandies, sent here to win a cross, he can do that in the rear-guard, but if he wants to be with me, let him . . . he'll be of use, if he's a brave officer,' thought Bagration.

Prince Andrey, without replying, asked the prince's permission to ride round the position and find out the disposition of the forces, so that, in case of a message, he might know where to take it. An officer on duty, a handsome and elegantly dressed man, with a ring on his forefinger, who spoke French badly but with assurance, was summoned to conduct Prince Andrey.

On all sides they saw officers drenched through, with dejected faces, apparently looking for something, and soldiers dragging doors, benches, and fences from the village.

'Here we can't put a stop to these people,' said the staff-officer. 'And look here,' he pointed to a canteen-keeper's booth, 'they gather here, and here they sit. I drove them all out this morning, and look, it's full again. I must go and scare them, prince. One moment.'

'Let us go together, and I'll get some bread and cheese there,' said Prince Andrey, who had not yet had time for a meal.

They got off their horses and went into the canteen-keeper's booth.

Several officers, with flushed and exhausted faces, were sitting at the tables, eating and drinking.

'Now what does this mean, gentlemen?' said the staff-officer, in the reproachful tone of a man who has repeated the same thing several times. 'You mustn't absent yourselves like this. The prince gave orders that no one was to leave his post. Come, really, captain,' he remonstrated with a muddy, thin little artillery officer, who in his stockings (he had given his boots to the canteen-keeper to dry) stood up at their entrance, smiling not quite naturally.

'Now aren't you ashamed, Captain Tushin?' pursued the staff-officer. 'I should have thought you as an artillery officer ought to set an example, and you have no boots on. They'll sound the alarm, and you'll be in a pretty position without your boots on.'

'The soldiers say it's easier barefoot,' said Captain Tushin, smiling shyly, evidently anxious to carry off his awkward position in a jesting tone. But before he had uttered the words, he felt that his joke would not do and had not come off. He was in confusion.

Prince Andrey glanced once more at the little figure of the artillery officer. There was something peculiar about it, utterly unsoldierly, rather comic, but very attractive.

The staff-officer and Prince Andrey got on their horses and rode on.

Riding out beyond the village, continually meeting or overtaking soldiers and officers of various ranks, they saw on the left earthworks being thrown up, still red with the freshly dug clay. Several battalions of soldiers, in their shirt-sleeves, in spite of the cold wind were toiling like white ants at these entrenchments; from the trench they saw spadefuls of red clay continually being thrown out by unseen hands. They rode up to the entrenchment, examined it, and were riding on further. Close behind the entrenchment they came upon dozens of soldiers continually running to and from the earthworks, and they had to hold their noses and put their horses to a gallop to get by the pestilential atmosphere of this improvised sewer.

They rode up the opposite hill. From that hill they had a view of the French.

'You see here is where our battery stands,' said the staff-officer, pointing to the highest point, 'commanded by that queer fellow sitting without his boots; from there you can see everything.'

The staff-officer left him, and Prince Andrey rode on alone.

At Grunte a certain alarm and vague dread could be felt. But the nearer Prince Andrey got to the French line, the more self-confident was the appearance of our troops. The soldiers, in their greatcoats, stood ranged in lines with their sergeant, and the captain was calling over the men, poking the last soldier in the line in the ribs, and telling him to hold up his hand. Soldiers were dotted all over the plain, dragging logs and brushwood, and constructing shanties, chatting together, and laughing

good-humouredly. They were sitting round the fires, dressed and stripped, drying shirts and foot-gear. Or they thronged round the porridge-pots and cauldrons, brushing their boots and their coats. In one company dinner was ready, and the soldiers, with greedy faces, watched the steaming pots, and waited for the sample, which was being taken in a wooden bowl to the commissariat officer, sitting on a piece of wood facing his shanty.

After making a circuit round the whole line of the army, from the right flank to the left, Prince Andrey rode up to that battery from which the staff-officer told him that the whole field could be seen. Here he dismounted and stood by the end one of the four cannons, which had been taken off their platforms. Behind the cannons stood their platforms, and still further behind, the picket-ropes and camp-fires of the artillerymen. To the left, not far from the end cannon, was a little newly rigged-up shanty, from which came the sounds of officers' voices in eager conversation. Suddenly a voice from the shanty impressed him by a tone of such earnestness that he could not help listening.

'No, my dear fellow,' said a pleasant voice that seemed somehow familiar, 'I say that if one could know what will happen after death, then not one of us would be afraid of death. That's so, my dear fellow.'

Another younger voice interrupted: 'But afraid or not afraid, there's no escaping it.'

'Why, you're always in fear! Fie on you learned fellows,' said a third, a manly voice, interrupting both. 'To be sure, you artillerymen are clever fellows, because you can carry everything with you to eat and to drink.'

And the owner of the manly voice, apparently an infantry officer, laughed.

'Still one is in fear,' pursued the first voice, the one Prince Andrey knew. 'One's afraid of the unknown, that's what it is. It's all very well to say the soul goes to heaven . . . but this we do know, that there is no heaven, but only atmosphere.'

Again the manly voice interrupted.

'Come, give us a drop of your herb-brandy, Tushin,' it said.

'Oh, it's the captain, who had his boots off in the booth,' thought Prince Andrey, recognising with pleasure the agreeable philosophising voice.

'Herb-brandy by all means,' said Tushin; 'but still to conceive of a future life . . .' He did not finish his sentence.

At that moment there was a whiz heard in the air: nearer, nearer, faster and more distinctly, and faster it came; and the cannon-ball, as though not uttering all it had to say, thudded into the earth not far from the shanty, tearing up the soil with superhuman force. The earth seemed to moan at the terrible blow. At the same instant there dashed out of the shanty, before any of the rest, little Tushin with his short pipe in his mouth; his shrewd, good-humoured face was rather pale. After him emerged the owner of the manly voice, a stalwart infantry officer, who ran off to his company, buttoning his coat as he ran.

Prince Andrey mounted his horse but lingered at the battery, looking at

the smoke of the cannon from which the ball had flown. His eyes moved rapidly over the wide plain. He only saw that the previously immobile masses of the French were heaving to and fro, and that it really was a battery on the left. The smoke still clung about it. Two Frenchmen on horseback, doubtless adjutants, were galloping on the hill. A small column of the enemy, distinctly visible, were moving downhill, probably to strengthen the line. The smoke of the first shot had not cleared away, when there was a fresh puff of smoke and another shot.

‘It has begun! Here it comes!’ thought Prince Andrey, feeling the blood rush to his heart. ‘But where? What form is my Toulon to take?’ he wondered.

Passing between the companies that had been eating porridge and drinking vodka a quarter of an hour before, he saw everywhere nothing but the same rapid movements of soldiers forming in ranks and getting their guns, and on every face he saw the same eagerness that he felt in his heart. ‘It has begun! Here it comes! Terrible and delightful!’ said the face of every private and officer. Before he reached the earthworks that were being thrown up, he saw in the evening light of the dull autumn day men on horseback crossing towards him. The foremost, wearing a cloak and an Astrachan cap, was riding on a white horse. It was Prince Bagration. Prince Andrey stopped and waited for him to come up.

He asked in words: ‘Whose company?’ but what he was really asking was, ‘You’re not in a panic here?’ And the artilleryman understood that.

‘Captain Tushin’s, your excellency,’ the red-haired, freckled artilleryman sang out in a cheerful voice, as he ducked forward.

‘To be sure, to be sure,’ said Bagration, pondering something, and he rode by the platforms up to the end cannon. Just as he reached it, a shot boomed from the cannon, deafening him and his suite. A small man with stooping shoulders, the officer Tushin, dashed forward, not noticing the general, and shading his eyes with his little hand.

‘Another two points higher, and it will be just right,’ he shouted in a shrill voice, to which he tried to give a swaggering note utterly out of keeping with his figure.

Bagration called to the officer, and Tushin went up to the general, putting three fingers to the peak of his cap with a timid and awkward gesture, more like a priest blessing some one than a soldier saluting.

No one had given Tushin instruction at what or with what to fire, and after consulting his sergeant, for whom he had a great respect, he had decided that it would be a good thing to set fire to the village. ‘Very good!’ Bagration said, on the officer’s submitting that he had done so.

Just as he was leaving the battery, shots had been heard in the wood on the left too; and as the right flank would probably not long be able to detain the enemy, Tushin, and the battalion that was to have defended his battery, was forgotten.

Prince Andrey listened carefully to Prince Bagration’s colloquies with the commanding officers, and noticed, to his astonishment, that no orders were

really given by him at all, but that Prince Bagration confined himself to trying to appear as though everything that was being done of necessity, by chance, or at the will of individual officers, was all done in accordance with his intentions. Prince Andrey observed, however, that, thanks to the tact shown by Prince Bagration, his presence was of the greatest value. Commanding officers, who rode up to Bagration looking distraught, regained their composure; soldiers and officers greeted him cheerfully, recovered their spirits in his presence, and were unmistakably anxious to display their pluck before him.

After riding up to the highest point of our right flank, Prince Bagration began to go downhill, where a continuous roll of musketry was heard and nothing could be seen for the smoke. The nearer they got to the hollow the less they could see, and the more distinctly could be felt the nearness of the actual battlefield. They began to meet wounded men. Two soldiers were dragging one along, supporting him on each side. His head was covered with blood; he had no cap, and was coughing and spitting. The bullet had apparently entered his mouth or throat. Another one came towards him, walking pluckily along without his gun, groaning aloud and wringing his hands from the pain of a wound from which the blood was flowing, as though from a bottle, over his greatcoat. His face looked more frightened than in pain. He had been wounded only a moment before. Crossing the road, they began going down a deep descent, and on the slope they saw several men lying on the ground. They were met by a crowd of soldiers, among them some who were not wounded. The soldiers were hurrying up the hill, gasping for breath, and in spite of the general's presence, they were talking loudly together and gesticulating with their arms. The whole air was reeking with smoke. The pleasant hum and whiz of the bullets was repeated pretty rapidly.

A thin, weak-looking colonel, apparently an old man, with an amiable smile, and eyelids that half-covered his old-looking eyes and gave him a mild air, rode up to Prince Bagration and received him as though he were welcoming an honoured guest into his house. He announced to Prince Bagration that his regiment had had to face a cavalry attack of the French, that though the attack had been repulsed, the regiment had lost more than half of its men. The colonel said that the attack had been repulsed, supposing that to be the proper military term for what had happened; but he did not really know himself what had been taking place during that half hour in the troops under his command, and could not have said with any certainty whether the attack had been repelled or his regiment had been beaten by the attack. All he knew was that at the beginning of the action balls and grenades had begun flying all about his regiment, and killing men, that then some one had shouted 'cavalry,' and our men had begun firing. And they were firing still, though not now at the cavalry, who had disappeared, but at the French infantry.

The colonel addressed a protest to Prince Bagration, urging him to go back, as there it was too dangerous for him. 'I beg of you, your excellency,

for God's sake!' he kept on saying. 'Only look, your excellency!' He called his attention to the bullets which were continually whizzing, singing, and hissing about them. He spoke in the tone of protest and entreaty with which a carpenter speaks to a gentleman who has picked up a hatchet. 'We are used to it, but you may blister your fingers.' He talked as though these bullets could not kill him. Just as he was speaking the cloud of smoke covering the hollow was lifted as by an unseen hand and blown by the rising wind from right to left, and the opposite hill came into sight with the French moving across it.

'How well they're marching,' said some one in Bagration's suite.

The French were near. Already Prince Andrey, walking beside Bagration, could distinguish clearly the sashes, the red epaulettes, even the faces of the French. (He saw distinctly one bandy-legged old French officer, wearing Hessian boots, who was getting up the hill with difficulty, taking hold of the bushes.) Suddenly there was the snap of a shot among the French, another and a third . . . and smoke rose and firing rang out in all the broken-up ranks of the enemy.

THE attack of the Sixth Chasseurs covered the retreat of the right flank. In the centre Tushin's forgotten battery had succeeded in setting fire to Schöngraben and delaying the advance of the French. The French stayed to put out the fire, which was fanned by the wind, and this gave time for the Russians to retreat.

The command of the left flank belonged by right of seniority to the general of the regiment in which Dolohov was serving—the regiment which Kutuzov had inspected before Braunau. But the command of the extreme left flank had been entrusted to the colonel of the Pavlograd hussars, in which Rostov was serving. Hence arose a misunderstanding. Both commanding officers were intensely exasperated with one another, and at a time when fighting had been going on a long while on the right flank, and the French had already begun their advance on the left, these two officers were engaged in negotiations, the sole aim of which was the mortification of one another. The regiments—cavalry and infantry alike—were by no means in readiness for the engagement. No one from the common soldier to the general expected a battle; and they were all calmly engaged in peaceful occupations—feeding their horses in the cavalry, gathering wood in the infantry.

'He is my senior in rank, however,' said the German colonel of the hussars, growing very red and addressing the adjutant, who had ridden up. 'So let him do as he likes. I can't sacrifice my hussars. Bugler! Sound the retreat!'

But things were becoming urgent. The fire of cannon and musketry thundered in unison on the right and in the centre. The infantry general walked up to his horse with his quivering strut, and mounting it and drawing himself up very erect and tall, he rode up to the Pavlograd colonel. The two officers met with affable bows and concealed fury in their hearts.

'Again, colonel,' the general said, 'I cannot leave half my men in the

wood. I *beg* you, I *beg* you,' he repeated, 'to occupy the *position*, and prepare for an attack.'

'And I beg you not to meddle in what's not your business,' answered the colonel, getting hot. 'If you were a cavalry officer . . .'

'I am not a cavalry officer, colonel, but I am a Russian general, and if you are unaware of the fact . . .'

'I am fully aware of it, your excellency,' the colonel screamed suddenly, setting his horse in motion and becoming purple in the face. 'If you care to come to the front, you will see that this position cannot be held. I don't want to massacre my regiment for your satisfaction.'

'You forget yourself, colonel. I am not considering my own satisfaction, and I do not allow such a thing to be said.'

Taking the colonel's proposition as a challenge to his courage, the general squared his chest and rode scowling beside him to the front line, as though their whole difference would inevitably be settled there under the enemy's fire. The general and the colonel glared sternly and significantly at one another, like two cocks preparing for a fight, seeking in vain for a symptom of cowardice. Both stood the test without flinching. They might have remained a long while standing there, mutually testing each other's pluck, if there had not at that moment been heard in the copse, almost behind them, the snap of musketry and a confused shout of voices. The French were attacking the soldiers gathering wood in the copse. The hussars could not now retreat, nor could the infantry. They were cut off from falling back on the left by the French line. Now, unfavourable as the ground was, they must attack to fight a way through for themselves.

The hussars of the squadron in which Rostov was an ensign had hardly time to mount their horses when they were confronted by the enemy.

The colonel rode up to the front, made some angry reply to the questions of the officers, and, like a man desperately insisting on his rights, gave some command. No one said anything distinctly, but through the whole squadron there ran a vague rumour of attack. The command to form in order rang out, then there was the clank of sabres being drawn out of their sheaths. But still no one moved. The troops of the left flank, both the infantry and the hussars, felt that their commanders themselves did not know what to do, and the uncertainty of the commanders infected the soldiers.

'Make haste, if only they'd make haste,' thought Rostov, feeling that at last the moment had come to taste the joys of the attack.

'With God's help, forward, quick, gallop!' rang out the word of command. Rostov felt the joy of the gallop coming, and was more and more lighthearted. 'Now, let him come on, whoever it may be,' thought Rostov, driving the spurs, and outstripping the rest.

Suddenly something swept over the squadron like a broad broom. Rostov lifted his sabre, making ready to deal a blow, but felt as though he were in a dream being carried forward with supernatural swiftness and yet remaining at the same spot.

'What's the matter? I'm not moving? I've fallen, I'm killed . . .' Rostov asked and answered himself all in one instant. He was alone in the middle of the field. Instead of the moving horses and the hussars' backs, he saw around him the motionless earth and stubblefield. There was warm blood under him.

'No, I'm wounded, and my horse is killed.' Rook tried to get up on his forelegs, but he sank again, crushing his rider's leg under his leg. Blood was flowing from the horse's head. The horse struggled, but could not get up. Rostov tried to get up, and fell down too. Where were our men, where were the French, he did not know. All around him there was no one.

Getting his leg free, he stood up. 'Hasn't something gone wrong with me? Do such things happen, and what ought one to do in such cases?' he wondered. But at that instant he felt as though something superfluous were hanging on his benumbed left arm. The wrist seemed not to belong to it. He looked at his hand, carefully searching for blood on it. 'Come, here are some men,' he thought joyfully, seeing some men running towards him. 'They will help me!' In front of these men ran a single figure in a strange shako and a blue coat, with a swarthy sunburnt face and a hooked nose. Then came two men, and many more were running up behind. One of them said some strange words, not Russian. Between some similar figures in similar shakoes behind stood a Russian hussar. He was being held by the arms; behind him they were holding his horse too.

'It must be one of ours taken prisoner. . . . Yes. Surely they couldn't take me too? What sort of men are they?' Rostov was still wondering, unable to believe his own eyes. 'Can they be the French?'

He gazed at the approaching French, and although only a few seconds before he had been longing to get at these Frenchmen and to cut them down, their being so near seemed to him now so awful that he could not believe his eyes. 'Who are they? What are they running for? Can it be to me? Can they be running to me? And what for? To kill me? *Me*, whom every one's so fond of?' He recalled his mother's love, the love of his family and his friends, and the enemy's intention of killing him seemed impossible. 'But they may even kill me.'

For more than ten seconds he stood, not moving from the spot, nor grasping his position. The foremost Frenchman with the hook nose was getting so near that he could see the expression of his face. Rostov snatched up his pistol, and instead of firing with it, flung it at the Frenchman and ran to the bushes with all his might. Not with the feeling of doubt and conflict with which he had moved at the Enns bridge, did he now run, but with the feeling of a hare fleeing from the dogs. One unmixed feeling of fear for his young, happy life took possession of his whole being. Leaping rapidly over the hedges with the same impetuosity with which he used to run when he played games, he flew over the field, now and then turning his pale, good-natured, youthful face, and a chill of horror ran down his spine. 'No, better not to look,' he thought, but as he got near to the bushes he looked round once more. The French had given it up. Rostov

stopped. 'There's some mistake,' he thought; 'it can't be that they meant to kill me.' And meanwhile his left arm was as heavy as if a hundred-pound weight were hanging on it. He could run no further. The Frenchman stopped too and took aim. Rostov frowned and ducked. One bullet and then another flew hissing by him; he took his left hand in his right, and with a last effort ran as far as the bushes. In the bushes there were Russian sharpshooters.

The infantry, who had been caught unawares in the copse, had run away, and the different companies all confused together had retreated in disorderly crowds. One soldier in a panic had uttered those words—terrible in war and meaningless: 'Cut off!' and those words had infected the whole mass with panic.

'Outflanked! Cut off! Lost!' they shouted as they ran.

When their general heard the firing and the shouts in the rear he had grasped at the instant that something awful was happening to his regiment; and the thought that he, an exemplary officer, might be held responsible so affected him that, instantly oblivious even of danger and of the instinct of self-preservation, he galloped off to the regiment under a perfect hail of bullets. He was possessed by the one desire to correct the mistake whatever it might be, so that after twenty-two years of exemplary service, without incurring a reprimand for anything, he might avoid being responsible for this blunder.

Galloping successfully between the French forces, he reached the field behind the copse across which our men were running downhill. The moral balance which decides the fate of battle was unmistakably falling on the side of panic. All seemed lost; but at that moment the French, who had been advancing, suddenly, for no apparent reason, ran back. Russian sharpshooters appeared in the copse.

Dolohov killed one French soldier at close quarters, and was the first to seize by the collar an officer who surrendered. The fleeing Russians came back; the battalions were brought together; and the French, who had been on the point of splitting the forces of the left flank into two parts, were for the moment held in check. The reserves had time to join the main forces, and the runaways were stopped.

'Your excellency, here are two trophies,' said Dolohov, pointing to the French sword and cartridge case. 'An officer was taken prisoner by me. I stopped the company.' Dolohov breathed hard from weariness; he spoke in jerks. 'The whole company can bear me witness. I beg you to remember me, your excellency!'

Tushin's battery had been forgotten, and the force which had been stationed near Tushin's cannons to protect them had by somebody's orders retreated in the middle of the battle. But the battery still kept up its fire, and was not taken by the French simply because the enemy could not conceive of the reckless daring of firing from four cannons that were quite unprotected. The four cannons were turned facing the ten of the enemy's battery. The other officer, Tushin's comrade, was killed at the beginning

of the action, and after an hour's time, of the forty gunners of the battery, seventeen were disabled, but they were still as merry and as eager as ever.

The little man with his weak, clumsy movements kept running out in front and looking from under his little hand at the French.

'Smash away, lads!' he was continually saying, and he clutched at the cannon wheels himself and unscrewed the screws. In the smoke, deafened by the incessant booming of the cannons that made him shudder every time one was fired, Tushin ran from one cannon to the other, his short pipe never out of his mouth. At one moment he was taking aim, then reckoning the charges, then arranging for the changing and unharnessing of the killed and wounded horses, and all the time shouting in his weak, shrill, hesitating voice. His face grew more and more eager. Only when men were killed and wounded he knitted his brows, and turning away from the dead man, shouted angrily to the men, slow, as they always are, to pick up a wounded man or a dead body. The soldiers, for the most part fine, handsome fellows a couple of heads taller than their officer and twice as broad in the chest, all looked to their commanding officer like children in a difficult position, and the expression they found on his face was invariably reflected at once on their own.

Owing to the fearful uproar and noise and the necessity of attention and activity, Tushin experienced not the slightest unpleasant sensation of fear; and the idea that he might be killed or badly wounded never entered his head. On the contrary, he felt more and more lively. It seemed to him that the moment in which he had first seen the enemy and had fired the first shot was long, long ago, yesterday perhaps, and that the spot of earth on which he stood was a place long familiar to him, in which he was quite at home. Although he thought of everything, considered everything, did everything the very best officer could have done in his position, he was in a state of mind akin to the delirium of fever or the intoxication of a drunken man.

The deafening sound of his own guns on all sides, the hiss and thud of the enemy's shells, the sight of the perspiring, flushed gunners hurrying about the cannons, the sight of the blood of men and horses, and of the puffs of smoke from the enemy on the opposite side (always followed by a cannon ball that flew across and hit the earth, a man, a horse, or a cannon)—all these images made up for him a fantastic world of his own, in which he found enjoyment at the moment. The enemy's cannons in his fancy were not cannons, but pipes from which an invisible smoker blew puffs of smoke at intervals.

'There he's puffing away again,' Tushin murmured to himself as a cloud of smoke rolled downhill, and was moving back from the cannon, when a strange, unfamiliar voice called over his head. 'Captain Tushin! Captain!'

Tushin looked round in dismay. It was the same staff-officer who had turned him out of the booth at Grunte. He was shouting to him in a breathless voice:

'I say, are you mad? You've been commanded twice to retreat, and you . . .'

'Now, what are they pitching into me for?' . . . Tushin wondered, looking in alarm at the superior officer.

'I . . . don't . . .' he began, putting two fingers to the peak of his cap. 'I . . .'

But the staff-officer did not say all he had meant to. A cannon ball flying near him made him duck down on his horse. He paused, and was just going to say something more, when another ball stopped him. He turned his horse's head and galloped away.

'Retreat! All to retreat!' he shouted from a distance.

The soldiers laughed. A minute later an adjutant arrived with the same message. This was Prince Andrey. The first thing he saw, on reaching the place where Tushin's cannons were stationed, was an unharnessed horse with a broken leg, which was neighing beside the harnessed horses. The blood was flowing in a perfect stream from its leg. Among the platforms lay several dead men. One cannon ball after another flew over him as he rode up, and he felt a nervous shudder running down his spine. But the very idea that he was afraid was enough to rouse him again. 'I can't be frightened,' he thought, and he deliberately dismounted from his horse between the cannons. He gave his message, but he did not leave the battery. He decided to stay and assist in removing the cannons from the position and getting them away. Stepping over the corpses, under the fearful fire from the French, he helped Tushin in getting the cannons ready.

'The officer that came just now ran off quicker than he came,' said a gunner to Prince Andrey, 'not like your honour.'

Prince Andrey had no conversation with Tushin. They were both so busy that they hardly seemed to see each other.

Darkness had come, and the glow of conflagrations showed all the more distinctly in two places. As soon as Tushin with his cannons, continually driving round the wounded and coming upon them, had got out of fire and were descending the ravine, he was met by the staff, among whom was the staff-officer. They all vied with one another in giving him orders, telling him how and where to go, finding fault and making criticisms. Tushin gave no orders, afraid to speak because at every word he felt, he could not have said why, ready to burst into tears.

Though orders were given to abandon the wounded, many of them dragged themselves after the troops and begged for a seat on the cannons. The jaunty infantry-officer—the one who had run out of Tushin's shanty just before the battle—was laid on with a bullet in his stomach. At the bottom of the hill a pale ensign of hussars, holding one arm in the other hand, came up to Tushin and begged for a seat.

'Captain, for God's sake, I've hurt my arm,' he said timidly. 'For God's sake. I can't walk. For God's sake!'

'Let him get on, let him get on,' said Tushin. 'Put a coat under him,

you, uncle.' He turned to his favourite soldier. 'But where's the wounded officer?'

'We took him off; he was dead,' answered some one.

The ensign was Rostov. He was holding one hand in the other. He was pale, and his lower jaw was trembling as though in a fever. They put him on the cannon from which they had just removed the dead officer. There was blood on the coat that was laid under him, and Rostov's riding-breeches and arm were smeared with it.

'What, are you wounded?' said Tushin.

'No; it's a sprain.'

'How is it there's blood on the frame?'

'That was the officer, your honour, stained it,' answered an artilleryman, wiping the blood off with the sleeve of his coat, and as it were apologising for the dirty state of the cannon.

With difficulty, aided by the infantry, they dragged the cannon uphill. All of a sudden there came the sound of firing and shouts again close by on the right side. The flash of the shots could be seen in the darkness. This was the last attack of the French. It was met by the soldiers in ambush in the houses of the village. All rushed out of the village again, but Tushin's cannons could not move, and the artillerymen, Tushin, and the ensign looked at one another in anticipation of their fate. The firing on both sides began to subside, and some soldiers in lively conversation streamed out of a side street.

'Not hurt, Petrov?' inquired one.

'We gave it them hot, lads. They won't meddle with us now,' another was saying.

'One couldn't see a thing. Didn't they give it to their own men! No seeing for the darkness, mates. Isn't there something to drink?'

The French had been repulsed for the last time. And again, in the complete darkness, Tushin's cannons moved forward, surrounded by the infantry, who kept up a hum of talk.

In the darkness they flowed on like an unseen, gloomy river always in the same direction, with a buzz of whisper and talk and the thud of hoofs and rumble of wheels. Above all other sounds, in the confused uproar, rose the moans and cries of the wounded, more distinct than anything in the darkness of the night. Their moans seemed to fill all the darkness surrounding the troops. Their moans and the darkness seemed to melt into one. A little later a thrill of emotion passed over the moving crowd. Some one followed by a suite had ridden by on a white horse, and had said something as he passed.

'What did he say? Where we are going now? To halt, eh? Thanked us, what?' eager questions were heard on all sides, and the whole moving mass began to press back on itself (the foremost, it seemed, had halted), and a rumour passed through that the order had been given to halt. All halted in the muddy road, just where they were.

Fires were lighted and the talk became more audible. Captain Tushin,

after giving instructions to his battery, sent some of his soldiers to look for an ambulance or a doctor for the ensign, and sat down by the fire his soldiers had lighted by the roadside.

Rostov too dragged himself to the fire. His whole body was trembling with fever from the pain, the cold, and the damp. He was dreadfully sleepy, but he could not go to sleep for the agonising pain in his arm, which ached and would not be easy in any position. He closed his eyes, then opened them to stare at the fire, which seemed to him dazzling red, and then at the stooping, feeble figure of Tushin, squatting in Turkish fashion near him. The big, kindly, and shrewd eyes of Tushin were fixed upon him with sympathy and commiseration. He saw that Tushin wished with all his soul to help him, but could do nothing for him.

Next four soldiers passed by, carrying something heavy in an overcoat.

'He's dead; why carry him?' said one of them.

'Come on, you!' And they vanished into the darkness with their burden.

'Does it ache, eh?' Tushin asked Rostov in a whisper.

'Yes, it does ache.'

'Your honour's sent for to the general. Here in a cottage he is,' said a gunner, coming up to Tushin.

IN A cottage not far from the artillerymen's fire, Prince Bagration was sitting at dinner, talking with several commanding officers. The little old colonel with the half-shut eyes was there, greedily gnawing on a mutton-bone, and the general of twenty-two years' irreproachable service, flushed with a glass of vodka and his dinner, and the staff-officer with the ring, and Prince Andrey. In the corner of the cottage room stood a French flag, that had been captured.

The general submitted to the prince that as soon as the engagement began, he had fallen back from the copse, mustered the men who were cutting wood, made a bayonet charge with two battalions and repulsed the French.

'As soon as I saw, your excellency, that the first battalion was thrown into confusion, I stood in the road and thought, "I'll let them get through and then open fire on them"; and that's what I did.'

The general had so longed to do this, he had so regretted not having succeeded in doing it, that it seemed to him now that this was just what had happened. Indeed might it not actually have been so? Who could make out in such confusion what did and what did not happen?

'And by the way I ought to note, your excellency,' he continued, recalling Dolohov's conversation with Kutuzov and his own late interview with the degraded officer, 'that the private Dolohov, degraded to the ranks, took a French officer prisoner before my eyes and particularly distinguished himself.'

Prince Bagration turned to the old colonel.

'I thank you all, gentlemen; all branches of the service behaved heroically --infantry, cavalry, and artillery. How did two cannons come to be

abandoned in the centre?' he inquired, looking about for some one. 'I think it was you I sent,' he added, addressing the staff-officer.

'One had been disabled,' answered the staff-officer, 'but the other, I can't explain; I was there all the while myself, giving instructions, and I had scarcely left there. . . . It was pretty hot, it's true,' he added modestly.

Some one said that Captain Tushin was close by here in the village, and that he had already been sent for.

'Oh, but you went there,' said Prince Bagration, addressing Prince Andrey.

'To be sure, we rode there almost together,' said the staff-officer, smiling affably to Bolkonsky.

'I had not the pleasure of seeing you,' said Prince Andrey, coldly and abruptly. Every one was silent.

Tushin appeared in the doorway, timidly edging in behind the generals' backs. Making his way round the generals in the crowded hut, embarrassed as he always was before his superior officers, Tushin did not see the flag-staff and tumbled over it. Several of the officers laughed.

'How was it a cannon was abandoned?' asked Bagration, frowning, not so much at the captain as at the laughing officers.

Only now in the presence of the angry-looking commander, Tushin conceived in all its awfulness the crime and disgrace of his being still alive when he had lost two cannons. He had been so excited that till that instant he had not had time to think of that. The officers' laughter had bewildered him still more. He stood before Bagration, his lower jaw quivering, and could scarcely articulate:

'I don't know . . . your excellency . . . I hadn't the men, your excellency.'

'You could have got them from the battalions that were covering your position!'

That there were no battalions there was what Tushin did not say, though it was the fact. He was afraid of getting another officer into trouble by saying that, and without uttering a word he gazed straight into Bagration's face, as a confused schoolboy gazes at the face of an examiner.

The silence was rather a lengthy one. Prince Bagration, though he had no wish to be severe, apparently found nothing to say; the others did not venture to intervene.

'Your excellency,' Prince Andrey broke the silence with his abrupt voice, 'you sent me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two-thirds of the men and horses killed, two cannons disabled and no forces near to defend them.'

Prince Bagration and Tushin looked now with equal intensity at Bolkonsky, as he went on speaking with suppressed emotion.

'And if your excellency will permit me to express my opinion,' he went on, 'we owe the success of the day more to the action of that battery and the heroic steadiness of Captain Tushin and his men than to anything else,' said Prince Andrey.

Prince Bagration looked at Tushin and, apparently loath to express his disbelief in Bolkonsky's off-handed judgment, yet unable to put complete faith in it, he bent his head and said to Tushin that he could go. Prince Andrey walked out after him.

'Thanks, my dear fellow, you got me out of a scrape,' Tushin said to him.

Prince Andrey looked at Tushin, and walked away without uttering a word. Prince Andrey felt bitter and melancholy. It was all so strange, so unlike what he had been hoping for.

'WHO are they? Why are they here? What do they want? And when will it all end?' thought Rostov, looking at the shadowy figures that kept flitting before his eyes. The pain in his arm became even more agonising. He was heavy with sleep, crimson circles danced before his eyes, and the impression of these voices and these faces and the sense of his loneliness all blended with the misery of the pain.

He dozed off for a minute, but in that brief interval he dreamed of innumerable things. He saw his mother and her large, white hand; he saw Natasha's eyes and her laugh, and Denisov with his voice and his whiskers, and all the affair with Telyanin. He was trying to get away from them, but they would not let go of his shoulder for a second. It would not ache, it would be all right if they wouldn't drag at it; but there was no getting rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked upwards. The black pall of darkness hung only a few feet above the light of the fire. In the light fluttered tiny flakes of falling snow. Tushin had not returned, the doctor had not come. He was alone, only a soldier was sitting now naked on the other side of the fire, warming his thin, yellow body.

'Nobody cares for me!' thought Rostov. 'No one to help me, no one to feel sorry for me. And I too was once at home, and strong, and happy and loved,' he sighed, and with the sigh unconsciously he moaned.

'In pain, eh?' asked the soldier, shaking his shirt out before the fire, and without waiting for an answer, he added huskily: 'Ah, what a lot of fellows done for to-day—awful!'

Rostov did not hear the soldier. He gazed at the snowflakes whirling over the fire and thought of the Russian winter with his warm, brightly lighted home, his cosy fur cloak, his swift sledge, his good health, and all the love and tenderness of his family. 'And what did I come here for!' he wondered.

PART III

PRINCE VASSILY used not to think over his plans. Still less did he think of doing harm to others for the sake of his own interest. He was simply a man who had been successful in the world. He never said to himself, for instance: 'That man is now in power, I must secure his friendship and confidence, and through him obtain a grant from the Single-Assistance Fund'; nor, 'Now Pierre is a wealthy man, I must entice him to marry my daughter and borrow the forty thousand I need.' But the man in power met him, and at the instant his instinct told him that that man might be of use, and Prince Vassily made friends with him, and at the first opportunity by instinct, without previous consideration, flattered him, became intimate with him, and told him of what he wanted.

Pierre was ready at hand in Moscow, and Prince Vassily secured an appointment as gentleman of the bedchamber for him, a position at that time reckoned equal in status to that of a councillor of state, and insisted on the young man's travelling with him to Petersburg, and staying at his house. Without apparent design, but yet with unhesitating conviction that it was the right thing, Prince Vassily did everything to ensure Pierre's marrying his daughter.

Pierre, on unexpectedly becoming rich and Count Bezuhov, after his lonely and careless manner of life, felt so surrounded, so occupied, that he never succeeded in being by himself except in his bed. He was continually hearing phrases, such as, 'With your exceptionally kindly disposition'; or, 'Considering your excellent heart'; or, 'You are so pure-minded yourself, count . . .' or, 'If he were as clever as you,' and so on, so that he was beginning genuinely to believe in his own exceptional goodness and his own exceptional intelligence, the more so, as at the bottom of his heart it had always seemed to him that he really was very good-natured and very intelligent.

Even people who had before been spiteful and openly hostile to him, became tender and affectionate. The hitherto ill-tempered, eldest princess, with the long waist and the hair plastered down like a doll, had gone into Pierre's room after the funeral. Dropping her eyes and repeatedly turning crimson, she said that she very much regretted the misunderstanding that had arisen between them, and that now she felt she had no right to ask him for anything except permission, after the blow that had befallen her, to remain for a few weeks longer in the house which she was so fond of,

and in which she had made such sacrifices. She wept at these words. Touched, Pierre took her by the hand and begged her pardon, though he could not have said what for. From that day the princess began knitting a striped scarf for Pierre, and was completely changed towards him.

'Do this for my sake, my dear boy; she had to put up with a great deal from the deceased, any way,' Prince Vassily said to him, giving him some deed to sign for the princess's benefit. Prince Vassily reflected that this note of hand for thirty thousand was a sop worth throwing to the poor princess, that it might not occur to her to gossip about Prince Vassily's part in the action taken with the inlaid portfolio.

'So that's all settled, my dear fellow. Ah, yes, I was almost forgetting,' Prince Vassily added. 'You know, my dear boy, I had a little account to settle with your father, so as I have received something from the Ryazan estate, I'll keep that; you don't want it. We'll go into accounts later.'

What Prince Vassily called 'something from the Ryazan estate' was several thousands of roubles paid in lieu of service by the peasants, and this sum he kept for himself.

In Petersburg, Pierre was surrounded by the same atmosphere of affection and tenderness as in Moscow. He could not decline the post, or rather the title (for he did nothing) that Prince Vassily had obtained for him, and acquaintances, invitations, and social duties were so numerous that Pierre was even more than in Moscow conscious of the feeling of stupefaction, hurry and continued expectation of some future good which was always coming and was never realised.

Of his old circle of bachelor acquaintances there were not many left in Petersburg. The Guards were on active service, Dolohov had been degraded to the ranks; Anatole had gone into the army and was somewhere in the provinces; Prince Andrey was abroad; and so Pierre had not the opportunity of spending his nights in the way he had so loved spending them before, nor could he open his heart in intimate talk with the friend who was older than himself and a man he respected. All his time was spent at dinners and balls, or at Prince Vassily's in the society of the fat princess, his wife, and the beauty, his daughter Ellen.

Like every one else, Anna Pavlovna Scherer showed Pierre the change that had taken place in the attitude of society towards him.

In former days, Pierre had always felt in Anna Pavlovna's presence that what he was saying was unsuitable, tactless, not the right thing. Now everything he said was always 'delightful.' Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say so, he saw she was longing to say so, and only refraining from doing so from regard for his modesty.

At the beginning of the winter, in the year 1805, Pierre received one of Anna Pavlovna's customary pink notes of invitation, in which the words occurred: 'You will find the fair Hélène at my house, whom one never gets tired of seeing.'

On reading that passage, Pierre felt for the first time that there was being formed between himself and Ellen some sort of tie, recognised by

other people, and this idea at once alarmed him, as though an obligation were being laid upon him which he could not fulfil, and pleased him as an amusing supposition.

Anna Pavlovna's evening party was like her first one, only the novel attraction which she had provided for her guests was not on this occasion Mortemart, but a diplomat, who had just arrived from Berlin. Anna Pavlovna had arranged the groups in her drawing-room with her usual skill. The larger group, in which were Prince Vassily and some generals, had the benefit of the diplomat. Another group gathered about the tea-table. Pierre would have liked to join the first group, but Anna Pavlovna, who was in the nervous excitement of a general on the battlefield, that mental condition in which numbers of brilliant new ideas occur to one that one has hardly time to put into execution—Anna Pavlovna, on seeing Pierre, detained him with a finger on his coat sleeve: 'Wait, I have designs on you for this evening.'

She looked round at Ellen and smiled at her.

'My dear H el ene, you must show charity to my poor aunt, who has an adoration for you. Go and keep her company for ten minutes. And that you may not find it too tiresome, here's our dear count, who certainly won't refuse to follow you.'

The beauty moved away towards the old aunt; but Anna Pavlovna still detained Pierre at her side, with the air of having still some last and essential arrangement to make with him.

'She is exquisite, isn't she?' she said to Pierre, indicating the majestic beauty swimming away from them. 'And how she carries herself! For such a young girl, what tact, what a finished perfection of manner. It comes from the heart. Happy will be the man who wins her. The most unworldly of men would take a brilliant place in society as her husband. That's true, isn't it? I only wanted to know your opinion,' and Anna Pavlovna let Pierre go.

Pierre was perfectly sincere in giving an affirmative answer to her question about Ellen's perfection of manner. If ever he thought of Ellen, it was either of her beauty that he thought, or of her extraordinary capacity for serene, dignified silence in society.

The old aunt coughed, swallowed the phlegm, and said in French that she was very glad to see Ellen; then she addressed Pierre with the same greeting and the same grimace. In the middle of a halting and tedious conversation, Ellen looked round at Pierre and smiled at him with the bright, beautiful smile with which she smiled at every one. Pierre was so used to this smile, it meant so little to him, that he did not even notice it. The aunt was speaking at that moment of a collection of snuff-boxes belonging to Pierre's father, Count Bezuhov, and she showed them her snuff-box. Princess Ellen asked to look at the portrait of the aunt's husband, which was on the snuff-box.

'It's probably the work of Vines,' said Pierre, mentioning a celebrated miniature painter. He bent over the table to take the snuff-box, listening

all the while to the conversation going on in the larger group. He got up to move towards it, but the aunt handed him the snuff-box, passing it across Ellen, behind her back. Ellen bent forward to make room, and looked round smiling. She was, as always in the evening, wearing a dress cut in the fashion of the day, very low in the neck both in front and behind. Her bust, which had always to Pierre looked like marble, was so close that he need scarcely have stooped to kiss it. He felt the warmth of her body, the fragrance of scent, and heard the creaking of her corset as she moved. He saw not her marble beauty making up one whole with her gown; he saw and felt all the charm of her body, which was only veiled by her clothes. And having once seen this, he could not see it otherwise, just as we cannot return to an illusion that has been explained.

'So you have never noticed till now that I am lovely?' Ellen seemed to be saying. 'You haven't noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman, who might belong to any one—to you, too,' her eyes said. And at that moment Pierre felt that Ellen not only could, but would become his wife, that it must be so.

He knew it at that moment as surely as he would have known it, standing under the wedding crown beside her. How would it be? and when? He knew not, knew not even if it would be a good thing (he had a feeling, indeed, that for some reason it would not), but he knew it would be so. She was terribly close to him. Already she had power over him. And between him and her there existed no barriers of any kind, but the barrier of his own will.

After Pierre had gone home, it was a long while before he could get to sleep; he kept pondering on what was happening to him. What was happening? Nothing. Simply he had grasped the fact that a woman, whom he had known as a child, of whom he had said, without giving her a thought, 'Yes, she's nice-looking,' when he had been told she was a beauty, he had grasped the fact that that woman might belong to him.

'But she's stupid, I used to say myself that she was stupid,' he thought. 'There is something nasty in the feeling she excites in me, something not legitimate. I have been told that her brother, Anatole, was in love with her, and she in love with him, that there was a regular scandal, and that's why Anatole was sent away. That's bad,' he mused; and at the very moment that he was reflecting thus he caught himself smiling, and dreaming of how she would be his wife, how she might love him, how she might become quite different, and how all he had thought and heard about her might be untrue. He remembered the words and looks of Anna Pavlovna, when she had spoken about his house, he recollected thousands of such hints from Prince Vassily and other people, and he was overwhelmed with terror that he might have bound himself in some way to do a thing obviously wrong, and not what he ought to do. But at the very time that he was expressing this to himself, in another part of his mind her image floated to the surface in all its womanly beauty.

In November of 1805 Prince Vassily was obliged to go on a tour of

inspection through four provinces. He had secured this appointment for himself, in order to be able at the same time to visit his estates, which were in a neglected state. He intended to pick up his son, Anatole, on the way (where his regiment was stationed), and to pay a visit to Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky, with a view to marrying his son to the rich old man's daughter. But before going away and entering on these new affairs, Prince Vassily wanted to settle matters with Pierre, who had, it was true, of late spent whole days at home, that is, at Prince Vassily's, where he was staying, and was as absurd, as agitated, and as stupid in Ellen's presence, as a young man in love should be, but still made no offer.

'This is all very fine, but the thing must come to a conclusion,' Prince Vassily said to himself one morning, with a melancholy sigh, recognising that Pierre, who was so greatly indebted to him (But there! God bless the fellow!), was not behaving quite nicely to him in the matter. 'Youth . . . frivolity . . . well, God be with him,' thought Prince Vassily, enjoying the sense of his own goodness of heart, 'but the thing must come to a conclusion. The day after to-morrow is Ellen's name-day, I'll invite some people, and if he doesn't understand what he's to do, then it will be my affair to see to it. Yes, my affair. I'm her father.'

Six weeks after Anna Pavlovna's party, and the sleepless and agitated night after it, in which Pierre had made up his mind that a marriage with Ellen would be a calamity, and that he must avoid her and go away; six weeks after that decision Pierre had still not left Prince Vassily's, and felt with horror that every day he was more and more connected with her in people's minds, that he could not go back to his former view of her, that he could not tear himself away from her even, that it would be an awful thing, but that he would have to unite his life to hers. Every day he said the same thing over and over to himself. 'I must really understand her and make up my mind what she is. Was I mistaken before, or am I mistaken now? No, she's not stupid; no, she's a good girl,' he said to himself sometimes. 'She never makes a mistake, nor has said anything stupid. She says very little, but what she does say is always simple and clear. So she's not stupid. She has never been abashed, and she is not abashed now. So she isn't a bad woman.' It often happened that he began to make reflections, to think aloud in her company, and every time she had replied either by a brief, but appropriate remark, that showed she was not interested in the matter, or by a mute smile and glance, which more palpably than anything proved to Pierre her superiority. She was right in regarding all reflections as nonsense in comparison with that smile.

Pierre knew that every one was only waiting for him to say one word, to cross a certain line, and he knew that sooner or later he would cross it. But a kind of uncomprehended horror seized upon him at the mere thought of this fearful step. A thousand times in the course of those six weeks, during which he felt himself being drawn on further and further toward the abyss that horrified him, Pierre had said to himself: 'But what does it

mean? I must act with decision! Can it be that I haven't any?' Pierre belonged to that class of persons who are only strong when they feel themselves perfectly pure. And ever since the day when he had been overcome by the sensation of desire, that he had felt stooping over the snuff-box at Anna Pavlovna's, an unconscious sense of the sinfulness of that impulse paralysed his will.

On Ellen's name-day, Prince Vassily was giving a little supper party of just their own people, as his wife said, that is, of friends and relations. All these friends and relations were made to feel that the day was to be a momentous one in the young lady's life.

The wax candles burned brightly, there was a glitter of silver and crystal on the table, of ladies' ornaments and the gold and silver of epaulettes. The servants threaded their way in and out round the table in their red coats. There was a clatter of knives, glasses, and plates, and the sound of eager talk from several separate conversations round the table.

Pierre felt that he was the centre of it all, and this position both pleased him and embarrassed him.

'So it is all over!' he thought. 'And how has it all been done? So quickly! Now I know that not for her sake, nor for my sake alone, but for every one *it* must inevitably come to pass. They all expect it so, they are all so convinced that it will be, that I cannot, I cannot, disappoint them. And yet what have I done to bring it about? When did it begin? I came here from Moscow with Prince Vassily, then there was nothing. Afterwards what reason was there for not staying with him? Then I played cards with her and picked up her reticule, and went skating with her. When did it begin, when did it all come about?' All at once he heard a voice, a familiar voice, addressing him for the second time.

'I'm asking you, when you heard last from Bolkonsky,' Prince Vassily repeated a third time. 'How absent-minded you are, my dear boy.' Prince Vassily smiled, and Pierre saw that every one, every one was smiling at him and at Ellen.

'When did you get a letter? From Olmütz?' repeated Prince Vassily.

'How can people talk and think of such trifles?' thought Pierre.

'Yes, from Olmütz,' he answered with a sigh.

While the guests were taking leave, Pierre was left a long while alone with Ellen in the little drawing-room, where they were sitting. Often before, during the last six weeks he had been left alone with Ellen, but he had never spoken of love to her. Now he felt that this was inevitable, but he could not make up his mind to this final step. He felt ashamed; it seemed to him that here at Ellen's side he was filling some other man's place. But he had to say something, and he began to speak. He asked her whether she had enjoyed the evening. With her habitual directness in replying, she answered that this name-day had been one of the pleasantest she had ever had.

A few of the nearest relations were still lingering on. They were sitting in the big drawing-room. Prince Vassily walked with languid steps towards

Pierre. Pierre rose and observed that it was getting late. Prince Vassily levelled a look of stern inquiry upon him, as though what he had said was so strange that one could not believe one's ears. But the expression of severity immediately passed away, and Prince Vassily smiled affectionately.

'Well, Ellen?' he said. Pierre smiled, but it seemed that Prince Vassily was positively disconcerted. The sight of the discomfiture of this elderly man of the world touched Pierre; he looked round at Ellen—and she, he fancied, was disconcerted too, and her glance seemed to say: 'Well, it's your own fault.'

'I must inevitably cross the barrier, but I can't, I can't,' thought Pierre, and he began again speaking of extraneous subjects.

When Prince Vassily went into the drawing-room, the princess was talking in subdued tones with an elderly lady about Pierre.

'Of course it is a very brilliant match, but happiness, my dear . . .'

'Marriages are made in heaven,' responded the elderly lady.

Prince Vassily walked to the furthest corner and sat down on a sofa, as though he had not heard the ladies. He closed his eyes and seemed to doze. His head began to droop, and he roused himself.

'Aline,' he said to his wife, 'go and see what they are doing.'

The princess went up to the door, walked by it with a countenance full of meaning and affected nonchalance, and glanced into the little drawing-room. Pierre and Ellen were sitting and talking as before.

'Just the same,' she said in answer to her husband. Prince Vassily frowned, twisting his mouth on one side. He shook himself, got up, flung his head back, and with resolute steps passed the ladies and crossed over to the little drawing-room. He walked quickly, joyfully up to Pierre. The prince's face was so extraordinarily solemn that Pierre got up in alarm on seeing him.

'Thank God!' he said. 'My wife has told me all about it.' He put one arm round Pierre, the other round his daughter. 'My dear boy! Ellen! I am very, very glad.' His voice quavered. 'I loved your father . . . and she will make you a good wife . . . God's blessing on you! . . .' He embraced his daughter, then Pierre again, and kissed him with his elderly lips. Tears were actually moist on his cheeks. 'Aline, come here,' he called.

The princess went in and wept too. The elderly lady also put her handkerchief to her eye. They kissed Pierre, and he several times kissed the hand of the lovely Ellen. A little later they were again left alone.

'All this had to be so and could not have been otherwise,' thought Pierre, 'so that it's no use to inquire whether it was a good thing or not. It's a good thing because it's definite, and there's none of the agonising suspense there was before.' Pierre held his betrothed's hand in silence, and gazed at the heaving and falling of her lovely bosom.

'Ellen!' he said aloud, and stopped. 'There's something special is said on these occasions,' he thought; but he could not recollect precisely what it was that was said on these occasions. He glanced into her face. She bent forward closer to him. Her face flushed rosy red.

'Ah, take off those . . . those . . .' she pointed to his spectacles.

Pierre took off his spectacles, and there was in his eyes besides the strange look people's eyes always have when they remove spectacles, a look of dismay and inquiry. He would have bent over her hand and have kissed it. But with an almost brutal movement of her head, she caught at his lips and pressed them to her own. Pierre was struck by the transformed, the unpleasantly confused expression of her face.

'Now it's too late, it's all over, and besides I love her,' thought Pierre.

'I love you!' he said, remembering what had to be said on these occasions. But the words sounded so poor that he felt ashamed of himself.

Six weeks later he was married, and the lucky possessor of a lovely wife and millions of money, as people said; he took up his abode in the great, newly decorated Petersburg mansion of the Counts Bezuhov.

IN December of 1805, the old Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky received a letter from Prince Vassily, announcing that he intended to visit him with his son.

'Well, there's no need to bring Marie out, it seems; suitors come to us of themselves,' the little princess said heedlessly on hearing of this. Prince Nikolay Andreivitch scowled and said nothing.

Old Bolkonsky had always had a poor opinion of Prince Vassily's character, and this opinion had grown stronger of late since Prince Vassily had, under the new reigns of Paul and Alexander, advanced to high rank and honours. Now from the letter and the little princess's hints, he saw what the object of the visit was, and his poor opinion of Prince Vassily passed into a feeling of ill-will and contempt in the old prince's heart. He snorted indignantly whenever he spoke of him. On the day of Prince Vassily's arrival, the old prince was particularly discontented and out of humour.

At nine o'clock, however, the old prince went out for a walk, as usual, wearing his short, velvet, fur-lined cloak with a sable collar and a sable cap. There had been a fall of snow on the previous evening. The path along which Prince Nikolay Andreivitch walked to the conservatory had been cleared; there were marks of a broom in the swept snow, and a spade had been left sticking in the crisp bank of snow that bordered the path on both sides. The prince walked through the conservatories, the servants' quarters, and the out-buildings, frowning and silent.

'Could a sledge drive up?' he asked the respectful steward, who was escorting him to the house, with a countenance and manners like his own.

'The snow is deep, your excellency. I gave orders for the avenue to be swept too. It would have been hard to drive up, your excellency,' added the steward. 'So I hear, your excellency, there's a minister coming to visit your excellency?'

The prince turned to the steward and stared with scowling eyes at him.

'Eh? A minister? What minister? Who gave you orders?' he began in

his shrill, cruel voice. 'For the princess my daughter, you do not clear the way, but for the minister you do! For me there are no ministers!'

'Your excellency, I supposed . . .'

'You supposed,' shouted the prince, articulating with greater and greater haste and incoherence. 'You supposed . . . Brigands! blackguards! . . . I'll teach you to suppose,' and raising his stick he waved it at Alpatitch, and would have hit him, had not the steward instinctively shrunk back and escaped the blow. 'You supposed . . . Blackguards! . . .' he still cried hurriedly. But although Alpatitch, shocked at his own insolence in dodging the blow, went closer to the prince, with his bald head bent humbly before him, or perhaps just because of this, the prince did not lift the stick again, and still shouting, 'Blackguards! . . . fill up the road . . .' he ran to his room.

After dinner he went out into the waiting-room. Alpatitch was standing there with downcast head.

'Filled up the road again?'

'Yes, your excellency; for God's sake, forgive me, it was simply a blunder.'

The prince cut him short with his unnatural laugh.

In the evening Prince Vassily arrived. He was met on the way by the coachmen and footmen of the Bolkonskys, who with shouts dragged his carriages and sledge to the lodge, over the road, which had been purposely obstructed with snow again.

Prince Vassily and Anatole were conducted to apartments.

Taking off his tunic, Anatole sat with his elbows on the table, on a corner of which he fixed his handsome, large eyes with a smiling, unconcerned stare. All his life he had looked upon as an uninterrupted entertainment, which some one or other was, he felt, somehow bound to provide for him. In just the same spirit he had looked at his visit to the cross old gentleman and his rich and hideous daughter. It might all, according to his anticipations, turn out very jolly and amusing.

'Come, joking apart, father, is she so hideous? Eh?' he asked in French, as though reverting to a subject more than once discussed on the journey.

'Nonsense! The great thing for you is to try and be respectful and sensible with the old prince.'

'If he gets nasty, I'm off,' said Anatole. 'I can't stand those old gentlemen. Eh?'

'Remember that for you everything depends on it.'

Meanwhile, in the feminine part of the household not only the arrival of the minister and his son was already known, but the appearance of both had been minutely described. Princess Marya was sitting alone in her room doing her utmost to control her inner emotion.

'Why did they write, why did Liza tell me about it? Why, it cannot be!' she thought, looking at herself in the glass. 'How am I to go into the drawing-room? Even if I like him, I could never be myself with him now.' The mere thought of her father's eyes reduced her to terror.

'They are come, Marie, do you know?' said the little princess, waddling in and sinking heavily into an armchair. She was not wearing the gown in which she had been sitting in the morning, but had put on one of her best dresses. Her hair had been carefully arranged, and her face was full of an eager excitement, which did not, however, conceal its wasted and pallid look. In the smart clothes which she had been used to wear in Petersburg in society, the loss of her good looks was even more noticeable. Mademoiselle Bourienne, too, had put some hardly perceptible finishing touches to her costume, which made her fresh, pretty face even more attractive.

'What, and you are staying just as you are, dear princess. They will come in a minute to tell us the gentlemen are in the drawing-room,' she began. 'We shall have to go down, and you are doing nothing at all to your dress.'

The little princess rang for the maid, and hurriedly and eagerly began to arrange what Princess Marya was to wear.

'No, really, *ma bonne amie*, that dress isn't pretty,' said Liza, 'tell her to put on you your maroon velvet there. Yes, really! Why, you know, it may be the turning-point in your whole life. That one's too light, it's not right, no, it's not!'

It was not the dress that was wrong, but the face and the whole figure of the princess, but that was not felt by Mademoiselle Bourienne and the little princess. They still fancied that if they were to put a blue ribbon in her hair, and do it up high, and to put the blue sash lower on the maroon dress and so on, then all would be well. After two or three changes, to which Princess Marya submitted passively, when her hair had been done on the top of her head (which completely changed and utterly disfigured her), and the blue sash and best maroon velvet dress had been put on, the little princess walked twice round, and with her little hand stroked out a fold here and pulled down the sash there, and gazed at her with her head first on one side and then on the other.

'No, it won't do,' she said resolutely, throwing up her hands. 'No, Marie, decidedly that does not suit you. I like you better in your little grey everyday frock. No, please bring the princess her grey dress.' Princess Marya was sitting motionless before the looking-glass, looking at her own face, and in the looking-glass she saw that there were tears in her eyes and her mouth was quivering, on the point of breaking into sobs.

'Come, dear princess,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne, 'one more little effort.'

The little princess, taking the dress from the hands of the maid, went up to Princess Marya. 'Now, we'll try something simple and charming,' she said.

'No, leave me alone,' said the princess; and there was seriousness and suffering in her voice.

'At least alter your hair,' said the little princess. 'You will alter it, won't you?' said Liza, and when Princess Marya made no reply, Liza went out of the room.

Princess Marya was left alone. She did not act upon Liza's wishes, she did not re-arrange her hair, she did not even glance into the looking-glass. Letting her eyes and her hands drop helplessly, she sat mentally dreaming. She pictured her husband, a man, a strong, masterful, and inconceivably attractive creature, who would bear her away all at once into an utterly different, happy world of his own. 'But no, it can never be, I am too ugly,' she thought.

'Kindly come to tea. The prince will be going in immediately,' said the maid's voice at the door. She started and was horrified at what she had been thinking. And before going downstairs she went into the oratory, and fixing her eyes on the black outline of the great image of the Saviour, she stood for several minutes before it with clasped hands. Princess Marya's soul was full of an agonising doubt. Could the joy of love, of earthly love for a man, be for her? In her reveries of marriage, Princess Marya dreamed of happiness in a home and children of her own, but her chief, her strongest and most secret dream was of earthly love. The feeling became the stronger the more she tried to conceal it from others, and even from herself. 'My God,' she said, 'how am I to subdue in my heart these temptings of the devil? How am I to renounce for ever all evil thoughts, so as in peace to fulfil Thy will?' And scarcely had she put this question than God's answer came to her in her own heart. 'Desire nothing for thyself, be not covetous, anxious, envious. The future of men and thy destiny too must be unknown for thee; but live that thou mayest be ready for all. If it shall be God's will to prove thee in the duties of marriage, be ready to obey His will.' With this soothing thought (though still she hoped for the fulfilment of that forbidden earthly dream) Princess Marya crossed herself, sighing, and went downstairs, without thinking of her dress nor how her hair was done, of how she would go in nor what she would say. What could all that signify beside the guidance of Him, without Whose will not one hair falls from the head of man?

When Princess Marya went into the room, Prince Vassily and his son were already in the drawing-room, talking to the little princess and Mademoiselle Bourienne. When she walked in with her heavy step, treading on her heels, the gentlemen and Mademoiselle Bourienne rose, and the little princess, with a gesture indicating her to the gentlemen, said: 'Here is Marie!' Princess Marya saw them all and saw them in detail. She saw the face of Prince Vassily, growing serious for an instant at the sight of her, and then hastily smiling, and the face of the little princess, scanning the faces of the guests with curiosity to detect the impression Marie was making on them.

She saw Mademoiselle Bourienne, too, with her ribbon and her pretty face, turned towards *him* with a look of more eagerness than she had ever seen on it. But *him* she could not see, she could only see something large, bright-coloured, and handsome moving towards her, as she entered the room. Prince Vassily approached her first, and bent over to kiss her hand. Then Anatole went up to her. She still could not see him. She only

felt a soft hand taking her hand firmly. When she glanced at him, she was impressed by his beautiful fair hair, smelling of pomade. Moreover, in his manner to women, Anatole had that air, which does more than anything else to excite curiosity, awe, and even love in women, the air of supercilious consciousness of his own superiority. His manner seemed to say to them: 'I know you, I know, but why trouble my head about you? You'd be pleased enough, of course!' Princess Marya felt it, and as though to show him she did not even venture to think of inviting his attention, she turned to his father.

The conversation was general and animated, thanks to the voice and the little downy lip that flew up and down over the white teeth of the little princess. She met Prince Vassily in that playful tone so often adopted by chatty and lively persons, the point of which consists in the assumption that there exists a sort of long-established series of jokes and amusing, partly private, humorous reminiscences between the persons so addressed and oneself, even when no such reminiscences are really shared. Prince Vassily readily fell in with this tone; the little princess embellished their supposed common reminiscences with all sorts of droll incidents that had never occurred, and drew Anatole too into them, though she had scarcely known him. Mademoiselle Bourienne too succeeded in taking a part in them, and even Princess Marya felt with pleasure that she was being made to share in their gaiety.

Mademoiselle Bourienne did not let her chance slip for taking a share in the common stock of recollections. She ventured to inquire if it were long since Anatole was in Paris, and how he had liked that city. Anatole very readily answered the Frenchwoman, and smiling and staring at her, he talked to her about her native country. At first sight of the pretty Mademoiselle, Anatole had decided that even here at Bleak Hills he should not be dull. 'Not half bad-looking,' he thought, scrutinising her, 'she's not half bad-looking, that companion! I hope she'll bring her along when we're married,' he mused; 'she is a nice little thing.'

The old prince was dressing deliberately in his room, scowling and ruminating on what he was to do. The arrival of these visitors angered him. 'What's Prince Vassily to me, he and his son? Prince Vassily is a braggart, an empty-headed fool, and a nice fellow the son is, I expect,' he growled to himself. What angered him was that this visit revived in his mind the unsettled question, continually thrust aside, the question in regard to which the old prince always deceived himself. That question was whether he would ever bring himself to part with his daughter and give her to a husband. Life without Princess Marya was unthinkable to the old prince, little as in appearance he prized her.

'And what is she to be married for?' he thought; 'to be unhappy, beyond a doubt. Look at Liza with Andrey (and a better husband, I should fancy, it would be difficult to find nowadays), but she's not satisfied with her lot. And who would marry her for love? She's plain and ungraceful. She'd be married for her connections, her wealth. And don't

old maids get on well enough? They are happier really!' So Prince Nikolay Andreivitch mused, as he dressed, yet the question constantly deferred demanded an immediate decision. Prince Vassily had brought his son obviously with the intention of making an offer, and probably that day or the next he would ask for a direct answer. The name, the position in the world, was suitable. 'Well, I'm not against it,' the prince kept saying to himself, 'only let him be worthy of her. That's what we shall see. That's what we shall see,' he said aloud, 'that's what we shall see,' and with his usual alert step he walked into the drawing-room, taking in the whole company in a rapid glance. He noticed the change in the dress of the little princess and Mademoiselle Bourienne's ribbon, and the hideous way in which Princess Marya's hair was done, and the smiles of the Frenchwoman and Anatole, and the isolation of his daughter in the general talk. 'She's decked herself out like a fool!' he thought, glancing vindictively at his daughter. 'No shame in her; while he doesn't care to speak to her!'

He went up to Prince Vassily.

'Well, how d'ye do, how d'ye do, glad to see you.'

'For a friend that one loves seven versts is close by,' said Prince Vassily, quoting the Russian proverb, and speaking in his usual rapid, self-confident, and familiar tone. 'This is my second, I beg you to love him and welcome him, as they say.'

Prince Nikolay Andreivitch scrutinised Anatole.

'A fine fellow, a fine fellow!' he said.

The old prince sat down in his customary place in the corner of the sofa, moved up an armchair for Prince Vassily, pointed to it, and began questioning him about political affairs and news. He seemed to be listening with attention to what Prince Vassily was saying, but glanced continually at Princess Marya.

'So they're writing from Potsdam already?' He repeated Prince Vassily's last words, and suddenly getting up, he went up to his daughter.

'So it was for visitors you dressed yourself up like this, eh?' he said. 'Nice of you, very nice. You do your hair up in some new fashion before visitors, and before visitors, I tell you, never dare in future to change your dress without my leave.'

'It was my fault . . .' stammered the little princess, flushing.

'You are quite at liberty,' said the old prince, with a scrape before his daughter-in-law, 'but she has no need to disfigure herself—she's ugly enough without that.' And he sat down again in his place, taking no further notice of his daughter, whom he had reduced to tears.

'On the contrary, that coiffure is extremely becoming to the princess,' said Prince Vassily.

'Well, my young prince, what's your name?' said the old prince, turning to Anatole. 'Come here, let us talk to you a little and make your acquaintance.'

'Now the fun's beginning,' thought Anatole, and with a smile he sat down by the old prince.

'That's it; they tell me, my dear boy, you have been educated abroad. Not taught to read and write by the deacon, like your father and me. Tell me, are you serving now in the Horse Guards?' asked the old man, looking closely and intently at Anatole.

'No, I have transferred into the line,' answered Anatole, with difficulty restraining his laughter.

'Ah! a good thing. So you want to serve your Tsar and your country, do you? These are times of war. Such a fine young fellow ought to be on service, he ought to be on service. Ordered to the front, eh?'

'No, prince, our regiment has gone to the front. But I'm attached. What is it I'm attached to, papa?' Anatole turned to his father with a laugh.

'He is a credit to the service, a credit. What is it I'm attached to! Ha-ha-ha!' laughed the old prince, and Anatole laughed still louder. Suddenly the old prince frowned. 'Well, you can go,' he said to Anatole. With a smile Anatole returned to the ladies.

'So you had him educated abroad, Prince Vassily? Eh?' said the old prince to Prince Vassily.

'I did what I could, and I assure you the education there is far better than ours.'

'Yes, nowadays everything's different, everything's new-fashioned. A fine fellow! a fine fellow! Well, come to my room.' He took Prince Vassily's arm and led him away to his study.

Left alone with the old prince, Prince Vassily promptly made known to him his wishes and his hopes.

'Why, do you imagine,' said the old prince wrathfully, 'that I keep her, that I can't part with her? What an idea!' he protested angrily. 'I am ready for it to-morrow! Only, I tell you, I want to know my future son-in-law better. You know my principles: everything open! To-morrow I will ask her in your presence; if she wishes it, let him stay on. Let him stay on, and I'll see.' The prince snorted. 'Let her marry, it's nothing to me,' he screamed in the piercing voice in which he had screamed at saying good-bye to his son.

'I will be frank with you,' said Prince Vassily in the tone of a crafty man, who is convinced of the uselessness of being crafty with so penetrating a companion. 'You see right through people, I know. Anatole is not a genius, but a straightforward, good-hearted lad, good as a son or a kinsman.'

'Well, well, very good, we shall see.'

Princess Marya did not remember her face and her coiffure. The handsome, open face of the man who might, perhaps, become her husband, absorbed her whole attention. She thought him kind, brave, resolute, manly, and magnanimous. She was convinced of all that.

'But am I not too cold with him?' thought Princess Marya. 'I try to check myself, because at the bottom of my heart I feel myself too close

to him. But of course he doesn't know all I think of him, and may imagine I don't like him.'

And she tried and knew not how to be cordial to him.

'The poor girl is devilish ugly,' Anatole was thinking about her.

Mademoiselle Bourienne, who had also been thrown by Anatole's arrival into a high state of excitement, was absorbed in reflections of a different order. Naturally, a beautiful young girl with no defined position in society, without friends or relations, without even a country of her own, did not look forward to devoting her life to waiting on Prince Nikolay Andreivitch, to reading him books and being a friend to Princess Marya. Mademoiselle Bourienne had long been looking forward to the Russian prince who would have the discrimination to discern her superiority to the ugly, badly dressed, ungainly Russian princesses—who would fall in love with her and bear her away. And now this Russian prince at last had come.

Although in feminine society Anatole habitually took up the attitude of a man weary of the attentions of women, his vanity was agreeably flattered by the spectacle of the effect he produced. Moreover, he was beginning to feel towards the pretty and provocative Mademoiselle Bourienne that violent, animal feeling, which was apt to come upon him with extreme rapidity, and to impel him to the coarsest and most reckless actions.

After tea the party moved into the divan-room, and Princess Marya was asked to play on the clavichord. Anatole leaned on his elbow facing her, and near Mademoiselle Bourienne. Princess Marya felt his eyes upon her with troubled and joyful agitation. Her favourite sonata bore her away to a world of soul-felt poetry, and the feeling of his eyes upon her added still more poetry to that world. The look in Anatole's eyes, though they were indeed fixed upon her, had reference not to her, but to the movements of Mademoiselle's little foot, which he was at that very time touching with his own under the piano.

When the party broke up after supper, Anatole kissed Princess Marya's hand. After the princess, he bent over the hand of Mademoiselle Bourienne (it was a breach of etiquette, but he did everything with the same ease and simplicity) and Mademoiselle Bourienne crimsoned and glanced in dismay at the princess.

'*Quelle délicatesse!*' thought Princess Marya. 'Can Amélie' (Mademoiselle's name) 'suppose I could be jealous of her, and fail to appreciate her tenderness and devotion to me?' She went up to Mademoiselle Bourienne and kissed her warmly.

Although nothing had been said between Anatole and Mademoiselle Bourienne, they understood each other perfectly so far as the first part of the romance was concerned. They felt that they had a great deal to say to each other in private, and so from early morning they sought an opportunity of meeting alone. While the princess was away, spending her hour as usual with her father, Mademoiselle Bourienne was meeting Anatole in the winter garden.

That day it was with even more than her usual trepidation that Princess Marya went to the door of the study. The old prince's manner to his daughter that morning was extremely affectionate, though strained. He came to the point at once: "A proposal has been made to me on your behalf," he said, with an unnatural smile. "I dare say, you have guessed," he went on, "that Prince Vassily has not come here and brought his protégé" (for some unknown reason the old prince elected to refer to Anatole in this way) "for the sake of my charms. Yesterday, they made me a proposal on your behalf. And as you know my principles, I refer the matter to you."

"How am I to understand you, *mon père?*" said the princess, turning pale and red.

"How understand me!" cried her father angrily. "Prince Vassily finds you to his taste as a daughter-in-law, and makes you a proposal for his protégé. That's how to understand it. How understand it! . . . Why, I ask you."

"I don't know how you, *mon père* . . ." the princess articulated in a whisper.

"If I? what have I to do with it? leave me out of the question. I am not going to be married. What do you say? that's what it's desirable to learn."

The princess saw that her father looked with ill-will on the project, but at that instant the thought had occurred to her that now or never the fate of her life would be decided. She dropped her eyes so as to avoid the gaze under which she felt incapable of thought, and capable of nothing but her habitual obedience: "My only desire is to carry out your wishes," she said, "if I had to express my own desire . . ."

She had not time to finish. The prince cut her short. "Very good, then!" he shouted. "He shall take you with your dowry, and hook on Mademoiselle Bourienne into the bargain. She'll be his wife, while you . . ." The prince stopped. He noticed the effect of these words on his daughter. She had bowed her head and was beginning to cry.

"Come, come, I was joking, I was joking," he said. "Remember one thing, princess; I stick to my principles, that a girl has a full right to choose. And I give you complete freedom. Remember one thing; the happiness of your life depends on your decision. No need to talk about me."

"But I don't know . . . father."

"No need for talking! He's told to, and he's ready to marry any one, but you are free to choose. . . . Go to your own room, think it over, and come to me in an hour's time and tell me in his presence: yes or no. I know you will pray over it. Well, pray if you like. Only you'd do better to think. You can go."

Her fate was decided, and decided for happiness. But what her father had said about Mademoiselle Bourienne, that hint was horrible. It was not true, of course, but still it was horrible; she could not help thinking of it. She walked straight forward through the winter garden, seeing and hear-

ing nothing, when all of a sudden she was roused by the familiar voice of Mademoiselle Bourienne. She lifted her eyes, and only two paces before her she saw Anatole with his arms round the Frenchwoman, whispering something to her. With a terrible expression on his handsome face, Anatole looked round at Princess Marya, and did not for the first second let go the waist of Mademoiselle Bourienne, who had not seen her.

Princess Marya gazed blankly at them. She could not believe her eyes. At last Mademoiselle Bourienne shrieked and ran away. With a gay smile Anatole bowed to Princess Marya, as though inviting her to share his amusement at this strange incident, and with a shrug of his shoulders he went to the door that led to his apartment.

An hour later Tihon came to summon Princess Marya to the old prince, and added that Prince Vassily was with him. When Tihon came to her, Princess Marya was sitting on the sofa in her own room holding in her arms the weeping Mademoiselle Bourienne. Princess Marya was softly stroking her head. Her beautiful eyes had regained all their luminous peace, and were gazing with tender love and commiseration at the pretty little face of Mademoiselle Bourienne.

'Oh, princess, I am ruined for ever in your heart,' Mademoiselle Bourienne was saying.

'Why? I love you more than ever,' said Princess Marya, 'and I will try to do everything in my power for your happiness.'

'But you despise me, you who are so pure, you will never understand—'

'I understand everything,' said Princess Marya, smiling mournfully. 'Calm yourself, my dear. I am going to my father,' she said, and she went out.

When the princess went in, Prince Vassily was sitting with one leg crossed high over the other, and a snuff-box in his hand. There was a smile of emotion on his face, and he looked as though moved to such an extreme point that he could but regret and smile at his own sensibility. He took a hasty pinch of snuff.

'Ah, my dear, my dear!' he said, getting up and taking her by both hands. He heaved a sigh, and went on: 'My son's fate is in your hands. Decide, my good dear, sweet Marie, whom I have always loved like a daughter.' He drew back. There was a real tear in his eye.

'Fr . . . ffr . . .' snorted the old prince. 'The prince in his protégé's . . . his son's name makes you a proposal. Are you willing or not to be the wife of Prince Anatole Kuragin? You say: yes or no,' he shouted.

'My wish, *mon père*, is never to leave you; never to divide my life from yours. I do not wish to marry,' she said resolutely, glancing with her beautiful eyes at Prince Vassily and at her father.

'Nonsense, fiddlesticks! Nonsense, nonsense!' shouted the old prince, frowning. He took his daughter's hand, drew her towards him and did not kiss her, but wrung the hand he held so violently that she winced. Prince Vassily got up.

“Well, then it’s all over, my dear fellow. Very glad to have seen you,” said the old prince. “Very, very glad to have seen you,” he repeated, embracing Prince Vassily.

IT WAS A long while since the Rostovs had had news of their Nikolushka. But in the middle of the winter a letter was handed to Count Rostov, on the envelope of which he recognised his son’s handwriting. On receiving the letter the count, in alarm and in haste, ran on tiptoe to his room, trying to escape notice, shut himself in and read the letter. Anna Mihalovna had learned (as she always did learn all that passed in the house) that he had received a letter, and treading softly, she went in to the count and found him with the letter in his hand, sobbing and laughing at once.

‘Nikolushka . . . letter . . . wounded . . . he would . . . my dear . . . wounded . . . my darling boy . . . the little countess . . . promoted . . . thank God . . . how are we to tell the little countess?’

Anna Mihalovna gave Natasha a brief account of what was in the letter, on condition that she would not tell a soul.

‘On my word of honour,’ said Natasha, crossing herself, ‘I won’t tell any one,’ and she ran at once to Sonya. ‘Nikolinka . . . a letter . . . a little wounded, but promoted to be an officer; he’s all right now, he writes himself.’

‘You haven’t read the letter?’ asked Sonya.

‘No; but she told me it was all over, and that he’s an officer now . . .’

‘Thank God,’ said Sonya, crossing herself. ‘But perhaps she was deceiving you. Let us go to mamma.’

Petya had been strutting up and down in silence.

‘If I were in Nikolinka’s place, I’d have killed a lot more of those Frenchmen,’ he said, ‘they’re such beasts! I’d have killed them till there was a regular heap of them,’ Petya went on.

‘Petya, you’re a stupid,’ said Natasha.

‘No stupider than you, ma’am,’ said nine-year-old Petya, exactly as though he had been an elderly brigadier.

The countess had been prepared by Anna Mihalovna’s hints. Anna Mihalovna, with the letter, approached the countess’s room on tiptoe, and stood still at the door.

‘Don’t come in,’ she said to the old count, who was following her; ‘later,’ and she closed the door after her. The count put his ear to the keyhole, and listened.

At first he heard the sound of indifferent talk, then Anna Mihalovna’s voice alone, uttering a long speech, then a shriek, then silence, then both voices talking at once with joyful intonations, then there were steps, and Anna Mihalovna opened the door. Her face wore the look of pride of an operator who has performed a difficult amputation, and invites the public in to appreciate his skill.

‘It is done,’ she said to the count triumphantly.

Nikolushka’s letter was read over hundreds of times, and those who

were considered worthy of hearing it had to come in to the countess, who read the letter every time with fresh enjoyment and every time she discovered from it new virtues in her Nikolushka. How strange, extraordinary, and joyful it was to her to think that her son—the little son, whose tiny limbs had faintly stirred within her twenty years ago, for whose sake she had so often quarrelled with the count, who would spoil him, the little son, who had first learnt to say *grusha*, and then had learnt to say *baba*—that that son was now in a foreign land, in strange surroundings, a manly warrior, alone without help or guidance, doing there his proper manly work. All the world-wide experience of ages, proving that children do imperceptibly from the cradle grow up into men, did not exist for the countess.

‘What *style*, how charmingly he describes everything!’ she said, reading over the descriptions in the letter. ‘And what soul! Of himself not a word . . . not a word! A great deal about a man called Denisov, though he was himself, I dare say, braver than any one. He doesn’t write a word about his sufferings. What a heart! How like him it is! I always, always said, when he was no more than that high, I always used to say . . .’

For over a week they were hard at work preparing a letter to Nikolushka from all the household, writing out rough copies, copying out fair copies. With the watchful care of the countess, and the fussy solicitude of the count, all sorts of necessary things were got together, and money, too, for the equipment and the uniform of the young officer. Anna Mihalovna, practical woman, had succeeded in obtaining special patronage for herself and her son in the army, that even extended to their correspondence. She had opportunities of sending her letters to the Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovitch, who was in command of the Guards. The Rostovs assumed that ‘The Russian Guards Abroad,’ was quite a sufficiently definite address, and that if a letter reached the grand duke in command of the Guards, there was no reason why it should not reach the Pavlograd regiment, who were presumably somewhere in the same vicinity. And so it was decided to send off their letters, and money by the special messenger of the grand duke to Boris, and Boris would have to forward them to Nikolushka. There were letters from the count, the countess, Petya, Natasha, and Sonya, a sum of six thousand roubles for his equipment, and various other things which the count was sending to his son.

ON the 12th of November, Kutuzov’s army, encamped near Olmütz, was preparing to be reviewed on the following day by the two Emperors—the Russian and the Austrian. The Guards, who had only just arrived from Russia, spent a night fifteen versts from Olmütz, and at ten o’clock the next morning went straight to be reviewed in the Olmütz plain.

That day Nikolay Rostov had received a note from Boris informing him that the Ismailovsky regiment was quartered for the night fifteen versts from Olmütz, and that he wanted to see him to give him a letter

and some money. The money Rostov particularly needed just now, when the troops after active service were stationed near Olmütz, and the camp swarmed with canteen keepers offering all kinds of attractions. On getting the note from Boris, Rostov rode into Olmütz and on to the Guards' camp to find the companion of his childhood. He was wearing a shabby ensign's jacket with a private soldier's cross, equally shabby riding-trousers lined with worn leather, and an officer's sabre with a sword-knot. The horse he was riding was of the Don breed, bought of a Cossack on the march. As he rode up to the camp of the Ismailovsky regiment, he was thinking of how he would impress Boris and all his comrades in the Guards by looking so thoroughly a hussar who has been under fire and roughed it at the front.

The guards had made their march as though it were a pleasure excursion, priding themselves on their smartness and discipline. They moved by short stages, their knapsacks were carried in the transport waggons, and at every halt the Austrian government provided the officers with excellent dinners. The regiments made their entry into towns and their exit from them with bands playing. Boris had made the acquaintance of many persons likely to be of use to him, and, by means of a letter of recommendation brought from Pierre, of Prince Andrey Bolkonsky, through whom he had hopes of obtaining a post on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

It was almost six months since Boris and Rostov had seen each other. Both had changed greatly since they were last together, and both wanted to show as soon as possible what a change had taken place.

'Ah, you damned floor polishers! Smart and clean, as if you'd been enjoying yourselves; not like us poor devils at the front,' said Rostov, with martial swagger, and with baritone notes in his voice that were new to Boris. He pointed to his mud-stained riding-breeches. The German woman of the house popped her head out of a door at Rostov's loud voice.

'A pretty woman, eh?' said he, winking.

'Why do you shout so?' said Boris. 'I didn't expect you to-day,' he added. 'I only sent the note off to you yesterday—through an adjutant of Kutuzov's, who's a friend of mine—Bolkonsky. I didn't expect he would send it to you so quickly. Well, how are you? Been under fire already?' asked Boris.

Without answering, Rostov, in soldierly fashion, shook the cross of St. George that hung on the cording of his uniform, and pointing to his arm in a sling, he glanced smiling at Berg.

'As you see,' he said.

'To be sure, yes, yes,' said Boris, smiling, 'and we have had a capital march here too. You know his Highness kept all the while with our regiment, so that we had every convenience and advantage. In Poland, the receptions, the dinners, the balls!—I can't tell you. And the Tsarevitch was very gracious to all our officers.' And both the friends began describing; one, the gay revels of the hussars and life at the front; the other, the amenities and advantages of service under the command of royalty.

'Oh, you guards,' said Rostov. 'But, I say, send for some wine.'

Boris frowned.

'If you really want some,' he said. And he went to the bedstead, took a purse from under the clean pillows, and ordered some wine. 'Oh, and I have a letter and money to give you,' he added.

With the letters from his family there had been inserted a letter of recommendation to Prince Bagration, by Anna Mihalovna's advice, which Countess Rostov had obtained through acquaintances, and had sent to her son, begging him to take it to its address, and to make use of it.

'What nonsense! Much use to me,' said Rostov, throwing the letter under the table.

'What did you throw that away for?' asked Boris.

'It's a letter of recommendation of some sort; what the devil do I want with a letter like that!'

'What the devil do you want with it?' said Boris, picking it up and reading the address; 'that letter would be of great use to you.'

'I'm not in want of anything, and I'm not going to be an adjutant to anybody.'

'Why not?' asked Boris.

'A lackey's duty.'

'You are just as much of an idealist as ever, I see,' said Boris, shaking his head.

'And you're just as much of a diplomat. But that's not the point. . . . Come, how are you?' asked Rostov.

Boris begged Rostov to tell how and where he had been wounded. He described his battle at Schöngraben exactly as men who have taken part in battles always do describe them, that is, as they would have liked them to be, and as sounds well, but not in the least as it really had been. Rostov was a truthful young man; he began with the intention of telling everything precisely as it had happened, but imperceptibly, unconsciously, and inevitably he passed into falsehood. He could not tell them simply that they had all been charging full gallop, that he had fallen off his horse, sprained his arm, and run with all his might away from the French into the copse. To tell the truth is a very difficult thing; and young people are rarely capable of it.

In the middle of his tale, just as he was saying: 'You can't fancy what a strange frenzy takes possession of one at the moment of the charge,' there walked into the room Prince Andrey Bolkonsky, whom Boris was expecting. Prince Andrey liked to encourage and assist younger men, he was flattered at being applied to for his influence, and well disposed to Boris, who had succeeded in making a favourable impression on him the previous day; he was eager to do for the young man what he desired. Having been sent with papers from Kutuzov to the Tsarevitch, he called upon Boris, hoping to find him alone. When he came into the room and saw the hussar with his soldierly swagger describing his warlike exploits (Prince Andrey could not endure the kind of men who are fond of doing so), he smiled cordially to Boris, but frowned and dropped his eyelids as he turned to Rostov with a

slight bow. Wearily and languidly he sat down on the sofa, regretting that he had dropped into such undesirable society. Rostov, perceiving it, felt abashed, reddened, and subsided into silence.

'As to your business,' Prince Andrey turned again to Boris, 'we will talk of it later,' and he glanced at Rostov. 'You come to me after the review, and we'll do what we can.' And looking round the room he addressed Rostov, whose childish embarrassment, passing now into anger, he did not think fit to notice: 'You were talking, I think, about the Schöngraben action? Were you there?'

'I was there,' Rostov said in a tone of exasperation, which he seemed to intend as an insult to the adjutant. Bolkonsky noticed the hussar's state of mind, and it seemed to amuse him.

'Ah! there are a great many stories now about that engagement.'

'Yes, stories!' said Rostov loudly, looking from Boris to Bolkonsky with eyes full of sudden fury, 'a great many stories, I dare say, but our stories are the stories of men who have been under the enemy's fire, our stories have some weight, they're not the tales of little staff upstarts, who draw pay for doing nothing.'

'The class to which you assume me to belong,' said Prince Andrey, with a calm and particularly amiable smile.

A strange feeling of exasperation was mingled in Rostov's heart with respect for the self-possession of this person.

'I'm not talking about you,' he said; 'I don't know you, and, I'll own, I don't want to. I'm speaking of staff-officers in general.'

'Let me tell you this,' Prince Andrey cut him short in a tone of quiet authority, 'you are trying to insult me, and I'm ready to agree with you that it is very easy to do so, if you haven't sufficient respect for yourself. But you will agree that the time and place is ill-chosen for this squabble. In a day or two we have to take part in a great and more serious duel. However,' he said, getting up, 'you know my name, and know where to find me; but don't forget that I don't consider either myself or you insulted, and my advice, as a man older than you, is to let the matter drop. So on Friday, after the review, I shall expect you, Drubetskoj; good-bye till then.'

Prince Andrey was always particularly keen over guiding a young man and helping him to attain worldly success. Under cover of this help for another, which he would never have accepted for himself, he was brought into the circle which bestowed success, and which attracted him. He very readily took up Boris's cause, and went with him to the palace at Olmütz occupied by the Emperors and their retinues.

There had been on that same day a council of war. At the council it had been decided, contrary to the advice of the elder generals, to advance at once and to fight a general engagement with Bonaparte. Dolgorukov, one of the warmest advocates of attack, had come back from the council, weary, exhausted, but eager and proud of the victory he had gained. Prince Andrey presented the officer for whom he was asking his influence, but Prince Dolgorukov, though he shook hands politely and warmly, said nothing to

Boris. Obviously unable to restrain himself from uttering the thoughts which were engrossing him at that moment, he addressed Prince Andrey in French.

‘Well, my dear fellow, what a battle we have won! God only grant that the one which will be the result of it may be as victorious.’

‘So an attack has been finally decided upon?’ said Bolkonsky.

‘And do you know, I fancy, Bonaparte really has lost his head. You know that a letter came from him to-day to the Emperor.’ Dolgorukov smiled significantly.

‘You don’t say so! What does he write?’ asked Bolkonsky.

‘What can he write? Tradi-ri-di-ra—all simply to gain time. I tell you he’s in our hands; that’s the fact! But the most amusing part of it all,’ he said, breaking all at once into a good-natured laugh, ‘is that they couldn’t think how to address an answer to him. If not “consul,” and of course not “emperor,” it should be “general” Bonaparte, it seemed to me.’

‘But between not recognising him as emperor and calling him General Bonaparte, there’s a difference,’ said Bolkonsky.

‘That’s just the point,’ Dolgorukov interrupted quickly, laughing. ‘You know Bilibin, he’s a very clever fellow; he suggested addressing it, “To the Usurper and Enemy of the Human Race,”’ Dolgorukov chuckled merrily.

‘And nothing more?’ observed Bolkonsky.

‘But still it was Bilibin who found the suitable form of address in earnest. He’s both shrewd and witty . . .’

‘How was it?’

‘To the Chief of the French Government: *au chef du gouvernement français*,’ Dolgorukov said seriously and with satisfaction. ‘That was the right thing, wasn’t it?’

‘It was all right, but he will dislike it extremely,’ observed Bolkonsky.

‘Oh, extremely! My brother knows him; he’s dined more than once with him—nowadays the Emperor—in Paris, and used to tell me that he’d never seen a subtler and more crafty diplomat; you know, a combination of French adroitness and the Italian actor-faculty! You know the anecdote about Bonaparte and Count Markov? Count Markov was the only person who knew how to treat him. You know the story of the handkerchief? It’s a gem!’ And the talkative Dolgorukov turning from Boris to Prince Andrey told the story of how Bonaparte, to test Markov, our ambassador, had purposely dropped his handkerchief before him, and had stood looking at him, probably expecting Markov to pick it up for him, and how Markov promptly dropped his own beside it, and had picked up his own without touching Bonaparte’s.

‘Capital,’ said Bolkonsky. ‘But, prince, I have come to you as a petitioner in behalf of this young friend. You see . . .’ But before Prince Andrey could finish, an adjutant came into the room to summon Prince Dolgorukov to the Emperor.

‘Ah, how annoying!’ said Dolgorukov, getting up hurriedly and shaking hands with Prince Andrey and Boris. ‘You know I shall be very glad to do

all that depends on me both for you and for this charming young man.' Once more he shook hands with Boris with an expression of good-natured, genuine, heedless gaiety. 'But you see . . . another time!'

Next day the troops set off on the march, and up to the time of the battle of Austerlitz, Boris did not succeed in seeing Bolkonsky or Dolgorukov again, and remained for a while in the Ismailovsky regiment.

AT DAWN on the 16th, Denisov's squadron, in which Nikolay Rostov was serving, and which formed part of Prince Bagration's detachment, moved on from its halting place for the night—to advance into action, as was said. After about a mile's march, in the rear of other columns, it was brought to a standstill on the high-road. Rostov saw the Cossacks, the first and second squadrons of hussars, and the infantry battalions with the artillery pass him and march on ahead; he also saw the Generals Bagration and Dolgorukov ride by with their adjutants. All the panic he had felt, as before, at the prospect of battle, all the inner conflict by means of which he had overcome that panic, all his dreams of distinguishing himself in true hussar style in this battle—all were for nothing. His squadron was held back in reserve.

On the 18th and 19th the troops moved forward two days' march, and the enemy's outposts, after a brief interchange of shots, retired. In the higher departments of the army an intense, bustling excitement and activity prevailed from midday of the 19th till the morning of the following day, the 20th of November, on which was fought the memorable battle of Austerlitz.

Up to midday of the 19th the activity, the eager talk, the bustle, and the despatching of adjutants was confined to the headquarters of the Emperors; after midday the activity had reached the headquarters of Kutuzov and the staff of the commanding officers of the columns. By evening this activity had been carried by the adjutants in all directions into every part of the army, and in the night of the 19th the multitude of the eighty thousands of the allied army rose from its halting-place, and with a hum of talk moved on, a heaving mass nine versts long.

Prince Andrey was in close attendance on the commander-in-chief. At six o'clock in the evening Kutuzov visited the headquarters of the Emperors, and Bolkonsky took advantage of this interval to go in to Dolgorukov to try and learn details about the coming action. Prince Andrey felt that Kutuzov was disturbed and displeased about something, and that they were displeased with him at headquarters, and for that reason he wanted to have some talk with Dolgorukov.

'Oh, good evening, my dear boy,' said Dolgorukov, who was sitting at tea with Bilibin. 'The fête's for to-morrow. How's your old fellow? out of humour?'

'I won't say he's out of humour, but I fancy he would like to get a hearing.'

'But he did get a hearing at the council of war, and he will get a hearing when he begins to talk sense. But to delay and wait about now when Bona-

parte fears a general engagement more than anything—is out of the question.’

‘Oh yes, you have seen him,’ said Prince Andrey. ‘Well, what did you think of Bonaparte? What impression did he make on you?’

‘Yes, I saw him, and I’m persuaded he fears a general engagement more than anything in the world,’ repeated Dolgorukov, who evidently attached great value to this general deduction he had made from his interview with Napoleon. ‘If he weren’t afraid of an engagement what reason has he to open negotiations, and, above all, to retreat, when retreat is contrary to his whole method of conducting warfare? Believe me, he’s afraid, afraid of a general engagement; his hour has come, mark my words.’

‘But tell me what was he like, how did he behave?’ Prince Andrey still insisted.

‘He’s a man in a grey overcoat, very anxious to be called “your majesty,” but disappointed at not getting a title of any kind out of me. That’s the sort of man he is, that’s all,’ answered Dolgorukov, looking round with a smile at Bilibin.

At ten o’clock in the evening, all the commanders of columns were summoned to the commander-in-chief’s, and with the exception of Prince Bagration, who declined to come, all of them arrived at the hour fixed.

Kutuzov was staying in a small nobleman’s castle near Austerlitz. In the drawing-room, which had been made the commander-in-chief’s study, were gathered together: Kutuzov himself, Weierother, and the members of the council of war. They were drinking tea.

Kutuzov, his uniform unbuttoned, and his fat neck bulging over the collar, was sitting in a low chair with his podgy old hands laid symmetrically on the arms; he was almost asleep.

At the sound of Weierother’s voice, he made an effort and opened his solitary eye.

‘Yes, yes, please, it’s late as it is,’ he assented, and nodding his head, he let it droop and closed his eyes again.

If the members of the council had at first believed Kutuzov to be shamming sleep, the nasal sounds to which he gave vent during the reading that followed, proved that the commander-in-chief was concerned with something of far greater consequence than the desire to show his contempt for their disposition of the troops or anything else whatever; he was really asleep. Weierother, with the gesture of a man too busy to lose even a minute of his time, glanced at Kutuzov and satisfying himself that he was asleep, he took up a paper and in a loud, monotonous tone began reading the disposition of the troops in the approaching battle. The disposition was very complicated and intricate.

The generals seemed to listen reluctantly to the intricate account. The tall, fair-haired general, Buxhevden, stood leaning his back against the wall, and fixing his eyes on a burning candle, he seemed not to be listening, not even to wish to be thought to be listening. Exactly opposite to Weierother, with his bright, wide-open eyes fixed upon him was Miloradovitch, a ruddy man, with whiskers and shoulders turned upwards, sitting in a military

pose with his hands on his knees and his elbows bent outwards. He sat in obstinate silence, staring into Weierother's face, and only taking his eyes off him when the Austrian staff-commander ceased speaking. Then Miloradovitch looked round significantly at the other generals. But from that significant glance it was impossible to tell whether he agreed or disagreed, was pleased or displeased.

When the reading, which lasted more than an hour, was over, Langeron, stopping his twisting snuff-box, began to speak without looking at Weierother or any one in particular. He pointed out how difficult it was to carry out such a disposition, in which the enemy's position was assumed to be known, when it might well be uncertain seeing that the enemy was in movement. Langeron's objections were well founded, yet it was evident that their principal object was to make Weierother, who had read his plans so conceitedly, as though to a lot of schoolboys, feel that he had to deal not with fools, but with men who could teach him something in military matters.

When the monotonous sound of Weierother's voice ceased, Kutuzov opened his eyes, as the miller wakes up at any interruption in the droning of the mill-wheels, listened to what Langeron was saying, and as though saying to himself: 'Oh, you're still at the same nonsense!' made haste to close his eyes again, and let his head sink still lower.

Langeron, trying to deal the most malignant thrusts possible at Weierother's military vanity as author of the plan, showed that Bonaparte might easily become the attacking party instead of waiting to be attacked, and so render all this plan of the disposition of the troops utterly futile. Weierother met all objections with a confident and contemptuous smile.

'If he could have attacked us, he would have done so to-day,' he said.

'You suppose him, then, to be powerless?' said Langeron.

'I doubt if he has as much as forty thousand troops,' answered Weierother with the smile of a doctor to whom the sick-nurse is trying to expound her own method of treatment. 'The enemy have extinguished their fires and a continual noise has been heard in their camp,' he said. 'What does that mean? Either they are retreating—the only thing we have to fear, or changing their position' (he smiled ironically). 'But even if they were to take up their position at Turas, it would only be saving us a great deal of trouble, and all our arrangements will remain unchanged in the smallest detail.'

'How can that be? . . .' said Prince Andrey, who had a long while been looking out for an opportunity of expressing his doubts. Kutuzov waked up, cleared his throat huskily, and looked round at the generals.

'Gentlemen, the disposition for to-morrow, for to-day indeed (for it's going on for one o'clock), can't be altered now,' he said. 'You have heard it, and we will all do our duty. And before a battle nothing is of so much importance as a good night's rest.'

He made a show of rising from his chair. The generals bowed themselves out. It was past midnight. Prince Andrey went out.

The council of war left on Prince Andrey an impression of uncertainty and uneasiness. Which was right—Dolgorukov and Weierother, or Kutuzov and Langeron and the others, who did not approve of the plan of attack—he did not know. But on account of personal and court considerations were tens of thousands of lives to be risked—‘and my life, *mine?*’ he thought.

‘Yes, it may well be that I shall be killed to-morrow,’ he thought.

Rostov had been sent that night with a platoon on picket duty to the line of outposts in the foremost part of Bagration’s detachment. His hussars were scattered in couples about the outposts; he himself rode about the line of the outposts trying to struggle against the sleepiness which kept overcoming him. Behind him could be seen the immense expanse of the dimly burning fires of our army; before him was the misty darkness. His eyes kept closing, and there floated before his mind the image of the Emperor, then of Denisov, and Moscow memories, and again he opened his eyes and saw close before him the head and ears of the horse he was riding, and sometimes black figures of hussars. ‘Why? it may well happen,’ mused Rostov, ‘that the Emperor will meet me and give me some commission, as he might to any officer; he’ll say, “Go and find out what’s there.”’ All at once a shout in the distance roused Rostov. He started and opened his eyes. ‘Where am I? Yes, in the picket line; the pass and watchword—shaft, Olmütz. How annoying that our squadron will be in reserve . . .’ he thought. ‘I’ll ask to go to the front. It may be my only chance of seeing the Emperor. And now it’s not long before I’m off duty. I’ll ride round once more, and as I come back, I’ll go to the general and ask him.’ He sat up straight in the saddle and set off to ride once more round his hussars. It seemed to him that it was lighter.

‘Keep to the right, your honour, there are bushes here,’ said the voice of an hussar, by whom Rostov was riding as he fell asleep. Rostov lifted his head, which had dropped on to his horse’s mane, and pulled up beside the hussar. He could not shake off the youthful, childish drowsiness that overcame him. ‘But, I say, what was I thinking? I mustn’t forget. How I am going to speak to the Emperor? No, not that—that’s to-morrow. That’s right.’ And again he dropped with his head on his horse’s neck. All at once it seemed to him that he was being fired at. ‘What? what? . . . Cut them down! What?’ Rostov was saying, as he wakened up.

At the instant that he opened his eyes, Rostov heard in front, over where the enemy were, the prolonged shouting of thousands of voices. His horse and the horse of the hussar near him pricked up their ears at these shouts. Over where the shouts came from, a light was lighted and put out, then another, and all along the line of the French troops on the hillside fires were lighted and the shouts grew louder and louder. Rostov heard the sound of French words though he could not distinguish them.

‘What is it? What do you think?’ Rostov said to the hussar near him. ‘That’s in the enemy’s camp surely?’

'May be 'tis, and may be not,' said the hussar; 'it's dark. Now! steady,' he shouted to his horse, who fidgeted.

The shouting grew louder and passed into a mingled roar that could only be produced by an army of several thousands. The lights stretched further and further probably along the line of the French camp. Rostov was not sleepy now. The gay, triumphant shouts in the enemy's army had a rousing effect on him. '*Vive l'Empereur! l'Empereur!*' Rostov could hear distinctly now.

'Your honour, the generals!' said the sergeant, riding up. Rostov, still looking away towards the lights and shouts, rode with the sergeant to meet several men galloping along the line. Prince Bagration with Prince Dolgorukov and his adjutant had ridden out to look at the strange demonstration of lights and shouts in the enemy's army.

'Take my word for it,' Prince Dolgorukov was saying to Bagration, 'it's nothing but a trick; they have retreated and ordered the rear-guard to light fires and make a noise to deceive us.'

'I doubt it,' said Bagration; 'since evening I have seen them on that knoll; if they had retreated, they would have withdrawn from there too. *Monsieur l'officier,*' Prince Bagration turned to Rostov, 'are the enemy's pickets still there?'

'They were there this evening, but now I can't be sure, your excellency. Shall I go with some hussars and see?' said Rostov.

Rostov put spurs to his horse, called up the sergeant and two other hussars, told them to ride after him, and trotted off downhill in the direction of the shouting, which still continued. Rostov felt both dread and joy in riding alone with three hussars into that mysterious and dangerous, misty distance, where no one had been before him. Bagration shouted to him from the hill not to go beyond the stream, but Rostov made as though he had not heard his words, and rode on without stopping, further and further, continually mistaking bushes for trees and ravines for men, and continually discovering his mistakes. As he galloped downhill he lost sight both of our men and the enemy, but more loudly and distinctly he heard the shouts of the French. In the valley he saw ahead of him something that looked like a river, but when he had ridden up to it, he found out it was a road. As he got out on the road he pulled up his horse, hesitating whether to go along it or to cut across it, and ride over the black field up the hillside. To follow the road, which showed lighter in the mist, was more dangerous, because figures could be more easily descried upon it. 'Follow me,' he said; 'cut across the road,' and began galloping up the hill towards the point where the French picket had been in the evening.

'Your honour, here he is!' said one of the hussars behind; and before Rostov had time to make out something that rose up suddenly black in the mist, there was a flash of light, the crack of a shot and a bullet, that seemed whining a complaint, whizzed high in the air and flew away out of hearing. Another shot missed fire, but Rostov turned his horse's head. He heard four more shots at varying intervals, and four more bullets

whistled in varying tones somewhere in the mist. Rostov rode back at a walking-pace; only as he approached Bagration, Rostov put his horse into a gallop again, and with his hand to his cap, rode up to him.

Dolgorukov was still insisting on his opinion that the French were retreating, and had only lighted fires to mislead them. 'What does it prove?' he was saying, as Rostov rode up to them. 'They might have retreated and left pickets.'

'It's clear they have not all retired, prince,' said Bagration. 'We must wait till morning; to-morrow we shall know all about it.'

'The picket's on the hill, your excellency, still where it was in the evening,' Rostov announced.

'Very good, very good,' said Bagration, 'I thank you, *monsieur l'officier*.'

'To-morrow, very likely, they will send me with some message to the Emperor,' he thought. 'Thank God!'

The shouts and lights in the enemy's army had been due to the fact that while Napoleon's proclamation had been read to the troops, the Emperor had himself ridden among the bivouacs. The soldiers on seeing the Emperor had lighted wisps of straw and run after him, shouting, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Napoleon's proclamation was as follows:—

'Soldiers! The Russian army is coming to meet you, to avenge the Austrian army, the army of Ulm. They are the forces you have defeated at Hollabrunn, and have been pursuing ever since up to this place. The position we occupy is a powerful one, and while they will march to out-flank me on the right, they will expose their flank to me! Soldiers! I will myself lead your battalions. I will keep out of fire, if you, with your habitual bravery, carry defeat and disorder into the ranks of the enemy. But if victory is for one moment doubtful, you will see your Emperor exposed to the enemy's hottest attack, for there can be no uncertainty of victory, especially on this day, when it is a question of the honour of the French infantry, on which rests the honour of our nation. Do not, on the pretext of removing the wounded, break the order of the ranks! Let every man be fully penetrated by the idea that we must subdue these minions of England, who are inspired by such hatred of our country. This victory will conclude our campaign, and we can return to winter quarters, where we shall be reinforced by fresh forces now being formed in France; and then the peace I shall conclude will be one worthy of my people, of you and me.

NAPOLEON.'

At five o'clock in the morning it was still quite dark. The troops of the centre, of the reserves, and of Bagration's right flank, were still at rest. But on the left flank the columns of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were already up and astir. The smoke from the camp-fires, into which they were throwing everything superfluous, made the eyes smart. The officers were hurriedly drinking tea and eating breakfast; the soldiers were munching biscuits, stamping their feet rhythmically, while they gathered about the fires warming themselves, and throwing into the blaze remains

of shanties, chairs, tables, wheels, tubs, everything superfluous that they could not take away with them.

At eight o'clock Kutuzov rode out to Pratzen, Prince Andrey among the immense number of persons who made up the commander-in-chief's suite.

On the left, below in the fog, could be heard firing between unseen forces. There, it seemed to Prince Andrey, the battle would be concentrated, there 'the difficulty would arise, and there I shall be sent,' he thought, 'with a brigade or a division, and there, flag in hand, I shall march forward and shatter all before me.'

Kutuzov seemed exhausted and irritable that morning. The infantry marching by him halted without any command being given, apparently because something in front blocked up the way.

'Do tell the men to form in battalion columns and go round the village,' said Kutuzov angrily to a general who rode up. 'How is it you don't understand, my dear sir, that it's out of the question to let them file through the defile of the village street, when we are advancing to meet the enemy?'

'I had proposed forming beyond the village, your most high excellency,' replied the general.

Kutuzov laughed bitterly.

'A nice position you'll be in, deploying your front in sight of the enemy—very nice.'

'The enemy is a long way off yet, your most high excellency. According to the disposition. . . .'

'The disposition!' Kutuzov cried with bitter spleen; 'but who told you so? . . . Kindly do as you are commanded.'

'Yes, sir.'

The fog was beginning to part, and a mile and a half away the enemy's troops could be indistinctly seen on the opposite heights. On the left below, the firing became more distinct. Kutuzov stood still in conversation with an Austrian general. Prince Andrey standing a little behind watched them intently, and turned to an adjutant, meaning to ask him for a field-glass.

'Look, look!' this adjutant said, looking not at the troops in the distance, but down the hill before him. 'It's the French!'

The two generals and the adjutant began snatching at the field-glass, pulling it from one another. All their faces suddenly changed, and horror was apparent in them all. They had supposed the French to be over a mile and a half away, and here they were all of a sudden confronting us.

'Is it the enemy? . . . No. . . . But, look, it is . . . for certain. . . . What does it mean?' voices were heard saying.

With the naked eye Prince Andrey saw to the right, below them, a dense column of French soldiers coming up towards the Apsheron regiment, not over five hundred paces from where Kutuzov was standing.

'Here it is, it is coming, the decisive moment! My moment has come,' thought Prince Andrey, and slashing his horse, he rode up to Kutuzov. But at that instant everything was lost in a cloud of smoke, there was

a sound of firing close by, and a voice in naïve terror cried not two paces from Prince Andrey: 'Hey, mates, it's all up!' And this voice was like a command. It was not simply difficult to check this rushing crowd, it was impossible not to be carried back with the stream oneself. Kutuzov, with his suite diminished to a half, rode towards the sounds of cannon close by. Prince Andrey, trying not to be left behind by Kutuzov, saw, as he got out of the racing multitude, a Russian battery still firing in the smoke on the hillside and the French running towards it. A little higher up stood Russian infantry, neither moving forward to the support of the battery, nor back in the same direction as the runaways. A general on horseback detached himself from the infantry and rode towards Kutuzov. Of Kutuzov's suite only four men were left. They were all pale and looking at one another dumbly.

'Stop those wretches!' Kutuzov gasped to the officer in command of the regiment, pointing to the flying soldiers. But at the same instant, as though in revenge for the words, the bullets came whizzing over the regiment and Kutuzov's suite like a flock of birds. The French were attacking the battery, and catching sight of Kutuzov, they were shooting at him. With this volley the general clutched at his leg; several soldiers fell, and the second lieutenant standing with the flag let it drop out of his hands. The flag tottered and was caught on the guns of the nearest soldiers. The soldiers had begun firing without orders.

'Ooogh!' Kutuzov growled with an expression of despair, and he looked round him. 'Bolkonsky,' he whispered in a voice shaking with the consciousness of his old age and helplessness. 'Bolkonsky,' he whispered, pointing to the routed battalion and the enemy, 'what's this?'

But before he had uttered the words, Prince Andrey, feeling the tears of shame and mortification rising in his throat, was jumping off his horse and running to the flag.

'Lads, forward!' he shrieked in a voice of childish shrillness. 'Here, it is come!' Prince Andrey thought, seizing the staff of the flag, and hearing with relief the whiz of bullets, unmistakably aimed at him. Several soldiers dropped.

'Hurrah!' shouted Prince Andrey, and hardly able to hold up the heavy flag in both his hands, he ran forward in the unhesitating conviction that the whole battalion would run after him. And in fact it was only for a few steps that he ran alone. One soldier started, then another, and then the whole battalion with a shout of 'hurrah!' was running forward and overtaking him. An under-officer of the battalion ran up and took the flag which tottered from its weight in Prince Andrey's hands, but he was at once killed. Prince Andrey snatched up the flag again, and waving it by the staff, ran on with the battalion. In front of him he saw our artillery men, of whom some were fighting, while others had abandoned their cannons and were running towards him. He saw French infantry soldiers, too, seizing the artillery horses and turning the cannons round. Prince Andrey and the battalion were within twenty paces of the cannons. He heard the

bullets whizzing over him incessantly, and continually the soldiers moaned and fell to the right and left of him. But he did not look at them; his eyes were fixed on what was going on in front of him—at the battery. He could now see distinctly the figure of the artilleryman, with a shako crushed on one side, pulling a mop one way, while a French soldier was tugging it the other way. Prince Andrey could see distinctly now the distraught, and at the same time exasperated expression of the faces of the two men, who were obviously quite unconscious of what they were doing.

‘What are they about?’ wondered Prince Andrey, watching them; ‘why doesn’t the red-haired artilleryman run, since he has no weapon? Why doesn’t the Frenchman stab him? He won’t have time to run away before the Frenchman will think of his gun, and knock him on the head.’ Another Frenchman did, indeed, run up to the combatants with his gun almost overbalancing him, and the fate of the red-haired artilleryman, who still had no conception of what was awaiting him, and was pulling the mop away in triumph, was probably sealed. But Prince Andrey did not see how it ended. It seemed to him as though a hard stick were swung full at him by some soldier near, dealing him a violent blow on the head. It hurt a little, but the worst of it was that the pain distracted his attention, and prevented him from seeing what he was looking at.

‘What’s this? am I falling? my legs are giving way under me,’ he thought, and fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the struggle of the French soldiers with the artilleryman was ending, and eager to know whether the red-haired artilleryman was killed or not, whether the cannons had been taken or saved. But he saw nothing of all that. Above him there was nothing but the sky—the lofty sky, not clear, but still immeasurably lofty, with grey clouds creeping quietly over it. ‘How quietly, peacefully, and triumphantly, and not like us running, shouting, and fighting, not like the Frenchman and artilleryman dragging the mop from one another with frightened and frantic faces, how differently are those clouds creeping over that lofty, limitless sky. How was it I did not see that lofty sky before? And how happy I am to have found it at last. Yes! all is vanity, all is a cheat, except that infinite sky. There is nothing, nothing but that. But even that is not, there is nothing but peace and stillness. And thank God! . . .’

On the right flank in Bagration’s detachment, at nine o’clock the battle had not yet begun. Not caring to assent to Dolgorukov’s request that he should advance into action, and anxious to be rid of all responsibility, Prince Bagration proposed to Dolgorukov to send to inquire of the commander-in-chief. Bagration was aware that as the distance between one flank and the other was almost eight miles, if the messenger sent were not killed (which was highly probable), and if he were to succeed in finding the commander-in-chief (which would be very difficult), he would hardly succeed in making his way back before the evening.

Bagration looked up and down his suite with his large, expressionless, sleepy eyes, and the childish face of Rostov, unconsciously all a-quiver

with excitement and hope, was the first that caught his eye. And he sent him.

'And if I meet his majesty before the commander-in-chief, your excellency?' said Rostov, with his hand to the peak of his cap.

'You can give the message to his majesty,' said Dolgorukov.

On being relieved from picket duty, Rostov had managed to get a few hours' sleep, and felt cheerful, bold, and resolute.

The sound that reached him in the fresh morning air was not now, as before, the report of two or three shots at irregular intervals, and then one or two cannons booming. Down the slopes of the hillsides before Pratzen, he could hear volleys of musketry, interspersed with such frequent shots of cannon that sometimes several booming shots could not be distinguished from one another, but melted into one mingled roar of sound.

He could see the puffs of musket smoke flying down the hillsides, as though racing one another, while the cannon smoke hung in clouds, that floated along and melted into one another. He could see, from the gleam of bayonets in the smoke, that masses of infantry were moving down, and narrow lines of artillery with green caissons.

On a hillock Rostov stopped his horse to try and make out what was going on. But however much he strained his attention, he could not make out and understand what he saw; there were men of some sort moving about there in the smoke, lines of troops were moving both backwards and forwards; but what for? Who? where were they going? it was impossible to make out.

After passing Austrian troops of some sort, Rostov noticed that the next part of the forces (they were the Guards) had already advanced into action.

'So much the better! I shall see it close,' he thought.

He was riding almost along the front line. A body of horsemen came galloping towards him. They were a troupe of our Uhlans returning in disorder from the attack. Rostov, as he passed them, could not help noticing one of them covered with blood, but he galloped on.

'That's no affair of mine!' he thought.

He had not ridden on many hundred paces further when there came into sight, on his left, across the whole extent of the field, an immense mass of cavalry on black horses, in dazzling white uniforms, trotting straight towards him, cutting off his advance. Rostov put his horse to his utmost speed to get out of the way of these cavalymen, and he would have cleared them had they been advancing at the same rate, but they kept increasing their pace, so that several horses broke into a gallop. More and more loudly Rostov could hear the thud of their horses' hoofs, and the jingle of their weapons, and more and more distinctly he could see their horses, their figures, and even their faces. These were our horse-guards, charging to attack the French cavalry; this was the brilliant charge of the Horse-Guards of which the French themselves expressed their admiration. Rostov was appalled to hear afterwards that of all that mass of huge, fine

men, of all those brilliant, rich young officers and ensigns who had galloped by him on horses worth thousands of roubles, only eighteen were left after the charge.

'I have no need to envy them, my share won't be taken from me, and may be I shall see the Emperor in a minute!' thought Rostov, and he galloped on.

As he rode behind one of the lines of the regiments of footguards, he heard a voice calling him by name: 'Rostov!'

'Eh?' he called back, not recognising Boris.

'I say, we've been in the front line! Our regiment marched to the attack!' said Boris, smiling that happy smile that is seen in young men who have been for the first time under fire. Rostov stopped.

'Really!' he said. 'Well, how was it?'

'We beat them!' said Boris, growing talkative in his eagerness. 'You can fancy . . .' Rostov set his horse moving without waiting to hear Boris to the end.

'Where are you off to?' asked Boris.

'To his majesty with a commission.'

After riding by the Guards, Rostov rode along the line of the reserves for fear of getting in the way of the front line, as he had done in the charge of the Horse-Guards, and made a wide circuit round the place where he heard the hottest musket-fire and cannonade. All of a sudden, in front of him and behind our troops, in a place where he could never have expected the enemy to be, he heard the sound of musket-fire quite close.

'What can it be?' thought Rostov. 'The enemy in the rear of our troops? It can't be,' thought Rostov, but a panic of fear for himself and for the issue of the whole battle came over him all at once. 'Whatever happens, though,' he reflected, 'it's useless to try and escape now. It's my duty to seek the commander-in-chief here, and if everything's lost, it's my duty to perish with all the rest.'

The foreboding of evil that had suddenly come upon Rostov grew stronger and stronger the further he advanced into the region behind the village of Pratzen, which was full of crowds of troops of all sorts.

'What does it mean? What is it? Whom are they firing at? Who is firing?' Rostov kept asking, as he met Austrian and Russian soldiers running in confused crowds across his path.

'Devil knows! Killed them all! Damn it all,' he was answered in Russian, in German, and in Czech by the hurrying rabble, who knew no more than he what was being done.

Several wounded were among the crowds on the road. Shouts, oaths, moans were mingled in the general hubbub. The firing began to subside, and, as Rostov found out later, the Russian and Austrian soldiers had been firing at one another.

'My God! how can this be?' thought Rostov. 'And here, where any minute the Emperor may see them. . . .'

The idea of defeat and flight could not force its way into Rostov's head.

'Where's the Emperor? Where's Kutuzov?' Rostov kept asking of every one he could stop, and from no one could he get an answer.

At last clutching a soldier by the collar, he forced him to answer him.

'Aye! brother! they've all bolted long ago!' the soldier said to Rostov, laughing for some reason as he pulled himself away. Letting go that soldier, who must, he thought, be drunk, Rostov stopped the horse of a groom or postillion of some personage of consequence, and began to cross-question him. The groom informed Rostov that an hour before the Tsar had been driven at full speed in a carriage along this very road, and that the Tsar was dangerously wounded.

'It can't be,' said Rostov; 'probably some one else.'

'I saw him myself,' said the groom with a self-satisfied smirk; 'it's high time I should know the Emperor, I should think, after the many times I've seen him in Petersburg; I saw him as it might be here. Pale, deadly pale, sitting in the carriage. The way they drove the four raven horses! my goodness, didn't they dash by us! It would be strange, I should think, if I didn't know the Tsar's horses.'

Rostov let go of the horse and would have gone on. A wounded officer passing by addressed him. 'Why, who is it you want?' asked the officer, 'the commander-in-chief? Oh, he was killed by a cannon ball, struck in the breast before our regiment.'

'Not killed—wounded,' another officer corrected him.

'Who? Kutuzov?' asked Rostov.

'Not Kutuzov, but what's his name—well, it's all the same, there are not many left alive. Go that way, over there to that village, all the commanding officers are there,' said the officer, pointing to the village of Gostieradeck, and he walked on.

Rostov rode on at a walking pace, not knowing to whom and with what object he was going now. The Tsar was wounded, the battle was lost. There was no refusing to believe in it now.

'Go along this road, your honour, that way you will be killed in a trice!' a soldier shouted to him. 'You'll be killed that way!'

'Oh! what nonsense!' said another. 'Where is he to go? That way's nearest.' Rostov pondered, and rode off precisely in the direction in which he had been told he would be killed.

All over the field, like ridges of dung on well-kept plough-land, lay the heaps of dead and wounded, a dozen or fifteen bodies to every three acres. The wounded were crawling two or three together, and their shrieks and groans had a painful and sometimes affected sound, it seemed to Rostov. Rostov put his horse to a trot to avoid the sight of all those suffering people. He was afraid of losing not his life, but his pluck, which he needed so much. He thought of his mother's last letter. 'What would she be feeling now,' he thought, 'if she could see me here now on this field with cannons aimed at me?'

In the village of Gostieradeck there were Russian troops, in some confusion indeed, but in far better discipline, who had come from the field of

battle. Here every one saw clearly that the battle was lost, and all were talking of it. No one to whom Rostov applied could tell him where was the Tsar, or where was Kutuzov. Some said that the rumour of the Tsar's wound was correct, others said not. One officer told Rostov that, behind the village to the left, he had seen some one from headquarters, and Rostov rode off in that direction, with no hope now of finding any one, but simply to satisfy his conscience.

After going about two miles and passing the last of the Russian troops, Rostov saw, near a kitchen-garden enclosed by a ditch, two horsemen facing the ditch. One with a white plume in his hat seemed somehow a familiar figure to Rostov, the other, a stranger on a splendid chestnut horse (the horse Rostov fancied he had seen before) rode up to the ditch, put spurs to his horse, and lightly leaped over the ditch into the garden. A little earth from the bank crumbled off under his horse's hind hoofs. Turning the horse sharply, he leaped the ditch again and deferentially addressed the horseman in the white plume, apparently urging him to do the same. The rider, whose figure seemed familiar to Rostov and somehow riveted his attention, made a gesture of refusal with his head and his hand, and in that gesture Rostov instantly recognised his lamented, his idolised sovereign.

'But it can't be he, alone, in the middle of this empty field,' thought Rostov. At that moment Alexander turned his head and Rostov saw the beloved features so vividly imprinted on his memory. The Tsar was pale, his cheeks looked sunken, and his eyes hollow, but the charm, the mildness of his face was only the more striking. Rostov felt happy in the certainty that the report of the Emperor's wound was false. He knew that he might, that he ought, indeed, to go straight to him and to give him the message he had been commanded to give by Dolgorukov.

But not one of the innumerable speeches he had addressed to the Tsar in his imagination recurred to his mind now. These speeches for the most part were appropriate to quite other circumstances; they had been uttered at moments of victory and triumph, and principally on his deathbed when, as he lay dying of his wounds, the Emperor thanked him for his heroic exploits, and he gave expression as he died to the love he had proved in deeds. 'And then, how am I to ask the Emperor for his instructions to the right flank when it's four o'clock in the afternoon and the battle is lost? No, certainly I ought not to ride up to him, I ought not to break in on his sorrow,' Rostov decided, and with grief and despair in his heart he rode away.

By five o'clock in the evening the battle had been lost at every point. At six o'clock the only firing still to be heard was a heavy cannonade on the French side from numerous batteries ranged on the slope of the table-land of Pratzen, and directed at our retreating troops. On the narrow dam of August, where the Moravians, in their shaggy caps and blue jackets, had for so many years peacefully driven their horses and waggons, loaded with wheat, to the mill and driven back over the same

dam, dusty with flour that whitened their waggons—on that narrow dam men, made hideous by the terror of death, now crowded together, amid army waggons and cannons, under horses' feet and between carriage-wheels, crushing each other, dying, stepping over the dying, and killing each other, only to be killed in the same way a few steps further on.

PRINCE ANDREY BOLKONSKY was lying on the hill of Pratzen, on the spot where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hands. He was losing blood, and kept moaning a soft, plaintive, childish moan, of which he himself knew nothing. Towards evening he ceased moaning and became perfectly still. He did not know how long his unconsciousness lasted. Suddenly he felt again that he was alive and suffering from a burning, lacerating pain in his head.

'Where is it, that lofty sky that I knew not till now and saw to-day?' was his first thought. 'And this agony I did not know either,' he thought. 'Yes, I knew nothing, nothing till now. But where am I?'

He fell to listening, and caught the sound of approaching hoofs and voices speaking French. He opened his eyes. Above him was again the same lofty sky, with clouds higher than ever floating over it, and between them stretches of blue infinity. He did not turn his head and did not see the men who, judging from the voices and the thud of hoofs, had ridden up to him and stopped.

They were Napoleon and two adjutants escorting him. Bonaparte, making a tour of the field of battle, had been giving his last instructions for the strengthening of the battery firing at the August dam, and was inspecting the dead and wounded on the field of battle.

'Fine men!' said Napoleon, looking at a dead Russian grenadier, who with his face thrust into the earth and blackened neck lay on his stomach, one stiff arm flung wide.

'The field-guns have exhausted their ammunition,' said an adjutant, arriving that moment from the battery that was firing at August.

'Bring up more from the reserve,' said Napoleon, and riding a few steps away stood still, looking at Prince Andrey, who lay on his back with the abandoned flagstaff beside him.

'That's a fine death!' said Napoleon, looking at Bolkonsky.

Prince Andrey knew that it was said of him, and that it was Napoleon saying it. He heard the speaker of those words addressed as 'your majesty.' But he heard the words as he heard the buzzing of flies. It was not merely that he took no interest in them, but he did not attend to them and at once forgot them. He was only glad that people were standing over him, and made a supreme effort to stir and utter some sound. He moved his leg faintly, and uttered a weak, sickly moan that touched himself. 'Ah, he's alive,' said Napoleon. 'Pick up this young man and carry him to an ambulance!' Saying this, Napoleon rode on to meet Marshal Lannes, who rode up to meet the conqueror, smiling, taking off his hat and congratulating him on his victory.

Prince Andrey remembered nothing more; he lost consciousness from the excruciating pain caused by being laid on the stretcher, the jolting while he was being moved, and the sounding of his wound at the ambulance. He only regained consciousness towards the end of the day when with other Russian officers, wounded and prisoners, he was being taken to the hospital. On this journey he felt a little stronger, and could look about him and even speak.

The first words he heard on coming to himself were from a French convoy officer who was saying hurriedly: 'They must stop here; the Emperor will be here directly; it will be a pleasure for him to see these prisoners.'

'There are such a lot of prisoners to-day, almost the whole of the Russian army, that he is probably weary of seeing them,' said another officer.

Bonaparte rode up at a gallop.

Prince Andrey, who had been thrust forward under the Emperor's eyes to complete the show of prisoners, could not fail to attract his notice. Napoleon apparently remembered seeing him on the field, and addressing him he used the same epithet, 'young man,' with which his first sight of Bolkonsky was associated in his memory.

'And you, young man,' he said to him, 'how are you feeling, *mon brave?*'

Although five minutes previously Prince Andrey had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were carrying him, he was silent now, with his eyes fastened directly upon Napoleon. So trivial seemed to him at that moment all the interests that were engrossing Napoleon, so petty seemed to him his hero, with his paltry vanity and glee of victory, in comparison with that lofty, righteous, and kindly sky which he had seen and comprehended, that he could not answer him. And all indeed seemed to him so trifling and unprofitable beside the stern and solemn train of thought aroused in him by weakness from loss of blood, by suffering and the nearness of death. Gazing into Napoleon's eyes, Prince Andrey mused on the nothingness of greatness, on the nothingness of life, of which no one could comprehend the significance, and on the nothingness—still more—of death, the meaning of which could be understood and explained by none of the living.

The Emperor, after vainly pausing for a reply, turned away and said to one of the officers in command—

'See that they look after these gentlemen and take them to my bivouac; let my doctor Larrey attend to their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Repnin,' and he galloped away.

His face was radiant with happiness and self-satisfaction.

The soldiers, who had been carrying Prince Andrey, had come across the golden relic Princess Marya had hung upon her brother's neck, and taken it off him, but seeing the graciousness the Emperor had shown to the prisoners, they made haste to restore the holy image.

Prince Andrey did not see who put it on him again, nor how it was

replaced, but all at once he found the locket on its delicate gold chain on his chest outside his uniform.

'How good it would be,' thought Prince Andrey, as he glanced at the image which his sister had hung round his neck with such emotion and reverence, 'how good it would be if all were as clear and simple as it seems to Marie. How good to know where to seek aid in this life and what to expect after it, there, beyond the grave!

'How happy and at peace I should be, if I could say now, "Lord, have mercy on me! . . ." But to whom am I to say that? Either a Power infinite, inconceivable, to which I cannot appeal, which I cannot even put into words, the great whole, or nothing,' he said to himself, 'or that God, who has been sewn up here in this locket by Marie? There is nothing, nothing certain but the nothingness of all that is comprehensible to us, and the grandeur of something incomprehensible, but more important!'

The stretchers began to be moved. At every jolt he felt intolerable pain again. The fever became higher, and he fell into delirium. Visions of his father, his wife, his sister, and his future son, and the tenderness he had felt for them on the night before the battle, the figure of that little, petty Napoleon, and over all these the lofty sky, formed the chief substance of his delirious dreams. The quiet home life and peaceful happiness of Bleak Hills passed before his imagination. He was enjoying that happiness when suddenly there appeared that little Napoleon with his callous, narrow look of happiness in the misery of others, and there came doubts and torments, and only the sky promised peace. Towards morning all his dreams mingled and melted away in the chaos and darkness of unconsciousness and oblivion, far more likely, in the opinion of Napoleon's doctor, Larrey, to be ended by death than by recovery.

'He is a nervous, bilious subject,' said Larrey; 'he won't recover.'

PART IV

AT THE BEGINNING of the year 1806, Nikolay Rostov was coming home on leave. Denisov, too, was going home to Voronezh, and Rostov persuaded him to go with him to Moscow and to pay him a visit there. Denisov met his comrade at the last posting station but one, drank three bottles of wine with him, and, in spite of the jolting of the road on the journey to Moscow, slept soundly lying at the bottom of the posting sledge beside Rostov, who grew more and more impatient, as they got nearer to Moscow.

'Will it come soon? Soon? Oh, these insufferable streets, bunshops, street lamps, and sledge drivers!' thought Rostov, when they had presented their papers at the town gates and were driving into Moscow.

'Denisov, we're here! Asleep!' he kept saying, flinging his whole person forward as though by that position he hoped to hasten the progress of the sledge. Denisov made no response.

'Here's the corner of the cross-roads, where Zahar the sledge-driver used to stand; and here is Zahar, too, and still the same horse. And here's the little shop where we used to buy cakes. Make haste! Now!'

'Which house is it?' asked the driver.

'Over there, at the end, the big one; how is it you don't see it? That's our house,' Rostov kept saying; 'that's our house, of course. Denisov! Denisov! we shall be there in a minute.'

Denisov raised his head, cleared his throat, and said nothing.

'Dmitry,' said Rostov to his valet on the box, 'surely that light is home?'

'To be sure it is; it's the light in your papa's study, too.'

'They've not gone to bed yet? Eh? What do you think?'

'Mind now, don't forget to get me out my new tunic,' added Rostov, fingering his new moustaches.

'Come, get on,' he shouted to the driver. 'And do wake up, Vasya,' he said to Denisov, who had begun nodding again.

'Come, get on, three silver roubles for vodka—get on!' shouted Rostov, when they were only three houses from the entrance. It seemed to him that the horses were not moving. At last the sledge turned to the right into the approach, Rostov saw the familiar cornice with the broken plaster overhead, the steps, the lamp-post. He jumped out of the sledge while it was moving and ran into the porch. The house stood so inhospitably, as though it were no concern of its who had come into it. There was no one in the porch. 'My God! is everything all right?' wondered Rostov, stop-

ping for a moment with a sinking heart, and then running on again along the porch and up the familiar, crooked steps. Still the same door handle, the dirtiness of which so often angered the countess, turned in the same halting fashion. In the hall there was a single tallow candle burning.

Old Mihailo was asleep on his perch.

Prokofy, the footman, a man so strong that he had lifted up a carriage, was sitting there in his list shoes. He glanced towards the opening door and his expression of sleepy indifference was suddenly transformed into one of frightened ecstasy.

'Merciful Heavens! The young count!' he cried, recognising his young master. 'Can it be? my darling?' And Prokofy, shaking with emotion, made a dash towards the drawing-room door, probably with the view of announcing him; but apparently he changed his mind, for he came back and fell on his young master's shoulder.

'All well?' asked Rostov, pulling his hand away from him.

'Thank God, yes! All, thank God! Only just finished supper! Let me have a look at you, your excellency!'

'Everything perfectly all right?'

'Thank God, yes, thank God!'

Rostov, completely forgetting Denisov, flung off his fur coat and, anxious that no one should prepare the way for him, he ran on tip-toe into the big, dark reception-hall. Everything was the same, the same card-tables, the same candelabra with a cover over it, but some one had already seen the young master, and he had not reached the drawing-room when from a side door something swooped headlong, like a storm upon him, and began hugging and kissing him. A second and a third figure dashed in at a second door and at a third; more huggings, more kisses, more outcries and tears of delight. He could not distinguish where and which was papa, which was Natasha, and which was Petya. All were screaming and talking and kissing him at the same moment. Only his mother was not among them, that he remembered.

'And I never knew . . . Nikolenka . . . my darling!'

'Here he is . . . our boy . . . my darling Kolya . . . Isn't he changed! Where are the candles? Tea!'

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mihalovna, and the old count were all hugging him; and the servants and the maids flocked into the room with talk and outcries.

Petya hung on his legs.

'Me too!' he kept shouting.

Still he was expectant and looking for some one, and the old countess had not come in yet. And now steps were heard at the door. The steps were so rapid that they could hardly be his mother's footsteps.

But she it was in a new dress that he did not know, made during his absence. All of them let him go, and he ran to her. When they came together, she sank on his bosom, sobbing. She could not lift up her face, and only pressed it to the cold braiding of his hussar's jacket. Denisov,

who had come into the room unnoticed by any one, stood still looking at them and rubbing his eyes.

‘Vassily Denisov, your son’s friend,’ he said, introducing himself to the count, who looked inquiringly at him.

‘Very welcome. I know you, I know you,’ said the count, kissing and embracing Denisov. ‘Nikolenka wrote to us . . . Natasha, here he is, Denisov.’

The same happy, ecstatic faces turned to the towzled figure of Denisov and he was conducted to the room assigned him, while the Rostovs all gathered about Nikolenka.

The old countess sat beside him, keeping tight hold of his hand. His brother and sisters quarrelled and snatched from one another the place nearest him and disputed over which was to bring him tea, a handkerchief, a pipe.

Rostov was very happy in the love they showed him. But the first minute of meeting them had been so blissful that his happiness now seemed a little thing, and he kept expecting something more and more and more.

Next morning after his journey he slept on till ten o’clock.

Nikolay Rostov was received by his family as a hero, as the best of sons, their idolised Nikolenka; by his relations as a charming, agreeable, and polite young man; by his acquaintances as a handsome lieutenant of hussars, a good dancer, and one of the best matches in Moscow.

All Moscow was acquainted with the Rostovs; the old count had plenty of money that year, because all his estates had been mortgaged, and so Nikolenka, who kept his own racehorse, and wore the most fashionable riding-breeches of a special cut, unlike any yet seen in Moscow, and the most fashionable boots, with extremely pointed toes, and little silver spurs, was able to pass his time very agreeably. After the first brief interval of adapting himself to the old conditions of life, Rostov felt very happy at being home again. He felt that he had grown up and become a man. His despair at failing in a Scripture examination, his borrowing money from Gavriilo for his sledge-drivers, his stolen kisses with Sonya—all that he looked back upon as childishness from which he was now immeasurably remote. Now he was a lieutenant of hussars with a silver-braided jacket, and a soldier’s cross of St. George, he had a horse in training for a race, and kept company with well-known racing men, elderly and respected persons. He had struck up an acquaintance, too, with a lady living in a boulevard, whom he used to visit in the evening. He led the mazurka at the Arharovs’ balls, talked to Field-Marshal Kamensky about the war, and used familiar forms of address to a colonel of forty, to whom he had been introduced by Denisov.

During this brief stay in Moscow, before his return to the army, Rostov did not come nearer to Sonya, but on the contrary drifted further away from her. She was very pretty and charming, and it was obvious that she was passionately in love with him. But he was at that stage of youth when

there seems so much to do, that one has not time to pay attention to love, and a young man dreads being bound, and prizes his liberty, which he wants for so much else. When he thought about Sonya during this stay at Moscow, he said to himself: 'Ah! there are many, many more like her to come, and there are many of them somewhere now, though I don't know them yet. There's plenty of time before me to think about love when I want to, but I have not the time now.' Moreover, it seemed to him that feminine society was somehow beneath his manly dignity. He went to balls, and into ladies' society with an affectation of doing so against his will. Races, the English club, carousals with Denisov, and the nocturnal visits that followed—all that was different, all that was the correct thing for a dashing young hussar.

At the beginning of March the old count, Ilya Andreivitch Rostov, was very busily engaged in arranging a dinner at the English Club, to be given in honour of Prince Bagration.

The count, in his dressing-gown, was continually walking up and down in the big hall, seeing the club manager, the celebrated Feoktista, and the head cook, and giving them instructions relative to asparagus, fresh cucumbers, strawberries, veal, and fish, for Prince Bagration's dinner. The cook and the club manager listened to the count's orders with good-humoured faces, because they knew that with no one better than with him could one make a handsome profit out of a dinner costing several thousands.

'Well, then, mind there are scallops, scallops in pie-crust, you know.'

'Cold *entrées*, I suppose—three? . . .'

The count pondered.

'Couldn't do with less, three . . . *mayonnaise*, one,' he said, crooking his finger.

'Then it's your excellency's order to take the big sturgeons?' asked the manager.

'Yes; it can't be helped, we must take them, if they won't knock the price down. Ah, mercy on us, I was forgetting. Of course we must have another *entrée* on the table. Ah, good heavens!' he clutched at his head. 'And who's going to get me the flowers? Mitenka! Hey, Mitenka! You gallop, Mitenka,' he said to the steward who came in at his call, 'you gallop off to the Podmoskovny estate' (the count's property in the environs of Moscow), 'and tell Maksimka the gardener to set the serfs to work to get decorations from the greenhouses. Tell him everything from his conservatories is to be brought here, and is to be packed in felt. And that I'm to have two hundred pots here by Friday.'

'Ah, my boy! my head's in a whirl,' said the old gentleman, with a somewhat shamefaced smile at his son. 'You might come to my aid! We have still the singers to get, you see. The music is all settled, but shouldn't we order some gypsy singers? You military gentlemen are fond of that sort of thing.'

'Upon my word, papa, I do believe that Prince Bagration made less

fuss over getting ready for the battle of Schöngraben than you are making now,' said his son, smiling.

The old count pretended to be angry, and gaily seizing his son by both hands, he cried: 'Do you know now I've got hold of you! Take a sledge and pair this minute and drive off to Bezuhov, and say that Count Ilya Andreivitch has sent, say, to ask him for strawberries and fresh pineapples. There's no getting them from any one else. If he's not at home himself, you go in and give the message to the princesses; and, I say, from there you drive off to the Gaiety—Ipatka the coachman knows the place—and look up Ilyushka there, the gypsy who danced at Count Orlov's, do you remember, in a white Cossack dress, and bring him here to me.'

'And bring his gypsy girls here with him?' asked Nikolay, laughing.

At this moment Anna Mihalovna stepped noiselessly into the room with that air of Christian meekness, mingled with practical and anxious pre-occupation that never left her face.

'I am just going to see Bezuhov,' she said. 'Young Bezuhov has arrived, and now we shall get all we want, count, from his greenhouses. I was wanting to see him on my own account, too. He has forwarded me a letter from Boris. Thank God, Boris is now on the staff.'

The count was overjoyed at Anna Mihalovna's undertaking one part of his commissions.

'Tell Bezuhov to come. I'll put his name down. Brought his wife with him?' he asked.

Anna Mihalovna turned up her eyes, and an expression of profound sadness came into her face.

'Ah, my dear, he's very unhappy,' she said. 'If it's true what we have been hearing, it's awful. How little did we think of this when we were rejoicing in his happiness! and such a lofty, angelic nature, that young Bezuhov! Yes, I pity him from my soul, and will do my utmost to give him any consolation in my power.'

'Why, what is the matter?' inquired both the Rostovs, young and old together.

Anna Mihalovna heaved a deep sigh.

'Dolohov, Marya Ivanovna's son,' she said in a mysterious whisper, 'has, they say, utterly compromised her. He brought him forward, invited him to his house in Petersburg, and now this! . . . She has come here, and that scapegrace has come after her,' said Anna Mihalovna. She wished to express nothing but sympathy with Pierre, but in her involuntary intonations and half-smile, she betrayed her sympathy with the scapegrace, as she called Dolohov. 'Pierre himself, they say, is utterly crushed by his trouble.'

'Well, any way, tell him to come to the club—it will divert his mind. It will be a banquet on a grand scale.'

On receiving the news of the defeat of Austerlitz, all Moscow had at first been thrown into bewilderment. At that period the Russians were so used to victories, that on receiving news of a defeat, some people were

simply incredulous, while others sought an explanation of so strange an event in exceptional circumstances of some kind. At the English Club, where every one of note, every one who had authentic information and weight gathered together, during December, when the news began to arrive, not a word was said about the war and about the last defeat; it was as though all were in a conspiracy of silence.

People felt in Moscow that something was wrong, and that it was difficult to know what to think of the bad news, and so better to be silent. But a little later, like jurymen coming out of their consultation room, the leaders reappeared to give their opinion in the club, and a clear and definite formula was found. Causes had been discovered to account for the fact—so incredible, unheard-of, and impossible—that the Russians had been beaten, and all became clear. These causes were: the treachery of the Austrians; the defective commissariat; the treachery of the Pole Przhebyshvsky and the Frenchman Langeron; the incapacity of Kutuzov; and (this was murmured in subdued tones) the youth and inexperience of the Emperor, who had put faith in men of no character and ability. But the army, the Russian army, said every one, had been extraordinary, and had performed miracles of valour. The soldiers, the officers, the generals—all were heroes. But the hero among heroes was Prince Bagration, who had distinguished himself in the retreat from Austerlitz, where he alone had withdrawn his column in good order, and had succeeded in repelling during the whole day an enemy twice as numerous. What contributed to Bagration's being chosen for the popular hero at Moscow was the fact that he was an outsider, that he had no connections in Moscow. In his person they could do honour to the simple fighting Russian soldier, unsupported by connections and intrigues. Nothing was said about Bolkonsky, and only those who had known him intimately regretted that he had died so young, leaving a wife with child, and his queer old father.

On the 3rd of March all the rooms of the English Club were full of the hum of voices, and the members and guests of the club, in uniforms and frock-coats, some even in powder and Russian kaftans, were standing, meeting, parting, and running to and fro like bees swarming in spring. Powdered footmen in livery, wearing slippers and stockings, stood at every door, anxiously trying to follow every movement of the guests and club members, so as to proffer their services. The majority of those present were elderly and respected persons, with broad, self-confident faces, fat fingers, and resolute gestures and voices. Guests and members of this class sat in certain habitual places, and met together in certain habitual circles. A small proportion of those present were casual guests—chiefly young men, among them Denisov, Rostov, and Dolohov, who was now an officer in the Semyonovsky regiment again. The faces of the younger men, especially the officers, wore that expression of condescending deference to their elders which seems to say to the older generation, 'Respect and deference we are prepared to give you, but remember all the same the future is for us.' Nesvitsky, an old member of the club, was there too.

Pierre, who at his wife's command had let his hair grow and left off spectacles, was walking about the rooms dressed in the height of the fashion, but looking melancholy and depressed. Here, as everywhere, he was surrounded by the atmosphere of people paying homage to his wealth, and he behaved to them with the careless, contemptuous air of sovereignty that had become habitual with him.

In years, he belonged to the younger generation, but by his wealth and connections he was a member of the older circles, and so he passed from one set to the other.

Count Ilya Andreivitch Rostov kept anxiously hurrying in his soft boots to and fro from the dining-room to the drawing-room, giving hasty greetings to important and unimportant persons, all of whom he knew, and all of whom he treated alike, on an equal footing. Now and then his eyes sought out the graceful, dashing figure of his young son, rested gleefully on him, and winked to him. Young Rostov was standing at the window with Dolohov, whose acquaintance he had lately made, and greatly prized. The old count went up to them, and shook hands with Dolohov.

'I beg you will come and see us; so you're a friend of my youngster's . . . been together, playing the hero together out there. . . .'

Just before dinner, Count Ilya Andreivitch presented his son to the prince. Bagration recognised him, and uttered a few words, awkward and incoherent, as were indeed all he spoke that day. Count Ilya Andreivitch looked about at every one in gleeful pride while Bagration was speaking to his son.

Nikolay Rostov, with Denisov and his new acquaintance Dolohov, sat together almost in the middle of the table. Facing them sat Pierre with Prince Nesvitsky. Count Ilya Andreivitch was sitting with the other stewards facing Bagration, and, the very impersonation of Moscow hospitality, did his utmost to regale the prince.

Pierre ate greedily and drank heavily, as he always did. But those who knew him slightly could see that some great change was taking place in him that day. He was silent all through dinner, depressed and gloomy. He seemed not to be seeing or hearing what was passing about him and to be thinking of some one thing, something painful and unsettled.

This unsettled question that worried him was due to the hints dropped by the princess, his cousin, at Moscow in regard to Dolohov's close intimacy with his wife, and to an anonymous letter he had received that morning, which, with the vile jocoseness peculiar to all anonymous letters, had said that he didn't seem to see clearly through his spectacles, and that his wife's connection with Dolohov was a secret from no one but himself. Pierre did not absolutely believe either the princess's hints, or the anonymous letter, but he was afraid now to look at Dolohov, who sat opposite him. Every time his glance casually met Dolohov's handsome, insolent eyes, Pierre felt as though something awful, hideous was rising up in his soul, and he made haste to turn away.

Involuntarily recalling all his wife's past and her attitude to Dolohov,

Pierre saw clearly that what was said in the letter might well be true, might at least appear to be truth, if only it had not related to *his wife*. Pierre could not help recalling how Dolohov, completely reinstated, had come straight to his house, and Pierre had established him in it and lent him money. Pierre recalled how Ellen, smiling, had expressed her dissatisfaction at Dolohov's staying in their house, and how cynically Dolohov had praised his wife's beauty to him, and how he had never since left them up to the time of their coming to Moscow.

'Yes, he is very handsome,' thought Pierre, 'and I know him. There would be a particular charm for him in disgracing my name and turning me into ridicule, just because I have exerted myself in his behalf, have befriended him and helped him. He must think I am afraid of him. And, in fact, I really am afraid of him,' Pierre mused; and again at these thoughts he felt as though something terrible and hideous were rising up in his soul.

Dolohov, Denisov, and Rostov seemed to be greatly enjoying themselves. Rostov talked away merrily to his two friends, of whom one was a dashing hussar, the other a notorious duellist and scapegrace, and now and then cast ironical glances at Pierre, whose appearance at the dinner was a striking one, with his preoccupied, absent-minded, massive figure. Rostov looked with disfavour upon Pierre. In the first place, because Pierre, in the eyes of the smart hussar, was a rich civilian, and husband of a beauty, was altogether, in fact, an old woman; and secondly, because Pierre in his preoccupation and absent-mindedness had not recognised Rostov and had failed to respond to his bow. When they got up to drink the health of the Tsar, Pierre, plunged in thought, did not rise nor take up his glass.

'What are you about?' Rostov shouted to him, looking at him with enthusiastic and exasperated eyes. 'Don't you hear: the health of our sovereign the Emperor!'

Pierre with a sigh obeyed, got up, emptied his glass, and waiting till all were seated again, he turned with his kindly smile to Rostov. 'Why, I didn't recognise you,' he said. But Rostov had no thoughts for him, he was shouting 'Hurrah!'

'Why don't you renew the acquaintance?' said Dolohov to Rostov.

'Oh, bother him, he's a fool,' said Rostov.

'One has to be sweet to the husbands of pretty women,' said Denisov. Pierre did not hear what they were saying, but he knew they were talking of him. He flushed and turned away. 'Well, now to the health of pretty women,' said Dolohov, and with a serious expression, though a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, he turned to Pierre.

'To the health of pretty women, Petrusha, and their lovers too,' he said.

Pierre, with downcast eyes, sipped his glass, without looking at Dolohov or answering him. The footman, distributing copies of Kutuzov's cantata, laid a copy by Pierre, as one of the more honoured guests. He would have taken it, but Dolohov bent forward, snatched the paper out of his hands and began reading it. Pierre glanced at Dolohov, and his eyes

dropped; something terrible and hideous, that had been torturing him all through the dinner, rose up and took possession of him. He bent the whole of his ungainly person across the table. 'Don't you dare to take it!' he shouted.

Hearing that shout and seeing to whom it was addressed, Nesvitsky and his neighbour on the right side turned in haste and alarm to Bezuhov.

'Hush, hush, what are you about?' whispered panic-stricken voices. Dolohov looked at Pierre with his clear, mirthful, cruel eyes, still with the same smile, as though he were saying: 'Come now, this is what I like.'

'I won't give it up,' he said distinctly.

Pale and with quivering lips, Pierre snatched the copy.

'You . . . you . . . blackguard! . . . I challenge you,' he said, and moving back his chair, he got up from the table. At the second Pierre did this and uttered these words he felt that the question of his wife's guilt, that had been torturing him for the last four and twenty hours, was finally and incontestably answered in the affirmative. He hated her and was severed from her for ever.

In spite of Denisov's entreaties that Rostov would have nothing to do with the affair, Rostov agreed to be Dolohov's second, and after dinner he discussed with Nesvitsky, Bezuhov's second, the arrangements for the duel. Pierre had gone home, but Rostov with Dolohov and Denisov stayed on at the club listening to the gypsies and the singers till late in the evening.

'So good-bye till to-morrow, at Sokolniky,' said Dolohov, as he parted from Rostov at the club steps.

'And do you feel quite calm?' asked Rostov.

Dolohov stopped.

'Well, do you see, in a couple of words I'll let you into the whole secret of duelling. If, when you go to a duel, you make your will and write long letters to your parents, if you think that you may be killed, you're a fool and certain to be done for. But go with the firm intention of killing your man, as quickly and as surely as may be, then everything will be all right. *A demain, mon cher.*'

NEXT DAY at eight o'clock in the morning, Pierre and Nesvitsky reached the Sokolniky copse, and found Dolohov, Denisov, and Rostov already there. Pierre had the air of a man absorbed in reflections in no way connected with the matter in hand. His face looked hollow and yellow. He had not slept all night. He looked about him absent-mindedly, and screwed up his eyes, as though in glaring sunshine. He was exclusively absorbed by two considerations: the guilt of his wife, of which after a sleepless night he had not a vestige of doubt, and the guiltlessness of Dolohov, who was in no way bound to guard the honour of a man, who was nothing to him. 'Maybe I should have done the same in his place,' thought Pierre. 'For certain, indeed, I should have done the same; then why this duel, this murder? Either I shall kill him, or he will shoot me in the head, in the elbow, or the knee. To get away from here, to run, to bury myself some-

where,' was the longing that came into his mind. But precisely at the moments when such ideas were in his mind, he would turn with a peculiarly calm and unconcerned face, which inspired respect in the seconds looking at him, and ask: 'Will it be soon?' or 'Aren't we ready?'

When everything was ready, the swords stuck in the snow to mark the barrier, and the pistols loaded, Nesvitsky went up to Pierre.

'I should not be doing my duty, count,' he said in a timid voice, 'nor justifying the confidence and the honour you have done me in choosing me for your second, if at this grave moment, this very grave moment, I did not speak the whole truth to you. I consider that the quarrel has not sufficient grounds and is not worth shedding blood over. . . . You were not right, not quite in the right; you lost your temper. . . .'

'Oh, yes, it was awfully stupid,' said Pierre.

'Then allow me to express your regret, and I am convinced that our opponents will agree to accept your apology,' said Nesvitsky.

'No, what are you talking about?' said Pierre; 'it doesn't matter. . . . Ready then?' he added. 'Only tell me how and where I am to go, and what to shoot at?' he said with a smile unnaturally gentle. He took up a pistol, and began inquiring how to let it off, as he had never had a pistol in his hand before, a fact he did not care to confess. 'Oh, yes, of course, I know, I had only forgotten,' he said.

'No apologies, absolutely nothing,' Dolohov was saying to Denisov, who for his part was also making an attempt at reconciliation, and he too went up to the appointed spot.

The place chosen for the duel was some eighty paces from the road, on which their sledges had been left, in a small clearing in the pine wood, covered with snow that had thawed in the warmer weather of the last few days. The antagonists stood forty paces from each other at the further edge of the clearing. The seconds, in measuring the paces, left tracks in the deep, wet snow from the spot where they had been standing to the swords of Nesvitsky and Denisov, which had been thrust in the ground ten paces from one another to mark the barrier. The thaw and mist persisted; forty paces away nothing could be seen. In three minutes everything was ready, but still they delayed beginning. Every one was silent.

'Well, let us begin,' said Dolohov.

'To be sure,' said Pierre, still with the same smile.

A feeling of dread was in the air. It was obvious that the affair that had begun so lightly could not now be in any way turned back, that it was going forward of itself, independently of men's will, and must run its course. Denisov was the first to come forward to the barrier and pronounce the words:

'Since the antagonists refuse all reconciliation, would it not be as well to begin? Take your pistols, and at the word "three" begin to advance together. O . . . one! Two! Three! . . .'

Denisov shouted angrily, and he walked away from the barrier. Both walked along the trodden tracks

closer and closer together, beginning to recognise one another in the mist. The combatants had the right to fire when they chose as they approached the barrier. Dolohov walked slowly, not lifting his pistol, and looking intently with his clear, shining blue eyes into the face of his antagonist. His mouth wore, as always, the semblance of a smile.

'So when I like, I can fire,' said Pierre, and at the word *three*, he walked with rapid steps forward, straying off the beaten track and stepping over the untrodden snow. Pierre held his pistol at full length in his right hand, obviously afraid of killing himself with that pistol. His left arm he studiously held behind him, because he felt inclined to use it to support his right arm, and he knew that was not allowed. After advancing six paces, and getting off the track into the snow, Pierre looked about under his feet, glanced rapidly again at Dolohov, and stretching out his finger, as he had been shown, fired.

Not at all expecting so loud a report, Pierre started at his own shot, then smiled at his own sensation and stood still. The smoke, which was made thicker by the fog, hindered him from seeing for the first moment; but the other shot that he was expecting did not follow. All that could be heard were Dolohov's rapid footsteps, and his figure came into view through the smoke. With one hand he was clutching at his left side, the other was clenched on the lower pistol. His face was pale. Rostov was running up and saying something to him.

'N . . . no,' Dolohov muttered through his teeth, 'no, it's not over'; and struggling on a few sinking, staggering steps up to the sword, he sank on to the snow beside it. His left hand was covered with blood; he rubbed it on his coat and leaned upon it. His face was pale, frowning and trembling.

'Co . . . ' Dolohov began, but he could not at once articulate the words: 'come up,' he said, with an effort. Pierre, hardly able to restrain his sobs, ran towards Dolohov, and would have crossed the space that separated the barriers, when Dolohov cried: 'To the barrier!' and Pierre, grasping what was wanted, stood still just at the sword. Only ten paces divided them. Dolohov putting his head down, greedily bit at the snow, lifted his head again, sat up, tried to get on his legs and sat down, trying to find a secure centre of gravity. He took a mouthful of the cold snow, and sucked it; his lips quivered, but still he smiled; his eyes glittered with the strain and the exasperation of the struggle with his failing forces. He raised the pistol and began taking aim.

'Sideways, don't expose yourself to the pistol,' said Nesvitsky.

'Don't face it!' Denisov could not help shouting, though it was to an antagonist.

With his gentle smile of sympathy and remorse, Pierre stood with his legs and arms straddling helplessly, and his broad chest directly facing Dolohov, and looked at him mournfully. Denisov, Rostov, and Nesvitsky screwed up their eyes. At the same instant they heard a shot and Dolohov's wrathful cry.

'Missed!' shouted Dolohov, and he dropped helplessly, face downwards, in the snow. Pierre clutched at his head, and turning back, walked into the wood, off the path in the snow, muttering aloud incoherent words.

'Stupid . . . stupid! Death . . . lies . . .' he kept repeating, scowling. Nesvitsky stopped him and took him home.

Rostov and Denisov got the wounded Dolohov away.

Dolohov lay in the sledge with closed eyes, in silence, and uttered not a word in reply to questions addressed to him. But as they were driving into Moscow, he suddenly came to himself, and lifting his head with an effort, he took the hand of Rostov, who was sitting near him. Rostov was struck by the utterly transformed and unexpectedly passionately tender expression on Dolohov's face.

'Well? How do you feel?' asked Rostov.

'Bad! but that's not the point. My friend,' said Dolohov, in a breaking voice, 'where are we? We are in Moscow, I know. I don't matter, but I have killed her, killed her. . . . She won't get over this. She can't bear . . .'

'Who?' asked Rostov.

'My mother. My mother, my angel, my adored angel, my mother,' and squeezing Rostov's hand, Dolohov burst into tears. When he was a little calmer, he explained to Rostov that he was living with his mother, that if his mother were to see him dying, she would not get over the shock. He besought Rostov to go to her and prepare her.

Rostov drove on ahead to carry out his wish, and to his immense astonishment he learned that Dolohov, this bully, this noted duellist Dolohov, lived at Moscow with his old mother and a hunchback sister, and was the tenderest son and brother.

PIERRE had of late rarely seen his wife alone. Both at Petersburg and at Moscow their house had been constantly full of guests. On the night following the duel he did not go to his bedroom, but spent the night, as he often did, in his huge study, formerly his father's room, the very room indeed in which Count Bezuhov had died.

Far from going to sleep, he could not even sit still in one place, and was forced to leap up and pace with rapid steps about the room. At one moment he had a vision of his wife, as she was in the first days after their marriage, with her bare shoulders, and languid, passionate eyes; and then immediately by her side he saw the handsome, impudent, hard, and ironical face of Dolohov, as he had seen it at the banquet, and again the same face of Dolohov, pale, quivering, in agony, as it had been when he turned and sank in the snow.

'What has happened?' he asked himself; 'I have killed *her lover*; yes, killed the lover of my wife. Yes, that has happened. Why was it? How have I come to this?' 'Because you married her,' answered an inner voice.

'But how am I to blame?' he asked. 'For marrying without loving her, for deceiving yourself and her.' And vividly he recalled that minute after

supper at Prince Vassily's when he had said those words he found so difficult to utter: 'I love you.' 'It has all come from that. Even then I felt it,' he thought; 'I felt at the time that it wasn't the right thing, that I had no right to do it. And so it has turned out.'

Then he thought of the coarseness, the bluntness of her ideas, and the vulgarity of the expressions that were characteristic of her, although she had been brought up in the highest aristocratic circles. 'Not quite such a fool . . . you just try it on . . . you clear out of this,' she would say. But at the moment when he believed himself soothed by reflections of that sort, he suddenly had a vision of *her*, and of her at those moments when he had most violently expressed his most insincere love to her, and he felt a rush of blood to his heart, and had to jump up again, and move about and break and tear to pieces anything that his hands came across. 'Why did I say to her "I love you"?' he kept repeating to himself. And as he repeated the question for the tenth time the saying of Molière came into his head: 'But what the devil was he doing in that galley?' and he laughed at himself.

In the night he called for his valet and bade him pack up to go to Petersburg. He could not conceive how he was going to speak to her now. He resolved that next day he would go away, leaving her a letter, in which he would announce his intention of parting from her for ever.

In the morning when the valet came into the study with his coffee, Pierre was lying on an ottoman asleep with an open book in his hand.

'The countess sent to inquire if your excellency were at home,' said the valet.

But before Pierre had time to make up his mind what answer he would send, the countess herself walked calmly and majestically into the room. She was wearing a white satin dressing-gown embroidered with silver, and had her hair in two immense coils wound like a coronet round her exquisite head. In spite of her calm, there was a wrathful line on her rather prominent, marble brow. She did not sit down, but stood looking at him with a disdainful smile, waiting for the valet to be gone.

'What's this about now? What have you been up to? I'm asking you,' she said sternly.

'I? I? what?' said Pierre.

'You going in for deeds of valour! Now, answer me, what does this duel mean? What did you want to prove by it? Eh! I ask you the question.' Pierre turned heavily on the sofa, opened his mouth but could not answer.

'If you won't answer, I'll tell you . . .' Ellen went on. 'You believe everything you're told. You were told . . .' Ellen laughed, 'that Dolohov was my lover,' she said in French, with her coarse plainness of speech, uttering the word '*amant*' like any other word, 'and you believed it! But what have you proved by this? What have you proved by this duel? That you're a fool; but every one knew that as it was. What does it lead to? Why, that I'm made a laughing-stock to all Moscow: that every one's

saying that when you were drunk and didn't know what you were doing, you challenged a man of whom you were jealous without grounds,' Ellen raised her voice and grew more and more passionate; 'who's a better man than you in every respect. . . .'

'Hem . . . hem . . .' Pierre growled, wrinkling up his face, and neither looking at her nor stirring a muscle.

'And how came you to believe that he's my lover? . . . Eh? Because I like his society? If you were cleverer and more agreeable, I should prefer yours.'

'Don't speak to me . . . I beseech you,' Pierre muttered huskily.

'Why shouldn't I speak? I can speak as I like, and I tell you boldly that it's not many a wife who with a husband like you wouldn't have taken a lover, but I haven't done it,' she said. Pierre tried to say something, glanced at her with strange eyes, whose meaning she did not comprehend, and lay down again. He was in physical agony at that moment; he felt a weight on his chest so that he could not breathe. He knew that he must do something to put an end to this agony but what he wanted to do was too horrible.

'We had better part,' he articulated huskily.

'Part, by all means, only if you give me a fortune,' said Ellen. . . .

Pierre leaped up from the couch and rushed staggering towards her.

'I'll kill you!' he shouted, and snatching up a marble slab from a table with a strength he had not known in himself till then, he made a step towards her and waved it at her.

Ellen's face was terrible to see; she shrieked and darted away from him. His father's nature showed itself in him. Pierre felt the abandonment and the fascination of frenzy. He flung down the slab, shivering it into fragments, and with open arms swooping down upon Ellen, screamed 'Go!' in a voice so terrible that they heard it all over the house with horror. God knows what Pierre would have done at that moment if Ellen had not run out of the room.

A week later Pierre had made over to his wife the revenue from all his estates in Great Russia, which made up the larger half of his property, and had gone away alone to Petersburg.

TWO MONTHS had passed since the news of the defeat of Austerlitz and the loss of Prince Andrey had reached Bleak Hills. In spite of all researches and letters through the Russian embassy, his body had not been found, nor was he among the prisoners. What made it worst of all for his father and sister was the fact that there was still hope that he might have been picked up on the battlefield by the people of the country, and might perhaps be lying, recovering, or dying somewhere alone, among strangers.

A week after the newspaper that had brought news of the defeat of Austerlitz, came a letter from Kutuzov, who described to the old prince the part taken in it by his son.

'Before my eyes,' wrote Kutuzov, 'your son with the flag in his hands, at the head of a regiment, fell like a hero, worthy of his father and his

fatherland. To my regret and the general regret of the whole army it has not been ascertained up to now whether he is alive or dead. I comfort myself and you with the hope that your son is living, as, otherwise, he would have been mentioned among the officers found on the field of battle, a list of whom has been given me under flag of truce.'

After receiving this letter, late in the evening when he was alone in his study, the old prince went for his morning walk as usual next day. But he was silent with the bailiff, the gardener, and the architect, and though he looked wrathful, said nothing to them. When Princess Marya went in to him at the usual hour, he was standing at the lathe and went on turning as usual, without looking round at her. 'Ah? Princess Marya!' he said suddenly in an unnatural voice, and he let the lathe go.

'Father! Andrey? . . .' said the ungainly, awkward princess with such unutterable beauty of sorrow and self-forgetfulness that her father could not bear to meet her eyes and turned away sobbing.

'I have had news. Not among the prisoners, not among the killed, Kutuzov writes,' he screamed shrilly, as though he would drive his daughter away with that shriek. 'Killed!'

The princess did not swoon, she did not fall into a faint. She was pale, but when she heard those words her face was transformed, and there was a radiance of something in her beautiful, luminous eyes. Something like joy, an exalted joy, apart from the sorrows and joys of this world, flooded the bitter grief she felt within her. She forgot all her terror of her father, went up to him, took him by the hand, drew him to her, and put her arm about his withered, sinewy neck.

'Father,' she said, 'do not turn away from me, let us weep for him together.'

'Blackguards, scoundrels!' screamed the old man, turning his face away from her. 'Destroying the army, destroying men! What for? Go, go and tell Liza.'

Princess Marya sank helplessly into an armchair beside her father and burst into tears. She could see her brother now at the moment when ironically he had put the image on. 'Did he believe now? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he there now? There in the realm of eternal peace and blessedness?' she wondered. 'Father, tell me how it was,' she asked through her tears.

'Go away, go,—killed in a defeat into which they led the best men of Russia and the glory of Russia to ruin. Go away, Princess Marya. Go and tell Liza. I will come.'

When Princess Marya went back from her father, the little princess was sitting at her work, and she looked up with that special inward look of happy calm that is peculiar to women with child. It was clear that her eyes were not seeing Princess Marya, but looking deep within herself.

'What's the matter with you, Marie?'

'Nothing . . . only I felt sad . . . sad about Andrey,' she said, brushing away the tears. These tears, which the little princess could not account for,

agitated her, little as she was observant in general. She said nothing, but looked about her uneasily, as though seeking for something. Before dinner the old prince, of whom she was always afraid, came into her room, with a particularly restless and malignant expression, and went out without uttering a word. She looked at Princess Marya.

'Have you heard news from Andrey?' she said.

'No; you know news could not come yet; but father is uneasy, and I feel frightened.'

'Then you have heard nothing?'

'Nothing,' said Princess Marya, looking resolutely at her with her luminous eyes. She had made up her mind not to tell her, and had persuaded her father to conceal the dreadful news from her till her confinement, expected before many days.

'What is the matter with you, my darling? You look pale. Oh, you are very pale,' said Princess Marya in alarm, after breakfast, on the morning of the 19th of March.

'Shouldn't we send for Marya Bogdanovna, your excellency?' said one of the maids who was present. Marya Bogdanovna was a midwife from a district town, who had been for the last fortnight at Bleak Hills.

'Oh, no, no!' And besides her pallor, the face of the little princess expressed a childish terror at the inevitable physical suffering before her.

'*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* Oh!' she heard behind her. The midwife was already on her way to meet her, rubbing her plump, small, white hands.

'Marya Bogdanovna! I think it has begun,' said Princess Marya, looking with wide-open, frightened eyes at the midwife.

'Well, I thank God for it,' said Marya Bogdanovna, not hastening her step. 'You young ladies have no need to know anything about it.'

'But how is it the doctor has not come from Moscow yet?' said the princess.

'It's no matter, princess, don't be uneasy,' said Marya Bogdanovna; 'we shall do very well without the doctor.'

Evening passed, night came on. No one slept. A relay of horses had been sent to the high-road for the German doctor who was expected every minute, and men were despatched on horseback with lanterns to the turning at the cross-roads to guide him over the holes and treacherous places in the ice.

Princess Marya sat in silence, her luminous eyes fixed on the wrinkled face of her old nurse (so familiar to her in the minutest detail), on the lock of grey hair that had escaped from the kerchief, on the baggy looseness of the skin under her chin.

'Princess, my dearie, there's some one driving up the avenue!' she said, holding the window-frame. 'With lanterns; it must be the doctor. . . .'

'Ah, my God! Thank God!' said the Princess Marya. 'I must go and meet him; he does not know Russian.'

Princess Marya flung on a shawl and ran to meet the stranger. As she passed through the ante-room, she saw through the window a carriage and

lanterns standing at the entrance. And a voice—familiar it seemed to Princess Marya—was saying something.

‘Thank God!’ said the voice. ‘And father?’

‘It is Andrey!’ thought Princess Marya. ‘No, it cannot be, it would be too extraordinary,’ she thought; and at the very instant she was thinking so, on the landing where the footman stood with a candle, there came into sight the face and figure of Prince Andrey, in a fur coat, with a deep collar covered with snow. Yes, it was he, but pale and thin, and with a transformed, strangely softened, agitated expression on his face.

‘You did not get my letter, then?’ he asked; and not waiting for an answer, he ran again rapidly upstairs.

The little princess was lying on the pillows in her white nightcap (the agony had only a moment left her). Her black hair lay in curls about her swollen and perspiring cheeks; her rosy, charming little mouth, with the downy lip, was open, and she was smiling joyfully. Prince Andrey went into the room, and stood facing her at the foot of the bed. The glittering eyes, staring in childish terror and excitement, rested on him with no change in their expression. ‘I love you all, I have done no one any harm; why am I suffering? help me,’ her face seemed to say. Prince Andrey went round the bed and kissed her on the forehead.

‘My precious,’ he said, a word he had never used speaking to her before. ‘God is merciful. . . .’ She stared at him with a face of inquiry, of childish reproach.

‘I hoped for help from you, and nothing, nothing, you too!’ her eyes said. His coming had nothing to do with her agony and its alleviation. The pains began again, and Marya Bogdanovna advised Prince Andrey to go out of the room.

Prince Andrey came out, and, meeting Princess Marya, went to her again. They talked in whispers, waiting and listening.

Piteous, helpless, animal groans came from the next room. Prince Andrey got up, went to the door, and would have opened it. Some one was holding the door.

‘Can’t come in, can’t!’ a frightened voice said from within. He began walking about the room. The screams ceased; several seconds passed. Suddenly a fearful scream—not her scream, could she scream like that?—came from the room. Prince Andrey ran to the door; the scream ceased; he heard the cry of a baby.

‘What have they taken a baby in there for?’ Prince Andrey wondered for the first second. ‘A baby? What baby? . . . Why a baby there? Or is the baby born?’

The door opened. A woman ran out, and, seeing Prince Andrey, stopped hesitating in the door. He went into his wife’s room. She was lying dead in the same position in which he had seen her five minutes before, and in spite of the fixed gaze and white cheeks, there was the same expression still on the charming childish face with the little lip covered with fine dark hair. ‘I love you all, and have done no harm to any one, and what have you done

to me?' said her charming, piteous, dead face. In a corner of the room was something red and tiny, squealing and grunting in the trembling white hands of Marya Bogdanovna.

Two hours later Prince Andrey went with soft steps into his father's room. The old man knew everything already. He was standing near the door, and, as soon as it opened, his rough old arms closed like a vice round his son's neck, and without a word he burst into sobs like a child.

Three days afterwards the little princess was buried. Even in the coffin the face was the same, though the eyes were closed. 'Ah, what have you done to me?' it still seemed to say; and Prince Andrey felt that he was guilty of a crime that he could never set right nor forget.

In another five days there followed the christening of the young prince, Nikolay Andreivitch. The nurse held the swaddling clothes up to her chin, while the priest with a goose feather anointed the baby's red, wrinkled hands and feet. His grandfather, who was his godfather, trembling and afraid of dropping the baby, carried him round the battered tin font.

Rostov's share in the duel between Dolohov and Bezuhov had been hushed up by the efforts of the old count, and instead of being degraded to the ranks, as Nikolay had expected, he had been appointed an adjutant to the governor of Moscow. Dolohov recovered, and Rostov became particularly friendly with him during his convalescence in the house of his mother. Marya Ivanovna, who had taken a fancy to Rostov, often talked to him about her son.

'Yes, count, he is too noble, too pure-hearted,' she would say, 'for the corrupt society of our day. Virtue is in favour with no one; it is apt to be a reproach to everybody. Come, tell me, count, was it right, was it honourable on Bezuhov's part? Fedya in his noble-hearted way loved him, and even now he never says a word against him. In Petersburg those pranks with the police constables, those practical jokes they played there, didn't they do everything together? And Bezuhov got nothing for it, while Fedya took all the blame on his shoulders. What he has had to go through!'

The early part of the winter of 1806, spent by Nikolay Rostov in Moscow, was one of the happiest and liveliest periods for him and all the family. Nikolay brought a lot of young men about him into his parents' house. One of the foremost was Dolohov, who was liked by every one in the house except Natasha. She almost had a quarrel with her brother over Dolohov. She persisted that he was a spiteful man; that in the duel with Bezuhov, Pierre had been in the right and Dolohov in the wrong, and that he was horrid and not natural.

'I know nothing about it, indeed,' Natasha would cry with self-willed obstinacy; 'he's spiteful and heartless. Your Denisov now, you see, I like; he's a rake, and all that, but still I like him, so I do understand. I don't know how to tell you; with him everything is done on a plan, and I don't like that. Denisov, now . . .'

'Oh, Denisov's another matter,' answered Nikolay, in a tone that implied

that in comparison with Dolohov even Denisov was not of much account.

In the autumn of 1806 every one was beginning to talk again of war with Napoleon, and with even greater fervour than in the previous year. A levy was decreed, not only of ten recruits for active service, but of nine militiamen for the reserve as well, from every thousand of the population. Everywhere Bonaparte was anathematised, and the only thing talked of in Moscow was the impending war. To the Rostov family the interest of these preparations for war was entirely centred in the fact that Nikolushka refused to remain longer in Moscow. His approaching departure, far from hindering him from enjoying himself, gave an added zest to his pleasures. The greater part of his time he spent away from home, at dinners, parties, and balls.

After Christmas Nikolay received a note from Dolohov:

'As I am going to rejoin the regiment, I am giving a farewell supper to my friends—come to the English Hotel.' On the day fixed Rostov went at about ten o'clock.

Some twenty men were gathered about a table before which Dolohov was sitting between two candles. On the table lay money and notes, and Dolohov was keeping the bank.

Rostov recalled at that instant a strange conversation he once had with Dolohov. 'None but fools trust to luck in play,' Dolohov had said then. Now, as though divining Rostov's thought, Dolohov said to him slowly and deliberately so that all could hear: 'Do you remember, I was talking to you about play . . . he's a fool who trusts to luck in play; one must play a sure game.

'Indeed, and you'd better not play,' he added; and throwing down a pack he had just torn open, he said, 'Bank, gentlemen!'

Moving the money forward, Dolohov began dealing.

Rostov sat near him, and at first he did not play. Dolohov glanced at him. And strange to say, Nikolay felt that he could not help taking up a card, staking a trifling sum on it, and beginning to play.

'I have no money with me,' said Rostov.

'I'll trust you!'

Rostov staked five roubles on a card and lost it, staked again and again lost. Dolohov beat ten cards in succession from Rostov.

'Gentlemen,' he said, after dealing again for a little while, 'I beg you to put the money on the cards or else I shall get muddled over the reckoning.'

One of the players said that he hoped he could trust him.

'I can trust you, but I'm afraid of making mistakes; I beg you to lay the money on the cards,' answered Dolohov. 'You needn't worry, we'll settle our accounts,' he added to Rostov.

The play went on; a footman never ceased carrying round champagne.

All Rostov's cards were beaten, and the sum of eight hundred roubles was scored against him. He wrote on a card eight hundred roubles, but while champagne was being poured out for him, he changed his mind and again wrote down the usual stake, twenty roubles.

'Leave it,' said Dolohov, though he did not seem to be looking at Rostov, 'you'll win it back all the sooner. I lose to the rest, while I win from you. Or perhaps you are afraid of me,' he repeated.

Rostov excused himself, left the stake of eight hundred and laid down the seven of hearts, a card with a corner torn, which he had picked up from the ground. Well he remembered that card afterwards. He laid down the seven of hearts, wrote on it with a broken piece of chalk 800 in bold round figures; he drank the glass of warmed champagne that had been given him, smiled at Dolohov's words, and with a sinking at his heart, waiting for the seven of hearts, he watched Dolohov's hands that held the pack. The loss or gain of that card meant a great deal for Rostov. On the previous Sunday Count Ilya Andreivitch had given his son two thousand roubles, and though he never liked speaking of money difficulties, he told him that this money was the last they would get till May, and so he begged him to be a little more careful. Nikolay said that that was too much really for him, and that he would give him his word of honour not to come for more before May. Now there was only twelve hundred out of that two thousand left. So that on the seven of hearts there hung not merely the loss of sixteen hundred roubles, but the consequent inevitable betrayal of his word. With a sinking heart he watched Dolohov's hands and thought: 'Well, make haste and deal me that card, and I'll take my cap and drive home to supper, and I'm sure I'll never take a card in my hand again.' He could not conceive that a stupid chance, leading the seven to the right rather than to the left, could hurl him into the abyss of unknown and undefined misery. It could not be; but yet it was with a thrill of dread that he waited for the movement of Dolohov's hands. Those broad-boned, reddish hands, with hairs visible under the shirt-cuffs, laid down the pack of cards and took up the glass and pipe that had been handed him.

'So you're not afraid to play with me?' repeated Dolohov; and as though he were about to tell a good story, he laid down the cards, leaned back in his chair, and began deliberately with a smile:

'Yes, gentlemen, I have been told there's a story going about Moscow that I'm too sharp with cards, so I advise you to be a little on your guard with me.'

'Come, deal away!' said Rostov.

'Ugh, these Moscow gossips!' said Dolohov, and he took up the cards with a smile.

'Aaah!' Rostov almost screamed, putting both his hands up to his hair. The seven he needed was lying uppermost, the first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

'Don't swim beyond your depth, though,' said Dolohov, with a passing glance at Rostov, and he went on.

Within an hour and a half the greater number of the players were no longer seriously interested in their own play.

The whole interest of the game was concentrated on Rostov. Instead of a mere loss of sixteen hundred roubles he had by now scored against him

a long column of figures, which he had added up to the tenth thousand, though he vaguely supposed that by now it had risen to fifteen thousand. In reality the score already exceeded twenty thousand roubles.

Rostov sat with his head propped in both hands, before the wine-stained table scrawled over with scorings and littered with cards. One torturing sensation never left him; those broad-boned, reddish hands, with the hairs visible under the shirt-cuffs, those hands which he loved and hated, held him in their power.

'Six hundred roubles, ace, corner, nine; winning it back's out of the question! . . . And how happy I should be at home. . . . The knave, double or quits, it can't be! . . . And why is he doing this to me? . . .' Rostov pondered and thought. Sometimes he put a higher stake on a card; but Dolohov refused it and fixed the stake himself. Nikolay submitted to him, and at one moment he was praying to God, as he had prayed under fire; at the next he tried his fortune on the chance that the card that he would first pick up among the heap of crumpled ones under the table would save him; then he reckoned up the rows of braidings on his coat, and tried staking the whole amount of his losses on a card of that number, then he looked round for help to the others playing, or stared in Dolohov's face, which looked quite cold now, and tried to penetrate into what was passing within him.

'He knows, of course, what this loss means to me. Surely he can't want me to be ruined? Why, he was my friend. I loved him. . . . But, indeed, it's not his fault; what's he to do, if he has all the luck? And it's not my fault,' he kept saying to himself. 'I have done nothing wrong. I haven't murdered or hurt any one, or wished any one harm, have I? What is this awful calamity for? And when did it begin? Such a little while ago I came to this table with the idea of winning a hundred roubles, and buying mamma that little casket for her name-day, and going home. I was so happy, so free, so light-hearted. And I didn't even know then how happy I was. When did all that end, and when did this new awful state of things begin? What was the outward token of that change? I still went on sitting in the same place at this table, and in the same way picking out cards and putting them forward, and watching those deft, broad-boned hands. When did it come to pass, and what has come to pass? I am strong and well, and still the same, and still in the same place. No; it cannot be. It will all be sure to end in nothing.'

He was all red and in a sweat though the room was not hot. And his face was painful and piteous to see, particularly from its helpless efforts to seem calm.

The score reached the fateful number of forty-three thousand roubles. Rostov already had the card ready which he meant to stake for double or quits on the three thousand, that had just been put down to his score, when Dolohov slapped the pack of cards down on the table, pushed it away, and taking the chalk began rapidly in his clear, strong hand, writing down the total of Rostov's losses, breaking the chalk as he did so.

'Supper, supper-time. And here are the gypsies.' And some swarthy men and women did in fact come in from the cold outside, saying something with their gypsy accent. Nikolay grasped that it was all over; but he said in an indifferent voice:

'What, won't you go on? And I have such a nice little card all ready.' As though what chiefly interested him was the game itself.

'It's all over, I'm done for,' he thought. 'Now a bullet through the head's the only thing left for me,' and at the same time he was saying in a cheerful voice:

'Come, just one more card.'

'Very good,' answered Dolohov, finishing his addition. 'Very good. Twenty-one roubles . . . done,' he said, pointing to the figure 21, over and above the round sum of forty-three thousand, and taking a pack, he made ready to deal, Rostov submissively turned down the corner, and instead of the 8000 he had meant to write, noted down 21.

'It's all the same to me,' he said; 'only it's interesting to me to know whether you will win on that ten or let me have it.'

Dolohov began seriously dealing. Oh, how Rostov hated at that moment those reddish hands, with their short fingers and the hairs visible under the shirt sleeves, those hands that held him in their clutches. . . . The ten was not beaten. 'Forty-three thousand to your score, count,' said Dolohov, and he got up from the table stretching. 'One does get tired sitting so long,' he said.

'Yes, I'm tired too,' said Rostov.

Dolohov cut him short, as though to warn him it was not for him to take a light tone.

'When am I to receive the money, count?'

Rostov flushing hotly drew Dolohov away into the other room.

'I can't pay it all at once, you must take an I.O.U.,' said he.

'Then, when am I to receive it?' asked Dolohov.

'To-morrow,' said Rostov, and went out of the room.

To say 'to-morrow,' and maintain the right tone was not difficult; but to arrive home alone, to see his sisters and brother, his mother and father, to confess and beg for money to which he had no right after giving his word of honour, was terrible.

At home they had not yet gone to bed. Sonya and Natasha, wearing the light blue dresses they had put on for the theatre, stood at the clavichord, pretty, happy and smiling. The old countess, waiting for her son and her husband to come in, was playing patience with an old gentlewoman, who was one of their household.

'Everything's just the same with them,' thought Nikolay, peeping into the drawing-room. 'Is papa at home?' he asked.

'How glad I am that you have come,' said Natasha, not answering his question, 'we are having such fun.'

'No, papa has not come in yet,' answered Sonya.

'Kolya, you there? Come to me, darling,' said the voice of the countess

from the drawing-room. Nikolay went up to his mother, kissed her hand, and sitting down by her table, began silently watching her hands as they dealt the cards. From the hall he kept hearing the sound of laughter and merry voices.

'What's the matter?' his mother asked Nikolay.

'Oh, nothing,' he said, as though sick of being continually asked the same question: 'Will papa soon be in?'

'I expect so.'

A quarter of an hour later, the old prince came in, good-humoured and satisfied from his club. Nikolay heard him come in, and went in to him.

'Well, had a good time?' said Ilya Andreivitch, smiling proudly and joyfully to his son. Nikolay tried to say 'Yes,' but could not; he was on the point of sobbing. The count was lighting his pipe, and did not notice his son's condition.

'Ugh, it's inevitable!' thought Nikolay, for the first and last time. And all at once, as though he were asking for the carriage to drive into town, he said to his father in the most casual tone, that made him feel vile to himself:

'Papa, I have come to you on a matter of business I was almost forgetting. I want some money.'

'You don't say so?' said his father, who happened to be in particularly good spirits. 'I told you that we shouldn't be having any. Do you want a large sum?'

'Very large,' said Nikolay, flushing and smiling a stupid, careless smile, for which long after he could not forgive himself. 'I have lost a little at cards, that is, a good deal, really, a great deal, forty-three thousand.'

'What! To whom? . . . You're joking!' cried the count, flushing, as old people flush, an apoplectic red over his neck and the back of his head.

'I have promised to pay it to-morrow,' said Nikolay.

'Oh!' . . . said the count, flinging up his arms; and he dropped helplessly on the sofa.

'It can't be helped! It happens to every one,' said his son in a free and easy tone, while in his heart he was feeling himself a low scoundrel, whose whole life could not atone for his crime. He would have liked to kiss his father's hands, to beg his forgiveness on his knees, while carelessly, rudely even, he was telling him that it happened to every one.

Count Ilya Andreivitch dropped his eyes when he heard those words from his son, and began moving hurriedly, as though looking for something.

'Yes, yes,' he brought out, 'it will be difficult, I fear, difficult to raise . . . happens to every one! yes, it happens to everyone . . .' And the count cast a fleeting glance at his son's face and walked out of the room. . . . Nikolay had been prepared to face resistance, but he had not expected this.

'Papa! pa . . . pa!' he cried after him, sobbing; 'forgive me!'

PART V

AFTER his interview with his wife, Pierre had set off for Petersburg. At the station of Torzhok Pierre had to wait. Without removing his outdoor things, he lay down on a leather sofa, in front of a round table, put up his big feet in their thick overboots on this table and sank into thought.

'Shall I bring in the trunks? Make up a bed? Will you take tea?' the valet kept asking.

Pierre made no reply, for he heard nothing and said nothing. He had been deep in thought since he left the last station, and still went on thinking of the same thing—of something so important that he did not notice what was passing around him.

'I shot Dolohov because I considered myself injured. Louis XVI was executed because they considered him to be a criminal, and a year later his judges were killed too for something. What is wrong? What is right? What must one love, what must one hate? What is life for, and what am I? What is life? What is death? What force controls it all?' he asked himself. And there was no answer to one of these questions, except one illogical reply that was in no way an answer to any of them. That reply was: 'One dies and it's all over. One dies and finds it all out or ceases asking.' But dying too was terrible.

'I make bold to beg your excellency to make room the least bit for this gentleman here,' said the overseer, coming into the room and ushering in after him another traveller brought to a standstill from lack of horses. The traveller was a thickset, square-shouldered, yellow, wrinkled old man, with grey eyelashes overhanging gleaming eyes of an indefinite grey colour.

Pierre took his feet off the table, glancing now and then at the newcomer, who, without looking at Pierre, with an air of surly fatigue was wearily taking off his outer wraps with the aid of his servant. The traveller, now clothed in a shabby nankin-covered sheepskin coat with felt highboots on his thin bony legs, sat down on the sofa, and leaning on its back his close-cropped head, which was very large and broad across the temples, he glanced at Bezuhov. The stern, shrewd, and penetrating expression in that glance impressed Pierre. He felt disposed to speak to the traveller, but by the time he had ready a question about the road with which to address him, the traveller had closed his eyes, and folded his wrinkled old hands, on one finger of which there was a large iron ring with a seal representing the head of Adam. He sat without stirring, either resting or sunk, as it seemed to

Pierre, in profound and calm meditation. Pierre stared at him, and had not time to look away when the old man opened his eyes and bent his resolute and stern glance upon Pierre. Pierre felt confused and tried to turn away from that glance, but the gleaming old eyes drew him irresistibly to them.

'I have the pleasure of speaking to Count Bezuhov, if I am not mistaken,' said the stranger, in a loud deliberate voice. Pierre looked in silence and inquiringly over his spectacles at the speaker. 'I have heard of you,' continued the stranger, 'and I have heard, sir, of what has happened to you, of your misfortune.' He underlined, as it were, the last word, as though to say: 'Yes, misfortune, whatever you call it, I know that what happened to you in Moscow was a misfortune.'

'I am very sorry for it, sir.' Pierre reddened.

'I have not mentioned this to you, sir, from curiosity, but from graver reasons.' He paused, not letting Pierre escape from his gaze, and moved aside on the sofa, inviting him by this movement to sit beside him.

'You are unhappy, sir,' he went on, 'you are young, and I am old. I should like, as far as it is in my power, to help you.'

'Oh, yes,' said Pierre, with an unnatural smile. 'Very much obliged to you . . . where have you been travelling from?' The stranger's face was not cordial, it was even cold and severe, but in spite of that, both the speech and the face of his new acquaintance were irresistibly attractive to Pierre.

'But if for any reason you dislike conversing with me,' said the old man, 'then you say so, sir.' And suddenly he smiled a quite unexpected smile of fatherly kindness.

'Oh, no, not at all; on the contrary, I am very glad to make your acquaintance,' said Pierre, and glancing once more at the stranger's hands, he examined the ring more closely. He saw the head of Adam, the token of masonry.

'Allow me to inquire,' he said, 'are you a mason?'

'Yes, I belong to the brotherhood of the freemasons,' said the stranger, looking now more searchingly into Pierre's eyes. 'And from myself and in their name I hold out to you a brotherly hand.'

'I am afraid,' said Pierre, smiling and hesitating between the confidence inspired in him by the personality of the freemason and the habit of ridiculing the articles of the masons' creed; 'I am afraid that I am very far from a comprehension—how shall I say—I am afraid that my way of thinking in regard to the whole theory of the universe is so opposed to yours that we shall not understand one another.'

'I am aware of your way of thinking,' said the freemason, 'and that way of thinking of which you speak, which seems to you the result of your own thought, is the way of thinking of the majority of men, and is the invariable fruit of pride, indolence, and ignorance. Excuse my saying, sir, that if I had not been aware of it, I should not have addressed you. Your way of thinking is a melancholy error.'

'Just as I may take for granted that you are in error,' said Pierre, faintly smiling.

'I would never be so bold as to say I know the truth,' said the mason. 'No one alone can attain truth; only stone upon stone, with the co-operation of all, by the millions of generations from our first father Adam down to our day is that temple being reared that should be a fitting dwelling-place of the Great God.'

'I ought to tell you that I don't believe, don't . . . believe in God,' said Pierre regretfully and with effort.

The freemason looked intently at Pierre and smiled as a rich man, holding millions in his hands, might smile to a poor wretch, who should say to him that he, the poor man, has not five roubles that would secure his happiness.

'Yes, you do not know Him, sir,' said the freemason. 'You cannot know Him. You know not Him, that is why you are unhappy.'

'Yes, yes, I am unhappy,' Pierre assented; 'but what am I to do?'

'You know not Him, sir, and that's why you are very unhappy. You know not Him, but He is here, He is within me, He is in my words, He is in thee, and even in these scoffing words that thou hast just uttered,' said the mason in a stern, vibrating voice.

He paused and sighed, evidently trying to be calm.

'If He were not,' he said softly, 'we should not be speaking of Him, sir. Of what, of whom were we speaking? Whom dost thou deny?' he said all at once, with enthusiastic austerity and authority in his voice. 'Who invented Him, if He be not? How came there within thee the conception that there is such an incomprehensible Being? How comes it that thou and all the world have assumed the existence of such an inconceivable Being, a Being all powerful, eternal and infinite in all His qualities? . . .' He stopped and made a long pause.

Pierre could not and would not interrupt this silence.

'He exists, but to comprehend Him is hard,' the mason began again, not looking into Pierre's face, but straight before him, while his old hands, which could not keep still for inward emotion, turned the leaves of the book. 'If it had been a man of whose existence thou hadst doubts, I could have brought thee the man, taken him by the hand, and shown him thee. But how am I, an insignificant mortal, to show all the power, all the eternity, all the blessedness of Him to one who is blind, or to one who shuts his eyes that he may not see, may not understand Him, and may not see, and not understand all his own vileness and viciousness.' He paused. 'Who art thou? What art thou? Thou dreamest that thou art wise because thou couldst utter those scoffing words,' he said, with a gloomy and scornful irony, 'while thou art more foolish and artless than a little babe, who playing with the parts of a cunningly fashioned watch, should rashly say that because he understands not the use of that watch, he does not believe in the maker who fashioned it. To know Him is a hard matter. For ages, from our first father Adam to our day, have we been striving for this knowledge, and are infinitely far from the attainment of our aim; but in our lack of understanding we see only our own weakness and His greatness . . .'

Pierre gazed with shining eyes into the freemason's face, listening with a thrill at his heart to his words; he did not interrupt him, nor ask questions, but with all his soul he believed what this strange man was telling him. Whether he believed on the rational grounds put before him by the freemason, or believed, as children do, through the intonations, the conviction, and the earnestness, of the mason's words, the gleaming old eyes that had grown old in that conviction, or the calm, the resolution, and the certainty of his destination, which were conspicuous in the whole personality of the old man, and struck Pierre with particular force, beside his own abjectness and hopelessness,—any way, with his whole soul he longed to believe, and believed and felt a joyful sense of soothing, of renewal, and of return to life.

The freemason smiled his mild, fatherly smile.

'The highest wisdom is founded not on reason only, not on those worldly sciences, of physics, history, chemistry, etc., into which knowledge of the intellect is divided. The highest wisdom is one. The highest wisdom knows but one science—the science of the whole, the science that explains the whole creation and the place of man in it. To instil this science into one's soul, it is needful to purify and renew one's inner man, and so, before one can know, one must believe and be made perfect. And for the attainment of these aims there has been put into our souls the light of God, called the conscience.'

'Yes, yes,' Pierre assented.

'Look with the spiritual eye into thy inner man, and ask of thyself whether thou art content with thyself. What hast thou attained with the guidance of the intellect alone? Are you satisfied with yourself and your life?'

'No, I hate my life,' said Pierre, frowning.

'Thou hatest it; then change it, purify thyself, and as thou art purified, thou wilt come to know wisdom. Look at your life, sir. How have you been spending it? In riotous orgies and debauchery, taking everything from society and giving nothing in return. You have received wealth. How have you used it? What have you done for your neighbour? Have you given a thought to the tens of thousands of your slaves, have you succoured them physically and morally? No. You have profited by their toil to lead a dissipated life. That's what you have done. Have you chosen a post in the service where you might be of use to your neighbor? No. You have spent your life in idleness. Then you married, sir, took upon yourself the responsibility of guiding a young woman in life, and what have you done? You have not helped her, sir, to find the path of truth, but have cast her into an abyss of deception and misery. A man injured you, and you have killed him, and you say you do not know God, and that you hate your life. There is no wisdom in all that, sir.'

After these words the freemason leaned his elbow again on the back of the sofa and closed his eyes, as though weary of prolonged talking. Pierre gazed at that stern, immovable, old, almost death-like face, and moved his lips without uttering a sound. He wanted to say, 'Yes, a vile, idle, vicious

life,' and he dared not break the silence. The freemason cleared his throat huskily, as old men do, and called his servant.

'How about horses?' he asked, without looking at Pierre.

'They have brought round some that were given up,' answered the old man. 'You won't rest?'

'No, tell them to harness them.'

'Can he really be going away and leaving me all alone, without telling me everything and promising me help?' thought Pierre, getting up with downcast head, beginning to walk up and down the room, casting a glance from time to time at the freemason. 'Yes, I had not thought of it, but I have led a contemptible, dissolute life, but I did not like it, and I didn't want to,' thought Pierre, 'and this man knows the truth, and if he liked he could reveal it to me.'

After packing his things with his practised old hands, the traveller buttoned up his sheepskin. On finishing these preparations, he turned to Bezuhov, and in a polite, indifferent tone, said to him:

'Where are you going now, sir?'

'I? . . . I'm going to Petersburg,' answered Pierre in a tone of childish indecision. 'I thank you. I agree with you in everything. But do not suppose that I have been so bad. With all my soul I have desired to be what you would wish me to be; but I have never met with help from any one. . . . Though I was myself most to blame for everything. Help me, instruct me, and perhaps I shall be able . . .'

Pierre could not say more; his voice broke and he turned away.

The freemason was silent, obviously pondering something.

'Help comes only from God,' he said, 'but such measure of aid as it is in the power of our order to give you, it will give you, sir. You go to Petersburg, and give this to Count Villarsky' (he took out his notebook and wrote a few words on a large sheet of paper folded into four). 'Therewith I wish you a good journey, sir,' he added.

The stranger was Osip Alexyevitch Bazdyev, as Pierre found out from the overseer's book. For a long while after he had gone, Pierre walked about the station room, neither lying down to sleep nor asking for horses. He reviewed his vicious past, and with an ecstatic sense of beginning anew, pictured to himself a blissful, irreproachably virtuous future, which seemed to him easy of attainment. He firmly believed in the possibility of the brotherhood of man, and freemasonry he pictured to himself as such a brotherhood.

ON REACHING Petersburg, Pierre let no one know of his arrival, went out to see nobody, and spent whole days in reading. A week after his arrival, the young Polish count, Villarsky, whom Pierre knew very slightly in Petersburg society, came one evening into his room with the same official and ceremonious air with which Dolohov's second had called on him.

'I have come to you with a message and a suggestion, count,' he said. 'A personage of very high standing in our brotherhood has been interceding

for you to be admitted into our brotherhood before the usual term, and has asked me to be your sponsor. I regard it as a sacred duty to carry out that person's wishes. Do you wish under my sponsorship to enter the brotherhood of freemasons?'

'Yes, I do wish it,' said Pierre.

Villarsky bent his head.

'One more question, count,' he said, 'to which I beg you, not as a future mason, but as an honest man to answer me in all sincerity: have you renounced your former convictions? do you believe in God?'

Pierre thought a moment.

'Yes . . . yes, I do believe in God,' he said.

'In that case, we can go,' said Villarsky. 'My carriage is at your disposal.'

Throughout the drive Villarsky was silent. In answer to Pierre's inquiries, what he would have to do, and how he would have to answer, Villarsky simply said that brothers more worthy than he would prove him, and that Pierre need do nothing but tell the truth.

They drove in at the gates of a large house, where the lodge had its quarters, and, passing up a dark staircase, entered a small, lighted ante-room, where they took off their overcoats without the assistance of servants. From the ante-room they walked into another room. A man in strange attire appeared at the door. Villarsky, going in to meet him, said something to him in French in a low voice, and went up to a small cupboard, where Pierre noticed garments unlike any he had seen before. Taking a handkerchief from the cupboard, Villarsky put it over Pierre's eyes and tied it in a knot behind, catching his hair painfully in the knot. 'When you hear a knock at the door, you may uncover your eyes,' Villarsky said, and went away.

Pierre shrugged his shoulders and raised his hand to the handkerchief, as though he would have liked to take it off, but he let it drop again. The five minutes he had spent with his eyes bandaged seemed to him an hour.

There came loud knocks at the door. Pierre took off the bandage and looked about him. It was black darkness in the room; only in one spot there was a little lamp burning before something white. Pierre went nearer and saw that the little lamp stood on a black table, on which there lay an open book. The book was the gospel: the white thing in which the lamp was burning was a human skull with its eyeholes and teeth. After reading the first words of the gospel, 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God,' Pierre went round the table and caught sight of a large open box filled with something. It was a coffin full of bones. He was not in the least surprised by what he saw. Hoping to enter upon a completely new life, utterly unlike the old life, he was ready for anything extraordinary, more extraordinary indeed than what he was seeing. The skull, the coffin, the gospel—it seemed to him that he had been expecting all that; had been expecting more, indeed. He tried to stir up a devotional

feeling in himself; he looked about him. 'God, death, love, the brotherhood of man,' he kept saying to himself, associating with those words vague but joyful conceptions of some sort.

The door opened and some one came in. In the faint light, in which Pierre could, however, see a little by this time, a short man approached. Apparently dazed by coming out of the light into the darkness, the man stopped, then with cautious steps moved again towards the table, and laid on it both his small hands covered with leather gloves.

This short man was wearing a white leather apron, that covered his chest and part of his legs; upon his neck could be seen something like a necklace, and a high white ruffle stood up from under the necklace, framing his long face, on which the light fell from below.

'For what are you come hither?' asked the newcomer, turning towards Pierre at a faint rustle made by the latter. 'For what are you, an unbeliever in the truth of the light, who have not seen the light, for what are you come here? What do you seek from us? Wisdom, virtue, enlightenment?'

At the moment when the door opened and the unknown person came in, Pierre had a sensation of awe and reverence, such as he had felt in childhood at confession. Going closer, Pierre recognised a man he knew, Smolyaninov, but it was mortifying to him to think that the newcomer was a familiar figure.

'Yes; I . . . I . . . wish to begin anew,' Pierre articulated with difficulty.

'Very good,' said Smolyaninov, and went on at once.

'Have you any idea of the means by which our holy order will assist you in attaining your aim? . . .'

'I . . . hope for . . . guidance . . . for help . . . in renewing . . .'

Pierre. 'What idea have you of freemasonry?'

'I assume that freemasonry is the *fraternité* and equality of men with virtuous aims,' said Pierre, feeling ashamed as he spoke of the incongruity of his words with the solemnity of the moment. 'I assume . . .'

'Have you sought the means of attaining your aim in religion?'

'No; I regarded it as untrue and have not followed it,' said Pierre.

'You seek the truth in order to follow its laws in life; consequently, you seek wisdom and virtue, do you not?'

'Yes, yes,' assented Pierre.

'I must inform you further that our order promulgates its doctrine not by word only, but by certain means which have perhaps on the true seeker after wisdom and virtue a more potent effect than merely verbal explanations. Our order follows the usage of ancient societies which revealed their doctrine in hieroglyphs. A hieroglyph,' said Smolyaninov, 'is the name given to a symbol of some object, imperceptible to the senses and possessing qualities similar to those of the symbol.'

Pierre knew very well what a hieroglyph was, but he did not venture

to say so. He listened in silence, feeling from everything he said that his ordeal was soon to begin.

'If you are resolved, I must proceed to your initiation. In token of liberality I beg you to give me everything precious you have.'

'But I have nothing with me,' said Pierre, supposing he was being asked to give up all his possessions.

'What you have with you: watch, money, rings . . .'

Pierre made haste to get out his purse and his watch, and was a long time trying to get his betrothal ring off his fat finger. When this had been done, the freemason said:

'In token of obedience I beg you to undress.' Pierre took off his coat and waistcoat and left boot. The mason opened his shirt over the left side of his chest and pulled up his breeches on the left leg above the knee. Pierre would hurriedly have taken off the right boot and tucked up the trouser-leg, to save this stranger the trouble of doing so, but the mason told him this was not necessary and gave him a slipper to put on his left foot. With a childish smile of embarrassment, of doubt, and of self-mockery, which would come into his face in spite of himself, Pierre stood with his legs wide apart and his hands hanging at his side, awaiting his next commands.

'And finally, in token of candour, I beg you to disclose to me your chief temptation,' he said.

'My temptation! I *had* so many,' said Pierre.

'The temptation which does more than all the rest to make you stumble on the path of virtue,' said the freemason.

Pierre paused, seeking a reply.

'Wine? gluttony? frivolity? laziness? hasty temper? anger? women?' he went through his vices, mentally balancing them, and not knowing to which to give the pre-eminence.

'Women,' said Pierre in a low, hardly audible voice. The freemason did not speak nor stir for a long while after that reply. At last he moved up to Pierre, took the handkerchief that lay on the table, and again tied it over his eyes.

'For the last time I say to you: turn all your attention upon yourself, put a bridle on your feelings, and seek blessedness not in your passions, but in your own heart. The secret of blessing is not without but within us. . . .'

Shortly after this, there walked into the dark temple to fetch Pierre his sponsor Villarsky, whom he recognised by his voice. In reply to fresh inquiries as to the firmness of his resolve, Pierre answered:

'Yes, yes, I agree,' and with a beaming, childlike smile he walked forward, stepping timidly and unevenly with one booted and one slippered foot, while Villarsky held a sword pointed at his fat, uncovered chest. He was led out of the room along corridors, turning backwards and forwards, till at last he was brought to the doors of the lodge. Villarsky coughed; he was answered by masonic taps with hammers; the door opened before them. A bass voice (Pierre's eyes were again bandaged) put questions to

him, who he was, where and when he was born, and so on. Then he was again led away somewhere with his eyes still bandaged, and as he walked they spoke to him in allegories of the toils of his pilgrimage, and of holy love, of the Eternal Creator of the world, of the courage with which he was to endure toils and dangers.

During this time Pierre noticed that he was called sometimes the *seeker*, sometimes the *sufferer*, and sometimes the *postulant*, and that they made various tapping sounds with hammers and with swords. While he was being led up to some object, he noticed that there was hesitation and uncertainty among his conductors. He heard a whispered dispute among the people round him, and one of them insisting that he should be made to cross a certain carpet. After this they took his right hand, laid it on something, while they bade him with the left hold a compass to his left breast, while they made him repeat after some one who read the words aloud, the oath of fidelity to the laws of the order. Then the candles were extinguished and spirit was lighted, as Pierre knew from the smell of it, and he was told that he would see the lesser light. The bandage was taken off his eyes, and in the faint light of the burning spirit Pierre saw, as though it were in a dream, several persons who stood facing him in aprons, and held swords pointed at his breast. Among them stood a man in a white shirt stained with blood. On seeing this, Pierre moved with his chest forward towards the swords, meaning them to stab him. But the swords were drawn back, and the bandage was at once replaced on his eyes.

'Now you have seen the lesser light,' said a voice. Then again they lighted the candles, told him that he had now to see the full light, and again removed the bandage, and more than ten voices said all at once: '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

Pierre gradually began to regain his self-possession, and to look about at the room and the people in it. Round a long table covered with black were sitting some dozen men, all in the same strange garment that he had seen before. Several of them Pierre knew in Petersburg society. In the president's chair sat a young man, with a peculiar cross on his neck, whom he did not know. On his right hand sat the Italian abbé whom Pierre had seen two years before at Anna Pavlovna's. There were among them a dignitary of very high standing and a Swiss tutor, who had once been in the Kuragin family. All preserved a solemn silence, listening to the president, who held a hammer in his hand. In the wall was carved a blazing star; on one side of the table was a small rug with various figures worked upon it; on the other was something like an altar with the gospel and a skull on it. Round the table stood seven big ecclesiastical-looking candlesticks. Two of the brothers led Pierre up to the altar, set his feet at right angles and bade him lie down, saying that he would be casting himself down at the gates of the temple.

'He ought first to receive the spade,' said one of the brothers in a whisper.

'Oh! hush, please,' said another.

Pierre did not obey, but with uneasy short-sighted eyes looked about him, and suddenly doubt came over him. 'Where am I? What am I doing? Aren't they laughing at me? Shan't I be ashamed to remember this?' But this doubt only lasted a moment. Pierre looked round at the serious faces of the people round him, thought of all he had just been through, and felt that there was no stopping half-way. He was terrified at his own hesitation, and trying to arouse in himself his former devotional feeling, he cast himself down at the gates of the temple.

When he had lain there some time, he was told to get up, and a white leather apron such as the others wore was put round him, and a spade and three pairs of gloves were put in his hands; then the grand master addressed him. He told him that he must try never to stain the whiteness of that apron, which symbolised strength and purity. Then of the unexplained spade he told him to toil with it at clearing his heart from vice, and with forbearing patience smoothing the way in the heart of his neighbour. Then of the first pair of gloves he said that he could not know yet their significance, but must treasure them; of the second pair he said that he must put them on at meetings; and finally of the third pair—they were women's gloves—he said:

'Dear brother, and these woman's gloves are destined for you too. Give them to the woman whom you shall honour beyond all others. That gift will be a pledge of your purity of heart to her whom you select as a worthy helpmeet in masonry.' After a brief pause, he added: 'But beware, dear brother, that these gloves never deck hands that are impure.'

While the grand master uttered the last words it seemed to Pierre that he was embarrassed. Pierre was even more embarrassed; he blushed to the point of tears, as children blush, looking about him uneasily, and an awkward silence followed.

This silence was broken by one of the brothers who, leading Pierre to the rug, began reading out of a manuscript book the interpretation of all the figures delineated upon it: the sun, the moon, the hammer, the balance, the spade, the rough stone and the shaped stone, the post, the three windows. Then Pierre was shown his appointed place, he was shown the signs of the lodge, told the password, and at last permitted to sit down.

The grand master proposed that the last duty be performed, and the great dignitary whose duty it was to collect the alms began making the round of all the brothers. Pierre would have liked to give to the list of alms all the money he had in the world, but he feared thereby to sin by pride, and only wrote down the same sum as the others.

The sitting was over, and it seemed to Pierre on returning home that he had come back from a long journey on which he had spent dozens of years, and had become utterly changed, and had renounced his old habits and manner of life.

Pierre had been told at the lodge that the rumour of the duel had reached

the Emperor's ears, and that it would be more judicious for him to withdraw from Petersburg. Pierre proposed going to his estates in the south, and there occupying himself with the care of his peasants. He was joyfully dreaming of this new life when Prince Vassily suddenly walked into his room.

'My dear fellow, what have you been about in Moscow? What have you been quarrelling over with Ellen, my dear boy? You have been making a mistake,' said Prince Vassily, as he came into the room. 'I have heard all about it; I can tell you for a fact that Ellen is innocent.'

Pierre would have answered, but he interrupted him.

'And why didn't you come simply and frankly to me as to a friend? I know all about it; I understand it all,' said he. 'You have behaved as was proper for a man who valued his honour, too hastily, perhaps, but we won't go into that. One thing you must think of, the position you are placing her and me in, in the eyes of society and even of the court,' he added, dropping his voice. 'I have learned from excellent sources that the Dowager Empress is taking a keen interest in the whole affair. You know she is very graciously disposed to Ellen.'

Several times Pierre had prepared himself to speak, but on one hand Prince Vassily would not let him, and on the other hand Pierre himself was loath to begin to speak in the tone of resolute refusal and denial, in which he was firmly resolved to answer his father-in-law. Moreover the words of the masonic precept: 'Be thou friendly and courteous,' recurred to his mind. He blinked and blushed, got up and sank back again, trying to force himself to do what was for him the hardest thing in life—to say an unpleasant thing to a man's face, to say what was not expected by that man, whoever he might be. He was so much in the habit of submitting to that tone of careless authority in which Prince Vassily spoke, that even now he felt incapable of resisting it. But he felt, too, that on what he said now all his future fate would depend.

'Come, my dear boy,' said Prince Vassily playfully, 'simply say "yes," and I'll write on my own account to her, and we'll kill the fatted calf.' But before Prince Vassily had finished uttering his playful words, Pierre, not looking at him, but with a fury in his face that made him like his father, whispered, 'Prince, I did not invite you here: go, please, go!' He leaped up and opened the door to him. 'Go!' he repeated, amazed at himself and enjoying the expression of confusion and terror in the countenance of Prince Vassily.

'What's the matter with you? are you ill?'

'Go!' the quivering voice repeated once more. And Prince Vassily had to go, without receiving a word of explanation.

A week later Pierre went away to his estates, after taking leave of his new friends, the freemasons, and leaving large sums in their hands for alms. His new brethren gave him letters for Kiev and Odessa, to masons living there.

PIERRE's duel with Dolohov was smoothed over, and in spite of the Tsar's severity in regard to duels at that time, neither the principals nor the seconds suffered for it. But the scandal of the duel, confirmed by Pierre's rupture with his wife, made a great noise in society. Pierre had been looked upon with patronising condescension when he was an illegitimate son; he had been made much of and extolled for his virtues while he was the wealthiest match in the Russian empire; but after his marriage, when young ladies and their mothers had nothing to hope from him, he had fallen greatly in the opinion of society, especially as he had neither the wit nor the wish to ingratiate himself in public favour. Now the blame of the whole affair was thrown on him; it was said that he was insanely jealous, and subject to the same fits of bloodthirsty fury as his father had been. And when, after Pierre's departure, Ellen returned to Petersburg, she was received by all her acquaintances not only cordially, but with a shade of deference that was a tribute to her distress.

On reaching Kiev, Pierre sent for all his stewards to his head counting-house, and explained to them his intentions and his desires. He told them that steps would very shortly be taken for the complete liberation of his peasants from serfdom, that till that time his peasants were not to be overburdened with labour, that the women with children were not to be sent out to work, that assistance was to be given to the peasants, that wrong-doing was to be met with admonishment, and not with corporal punishment; and that on every estate there must be founded hospitals, almshouses, and schools. Several of the stewards (among them were some bailiffs barely able to read and write) listened in dismay, supposing the upshot of the young count's remarks to be that he was dissatisfied with their management and embezzlement of his money. Others, after the first shock of alarm, derived amusement from Pierre's lisp and the new words he used that they had not heard before. Others again found a simple satisfaction in hearing the sound of their master's voice. But some, among them the head steward, divined from this speech how to deal with their master for the attainment of their own ends.

The head steward expressed great sympathy with Pierre's projects; but observed that, apart from these innovations, matters were in a bad way and needed thoroughly going into.

In spite of Count Bezuhov's enormous wealth, Pierre ever since he had inherited it, and had been, as people said, in receipt of an annual income of five hundred thousand, had felt much less rich than when he had been receiving an allowance of ten thousand from his father. In general outlines he was vaguely aware of the following budget. About eighty thousand was being paid into the Land Bank as interest on mortgages on his estates. About thirty thousand went to the maintenance of his estate in the suburbs of Moscow, his Moscow house, and his cousins, the princesses. About fifteen thousand were given in pensions, and as much more to benevolent institutions. One hundred and fifty thousand were sent to his countess for her maintenance. Some seventy thousand were

paid away as interest on debts. The building of a new church had for the last two years been costing about ten thousand. The remainder—some one hundred thousand—was spent—he hardly knew how—and almost every year he was forced to borrow. Moreover every year the head steward wrote to him of conflagrations, or failures of crops, or of the necessity of rebuilding factories or workshops. And so the first duty with which Pierre was confronted was the one for which he had the least capacity and inclination—attention to practical business.

Every day Pierre *went into* things with the head steward. But he felt that what he was doing did not advance matters one inch. He felt that all he did was quite apart from reality, that his efforts had no grip on the business, and would not set it in progress. On one side the head steward put matters in their worst light, proving to Pierre the necessity of paying his debts, and entering upon new undertakings with the labour of his serf peasants, to which Pierre would not agree. On the other side, Pierre urged their entering upon the work of liberation, to which the head steward objected the necessity of first paying off the loans from the Land Bank, and the consequent impossibility of haste in the matter.

Pierre had none of that practical tenacity, which would have made it possible for him to undertake the business himself, and so he did not like it, and only tried to keep up a pretence of going into business before the head steward. The steward too kept up a pretence before the count of regarding his participation in it as of great use to his master, and a great inconvenience to himself.

In Kiev he had acquaintances: persons not acquaintances made haste to become so, and gave a warm welcome to the young man of fortune, the largest landowner of the province, who had come into their midst. The temptations on the side of Pierre's besetting weakness, the one to which he had given the first place at his initiation into the lodge, were so strong that he could not resist them. Again whole days, weeks, and months of his life were busily filled up with parties, dinners, breakfasts, and balls, giving him as little time to think as at Petersburg. Instead of the new life Pierre had hoped to lead, he was living just the same old life only in different surroundings.

In the spring of 1807, Pierre made up his mind to go back again to Petersburg. On the way back he intended to make the tour of all his estates, to ascertain what had been done of what had been prescribed by him, and in what position the people now were whom he had been striving to benefit.

The head steward, who regarded all the young count's freaks as almost insanity—disastrous to him, to himself, and to his peasants—made concessions to his weaknesses. While continuing to represent the liberation of his serfs as impracticable, he made arrangements on all his estates for the building of schools, hospitals, and asylums on a large scale to be begun ready for the master's visit, prepared everywhere for him to be met, not with ceremonious processions, which he knew would not be to Pierre's

taste, but with just the devotionally grateful welcomes, with holy images and bread and salt, such as would, according to his understanding of the count, impress him and delude him.

The southern spring, the easy, rapid journey in his Vienna carriage, and the solitude of the road, had a gladdening influence on Pierre. The estates, which he had not before visited, were one more picturesque than the other; the peasantry seemed everywhere thriving, and touchingly grateful for the benefits conferred on them. Everywhere he was met by welcomes, which though they embarrassed Pierre, yet at the bottom of his heart rejoiced him. At one place the peasants had brought him bread and salt and the images of Peter and Paul, and begged permission in honour of his patron saints, and in token of love and gratitude for the benefits conferred on them, to erect at their own expense a new chapel in the church. At another place he was welcomed by women with babies in their arms who came to thank him for being released from the obligation of heavy labour. In a third place he was met by a priest with a cross, surrounded by children, whom by the favour of the count he was instructing in reading and writing and religion. On all his estates Pierre saw with his own eyes stone buildings erected, or in course of erection, all on one plan, hospitals, schools, and almshouses, which were in short time to be opened. Everywhere Pierre saw the steward's reckoning of service due to him diminished in comparison with the past, and heard touching thanks for what was remitted from deputations of peasants in blue, full-skirted coats.

But Pierre did not know that where they brought him bread and salt and were building a chapel of Peter and Paul, nine-tenths of the peasants of that village were in the utmost destitution. He did not know that since by his orders nursing mothers were not sent to work on their master's land, those same mothers did even harder work on their own bit of land. He did not know that the priest who met him with the cross oppressed the peasants with his exactions, and that the pupils gathered around him were yielded up to him with tears and redeemed for large sums by their parents. He did not know that the stone buildings were being raised by his labourers, and increased the forced labour of his peasants, which was only less upon paper. He did not know that where the steward pointed out to him in the account book the reduction of rent to one-third in accordance with his will, the labour exacted had been raised by one half. And so Pierre was enchanted by his journey over his estates, and came back completely to the philanthropic frame of mind in which he had left Petersburg, and wrote enthusiastic letters to his preceptor and brother, as he called the grand master.

'How easy it is, how little effort is needed to do so much good,' thought Pierre, 'and how little we trouble ourselves to do it!'

He was happy at the gratitude shown him, but abashed at receiving it. That gratitude reminded him how much more he could do for those simple, good-hearted people.

The head steward, a very stupid and crafty man, who thoroughly understood the clever and naïve count, and played with him like a toy, seeing the effect produced on Pierre by these carefully arranged receptions, was bolder in advancing arguments to prove the impossibility, and even more, the uselessness of liberating the peasants, who were so perfectly happy without that.

In the recesses of his own heart, Pierre agreed with the steward that it was difficult to imagine people happier, and that there was no knowing what their future would be in freedom. But though reluctantly, he stuck to what he thought the right thing. The steward promised to use every effort to carry out the count's wishes, perceiving clearly that the count would never verify whether every measure had been taken, would never probably even inquire, and would certainly never find out that the peasants were giving in labour and money just what they gave with other masters, that is, all that could be got out of them.

RETURNING from his southern tour in the happiest frame of mind, Pierre carried out an intention he had long had, of visiting his friend Bolkonsky, whom he had not seen for two years.

'Well, I didn't expect you; I am glad,' said Prince Andrey.

Pierre said nothing; he was looking in wonder at his friend, and could not take his eyes off him. He was struck by the change in Prince Andrey. His words were warm, there was a smile on the lips and the face, but there was a lustreless, dead look in his eyes, into which, in spite of his evident desire to seem glad, Prince Andrey could not throw a gleam of happiness. It was not only that his friend was thinner, paler, more manly looking, but the look in his eyes and the line on his brow, that expressed prolonged concentration on some one subject, struck Pierre and repelled him till he got used to it.

On meeting after a long separation, the conversation, as is always the case, did not for a long while rest on one subject. They asked questions and gave brief replies about things of which they knew themselves they must talk at length. At last the conversation began gradually to revolve more slowly about the questions previously touched only in passing, their life in the past, their plans for the future, Pierre's journeys, and what he had been doing, the war, and so on. The concentrated and crushed look which Pierre had noticed in Prince Andrey's eyes was still more striking now in the smile with which he listened to him, especially when he was telling him with earnestness and delight of his past or his future. It was as though Prince Andrey would have liked to take interest in what he was telling him, but could not. Pierre began to feel that to express enthusiasm, ideals, and hopes of happiness and goodness was unseemly before Prince Andrey. He felt ashamed of giving expression to all the new ideas he had gained from the masons, which had been revived and strengthened in him by his last tour. He restrained himself, afraid of seeming naïve. At the same time he felt an irresistible desire to show his

friend at once that he was now a quite different Pierre, better than the one he had known in Petersburg.

'I can't tell you how much I have passed through during this time. I shouldn't know my old self.'

'Yes, you are very, very much changed since those days,' said Prince Andrey.

'Well, and what of you?' asked Pierre. 'What are your plans?'

'Plans?' repeated Prince Andrey ironically. 'My plans?' he repeated. 'But why talk about me . . . talk to me, and tell me about your journey, about everything you have been doing.'

Pierre began describing what he had been doing on his estates, trying as far as he could to disguise his share in the improvements made on them. Prince Andrey several times put in a few words before Pierre could utter them, as though all Pierre's doings were an old, familiar story, and he were hearing it not only without interest, but even as it were a little ashamed of what was told him.

Pierre began to feel awkward and positively wretched in his friend's company. He relapsed into silence.

At dinner the conversation fell on Pierre's marriage.

'I was very much surprised when I heard of it,' said Prince Andrey.

Pierre blushed as he always did at any reference to his marriage, and said hurriedly: 'I'll tell you one day how it all happened. But you know that it's all over and for ever.'

'For ever?' said Prince Andrey; 'nothing's for ever.'

'But do you know how it all ended? Did you hear of the duel?'

'Yes, you had to go through that too!'

'The one thing for which I thank God is that I didn't kill that man,' said Pierre.

'Why so?' said Prince Andrey. 'To kill a vicious dog is a very good thing to do, really.'

'No, to kill a man is bad, wrong . . .'

'Why is it wrong?' repeated Prince Andrey; 'what's right and wrong is a question it has not been given to men to decide. Men are for ever in error, and always will be in error, and in nothing more than in what they regard as right and wrong.'

'What does harm to another man is wrong,' said Pierre, feeling with pleasure that for the first time since his arrival Prince Andrey was roused and was beginning to speak and eager to give expression to what had made him what he now was.

'And who has told you what is harm to another man?' he asked.

'Harm? harm?' said Pierre; 'we all know what harms ourselves.'

'Yes, we know that, but it's not the same harm we know about for ourselves that we do to another man,' said Prince Andrey, growing more and more eager, and evidently anxious to express to Pierre his new view of things. He spoke in French. 'I only know two very real ills in life, remorse and sickness. There is no good except the absence of those ills. To

live for myself so as to avoid these two evils: that's the sum of my wisdom now.'

'And love for your neighbour, and self-sacrifice?' began Pierre. 'No, I can't agree with you! To live with the sole object of avoiding doing evil, so as not to be remorseful, that's very little. I used to live so, I used to live for myself, and I spoilt my life. And only now, when I'm living, at least trying to live' (modesty impelled Pierre to correct himself) 'for others, only now I have learnt to know all the happiness of life. No, I don't agree with you, and indeed, you don't believe what you're saying yourself.'

Prince Andrey looked at Pierre without speaking, and smiled ironically. 'Well, you'll see my sister Marie. You will get on with her,' said he. 'Perhaps you are right for yourself,' he added, after a brief pause, 'but every one lives in his own way; you used to live for yourself, and you say that by doing so you almost spoiled your life, and have only known happiness since you began to live for others. And my experience has been the reverse. I used to live for glory. In that way I lived for others, and not almost, but quite spoilt my life. And I have become more peaceful since I live only for myself.'

'But how are you living only for yourself?' Pierre asked, getting hot. 'What of your son, your sister, your father?'

'Yes, but that's all the same as myself, they are not others,' said Prince Andrey; 'but others, one's neighbours, as you and Marie call them, they are the great source of error and evil. One's neighbours are those—your Kiev peasants—whom one wants to do good to.'

And he looked at Pierre with a glance of ironical challenge. He unmistakably meant to draw him on.

'You are joking,' said Pierre, getting more and more earnest. 'What error and evil can there be in my wishing (I have done very little and done it very badly), but still wishing to do good, and doing indeed something any way? Where can be the harm if unhappy people, our peasants, people just like ourselves, growing up and dying with no other idea of God and the truth, but a senseless prayer and ceremony, if they are instructed in the consoling doctrines of a future life, of retribution, and recompense and consolation? What harm and error can there be in my giving them doctors, and a hospital, and a refuge for the aged, when men are dying of disease without help, and it is so easy to give them material aid? And isn't there palpable, incontestable good, when the peasants and the women with young children have no rest day or night, and I give them leisure and rest? . . .' said Pierre, talking hurriedly and lisping. 'And I have done that; badly it's true, and too little of it, but I have done something towards it, and you'll not only fail to shake my conviction that I have done well, you'll not even shake my conviction that you don't believe that yourself. And the great thing,' Pierre continued, 'is that I know this—and know it for a certainty—that the enjoyment of doing this good is the only real happiness in life.'

'Oh, if you put the question like that, it's a different matter,' said Prince Andrey. 'I'm building a house and laying out a garden, while you are building hospitals. Either occupation may serve to pass the time. But as to what's right and what's good—come, let us argue the matter,' said Prince Andrey. 'You talk of schools,' he went on, crooking one finger, 'instruction, and so forth, that is, you want to draw a peasant out of his animal condition and to give him spiritual needs, but it seems to me that the only possible happiness is animal happiness, and you want to deprive him of it. I envy him, while you are trying to make him into me, without giving him my circumstances. Another thing you speak of is lightening his toil. But to my notions, physical labour is as much a necessity for him, as much a condition of his existence, as intellectual work is for me and for you. You can't help thinking. I go to bed at three o'clock, thoughts come into my mind, and I can't go to sleep; I turn over, and can't sleep till morning, because I'm thinking, and I can't help thinking, just as he can't help ploughing and mowing. If he didn't, he would go to the tavern, or become ill. Just as I could not stand his terrible physical labour, but should die of it in a week, so he could not stand my physical inactivity, he would grow fat and die. The third thing—what was it you talked about?'

Prince Andrey crooked his third finger.

'Oh, yes, hospitals, medicine. He has a fit and dies, but you have him bled and cure him. He will drag about an invalid for ten years, a burden to every one. It would be ever so much simpler and more comfortable for him to die. Others are born, and there are always plenty. If you grudge losing a labourer—that's how I look at him—but you want to cure him from love for him. But he has no need of that. And besides, what a notion that medicine has ever cured any one! Killed them—yes!' he said, scowling and turning away from Pierre.

Prince Andrey gave such clear and precise utterance to his ideas that it was evident he had thought more than once of this already, and he talked rapidly and eagerly, as a man does who has long been silent.

'Oh, this is awful, awful!' said Pierre. 'I don't understand how one can live with such ideas. I have had moments of thinking like that; it was not long ago at Moscow and on a journey, but then I become so abject that I don't live at all, everything's hateful to me . . . myself, most of all. Then I don't eat, I don't wash . . . how can you go on? . . .'

'Why not wash, that's not clean,' said Prince Andrey; 'on the contrary, one has to try and make one's life more agreeable as far as one can. I'm alive, and it's not my fault that I am, and so I have to try without hurting others to get on as well as I can till death.'

'But what impulse have you to live with such ideas? You would sit still without stirring, taking no part in anything. . . .'

'Life won't leave you in peace even so. I should be glad to do nothing, but here you see on one side, the local nobility have done me the honour of electing me a marshal; it was all I could do to get out of it. Now there's the militia.'

'Why aren't you serving in the army?'

'After Austerlitz!' said Prince Andrey gloomily. 'No, thank you; I swore to myself that I would never serve in the Russian army again. And I will not, if Bonaparte were stationed here at Smolensk, threatening Bleak Hills! even then I wouldn't serve in the Russian army. Well, so I was saying,' Prince Andrey went on, regaining his composure. 'Now, there's the militia; my father's commander-in-chief of the third circuit, and the only means for me to escape from active service is to serve under him.'

'So you are in the service, then?'

'Yes.'

'Then why do you serve?'

'I'll tell you why. My father is one of the most remarkable men of his time. But he's grown old, and he's not cruel exactly, but he's of too energetic a character. He's terrible from his habit of unlimited power, and now with this authority given him by the Emperor as a commander-in-chief in the militia. If I had been two hours later a fortnight ago, he would have hanged the register-clerk at Yuhnovo,' said Prince Andrey with a smile. 'So I serve under him now because no one except me has any influence over my father, and I sometimes save him from an act which would be a source of misery to him afterwards.'

'Ah, there you see!'

'Yes, it is not as you think,' Prince Andrey continued. 'I didn't, and I don't wish well in the slightest to that scoundrelly register-clerk who had stolen boots or something from the militiamen; indeed, I would have been very glad to see him hanged, but I feel for my father, that is again myself.'

Prince Andrey's eyes glittered feverishly, as he tried to prove to Pierre that there was never the slightest desire to do good to his neighbour in his actions. Pierre could not help thinking those ideas were suggested to him by his father.

'No, no, a thousand times no! I shall never agree with you,' said Pierre.

Towards ten o'clock the footmen rushed to the steps, hearing the bells of the old prince's carriage approaching. Prince Andrey and Pierre, too, went out on to the steps.

'Who's that?' asked the old prince, as he got out of the carriage and saw Pierre.

'Ah! very glad! kiss me!' he said, on learning who the young stranger was.

The old prince was in a good humour and very cordial to Pierre.

Before supper, Prince Andrey, on coming back into his father's study, found the old prince in hot dispute with Pierre. The latter was maintaining that a time would come when there would be no more war. The old prince was making fun of him, but with good humour.

'Let off blood from men's veins and fill them up with water, then there'll be no more war. Old women's nonsense, old women's nonsense,' he was saying, but still he slapped Pierre affectionately on the shoulder.

and went up to the table where Prince Andrey, evidently not caring to take part in the conversation, was looking through the papers the old prince had brought from the town. The old prince went up to him and began to talk of business.

'The marshal, a Count Rostov, hasn't sent half his contingent. Came to the town and thought fit to invite me to dinner—a pretty dinner I gave him! . . . And here, look at this. . . . Well, my boy,' said the old prince to his son, clapping Pierre on the shoulder, 'your friend is a capital fellow; I like him! He warms me up. Other people will talk sense and one doesn't care to listen, and he talks nonsense, but it does an old man like me good. There, run along,' he said; 'maybe I'll come and sit with you at your supper. We'll have another dispute. Make friends with my dunce, Princess Marya,' he shouted to Pierre from the door.

Though he had hardly known them, Pierre felt at once like an old friend both with the harsh old prince and the gentle, timid Princess Marya. They all liked him. Not only Princess Marya, who looked at him with her most radiant expression; little Prince Nikolay, as the old prince called the year-old baby, smiled at Pierre and went to him. Mihail Ivanitch and Mademoiselle Bourienne looked at him with smiles when he talked to the old prince.

ON returning this time from his leave, Rostov for the first time felt and recognised how strong was the tie that bound him to Denisov and all his regiment.

When Rostov reached the regiment, he experienced a sensation akin to what he had felt on reaching his home at Moscow. When he caught sight of the first hussar in the unbuttoned uniform of his regiment, when he recognised red-haired Dementyev, and saw the picket ropes of the chestnut horses, when Lavrushka gleefully shouted to his master, 'The count has come!' and Denisov, who had been asleep on his bed, ran all dishevelled out of the mud hut, and embraced him, and the officers gathered around to welcome the newcomer—Rostov felt the same sensation as when his mother had embraced him, and his father and sisters. The regiment was a home, too, and a home as unchangeably dear and precious as the parental home.

After reporting himself to his colonel, being assigned to his own squadron, and serving on orderly duty and going for forage, after entering into all the little interests of the regiment, Rostov had the same feeling of peace and of moral support and the same sense of being at home here, and in his proper place, as he had once felt under his father's roof. Here was none of all that confusion of the free world, where he did not know his proper place, and made mistakes in exercising free choice. There were none of those vague and undefined money relations with his father; no memories of his awful loss to Dolohov. Here in the regiment everything was clear and simple. There was no need of thought or of choice; one had only to do nothing that was considered low in the Pavlograd regiment, and when occasion

came, to do what was clear and distinct, defined and commanded; and all would be well.

On becoming subject again to the definite regulations of regimental life, Rostov had a sense of pleasure and relief, such as a weary man feels in lying down to rest. The regimental life was the greater relief to Rostov on this campaign, because after his loss to Dolohov (for which, in spite of his family's efforts to console him, he could not forgive himself), he had resolved not to serve as before, but to atone for his fault by good conduct, and by being a thoroughly good soldier and officer, that is a good man, a task so difficult in the *world*, but so possible in the regiment.

Rostov had determined to repay his gambling debt to his parents in the course of five years. He had been sent ten thousand a year; now he had made up his mind to take only two thousand, and to leave the remainder to repay the debt to his parents.

It was thawing, muddy, and cold, the ice had broken upon the river, the roads had become impassable; for several days there had been neither provender for the horses nor provisions for the men. Seeing that the transport of provisions was impossible, the soldiers dispersed about the abandoned and desert villages to try and find potatoes, but very few were to be found even of these.

Everything had been eaten up, and all the inhabitants of the district had fled; those that remained were worse than beggars, and there was nothing to be taken from them; indeed, the soldiers, although little given to compassion, often gave their last ration to them.

The Pavlograd regiment had only lost two men wounded in action, but had lost almost half its men from hunger and disease. In the hospitals they died so invariably, that soldiers sick with fever or the swelling that came from bad food, preferred to remain on duty, to drag their feeble limbs in the ranks, rather than to go to the hospitals. As spring came on, the soldiers found a plant growing out of the ground, like asparagus, which for some reason they called Mary's sweet-root, and they wandered about the fields and meadows seeking this Mary's sweet-root (which was very bitter). They dug it up with their swords and ate it, in spite of all prohibition of this noxious root being eaten. In the spring a new disease broke out among the soldiers, with swelling of the hands, legs, and face, which the doctors attributed to eating this root. But in spite of the prohibition, the soldiers of Denisov's squadron in particular ate a great deal of the Mary's sweet-root, because they had been for a fortnight eking out the last biscuits, giving out only half a pound a man, and the potatoes in the last lot of stores were sprouting and rotten.

The horses, too, had for the last fortnight been fed on the thatched roofs of the houses; they were hideously thin, and still covered with their shaggy, winter coats, which were coming off in tufts.

In spite of their destitute condition, the soldiers and officers went on living exactly as they always did. Just as always, though now with pale and swollen faces and torn uniforms, the hussars were drawn up for calling

over, went out to collect forage, cleaned down their horses, and rubbed up their arms, dragged in straw from the thatched roofs in place of fodder, and assembled for dinner round the cauldrons, from which they rose up hungry, making jokes over their vile food and their hunger. Just as ever, in their spare time off duty the soldiers lighted camp-fires, and warmed themselves naked before them, smoked, picked out, and baked the sprouting, rotten potatoes, and told and heard either stories of Potyomkin's and Suvorov's campaigns or popular legends of cunning Alyoshka, and of the priests' workman, Mikolka.

The officers lived as usual in twos and threes in the roofless, broken-down houses. The senior officers were busily engaged in trying to get hold of straw and potatoes, and the means of sustenance for the soldiers generally, while the younger ones spent their time as they always did, some over cards (money was plentiful, though there was nothing to eat), others over more innocent games, a sort of quoits and skittles. Of the general cause of the campaign little was said, partly because nothing certain was known, partly because there was a vague feeling that the war was not going well. It was closer to the borders of Russia. On all sides could be heard curses upon the enemy of the human race, Bonaparte; in the villages there were levies of recruits and reserve men, and from the theatre of war came news of the most conflicting kind, false as usual, and hence variously interpreted.

In April the army was excited by the news of the arrival of the Tsar. Rostov did not succeed in being present at the review; the Pavlograd hussars were at the advance posts, a long way in front.

They were bivouacking. Denisov and Rostov were living in a mud hut dug out by the soldiers for them, and roofed with branches and turf. The hut was made after a pattern that had just come into fashion among the soldiers. A trench was dug out an ell and a half in breadth, two ells in depth, and three and a half in length. At one end of the trench steps were scooped out, and these formed the entrance and the approach. The trench itself was the room, and in it the lucky officers, such as the captain, had a plank lying on piles at the further end away from the steps—this was the table. On both sides of the trench the earth had been thrown up, and these mounds made the two beds and the sofa. The roof was so constructed that one could stand upright in the middle, and on the beds it was possible to sit, if one moved up close to the table. Denisov, who always fared luxuriously, because the soldiers of his squadron were fond of him, had a board nailed up in the front part of the roof, and in the board a broken but cemented window pane. When it was very cold, they used to bring red-hot embers from the soldiers' camp-fires in a bent sheet of iron and set them near the steps (in the drawing-room, as Denisov called that part of the hut), and this made it so warm that the officers, of whom there were always a number with Denisov and Rostov, used to sit with nothing but their shirts on.

In April Rostov had been on duty. At eight o'clock in the morning, on coming home after a sleepless night, he sent for hot embers, changed his

rain-soaked underclothes, said his prayers, drank some tea, warmed himself, put things tidy in his corner and on the table, and with a wind-beaten, heated face, and with only his shirt on, lay down on his back, folding his hands behind his head. He was engaged in agreeable meditations, reflecting that he would be sure to be promoted for the last reconnoitring expedition, and was expecting Denisov to come in. He wanted to talk to him.

Behind the hut he heard the resounding roar of Denisov, unmistakably irritated. Rostov moved to the window to see to whom he was speaking, and saw the quartermaster, Toptcheenko.

'I told you not to let them stuff themselves with that root—Mary's what do you call it!' Denisov was roaring. 'Why, I saw it myself, Lazartchuk was pulling it up in the field.'

'I did give the order, your honour; they won't heed it,' answered the quartermaster.

Rostov lay down again on his bed, and thought contentedly: 'Let him see to things now; he's fussing about while I have done my work, and I am lying here—it's splendid!' Through the wall he could hear now some one besides the quartermaster speaking. Lavrushka, Denisov's smart rogue of a valet, was telling him something about some transports, biscuits and oxen, he had seen, while on the look-out for provisions.

Again he heard Denisov's shout from further away, and the words: 'Saddle! second platoon!'

'Where are they off to?' thought Rostov.

Five minutes later Denisov came into the hut, clambered with muddy feet on the bed, angrily lighted his pipe, scattered about all his belongings, put on his riding-whip and sword, and was going out of the hut. In reply to Rostov's question, where was he going? he answered angrily and vaguely that he had business to see after.

'God be my judge, then, and our gracious Emperor!' said Denisov, as he went out. Outside the hut Rostov heard the hoofs of several horses splashing through the mud. Rostov did not even trouble himself to find out where Denisov was going. Getting warmed through in his corner, he fell asleep, and it was only towards evening that he came out of the hut. Denisov had not yet come back. The weather had cleared; near the next hut two officers were playing quoits, with a laugh sticking big radishes for pegs in the soft muddy earth. Rostov joined them. In the middle of a game the officers saw transport waggons driving up to them; some fifteen hussars on lean horses rode behind them. The transport waggons, escorted by the hussars, drove up to the picket ropes, and a crowd of hussars surrounded them.

'There, look! Denisov was always fretting about it,' said Rostov; 'here are provisions come at last.'

'High time, too!' said the officers. 'Won't the soldiers be pleased!'

A little behind the hussars rode Denisov, accompanied by two infantry officers, with whom he was in conversation. Rostov went to meet them.

'I warn you, captain,' one of the officers was saying, a thin, little man, visibly wrathful.

'Well, I have told you, I won't give them up,' answered Denisov.

'You will have to answer for it, captain. It's mutiny—carrying off transports from your own army! Our men have had no food for two days.'

'Mine have had nothing for a fortnight,' answered Denisov.

'It's brigandage; you will answer for it, sir!' repeated the infantry officer, raising his voice.

'But why do you keep pestering me? Eh?' roared Denisov, suddenly getting furious. 'It's I will have to answer for it, and not you; and you'd better not cry out till you're hurt. Be off!' he shouted at the officers.

'All right!' the little officer responded, not the least intimidated, and not moving away. 'It's robbery, so I tell you. . . .'

The stores carried off by the hussars had been intended for an infantry regiment, but learning from Lavrushka that the transport was unescorted, Denisov and his hussars had carried off the stores by force. Biscuits were dealt out freely to the soldiers; they even shared them with the other squadrons.

Next day the colonel sent for Denisov, and putting his fingers held apart before his eyes, he said to him: 'I look at the matter like this; see, I know nothing, and will take no steps; but I advise you to ride over to the staff, and there, in the commissariat department, to smooth the thing over, and if possible give a receipt for so much stores. If not, and a claim is entered for the infantry regiments, there will be a fuss, and it may end unpleasantly.'

Denisov went straight from the colonel to the staff with a sincere desire to follow his advice.

In the evening he came back to his hut in a condition such as Rostov had never seen his friend in before. Denisov could not speak, and was gasping for breath. When Rostov asked him what was wrong with him, he could only in a faint and husky voice utter incoherent oaths and threats.

Alarmed at Denisov's condition, Rostov suggested he should undress, drink some water, and sent for the doctor.

'Me to be court-martialled for brigandage—oh! some more water!—Let them court-martial me; I will, I always will, beat blackguards, and I'll tell the Emperor.—Ice,' he kept saying.

The regimental doctor said it was necessary to bleed him. A deep saucer of black blood was drawn from Denisov's hairy arm, and only then did he recover himself sufficiently to relate what had happened.

'I got there,' Denisov said. "'Well, where are your chief's quarters?'" I asked. They showed me. "'Will you please to wait?'" "I have come on business, and I have come over thirty versts, I haven't time to wait; announce me." Very good; but the over-thief appears; he, too, thought fit to lecture me. "This is robbery!" says he. "The robber," said I, "is not the man who takes the stores to feed his soldiers, but the man who takes them to fill his pockets." "Will you please to be silent?" Very good. "Give a receipt," says he, "to the commissioner, but the affair will be reported at

headquarters." I go before the commissioner. I go in. Sitting at the table . . . Who? No, think of it! . . . Who is it that's starving us to death?' roared Denisov, bringing the fist of his lanced arm down so violently that the table almost fell over, and the glasses jumped on it. 'Telyanin! . . . "What, it's you that's starving us to death?" said I, and I gave him one on the snout, and well it went home, and then another, so . . . "Ah! . . . you so-and-so . . ." and I gave him a thrashing. But I did have a bit of fun, though, I can say that,' cried Denisov, his white teeth showing in a smile of malignant glee under his black moustaches. 'I should have killed him, if they hadn't pulled me off.'

'But why are you shouting; keep quiet,' said Rostov; 'it's bleeding again. Stay, it must be bound up.'

Denisov was bandaged up and put to bed. Next day he waked up calm and in good spirits.

But at midday the adjutant of the regiment came with a grave and gloomy face to the hut shared by Denisov and Rostov, and regretfully showed them a formal communication to Major Denisov from the colonel, in which inquiries were made about the incidents of the previous day. The adjutant informed them that the affair seemed likely to take a very disastrous turn; that a court-martial was to be held; and that, with the strictness now prevailing as regards pillaging and breach of discipline, it would be a lucky chance if it ended in being degraded to the ranks.

The case, as presented by the offended parties, was that Major Denisov, after carrying off the transports, had without any provocation come in a drunken condition to the chief commissioner of the commissariat, had called him a thief, threatened to beat him; and, when he was led out, had rushed into the office, attacked two officials, and sprained the arm of one of them.

In response to further inquiries from Rostov, Denisov said, laughing, that it did seem certainly as though some other fellow had been mixed up in it, but that it was all stuff and nonsense; that he would never dream of being afraid of courts of any sort, and that if the scoundrels dared to pick a quarrel with him, he would give them an answer they wouldn't soon forget.

Denisov spoke in this careless way of the whole affair. But Rostov knew him too well not to detect that in his heart (though he hid it from others) he was afraid of a court-martial, and was worrying over the matter, which was obviously certain to have disastrous consequences. Documents began to come every day, and notices from the court, and Denisov received a summons to put his squadron under the command of the officer next in seniority, and on the first of May to appear before the staff of the division for an investigation into the row in the commissariat office. On the previous day Platov undertook a reconnaissance of the enemy with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denisov, with his usual swaggering gallantry, rode in the front of the line. One of the bullets fired by the French sharpshooters struck him in the fleshy upper part of the leg. Possibly at any other time Denisov would not have left the regiment for so

slight a wound, but now he took advantage of it to excuse himself from appearing before the staff, and went into the hospital.

IN the month of June Rostov took leave to visit Denisov at the hospital.

The hospital was in a little Prussian town, which had twice been sacked by Russian and French troops. In the summer weather, when the country looked so pleasant, this little town presented a strikingly melancholy contrast, with its broken roofs and fences, its foul streets and ragged inhabitants, and the sick and drunken soldiers wandering about it.

The hospital was a stone house with remnants of fence torn up in the yard, and window frames and panes partly broken. Several soldiers bandaged up, and with pale and swollen faces, were walking or sitting in the sunshine in the yard.

As soon as Rostov went in at the door, he was conscious of the stench of hospital and putrefying flesh all about him. On the stairs he met a Russian army doctor with a cigar in his mouth. He was followed by a Russian trained assistant.

'I can't be everywhere at once,' the doctor was saying. The assistant asked some further question. 'Oh! do as you think best! What difference will it make?'

The doctor caught sight of Rostov mounting the stairs.

'What are you here for, your honour?' said the doctor. 'What are you here for? Couldn't you meet with a bullet that you want to pick up typhus? This is a pest-house, my good sir.'

'How so?' asked Rostov.

'Typhus, sir. It's death to any one to go in. It's only we two, Makeev and I' (he pointed to the assistant) 'who are still afoot here. Five of us, doctors, have died here already. As soon as a new one comes, he's done for in a week,' said the doctor with evident satisfaction.

Rostov explained that he wanted to see Major Denisov of the hussars, who was lying wounded here.

'I don't know, can't tell you, my good sir. Only think, I have three hospitals to look after alone—over four hundred patients. It's a good thing the Prussian charitable ladies send us coffee and lint—two pounds a month—or we should be lost.' He laughed. 'Four hundred, sir; and they keep sending me in fresh cases. It is four hundred, isn't it? Eh?' He turned to the assistant.

The assistant looked worried. He was unmistakably in a hurry for the talkative doctor to be gone, and was waiting with vexation.

'Major Denisov,' repeated Rostov; 'he was wounded at Moliten.'

'I believe he's dead. Eh, Makeev?' the doctor queried of the assistant carelessly.

The assistant did not, however, confirm the doctor's words.

'Is he a long, red-haired man?' asked the doctor.

Rostov described Denisov's appearance.

'He was here, he was,' the doctor declared, with a sort of glee. 'He must be dead, but still I'll see. I have lists.'

Rostov and the assistant went into the corridor. The hospital stench was so strong in that dark corridor that Rostov held his nose, and was obliged to pause to recover his energy to go on. A door was opened on the right, and there limped out on crutches a thin yellow man with bare feet, and nothing on but his underlinen. Leaning against the doorpost, he gazed with glittering, anxious eyes at the persons approaching. Rostov glanced in at the door and saw that the sick and wounded were lying there on the floor, on straw and on overcoats.

'Can one go in and look?' asked Rostov.

'What is there to look at?' said the assistant. But just because the assistant was obviously disinclined to let him go in, Rostov went into the soldiers' ward. The stench, to which he had grown used a little in the corridor, was stronger here. In the long room, brightly lighted by the sun in the big window, lay the sick and wounded in two rows with their heads to the wall, leaving a passage down the middle. The greater number of them were unconscious, and took no notice of the entrance of outsiders. Those who were conscious got up or raised their thin, yellow faces, and all gazed intently at Rostov, with the same expression of hope of help, of reproach, and envy of another man's health. Rostov went into the middle of the room, glanced in at the open doors of adjoining rooms, and on both sides saw the same thing. He stood still, looking round him speechless. He had never expected to see anything like this. Just before him lay right across the empty space down the middle, on the bare floor, a sick man, probably a Cossack for his hair was cut round in basin shape. This Cossack lay on his back, his huge arms and legs outstretched. His face was of a purple red, his eyes were quite sunk in his head so that only the whites could be seen, and on his legs and on his hands, which were still red, the veins stood out like cords. He was knocking his head against the floor, and he uttered some word and kept repeating it. Rostov listened to what he was saying, and distinguished the word he kept repeating. That word was 'drink—drink—drink!' Rostov looked about for some one who could lay the sick man in his place and give him water.

'Who looks after the patients here?' he asked the assistant. At that moment a commissariat soldier, a hospital orderly, came in from the adjoining room, and, marching in drill step, drew himself up before him.

'Good day, your honour!' bawled this soldier, rolling his eyes at Rostov, and obviously mistaking him for some one in authority.

'Take him away, give him water,' said Rostov, indicating the Cossack.

'Certainly, your honour,' the soldier replied complacently, rolling his eyes more strenuously than ever, and drawing himself up, but not budging to do so.

'No, there's no doing anything here,' thought Rostov, dropping his eyes; and he wanted to get away, but he was aware of a significant look bent upon him from the right side, and he looked round at it. Almost in the corner there was, sitting on a military overcoat, an old soldier with a stern yellow face, thin as a skeleton's, and an unshaved grey beard. He was looking per-

sistently at Rostov. The man next the old soldier was whispering something to him, pointing to Rostov. Rostov saw the old man wanted to ask him something. He went closer and saw that the old man had only one leg bent under him, the other had been cut off above the knee. On the other side of the old man, at some distance from him, there lay with head thrown back the motionless figure of a young soldier with a waxen pallor on his snub-nose and still freckled face, and eyes sunken under the lids. Rostov looked at the snub-nosed soldier and a shiver ran down his back.

“Why, that one seems to be . . .” he said to the assistant.

“We’ve begged and begged, your honour,” said the old soldier with a quiver in his lower jaw. “He died early in the morning. We’re men, too, not dogs. . . .”

“I’ll see to it directly; they shall take him, they shall take him away,” said the assistant hurriedly. “Come, your honour.”

“Let us go, let us go,” said Rostov hastily; and dropping his eyes and shrinking together, trying to pass unnoticed through the lines of those reproachful and envious eyes fastened upon him, he went out of the room.

The assistant walked along the corridor and led Rostov to the officers’ wards, three rooms with doors opening between them. In these rooms there were bedsteads; the officers were sitting and lying upon them. Some were walking about the room in hospital dressing-gowns. The first person who met Rostov in the officers’ ward was a thin little man who had lost one arm. He was walking about the first room in a nightcap and hospital dressing-gown, with a short pipe between his teeth. Rostov, looking intently at him, tried to recall where he had seen him.

“See where it was God’s will for us to meet again,” said the little man. “Tushin, Tushin, do you remember I brought you along after Schöngraben? They have sliced a bit off me, see, . . .” said he smiling, and showing the empty sleeve of his dressing-gown. “Is it Vassily Dmitryevitch Denisov you are looking for—a fellow-lodger here?” he said, hearing who it was Rostov wanted. “Here, here,” and he led him into the next room, from which there came the sound of several men laughing.

“How can they live in this place even, much less laugh?” thought Rostov, still aware of that corpse-like smell that had been so overpowering in the soldiers’ ward, and still seeing around him those envious eyes following him on both sides, and the face of that young soldier with the sunken eyes.

Denisov, covered up to his head with the quilt, was still in bed, though it was twelve o’clock in the day.

“Ah, Rostov! How are you, how are you?” he shouted, still in the same voice as in the regiment. But Rostov noticed with grief, behind this habitual briskness and swagger, some new, sinister, smothered feeling that peeped out in the words and intonations and the expression of the face of Denisov.

His wound, trifling as it was, had still not healed, though six weeks had passed since he was wounded. His face had the same swollen pallor as all the faces in the hospital. But that was not what struck Rostov: what struck him was that Denisov did not seem pleased to see him, and his smile was

forced. Denisov asked him nothing either of the regiment or of the general progress of the war. When Rostov talked of it, Denisov did not listen.

Rostov even noticed that Denisov disliked all reference to the regiment, and to that other free life going on outside the hospital walls. He seemed to be trying to forget that old life, and to be interested only in his quarrel with the commissariat officials. In reply to Rostov's inquiry as to how this matter was going, he promptly drew from under his pillow a communication he had received from the commissioner, and a rough copy of his answer. He grew more eager as he began to read his answer, and specially called Rostov's attention to the biting sarcasm with which he addressed his foes. Denisov's companions in the hospital, who had gathered round Rostov, as a person newly come from the world of freedom outside, gradually began to move away as soon as Denisov began reading his answer. From their faces Rostov surmised that all these gentlemen had more than once heard the whole story, and had had time to be bored with it. Only his nearest neighbour, a stout Uhlan, sat on his pallet-bed, scowling gloomily and smoking a pipe, and little one-armed Tushin still listened, shaking his head disapprovingly. In the middle of the reading the Uhlan interrupted Denisov.

'What I say is,' he said, turning to Rostov, 'he ought simply to petition the Emperor for pardon. Just now, they say, there will be great rewards given and they will surely pardon.'

'Me petition the Emperor!' said Denisov in a voice into which he tried to throw his old energy and fire, but which sounded like the expression of impotent irritability. 'What for? If I had been a robber, I'd beg for mercy; why, I'm being called up for trying to show up robbers. Let them try me, I'm not afraid of any one; I have served my Tsar and my country honestly, and I'm not a thief! And degrade me to the ranks and . . . Listen, I tell them straight out, see, I write to them, "If I had been a thief of government property . . ."'

'It's neatly put, no question about it,' said Tushin. 'But that's not the point, Vassily Dmitritch,' he too turned to Rostov, 'one must submit, and Vassily Dmitritch here won't do it. The auditor told you, you know, that it looks serious for you.'

'Well, let it be serious,' said Denisov.

'The auditor wrote a petition for you,' Tushin went on, 'and you ought to sign it and despatch it by this gentleman. No doubt he' (he indicated Rostov) 'has influence on the staff too. You won't find a better opportunity.'

'But I have said I won't go cringing and fawning,' Denisov interrupted, and he went on reading his answer.

Rostov did not dare to try and persuade Denisov, though he felt instinctively that the course proposed by Tushin and the other officers was the safest.

When the reading of Denisov's biting replies, which lasted over an hour, was over, Rostov said nothing, and in the most dejected frame of mind spent the rest of the day in the society of Denisov's companions, who had

again gathered about him. He told them what he knew, and listened to the stories told by others. Denisov maintained a gloomy silence the whole evening.

Late in the evening, when Rostov was about to leave, he asked Denisov if he had no commission for him.

'Yes, wait a bit,' said Denisov. He looked round at the officers, and taking his papers from under his pillow, he went to the window where there was an inkstand, and sat down to write.

'It seems it's no good knocking one's head against a stone wall,' said he, coming from the window and giving Rostov a large envelope. It was the petition addressed to the Emperor that had been drawn up by the auditor. In it Denisov, making no reference to the shortcoming of the commissariat department, simply begged for mercy. 'Give it, it seems . . .' He did not finish, and smiled a forced and sickly smile.

AFTER going back to the regiment and reporting to the colonel the position of Denisov's affairs, Rostov rode to Tilsit with the letter to the Emperor.

On the 13th of June the French and Russian Emperors met at Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoy had asked the personage of high rank on whom he was in attendance to include him in the suite destined to be staying at Tilsit.

'I should like to see the great man,' he said, meaning Napoleon, whom he had hitherto, like every one else, always spoken of as Bonaparte.

'You are speaking of Buonaparte?' the general said to him, smiling.

Boris looked inquiringly at his general, and immediately saw that this was a playful test.

'I am speaking, prince, of the Emperor Napoleon,' he replied. With a smile the general clapped him on the shoulder.

'You will get on,' said he, and he took him with him. Boris was among the few present at Niemen on the day of the meeting of the Emperors. He saw the raft with the royal monograms, saw Napoleon's progress through the French guards along the further bank, saw the pensive face of the Emperor Alexander as he sat silent in the inn on the bank of the Niemen waiting for Napoleon's arrival. He saw both the Emperors get into boats, and Napoleon reaching the raft first, walk rapidly forward, and meeting Alexander, give him his hand; then both the Emperors disappeared into a pavilion. Ever since he had entered these higher spheres, Boris had made it his habit to keep an attentive watch on what was passing round him, and to note it all down. During the meeting of the Emperors at Tilsit, he asked the names of the persons accompanying Napoleon, inquired about the uniforms they were wearing, and listened carefully to the utterances of persons of consequence.

Rostov, like the whole army indeed, was far from having passed through that revolution of feeling in regard to Napoleon and the French—transforming them from foes into friends—that had taken place at headquarters and in Boris. In the army every one was still feeling the same mingled hatred, fear, and contempt for Bonaparte and the French. Only recently Rostov had

argued with an officer of Platov's Cossacks the question whether if Napoleon were taken prisoner he was to be treated as an emperor or as a criminal. Only a little while previously Rostov had met a wounded French colonel on the road, and had maintained to him with heat that there could be no peace concluded between a legitimate emperor and the criminal Bonaparte.

Consequently it struck Rostov as strange to see French officers in Boris's quarters wearing the uniforms at which he was used to looking with very different eyes from the line of pickets. As soon as he caught sight of a French officer, that feeling of war, of hostility, which he always experienced at the sight of the enemy, came upon him at once. He stood still on the threshold and asked in Russian whether Drubetskoy lived there. Boris, hearing a strange voice in the passage, went out to meet him. For the first moment when he recognised Rostov, his face betrayed his annoyance.

'Ah, that's you, very glad, very glad to see you,' he said, however, smiling and moving towards him. But Rostov had detected his first impulse.

'I have come at a bad time, it seems,' said he; 'I shouldn't have come, but it's on a matter of importance,' he said coldly. . . .

'No, I was only surprised at your getting away from the regiment. I will be with you in a moment,' he said in reply to a voice calling him.

'I see I have come at a bad time,' repeated Rostov.

The expression of annoyance had by now vanished from Boris's face; evidently having reflected and made up his mind how to act, he took him by both hands with marked composure and led him into the next room. Boris's eyes, gazing serenely and unflinchingly at Rostov, seemed as it were veiled by something, as though a sort of screen—the blue spectacles of conventional life—had been put over them. So it seemed to Rostov.

'Oh, please, don't talk nonsense, as if you could come at a wrong time,' said Boris. Boris led him into a room where supper was laid, introduced him to his guests, mentioning his name, and explaining that he was not a civilian, but an officer in the hussars, and his old friend.

With characteristic French courtesy one of the French officers turned to Rostov, as he sat in stubborn silence, and said to him that he had probably come to Tilsit to see the Emperor.

'No, I came on business,' was Rostov's short reply. He got up and went up to Boris.

'I'm in your way, though,' he said to him in an undertone; 'let us have a talk about my business, and I'll go away.'

'Oh, no, not in the least,' said Boris. 'But if you are tired, come to my room and lie down and rest.'

'Well, really . . .'

They went into the little room where Boris slept. Rostov, without sitting down, began speaking at once with irritation—as though Boris were in some way to blame in the matter. He told him of Denisov's scrape, asking whether he would and could through his general intercede with the Em-

peror in Denisov's favour, and through him present the letter. When they were alone together, Rostov was for the first time distinctly aware that he felt an awkwardness in looking Boris in the face. Boris crossing one leg over the other, and stroking the slender fingers of his right hand with his left, listened to Rostov, as a general listens to a report presented by a subordinate, at one time looking away, at the next looking Rostov straight in the face with the same veiled look in his eyes. Every time he did so, Rostov felt ill at ease, and dropped his eyes.

'I have heard of affairs of the sort, and I know that the Emperor is very severe in such cases. I think it had better not be taken before his majesty. To my mind, it would be better to apply directly to the commander of the corps. . . . But generally speaking, I believe . . .'

'Then you don't care to do anything, so say so!' Rostov almost shouted, not looking Boris in the face.

Boris smiled.

'On the contrary, I will do what I can, only I imagine . . .'

Rostov had arrived at Tilsit on the day least suitable for interceding in Denisov's behalf. It was out of the question for him to go himself to the general in attendance, since he was wearing civilian dress, and had come to Tilsit without permission to do so, and Boris, even had he been willing, could not have done so on the day following Rostov's arrival. On that day, the 27th of June, the preliminaries of peace were signed.

In a frock coat and round hat, Nikolay strolled about the town, staring at the French and their uniforms, examining the streets and the houses where the Russian and the French Emperors were staying. In the market-place he saw tables set out and preparations for the banquet; in the streets he saw draperies hung across with flags of the Russian and French colours, and huge monograms of A and N. In the windows of the houses, too, there were flags and monograms.

'Boris doesn't care to help me, and I don't care to apply to him. That question's closed,' thought Nikolay; 'everything's over between us, but I'm not going away from here without having done all I can for Denisov, and, above all, getting the letter given to the Emperor. To the Emperor? . . . He is here!' thought Rostov, who had unconsciously gone back to the house occupied by Alexander.

Saddle horses were standing at the entrance, and the suite were riding up, evidently getting ready for the Emperor to come out.

'Any minute I may see him,' thought Rostov. 'If only I could give him the letter directly, and tell him all . . . could they really arrest me for my frock coat? Impossible. He would understand on which side the truth lay. He understands everything, he knows everything. Who can be juster and more magnanimous than he? Besides, even if they were to arrest me for being here, what would it matter?' he thought, looking at an officer who was going into the house. 'Why, people go in, I see. Oh! it's all nonsense. I'll go and give the letter to the Emperor myself; so much the worse for Dru-betskoy who has driven me to it.' And all at once, with a decision he would

never have expected of himself, Rostov, fingering the letter in his pocket, went straight into the house where the Emperor was staying.

'No, this time I won't miss my opportunity as I did after Austerlitz,' he thought, expecting every minute to meet the Emperor, and feeling a rush of blood to the heart at the idea. 'I will fall at his feet and will beseech him. He will lift me up, hear me out, and thank me too. "I am happy when I can do good, but to cancel injustice is the greatest happiness,"' Rostov fancied the Emperor would say to him. And he passed up the stairs regardless of the inquisitive eyes that were turned upon him.

'Whom are you looking for?' some one asked him.

'To give a letter, a petition, to his majesty,' said Nikolay, with a quiver in his voice.

'A petition--to the officer on duty, this way; please' (he was motioned to the door below). 'Only it won't receive attention.'

Hearing this indifferent voice, Rostov felt panic-stricken at what he was doing; the idea that he might meet the Emperor at any minute was so fascinating and consequently so terrible, that he was ready to fly; but an attendant meeting him opened the door to the officer's room for him, and Rostov went in.

A short, stout man of about thirty in white breeches, high boots, and in a batiste shirt, apparently only just put on, was standing in this room. A valet was buttoning behind him some fine-looking, new, silk-embroidered braces, which for some reason attracted Rostov's notice. The stout man was conversing with some one in the adjoining room.

'A good figure and in her first bloom,' he was saying, but seeing Rostov he broke off and frowned.

'What do you want? A petition? . . .'

'What is it?' asked some one in the next room.

'Another petition,' answered the man in the braces.

'Tell him to come later. He'll be coming out directly; we must go.'

'Later, later, to-morrow. It's too late. . . .'

Rostov turned away and would have gone out, but the man in the braces stopped him.

'From whom is it? Who are you?'

'From Major Denisov,' answered Rostov.

'Who are you--an officer?'

'A lieutenant, Count Rostov.'

'What audacity! Send it through the proper channel. And go along with you, go. . . .' And he began putting on the uniform the valet handed him.

Rostov went out into the hall again, and noticed that by this time there were a great many officers and generals in full dress, and he had to pass through their midst.

Cursing his temerity, ready to faint at the thought that he might any minute meet the Emperor and be put to shame before him and placed under arrest, fully aware by now of all the indecorum of his action, and regretting it, Rostov was making his way out of the house with downcast eyes, through

the crowd of the gorgeously dressed suite, when a familiar voice called to him, and a hand detained him.

‘Well, sir, what are you doing here in a frock coat?’ asked the bass voice.

It was a cavalry general who had won the Emperor’s special favour during this campaign, and had formerly been in command of the division in which Rostov was serving.

Rostov began in dismay to try and excuse himself, but seeing the good-naturedly jocose face of the general, he moved on one side, and in an excited voice told him of the whole affair, begging him to intercede for Denisov, whom the general knew.

The general on hearing Rostov’s story shook his head gravely. ‘I’m sorry, very sorry for the gallant fellow; give me the letter.’

Rostov had scarcely time to give him the letter and tell him all about Denisov’s scrape, when the clank of rapid footsteps with spurs was heard on the stairs, and the general left his side and moved up to the steps. Forgetting the danger of being recognised, Rostov moved right up to the steps together with some curious persons from the town; and again after two years he saw the features he adored: the same face, the same glance, the same walk, the same combination of majesty and mildness. . . .

All the suite stood back, and Rostov saw the general talking at some length to the Emperor.

The Emperor said a few words to him, and took a step towards his horse. Again the crowd of the suite and the street gazers, among whom was Rostov, moved up closer to the Emperor. Standing still with his hand on the saddle, the Emperor turned to the cavalry general and said aloud with the obvious intention of being heard by all: ‘I cannot, general, and I cannot because the law is mightier than I am,’ and he put his foot in the stirrup. The general bent his head respectfully; the Emperor took his seat and galloped up the street.

In the public square towards which the Tsar rode there stood, facing each other, the battalion of the Preobrazhensky regiment on the right, and the battalion of the French guards in bearskin caps on the left.

While the Emperor was riding up to one flank of the battalions, who presented arms, another crowd of horsemen was galloping up to the opposite flank, and at the head of them Rostov recognised Napoleon. That figure could be no one else. He galloped up, wearing a little hat, the ribbon of St. Andrey across his shoulder, and a blue uniform open over a white vest. He was riding a grey Arab horse of extremely fine breed, with a crimson, gold-embroidered saddle-cloth. Riding up to Alexander, he raised his hat, and at that movement Rostov, with his cavalryman’s eye, could not help noticing that Napoleon had a bad and uncertain seat on horseback. The battalions shouted hurrah, and *vive l’Empereur!* Napoleon said something to Alexander. Both Emperors dismounted from their horses and took each other by the hands. Napoleon’s face wore an unpleasantly hypocritical smile. Alexander was saying something to him with a cordial expression.

In spite of the kicking of the horses of the French gendarmes, who were

keeping back the crowd, Rostov watched every movement of the Emperor Alexander and of Bonaparte, and never took his eyes off them. What struck him as something unexpected and strange was that Alexander behaved as though Bonaparte were his equal, and that Bonaparte in his manner to the Russian Tsar seemed perfectly at ease, as though this equal and intimate relation with a monarch were something natural and customary with him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with a long tail of suite, moved towards the right flank of the Preobrazhensky battalion, close up to the crowd which was standing there. The crowd found itself unexpectedly so close to the Emperors, that Rostov, who stood in the front part of it, began to be afraid he might be recognised.

'Sire, I ask your permission to give the Legion of Honour to the bravest of your soldiers,' said a harsh, precise voice. It was little Bonaparte speaking.

'Lazarev!' the colonel called with a scowling face; and Lazarev, the soldier who was the best shot in firing at the range, stepped smartly forward.

'I say, what luck for Lazarev! Twelve hundred francs pension for life.'

'Have you heard the watchword?' said an officer of the guards to another. 'The day before yesterday it was "*Napoléon, France, bravoure*"; to-day it's "*Alexandre, Russie, grandeur*." One day our Emperor gives it, and next day Napoleon. To-morrow the Emperor is to send the St. George to the bravest of the French guards.'

Rostov stood a long while in the corner, looking at the fête from a distance. His brain was seething in an agonising confusion, which he could not work out to any conclusion. Horrible doubts were stirring in his soul. He thought of Denisov with his changed expression, his submission, and all the hospital with torn-off legs and arms, with the filth and disease. So vividly he recalled that hospital smell of corpse that he looked round to ascertain where the stench came from. Then he thought of that self-satisfied Bonaparte, with his white hands—treated now with cordiality and respect by the Emperor Alexander. For what, then, had those legs and arms been torn off, those men been killed? Then he thought of Lazarev rewarded, and Denisov punished and unpardoned. He caught himself in such strange reflections that he was terrified at them.

PART VI

IN 1809 the amity between the two sovereigns of the world, as Napoleon and Alexander used to be called, had become so close that in the highest society there was talk of a possible marriage between Napoleon and one of the sisters of the Emperor Alexander. But, apart from foreign policy, the attention of Russian society was at that time drawn with special interest to the internal changes taking place in all departments of the government.

Life, meanwhile, the actual life of men with their real interests of health and sickness, labour and rest, with their interests of thought, science, poetry, music, love, affection, hatred, passion, went its way, as always, independently, apart from the political amity or enmity of Napoleon Bonaparte, and apart from all possible reforms.

Prince Andrey had spent two years without a break in the country. All those projects which Pierre had attempted on his estates, and, changing continually from one enterprise to another, had never carried out to any real result—all those projects had been carried out by Prince Andrey without display to any one and without any perceptible exertion. He possessed in the highest degree the quality Pierre lacked, that practical tenacity which, without fuss or any great effort on his part, set things in working order.

On one estate of his, three hundred serfs were transformed into free cultivators (it was one of the first examples in Russia), in others forced labour was replaced by payment of rent. A trained midwife had been engaged at his expense to assist the peasant-women in child-birth, and a priest, at a fixed salary, was teaching the children of the peasants and house servants to read and write.

Prince Andrey's duties as trustee of his son's Ryazan estates necessitated an interview with the marshal of the district. This marshal was Count Ilya Andreivitch Rostov, and in the middle of May Prince Andrey went to see him.

Prince Andrey drove along the avenue leading to the Rostovs' house at Otradnoe, depressed and absorbed in considering what questions he must ask the marshal about his business. Behind some trees on the right he heard merry girlish cries, and caught sight of a party of girls running across the avenue along which his coach was driving. In front of all the rest there ran towards the coach a black-haired, very slender, strangely slender, black-eyed girl in a yellow cotton gown. On her head was a white pocket-

handkerchief, from under which strayed locks of her loose hair. The girl was shouting something, but perceiving a stranger, she ran back laughing, without glancing at him.

Prince Andrey for some reason felt a sudden pang. The day was so lovely, the sun so bright, everything around him so gay, and that slim and pretty girl knew nothing of his existence, and cared to know nothing, and was content and happy in her own life. 'What is she thinking about, and why is she so happy?' Prince Andrey could not help wondering with interest.

Count Ilya Andreivitch was living in the year 1809 at Otradnoe, exactly as he had always done in previous years; that is to say, entertaining almost the whole province with hunts, theatricals, dinner parties and concerts. He was delighted to see Prince Andrey, as he always was to see any new guest, and almost forced him to stay the night.

Prince Andrey spent a tedious day, entertained by his elderly host and hostess and the more honoured among the guests, of whom the count's house was full in honour of an approaching name-day. Several times in the course of it, Bolkonsky glanced at Natasha, continually laughing and full of gaiety among the younger members of the company, and asked himself each time, 'What is she thinking of? What is she so glad about?'

In the evening, alone in a new place, he was for a long while unable to sleep.

Prince Andrey got up and went to the window to open it. As soon as he opened the shutter, the moonlight broke into the room as though it had been waiting a long while outside on the watch for this chance. The night was fresh and bright and still. Just in front of the window stood a row of pollard-trees, black on one side, silvery bright on the other. Under the trees were rank, moist, bushy, growing plants of some kind, with leaves and stems touched here and there with silver. Further away, beyond the black trees, was the roof of something glistening with dew; to the right was a great, leafy tree, with its trunk and branches brilliantly white, and above it the moon, almost full, in a clear, almost starless, spring sky. Prince Andrey leaned his elbow on the window, and his eyes rested on that sky.

His room was on the second story; there were people in the room over his head, and awake too. He heard a girlish voice, which Prince Andrey recognised at once.

'But when are you coming to bed?' answered another voice.

'You go to sleep, but I can't,' responded the first voice, coming nearer to the window. She was evidently leaning right out of the window, for he could hear the rustle of her garments and even her breathing. All was hushed and stonily still, like the moon and its lights and shadows.

'Sonya! Sonya!' he heard the first voice again. 'Oh, how can you sleep! Do look what a moon! . . . Oh, how lovely it is! Do come here.'

He heard Sonya's voice in a tone of vexation: 'Why, it's past one o'clock.'

'And nothing to do with my existence!' thought Prince Andrey while he had been listening to her talk, for some reason hoping and dreading she might say something about him. All at once there stirred within his soul a

wholly unexpected medley of youthful hopes and ideas, running counter to the whole tenor of his life.

On getting home after his journey, Prince Andrey made up his mind to go to Petersburg in the autumn, and began inventing all sorts of reasons for this decision. A whole chain of sensible, logical reasons, making it essential for him to visit Petersburg, and even to re-enter the service, was at every moment ready at his disposal. He could not indeed comprehend now how he could ever have doubted of the necessity of taking an active share in life, just as a month before he could not have understood how the idea of leaving the country could ever occur to him.

Prince Andrey happened to be most favourably placed for obtaining a good reception in the highest and most various circles of the Petersburg society of that day. The reforming party welcomed him warmly, and sought him out, in the first place, because he had the reputation of being clever and very well read, and secondly because he had already gained the reputation of being a liberal by the emancipation of his serfs. The party of the dissatisfied older generation welcomed him simply as the son of his father, and reckoned upon his sympathy in their disapproval of the reforms. The feminine world, *society*, received him cordially because he was a wealthy match of high rank, and a person almost new, encircled by a halo of romance from his narrow escape from death and the tragic loss of his young wife. People talked of him, were interested in him, and eager to see him.

‘Yes, so it was you, prince, who freed your serfs?’ said an old gentleman of Catherine’s court, turning disdainfully to Bolkonsky.

‘The little estate brought me no income as it was,’ answered Bolkonsky, trying to minimise what he had done to the old gentleman, to avoid irritating him needlessly.

‘There’s one thing I don’t understand,’ pursued the old gentleman. ‘Who is to till the land if they are set free? It’s easy to pass laws, but hard work to govern. I ask you, count, who will preside over the courts when all have to pass examinations?’

Prince Andrey observed that some education in jurisprudence was necessary for such work. But within a week Prince Andrey was a member of the committee for the reconstruction of the army regulations, and—a thing he would never have expected—he was also chairman of a section of the commission for the revision of the legal code. With the help of the Napoleonic Code and the Code of Justinian he worked at the revision of the section Personal Rights.

Two years before, at the beginning of 1808, Pierre had returned to Petersburg from his visits to his estates, and by no design of his own had taken a leading position among the freemasons in Petersburg. He spent his money on the construction of temples, and, to the best of his powers, made up the arrears of alms, a matter in which the majority of members were niggardly

and irregular. At his own expense, almost unaided, he maintained the poor-house built by the order in Petersburg.

Meanwhile his life ran on in the old way, yielding to the same temptations and the same laxity. He liked a good dinner and he liked strong drink; and, though he thought it immoral and degrading to yield to them, he was unable to resist the temptations of the bachelor society in which he moved.

Yet even in the whirl of his active work and his dissipations, Pierre began, after the lapse of a year, to feel more and more as though the ground of freemasonry on which he had taken his stand was slipping away under his feet. All the brothers who were members of the lodge were people Pierre knew in daily life, and it was difficult for him to see in them simply brothers in freemasonry, and not Prince B., nor Ivan Vasilyevitch D., whom he knew in private life mostly as persons of weak and worthless character. Under their masonic aprons and emblems he could not help seeing the uniforms and the decorations they were striving after in mundane life. Often after collecting the alms and reckoning up twenty to thirty roubles promised—and for the most part left owing—from some ten members, of whom half were as well-off as Pierre himself, he thought of the masonic vow by which every brother promised to give up all his belongings for his neighbour; and doubts stirred in his soul.

Pierre began to feel dissatisfied with what he was doing. Freemasonry, at least as he knew it here, seemed to him sometimes to rest simply upon formal observances. He never dreamed of doubting of freemasonry itself, but began to suspect that Russian freemasonry had got on to a false track, and was deviating from its original course. And so towards the end of the year Pierre went abroad to devote himself to the higher mysteries of the order.

It was in the summer of 1809 that Pierre returned to Petersburg.

A solemn assembly of the lodge of the second order was arranged, at which Pierre promised to communicate the message he had to give the Petersburg brothers from the highest leaders of the order abroad. After the usual ceremonies Pierre got up and began to speak:

'Dear brothers,' he began, blushing and hesitating, with a written speech in his hand, 'it is not enough to guard our secrets in the seclusion of the lodge,—what is needed is to act . . . to act . . . We are falling into slumber, and we need to act.'

Pierre opened his manuscript and began to read.

'For the propagation of the pure truth and the attainment of virtue,' he read, 'we must purify men from prejudice, diffuse principles in harmony with the spirit of the times, undertake the education of the younger generation, ally ourselves by indissoluble ties with the most enlightened men, boldly, and at the same time prudently, overcome superstition, infidelity, and folly, and form of those devoted to us men linked together by a common aim and possessed of power and authority.'

'But in those great projects we are very gravely hindered by existing political institutions. What is to be done in the existing state of affairs? Are

we to welcome revolutions, to overthrow everything, to repel violence by violence? . . . No, we are very far from that. Every reform by violence is to be deprecated, because it does little to correct the evil while men remain as they are, and because wisdom has no need of violence.

'The whole plan of our order should be founded on the training of men of character and virtue, bound together by unity of conviction and aim. In a word, we want to found a form of government holding universal sway, which should be diffused over the whole world without encroaching on civil obligations; under which all other governments could continue in their ordinary course and do all, except what hinders the great aim of our order, that is, the triumph of virtue over vice. This aim is that of Christianity itself.

'In times when all was plunged in darkness, exhortation alone was of course enough; the novelty of truth gave it peculiar force, but nowadays far more powerful means are necessary for us. As soon as we have a certain number of capable men in every state, each of them training again two others, and all keeping in close co-operation, then everything will be possible for our order, which has already done much in secret for the good of humanity.'

This speech did not merely make a great impression, it produced a thrill of excitement in the lodge. The majority of the brothers, seeing in this speech dangerous projects of 'illuminism,' to Pierre's surprise received it coldly. The grand master began to raise objections to it; Pierre began to expound his own views with greater and greater heat. It was long since there had been so stormy a meeting. The lodge split up into parties; one party opposed Pierre, accusing him of 'illuminism'; the other supported him. Pierre was for the first time at this meeting impressed by the endless multiplicity of men's minds, which leads to no truth being ever seen by two persons alike.

Again Pierre was overtaken by that despondency he so dreaded. For three days after the delivery of his speech at the lodge he lay on a sofa at home, seeing no one, and going nowhere.

At this time he received a letter from his wife who besought him to see her, wrote of her unhappiness on his account, and her desire to devote her whole life to him. At the end of the letter she informed him that in a day or two she would arrive in Petersburg from abroad.

The letter was followed up by one of the freemasons whom Pierre respected least bursting in upon his solitude. Turning the conversation upon Pierre's matrimonial affairs, he gave him, by way of brotherly counsel, his opinion that his severity to his wife was wrong, and that Pierre was departing from the first principles of freemasonry in not forgiving the penitent. At the same time his mother-in-law, Prince Vassily's wife, sent to him, beseeching him to visit her, if only for a few minutes, to discuss a matter of great importance. Pierre saw there was a conspiracy against him, that they meant to reconcile him with his wife, and he did not even dislike this in the mood in which he then was. Nothing mattered to him.

'No one is right, no one is to blame, and so she, too, is not to blame,' he thought.

Without answering either his wife or his mother-in-law, Pierre at once set off late in the evening, and drove to Moscow to see Osip Alexyevitch. This is what Pierre wrote in his diary:

Moscow, November 17.—I have only just come from seeing my benefactor, and I hasten to note down all I have been feeling. Osip Alexyevitch lives in poverty, and has been for three years past suffering from a painful disease of the bladder. No one has ever heard from him a groan or a word of complaint. From morning till late at night, except at the times when he partakes of the very plainest food, he is working at science. He received me graciously, and made me sit down on the bed on which he was lying. I made him the sign of the Knights of the East and of Jerusalem; he responded with the same, and asked me with a gentle smile what I had learned and gained in the Prussian and Scottish lodges. I told him everything as best I could, repeating to him the principles of action I had proposed in our Petersburg lodge, and telling him of the unfavourable reception given me, and the rupture between me and the brothers.

'Osip Alexyevitch, after some silent thought, laid all his own views of the subject before me, which immediately threw light on all the past and all the course that lies before me. He surprised me by asking whether I remembered the threefold aim of the order—(1) the preservation and study of the holy mystery; (2) the purification and reformation of self for its reception; and (3) the improvement of the human race through striving for such purification. Which, he asked, was the first and greatest of those three aims? Undoubtedly self-reformation and self-purification. It is only towards that aim that we can always strive independently of all circumstances. But at the same time it is just that aim which requires of us the greatest effort, and therefore, led astray by pride, we let that aim drop, and either strive to penetrate to the mystery which we are unworthy in our impurity to receive, or seek after the reformation of the human race, while we are ourselves setting an example of vice and abomination. "Illuminism" is not a pure doctrine precisely because it is seduced by worldly activity and puffed up with pride. On this ground Osip Alexyevitch censured my speech and all I am doing.

'At the bottom of my heart I agreed with him. Talking of my domestic affairs, he said to me: "The first duty of a mason, as I have told you, is the perfection of himself. But often we imagine that by removing all the difficulties of our life, we may better attain this aim. It is quite the contrary, sir," he said to me: "it is only in the midst of the cares of the world that we can reach the three great aims—(1) self-knowledge, for a man can know himself only by comparison; (2) greater perfection, which can only be obtained by conflict; and (3) the attainment of the chief virtue—love of death. Only the corruptions of life can show us all its vanity, and strengthen our innate love for death, or rather regeneration into new life." These

words were the more remarkable as Osip Alexyevitch, in spite of his grievous physical sufferings, is never weary of life, though he loves death, for which he does not, in spite of all the purity and loftiness of his inner man, yet feel himself prepared. Then my benefactor explained to me fully the significance of the great square of creation, and pointed out that the third and the seventh number are the basis of everything. He counselled me not to withdraw from co-operation with the Petersburg brothers, while undertaking duties only of the second order in the lodge.'

'Petersburg, November 23.—I am reconciled with my wife. My mother-in-law came to me in tears, and said that Ellen was here, and that she besought me to hear her; that she was innocent, that she was miserable at my desertion of her, and a great deal more. I knew that if I once let myself see her, I should not be able to refuse to accede to her wishes. In my uncertainty, I did not know to whose help and advice to have recourse. If my benefactor had been here, he would have told me what to do. I retired to my own room, read over the letters of Osip Alexyevitch, recalled my conversations with him, and from all that I reached the conclusion that I ought not to refuse a suppliant, and ought to hold out a helping hand to every one, and, above all, to a person so closely connected with me, and that I must bear my cross. But if I forgive her for the sake of doing right, at least let my reunion with her have a spiritual end only. So I decided, and so I wrote to Osip Alexyevitch.

'I said to my wife that I begged her to forget all the past, that I begged her to forgive whatever wrong I might have done her, and that I had nothing to forgive her. It was a joy to me to tell her that. May she never know how painful it was to me to see her again! I have installed myself in the upper rooms in this great house, and I am conscious of a happy feeling of beginning anew.'

At that time, as always indeed, the exalted society that met at court and the great balls was split up into several circles, each of which had its special tone. The largest among them was the French circle—supporting the Napoleonic alliance. In this circle Ellen took a leading position, as soon as she had established herself in her husband's house in Petersburg. She received the members of the French embassy, and a great number of people, noted for their wit and their politeness, and belonging to that political section.

Ellen had been at Erfurt at the time of the famous meeting of the Emperors; and Napoleon himself, seeing her at the theatre, had asked who she was, and admired her beauty. Her triumphs in the character of a beautiful and elegant woman did not surprise Pierre, for with years she had become even more beautiful than before. But what did surprise him was that during the last two years his wife had succeeded in gaining a reputation as 'a charming woman, as witty as she is beautiful,' as was said of her. To be received in Countess Bezuhov's salon was looked upon as a

certificate of intellect. Young men read up subjects before one of Ellen's *soirées*, so as to be able to talk of something in her salon, and secretaries of the embassy, and even ambassadors, confided diplomatic secrets to her, so that Ellen was in a way a power. It was with a strange feeling of perplexity and alarm that Pierre, who knew she was very stupid, sometimes at her dinners and *soirées*, listened to conversation about politics, poetry, and philosophy.

Pierre was exactly the husband needed by this brilliant society woman, that absent-minded, eccentric, grand seigneur who got in nobody's way and formed by his contrast with his wife's elegance and tact an advantageous foil. Pierre's continual concentration on immaterial interests during the last two years, and his genuine contempt for everything else, gave him in his wife's circle, which did not interest him, that tone of unconcern, indifference, and benevolence towards all alike, which cannot be acquired artificially, and for that reason commands involuntary respect.

Among the numerous young men daily to be seen in Ellen's house, Boris Drubetskoy, who had by now achieved marked success in the service, was, after Ellen's return from Erfurt, the most intimate friend of the Bezuhov household. Ellen used to call him '*mon page*,' and treated him like a child. Her smile for him was the same smile she bestowed on all, but it was sometimes distasteful to Pierre to see that smile. Boris behaved to Pierre with a marked, dignified, and mournful respectfulness. This shade of respectfulness too disturbed Pierre. He had suffered so much three years before from the mortification caused him by his wife, that now he secured himself from all possibility of similar mortification; in the first place, by being his wife's husband only in name, and secondly, by not allowing himself to suspect anything. 'No, now she has become a blue-stocking, she has renounced for ever her former errors,' he said to himself. 'There has never been an instance of a blue-stocking giving way to tender passions,' he repeated to himself; a maxim he had picked up somewhere and implicitly believed.

He kept up his diary and this was what he was writing in it at that time:

'*November 27.*—I got up late and lay a long while in bed after I was awake, giving way to sloth. My God, help me and strengthen me that I may walk in Thy ways. Read the Scriptures, but without proper feeling. Brother Urusov came: talked of the cares of this world. He told me of the Tsar's new projects. I was beginning to criticise them, but remembered my principles and the words of my benefactor, that a true mason ought to be zealous in working for the state, when his aid is required, but should look on quietly at what he is not called upon to assist in. My tongue is my enemy.'

'*December 7.*—I dreamed that Osip Alexyevitch was sitting in my house, and I was very glad to see him and eager to entertain him. But in my dream

I kept chattering away incessantly with other people, and all at once I bethought myself that this could not be to his liking. Then we all seemed to go out of the room, and something strange happened. We were sitting or lying on the floor. He was telling me something. But in my dream I longed to show him my devotional feeling, and, not listening to his words, I began picturing to myself the state of my own inner man, and the grace of God sanctifying me. And tears came into my eyes, and I was glad that he noticed it. But all of a sudden we found ourselves in my bedroom, where stood a big double bed. And in my dream he asked me, "Tell me the truth, what is your chief temptation? Do you know it? I believe that you do know it." Abashed at this question, I answered that sloth was my besetting temptation. He shook his head incredulously. And even more abashed, I told him that though I was living here with my wife, I was not living with her as a husband. To this he replied that I had no right to deprive my wife of my embraces, and gave me to understand that this was my duty. But I answered that I should be ashamed of it, and suddenly everything vanished. And I waked up, and in my mind there was the text of scripture: "And the life was the light of man, and the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

THE ROSTOVs' pecuniary position had not improved during the two years they had spent in the country. Although Nikolay Rostov had kept firmly to his resolution, and was still living in a modest way in an obscure regiment, debts went on unchecked, growing bigger every year. The sole resource that presented itself to the old count as the obvious thing to do was to enter the government service, and he had come to Petersburg to seek a post.

The Rostovs kept open house in Petersburg, just as they used to do in Moscow; and at their suppers people of the most diverse sorts could be seen together—country neighbours, old and not well-to-do country gentlemen with their daughters, Pierre Bezuhov, and the son of their district postmaster, who was in an office in Petersburg.

Anna Mihalovna had taken in these latter days to seeing less of the Rostovs. There was a marked dignity, too, in her manner with them, and she spoke on every occasion with thankfulness and enthusiasm of her son's great abilities and brilliant career. When the Rostovs arrived in Petersburg Boris came to call on them.

It was not without emotion that he came to see them. His reminiscences of Natasha were Boris's most poetic memories. But he had a brilliant position in society, thanks to his intimacy with Countess Bezuhov; a brilliant position in the service, thanks to the protection of a great person whose confidence he had completely won; and he was beginning to make plans for marrying one of the richest heiresses in Petersburg, plans which might very easily be realised.

Boris had thought of Natasha as the little girl he had known four years before in a short frock, with black eyes glancing under her curls, and a

desperate, childish giggle; and so, when a quite different Natasha came in, he was taken aback and his face expressed surprise and admiration. His expression delighted Natasha.

'Well, would you know your mischievous little playmate?' said the countess. Boris kissed Natasha's hand, and said he was surprised at the change in her.

'How pretty you have grown!'

'I should hope so!' was the answer in Natasha's laughing eyes.

'And does papa look older?' she asked.

Natasha sat still, taking no part in the talk between Boris and her mother. Silently and minutely she scrutinised the young man who had been her suitor in her childhood. He felt oppressed by that persistent, friendly gaze, and glanced once or twice at her.

The uniform, the spurs, the tie, the way Boris had brushed his hair,—it was all fashionable and *comme il faut*. That Natasha noticed at once. He sat a little sideways on a low chair beside the countess, with his right hand smacking the exquisitely clean and perfectly fitting glove on his left. He talked with a peculiar, refined compression of the lips about the divisions of the best society in Petersburg; with faint irony referred to old days in Moscow and old Moscow acquaintances. Not unintentionally, as Natasha felt, he alluded to the ambassador's ball, at which he had been present. After his first visit, Boris said to himself that Natasha was as attractive to him as she had been in the past, but that he must not give way to his feelings, because to marry her—a girl almost without fortune—would be the ruin of his career, and to renew their old relations without any intention of marriage would be dishonourable. Boris resolved to avoid meeting Natasha; but in spite of this resolution he came a few days later, and began to come often, and to spend whole days at the Rostovs'. He gave up visiting Ellen, received reproachful notes every day from her, and still spent whole days together at the Rostovs'.

One evening the old countess in her bed-jacket, without her false curls, and with only one poor wisp of hair peeping out from under her white cotton nightcap, was bowing down on the carpet, sighing and moaning as she repeated her evening prayers. Her door creaked, and Natasha, also in a bed-jacket, ran in, bare-legged, with her feet in slippers, and her hair in curl papers. The countess looked round and frowned. She was repeating her last prayer. 'Can it be this couch will be my bier?'

That couch was a high feather-bed, with five pillows, each smaller than the one below. Natasha skipped in, sank into the feather-bed, rolled over towards the side, and began snuggling up under the quilt.

'Well, what is it to-night?' said her mother, settling herself in the pillows.

'And I want to talk to you . . .'

'About Boris . . . I know,' Natasha said seriously.

'Natasha, you are sixteen! At your age I was married. You say Boris is nice. He is very nice, and I love him like a son! But what do you want?'

... What are you thinking about? You have quite turned his head, I can see that ...'

Natasha was listening and considering.

'Well, so what then?' she said.

'You have completely turned his head, and what for? What do you want of him? You know you can't marry him.'

'Why not?' said Natasha.

'Because he's so young, because he's poor, because he's a relation ... because you don't care for him yourself.'

'How do you know that?'

'I know. It's not right, my darling. I tell you what, Natasha, I'll speak to Boris. He mustn't come so often ...'

'Why mustn't he, if he wants to?'

'Because I know it can't come to anything.'

'How do you know? No, mamma, don't speak to him. What nonsense!' said Natasha, in the tone of a man being robbed of his property. 'Mamma, is he very much in love? What do you think? Were men as much in love with you? And he's very nice, very, very nice! Only not quite to my liking—he's so narrow, somehow, like a clock on the wall. ... Don't you understand? ... Narrow, you know, grey, light-coloured ...'

'What nonsense you talk!' said the countess.

Natasha went on:

'Don't you really understand? Nikolenka would understand ... Bezuhov now—he's blue, dark blue and red, and he's quadrangular.'

'You're flirting with him, too,' said the countess, laughing.

'No, he's a freemason, I have heard. He's jolly, dark blue and red; how am I to explain to you ...'

'Little countess,' they heard the count's voice through the door, 'you're not asleep?' Natasha skipped up, snatched up her slippers, and ran barefoot to her own room. For a long while she could not go to sleep. She kept musing on no one's being able to understand all she understood and all that was in her.

'Sonya?' she wondered, looking at her friend asleep, curled up like a kitten with her great mass of hair. 'No, how could she! She's virtuous. She's in love with Nikolenka and doesn't care to know anything more. Mamma, even she doesn't understand. It's wonderful how clever I am and how ... she is charming,' she went on, speaking of herself in the third person, and fancying that it was some very clever, the very cleverest and finest of men, who was saying it of her ... 'There is everything, everything in her,' this man continued, 'extraordinarily clever, charming and then pretty, extraordinarily pretty, graceful. She swims, rides capitally, and a voice!—a marvellous voice, one may say!' She hummed her favourite musical phrase from an opera, flung herself into bed, passed into another still happier world of dreams.

Next day the countess sent for Boris, and talked to him, and from that day he gave up visiting at the Rostovs'.

ON the 31st of December, on the eve of the new year 1810, a ball was given by a grand personage who had been a star of the court of Catherine. The Tsar and the diplomatic corps were to be present at this ball.

The well-known mansion of this grandee in the English Embankment was illuminated by innumerable lights. The police were standing at the lighted entry, laid with red baize; and not merely policemen, but a police commander was at the entrance, and dozens of officers of the police. Carriages kept driving away, and fresh ones kept driving up, with grooms in red livery and grooms in plumed hats. From the carriages emerged men wearing uniforms, stars, and ribbons; while ladies in satin and ermine stepped carefully out on the carriage steps, that were let down with a bang, and then walked hurriedly and noiselessly over the baize of the entry.

Natasha was going to her first great ball. She had got up at eight o'clock that morning, and had spent the whole day in feverish agitation and activity. All her energies had since morning been directed to the one aim of getting herself, her mother, and Sonya as well dressed as possible. Sonya and her mother put themselves entirely in her hands. The countess was to wear a dark red velvet dress; the two girls white tulle dresses over pink silk slips, and roses on their bodices. They were to wear their hair *à la grecque*.

All the essentials were ready. Feet, arms, necks, and ears had been washed, scented, and powdered with peculiar care in readiness for the ball. Openwork silk stockings and white satin shoes with ribbons had been put on. The hairdressing was almost accomplished. Sonya was finishing dressing, so was the countess; but Natasha, who had been busily looking after every one, was behindhand. She was still sitting before the looking-glass with a *peignoir* thrown over her thin shoulders. Sonya, already dressed, stood in the middle of the room, and was trying to fasten in a last ribbon, hurting her little finger as she pressed the pin with a scrooping sound into the silk.

'Not like that, Sonya, not like that!' said Natasha, turning her head, and clutching her hair in both hands, as the maid arranging it was not quick enough in letting it go. 'The ribbon mustn't go like that; come here.' Sonya squatted down. Natasha pinned the ribbon in her own way.

'Will you soon be ready?' they heard the countess's voice. 'It will be ten in a minute.'

'Immediately, immediately. . . . And are you ready, mamma?'

'Only my cap to fasten on.'

'Don't do it without me,' shouted Natasha; 'you don't know how to!'

All attention was now centred on Natasha's skirt, which was too long. Two maids were running it up round the edge, hurriedly biting off the threads. A third one, with pins in her teeth and lips, was running from the countess to Sonya; a fourth was holding up the whole tulle dress in her arms.

'Give me that thimble, miss.'

'Will you be quick?' said the count from outside the door.

'Ready, miss,' said the maid, lifting up the shortened tulle skirt on two

fingers, blowing something off it, and giving it a shake to show her appreciation of the transparency.

Natasha began putting on the dress.

'In a minute, in a minute, don't come in, papa,' she shouted to her father at the door, from under the tulle of the dress that concealed all her face. A minute later the count was admitted. He was wearing a blue frock coat, stockings, and dancing-shoes, and was perfumed and pomaded.

'Ah, papa, how nice you look, lovely!' said Natasha, standing in the middle of the room, stroking out the folds of her tulle.

'If you please, miss, if you please . . .' said a maid, pulling up the skirt and turning the pins from one corner of her mouth to the other with her tongue.

'Say what you like!' cried Sonya, with despair in her voice, as she gazed at Natasha's skirt, 'say what you like!—it's too long still!'

Natasha walked a little further off to look at herself in the pierglass. The skirt was too long.

At that moment the countess in her cap and velvet gown walked into the room.

'Oo-oo! my beauty!' cried the count. 'She looks nicer than any of you!'

'Mamma, the cap should be more on one side,' said Natasha. 'I'll pin it fresh,' and she darted forward. The maids turning up her skirt, not prepared for her hasty movement, tore off a piece of the tulle.

'Oh, mercy! What was that? Really it's not my fault . . .'

'It's all right, I'll run it up, it won't show,' said Dunyasha.

Careful of their coiffures and their dresses, at eleven o'clock they settled themselves in the carriages and drove off.

In the damp, chill air, in the closeness and half dark of the swaying carriage, Natasha pictured to herself for the first time what was in store for her there, at the ball, in the brightly lighted halls—music, flowers, dancing, the Tsar, all the brilliant young people of Petersburg. She could only grasp all that awaited her when, walking over the red cloth, she went into the vestibule, took off her cloak, and walked beside Sonya in front of her mother between the flowers, up the lighted staircase. In front and behind them walked guests dressed in similar ball-dresses and conversing in similarly subdued tones. The looking-glasses on the staircases reflected ladies in white, blue, and pink dresses, with diamonds and pearls on their bare arms and necks.

Natasha looked into the looking-glasses and could not distinguish herself from the rest. The host and hostess who had been already standing at the door for half an hour, saying exactly the same words to every guest on arrival, *Charmé de vous voir*, gave the same greeting to the Rostovs. The two young girls in their white dresses, with roses alike in their black hair, made curtsies just alike, but unconsciously the hostess's eyes rested longer on the slender figure of Natasha. The host too followed Natasha with his eyes, and asked the count which of the girls was his daughter.

'Charming!' he said, kissing his own finger-tips.

In the ballroom, guests stood crowding about the entry in expectation of the Tsar. The countess took up her position in the front row of this crowd. Natasha heard and felt that several voices were asking who she was, that many pairs of eyes were fixed on her. She knew that she was making a good impression on those who noticed her, and this observation calmed her somewhat.

'There are some like ourselves, and some not as good,' she thought.

Madame Peronsky, a maid-of-honour at the old court, was pointing out to the countess the most distinguished persons at the ball.

'That is the Dutch ambassador, do you see, the grey-haired man. And here she comes, the queen of Petersburg society, Countess Bezuhov,' she said, pointing to Ellen. 'She's both lovely and clever. . . . They say Prince So-and-So is wild about her.'

She pointed out a lady who was crossing the room accompanied by a very ugly daughter.

'That's the heiress of a million,' said Madame Peronsky. 'And, look, here come her suitors. . . . That's Countess Bezuhov's brother, Anatole Kuragin,' she said, pointing to a handsome officer in the Horse Guards, who passed by them looking from the height of his lifted head over the ladies to something beyond them. 'He is handsome, isn't he? They say he is to be married to that heiress. And your cousin, Drubetskoy, is very attentive to her too. They say she has millions.'

'And that stout fellow in spectacles is a universal freemason,' said Madame Peronsky, indicating Bezuhov. 'Set him beside his wife: he's a motley fool!'

Swinging his stout frame, Pierre slouched through the crowd, nodding to right and to left, as casually and good-naturedly as though he were walking through a crowd in a market, unmistakably looking for some one.

Natasha looked with joy at the familiar face of Pierre, the motley fool, as Madame Peronsky called him, and knew that it was they, and she in particular, of whom Pierre was in search in the crowd. Pierre had promised her to be at the ball and to find her partners. But before reaching them, Pierre came to a standstill beside a very handsome, dark man of medium height in a white uniform, who was standing in a window talking to a tall man wearing stars and a ribbon.

Natasha at once recognised the handsome young man in the white uniform; it was Bolkonsky, who seemed to her to have grown much younger, happier, and better looking.

'There's some one else we know, Bolkonsky, do you see, mamma?' said Natasha, pointing out Prince Andrey. 'Do you remember he stayed a night at home, at Otradnoe?'

'Oh, do you know him?' said Madame Peronsky. 'I can't bear him. Every one is crazy over him. And his conceit! it's beyond all bounds! He takes after his worthy papa!'

There was a sudden stir, and down the space left open the Tsar walked to the strains of the band. The Tsar walked in rapidly, bowing to right

and to left, as though trying to hurry over the first moments of greeting.

There was a general movement of retreat, and the Tsar, smiling, came out at the drawing-room door, leading out the lady of the house, and not keeping time to the music. He was followed by the host with Marya Antonovna Narishkin; then came ambassadors, ministers, and various generals, whose names Madame Peronsky never tired of reciting. More than half the ladies had partners, and were taking part, or preparing to take part, in the polonaise.

Natasha felt that she would be left with her mother and Sonya in that minority of the ladies who were crowded back against the wall, and not invited to dance the polonaise. She held her breath, and gazed before her with shining, frightened eyes, with an expression of equal readiness for the utmost bliss or the utmost misery. She took no interest in the Tsar, nor in all the great people Madame Peronsky was pointing out; her mind was filled by one thought: 'Is it possible no one will come up to me? Is it possible that I shall not dance?'

She stood in that crowd of strangers as lonely as in a forest, of no interest, of no use to any one. Prince Andrey with a lady passed close by them, obviously not recognising them. The handsome Anatole said something smiling to the lady on his arm, and he glanced at Natasha's face as one looks at a wall. Boris passed by them twice, and each time turned away. Berg and his wife, who were not dancing, came towards them.

At last the music ceased. An anxious-looking adjutant ran up to the Rostovs, begging them to move a little further back, though they were already close to the wall, and from the orchestra came the circumspect, precise, seductively stately rhythm of the waltz.

Prince Andrey, in his white uniform of a cavalry colonel, stood looking eager and lively, not far from the Rostovs. Baron Firhoff was talking to him of the proposed first sitting of the State Council to be held next day. From the part he was taking in the labours of the legislative commission, Prince Andrey was in a position to give authoritative information in regard to that sitting, about Napoleon's doings in Spain, of which all were united in approving, while Prince Andrey attacked them. But he did not hear what Firhoff was saying to him, and looked from the Tsar to the gentlemen preparing to dance.

Pierre went up to Prince Andrey and took him by the arm. 'You always dance. Here is my protégée, the younger Rostov girl, ask her,' he said.

'Where?' asked Bolkonsky. He went forward in the direction indicated by Pierre. He recognised Natasha's despairing, tremulous face, saw that it was her début, remembered what she had said at the window, and with an expression of pleasure on his face he approached Countess Rostov.

'Permit me to introduce you to my daughter,' said the countess.

'I have the pleasure of her acquaintance already, if the countess remembers me,' said Prince Andrey, with a low and courteous bow, which seemed a direct contradiction to Madame Peronsky's remarks about his rudeness. He went up to Natasha, and raised his hand to put it round

her waist before he had fully uttered the invitation to dance. The tremulous expression of Natasha's face, ready for despair or for ecstasy, brightened at once into a happy, grateful, childlike smile.

'I have been a long while waiting for you,' that alarmed and happy young girl seemed to say to him in the smile that peeped out through the starting tears as she raised her hand to Prince Andrey's shoulder. They were the second couple that walked forward into the ring.

Prince Andrey was one of the best dancers of his day. Natasha danced exquisitely. Her little feet in their satin dancing-shoes performed their task lightly and independently of her, and her face beamed with a rapture of happiness.

Prince Andrey loved dancing. He was anxious to escape as quickly as he could from the political and intellectual conversations into which every one tried to draw him, and anxious too to break through that burdensome barrier of constraint arising from the presence of the Tsar; so he made haste to dance, and chose Natasha for a partner because Pierre pointed her out to him, and because she was the first pretty girl who caught his eyes. But he had no sooner put his arm round that slender, supple waist, and felt her stirring so close to him, and smiling so close to him, than the intoxication of her beauty flew to his head. He felt full of life and youth again.

After Prince Andrey, Boris came up to ask Natasha to dance, and he was followed by the dancing adjutant who had opened the ball, and many other young men. Natasha, flushed and happy, passed on her superfluous partners to Sonya, and never ceased dancing all the evening. She noticed nothing and saw nothing of what was absorbing every one else at that ball. She did not notice that the Tsar talked a long time with the French ambassador, that his manner was particularly gracious to a certain lady, that Prince So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So had said and done this and that, that Ellen's success had been brilliant, and that So-and-So had paid her marked attention. She did not even see the Tsar.

In one of the most enjoyable cotillions before supper, Prince Andrey danced again with Natasha. He reminded her of how he had first seen her in the avenue at Otradnoe, and how she could not sleep on that moonlight night, and told her how he had unwittingly listened to her. Natasha blushed at these recollections.

Like all men who have grown up in society, Prince Andrey liked meeting anything not of the conventional stamp. And such was Natasha with her wonder, her delight, her shyness, and even her mistakes in talking French. His manner was particularly tender and circumspect as he talked to her of the simplest and most trifling subjects.

In the middle of the cotillion, Natasha flew across the room to choose two ladies for the figure.

'If she goes first to her cousin and then to another lady, she will be my wife,' Prince Andrey—greatly to his own surprise—caught himself saying mentally, as he watched her. She did go first to her cousin.

'What nonsense does sometimes come into one's mind!' thought Prince Andrey, 'but one thing's certain, that girl is so charming, so original, that she won't be dancing here a month before she will be married. . . . She's a rare thing here,' he thought.

At the end of the cotillion, the old count in his blue frock coat went up to the young people who had been dancing. He invited Prince Andrey to come and see them, and asked his daughter whether she were enjoying herself. Natasha did not at once answer, she only smiled a smile that said reproachfully: 'How can you ask such a question?'

At that ball Pierre for the first time felt humiliated by the position his wife took in the highest court circles. He was sullen and absent-minded. As he stood in a window, staring over his spectacles and seeing no one, Natasha passed close by him on her way in to supper. Pierre's gloomy, unhappy face struck her. She stopped, facing him. She longed to come to his aid, to bestow on him some of her own overflowing happiness. 'How delightful it is,' she said; 'isn't it?'

Pierre smiled an absent-minded smile, obviously not grasping what was said to him. 'Yes, I'm very glad,' he said.

'How can people be discontented at anything!' thought Natasha. 'Especially any one as nice as Bezuhov.'

In Natasha's eyes all the people at the ball were particularly kind, sweet, good people, loving one another; none were capable of wronging one another, and so all must be happy.

NEXT day when Prince Andrey thought of the ball it did not occupy his mind for long. 'Yes, it was a very successful ball. And besides . . . yes, the younger Rostov is very charming. There's something fresh in her, original, unlike Petersburg.' That was all he thought about the previous day's ball, and after his morning tea he set to work.

But from fatigue and want of sleep he was not very well disposed for work, and could get nothing done. He began looking at his life in Petersburg during the last four months, as though it were something new. He thought of the efforts he had made, and the people he had tried to see, and the history of his project of army reform, which had been accepted for consideration, and had been shelved because another scheme, a very poor one, had already been worked out and presented to the Tsar. He thought of the sittings of the committee, of the conscientious and prolonged deliberations that took place at those sittings on every point relating to the formalities of the sittings themselves, and the studious brevity with which anything relating to the reality of their duties was touched on. He thought of his work on the legislative reforms, of his careful translation of the Roman and French codes into Russian, and he felt ashamed of himself. Then he vividly imagined his pursuits in the country, his expedition to Ryazan; he thought of his peasants, and applying the section on Personal Rights, which he had divided into paragraphs, to them, he marvelled how he could have so long busied himself on work so idle.

The next day Prince Andrey paid calls on various people whom he had not visited before, and among them on the Rostovs. Apart from considerations of politeness, which necessitated a call, Prince Andrey wanted to see at home that original, eager girl who had left such a pleasant recollection with him.

Natasha was one of the first to meet him. She was in a blue everyday dress, in which she struck Prince Andrey as looking prettier than in her ball-dress. She and all the family received Prince Andrey like an old friend, simply and cordially. All the family, which Prince Andrey had once criticised so severely, now seemed to him to consist of excellent, simple, kindly people. The hospitality and good-nature of the old count, particularly striking and attractive in Petersburg, was such that Prince Andrey could not refuse to stay to dinner. 'Yes, these are good-natured, capital people,' thought Bolkonsky. 'Of course they have no conception what a treasure they possess in Natasha; but they are good people, who make the best possible background for the strikingly poetical figure of that charming girl, so full of life!'

Prince Andrey was conscious in Natasha of a special world, utterly remote from him, brimful of joys unknown to him, that strange world, which even in the avenue at Otradnoe, and on that moonlight night at the window, had tantalised him. Now it seemed no longer an alien world; he himself was stepping into it, and finding new pleasures in it.

After dinner Natasha went to the clavichord, at Prince Andrey's request, and began singing. Prince Andrey stood at the window talking to the ladies, and listened to her. In the middle of a phrase, Prince Andrey ceased speaking, and felt suddenly a lump in his throat from tears, the possibility of which he had not dreamed of in himself. He looked at Natasha singing, and something new and blissful stirred in his soul. He was happy, and at the same time he was sad. He certainly had nothing to weep about, but he was ready to weep. For what? For his past love? For the little princess? For his lost illusions? . . . For his hopes for the future? . . . Yes, and no. The chief thing which made him ready to weep was a sudden, vivid sense of the fearful contrast between something infinitely great and illimitable existing in him, and something limited and material, which he himself was, and even she was. This contrast made his heart ache, and rejoiced him while she was singing.

Next day Prince Andrey went to dine at the Rostovs', and spent the whole day with them.

Every one in the house perceived on whose account Prince Andrey came, and he openly tried to be all day long with Natasha.

Not only in the soul of Natasha—scared, but happy and enthusiastic—in the whole household, too, there was a feeling of something of great gravity being bound to happen. With sorrowful and sternly serious eyes the countess looked at Prince Andrey as he talked to Natasha, and shyly and self-consciously tried to begin some insignificant talk with him as soon

as he looked round at her. Natasha turned pale in a panic of expectation every time she was left for a moment alone with him.

When Prince Andrey had gone away in the evening, the countess went up to Natasha and whispered:

‘Well?’

‘Mamma, for God’s sake, don’t ask me anything just now. I’m afraid with him, I’m always afraid with him. What does that mean? Does that mean that it’s the real thing?’

‘No, my darling. I’m afraid of him myself,’ answered her mother. ‘Go to bed.’

It seemed to Natasha that she had fallen in love with Prince Andrey the first time she saw him at Otradnoe. She was as it were terrified at this strange, unexpected happiness that the man she had chosen even then (she was firmly convinced that she had done so)—that very man should meet them again now and be apparently not indifferent to her.

‘And it seems as though it all happened on purpose—his coming to Petersburg just while we are here. And our meeting at that ball. It was all fate. Mamma, does it matter his being a widower?’

‘Hush, Natasha. Pray to God. Marriages are made in heaven.’

At that very time Prince Andrey was telling Pierre of his love for Natasha and of his fixed determination to marry her.

That evening the Countess Elena Vassilyevna gave a reception; the French ambassador was there, and a royal prince who had become a very frequent visitor at the countess’s of late, and many brilliant ladies and gentlemen. Pierre came down to it, wandered through the rooms and impressed all the guests by his look of concentrated preoccupation and gloom.

Prince Andrey stood before Pierre with a radiant, ecstatic face, full of new life, and with the egoism of happiness smiled at him.

‘Well, my dear boy,’ he said, ‘I wanted to tell you yesterday, and I have come to do so to-day. I have never felt anything like it. I am in love.’

Pierre suddenly heaved a heavy sigh, and dumped down his heavy person on the sofa beside Prince Andrey.

‘With Natasha Rostov, yes?’ he said.

‘Yes, yes, who else could it be? But can she love me? . . . I’m too old for her. . . . Why don’t you speak? . . .’

‘I? I? What did I tell you?’ said Pierre, suddenly getting up and walking about the room. ‘I always thought so. . . . That girl is a treasure. . . . She’s a very rare sort of girl. And I am sure no man was ever happier than you will be.’

‘But she?’

‘She loves you.’

‘Don’t talk nonsense . . .’ said Prince Andrey, smiling and looking into Pierre’s face.

‘She loves you, I know it,’ Pierre cried angrily.

‘No; do listen,’ said Prince Andrey, taking hold of him by the arm

and stopping him. 'Do you know the state I am in? I must talk about it to some one.'

'Well, well, talk away, I'm very glad,' said Pierre, and his face did really change, the line of care in his brow was smoothed away, and he listened gladly to Prince Andrey. His friend seemed, and was indeed, an utterly different, new man. What had become of his ennui, his contempt of life, his disillusionment?

'I should never have believed it, if any one had told me I could love like this,' said Prince Andrey. 'It is utterly different from the feeling I once had. Do you understand me? I know you are glad for me.'

'Yes, yes,' Pierre assented, looking at his friend with eyes full of tenderness and sadness. The brighter the picture of Prince Andrey's fate before his mind, the darker seemed his own.

To get married his father's consent was wanted, and to obtain this Prince Andrey set off to see his father.

The father received his son's communication with external composure, but with inward wrath. He could not comprehend how any one could want to alter his life, to introduce any new element into it, when life was for him so near its end. 'If they would only let me live my life out as I want to, and then do as they like,' the old man said to himself. With his son, however, he made use of that diplomacy to which he always had resorted in case of gravity. Assuming a calm tone, he went into the whole question judicially.

In the first place, the marriage was not a brilliant one from the point of view of birth, fortune, or distinction. Secondly, Prince Andrey was not in his first youth, and was delicate in health (the old man laid special stress on this), and the girl was very young. Thirdly, there was his son, whom it would be a pity to entrust to a mere girl. 'Fourthly, and finally,' said the father, looking ironically at his son, 'I beg you to defer the matter for a year; go abroad, and get well; find a German, as you want to do so, for Prince Nikolay, and then, if your love, your passion, your obstinacy—what you choose—are so great, then get married. And that's my last word on the subject; you know, the last . . .' the old prince concluded, in a tone that showed that nothing would compel him to alter his decision.

Prince Andrey saw clearly that the old man hoped that either his feeling or that of his betrothed would not stand the test of a year, or that he, the old prince, would die himself in the course of it, and he decided to act in accordance with his father's wish; to make an offer and to defer the marriage for a year.

Three weeks after his last visit to the Rostovs, Prince Andrey returned to Petersburg.

The day after her conversation with her mother, Natasha spent the whole day expecting Bolkonsky, but he did not come. The next day, and the third, it was just the same. Pierre too stayed away, and Natasha, not knowing Prince Andrey had gone away to see his father, did not know how to interpret his absence.

So passed the three weeks. Natasha would not go out anywhere, and wandered like a shadow about the house, idle and listless, and very irritable. It seemed to her that every one knew of her disappointment, was laughing at her, and the wound to her vanity aggravated her misery.

She came in to the countess one day, tried to say something, and all at once burst into tears. Her tears were the tears of an offended child, who does not know why it is being punished. The countess tried to comfort Natasha. At first she listened to her mother's words, but suddenly she interrupted her:

'Stop, mamma, I don't think of him or want to think of him! Why, he kept coming, and he has left off, and he has left off . . .' Her voice quivered, she almost began to cry, but recovered herself, and went on calmly:

'And I don't want to be married at all. And I'm afraid of him; I have quite, quite got over it now . . .'

The day after this conversation, Natasha put on the old dress she specially associated with the fun she had often had when wearing it in the mornings, and began from early morning to take up her old manner of life, which she had given up ever since the ball. After morning tea, she went into the big hall, which she particularly liked on account of the loud resonance in it, and began singing her sol-fa exercises. When she had finished the first exercise she stood still in the middle of the room and repeated a single musical phrase which particularly pleased her. She listened with delight, as though it were new to her, to the charm of these notes ringing out, filling the empty space of the great room and dying slowly away, and she felt all at once cheerful. 'Why think so much about it; things are nice even as it is,' she said to herself; and she began walking up and down the room, not putting her feet simply down on the resounding parquet, but at each step bending her foot from the heel to the toe (she had on some new shoes she particularly liked), and listening to the regular tap of the heel and creak of the toe with the same pleasure with which she had listened to the sound of her own voice. Passing by the looking-glass, she glanced into it. 'Yes, that's me!' the expression of her face seemed to say at the sight of herself. 'Well, and very nice too. And I need nobody.'

In the vestibule the hall-door opened; some one was asking, 'At home?' and steps were audible. Natasha was looking at herself in the glass, but she did not see herself. She heard sounds in the vestibule. When she saw herself, her face was pale. It was *he*.

Natasha, pale and panic-stricken, flew into the drawing-room.

'Mamma, Bolkonsky has come,' she said. 'Mamma, this is awful, unbearable! . . . I don't want . . . to be tortured! What am I to do?'

The countess had not time to answer her before Prince Andrey with a troubled and serious face walked into the drawing-room. As soon as he saw Natasha his face beamed with delight. He kissed the countess's hand and Natasha's, and sat down beside the sofa.

'It's a long while since we have had the pleasure . . .' the countess was beginning, but Prince Andrey cut her short, answering her implied question, and obviously in haste to say what he had to say.

'I have not been to see you all this time because I have been to see my father; I had to talk over a very important matter with him. I only returned last night,' he said, glancing at Natasha. 'I want to have a talk with you, countess,' he added after a moment's silence.

The countess dropped her eyes, sighing heavily.

'Run away, Natasha; I will call you,' the countess whispered.

With frightened and imploring eyes Natasha glanced at Prince Andrey and at her mother, and went out.

'I have come, countess, to ask for your daughter's hand,' said Prince Andrey. 'I will speak to her, when I have received your consent. . . . Do you give it me?' said Prince Andrey.

'Yes,' said the countess, and she held out her hand to him with mingled feelings of aversion and tenderness. Her wish was to love him as a son; but she felt that he was a man alien to her, and that she was afraid of him.

'I am sure my husband will consent,' said the countess; 'but your father . . .'

'My father, whom I have informed of my plans, has made it an express condition that the marriage should not take place for a year. That, too, I meant to speak of to you,' said Prince Andrey.

'It is true that Natasha is very young, but—so long as that?'

'It could not be helped,' said Prince Andrey with a sigh.

'I will send her to you,' said the countess, and she went out of the room.

'Lord, have mercy upon us!' she kept repeating as she looked for her daughter.

Sonya told her that Natasha was in her bedroom. She was sitting on her bed, with a pale face and dry eyes; she was gazing at the holy picture, and murmuring something to herself, as she rapidly crossed herself. Seeing her mother, she leaped up and flew towards her.

'Well, mamma, . . . well?'

'Go, go to him. He asks your hand,' said the countess, coldly it seemed to Natasha. . . . 'Yes . . . go . . .' the mother murmured mournfully and reproachfully with a deep sigh as her daughter ran off.

Natasha could not have said how she reached the drawing-room. As she entered the door and caught sight of him, she stopped short: 'Is it possible that this stranger has now become *everything* to me?' she asked herself. Prince Andrey approached her with downcast eyes. 'I have loved you from the first minute I saw you. Can I hope?'

She came nearer to him and stopped. He took her hand and kissed it.

'Do you love me?'

'Yes, yes,' said Natasha, almost angrily it seemed. She drew a deep sigh, and another, and burst into sobs.

'What is it? What's the matter?'

'Oh, I am so happy,' she answered, smiling through her tears. She bent

over closer to him, thought a second, as though wondering whether it were possible, and then kissed him.

Prince Andrey held her hands, looked into her eyes and could find no trace of his former love for her in his heart. Some sudden reaction seemed to have taken place in his soul; there was none of the poetic and mysterious charm of desire left in it; instead of that there was pity for her feminine and childish weakness, terror at her devotion and trustfulness, an irksome, yet sweet, sense of duty, binding him to her for ever. The actual feeling, though not so joyous and poetical as the former feeling, was more serious and deeper.

'Did your mamma tell you that it cannot be for a year?' said Prince Andrey, still gazing into her eyes.

'No,' she answered, but she had not understood his question.

'Forgive me,' said Prince Andrey, 'but you are so young, and I have had so much experience of life. I am afraid for you. You don't know yourself.'

'Hard as that year will be to me, delaying my happiness,' continued Prince Andrey, 'in that time you will be sure of yourself. I beg you to make me happy in a year, but you are free; our engagement shall be kept a secret, and if you should find out that you do not love me, or if you should come to love . . . ' said Prince Andrey with a forced smile.

'Why do you say that?' Natasha interrupted. 'You know that from the very day when you first came to Otradnoe, I have loved you,' she said, firmly persuaded that she was speaking the truth.

'In a year you will learn to know yourself. . . .'

'A who-ole year!' cried Natasha suddenly, only now grasping that their marriage was to be deferred for a year.

Prince Andrey began to explain to her the reasons for this delay.

Her father and mother came into the room and gave the betrothed couple their blessing.

There was no formal betrothal and no announcement was made of the engagement; Prince Andrey insisted upon that. He said that since he was responsible for the delay of their marriage, he ought to bear the whole burden of it. He said that he was bound for ever by his word, but he did not want to bind Natasha and would leave her perfect freedom. If in another six months she were to feel that she did not love him, she would have a perfect right to refuse him. It need hardly be said that neither Natasha nor her parents would hear of this possibility; but Prince Andrey insisted on having his own way. Prince Andrey came every day to the Rostovs', but he did not behave with Natasha as though he were engaged to her; he addressed her formally and kissed only her hand. At first there had been a feeling of awkwardness in the family in regard to Prince Andrey. He seemed a man from another world, and Natasha used for a long while to try and make her people understand Prince Andrey, and declared to every one with pride that he only seemed to be so different, that he was really like every one else, and that she was not afraid of him and no one

need be. After a few days, the rest of the family got accustomed to seeing him, and went on without constraint with their usual manner of life, in which he took part.

The old count sometimes asked his advice about some question relating to Petya's education or Nikolay's position. The old countess sighed as she looked at them. Sonya was afraid every instant of being in their way, and was always trying to find excuses for leaving them alone, even when they had no wish to be alone.

On the day before he was to leave Petersburg, Prince Andrey brought with him Pierre, who had not been at the Rostovs' since the day of the ball. Pierre seemed absent-minded and embarrassed. He talked chiefly to the countess. Natasha was sitting at the chess-board with Sonya, and invited Prince Andrey to join them. He went to them.

'You have known Bezuhov a long while, haven't you?' he asked. 'Do you like him?'

'Yes; he's very nice, but very absurd.'

And she began, as people always did when speaking of Pierre, to tell anecdotes of his absent-mindedness, anecdotes which were made up, indeed, about him.

'You know, I have confided our secret to him,' said Prince Andrey. 'I have known him from childhood. He has a heart of gold. I beg you, Natalie,' he said, with sudden seriousness, 'I am going away; God knows what may happen. You may change . . . Oh, I know I ought not to speak of that. Only one thing—if anything were to happen to you, while I am away . . .'

'What could happen?'

'If any trouble were to come,' pursued Prince Andrey. 'I beg you, Mademoiselle Sophie, if anything were to happen, to go to him and no one else for advice and help. He is a most absent-minded and eccentric person, but he has the truest heart.'

Neither her father, nor her mother could have foreseen the effect of the parting on Natasha. She did not weep even at the moment when Prince Andrey kissed her hand for the last time.

'Don't go away!' was all she said, in a voice that made him wonder whether he ought not really to remain, and that he remembered long after.

PART VII

THE Biblical tradition tells us that the absence of work—idleness—was a condition of the first man's blessedness before the Fall. The love of idleness has remained the same in fallen man; but a secret voice tells us that we must be to blame for being idle. If a man could find a state in which while being idle he could feel himself to be of use and to be doing his duty, he would have attained to one side of primitive blessedness. And such a state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is enjoyed by a whole class—the military class.

Nikolay Rostov was enjoying this blessed privilege to the full, as after the year 1807 he remained in the Pavlograd regiment, in command of the squadron that had been Denisov's.

Rostov had become a bluff, good-natured fellow, who would have been thought rather bad form by his old acquaintances in Moscow, though he was loved and respected by his comrades, his subordinates, and his superior officers, and was well content with his life.

Of late—in the year 1809—he had found more and more frequently in letters from home complaints on the part of his mother that their pecuniary position was going from bad to worse, and that it was high time for him to come home, to gladden and comfort the hearts of his old parents. In 1810 he received letters in which he was told of Natasha's engagement to Bolkonsky, and of the marriage being deferred for a year, because the old prince would not consent to it. This chagrined and mortified Nikolay. In the first place, he was sorry to be losing from home Natasha, whom he cared more for than all the rest of the family. Secondly, from his hussar point of view, he regretted not having been at home at the time, as he would have shown this Bolkonsky that it was by no means such an honour to be connected with him, and that if he cared for Natasha he could get on just as well without his crazy old father's consent. For a moment he hesitated whether to ask for leave, so as to see Natasha engaged, but then the manœuvres were just coming on, and thoughts of complications recurred to him, and again he put it off.

But in the spring of the same year he got a letter from his mother, written without his father's knowledge, and that letter decided him. She wrote that if Nikolay did not come and look after things, their whole estate would have to be sold by auction, and they would all be beggars. 'I beseech you,

for God's sake, to come at once, if you don't want to make me and all your family miserable,' wrote the countess.

That letter produced an effect on Nikolay. He had that common sense of mediocrity which showed him what was his duty.

His duty now was, if not to retire from the army, at least to go home on leave. Why he had to go, he could not have said; but, after his after-dinner nap, he ordered his grey mare to be saddled, a terribly vicious beast that he had not ridden for a long while. He returned home with his horse in a lather, and told Lavrushka—he had kept on Denisov's old valet—and the comrades who dropped in that evening, that he had applied for leave and was going home. It was difficult for him to believe that he was going away without hearing from the staff whether he had been promoted to a captain or had received the St. Anne for the last manœuvres. It seemed inconceivable that without him the ball could take place which the hussars were to give in honour of their favourite Polish belle. Yet he knew he must leave this world, where all was well and all was clear, to go where all was nonsensical and complicated.

For the first half of the journey, from Kremenchug to Kiev, all Rostov's thoughts—as is apt to be the case with travellers—turned to what he had left behind—to his squadron. But after being jolted over the first half of the journey, he had begun to wonder uneasily what he should find on reaching Otradnoe. At the station nearest to Otradnoe he gave the sledge-driver a tip of three roubles, and ran breathless up the steps of his home, like a boy.

After the excitement of the first meeting, and the strange feeling of disappointment after his expectations—the feeling that 'it's just the same; why was I in such a hurry?'—Nikolay began to settle down in his old world of home. His father and mother were just the same, only a little older. All that was new in them was a certain uneasiness and at times a difference of opinion, which he had never seen between them before, and soon learned to be due to the difficulties of their position.

Sonya was now nearly twenty. She would grow no prettier now; there was no promise in her of more to come; but what she had was enough. She was brimming over with love and happiness as soon as Nikolay came home, and this girl's faithful, steadfast love for him gladdened his heart. Petya and Natasha surprised Nikolay more than all the rest. Petya was a big, handsome lad of thirteen, whose voice was already cracking; he was full of gaiety and clever pranks. Nikolay did not get over his wonder at Natasha for a long while, and laughed as he looked at her.

'You're utterly different,' he told her.

'How? Uglier?'

'No, quite the contrary; but what dignity! A real princess!' he whispered to her.

'Yes, yes, yes,' cried Natasha gleefully.

Natasha told him all the story of Prince Andrey's lovemaking, of his visit to Otradnoe, and showed him his last letter.

'Well, are you glad?' asked Natasha. 'I'm so at peace and happy now.'

'Very glad,' answered Nikolay. 'He's a splendid fellow. Are you very much in love, then?'

'How shall I say?' answered Natasha. 'I was in love with Boris, with our teacher, with Denisov; but this is utterly different. I feel calm, settled. I know there is no one better than he in the world, and so I am calm now and content. It's utterly different from anything before. . . .'

Nikolay expressed his dissatisfaction at the marriage being put off for a year. But Natasha fell on him with exasperation, proving to him that no other course was possible, that it would be a horrid thing to enter a family against the father's will, and that she would not consent to it herself.

'You don't understand at all, at all,' she kept saying.

Nikolay paused a moment, and then said he agreed with her.

In the early part of his time at home Nikolay was worried by the necessity of meddling in the stupid business matters which his mother had sent for him to look after. To be rid of this burden as soon as possible, on the third day after his return, he marched angrily off, making no reply to inquiries where he was going, with scowling brows entered Mitenka's lodge, and demanded from him an *account* in full. What he meant by an account in full, Nikolay knew even less than the panic-stricken and bewildered Mitenka. The conversation and Mitenka's accounts did not last long. The village elder, the deputy, and the village clerk, waiting in the entry of the lodge, heard with awe and delight at first the booming and snapping of the young count's voice in a constantly ascending scale, then terrible words of abuse, flung one after another.

'Robber! Ungrateful brute! . . . I'll thrash the dog! . . . not papa to deal with . . . plundering us . . .' and so on.

Then, with no less awe and delight, these persons saw the young count, with a red face and bloodshot eyes, dragging Mitenka out by the collar, kicking him with great dexterity at every appropriate moment between his words, and shouting:

'Away with you! Never let me set eyes on you, blackguard!'

The young count walked by, treading resolutely and breathing hard, taking no notice of them, and went into the house.

The countess heard at once through her maids of what had been happening in the lodge, and was comforted by the reflection that now their position would be sure to improve, though on the other hand she was uneasy as to the effect of the scene on her son. She went several times on tiptoe to his door, and listened as he lighted one pipe after another.

The next day the old count drew his son on one side, and, with a timid smile, said to him, 'But you know, my dear boy, you had no reason to be so angry. Mitenka has told me all about it.'

'I knew,' thought Nikolay, 'that I should never make head or tail of anything in this crazy world.'

'You were angry at his not having put down these seven hundred and

eight roubles. But you see they were carried forward by double entry, and you didn't look at the next page.'

'Papa, he's a blackguard and a thief, I am certain. And what I have done, I have done. But if you don't wish it, I will say nothing to him.'

'No, my dear boy!' (The old count was confused. He was conscious that he had mismanaged his wife's estate and had wronged his children, but he had no notion how to rectify the position.) 'No, I beg you to go into things. I am old. I . . .'

'No, papa, forgive me if I have done what you dislike. I know less about it than you do.'

After this, young Rostov took no further part in business of any sort, but devoted himself with passionate interest to everything to do with the chase, which was kept up on a great scale on the old count's estate.

WINTRY weather was already setting in, the morning frosts hardened the earth drenched by the autumn rains. Already the grass was full of tufts, and stood out bright green against the patches of brown winter cornland trodden by the cattle, and the pale yellow stubble of the summer cornfields, and the reddish strips of buckwheat. The uplands and copses, which at the end of August had still been green islands among the black fields ploughed ready for winter corn, and the stubble had become golden and lurid red islands in a sea of bright green autumn crops. The grey hare had already half-changed its coat, the foxes' cubs were beginning to leave their parents, and the young wolves were bigger than dogs. It was the best time of the year for the chase.

On the morning of the 15th of September when young Rostov in his dressing-gown looked out of window he saw a morning which was all the heart could desire for hunting. It looked as though the sky were melting, and without the slightest wind, sinking down upon the earth. The only movement in the air was the soft downward motion of microscopic drops of moisture or mist. The bare twigs in the garden were hung with transparent drops which dripped on to the freshly fallen leaves. The earth in the kitchen-garden had a gleaming, wet, black look like the centre of a poppy, and at a short distance away it melted off into the damp, dim veil of fog.

Nikolay went out on to the wet and muddy steps. There was a smell of decaying leaves and dogs. The broad-backed, black and tan bitch Milka, with her big, prominent, black eyes, caught sight of her master, got up, stretched out her hind legs, lay down like a hare, then suddenly jumped up and licked him right on his nose and moustache. Another harrier, catching sight of his master from the bright coloured path, arched its back, darted headlong to the steps, and, lifting its tail, rubbed itself against Nikolay's legs.

'O, hoy!' He heard at that moment the inimitable hunting halloo which unites the deepest bass and the shrillest tenor notes. And round the corner came the huntsman and whipper-in, Danilo, a grey, wrinkled man, with his hair cropped round in the Ukrainian fashion. He held a bent whip in

his hand, and his face had that expression of independence and scorn for everything in the world, which is only to be seen in huntsmen.

'It's a good day, eh? Just right for riding and hunting, eh?' said Nikolay, scratching Milka behind the ears.

Danilo winked and made no reply.

After extracting from Danilo an admission that the dogs were fit, Nikolay told him to have the horses saddled.

'Are you going?' said Natasha. 'I knew you would! Sonya said you weren't going. I knew that on such a day you couldn't help going!'

'Yes, we're going,' Nikolay answered reluctantly. As he meant to attempt serious hunting he did not want to take Natasha and Petya. 'We are going, but only wolf-hunting; it will be dull for you.'

'You know that it's the greatest of my pleasures,' said Natasha.

'No hindrance bars a Russian's path!' declaimed Petya; 'let's go!'

Fifty-four hounds were led out under the charge of six whippers-in and grooms. Of huntsmen, properly speaking, there were taking part in the hunt eight men besides the members of the family, and more than forty greyhounds ran behind them, so that with the hounds in leashes there were about a hundred and thirty dogs and twenty persons on horseback.

The horses stept over the field as over a soft carpet, splashing now and then into pools as they crossed the road. The foggy sky still seemed falling imperceptibly and regularly down on the earth; the air was still and warm, and there was no sound but now and then the whistle of a huntsman, the snort of a horse, the clack of a whip, or the whine of a dog who had dropped out of his place. When they had gone a verst, five more horsemen accompanied by dogs appeared out of the mist to meet the Rostovs. The foremost of them was a fresh, handsome old man with large, grey moustaches.

'Good-day, uncle,' said Nikolay as the old man rode up to him.

'All's well and march! . . . I was sure of it,' began the man addressed as uncle. He was not really the Rostovs' uncle, but a distant relative, who had a small property in their neighbourhood.

The hounds were joined into one pack, and the uncle and Nikolay rode on side by side.

'Good-day, uncle; we're coming to the hunt too!' shouted Petya.

'Good-day, good-day, and mind you don't ride down the dogs,' said the uncle sternly.

The uncle looked with disapproval at Petya and Natasha. He did not like a mixture of frivolity with the serious business of the hunt.

'Nikolenka, what a delightful dog Trunila is! he knew me,' said Natasha of her favourite dog.

'In the first place, Trunila's not a dog, but a wolf-hound,' thought Nikolay. He glanced at his sister trying to make her feel the distance that lay between them at that moment. Natasha understood it.

'Don't imagine we shall get in anybody's way, uncle,' said Natasha. 'We'll stay in our right place and not stir from it.'

'And you'll do well, little countess,' said the uncle. 'Only don't fall off your horse,' he added, 'or you'd never get on again—all's well, quick march!'

The Otradnoe preserve came into sight, an oasis of greenness, two hundred and fifty yards away. Rostov, settling finally with the uncle from what point to set the dogs on, pointed out to Natasha the place where she was to stand, a place where there was no chance of anything running out, and went round to close in from behind above the ravine.

'Now, nephew, you're on the track of an old wolf,' said the uncle; 'mind he doesn't give you the slip.'

'That's as it happens,' answered Rostov. 'Karay, hey!' he shouted, replying to the uncle's warning by this call to his dog. Karay was an old, misshapen, muddy-coloured hound, famous for attacking an old wolf unaided. All took their places.

Nikolay Rostov was standing at his post, waiting for the wolf. He was aware of what must be taking place within the copse from the rush of the pack coming closer and going further away, from the cries of the dogs, whose notes were familiar to him, from the nearness, and then greater remoteness, and sudden raising of the voices of the huntsmen. He knew that there were both young and also old wolves in the enclosure. He knew the hounds had divided into two packs, that in one place they were close on the wolf, and that something had gone wrong.

He made a thousand different suppositions of how and at what spot the wolf would run out, and how he would set upon it. Several times he prayed to God that the wolf would rush out upon him. He prayed with that feeling of passion and compunction with which men pray in moments of intense emotion due to trivial causes. 'Why, what is it to Thee,' he said to God, 'to do this for me? I know Thou art great and that it's a sin to pray to Thee about this, but for God's sake do make the old wolf come out upon me, and make Karay fix his teeth in his throat and finish him before the eyes of "uncle," who is looking this way.'

A thousand times over in that half-hour, with intent, strained and uneasy eyes Rostov scanned the thickets at the edge of the copse, with two scraggy oaks standing up above the undergrowth of aspen, and the ravine with its overhanging bank, and 'uncle's' cap peeping out from behind a bush on the right. 'No, that happiness is not to be,' thought Rostov, 'yet what would it cost Him! It's not to be! I'm always unlucky, at cards, in war, and everything.' Austerlitz and Dolohov flashed in distinct but rapid succession through his imagination. 'Only once in my life to kill an old wolf; I ask for nothing beyond!' he thought, straining eyes and ears, looking from left to right, and back again, and listening to the slightest fluctuations in the sounds of the dogs.

He looked again to the right, and saw something running across the open ground towards him. 'No, it can't be!' thought Rostov, taking a deep breath, as a man does at the coming of what he has long been hoping for. The greatest piece of luck had come to him, and so simply, without noise,

or flourish, or display to signalise it. The wolf was running forward; he leaped clumsily over a rut that lay across his path.

Nikolay did not hear his own cry; he had no consciousness of galloping; he saw neither the dogs nor the ground over which he galloped. He saw nothing but the wolf, which, quickening its pace, was bounding in the same direction across the glade. Foremost of the hounds was the black and tan, broad-backed bitch, Milka, and she was getting close upon him. But the wolf turned a sidelong glance upon her, and instead of flying at him, as she always had done, Milka suddenly stopped short, her fore-legs held stiffly before her and her tail in the air.

'Loo! loo! loo!' shouted Nikolay.

The red hound, Lyubima, darted forward from behind Milka, dashed headlong at the wolf, and got hold of him by the hind-leg, but in the same second bounded away on the other side in terror. The wolf crouched, gnashed its teeth, rose again, and bounded forward, followed at a couple of yards' distance by all the dogs: they did not try to get closer.

'He'll get away! No, it's impossible!' thought Nikolay, still shouting in a husky voice.

'Karay! Loo! loo! . . .' he kept shouting, looking for the old hound, who was his one hope now.

Karay, straining his old muscles to the utmost, and watching the wolf intently, was bounding clumsily away from the beast, to cut across his path in front of him. But it was plain from the swiftness of the wolf's course and the slowness of the hounds that Karay was out in his reckoning. Nikolay saw the copse not far now ahead of him. If once the wolf reached it, he would escape to a certainty. But in front dogs and men came into sight, dashing almost straight towards the wolf. There was still hope. A long, young hound, not one of the Rostovs'—Nikolay did not recognise him—flew from in front straight at the wolf, and almost knocked him over. The wolf got up again with a surprising rapidity and flew at the young hound; his teeth clacked, and the hound, covered with blood from a gash in his side, thrust its head in the earth, squealing shrilly.

'Karay! old man!' Nikolay wailed.

The old dog, with the tufts of matted hair, quivering on his haunches, had succeeded, thanks to the delay, in cutting across the wolf's line of advance, and was now five paces in front of him. The wolf stole a glance at Karay, as though aware of his danger, and tucking his tail further between his legs, he quickened his pace. But then—Nikolay could only see that something was happening with Karay—the hound had dashed instantly at the wolf and had rolled in a struggling heap with him into the watercourse before them.

The moment when Nikolay saw the dogs struggling with the wolf in the watercourse, saw the wolf's grey coat under them, his outstretched hind-leg, his head gasping in terror, and his ears turned back (Karay had him by the throat)—the moment when Nikolay saw all this was the happiest moment of his life. He had already grasped the pommel of his saddle to dismount

and stab the wolf, when suddenly the beast's head was thrust up above the mass of dogs, then his fore-legs were on the bank of the watercourse. The wolf clacked his teeth (Karay had not hold of his throat now), leaped with his hind-legs out of the hollow, and with his tail between his legs, pushed forward, getting away from the dogs again. Karay, his hair starting up, had difficulty in getting out of the watercourse; he seemed to be bruised or wounded. 'My God, why is this!' Nikolay shouted in despair. The uncle's huntsman galloped across the line of the wolf's advance from the other side, and again his hounds stopped the wolf, again he was hemmed in.

Nikolay, his groom, the uncle, and his huntsman pranced about the beast with shouts and cries of 'loo,' every minute on the point of dismounting when the wolf crouched back, and dashing forward again every time the wolf shook himself free and moved towards the copse, where his safety lay.

At the beginning of this onset Danilo, hearing the hunters' cries, had darted out of the copse. He saw that Karay had hold of the wolf and checked his horse, supposing the deed was done. But seeing that the hunters did not dismount from their horses, and that the wolf was shaking himself free, and again making his escape, Danilo galloped his own horse, not towards the wolf, but in a straight line towards the copse, to cut him off, as Karay had done. Thanks to this manœuvre, he bore straight down on the wolf when the uncle's dogs had a second time fallen behind him.

Danilo galloped up in silence, holding a drawn dagger in his left hand, and thrashing the heaving sides of his chestnut horse with his riding whip, as though it were a flail.

It was obvious to the dogs, to the hunters, and to the wolf that all was over now. The beast, its ears drawn back in terror, tried to get up, but the dogs clung to him. Nikolay would have stabbed him, but Danilo whispered: 'Don't; we will string him up!' They put a stick in the wolf's jaws, fastened it, as it were bridling him with a leash, and tied his legs. With happy, exhausted faces they tied the great wolf alive on a horse, that started and snorted in alarm at it; and with all the dogs trooping after and whining at the wolf, they brought it to the place where all were to meet.

In the evening, Nikolay found himself so great a distance from home that he accepted the uncle's invitation to stop hunting and to stay the night at the uncle's little place.

'And if you all come to me—forward, quick march!' said the uncle, 'it would be even better; you see, the weather's damp, you could rest, and the little countess could be driven back in a trap.' The invitation was accepted; a huntsman was sent to Otradnoc for a trap, and Nikolay, Natasha, and Petya rode to the uncle's house.

Five men servants—little and big—ran out on to the front steps to meet their master. Dozens of women, old and big and little, popped out at the back entrance to have a look at the huntsmen as they arrived. The presence of Natasha—a woman, a lady, on horseback—excited the curiosity of the uncle's house-serfs to such a pitch that many of them went up to her, stared her in the face, and, unrestrained by her presence, made remarks

about her, as though she were some prodigy on show, not a human being, and not capable of hearing and understanding what was said about her.

'Arinka, look-ée, she sits sideways! Sits on so, while her skirt flies about. . . . And look at the little horn!'

'Sakes alive! and the knife too. . . .'

'A regular Tatar woman!'

'How do you manage not to tumble off?' said the forwardest of them, addressing Natasha boldly.

The uncle got off his horse at the steps of his little wooden house, which was shut in by an overgrown garden. Looking from one to another of his household, he shouted peremptorily to those who were not wanted to retire, and for the others to do all that was needed for the reception of his guests.

They all ran off in different directions. The uncle helped Natasha to dismount, and gave her his arm up the shaky, plank steps.

Inside, the house, with boarded, unplastered walls, was not very clean; there was nothing to show that the chief aim of the persons living in it was the removal of every spot, yet there were no signs of neglect. There was a smell of fresh apples in the entry, and the walls were hung with foxskins and wolfskins.

The uncle led his guests through the vestibule into a little hall with a folding-table and red chairs, then into a drawing-room with a round birch-wood table and a sofa, and then into his study, with a ragged sofa, a threadbare carpet, and portraits of his father and mother, and of himself in military uniform. The study smelt strongly of tobacco and dogs. In the study the uncle asked his guests to sit down and make themselves at home, and he left them. Rugay came in, his back still covered with mud, and lay on the sofa, cleaning himself with his tongue and his teeth. There was a corridor leading from the study, and in it they could see a screen with ragged curtains. Behind the screen they heard feminine laughter and whispering.

Natasha, Nikolay, and Petya took off their wraps and sat down on the sofa. Petya leaned on his arm and fell asleep at once; Natasha and Nikolay sat without speaking. Their faces were burning; they were very hungry and very cheerful. They looked at one another—now that the hunt was over and they were indoors, Nikolay did not feel called upon to show his masculine superiority over his sister. Natasha winked at her brother; and they broke into a ringing laugh before they had time to invent a pretext for their mirth.

After a brief interval, the uncle came in wearing a Cossack coat, blue breeches, and little top-boots. And this very costume, at which Natasha had looked with surprise and amusement when the uncle wore it at Otradnoe, seemed to her now the right costume here, and in no way inferior to frock coats or ordinary jackets. The uncle, too, was in good spirits.

'Well, this young countess here—forward, quick march!—I have never

seen her like!' he said, giving a long pipe to Rostov, while with a practised motion of three fingers he filled another—a short broken one—for himself.

'She's been in the saddle all day—something for a man to boast of—and she's just as fresh as if nothing had happened!'

Soon the door was opened obviously, from the sound, by a barefoot servant-girl, and a stout, red-cheeked, handsome woman of about forty, with a double chin and full red lips, walked in, with a big tray in her hands. With hospitable dignity and cordiality in her eyes and in every gesture, she looked round at the guests, and with a genial smile bowed to them respectfully.

In spite of her exceptional stoutness, which made her hold her head flung back, while her bosom and all her portly person was thrust forward, this woman (the uncle's housekeeper) stepped with extreme lightness. She went to the table, put the tray down, and deftly with her plump, white hands set the bottles and dishes on the table. When she had finished this task she went away, standing for a moment in the doorway with a smile on her face. 'Here I am—I am *she!* Now do you understand the uncle?' her appearance had said to Rostov. Who could fail to understand? Not Nikolay only, but even Natasha understood the uncle now and the significance of his knitted brows, and the happy, complacent smile, which puckered his lips as Anisya Fyodorovna came in.

On the tray there were liqueurs, herb-brandy, mushrooms, biscuits of rye flour made with buttermilk, honey in the comb, foaming mead made from honey, apples, nuts raw and nuts baked, and nuts preserved in honey. Then Anisya Fyodorovna brought in preserves made with honey and with sugar, and ham and a chicken that had just been roasted.

All these delicacies were of Anisya Fyodorovna's preparing, cooking or preserving. All seemed to smell and taste, as it were, of Anisya Fyodorovna. All seemed to recall her buxomness, cleanliness, whiteness, and cordial smile.

'A little of this, please, little countess,' she kept saying, as she handed Natasha first one thing, then another. Natasha ate of everything, and it seemed to her that such buttermilk biscuits, such delicious preserves, such nuts in honey, such a chicken, she had never seen nor tasted anywhere.

Anisya Fyodorovna withdrew. Rostov and the uncle, as they sipped cherry brandy after supper, talked of hunts past and to come, of Rugay and Ilagin's dogs. Natasha sat upright on the sofa, listening with sparkling eyes. She tried several times to waken Petya, and make him eat something, but he made incoherent replies, evidently in his sleep. Natasha felt so gay, so well content in these new surroundings, that her only fear was that the trap would come too soon for her. After a silence had chanced to fall upon them, as almost always happens when any one receives friends for the first time in his own house, the uncle said, in response to the thought in his guests' minds:

'Yes, so you see how I am finishing my days. . . . One dies—forward, quick march!—nothing is left. So why sin!'

The uncle's face was full of significance and even beauty as he said this. Rostov could not help recalling as he spoke all the good things he had heard said by his father and the neighbours about him. Through the whole district the uncle had the reputation of being a most generous and disinterested eccentric. He was asked to arbitrate in family quarrels; he was chosen executor; secrets were entrusted to him; he was elected a justice, and asked to fill other similar posts; but he had always persisted in refusing all public appointments, spending the autumn and spring in the fields on his bay horse, the winter sitting at home, and the summer lying in his overgrown garden.

'Why don't you enter the service, uncle?'

'I have been in the service, but I flung it up. I'm not fit for it. I can't make anything of it. That's your affair. I haven't the wit for it. The chase, now, is a very different matter; there it's all forward and quick march! Open the door there!' he shouted. 'Why have you shut it?' A door at the end of the corridor (which word the uncle always pronounced *collidor*, like a peasant) led to the huntsmen's room, as the sitting-room for the huntsmen was called. There was a rapid patter of bare feet, and an unseen hand opened the door into the huntsmen's room. They could then hear distinctly from the corridor the sounds of the balalaika, unmistakably played by a master hand. Natasha had been for some time listening, and now she went out into the corridor to hear the music more clearly.

'That's Mitka, my coachman . . . I bought him a good balalaika; I'm fond of it,' said the uncle.

'How well he plays! It's really very nice,' said Nikolay, with a certain unconscious superciliousness in his tone.

'Very nice?' Natasha said reproachfully, feeling the tone in which her brother had spoken. 'It's not nice, but splendid, really!'

'More, more, please,' said Natasha in the doorway, as soon as the balalaika ceased.

The uncle sat listening with his head on one side, and a slight smile. Several times the balalaika was tuned up and the same notes were thrummed again, but the audience did not weary of it, and still longed to hear it again and again. Anisya Fyodorovna came in and stood with her portly person leaning against the doorpost.

'You are pleased to listen!' she said to Natasha, with a smile extraordinarily like the uncle's smile. 'He does play nicely,' she said.

'That part he never plays right,' the uncle said suddenly with a vigorous gesture. 'It ought to be taken more at a run—forward, quick march! . . . to be played lightly.'

'Why, can you do it?' asked Natasha.

The uncle smiled, and did not answer.

'Just you look, Anisushka, whether the strings are all right on the guitar, eh? It's a long while since I have handled it. I had quite given it up!'

Anisya Fyodorovna went very readily with her light step to do her master's bidding, and brought him his guitar. Without looking at any one

the uncle blew the dust off it, tapped on the case with his bony fingers, tuned it, and settled himself in a low chair. Arching his left elbow with a rather theatrical gesture, he held the guitar above the finger-board, and winking at Anisya Fyodorovna, he played a single pure musical chord, and then smoothly, quietly, but confidently began playing in very slow time the well-known song, 'As along the highroad.'

'Splendid, splendid, uncle! Again, again!' cried Natasha, as soon as he had finished. The uncle got up, and there seemed to be two men in him at that moment—one smiled seriously at the antics of the merry player, while the merry player naïvely and carefully executed the steps preliminary to the dance.

'Come, little niece!' cried the uncle, waving to Natasha the hand that had struck the last chord.

Natasha flung off the shawl that had been wrapped round her, ran forward facing the uncle, and setting her arms akimbo, made the movements of her shoulder and waist.

Where, how, when had this young countess, educated by a French *émigrée*, sucked in with the Russian air she breathed the spirit of that dance? Where had she picked up these movements which the *pas de châte* would, one might have thought, long ago have eradicated? But the spirit, the motions were those inimitable, unteachable, Russian gestures the uncle had hoped for from her. As soon as she stood up, and smiled that triumphant, proud smile of sly gaiety, the dread that had come on Nikolay and all the spectators at the first moment, the dread that she would not dance it well, was at an end and they were already admiring her.

She danced the dance well, so well indeed, so perfectly, that Anisya Fyodorovna, who handed her at once the kerchief she needed in the dance, had tears in her eyes, though she laughed as she watched that slender, graceful little countess, reared in silk and velvet, belonging to another world than hers, who was yet able to understand all that was in Anisya and her father and her mother and her aunt and every Russian soul.

'Well done, little countess—forward, quick march!' cried the uncle, laughing gleefully as he finished the dance. 'Ah, that's a niece to be proud of! She only wants a fine fellow picked out now for her husband,—and then, forward, quick march!'

'One has been picked out already,' said Nikolay, smiling.

'Oh!' said the uncle in surprise, looking inquiringly at Natasha. Natasha nodded her head with a happy smile.

At ten o'clock there arrived the wagonette, a trap, and three men on horseback, who had been sent to look for Natasha and Petya. Petya was carried out and laid in the wagonette as though he had been a corpse. Natasha and Nikolay got into the trap. The uncle wrapped Natasha up, and said good-bye to her with quite a new tenderness. He accompanied them on foot as far as the ridge which they had to ride round, fording the stream, and bade his huntsmen ride in front with lanterns.

There were red lights in the village they drove through and a cheerful smell of smoke.

'What a darling that uncle is!' said Natasha as they drove out into the highroad.

'Yes,' said Nikolay. 'You're not cold?'

'No, I'm very comfortable; very. I am so happy,' said Natasha, positively perplexed at her own well-being. They were silent for a long while.

The night was dark and damp. They could not see the horses, but could only hear them splashing through the unseen mud.

'I know I shall never be as happy, as peaceful as I am now . . .' Natasha was thinking.

'Ah! Still a light in the drawing-room,' she said, pointing to the windows of their house gleaming in the wet, velvety darkness of the night.

COUNT ILYA ANDREIVITCH had given up being a marshal of nobility, because that position involved too heavy an expenditure. But his difficulties were not removed by that. Often Natasha and Nikolay knew of uneasy, private consultations between their parents, and heard talk of selling the sumptuous ancestral house of the Rostovs and the estate near Moscow.

They led a quieter life at Otradnoe than in former years, but the immense house and the lodges were still full of people; more than twenty persons still sat down to table with them. These were all their own people, time-honoured inmates of their household, almost members of the family, or persons who must, it seemed, inevitably live in the count's house. There was still the same hunting establishment, increased indeed by Nikolay. There were still the same fifty horses and fifteen grooms in the stables; the same costly presents on name-days, and ceremonial dinners to the whole neighbourhood. There were still the count's games of whist and boston, at which, letting every one see his cards, he allowed himself to be plundered every day of hundreds by his neighbours, who looked upon the privilege of making up a rubber with Count Ilya Andreivitch as a profitable investment.

The countess with her loving heart felt that her children were being ruined, that the count was not to blame, that he could not help being what he was, that he was distressed himself (though he tried to conceal it) at the consciousness of his own and his children's ruin, and was seeking means to improve their position. To her feminine mind only one way of doing so occurred—that was, to marry Nikolay to a wealthy heiress. She felt that this was their last hope.

'What, if I loved a girl with no fortune would you really desire me, mamma, to sacrifice my feeling and my honour for the sake of money?' he asked his mother, with no notion of the cruelty of his question, but simply wishing to show his noble sentiments.

'No; you misunderstand me,' said his mother, not knowing how to retrieve her mistake. 'You misunderstand me, Nikolenska. It is your hap-

piness I wish for,' she added, and she felt she was speaking falsely, that she was blundering. She burst into tears.

'Mamma, don't cry, and only tell me that you wish it, and you know that I would give my whole life, everything for your peace of mind,' said Nikolay; 'I will sacrifice everything for you, even my feelings.'

But the countess did not want the question put like that; she did not want to receive sacrifices from her son, she would have liked to sacrifice herself to him.

'No; you don't understand me, don't let us talk of it,' she said, wiping away her tears.

Nikolay did not go to Moscow, the countess did not renew her conversations with him about matrimony, and with grief, and sometimes with exasperation, saw symptoms of a growing attachment between her son and the portionless Sonya. Nikolay went on spending his term of leave with his parents.

From Prince Andrey a fourth letter had been received from Rome. In it he wrote that he would long ago have been on his way back to Russia, but that in the warm climate his wound had suddenly re-opened, which would compel him to defer his return till the beginning of the new year.

Christmas came, and except for the High Mass, the solemn and wearisome congratulations to neighbours and house-serfs, and the new gowns donned by every one, nothing special happened to mark the holidays, though the still weather with twenty degrees of frost, the dazzling sunshine by day and the bright, starlit sky at night seemed to call for some special celebration of the season.

On the third day of Christmas week, after dinner, all the members of the household had separated and gone to their respective rooms. It was the dullest time of the day. Nikolay, who had been calling on neighbours in the morning, was asleep in the divan-room. The old count was resting in his own room. In the drawing-room Sonya was sitting at a round table copying a design for embroidery. The countess was playing patience. Natasha came into the room, went up to Sonya, looked at what she was doing, then went up to her mother and stood there mutely.

'Why are you wandering about like an unquiet spirit?' said her mother. 'What do you want?'

Natasha went into the big hall, took up the guitar, and sat down with it in a dark corner behind a bookcase. She began fingering the strings in the bass, picking out a phrase she recalled from an opera she had heard in Petersburg with Prince Andrey. For other listeners the sounds that came from her guitar would have had no sort of meaning, but these sounds called up in her imagination a whole series of reminiscences. She sat behind the bookcase with her eyes fixed on a streak of light that fell from the crack in the pantry door, and listened to herself and recalled the past. She was in the mood for brooding over memories.

Sonya crossed the hall, and went into the pantry with a glass in her hand. Natasha glanced at her through the crack in the pantry door, and

it seemed to her that she remembered the light falling through the crack in the pantry door, and Sonya passing with the glass in just the same way. 'Yes, and it was exactly the same in every detail,' thought Natasha.

'Sonya, what is this?' called Natasha, twanging the thick cord with her fingers.

'Oh, are you there?' said Sonya starting, and she came up and listened. 'I don't know. A storm?' she said timidly, afraid of being wrong.

'Why, she started in just the same way, and came up and smiled the same timid smile when it all happened before,' thought Natasha; 'and just in the same way, too. . . . I thought there was something wanting in her.'

'No, it's the chorus from the "Water Carrier," listen.' And Natasha hummed the air of the chorus, so that Sonya might catch it. 'Where were you going?' asked Natasha.

'To change the water in my glass. I am just finishing colouring the design.'

'You always find something to do, but I can't, you know,' said Natasha.

She sat down to the table and listened to the talk of the elders and Nikolay, who had come in to tea. 'My God, my God, the same people, the same talk, papa holding his cup, and blowing it just the same as always,' thought Natasha, feeling with horror an aversion rising up in her for all her family, because they were always the same.

'Do you know, I think,' said Natasha, in a whisper, moving up to Nikolay and Sonya, 'that one goes on remembering, and remembering; one remembers till one recalls what happened before one was in this world. . . .'

'That's metempsychosis,' said Sonya, who had been good at lessons, and remembered all she had learned. 'The Egyptians used to believe that our souls had been in animals, and would go into animals again.'

'No, do you know, I don't believe that we were once in animals,' said Natasha, 'but I know I have existed before. The soul is immortal, you know . . . so, if I am to live for ever, I have lived before too, I have lived for all eternity.'

'Natasha! Sing me something,' called the voice of the countess. 'Why are you sitting there so quietly, like conspirators?'

'Mamma, I don't want to a bit!' said Natasha, but she got up as she said it.

Natasha had not finished singing when fourteen-year-old Petya ran in great excitement into the room to announce the arrival of the mummers.

Natasha stopped abruptly.

'Idiot!' she screamed at her brother. She ran to a chair, sank into it, and broke into such violent sobbing that it was a long while before she could stop.

'It's nothing, mamma, it's nothing really, it's all right; Petya startled me,' she said, trying to smile; but the tears still flowed, and the sobs still choked her.

The mummers—house-serfs dressed up as bears, Turks, tavern-keepers, and ladies—awe-inspiring or comic figures, at first huddled shyly together

in the vestibule, bringing in with them the freshness of the cold outside, and a feeling of gaiety. Then, hiding behind one another, they crowded together in the big hall; and at first with constraint, but afterwards with more liveliness and unanimity, they started singing songs, and performing dances, and songs with dancing, and playing Christmas games. The countess, after identifying them, and laughing at their costumes, went away to the drawing-room. Count Ilya Andreivitch sat with a beaming smile in the big hall, praising their performances. The young people had disappeared.

Half an hour later there appeared in the hall among the other mummers an old lady in a crinoline—this was Nikolay. Petya was a Turkish lady, Dimmler was a clown, Natasha a hussar, and Sonya a Circassian with eyebrows and moustaches smudged with burnt cork. Sonya's disguise was the best of all. Her moustaches and eyebrows were extraordinarily becoming to her. Every one told her she looked very pretty, and she was in a mood of eager energy unlike her. Some inner voice told her that now or never her fate would be sealed, and in her masculine attire she seemed quite another person.

After those of the household who were not dressed up had expressed condescending wonder and approval, and had failed to recognise them, the young people began to think their costumes so good that they must display them to some one else.

Natasha was foremost in setting the note tone of holiday gaiety; and that gaiety, reflected from one to another, grew wilder and wilder, and reached its climax when they all went out into the frost, and talking, and calling to one another, laughing and shouting, got into the sledges.

At first they drove at a slow trot along the narrow road. As they drove by the garden, the shadows of the leafless trees often lay right across the road and hid the bright moonlight. But as soon as they were out of their grounds, the snowy plain, glittering like a diamond with bluish lights in it, lay stretched out on all sides, all motionless and bathed in moonlight. Now and again a hole gave the first sledge a jolt; the next was jolted in just the same way, and the next, and the sledges followed one another, rudely breaking the iron-bound stillness.

'A hare's track, a lot of tracks!' Natasha's voice rang out in the frost-bound air.

'How light it is, Nikolenka,' said the voice of Sonya.

Nikolay looked round at Sonya, and bent down to look at her face closer. It was a quite new, charming face with black moustaches, and eyebrows that peeped up at him from the sable fur—so close yet so distant—in the moonlight.

'That used to be Sonya,' thought Nikolay. He looked closer at her and smiled.

'What is it, Nikolenka?'

'Nothing,' he said, and turned to his horses again.

But now came a sort of enchanted forest with shifting, black shadows, and the glitter of diamonds, and a flight of marble steps, and silver roofs

of enchanted buildings, and footmen and maid-servants were running out with lights and beaming faces.

'Who is it?' was asked from the entrance.

'The mummers from the count's; I can see by the horses,' answered voices.

A broad-shouldered, energetic woman in spectacles and a loose house dress was sitting in her drawing-room, surrounded by her daughters, and doing her utmost to keep them amused. They were quietly occupied in dropping melted wax into water and watching the shadows of the shapes it assumed, when they heard the noise of steps in the vestibule, and the voices of people arriving.

The hussars, fine ladies, witches, clowns, and bears, coughing and rubbing the hoar-frost off their faces, came into the hall, where they were hurriedly lighting candles. Surrounded by the shrieking children, the mummers hid their faces, and disguising their voices, bowed to their hostess and dispersed about the room.

Natasha, the favourite of the young Melyukovs, disappeared with them into rooms at the back of the house, and burnt cork and various dressing-gowns and masculine garments were sent for and taken from the footman by bare, girlish arms through the crack of the half-open door. In ten minutes all the younger members of the Melyukov family reappeared in fancy dresses too.

After Russian dances and songs in chorus, all the party, servants and gentry alike, began playing games. An hour later all the fancy dresses were crumpled and untidy. The corked moustaches and eyebrows were wearing off the heated, perspiring, and merry faces. The guests were invited into the drawing-room for supper, while the servants were regaled in the hall.

'Oh, trying one's fate in the bath-house, that's awful!' was said at the supper-table by an old maiden lady.

'It needs courage . . .'

'I'll go,' said Sonya. 'And how do they try fate in a granary?'

'Why, at a time like this they go to the granary and listen. And according to what you hear,—if there's a knocking and a tapping, it's bad; but if there's a sound of sifting corn, it is good. But sometimes it happens . . .'

'Mamma, tell us what happened to you in the granary?'

'Why, I have forgotten . . .' she said. 'I know none of you will go.'

'No. I'll go,' said Sonya.

'Oh, well, if you're not afraid.'

Whether they were playing at the ring and string game, or the rouble game, or talking as now, Nikolay did not leave Sonya's side, and looked at her with quite new eyes. It seemed to him as though to-day, for the first time, he had, thanks to that corked moustache, seen her fully as she was. Sonya certainly was that evening gay, lively, and pretty, as Nikolay had never seen her before.

'I'm not afraid of anything,' said Sonya. 'May I go at once?' She got up. They told Sonya where the granary was; how she was to stand quite

silent and listen, and they gave her a cloak. She threw it over her head and glanced at Nikolay.

'How exquisite that girl is!' he thought. 'And what have I been thinking about all this time?'

Sonya went out into the corridor to go to the granary. Nikolay hastily went out to the front porch, saying it certainly was stuffy indoors.

Outside there was the same still frost, the same moonlight, only even brighter than before. The light was so bright, and there were so many stars sparkling in the snow, that the sky did not attract the eye, and the real stars were hardly noticeable. The sky was all blackness and dreariness, the earth all brightness.

'I'm a fool; a fool! What have I been waiting for all this time?' thought Nikolay; and running out into the porch he went round the corner of the house along the path leading to the back door. He knew Sonya would come that way. Half-way there was a pile of logs of wood, seven feet long. It was covered with snow and cast a shadow. Across it and on one side of it there fell on the snow and the path a network of shadows from the bare old lime-trees. The wall and roof of the granary glittered in the moonlight, as though hewn out of some precious stone. There was the sound of the snapping of wood in the garden, and all was perfect stillness again. The lungs seemed breathing in, not air, but a sort of ever-youthful power and joy.

From the maid-servants' entrance came the tap of feet on the steps; there was a ringing crunch on the last step where the snow was heaped, and the voice of the old maid said:

'Straight on, along this path, miss. Only don't look round!'

'I'm not afraid,' answered Sonya's voice, and Sonya's little feet in their dancing-shoes came with a ringing, crunching sound along the path towards Nikolay.

Sonya was muffled up in the cloak. She was two paces away when she saw him. She saw him, too, not as she knew him, and as she was always a little afraid of him. He was in a woman's dress, with towzled hair, and a blissful smile that was new to Sonya. She ran quickly to him.

'Quite different, and still the same,' thought Nikolay, looking at her face, all lighted up by the moon. He slipped his hands under the cloak that covered her head, embraced her, drew her to him, and kissed the lips that wore a moustache and smelt of burnt cork. Sonya kissed him full on the lips, and putting out her little hands held them against his cheeks on both sides.

'Sonya! . . . Nikolenka! . . .' was all they said. They ran to the granary and went back to the house, each at their separate door.

When they were all driving back, Natasha, who always saw and noticed everything, managed a change of places, so that Sonya was with Nikolay and the maids.

On reaching home, the young ladies told the countess how they had spent the time at the Melyukovs', and then went to their room. They

changed their dresses, but without washing off their moustaches, sat for a long while talking of their happiness. They talked of how they would live when they were married, how their husbands would be friends, and they would be happy. Looking-glasses were standing on Natasha's table, set there earlier in the evening by Dunyasha, and arranged in the traditional way for looking into the future.

'Sit down, Natasha, perhaps you will see him,' said Sonya.

Natasha lighted the candles and sat down. 'I do see some one with a moustache,' said Natasha, seeing her own face.

'You mustn't laugh, miss,' said Dunyasha.

With the assistance of Sonya and the maid, Natasha got the mirrors into the correct position. Her face took a serious expression, and she was silent. For a long while she went on sitting, watching the series of retreating candles reflected in the looking-glasses, and expecting (in accordance with the tales she had heard) at one minute to see a coffin, at the next to see *him*, Prince Andrey, in the furthest, dimmest, indistinct square. But ready as she was to accept the slightest blur as the form of a man or of a coffin, she saw nothing. She began to blink, and moved away from the looking-glass.

'Why is it other people see things and I never see anything?' she said. 'Come, you sit down, Sonya; to-day you really must. Only look for me . . . I feel so full of dread to-day!'

Sonya sat down to the looking-glass, got the correct position, and began looking. All at once Sonya drew back from the glass she was holding and put her hand over her eyes. 'O Natasha!' she said.

'Seen something? Seen something? What did you see?' cried Natasha, supporting the looking-glass.

Sonya had seen nothing. She did not know herself how and why that exclamation had broken from her as she covered her eyes.

'Did you see him?' asked Natasha, clutching her by the hand.

'Yes. Wait a bit. . . . I . . . did see him,' Sonya could not help saying, not yet sure whether by *him* Natasha meant Nikolay or Andrey. 'Why not say I saw something? Other people see things! And who can tell whether I have or have not?' flashed through Sonya's mind.

'Yes, I saw him,' she said.

'How was it? How? Standing or lying down?'

'No, I saw . . . At first there was nothing; then I saw him lying down.'

'Andrey lying down? Is he ill?' Natasha asked, fixing eyes of terror on her friend.

'No, on the contrary—on the contrary, his face was cheerful, and he turned to me'; and at the moment she was saying this, it seemed to herself that she really had seen what she described.

'Well, and then, Sonya? . . .'

'Then I could make out more; something blue and red. . . .'

'Sonya, when will he come back? When shall I see him? My God! I feel so frightened for him, and for me, and frightened for everything . . .'

cried Natasha; and answering not a word to Sonya's attempts to comfort her, she got into bed, and long after the candle had been put out she lay with wide-open eyes motionless on the bed, staring into the frosty moonlight through the frozen window-panes.

Soon after the Christmas fêtes were over, Nikolay spoke to his mother of his love for Sonya, and his immovable resolution to marry her. The countess had long before observed what was passing between Sonya and Nikolay, and was expecting this announcement. She listened to his words without comment, and then told her son that he could marry whom he chose, but that neither she nor his father would give their blessing to such a marriage. For the first time in his life Nikolay felt that his mother was displeased with him, that in spite of all her love for him she would not give way to him. Coldly, without looking at her son, she sent for her husband; and when he came in, the countess would have briefly and coldly, in Nikolay's presence, told him her son's intention, but she could not control herself, burst into tears of anger, and went out of the room. The old count began irresolutely persuading and entreating Nikolay to give up his intention. Nikolay replied he could not be false to his word, and his father, sighing and visibly embarrassed, quickly cut short the conversation.

Firmly resolved to settle things in his regiment, to retire, come home, and marry Sonya, Nikolay at the beginning of January went back to his regiment, sad and serious at being on bad terms with his parents, but, as it seemed to him, passionately in love.

After Nikolay's departure, it was more depressing than ever in the Rostovs' house. The countess fell ill from the emotional strains she had passed through.

Sonya was depressed at parting from Nikolay, and still more at the hostile tone the countess could not help adopting towards her. The count was more worried than ever by the difficulties of his position, which called for some decisive action. It was necessary to sell the Moscow house and the estate near Moscow, and to do so it was necessary to go to Moscow. But the countess's illness forced them to put off going.

Natasha grew now more impatient and overstrung every day. Prince Andrey's letters generally angered her. It mortified her to think that while she was simply living in the thought of him, he was living a real life, seeing new places and new people who were interesting to him. The more interesting his letters were, the more they vexed her.

The countess's health still did not mend, but the visit to Moscow could be deferred no longer. The trousseau had to be got, the house had to be sold, and Prince Andrey was to arrive first in Moscow, where his father was spending the winter, and Natasha believed that he had already arrived there. The countess was left in the country, and towards the end of January the count took Sonya and Natasha with him to Moscow.

PART VIII

AFTER Prince Andrey's engagement to Natasha, Pierre suddenly, for no apparent reason, felt it impossible to go on living in the same way as before. Firm as his belief was in the truths revealed to him by his benefactor, the old freemason, and happy as he had been at first in the task of perfecting his inner spiritual self, to which he had devoted himself with such ardour, yet after Prince Andrey's engagement to Natasha, and the death of Osip Alexyevitch, the news of which reached him almost simultaneously, the whole zest of his religious life seemed to have suddenly vanished. Nothing but the skeleton of life remained: his house with his brilliant wife, now basking in the favours of a very grand personage indeed, the society of all Petersburg, and his service at court with its tedious formalities. And that life suddenly filled Pierre with unexpected loathing.

He gave up keeping his diary, avoided the society of brother-masons, took to visiting the club again and to drinking a great deal; associated once more with gay bachelor companions, and began to lead a life so dissipated that Countess Elena Vassilyevna thought it necessary to make severe observations to him on the subject. Pierre felt that she was right; and to avoid compromising his wife, he went away to Moscow.

In Moscow, as soon as he entered his huge house with faded and fading princesses, his cousins, and the immense retinue of servants, as soon as, driving through the town, he saw the Iversky chapel with the lights of innumerable candles before the golden setting of the Madonna, the square of the Kremlin with its untrodden snow, the sledge-drivers, and the hovels of Sivtsev Vrazhok; saw the old Moscow gentlemen quietly going on with their daily round, without hurry or desire of change; saw the old Moscow ladies, the Moscow balls, and the English Club—he felt himself at home, in a quiet haven of rest. In Moscow he felt comfortable, warm, at home, and snugly dirty, as in an old dressing-gown.

All Moscow society, from the old ladies to the children, welcomed Pierre back like a long-expected guest, whose place was always ready for him, and had never been filled up. For the Moscow world, Pierre was the most delightful, kind-hearted, intellectual, good-humoured, and generous eccentric, and a heedless and genial Russian gentleman of the good old school. His purse was always empty, because it was always open to every one.

When after a bachelor supper, with a weak and good-natured smile, he

yielded to the entreaties of the festive party that he would drive off with them to share their revels, there were shouts of delight and triumph. At balls he danced if there were a lack of partners. Girls and young married ladies liked him, because he paid no special attention to any one, but was equally amiable to all, especially after supper. 'He is charming; he is of no sex,' they used to say of him.

Pierre no longer suffered from moments of despair, melancholy, and loathing for life as he had done. But the same malady that had manifested itself in acute attacks in former days was driven inwards and never now left him for an instant. 'What for? What's the use? What is it is going on in the world?' he asked himself in perplexity several times a day.

'Elena Vassilyevna, who has never cared for anything but her own body, and is one of the stupidest women in the world,' Pierre thought, 'is regarded by people as the acme of wit and refinement, and is the object of their homage. Napoleon Bonaparte was despised by every one while he was really great, and since he became a pitiful buffoon the Emperor Francis seeks to offer him his daughter in an illegal marriage. The Spaniards, through their Catholic Church, return thanks to God for their victory over the French on the 14th of June, and the French, through the same Catholic Church, return thanks to God for their victory over the Spaniards on the same 14th of June. My masonic brothers swear in blood that they are ready to sacrifice all for their neighbour, but they don't give as much as one rouble to the collections for the poor. We all profess the Christian law of forgiveness of sins and love for one's neighbour—the law, in honour of which we have raised forty times forty churches in Moscow—but yesterday we knouted to death a deserter; and the minister of that same law of love and forgiveness, the priest, gave the soldier the cross to kiss before his punishment.'

He suffered from an unlucky faculty—common to many men, especially Russians—the faculty of seeing and believing in the possibility of good and truth, and at the same time seeing too clearly the evil and falsity of life to be capable of taking a serious part in it. Every sphere of activity was in his eyes connected with evil and deception. Whatever he tried to be, whatever he took up, evil and falsity drove him back again and cut him off from every field of energy. And meanwhile he had to live, he had to be occupied. It was too awful to lie under the burden of those insoluble problems of life, and he abandoned himself to the first distraction that offered, simply to forget them. He visited every possible society, drank a great deal, went in for buying pictures, building, and above all reading. He read and re-read everything he came across.

Although the doctors told him that in view of his corpulence wine was injurious to him, he drank a very great deal. He never felt quite content except when he had, almost unconsciously, lifted several glasses of wine to his big mouth. Then he felt agreeably warm all over his body, amiably disposed towards all his fellows, and mentally ready to respond superficially to every idea, without going too deeply into it.

Sometimes Pierre remembered what he had been told of soldiers under fire in ambuscade when they have nothing to do, how they try hard to find occupation so as to bear their danger more easily. And Pierre pictured all men as such soldiers trying to find a refuge from life: some in ambition, some in cards, some in framing laws, some in women, some in playthings, some in horses, some in politics, some in sport, some in wine, some in the government service. 'Nothing is trivial, nothing is important, everything is the same; only to escape from it as best one can,' thought Pierre. 'Only not to see *it*, that terrible *it*.'

At the beginning of the winter Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky and his daughter moved to Moscow. His past, his intellect and originality, and still more the falling off at about that time of the popular enthusiasm for the rule of the Tsar Alexander and the anti-French and patriotic sentiments then prevailing at Moscow, all contributed to make Prince Nikolay Andreivitch at once an object of peculiar veneration and the centre of the Moscow opposition to the government.

The prince had greatly aged during that year. He had begun to show unmistakable signs of failing powers, sudden attacks of drowsiness, and forgetfulness of events nearest in time, and exact memory of remote incidents, and a childlike vanity in playing the part of leader of the Moscow opposition. But in spite of that, when the old man came into the drawing-room in the evenings to tea, in his wig and fur coat, and on being incited to do so by some one, began uttering abrupt observations on the past, or still more abrupt and harsh criticisms on the present—he aroused the same feeling of esteem and reverence in all his guests. For visitors, that old-fashioned house, with its huge mirrors, pre-revolutionary furniture, and powdered lackeys, and the stern and shrewd old man, himself a relic of a past age, with the gentle daughter and the pretty Frenchwoman, both so reverently devoted to him, made a stately and agreeable spectacle. But those visitors did not reflect that, apart from the couple of hours during which they saw the household, there were twenty-two hours of the day and night during which the secret, private life of the house went on its accustomed way.

That inner life had become very hard for Princess Marya of late in Moscow. She did not go into society; every one knew that her father would not allow her to go anywhere without him, and owing to his failing health he could go nowhere himself. She was not even invited now to dinner-parties or balls.

Princess Marya had laid aside all hopes of marriage. She saw the coldness and hostility with which the old prince received and dismissed the young men, possible suitors, who sometimes appeared at the house. Friends, Princess Marya now had none; during this stay in Moscow she had lost all faith in the two friends who had been nearest to her. Mademoiselle Bourienne, with whom she had never been able to be perfectly open, she now regarded with dislike, and for certain reasons kept at a distance. Julie,

with whom Princess Marya had kept up an unbroken correspondence for five years, was in Moscow. When Princess Marya renewed her personal relations with her, she felt her former friend to be utterly alien to her. Julie, who had become, by the death of her brothers, one of the wealthiest heiresses in Moscow, was at that time engrossed in a giddy whirl of fashionable amusements. She was surrounded by young men, whom she believed to have become suddenly appreciative of her qualities. Princess Marya reflected every Thursday that she had now no one to write to, seeing that Julie was here and saw her every week, though her friend's actual presence gave her no sort of pleasure. The time for Prince Andrey's return and marriage was approaching, and his commission to her to prepare her father's mind was so far from being successfully carried out that the whole thing seemed hopeless; any reference to the young Countess Rostov infuriated the old prince, who was for the most part out of humour at all times now.

Another trouble that weighed on Princess Marya of late was due to her six-year-old nephew. In her relations with little Nikolay she recognised to her consternation symptoms of her father's irritable character in herself. However often she told herself that she must not let herself lose her temper, when teaching her nephew, almost every time she sat down with a pointer showing him the French alphabet, she so longed to hasten the process of transferring her knowledge to the child that at the slightest inattention she was quivering in nervous haste and vexation, she raised her voice and sometimes stood him in the corner. When she had stood him in the corner she would begin to cry herself over her evil, wicked nature.

But the greatest of the princess's burdens was her father's irascibility, which had reached the point of cruelty. Of late he had taken a new departure, which caused Princess Marya more misery than anything—that was his closer and closer intimacy with Mademoiselle Bourienne. The idea that had occurred to him in jest at the first moment of receiving the news of his son's intentions, that if Andrey got married he, too, would marry Mademoiselle Bourienne, obviously pleased him, and he had of late—simply, as Princess Marya fancied, to annoy her—persisted in being particularly gracious to Mademoiselle Bourienne and manifesting his dissatisfaction with his daughter by demonstrations of love for the French-woman.

One day in Princess Marya's presence (it seemed to her that her father did it on purpose because she was there) the old prince kissed Mademoiselle Bourienne's hand, and drawing her to him embraced her affectionately. Princess Marya flushed hotly and ran out of the room. A few minutes later, Mademoiselle Bourienne went into Princess Marya's room, making some cheerful remarks in her agreeable voice. Princess Marya began screaming at her:

'It's loathsome, vile, inhuman to take advantage of feebleness . . .' She could not go on. 'Go out of my room,' she cried, and broke into sobs.

The next day the old prince did not say a word to his daughter, but she

noticed that at dinner he gave orders for the dishes to be handed to Made-moiselle Bourienne first. When towards the end of dinner, the footman from habit handed the coffee, beginning with the princess, the old prince flew into a sudden frenzy of rage, flung his cane at Filipp, and immediately gave orders for him to be sent for a soldier.

'He won't obey . . . twice I told him! . . . and he didn't obey. She's the first person in this house, she's my best friend,' screamed the old prince.

At such moments the feeling that prevailed in Princess Marya's soul was akin to the pride of sacrifice. And all of a sudden at such moments, that father whom she was judging would look for his spectacles, fumbling by them and not seeing them, or would forget what had just happened, or would take a tottering step with his weak legs, and look round to see whether any one had noticed his feebleness, or what was worst of all, at dinner when there were no guests to excite him, he would suddenly fall asleep, letting his napkin drop and his shaking head sink over his plate. 'He is old and feeble, and I dare to judge him!' she thought, revolted by herself.

On St. Nikolay's day, the name-day of the old prince, all Moscow was driving up to the approach of his house, but he gave orders for no one to be admitted to see him. Only a few guests, of whom he gave a list to Princess Marya, were to be invited to dinner.

At two o'clock the six persons he had selected arrived: the celebrated Count Rastoptchin, Prince Lopuhin and his nephew, Tchatrov, an old comrade of the prince's in the field, and of the younger generation Pierre and Boris Drubetskoy.

The prince did not receive what is called 'society,' but his house was the centre of a little circle into which—though it was not talked of much in the town—it was more flattering to be admitted than anywhere else. Boris had grasped that fact a week previously, when he heard Rastoptchin tell the commander-in-chief of Moscow, who had invited him to dine on St. Nikolay's day, that he could not accept his invitation.

'On that day I always go to pay my devotions to the relics of Prince Nikolay Andreivitch.'

The little party assembled before dinner in the old-fashioned, lofty drawing-room, with its old furniture, was like the solemn meeting of some legal council board. The tone of the conversation was based on the assumption that no one approved of what was being done in the political world. Incidents were related obviously confirming the view that everything was going from bad to worse.

At dinner the conversation turned on the last political news, Napoleon's seizure of the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Russian note, hostile to Napoleon, which had been despatched to all the European courts.

'Bonaparte treats all Europe as a pirate does a captured vessel,' said Rastoptchin, repeating a phrase he had uttered several times before. 'One only marvels at the long-suffering or the blindness of the ruling sovereigns. Now it's the Pope's turn, and Bonaparte doesn't scruple to try and depose

the head of the Catholic Church, and no one says a word. Our Emperor alone has protested against the seizure of the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg. And even . . .’ Count Rastoptchin broke off, feeling that he was on the very border line beyond which criticism was impossible.

‘Other domains have been offered him instead of the duchy of Oldenburg,’ said the old prince. ‘He shifts the dukes about, as I might move my serfs from Bleak Hills to Bogutcharovo and the Ryazan estates.’

‘I have read our protest about the Oldenburg affair, and I was surprised at how badly composed the note was,’ said Count Rastoptchin in the casual tone of a man criticising something with which he is very familiar.

Pierre looked at Rastoptchin in naïve wonder, unable to understand why he should be troubled by the defective composition of the note.

‘Does it matter how the note is worded, count,’ he said, ‘if the meaning is forcible?’

‘My dear fellow, with our five hundred thousand troops, it should be easy to have a good style,’ said Count Rastoptchin.

Pierre perceived the point of Count Rastoptchin’s dissatisfaction with the wording of the note.

‘I should have thought there were scribblers enough to write it,’ said the old prince. ‘Up in Petersburg they do nothing but write—not notes only, but new laws they keep writing. My Andryusha up there has written a whole volume of new laws for Russia. Nowadays they’re always at it!’ And he laughed an unnatural laugh.

Prince Nikolay Andreivitch grew more animated, and began to express his views on the impending war. He said that our wars with Bonaparte would be unsuccessful so long as we sought alliances with the Germans and went meddling in European affairs. Our political interests all lay in the East, and as regards Bonaparte, the one thing was an armed force on the frontier, and a firm policy, and he would never again dare to cross the Russian frontier, as he had done in 1807.

Princess Marya, sitting in the drawing-room, thought of nothing but whether all their guests were noticing her father’s hostile attitude to her. She did not even notice the marked attention and amiability shown her during the whole dinner by Drubetskoy, who was that day paying them his third visit.

Princess Marya turned with an absent-minded, questioning glance to Pierre, who, with a smile on his face, came up to her, hat in hand, the last of the guests, after the prince had gone out, and they were left alone together in the drawing-room.

‘Can I stay a little longer?’ he said, dropping his bulky person into a low chair beside Princess Marya.

‘Oh, yes,’ she said. ‘You noticed nothing?’ her eyes asked.

Pierre was in an agreeable, after-dinner mood. He looked straight before him and smiled softly. ‘Have you known that young man long, princess?’ he said.

‘Which one?’

'Drubetskoy.'

'No, not long. . . .'

'Well, do you like him?'

'Yes; he's a very agreeable young man. Why do you ask me?' said Princess Marya, still thinking of her conversation in the morning with her father.

'Because I have observed, that when a young man comes from Petersburg to Moscow on leave, it is invariably with the object of marrying an heiress.'

'Have you observed that?' said Princess Marya.

'Yes,' Pierre went on with a smile, 'and that young man now manages matters so that wherever there are wealthy heiresses—there he is to be found. I can read him like a book. He is hesitating now which to attack, you or Mademoiselle Julie Karagin. He is very attentive to her.'

'Does he visit them?'

'Yes, very often. And do you know the new-fashioned method of courting?' said Pierre, smiling good-humouredly, and obviously feeling in that light-hearted mood of good-natured irony, for which he had so often reproached himself in his diary.

'No,' said Princess Marya.

'To please the Moscow girls nowadays one has to be melancholy. He is very melancholy with Mademoiselle Karagin,' said Pierre.

'Really!' said Princess Marya, looking at the kindly face of Pierre, and thinking, 'if I could make up my mind to confide all I am feeling to some one, it is just Pierre I should like to tell it all to. He is so kind and generous. It would ease my heart. He would give me advice.'

'Would you marry him?' asked Pierre.

'O my God, count! there are moments when I would marry any one'—to her own surprise Princess Marya said, with tears in her voice. 'Ah! how bitter it is to love some one near to one and to feel,' she went on in a shaking voice, 'that you can do nothing for him, but cause him sorrow, and when you know you cannot alter it. There's only one thing—to go away, and where am I to go?'

'What is wrong? what is the matter with you, princess?'

But Princess Marya, without explaining further, burst into tears.

'I don't know what is the matter with me to-day. Don't take any notice of me, forget what I said to you.'

All Pierre's gaiety had vanished. He questioned the princess anxiously, begged her to speak out, to confide her trouble to him. But she would only repeat that she begged him to forget what she had said, that she did not remember what she had said, and that she had no trouble except the one he knew—her anxiety lest Prince Andrey's marriage should cause a breach between him and his father.

'Have you heard anything of the Rostovs?' she asked to change the subject. 'I was told they would soon be here. I expect Andrey, too, every day. I should have liked them to see each other here.'

'And how does he look at the matter now?' said Pierre, meaning by *he* the old prince. Princess Marya shook her head.

'But it can't be helped. There are only a few months left now before the year is over. And it can't go on like this. I hope to get to know her well. . . . You have known them a long while,' said Princess Marya. 'Tell me the whole truth, speaking quite seriously. What sort of a girl is she, and how do you like her? But the whole truth, because, you see, Andrey is risking so much in doing this against our father's will, that I should like to know . . .'

A vague instinct told Pierre that these repeated requests to him to tell her the *whole truth* betrayed Princess Marya's ill-will towards her future sister-in-law, that she wanted Pierre not to approve of Prince Andrey's choice; but Pierre said what he felt rather than what he thought. 'I don't know how to answer your question,' said he, blushing though he could not have said why himself. 'I really don't know what kind of girl she is. I can't analyse her. She's fascinating; and why she is, I don't know; that's all that one can say about her.'

Princess Marya sighed, and her face expressed: 'Yes; that's what I expected and feared.'

'Is she clever?' asked Princess Marya. Pierre thought a moment.

'I suppose not,' he said. 'Yes, no; she is fascinating, and nothing more.'

Princess Marya again shook her head disapprovingly.

'Ah, I do so want to like her! You tell her so if you see her before I do.'

'I have heard that they will be here in a few days,' said Pierre.

BORIS had not succeeded in marrying a wealthy heiress in Petersburg, and it was with that object that he had come to Moscow. In Moscow Boris found himself hesitating between two of the wealthiest heiresses,—Julie and Princess Marya. Though Princess Marya, in spite of her plainness, seemed to him anyway more attractive than Julie, he felt vaguely awkward in paying court to the former. In his last conversation with her, on the old prince's name-day, she had met all his attempts to talk of the emotions with irrelevant replies, and had obviously not heard what he was saying.

Julie, on the contrary, received his attentions eagerly, though she showed it in a peculiar fashion of her own. Julie did not miss a single ball, entertainment, or theatre. Her dresses were always of the most fashionable. But in spite of that, Julie appeared to have lost all illusions, told every one that she had no faith in love or friendship, or any of the joys of life, and looked for consolation only to the *realm beyond*. She had adopted the tone of a girl who has suffered a great disappointment, a girl who has lost her lover or been cruelly deceived by him. Though nothing of the kind had ever happened to her, she was looked upon as having been disappointed in that way, and she did in fact believe herself that she had suffered a great deal in her life. A few young men only, among them Boris, entered more deeply into Julie's melancholy, and with these young men she had more prolonged and secluded conversations on the nothingness of all things

earthly, and to them she opened her albums, full of mournful sketches, sentences, and verses.

Boris sketched two trees in her album, and wrote under them: 'Rustic trees, your gloomy branches shed darkness and melancholy upon me.'

In another place he sketched a tomb and inscribed below it:—

'Death is helpful, and death is tranquil,
Ah, there is no other refuge from sorrow!'

Julie said that couplet was exquisite.

Anna Mihalovna, who often visited the Karagins, took a hand at cards with the mother, and meanwhile collected trustworthy information as to the portion that Julie would receive on her marriage (her dowry was to consist of two estates in the Penza province and forests in the Nizhni-gorod province). With tender emotion and deep resignation to the will of Providence, Anna Mihalovna looked on at the refined sadness that united her son to the wealthy Julie.

'Still as charming and as melancholy as ever, my sweet Julie,' she would say to the daughter. 'Boris says he finds spiritual refreshment in your house. He has suffered such cruel disillusionment, and he is so sensitive,' she would say to the mother.

'Ah, my dear, how attached I have grown to Julie lately,' she would say to her son, 'I can't tell you. But, indeed, who could help loving her! A creature not of this earth! Ah, Boris! Boris!' She paused for a moment. 'And how I feel for her mother,' she would go on. 'She showed me to-day the letters and accounts from Penza (they have an immense estate there), and she, poor thing, with no one to help her. They do take such advantage of her!'

Boris heard his mother with a faintly perceptible smile. He laughed blandly at her simple-hearted wiles, but he listened to her and sometimes questioned her carefully about the Penza and Nizhnigorod estates.

Julie had long been expecting an offer from her melancholy adorer, and was fully prepared to accept it. But a sort of secret feeling of repulsion for her, for her passionate desire to be married, for her affectation, and a feeling of horror at renouncing all possibility of real love made Boris still delay.

'My dear,' said Anna Mihalovna to her son, 'I know from a trustworthy source that Prince Vassily is sending his son to Moscow to marry him to Julie. I am so fond of Julie that I should be most sorry for her. What do you think about it, my dear?' said Anna Mihalovna.

Boris was mortified at the idea of being unsuccessful, of having wasted all that month of tedious, melancholy courtship of Julie, and of seeing all the revenues of those Penza estates—which he had mentally assigned to the various purposes for which he needed them—pass into other hands, especially into the hands of that fool Anatole.

'I can always manage so as to see very little of her,' thought Boris. 'And the thing's been begun and must be finished!'

COUNT ILYA ANDREIVITCH ROSTOV arrived in Moscow towards the end of January with Natasha and Sonya. The countess was still unwell, and unable to travel, but they could not put off coming till she recovered, for Prince Andrey was expected in Moscow every day. They had, besides, to order the trousseau, to sell the estate in the suburbs of Moscow, and to take advantage of old Prince Bolkonsky's presence in Moscow to present his future daughter-in-law to him. The Rostovs' house in Moscow had not been heated all the winter; and as they were coming only for a short time, and the countess was not with them, Count Ilya Andreivitch made up his mind to stay with Marya Dmitryevna Ahrostimov, who had long been pressing her hospitality upon the count.

Late in the evening the four loaded sledges of the Rostovs drove into the courtyard of Marya Dmitryevna in Old Equerrys' Place. Marya Dmitryevna lived alone. She had by now married off her daughter. Her sons were all in the service.

When they had all taken off their outdoor things, set themselves straight after the journey, and come in to tea, Marya Dmitryevna kissed them all in due course.

'Heartily glad you have come, and are staying with me,' she said. 'It's long been time you were here,' she said, with a significant glance at Natasha. . . . 'The old fellow's here, and his son's expected from day to day. You must, you must make their acquaintance. Oh, well, we shall talk of that later on,' she added. 'Now, listen,' she turned to the count, 'what do you want to do to-morrow? Whom will you send for? The tearful Anna Mihalovna—she's here with her son. The son's to be married too! Then Bezuhov. He's here, too, with his wife. He ran away from her, and she has come trotting after him. He dined with me last Wednesday. Well, and I'll take them'—she indicated the young ladies—"to-morrow to Iversky chapel, and then we shall go to Aubert-Chalmey. You'll be getting everything now, I expect! Don't judge by me—the sleeves nowadays are like this!'

Next morning Marya Dmitryevna bore the young ladies off to Iversky chapel and to Madame Aubert-Chalmey, who was so frightened of Marya Dmitryevna that she always sold her dresses at a loss simply to get rid of her as soon as possible. Marya Dmitryevna ordered almost the whole trousseau. On their return, she sent every one out of the room but Natasha, and called her favourite to sit beside her arm-chair.

'Well, now we can have a chat. I congratulate you on your betrothed. A fine fellow you have hooked! I'm glad of it for your sake, and I have known him since he was that high'—she held her hand a yard from the floor. Natasha flushed joyfully. 'I like him and all his family. Now, listen! You know, of course, that old Prince Nikolay was very much against his

son's marrying. He's a whimsical old fellow! Of course, Prince Andrey is not a child, he can get on without him, but to enter a family against the father's will is not a nice thing to do. One wants peace and love in a family. You're a clever girl, you'll know how to manage things. You must use your wits and your kind heart. And every thing will come right.'

Natasha was silent, not as Marya Dmitryevna supposed from shyness. In reality Natasha disliked any one's interfering in what touched her love for Prince Andrey, which seemed to her something so apart from all human affairs, that no one, as she imagined, could understand it.

'I have known him a long while, do you see; and Masha, your sister-in-law, I love. Sisters-in-law are said to be mischief-makers, but she—well, she wouldn't hurt a fly. She has begged me to bring you two together. You must go to see her to-morrow with your father, and be as nice as possible; you are younger than she is. By the time your young man comes back, you'll be friends with his sister and his father, and they will have learned to love you. Yes or no? It will be better so, eh?'

'Oh yes!' Natasha responded reluctantly.

Next day, by the advice of Marya Dmitryevna, Count Ilya Andreivitch went with Natasha to call on Prince Nikolay Andreivitch. The count prepared for the visit by no means in a cheerful spirit: in his heart he was afraid. Count Ilya Andreivitch had a vivid recollection of his last interview with the old prince at the time of the levying of the militia, when, in reply to his invitation to dinner, he had had to listen to a heated reprimand for furnishing less than the required number of men.

Natasha in her best dress was, on the contrary, in the most cheerful frame of mind. 'They can't help liking me,' she thought; 'every one always does like me. And I'm so ready to do anything they please for them, so readily to love them—him for being his father, and her for being his sister—they can have no reason for not loving me!'

They drove to the gloomy old house in Vosdvizhenka, and went into the vestibule.

Natasha noticed that her father was in a nervous fidget as he asked timidly and softly whether the prince and the princess were at home. After their arrival had been announced, there was some perturbation visible among the prince's servants. The footman, who was running to announce them, was stopped by another footman in the big hall, and they whispered together. A maid-servant ran into the hall, and hurriedly said something, mentioning the princess. At last one old footman came out with a wrathful air, and announced to the Rostovs that the prince was not receiving, but the princess begged them to walk up.

The first person to meet the visitors was Mademoiselle Bourienne. She greeted the father and daughter with marked courtesy, and conducted them to the princess's apartment. The princess, with a frightened and agitated face, flushed in patches, ran in, treading heavily, to meet her visitors, doing her best to seem cordial and at ease. From the first glance Princess Marva disliked Natasha. She thought her too fashionably dressed,

too frivolously gay and vain. Princess Marya had no idea that before she had seen her future sister-in-law she had been unfavourably disposed to her, through unconscious envy of her beauty, her youth, and her happiness, and through jealousy of her brother's love for her.

Apart from this insuperable feeling of antipathy, Princess Marya was at that moment agitated by the fact that on the Rostovs having been announced the old prince had shouted that he didn't want to see them, that Princess Marya could see them if she chose, but they were not to be allowed in to see him. Princess Marya resolved to see the Rostovs, but she was every instant in dread of some freak on the part of the old prince, as he had appeared greatly excited by the arrival of the Rostovs.

'Well, here I have brought you my songstress, princess,' said the count, bowing and scraping, while he looked round uneasily as though he were afraid the old prince might come in. 'How glad I am that you should make friends. . . . Sorry, very sorry, the prince is still unwell'; and uttering a few more stock phrases, he got up. 'If you'll allow me, princess, to leave you my Natasha for a quarter of an hour, I will drive round—only a few steps from here—to Dogs' Square to see Anna Semyonovna, and then come back for her.'

Count Ilya Andreivitch bethought himself of this diplomatic stratagem to give the future sisters-in-law greater freedom to express their feelings to one another (so he told his daughter afterwards), but also to avoid the possibility of meeting the prince, of whom he was afraid. He did not tell his daughter this; but Natasha perceived this dread and uneasiness of her father's, and felt mortified by it. She blushed for her father, felt still angrier at having blushed, and glanced at the princess with a bold, challenging air, meant to express that she was not afraid of any one. The princess told the count that she would be delighted, and only begged him to stay a little longer at Anna Semyonovna's, and Ilya Andreivitch departed.

In spite of the uneasy glances flung at her by Princess Marya, who wanted to talk to Natasha by herself, Mademoiselle Bourienne would not leave the room, and persisted in keeping up a conversation about Moscow entertainments and theatres. Natasha felt offended by the delay in the entry, by her father's nervousness, and by the constrained manner of the princess, who seemed to her to be making a favour of receiving her. And then everything displeased her. She did not like Princess Marya. She seemed to her very ugly, affected, and frigid. Natasha suddenly, as it were, shrank into herself, and unconsciously assumed a nonchalant air, which repelled Princess Marya more and more. After five minutes of irksome and constrained conversation, they heard the sound of slippers approaching rapidly. Princess Marya's face expressed terror: the door of the room opened, and the prince came in, in a white night-cap and dressing-gown.

'Ah, madam,' he began, 'madam, countess. . . . Countess Rostov . . . if I'm not mistaken . . . I beg you to excuse me, to excuse me . . . I didn't know, madam. As God's above, I didn't know that you were deigning to visit us, and came in to my daughter in this costume. I beg you to excuse

me . . . as God's above, I didn't know,' he repeated so unnaturally, with emphasis on the word 'God,' and so unpleasantly, that Princess Marya rose to her feet with her eyes on the ground, not daring to look either at her father or at Natasha. Natasha, getting up and curtsying, did not know either what she was to do. Only Mademoiselle Bourienne smiled agreeably.

'I beg you to excuse me, I beg you to excuse me! As God's above, I didn't know,' muttered the old man, and looking Natasha over from head to foot, he went out.

Mademoiselle Bourienne was the first to recover herself after this apparition, and began talking about the prince's ill-health. Natasha and Princess Marya gazed dumbly at one another, and the longer they gazed dumbly at one another without saying what they wanted to say, the more unfavourably each felt disposed to the other.

When the count returned, Natasha showed a discourteous relief at seeing him, and made haste to get away. At that moment she almost hated that stiff, oldish princess, who could put her in such an awkward position, and spend half an hour with her without saying a word about Prince Andrey. 'I couldn't be the first to speak of him before that Frenchwoman,' thought Natasha. Princess Marya meanwhile was tortured by the very same feeling.

She knew what she had to say to Natasha, but she could not do it, both because Mademoiselle Bourienne prevented her, and because—she did not know herself why—it was difficult for her to begin to speak of the marriage. The count was already going out of the room when Princess Marya moved rapidly up to Natasha, took her hand, and, with a heavy sigh, said: 'Wait a moment, I want . . .' Natasha's expression as she looked at Princess Marya was ironical, though she did not know why.

'Dear Natalie,' said Princess Marya, 'do believe how glad I am that my brother has found such happiness . . .' She paused, feeling she was telling a lie. Natasha noticed the pause, and guessed the reason of it.

'What have I said, what have I done?' she thought as soon as she had gone out of the room.

They had to wait a long while for Natasha to come to dinner with red eyes. Marya Dmitryevna, who had heard how the old prince had received the Rostovs, pretended not to notice, and kept up a loud, jesting conversation at table with the count and the other guests.

THAT EVENING the Rostovs went to the opera, for which Marya Dmitryevna had obtained them a box.

Natasha had no wish to go, but it was impossible to refuse after Marya Dmitryevna's kindness, especially as it had been arranged expressly for her. When she was dressed and waiting for her father in the big hall, she looked at herself in the big looking-glass, and saw that she was looking pretty, very pretty. She felt even sadder, but it was a sweet and tender sadness.

The two strikingly pretty girls, Natasha and Sonya, with Count Ilya Andreivitch, who had not been seen for a long while in Moscow, attracted

general attention. Moreover, every one had heard vaguely of Natasha's engagement to Prince Andrey, knew that the Rostovs had been living in the country ever since, and looked with curiosity at the girl who was to make one of the best matches in Russia.

A tall, handsome woman with a mass of hair and very naked, plump, white arms and shoulders, and a double row of big pearls round her throat, walked into the next box, and was a long while settling into her place and rustling her thick silk gown.

Natasha unconsciously examined that neck and the shoulders, the pearls, the coiffure of this lady, and admired the beauty of the shoulders and the pearls. While Natasha was scrutinising her a second time, the lady looked round, and meeting the eyes of Count Ilya Andreivitch, she nodded and smiled to him. It was the Countess Bezuhov, Pierre's wife. The count, who knew every one in society, bent over and entered into conversation with her.

'Have you been here long?' he began. 'I'm coming; I'm coming to kiss your hand. I have come to town on business and brought my girls with me. They say Semyonovna's acting is superb,' the count went on. 'Count Pyotr Kirillovitch never forgot us. Is he here?'

'Yes, he meant to come,' said Ellen, looking intently at Natasha.

Count Ilya Andreivitch sat down again in his place.

'Handsome, isn't she?' he whispered to Natasha.

'Exquisite!' said Natasha.

At that moment they heard the last chords of the overture, and the tapping of the conductor's stick. Late comers hurried to their seats in the stalls.

As soon as the curtain rose, a hush fell and all the men, old and young, in their frock coats or uniforms, all the women with precious stones on their bare flesh concentrated all their attention with eager curiosity on the stage.

The stage consisted of a boarded floor in the middle, with painted cardboard representing trees at the sides, and linen stretched over the boards at the back. In the middle of the stage there were sitting maidens in red bodices and white skirts. An excessively stout woman in a white silk dress was sitting apart on a low bench with green cardboard fixed on the back of it. They were all singing something. When they had finished their song, the woman in white moved towards the prompter's box, and a man, with his stout legs encased in silk tights, with a plume and a dagger, went up to her and began singing and waving his arms.

The man in the tights sang alone, then she sang alone. Then both paused, while the music played, and the man fumbled with the hand of the woman in white, obviously waiting for the bar at which he was to begin singing with her. They sang a duet, and every one in the theatre began clapping and shouting, while the man and woman on the stage, supposed to represent lovers, began bowing with smiles and gesticulations.

After the country, and in her serious mood, Natasha felt it all grotesque and extraordinary. She could not follow the opera; she could not even listen

to the music: she saw nothing but painted cardboard and strangely dressed-up men and women, talking, singing, and moving strangely about in the bright light.

At a moment when there was a lull on the stage before the beginning of a song, the door opening to the stalls creaked on the side nearest the Rostovs' box, and there was the sound of a man's footsteps. Countess Bezuhov turned smiling to the new-comer. Natasha saw an exceedingly handsome adjutant coming towards their box with a confident, but yet courteous, bearing. It was Anatole Kuragin, whom she had seen long before, and noticed at the Petersburg ball. He walked with a jaunty strut, which would have been ridiculous if he had not been so handsome, and if his good-looking face had not expressed such simple-hearted satisfaction and good spirits. Although the performance was going on he walked lightly, without haste, along the carpeted corridor, holding his scented, handsome head high, and accompanied by a slight clank of spurs and sword. Glancing at Natasha, he went up to his sister, laid his hand in a close-fitting glove on the edge of her box, nodded his head at her, and, bending down, asked her a question, with a motion towards Natasha.

'Very, very charming!' he said, obviously speaking of Natasha. She did not exactly hear the words, but divined them from the movement of his lips.

'How like the brother is to his sister!' said the count. 'And how handsome they both are!'

The first act was over; every one stood up in the stalls, changed places, and began going out and coming in. Ellen's box was filled and surrounded on the side of the stalls by the most distinguished and intellectual men, who seemed vying with one another in their desire to show every one that they knew her.

All throughout that entr'acte Kuragin stood in front of the footlights staring at the Rostovs' box. Natasha knew he was talking about her, and that afforded her satisfaction. She even turned so that he could see her profile from what she believed to be the most becoming angle. Before the beginning of the second act she observed in the stalls the figure of Pierre, whom the Rostovs had not seen since their arrival. His face looked sad, and he had grown stouter since Natasha had seen him last. He walked up to the front rows, not noticing any one. Anatole went up to him, and began saying something to him, with a look and a gesture towards the Rostovs' box. Pierre looked pleased at seeing Natasha, and walked hurriedly along the rows of stalls towards their box. Leaning on his elbow, he talked smilingly to Natasha for a long while. While she was talking to Pierre, Natasha heard a man's voice speaking in Countess Bezuhov's box, and something told her it was Kuragin. She looked round and met his eyes. He looked her straight in the eyes, almost smiling, with a look of such warmth and admiration that it seemed strange to be so near him, to look at him like that, to be so certain that he admired her, and not to be acquainted with him.

In the second act there was scenery representing monuments, and a hole in the drop at the back that represented the moon, and shades were put over

the footlights, and trumpets and bassoons began playing, and a number of people came in on the right and on the left wearing black cloaks. These people began waving their arms, and in their hands they had something of the nature of a dagger. Then some more people ran in and began dragging away the woman who had been in white but who was now in a blue dress. They did not drag her away at once; they spent a long while singing with her; but finally they did drag her away, and behind the scenes they struck something metallic three times, and then all knelt down and began singing a prayer. All these performances were interrupted several times by the enthusiastic shouts of the spectators.

During that act, every time Natasha glanced towards the stalls, she saw Anatole Kuragin, with one arm flung across the back of his chair, staring at her. It pleased her to see that he was so captivated by her, and it never entered her head that there could be anything amiss in it.

When the second act was over, Countess Bezuhov got up, turned towards the Rostovs' box, with her gloved little finger beckoned the old count to her, and taking no notice of the men who were thronging about her box, began with an amiable smile talking to him.

'Oh, do make me acquainted with your charming daughters,' she said. 'All the town is singing their praises, and I don't know them.'

Natasha got up and curtsied to the magnificent countess. Natasha was so delighted at the praise from this brilliant beauty that she blushed with pleasure.

'I quite want to become a Moscow resident myself,' said Ellen. 'What a shame of you to bury such pearls in the country!'

Countess Bezuhov had some right to her reputation of being a fascinating woman. She could say what she did not think, especially what was flattering, with perfect simplicity and naturalness.

'No, dear count, you must let me help to entertain your daughters, though I'm not here now for very long, nor you either. But I'll do my best to amuse them. I have heard a great deal about you in Petersburg, and wanted to know you,' she said to Natasha, with her unvarying beautiful smile. 'I have heard of you, too, from my page, Drubetskoy—you have heard he is to be married—and from my husband's friend, Bolkonsky, Prince Andrey Bolkonsky,' she said, with peculiar emphasis, by which she meant to signify that she knew in what relation he stood to Natasha. She asked that one of the young ladies might be allowed to sit through the rest of the performance in her box that they might become better acquainted, and Natasha moved into it.

In the third act the scene was a palace in which a great many candles were burning, and pictures were hanging on the walls, representing knights with beards. In the middle stood a man and a woman, probably meant for a king and a queen. The king waved his right hand, and, obviously nervous, sang something very badly, and sat down on a crimson throne. The actress, who had been in white at first and then in blue, was now in nothing but a smock, and had let her hair down. She was standing near the throne, singing

something very mournful, addressed to the queen. Then men and women with bare legs danced; then again the king shouted something to music, and they all began singing, and the curtain dropped. Again a fearful uproar of applause arose among the spectators.

Natasha did not now feel this strange. She looked about her with pleasure, smiling joyfully.

In the entr'acte there was a current of chill air in Ellen's box, the door was opened, and Anatole walked in, bending and trying not to brush against any one.

'Allow me to introduce my brother,' said Ellen, her eyes shifting uneasily from Natasha to Anatole. Natasha turned her pretty little head towards the handsome adjutant and smiled over her bare shoulder. Anatole, who was as handsome on a closer view as he was from a distance, sat down beside her, and said he had long wished to have this pleasure, ever since the Narishkins' ball, at which he had had the pleasure he had not forgotten of seeing her. Kuragin was far more sensible and straightforward with women than he was in men's society. He talked boldly and simply, and Natasha was strangely and agreeably impressed by finding nothing so formidable in this man, of whom such stories were told, but, on the contrary, seeing on his face the most innocent, merry and simple-hearted smile.

Kuragin asked her what she thought of the performance, and told her that at the last performance Semyonovna had fallen down while she was acting.

'And do you know, countess,' said he, suddenly addressing her as though she were an old friend, 'we are getting up a costume ball; you ought to take part in it; it will be great fun. Please, do come, really now, eh?'

As he said this he never took his smiling eyes off the face, the neck, the bare arms of Natasha. Natasha knew beyond all doubt that he was fascinated by her. When she was not looking at him she felt that he was looking at her shoulders, and she could not help trying to catch his eyes that he might rather look in her face. But as she looked into his eyes, she felt with horror that, between him and her, there was not that barrier of modest reserve she had always been conscious of between herself and other men. In five minutes she felt—she did not know how—that she had come fearfully close to this man. When she turned away, she felt afraid he might take her from behind by her bare arm and kiss her on the neck.

Natasha looked round at Ellen and at her father, as though to ask them what was the meaning of it. But Ellen was absorbed in talking to a general and did not respond to her glance, and her father's eye said nothing to her but what they always said: 'Enjoying yourself? Well, I'm glad then.'

In one of the moments of awkward silence, during which Anatole gazed calmly and persistently at her, Natasha, to break the silence, asked him how he liked Moscow. She was feeling all the while that there she was doing something improper in talking to him. Anatole smiled as though to encourage her.

'At first I didn't like it much, for what is it makes one like a town? It's

the pretty women, isn't it? Well, but now I like it awfully,' he said, with a meaning look at her. 'You'll come to the fancy dress ball, countess? Do come,' he said, and putting his hand out to her bouquet he said, dropping his voice, 'You will be the prettiest. Come, dear countess, and as a pledge give me this flower.'

Natasha did not understand what he was saying, but she felt that in his uncomprehended words there was some improper intention. She turned away as though she had not heard what he said. But as soon as she turned away she felt that he was here behind her, so close to her.

'What is he feeling now? Is he confused? Is he angry? Must I set it right?' she wondered. She could not refrain from looking round. She glanced straight into his eyes, and his nearness and confidence, and the simple-hearted warmth of his smile vanquished her. She smiled exactly as he did, looking straight into his eyes. And again, she felt with horror that no barrier lay between him and her.

The curtain rose again. Anatole walked out of the box, serene and good-humoured. Natasha went back to her father's box, completely under the spell of the world in which she found herself. All that passed before her eyes now seemed to her perfectly natural. But on the other hand all previous thoughts of her betrothed, of Princess Marya, of her life in the country, did not once recur to her mind, as though all that belonged to the remote past.

In the fourth act there was some sort of devil who sang, waving his arms till the boards were moved away under him and he sank into the opening. That was all Natasha saw of the fourth act. As they came out of the theatre Anatole came up to them, called their carriage and helped them into it. As he assisted Natasha he pressed her arm above the elbow. He gazed at her with flashing eyes and a tender smile.

It was only on getting home that Natasha could form any clear idea of what had happened. All at once, remembering Prince Andrey, she was horrified.

'Am I spoilt for Prince Andrey's love or not?' she asked herself, and with reassuring mockery she answered herself: 'What a fool I am to ask such a thing! What has happened to me? Nothing. I have done nothing; I did nothing to lead him on. No one will ever know, and I shall never see him again,' she told herself.

ANATOLE KURAGIN was staying in Moscow because his father had sent him away from Petersburg, where he had been spending twenty thousand a year in hard cash and running up bills for as much more. The father informed his son that for the last time he would pay half his debts; but only on condition that he would go away to Moscow, and try finally to make a good match there. He suggested to him either Princess Marya or Julie Karagin.

Anatole consented, and went away to Moscow, where he stayed with

Pierre. Pierre at first was by no means pleased to receive Anatole, but after a while he got used to his presence; sometimes accompanied him on his carousals, and by way of loans gave him money.

There were rumours of several intrigues with Moscow ladies, and at balls Anatole flirted with a few of them. But he fought shy of unmarried ladies, especially the wealthy heiresses, who were most of them plain. He had a good reason for this, of which no one knew but his most intimate friends: he had been for the last two years married. While his regiment had been stationed in Poland, a Polish landowner, by no means well-to-do, had forced Anatole to marry his daughter. Anatole had very shortly afterwards abandoned his wife, and in consideration of a sum of money, which he agreed to send his father-in-law, he was allowed by the latter to pass as a bachelor unmolested.

Anatole was very well satisfied with his position, with himself, and with other people. He was instinctively and thoroughly convinced that he could not possibly live except just in the way he did live, and that he had never in his life done anything base. He was incapable of considering either how his actions might be judged by others, or what might be the result of this or that action on his part. What he loved was dissipation and women; and as, according to his ideas, there was nothing dishonourable in these tastes, and as he was incapable of considering the effect on others of the gratification of his tastes, he believed himself in his heart to be an irreproachable man, felt a genuine contempt for scoundrels and mean persons, and with an untroubled conscience held his head high. Rakes, those masculine Magdalens, have a secret feeling of their own guiltlessness, just as have women Magdalens, founded on the same hope of forgiveness. 'All will be forgiven her, because she loved much; and all will be forgiven him, because he has enjoyed himself much.'

Dolohov had that year reappeared in Moscow after his exile and his Persian adventures. He spent his time in luxury, gambling, and dissipation; renewed his friendship with his old Petersburg comrade Kuragin, and made use of him for his own objects. Anatole sincerely liked Dolohov for his cleverness and daring.

Natasha had made a great impression on Kuragin. At supper, after the theatre, he analysed to Dolohov, with the manner of a connoisseur, the points of her arms, her shoulders, her foot, and her hair, and announced his intention of getting up a flirtation with her. What might come of such a flirtation Anatole was incapable of considering, and had no notion, as he never had a notion of what would come of any of his actions.

'She's pretty, my lad, but she's not for us,' Dolohov said to him.

'I'll tell my sister to ask her to dinner,' said Anatole. 'Eh?'

'You'd better wait till she's married. . . .'

'You know I adore little girls,' said Anatole; 'they're all confusion in a minute.'

'You've come to grief once already over a "little girl,"' said Dolohov, who knew of Anatole's marriage. 'Beware!'

‘Well, one can’t do it twice! Eh?’ said Anatole, laughing good-humouredly.

THE next day Marya Dmitriyevna had a discussion with Natasha’s father, which she kept secret from her. Natasha guessed they were talking of the old prince and making some plan, and she felt worried and humiliated by it. Every minute she expected Prince Andrey, and twice that day she sent a man to Vosdvizhenka to inquire whether he had not arrived. He had not arrived. She felt more dreary now than during the first days in Moscow. To her impatience and pining for him there were now added the unpleasant recollections of her interview with Princess Marya and the old prince, and a vague dread and restlessness, of which she did not know the cause.

On Sunday Marya Dmitriyevna, dressed in her best shawl in which she paid calls, announced that she was going to call on Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky to ask for an explanation of his conduct about Natasha. After Marya Dmitriyevna had gone, a dressmaker waited upon the Rostovs from Madame Chalmey, and Natasha, very glad of a diversion, went into a room adjoining the drawing-room, and shutting the door between, began trying on her new dresses. Just as she had put on a bodice basted together, with the sleeves not yet tacked in, and was turning her head to look at the fit of the back in the looking-glass, she caught the sound of her father’s voice in the drawing-room in eager conversation with another voice, a woman’s voice, which made her flush red. It was the voice of Ellen. Before Natasha had time to take off the bodice she was trying on, the door opened, and Countess Bezuhov walked into the room, wearing a dark heliotrope velvet gown with a high collar, and beaming with a good-natured and friendly smile.

‘Oh my enchantress!’ she said to the blushing Natasha. ‘Charming! No, this is really beyond anything, count,’ she said to Count Ilya Andreivitch, who had followed her in. ‘How can you be in Moscow, and go nowhere? No, I won’t let you off! This evening we have Mademoiselle George giving a recitation, and a few people are coming; and if you don’t bring your lovely girls, who are much prettier than Mademoiselle George, I give up knowing you! My husband’s not here, he has gone away to Tver, or I should have sent him for you. You must come, you positively must, before nine o’clock.’

She nodded to the dressmaker, who knew her, and was curtseying respectfully, and seated herself in a low chair beside the looking-glass, draping the folds of her velvet gown picturesquely about her. She kept up a flow of good-humoured and light-hearted chatter, and repeatedly expressed her enthusiastic admiration of Natasha’s beauty. She looked through her dresses and admired them, spoke with admiration, too, of a new dress of her own ‘of metallic gas,’ which she had received from Paris, and advised Natasha to have one like it.

‘But anything suits you, my charmer!’ she declared. The smile of pleasure never left Natasha’s face. She felt happy, and as it were blossoming out

under the praises of this charming Countess Bezuhov, who had seemed to her before a lady so unapproachable and dignified, and was now being so kind to her. Natasha's spirits rose, and she felt almost in love with this handsome and good-natured woman. Ellen, for her part, was genuine in her admiration of Natasha, and in her desire to make her enjoy herself. Anatole had begged her to throw him with Natasha, and it was with that object she had come to the Rostovs'. The idea of throwing her brother and Natasha together amused her.

As she was leaving, she drew her *protégée* aside.

'My brother was dining with me yesterday—we half died with laughing at him—he won't eat, and does nothing but sigh for you, my charmer! He is madly, madly in love with you, my dear.'

Natasha flushed crimson on hearing those words.

'How she blushes, how she blushes, my pretty!' Ellen went on. 'You must be sure to come. If you do love some one, it is not a reason to cloister yourself. Even if you are betrothed, I am sure your betrothed would have preferred you to go into society rather than to languish in ennui.'

'So then she knows I am engaged. So then they with her husband, with Pierre, with that good Pierre, talked and laughed about it. So that it means nothing.'

And again under Ellen's influence what had struck her before as terrible seemed to her simple and natural. 'And she, such a *grande dame*, is so kind, and obviously she likes me with all her heart,' thought Natasha. 'And why not enjoy myself,' thought Natasha, gazing at Ellen with wide-open, wondering eyes.

Marya Dmitryevna came back to dinner silent and serious, having evidently been defeated by the old prince. She was too much agitated by the conflict she had been through to be able to describe the interview. To the count's inquiries, she replied that everything had been all right and she would tell him about it next day. On hearing of the visit of Countess Bezuhov and the invitation for the evening, Marya Dmitryevna said:

'I don't care to associate with Countess Bezuhov and I don't advise you to, but still, since you have promised, better go. It will divert your mind,' she added, addressing Natasha.

Count Ilya Andreivitch took his two girls to the Countess Bezuhov's. There were a good many people assembled there, but Natasha hardly knew any of the persons present. Count Ilya Andreivitch observed with dissatisfaction that almost all the company consisted of men or of ladies notorious for the freedom of their behaviour.

Anatole was at the door, unmistakably on the look-out for the Rostovs. At once greeting the count, he went up to Natasha and followed her in. As soon as Natasha saw him, the same feeling came upon her as at the theatre—the feeling of gratified vanity at his admiration of her, and terror at the absence of any moral barrier between them.

Ellen gave Natasha a delighted welcome, and was loud in her admiration of her loveliness and her dress. In the drawing-room chairs were being set

in rows and people began to sit down. Anatole moved a chair for Natasha, and would have sat down by her, but the count, who was keeping his eye on Natasha, took the seat beside her. Anatole sat down behind.

After the first monologue all the company rose and surrounded Mademoiselle George, expressing their admiration.

'How handsome she is!' said Natasha to her father, as he got up with the rest and moved through the crowd to the actress.

'I don't think so, looking at you,' said Anatole, following Natasha. He said this at a moment when no one but she could hear him. 'You are charming . . . from the moment I first saw you, I have not ceased . . .'

'Come along, come along, Natasha!' said the count, turning back for his daughter.

After several recitations in different styles, Mademoiselle George went away, and Countess Bezuhov invited all the company to the great hall. The count would have taken leave, but Ellen besought him not to spoil her improvised ball. The Rostovs stayed on. Anatole asked Natasha for a waltz, and during the waltz, squeezing her waist and her hand, he told her she was bewitching and that he loved her. During the *écossaise*, Anatole simply looked at her. Natasha was in doubt whether she had not dreamed what he said to her during the waltz. At the end of the first figure he pressed her hand again. Natasha lifted her frightened eyes to his face, but there was an expression of such assurance and warmth in his fond look and smile that she could not as she looked at him say what she had to say to him. She dropped her eyes.

'Don't say such things to me. I am betrothed, and I love another man . . .' Anatole was neither disconcerted nor mortified at what she had said.

'Don't talk to me of that,' he said; 'I tell you I am mad, mad with love of you. Is it my fault that you are fascinating? . . .'

Wherever she was, and with whomsoever she was speaking, she felt his eyes upon her. Ellen talked to her, laughing, of her brother's passion, and in the little divan-room Ellen somehow vanished, they were left alone, and Anatole, taking her by the hand, had said in a tender voice:

'I can't come to see you, but is it possible that I shall never see you? Natalie?' his voice whispered, and her hands were squeezed till it hurt. 'Natalie?'

Burning lips were pressed to her lips, and at the same instant she felt herself set free again, and caught the sound of Ellen's steps and rustling gown in the room again.

'One word, just one word, for God's sake,' Anatole kept repeating, plainly not knowing what to say, and he repeated it till Ellen reached them.

Ellen went back with Natasha to the drawing-room. The Rostovs went away without staying to supper.

When she got home, Natasha did not sleep all night. She was tortured by the insoluble question, Which did she love, Anatole or Prince Andrey? Prince Andrey, she did love—she remembered clearly how great her love was for him. But she loved Anatole too, of that there was no doubt. 'Else

could all that have happened?' she thought. 'If after that I could answer with a smile to his smile at parting, if I could sink to that, it means that I fell in love with him from the first minute. So he must be kind, noble, and good, and I could not help loving him. What am I to do, if I love him and the other too?' she said to herself, and was unable to find an answer to those terrible questions.

The morning came with daily cares and bustle. Everyone got up and began to move about and to talk; dressmakers came again; again Marya Dmitriyevna went out and they were summoned to tea. Natasha kept uneasily looking round at every one with wide-open eyes, as though she wanted to intercept every glance turned upon her. She did her utmost to seem exactly as usual.

After luncheon—it was always her best time—Marya Dmitriyevna seated herself in her own arm-chair and drew Natasha and the old count to her.

'Well, my friends, I have thought the whole matter over now, and I'll tell you my advice,' she began. 'Yesterday, as you know, I was at Prince Bolkonsky's; well, I had a talk with him . . . He thought fit to scream at me. But there's no screaming me down! I had it all out with him.'

'Well, but what does he mean?' asked the count.

'He's crazy . . . he won't hear of it, and there's no more to be said. As it is we have given this poor girl worry enough,' said Marya Dmitriyevna. 'And my advice to you is, to make an end of it and go home to Otradnoe . . . and there to wait.'

'Oh no!' cried Natasha.

'Yes, to go home,' said Marya Dmitriyevna, 'and to wait there. If your betrothed comes here now, there'll be no escaping a quarrel; but alone here he'll have it all out with the old man, and then come on to you.'

Count Ilya Andreivitch approved of this suggestion, and at once saw all the sound sense of it. If the old man were to come round, then it would be better to visit him at Moscow or Bleak Hills, later on; if not, then the wedding, against his will, could only take place at Otradnoe.

'And that's perfectly true,' said he. 'I regret indeed that I ever went to see him and took her too,' said the count.

'No, why regret it? Being here, you could do no less than show him respect. If he wouldn't receive it, that's his affair,' said Marya Dmitriyevna, searching for something in her reticule. 'And now the trousseau's ready, what have you to wait for? What is not ready, I'll send after you. Though I'm sorry to lose you, still the best thing is for you to go, and God be with you.' Finding what she was looking for in her reticule, she handed it to Natasha. It was a letter from Princess Marya. 'She writes to you. How worried she is, poor thing! She is afraid you might think she does not like you.'

'Well, she doesn't like me,' said Natasha.

'Nonsense, don't say so,' cried Marya Dmitriyevna.

'I won't take any one's word for that, I know she doesn't like me,' said Natasha boldly as she took the letter, and there was a look of cold and

angry resolution in her face, that made Marya Dmitryevna look at her more closely and frown.

'Don't you answer me like that, my good girl,' she said. 'If I say so, it's the truth. Write an answer to her.'

Natasha made no reply, and went to her own room to read Princess Marya's letter.

Princess Marya wrote that she was in despair at the misunderstanding that had arisen between them. Whatever her father's feelings might be, wrote Princess Marya, she begged Natasha to believe that she could not fail to love her, as the girl chosen by her brother, for whose happiness she was ready to make any sacrifice.

'Do not believe, though,' she wrote, 'that my father is ill-disposed to you. He is an old man and an invalid, for whom one must make excuses. But he is good-hearted and generous, and will come to love the woman who makes his son happy.' Princess Marya begged Natasha, too, to fix a time when she might see her again.

After reading the letter, Natasha sat down to the writing-table to answer it. 'Dear princess,' she began, writing rapidly and mechanically in French, and there she stopped. What more could she write after what had happened the day before?

'Can everything be over?' she thought. 'Can all this have happened so quickly and have destroyed all that went before?' She recalled in all its past strength her love for Prince Andrey, pictured herself the wife of Prince Andrey, and at the same time, all aglow with emotion, she recalled every detail of her interview the previous evening with Anatole.

'Why could not that be as well?' she wondered sometimes in complete bewilderment. 'It's only so that I could be perfectly happy: as it is, I have to choose, and without either of them I can't be happy. There's one thing,' she thought, 'to tell Prince Andrey what has happened; to hide it from him—are equally impossible. But with *him* nothing is spoilt.'

'Madame,' whispered a maid, coming into the room with a mysterious air, 'a man told me to give you this.' The girl gave her a letter. 'Only for Christ's sake . . .' said the girl, as Natasha, without thinking, mechanically broke the seal and began reading a love-letter from Anatole.

With trembling hands Natasha held that passionate letter, composed for Anatole by Dolohov, and as she read it, she found in it echoes of all that it seemed to her she was feeling herself.

'Since yesterday evening my fate is sealed: to be loved by you or to die. There is nothing else left for me,' the letter began. Then he wrote that he knew her relations would never give her to him, to Anatole; that there were secret reasons for that which he could only reveal to her alone; but that if she loved him, she had but to utter the word *Yes*, and no human force could hinder their happiness. Love would conquer all. He could capture her and bear her away to the ends of the earth.

'Yes, yes, I love him!' thought Natasha, reading the letter over for the twentieth time, and finding some special deep meaning in every word.

That evening Marya Dmitriyevna was going to the Arharovs', and proposed taking the young ladies with her. Natasha pleaded a headache and stayed at home.

On returning late in the evening, Sonya went into Natasha's room, and to her surprise found her not undressed asleep on the sofa. On the table near her Anatole's letter lay open. Sonya picked up the letter and began to read it.

She looked at Natasha asleep, seeking in her face some explanation of what she had read and not finding it. Her face was quiet, gentle, and happy. Sonya, pale and shaking with horror and emotion, sat down in a low chair.

'How was it I saw nothing? How can it have gone so far? Can she have ceased loving Prince Andrey? And how could she have let this Kuragin go as far as this? He's a deceiver and a villain, that's clear. What will Nikolenka—dear, noble Nikolenka—do when he hears of it? But it's impossible that she can care for him! Most likely she opened the letter not knowing from whom it was. Most likely she feels insulted by it. She's not capable of doing such a thing!'

'Natasha!' Sonya said, hardly audibly.

Natasha waked up.

'Ah, you have come back?'

But noticing embarrassment in Sonya's face, her face too expressed embarrassment and suspicion.

'Sonya, you have read the letter?' she said.

'Yes,' said Sonya softly.

Natasha smiled ecstatically.

'No, Sonya, I can't help it!' she said. 'I can't keep it secret from you any longer. You know we love each other!'

Sonya gazed with wide-open eyes at Natasha, as though unable to believe her ears.

'But Bolkonsky?' she said.

Natasha looked with her big, wide eyes at Sonya as though not understanding her question.

'Are you breaking it off with Prince Andrey then?' said Sonya.

'Oh, you don't understand; don't talk nonsense; listen,' said Natasha.

'No, I can't believe it,' repeated Sonya. 'I don't understand it. What, for a whole year you have been loving one man, and all at once . . . Why, you have only seen him three times. In three days to forget everything . . .'

'Three days,' Natasha said. 'It seems as though I had loved him for a hundred years. It seems to me that I have never loved any one before him. You can't understand that. Sonya, stay, sit here.' Natasha hugged her. 'I have been told of its happening, and no doubt you have heard of it too, but it's only now that I have felt such love. It's not what I have felt before. As soon as I saw him, I felt that he was my sovereign and I was his slave, and that I could not help loving him. Yes, his slave! Whatever he bids me, I shall do. You don't understand that. What am I to do? What am I to do, Sonya?' said Natasha, with a blissful and frightened face.

'But only think what you are doing,' said Sonya. 'I can't leave it like this. These secret letters . . . How could you let him go so far as that?'

'I have told you,' answered Natasha, 'that I have no will. How is it you don't understand that? I love him!'

'Then I can't let it go on like this. I shall tell about it,' cried Sonya.

'What . . . for God's sake . . . If you tell, you are my enemy,' said Natasha. 'You want to make me miserable, and you want us to be separated. For God's sake, Sonya, don't tell any one; don't torture me,' Natasha implored her.

'But why this secrecy? Why doesn't he come to the house?' Sonya persisted. 'Why doesn't he ask for your hand straight out? Prince Andrey, you know, gave you complete liberty, if it really is so; but I can't believe in it. Natasha, have you thought what the *secret reasons* can be?'

Natasha looked with wondering eyes at Sonya. Evidently it was the first time that question had presented itself to her, and she did not know how to answer it.

'What the reasons are, I don't know. But there must be reasons!'

Sonya sighed and shook her head distrustfully.

'Sonya, you mustn't doubt of him; you mustn't, you mustn't! Do you understand?' she cried.

'Does he love you?'

'Does he love me?' repeated Natasha, with a smile of compassion for her friend's dulness of comprehension. 'Why, you have read his letter, haven't you? You've seen him.'

'But if he is a dishonourable man?'

'*He!* . . . a dishonourable man? If only you knew!' said Natasha.

'If he is an honourable man, he ought either to explain his intentions, or to give up seeing you; and if you won't do that, I will do it. I'll write to him. I'll tell papa,' said Sonya resolutely.

'But I can't live without him!' cried Natasha.

'Natasha, I don't understand you. And what are you saying? Think of your father, of Nikolenka.'

'I don't care for any one, I don't love any one but him. How dare you say he's dishonourable! Don't you know that I love him?' cried Natasha. 'Sonya, go away. I don't want to quarrel with you; go away, for God's sake, go away.'

Natasha went to the table, and without a moment's reflection wrote that answer to Princess Marya, which she had been unable to write all the morning. In her letter she told Princess Marya briefly that all misunderstandings between them were at an end, as taking advantage of the generosity of Prince Andrey, who had at parting given her full liberty, she begged her to forget everything and forgive her if she had been in fault in any way, but she could not be his wife. It all seemed to her so easy, so simple, and so clear at that moment.

The Rostovs were to return to the country on Friday, but on Wednesday the count went with the intending purchaser to his estate near Moscow.

On the day the count left, Sonya and Natasha were invited to a big dinner-party at Julie Karagin's, and Marya Dmitryevna took them. At that dinner Natasha met Anatole again, and Sonya noticed that Natasha said something to him, trying not to be overheard, and was all through the dinner more excited than before. When they got home, Natasha was the first to enter upon the conversation with Sonya that her friend was expecting.

'Well, Sonya, you said all sorts of silly things about him,' Natasha began in a meek voice, the voice in which children speak when they want to be praised for being good. 'I have had it all out with him to-day.'

'Well, what did he say? Well? Come, what did he say? Natasha, I'm so glad you're not angry with me. Tell me everything, all the truth. What did he say?'

Natasha sank into thought.

'O Sonya, if you knew him as I do! He said . . . He asked me what promise I had given Bolkonsky. He was so glad that I was free to refuse him.'

Sonya sighed dejectedly.

'But you haven't refused Bolkonsky, have you?' she said.

'Oh, perhaps I have refused him! Perhaps it's all at an end with Bolkonsky. Why do you think so ill of me?'

'I don't think anything, only I don't understand this. . . .'

'Wait a little, Sonya, you will understand it all. You will see the sort of man he is. Don't think ill of me, or of him.'

'I don't think ill of any one; I like every one and am sorry for every one. But what am I to do?'

Sonya would not let herself be won over by the affectionate tone Natasha took with her. The softer and the more ingratiating Natasha's face became, the more serious and stern became the face of Sonya.

'Natasha,' she said, 'you asked me not to speak to you, and I haven't spoken; now you have begun yourself. Natasha, I don't trust him. Why this secrecy?'

'Again, again!' interrupted Natasha.

'Natasha, I am afraid for you.'

'What is there to be afraid of?'

'I am afraid you will be ruined,' said Sonya resolutely, herself horrified at what she was saying.

Natasha's face expressed anger again.

'Then I will be ruined, I will; I'll hasten to my ruin. It's not your business. It's not you, but I, will suffer for it. Leave me alone, leave me alone. I hate you!'

'Natasha!' Sonya appealed to her in dismay.

'I hate you, I hate you! And you're my enemy for ever!'

Natasha ran out of the room.

Hard as it was for Sonya, she kept watch over her friend and never let her out of her sight.

On the day before that fixed for the count's return, Sonya noticed that Natasha sat all the morning at the drawing-room window, as though expecting something, and that she made a sign to an officer who passed by, whom Sonya took to be Anatole.

Sonya began watching her friend even more attentively, and she noticed that all dinner-time and in the evening Natasha was unlike herself. She made irrelevant replies to questions asked her, began sentences and did not finish them, and laughed at everything.

After tea Sonya saw the maid timidly waiting for her to pass at Natasha's door. She let her go in, and listening at the door, found out that another letter had been given her. And all at once it was clear to Sonya that Natasha had some dreadful plan for that evening. Sonya knocked at her door. Natasha would not let her in.

'She is going to run away with him!' thought Sonya. 'She is capable of anything. She cried as she said good-bye to uncle,' Sonya remembered. 'Yes, it's certain, she's going to run away with him; but what am I to do? Write to Pierre, as Prince Andrey asked me to do in case of trouble? . . . But perhaps she really has refused Bolkonsky (she sent off a letter to Princess Marya yesterday). Uncle is not here.'

To tell Marya Dmitryevna, who had such faith in Natasha, seemed to Sonya a fearful step to take.

'But one way or another,' thought Sonya, standing in the dark corridor, 'now or never the time has come for me to show that I am mindful of all the benefits I have received from their family and that I love Nikolay. No, if I have to go three nights together without sleep, I won't leave this corridor; and I will prevent her passing by force, and not let disgrace come upon their family.'

ANATOLE had lately moved into Dolohov's quarters. The plan for the abduction of Natasha Rostov had been prepared several days before by Dolohov, and on the day when Sonya had listened at Natasha's door and resolved to protect her, that plan was to be put into execution. Natasha had promised to come out at the back entrance at ten o'clock in the evening. Kuragin was to get her into a sledge that was to be all ready with three horses in it, and to drive her off sixty versts from Moscow to the village of Kamenka, where an unfrocked priest was in readiness to perform a marriage ceremony over them. At Kamenka a relay of horses was to be in readiness, which was to take them as far as the Warsaw road, and thence they were to hasten abroad by means of post-horses.

Anatole had a passport and an order for post-horses and ten thousand roubles borrowed from his sister, and ten thousand more raised by the assistance of Dolohov.

The two witnesses of the mock marriage ceremony—a petty official, a man of whom Dolohov made use at cards, and a retired hussar, a weak and good-natured man, whose devotion to Kuragin was unbounded—were sitting over their tea in the outer room.

In Dolohov's big study, decorated from the walls to the ceiling with Persian rugs, bearskins, and weapons, Dolohov was sitting in a travelling tunic and high boots in front of an open bureau on which lay accounts and bundles of bank notes. Anatole, in an unbuttoned uniform, was walking to and fro from the room where the witnesses were sitting through the study into a room behind, where his French valet with some other servants was packing up the last of his belongings. Dolohov was reckoning up money and noting down sums.

'Well, here then, our accounts are finished,' said Dolohov, showing him the paper. 'That's all right?'

'Yes, of course, it's all right,' said Anatole, evidently not attending to Dolohov, and looking straight before him with a smile that never left his face.

Dolohov shut the bureau with a slam, and turned to Anatole with an ironical smile.

'But I say, you drop it all; there's still time!' he said.

'Idiot!' said Anatole.

'You'd really better drop it,' said Dolohov. 'I'm speaking in earnest. I have helped you; but still I ought to tell you the truth: it's a dangerous business, and if you come to think of it, it's stupid. Come, you carry her off, well and good. Do you suppose they'll let it rest? It will come out that you are married. Why, they will have you up on a criminal charge, you know . . .'

'You go to the devil!' said Anatole.

'Well, your money will be gone, what then?'

'What then? Eh?' repeated Anatole, with genuine perplexity at the thought of the future. 'What then? I don't know what then . . . Come, why talk nonsense?' He looked at his watch. 'It's time!'

Anatole went into the back room. 'You're dawdling there,' he shouted at the servants.

'Balaga is here,' Dolohov shouted to him from the other room.

Balaga was a well-known driver, who had known Dolohov and Anatole for the last six years, and driven them in his three-horse sledges. More than once, when Anatole's regiment had been stationed at Tver, he had driven him out of Tver in the evening, reached Moscow by dawn, and driven him back the next night. More than once he had driven Dolohov safe away when he was being pursued. Many a time he had driven them about the town with gypsies and 'gay ladies,' as he called them. More than one horse had he ruined in driving them. More than once he had driven over people and upset vehicles in Moscow, and always his 'gentlemen,' as he called them, had got him out of trouble. Many a time had they beaten him, many a time made him drunk with champagne and madeira, a wine he loved, and more than one exploit he knew of each of them, which would long ago have sent any ordinary man to Siberia. 'Real gentlemen!' he thought.

Anatole went out of the room, and a few minutes later he came back wearing a fur pelisse, girt with a silver belt, and a sable cap, jauntily stuck

on one side, and very becoming to his handsome face. Looking at himself in the looking-glass, and then standing before Dolohov in the same attitude he had taken before the looking-glass, he took a glass of wine.

'Well, farewell; thanks for everything, and farewell,' said Anatole. 'Come, comrades, friends . . .'—he grew pensive—'of my youth . . . farewell.'

Although they were all going with him, Anatole wanted to make a touching and solemn ceremony of this address to his comrades.

'All take glasses; you too, Balaga. Well, lads, friends of my youth, we have had jolly srees together. Eh? Now, when shall we meet again? I'm going abroad! We've had a good time, and farewell, lads. Here's to our health! Hurrah! . . .' he said, tossing off his glass, and flinging it on the floor.

'To your health!' said Balaga.

'Start! start!' shouted Anatole.

At the steps stood two three-horse sledges; Balaga took his seat in the foremost, and Anatole and Dolohov got in with him.

'Ready, eh?' queried Balaga. 'Off!' he shouted.

In Arbatsky Square the sledge came into collision with a carriage; there was a crash and shouts, and the sledge flew off along Arbaty. Turning twice along Podnovinsky, Balaga began to pull up, and turning back, stopped the horses at the Old Equerrys' crossing.

Anatole and Dolohov walked along the pavement. On reaching the gates, Dolohov whistled. The whistle was answered, and a maid-servant ran out.

'Come into the courtyard, or you'll be seen; she is coming in a minute,' she said.

Dolohov stayed at the gate. Anatole followed the maid into the courtyard, turned a corner and ran up the steps.

He was met by Gavriolo, Marya Dmitryevna's huge groom.

'Walk this way to the mistress,' said the groom in his bass, blocking up the doorway.

'What mistress? And who are you?' Anatole asked in a breathless whisper.

'Walk in; my orders are to show you in.'

'Kuragin! back!' shouted Dolohov. 'Treachery, back!'

Dolohov, at the little back gate where he had stopped, was struggling with the porter, who was trying to shut the gate after Anatole as he ran in. With a desperate effort Dolohov shoved away the porter, and clutching at Anatole, pulled him through the gate, and ran back with him to the sledge.

Marya Dmitryevna, coming upon Sonya weeping in the corridor, had forced her to confess everything. Marya Dmitryevna went in to Natasha, with the letter in her hand.

'Vile girl, shameless hussy!' she said to her. 'I won't hear a word!' Pushing aside Natasha, who gazed at her with amazed but tearless eyes, she locked her into the room, and giving orders to her gate porter to admit the persons who would be coming that evening, but not to allow them to pass out again, and giving her grooms orders to show those persons up to her, she seated herself in the drawing-room awaiting the abductors.

When Gavriilo came to announce to Marya Dmitryevna that the persons who had come had run away, she got up frowning, and clasping her hands behind her, walked a long while up and down through her rooms, pondering what she was to do. At midnight she walked towards Natasha's room, feeling the key in her pocket. Sonya was sitting sobbing in the corridor. 'Marya Dmitryevna, do, for God's sake, let me go in to her!' she said.

Marya Dmitryevna, making her no reply, opened the door and went in. Natasha was lying on the sofa in exactly the same position in which Marya Dmitryevna had left her.

'You're a nice girl, a very nice girl!' said Marya Dmitryevna. 'Encouraging meetings with lovers in my house! There's no use in humbugging. You listen when I speak to you.' Marya Dmitryevna touched her on the arm. 'You listen when I speak. You've disgraced yourself like the lowest wench. I don't know what I couldn't do to you, but I feel for your father. I will hide it from him.'

Natasha did not change her position, only her whole body began to writhe with noiseless, convulsive sobs. Marya Dmitryevna looked round at Sonya, and sat down on the edge of the sofa beside Natasha.

'It's lucky for him that he escaped me; but I'll get hold of him,' she said in her coarse voice. 'Do you hear what I say, eh?' She put her big hand under Natasha's face, and turned it towards her. Both Marya Dmitryevna and Sonya were surprised when they saw Natasha's face.

'Let me be . . . what do I . . . I shall die. . . .' she articulated, with angry effort.

'Natalya! . . .' said Marya Dmitryevna. 'I wish for your good. Lie still; come, lie still like that then, I won't touch you, and listen. . . . I'm not going to tell you how wrongly you have acted. You know that yourself. But now your father's coming back to-morrow. What am I to tell him? Eh?'

Again Natasha's body heaved with sobs.

Well, he will hear of it, your brother, your betrothed!

'I have no betrothed; I have refused him,' cried Natasha.

'That makes no difference,' pursued Marya Dmitryevna. 'Well, they hear of it. Do you suppose they will let the matter rest? Suppose he—your father, I know him—if he challenges him to a duel, will that be all right? Eh?'

'Oh, let me be; why did you hinder everything! Why? why? who asked you to?' cried Natasha, getting up from the sofa, and looking vindictively at Marya Dmitryevna.

'But what was it you wanted?' screamed Marya Dmitryevna, getting hot again. 'Why, you weren't shut up, were you? Who hindered his coming to the house? Why carry you off, like some gypsy wench? . . . If he had carried you off, do you suppose they wouldn't have caught him? Your father, or brother, or betrothed? He's a wretch, a scoundrel, that's what he is!'

'He's better than any of you,' cried Natasha, getting up. 'If you hadn't meddled . . . O my God, what does it mean? Sonya, why did you? Go

away! . . .' And she sobbed with a despair with which people only bewail a trouble they feel that they have brought on themselves.

Marya Dmitryevna went on for some time longer lecturing Natasha, and urging on her that it must all be kept from the count, that no one would know anything of it if Natasha would only undertake to forget it all, and not to show a sign to any one of anything having happened. Natasha made no answer. She did not sob any more, but she was taken with shivering fits and trembling. Marya Dmitryevna put a pillow under her head, laid two quilts over her, and brought her some lime-flower water with her own hands; but Natasha made no response when she spoke to her.

'Well, let her sleep,' said Marya Dmitryevna, as she went out of the room, supposing her to be asleep. But Natasha was not asleep, her wide-open eyes gazed straight before her out of her pale face. All that night Natasha did not sleep, and did not weep, and said not a word to Sonya.

Next day, at lunch time, as he had promised, Count Ilya Andreivitch arrived from his estate. He was in very good spirits; he had come to terms with the purchaser, and there was nothing now to detain him in Moscow away from his countess, for whom he was pining. Marya Dmitryevna met him, and told him that Natasha had been very unwell on the previous day, that they had sent for a doctor, and that now she was better. Natasha did not leave her room that morning. With tightly shut, parched lips, and dry, staring eyes, she sat at the window, uneasily watching the passers-by along the street, and hurriedly looking round at any one who entered her room. She was obviously expecting news of him, expecting that he would come himself or would write to her.

When the count went in to her, she turned uneasily and her face resumed its previous cold and even vindictive expression.

'What is it, my angel; are you ill?' asked the count.

Natasha was silent a moment.

'Yes, I am ill,' she answered.

In answer to the count's inquiries why she was depressed and whether anything had happened with her betrothed, she assured him that nothing had, and begged him not to be uneasy. Marya Dmitryevna confirmed Natasha's assurances that nothing had happened. From the pretence of illness, from his daughter's agitated state, and the troubled faces of Sonya and Marya Dmitryevna, the count saw clearly that something had happened in his absence. But it was so terrible to him to believe that anything disgraceful had happened to his beloved daughter, and he so prized his own cheerful serenity, that he avoided inquiries.

FROM the day of his wife's arrival in Moscow, Pierre had been intending to go away somewhere else, simply not to be with her. Soon after the Rostovs' arrival in Moscow, the impression made upon him by Natasha had impelled him to hasten in carrying out his intention. He went to Tver to see the widow of Osip Alexyevitch.

When Pierre came back to Moscow, he was handed a letter from Marya Dmitryevna, who summoned him to her on a matter of great importance, concerning Andrey Bolkonsky and his betrothed. Pierre had been avoiding Natasha. It seemed to him that he had for her a feeling stronger than a married man should have for a girl betrothed to his friend. And some fate was continually throwing him into her company.

'What has happened? And what do they want with me?' he thought as he dressed to go to Marya Dmitryevna's. 'If only Prince Andrey would make haste home and marry her,' thought Pierre on the way to the house.

In the Tverskoy Boulevard some one shouted his name.

'Pierre! Been back long?' a familiar voice called to him. Pierre raised his head. Anatole dashed by in a sledge with a pair of grey trotting-horses, who were kicking up the snow on to the forepart of the sledge. His face was fresh and rosy; his hat, with its white plume, was stuck on one side, showing his curled, pomaded hair, sprinkled with fine snow.

'Indeed, he is the real philosopher!' thought Pierre. 'He sees nothing beyond the present moment of pleasure; nothing worries him, and so he is always cheerful, satisfied, and serene. What would I not give to be just like him!' Pierre mused with envy.

In Marya Dmitryevna's entrance-hall the footman, as he took off Pierre's fur coat, told him that his mistress begged him to come to her in her bedroom.

As he opened the door into the reception-room, Pierre caught sight of Natasha, sitting at the window with a thin, pale, and ill-tempered face. She looked round at him, frowned, and with an expression of frigid dignity walked out of the room.

'What has happened?' asked Pierre, going in to Marya Dmitryevna.

'Fine doings,' answered Marya Dmitryevna. 'Fifty-eight years I have lived in the world—never have I seen anything so disgraceful.' And exacting from Pierre his word of honour not to say a word about all he was to hear, Marya Dmitryevna informed him that Natasha had broken off her engagement without the knowledge of her parents; that the cause of her doing so was Anatole Kuragin, with whom Pierre's wife had thrown her, and with whom Natasha had attempted to elope in her father's absence in order to be secretly married to him.

Pierre, with hunched shoulders and open mouth, listened to what Marya Dmitryevna was saying, hardly able to believe his ears. That Prince Andrey's fiancée, so passionately loved by him, Natasha Rostov, hitherto so charming, should give up Bolkonsky for that fool Anatole, who was married already (Pierre knew the secret of his marriage), and be so much in love with him as to consent to elope with him—that Pierre could not conceive and could not comprehend. He could not reconcile the sweet impression he had in his soul of Natasha, whom he had known from childhood, with this new conception of her baseness, folly, and cruelty. He thought of his wife. 'They are all alike,' he said to himself.

But still he felt ready to weep with sorrow for Prince Andrey, with

sorrow for his pride. And the more he felt for his friend, the greater was the contempt and even aversion with which he thought of Natasha, who had just passed him with such an expression of rigid dignity. He could not know that Natasha's heart was filled with despair, shame, and humiliation, and that it was not her fault that her face accidentally expressed dignity and severity.

'What! get married?' cried Pierre at Marya Dmitriyevna's words. 'He can't get married; he is married.'

'Worse and worse,' said Marya Dmitriyevna. 'He's a nice youth. A perfect scoundrel. And she's expecting him; she's been expecting him these two days. We must tell her; at least she will leave off expecting him.'

After learning from Pierre the details of Anatole's marriage, and pouring out her wrath against him in abusive epithets, Marya Dmitriyevna informed Pierre of her object in sending for him. Marya Dmitriyevna was afraid that the count or Bolkonsky, who might arrive any moment, might hear of the affair, though she intended to conceal it from them, and challenge Kuragin. She therefore begged Pierre to bid his brother-in-law from her to leave Moscow. Pierre promised to do as she desired him, only then grasping the danger menacing the old count, and Nikolay, and Prince Andrey. After briefly and precisely explaining to him her wishes, she let him go to the drawing-room.

'Mind, the count knows nothing of it. You behave as though you know nothing,' she said to him. 'And I'll go and tell her it's no use for her to expect him! And stay to dinner, if you care to,' Marya Dmitriyevna called after Pierre.

Pierre met the old count. He seemed upset and anxious. That morning Natasha had told him that she had broken off her engagement to Bolkonsky.

'I'm in trouble, in trouble, my dear fellow,' he said to Pierre, 'with those girls without the mother. I do regret now that I came. I will be open with you. Have you heard she has broken off her engagement without a word to any one? I never did, I'll admit, feel very much pleased at the marriage. He's an excellent man, of course, but still there could be no happiness against a father's will, and Natasha will never want for suitors. Still it had been going on so long, and then such a step, without her father's or her mother's knowledge! And now she's ill, and God knows what it is. It's a bad thing, count, a bad thing to have a daughter away from her mother. . . .' Pierre saw the count was greatly troubled, and tried to change the conversation to some other subject, but the count went back again to his troubles.

Sonya came into the drawing-room with an agitated face.

'Natasha is not very well; she is in her room and would like to see you. Marya Dmitriyevna is with her and she asks you to come too.'

'Why, yes, you're such a great friend of Bolkonsky's; no doubt she wants to send him some message,' said the count. 'Ah, my God, my God! How happy it all was!' And clutching at his sparse locks, the count went out of the room.

Marya Dmitriyevna had told Natasha that Anatole was married. Natasha

would not believe her, and insisted on the statement being confirmed by Pierre himself. Sonya told Pierre this as she led him across the corridor to Natasha's room.

Natasha, pale and stern, met Pierre at the door with eyes of feverish brilliance and inquiry. She did not smile nor nod to him. She simply looked hard at him, and that look asked him simply: was he a friend or an enemy like the rest, as regards Anatole? Pierre in himself had evidently no existence for her.

'He knows everything,' said Marya Dmitryevna, addressing Natasha. 'Let him tell you whether I have spoken the truth.'

As a hunted, wounded beast looks at the approaching dogs and hunters, Natasha looked from one to the other.

'Natalya Ilyinitchna,' Pierre began, dropping his eyes and conscious of a feeling of pity for her and loathing for the operation he had to perform, 'whether it is true or not cannot affect you since . . .'

'Then it is not true that he is married?'

'No; it is true.'

'Has he been married long?' she asked. 'On your word of honour?'

Pierre told her so on his word of honour.

'Is he still here?' she asked rapidly.

'Yes, I have just seen him.'

She was obviously incapable of speaking; she made a sign with her hands for them to leave her alone.

Pierre did not stay to dinner but went away at once on leaving Natasha's room. He drove about the town looking for Anatole Kuragin, at the very thought of whom the blood rushed to his heart, and he felt a difficulty in breathing. On the ice-hills, at the gypsies', at Somoneno he was not to be found.

Pierre drove to the club. In the club everything was going on just as usual: the members who had come in to dinner were sitting in groups; they greeted Pierre, and talked of the news of the town. The footman, after greeting him, told him, as he knew his friends and his habits, that there was a place left for him in the little dining-room. One of Pierre's acquaintances asked him in the middle of a conversation about the weather, whether he had heard of Kuragin's elopement with Natalie Rostov, of which every one was talking in the town; was it true? Pierre said, laughing, that it was all nonsense, for he had just come from the Rostovs'.

He asked every one about Anatole; one man told him he had not come in yet; another said he was to dine there that day.

Anatole was dining that day with Dolohov, and consulting with him how to achieve the exploit that had miscarried. It seemed to him essential to see Natasha. In the evening he went to his sister's, to discuss with her means for arranging their meeting. When Pierre, after vainly driving about all Moscow, returned home, his valet told him that Prince Anatole Vassilyevitch was with the countess. The drawing-room of the countess was full of guests.

Pierre did not bestow a greeting on his wife, whom he had not seen since

his return (she was more hateful to him than ever at that moment); he walked into the drawing-room, and seeing Anatole, went straight up to him.

'Ah, Pierre,' said the countess, going up to her husband, 'you don't know what a plight our poor Anatole is in . . .' She stopped short, seeing in her husband's bowed head, in his glittering eyes, in his resolute tread, that terrible look of rage and power, which she knew and had experienced in her own case after the duel with Dolohov.

'Wherever you are, there is vice and wickedness,' said Pierre to his wife. 'Anatole, come along, I want a word with you,' he said in French.

Anatole followed with his usual jaunty swagger, but his face betrayed uneasiness. Going into his own room, Pierre shut the door, and addressed Anatole without looking at him. 'Did you promise Countess Rostov to marry her? Did you try to elope with her?'

'My dear fellow,' answered Anatole, 'I don't consider myself bound to answer questions put to me in that tone.'

Pierre's face, which had been pale before, was distorted by fury. With his big hand he clutched Anatole by the collar of his uniform, and proceeded to shake him from side to side, till Anatole's face showed a sufficient degree of terror.

'When I say I *want* a word with you . . .' Pierre repeated.

'Well, what? this is stupid. Eh?' said Anatole, feeling a button of his collar that had been torn off with the cloth.

'You're a scoundrel and a blackguard; and I don't know what prevents me from permitting myself the pleasure of braining you with this, see,' said Pierre. He took up a heavy paper-weight, and lifted it in a menacing way, but at once put it down.

'Did you promise to marry her?'

'I . . . I . . . didn't think . . . I never promised, though, because . . .'

Pierre interrupted him.

'Have you any of her letters?'

Anatole thrust his hand in his pocket, and took out a pocket-book. Pierre took the letter he gave him, and pushing away a table that stood in the way, he plumped down on the sofa.

'Letters—one,' said Pierre, as though repeating a lesson to himself. 'Two'—after a moment's silence he went on, getting up again and beginning to walk about—'to-morrow you are to leave Moscow.'

'But how can I . . . ?'

'Three'—Pierre went on, not heeding him—'you are never to say a word of what has passed between you and the young countess. That I know I can't prevent your doing; but if you have a spark of conscience . . .'

Anatole sat at the table, scowling and biting his lips.

'You surely must understand that, apart from your own pleasure, there's the happiness, the peace of other people; that you are ruining a whole life, simply because you want to amuse yourself. Amuse yourself with women like my wife—with them you're within your rights, they know what it is you want of them. They are armed against you by the same experience of

vice; but to promise a girl to marry her . . . to deceive, to steal . . . Surely you must see that it's as base as attacking an old man or a child! . . .'

'I don't know about that. Eh?' said Anatole, growing bolder as Pierre gained control over his rage. 'I don't know about that, and I don't want to,' he said, looking away from Pierre, and speaking with a slight quiver of his lower jaw, 'but you have said words to me, base and all that sort of thing, which as a man of honour I can't allow any one to do.'

Pierre looked at him in amazement.

'Though it has been only *tête-à-tête*,' Anatole went on, 'still I can't . . .'

'What, do you want satisfaction?' said Pierre sarcastically.

'At any rate you might take back your words. Eh? If you want me to do as you wish. Eh!'

'I'll take them back, I'll take them back,' said Pierre, 'and beg you to forgive me.' Pierre could not help glancing at the loose button. 'And here's money too, if you want some for your journey.'

Anatole smiled. Next day Anatole left for Petersburg.

Pierre drove to Marya Dmitriyevna's to report to her the execution of her commands. The whole house was in excitement and alarm. Natasha was very ill; and as Marya Dmitriyevna told him in secret, she had on the night after she had been told Anatole was married, taken arsenic, which she had procured by stealth. After swallowing a little, she had been so frightened that she waked Sonya, and told her what she had done. Antidotes had been given in time, and now she was out of danger; but she was still so weak, that they could not dream of moving her to the country, and the countess had been sent for.

That day Pierre dined at the club, and heard on every side gossip about the attempted abduction of the young Countess Rostov, and persistently denied the story, assuring every one that the only foundation for it was that his brother-in-law had made the young lady an offer and had been refused.

He was looking forward with terror to Prince Andrey's return, and drove round every day to ask for news of him from the old prince.

Prince Nikolay Andreivitch heard all the rumours current in the town through Mademoiselle Bourienne; and he had read the note to Princess Marya, in which Natasha had broken off her engagement. He seemed in better spirits than usual, and looked forward with impatience to seeing his son.

A few days after Anatole's departure, Pierre received a note from Prince Andrey to inform him that he had arrived, and to beg him to go and see him.

The first minute of Prince Andrey's arrival in Moscow, he was handed by his father Natasha's note to Princess Marya, in which she broke off her engagement (the note had been stolen from Princess Marya, and given to the old prince by Mademoiselle Bourienne). He heard from his father's lips the story of Natasha's elopement, with additions.

Prince Andrey had arrived in the evening; Pierre came to see him the following morning. Pierre had expected to find Prince Andrey almost in the same state as Natasha, and he was therefore surprised when as he entered the drawing-room he heard the sound of Prince Andrey's voice in the study, loudly and eagerly discussing some Petersburg intrigue. The old prince and some other voice interrupted him from time to time. Princess Marya came out to meet Pierre. She sighed, turning her eyes towards the door of the room, where Prince Andrey was, plainly intending to express her sympathy with his sorrow; but Pierre saw by Princess Marya's face that she was glad both at what had happened and at the way her brother had taken the news of his fiancée's treachery.

'He said he had expected it,' she said. 'I know his pride will not allow him to express his feelings; but anyway, he has borne it better, far better, than I had expected. It seems it was to be so . . .'

'But is it all really at an end?' said Pierre.

Princess Marya looked at him with surprise. She could not understand how one could ask such a question.

Pierre went into the study. Prince Andrey was very much changed, and visibly much more robust, but there was a new horizontal line between his brows. He was in civilian dress, and standing facing his father and Prince Meshtchersky, he was hotly arguing, making vigorous gesticulations.

The subject was Speransky, of whose sudden dismissal and supposed treason news had just reached Moscow.

'Now he' (Speransky) 'will be criticised and condemned by all who were enthusiastic about him a month ago,' Prince Andrey was saying, 'and were incapable of understanding his aims. It's very easy to condemn a man when he's out of favour, and to throw upon him the blame of all the mistakes of other people. But I maintain that if anything of value has been done in the present reign, it has been done by him—by him alone . . .'

He stopped, seeing Pierre. His face quivered, and at once assumed a vindictive expression. 'And posterity will do him justice,' he finished, and at once turned to Pierre. 'Well, how are you, still getting stouter?' he said eagerly, but the new line was still more deeply furrowed on his forehead. 'Yes, I'm very well,' he answered to Pierre's question, and he smiled. It was clear to Pierre that his smile meant, 'I am well, but my health is of no use to any one now.'

After saying a few words to Pierre of the awful road from the frontiers of Poland, of people he had met in Switzerland who knew Pierre, and of M. Dessalle, whom he had brought back from Switzerland as a tutor for his son, Prince Andrey warmly took part again in the conversation about Speransky, which had been kept up between the two old gentlemen.

'If there had been treason, and there were proofs of his secret relations with Napoleon, they would have made them public,' he said, with heat and haste. 'I don't and I didn't like Speransky personally, but I do like justice.'

When Prince Meshtchersky had gone, Prince Andrey took Pierre's arm, and asked him to come to the room that had been assigned him. In that room there was a folding bedstead and open trunks and boxes. Prince

Andrey went up to one of them and took out a case. Out of the case he took a packet of letters. He did all this in silence, and very rapidly. He stood up again and cleared his throat. His face was frowning, and his lips set.

'Forgive me, if I'm troubling you . . .' Pierre saw that Prince Andrey was going to speak of Natasha, and his broad face showed sympathy and pity. That expression in Pierre's face exasperated Prince Andrey. He went on resolutely, clearly, and disagreeably: 'I have received a refusal from Countess Rostov, and rumours have reached me of your brother-in-law's seeking her hand, or something of the kind. Is that true?'

'Both true and untrue,' began Pierre; but Prince Andrey cut him short.

'Here are her letters and her portrait,' he said. He took the packet from the table and gave it to Pierre.

'Give that to the countess . . . if you will see her.'

'She is very ill,' said Pierre.

'So she's still here?' said Prince Andrey. 'And Prince Kuragin?'

'He could not have married her, because he is married,' said Pierre.

Prince Andrey laughed unpleasantly.

'And where is he now, your brother-in-law, may I ask?' he said.

'He went to Peter . . . but, really, I don't know,' said Pierre.

'Well, that's no matter,' said Prince Andrey. 'Tell Countess Rostov from me that she was and is perfectly free, and that I wish her all prosperity.'

Pierre took the packet.

'Listen. Do you remember our discussion in Petersburg?' said Pierre. 'Do you remember about—?'

'I remember,' Prince Andrey answered hurriedly. 'I said that a fallen woman should be forgiven, but I did not say I could forgive one. I can't.'

'How can you compare it? . . .' said Pierre.

Prince Andrey cut him short. He cried harshly: 'Yes, ask her hand again, be magnanimous, and all that sort of thing? . . . Oh, that's all very noble, but I'm not equal to following in that gentleman's tracks. If you care to remain my friend, never speak to me of that . . . of all this business. Well, good-bye. So you'll give that? . . .'

Pierre left him, and went in to the old prince and Princess Marya.

The old man seemed livelier than usual. Princess Marya was the same as usual, but behind her sympathy for her brother, Pierre detected her relief that her brother's marriage was broken off. Looking at them, Pierre felt what a contempt and dislike they all had for the Rostovs; felt that it would be impossible in their presence even to mention the name of the girl who could give up Prince Andrey for any one in the world.

At dinner they talked of the coming war, of which there could now be no doubt in the near future. Prince Andrey talked incessantly, and seemed more eager than usual, with that eagerness of which Pierre knew so well the inner cause.

That evening Pierre went to the Rostovs' to fulfil Prince Andrey's commission. Natasha was in bed, the count was at the club, and Pierre, after giving the letters to Sonya, went in to see Marya Dmitryevna, who was

interested to know how Prince Andrey had taken the news. Ten minutes later, Sonya came into Marya Dmitriyevna.

'Natasha insists on seeing Count Pyotr Kirillovitch,' she said.

'Why, are we to take him up to her, eh? Why, you are all in a muddle there,' said Marya Dmitriyevna.

'No, she has dressed and gone into the drawing-room,' said Sonya.

Marya Dmitriyevna could only shrug her shoulders. 'When will the countess come? She has quite worn me out! You mind now, don't tell her everything,' she said to Pierre. 'One hasn't the heart to scold her, she's so piteous, poor thing.'

Natasha was standing in the middle of the drawing-room; Pierre went hurriedly towards her.

'Pyotr Kirillovitch,' she began, speaking quickly, 'Prince Bolkonsky was your friend—he is your friend,' she corrected herself. 'He told me to apply to you . . .'

Pierre choked dumbly as he looked at her. Till then he had in his heart blamed her, and tried to despise her; but now he felt so sorry for her, that there was no room in his heart for blame.

'He is here now, tell him . . . to for . . . to forgive me.' She stopped short and breathed even more quickly, but she did not weep.

'Yes . . . I will tell him,' said Pierre; 'but . . .' He did not know what to say.

Natasha was evidently dismayed at the idea that might have occurred to Pierre.

'No, I know that everything is over,' she said hurriedly. 'No, that can never be. I'm only wretched at the wrong I have done him. Only tell him that I beg him to forgive, to forgive, forgive me for everything . . .'

A feeling of pity he had never known before flooded Pierre's heart.

'I will tell him, I will tell him everything once more,' said Pierre; 'but . . . I should like to know one thing . . .'

'To know what?' Natasha's eyes asked.

'I should like to know, did you love . . .' Pierre did not know what to call Anatole, and flushed at the thought of him—'did you love that bad man?'

'Don't call him bad,' said Natasha. 'But I don't . . . know, I don't know . . .' She began crying again, and Pierre was more than ever overwhelmed with pity, tenderness, and love. He felt the tears trickling under his spectacles, and hoped they would not be noticed.

'We won't talk any more of it, my dear,' he said. It seemed suddenly so strange to Natasha to hear the gentle, tender, sympathetic voice in which he spoke. 'We won't talk of it, my dear, I'll tell him everything. But one thing I beg you, look on me as your friend; and if you want help, think of me.' He took her hand and kissed it. 'I shall be happy, if I am able . . .' Pierre was confused.

'Don't speak to me like that; I'm not worth it!' cried Natasha, and she would have left the room, but Pierre held her hand. He knew there was

something more he must say to her. But when he said it, he was surprised at his own words.

'Hush, hush, your whole life lies before you,' he said to her.

'Before me! No! All is over for me,' she said, with shame and self-humiliation.

'All over?' he repeated. 'If I were not myself, but the handsomest, cleverest, best man in the world, and if I were free I would be on my knees this minute to beg for your hand and your love.'

Almost running into the vestibule, Pierre flung on his fur coat, unable to find the armholes, and got into his sledge.

'Now where, your excellency?' asked the coachman.

'Home,' said Pierre, throwing open the bearskin coat in spite of ten degrees of frost.

Over the dirty, half-dark streets, over the black roofs was a dark, starlit sky. Almost in the centre of it above the Prechistensky Boulevard, surrounded on all sides by stars, but distinguished from all by its white light and long, upturned tail, shone the huge, brilliant comet of 1812; the comet which betokened, it was said, all manner of horrors and the end of the world.

PART IX

TOWARDS the end of the year 1811, there began to be greater activity in levying troops and in concentrating the forces of Western Europe, and in 1812 these forces—millions of men, reckoning those engaged in the transport and feeding of the army—moved from the west eastward, towards the frontiers of Russia, where, since 1811, the Russian forces were being in like manner concentrated.

On the 12th of June the forces of Western Europe crossed the frontier, and the war began, that is, an event took place opposed to human reason and all human nature. Millions of men perpetrated against one another so great a mass of crime—fraud, swindling, robbery, forgery, issue of counterfeit money, plunder, incendiarism, and murder—that the annals of all the criminal courts of the world could not muster such a sum of wickedness in whole centuries, though the men who committed those deeds did not at that time look on them as crimes.

What led to this extraordinary event? What were its causes? Historians, with simple-hearted conviction, tell us that the causes of this event were the insult offered to the Duke of Oldenburg, the failure to maintain the continental system, the ambition of Napoleon, the firmness of Alexander, the mistakes of the diplomatists, and so on.

According to them, if only Metternich, Rumyantsev, or Talleyrand had, in the interval between a levée and a court ball, really taken pains and written a more judicious diplomatic note, or if only Napoleon had written to Alexander, 'I consent to restore the duchy to the Duke of Oldenburg,' there would have been no war.

We can readily understand that being the conception of the war that presented itself to contemporaries. We can understand Napoleon's supposing the cause of the war to be the intrigues of England (as he said, indeed, in St. Helena); we can understand how to the members of the English House of Commons the cause of the war seemed to be Napoleon's ambition; how to the Duke of Oldenburg the war seemed due to the outrage done him; how to the trading class the war seemed due to the continental system that was ruining Europe; to the old soldiers and generals the chief reason for it seemed their need of active service; to the regiments of the period, the necessity of re-establishing *les bons principes*; while the diplomatists of the time set it down to the alliance of Russia with Austria in 1809 not having been with sufficient care concealed from Napoleon,

and the memorandum, No. 178, having been awkwardly worded. We may well understand contemporaries believing in those causes, and in a countless, endless number more, the multiplicity of which is due to the infinite variety of men's points of view.

But to us of a later generation, contemplating in all its vastness the immensity of the accomplished fact, and seeking to penetrate its simple and fearful significance, those explanations must appear insufficient. To us it is inconceivable that millions of Christian men should have killed and tortured each other because Napoleon was ambitious, Alexander firm, English policy crafty, and the Duke of Oldenburg hardly treated. We cannot grasp the connection between these circumstances and the bare fact of murder and violence, nor why the duke's wrongs should induce thousands of men from the other side of Europe to pillage and murder the inhabitants of the Smolensk and Moscow provinces and to be slaughtered by them.

For us of a later generation, the causes of this war appear innumerable in their multiplicity. The more deeply we search out the causes the more of them we discover; and every cause, and even a whole class of causes taken separately, strikes us as being equally true in itself, and equally deceptive through its insignificance in comparison with the immensity of the result. Such a cause, for instance, occurs to us as Napoleon's refusal to withdraw his troops beyond the Vistula, and to restore the duchy of Oldenburg; and then again we remember the readiness or the reluctance of the first chance French corporal to serve on a second campaign; for had he been unwilling to serve, and a second and a third, and thousands of corporals and soldiers had shared that reluctance, Napoleon's army would have been short of so many men, and the war could not have taken place.

If Napoleon had not taken offence at the request to withdraw beyond the Vistula, and had not commanded his troops to advance, there would have been no war. But if all the sergeants had been unwilling to serve on another campaign, there could have been no war either.

The acts of Napoleon and Alexander, on whose words it seemed to depend whether this should be done or not, were as little voluntary as the act of each soldier, forced to march out by the drawing of a lot or by conscription. This could not be otherwise, for in order that the will of Napoleon and Alexander (on whom the whole decision appeared to rest) should be effective, a combination of innumerable circumstances was essential, without any one of which the effect could not have followed. It was essential that the millions of men in whose hands the real power lay—the soldiers who fired guns and transported provisions and cannons—should consent to carry out the will of those feeble and isolated persons.

Although in that year, 1812, Napoleon believed more than ever that to shed or not to shed the blood of his peoples depended entirely on his will (as Alexander said in his last letter to him), yet then, and more than at any time, he was in bondage to those laws which forced him, while to himself he seemed to be acting freely, to do what was bound to be his share in the common edifice of humanity.

On the 29th of May Napoleon left Dresden, where he had been spending three weeks surrounded by a court that included princes, dukes, kings, and even one emperor. Before his departure, Napoleon took a gracious leave of the princes, kings, and emperor deserving of his favour, and sternly upbraided the kings and princes with whom he was displeased. He made a present of his own diamonds and pearls—those, that is, that he had taken from other kings—to the Empress of Austria. He tenderly embraced the Empress Marie Louise—who considered herself his wife, though he had another wife still living in Paris—and left her, so his historian relates, deeply distressed and hardly able to support the separation.

Although diplomatists still firmly believed in the possibility of peace, and were zealously working with that object, although the Emperor Napoleon, with his own hand, wrote a letter to the Emperor Alexander calling him '*Monsieur mon frère*,' and assuring him with sincerity that he had no desire of war, and would always love and honour him, he set off to join the army, and at every station gave fresh commands, hastening the progress of his army from west to east. On the 10th of June he overtook the army. The following day Napoleon drove on ahead of the army, reached the Niemen, put on a Polish uniform and rode out on the river bank.

When he saw the Cossacks posted on the further bank and the expanse of the steppes—in the midst of which, far away, was the holy city, Moscow, capital of an empire, like the Scythian empire invaded by Alexander of Macedon—Napoleon surprised the diplomatists and contravened all rules of strategy by ordering an immediate advance, and his troops began crossing the Niemen next day.

Early on the morning of the 12th of June he came out of his tent, which had been pitched that day on the steep left bank of the Niemen, and looked through a field-glass at his troops pouring out of the Vilkovik forest, and dividing into three streams at the three bridges across the river. The troops knew of the Emperor's presence, and were on the look-out for him. When they caught sight of his figure in his greatcoat and hat standing apart from his suite in front of his tent on the hill opposite, they threw up their caps and shouted, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' And one regiment after another, in a continuous stream, flowed out of the immense forest that had concealed them, and split up to cross the river by the three bridges. 'We shall make some way this time. Oh, when he takes a hand himself things begin to get warm! . . . Hurrah for the Emperor! So those are the Steppes of Asia! A nasty country it is, though. Good-bye; I'll keep the finest palace in Moscow for you. The rascally Cossacks, how they are running. Hurrah for the Emperor! There he is! Do you see him? I have seen him twice as I am seeing you. The little corporal . . . Hurrah for the Emperor!'

On the 13th of June Napoleon mounted a small thoroughbred Arab horse and galloped towards one of the bridges over the Niemen, deafened all the while by shouts of enthusiasm. On reaching the broad river, he pulled up beside a regiment of Polish Uhlans on the bank.

'*Vive l'Empereur!*' the Poles shouted with the same enthusiasm, breaking

their line and squeezing against each other to get a view of him. Napoleon looked up and down the river, got off his horse, and sat down on a log that lay on the bank. At a mute sign from him, they handed him the field-glass. He propped it on the back of a page who ran up delighted. He began looking at the other side, then, with absorbed attention, scrutinised the map that was unfolded on the logs. Without raising his head he said something, and two of his adjutants galloped off to the Polish Uhlans.

'What? what did he say?' was heard in the ranks of the Polish Uhlans as an adjutant galloped up to them. They were commanded to look for a fording-place and to cross to the other side. The colonel of the Polish Uhlans, a handsome old man, set spurs to his horse and galloped down to the river. Hundreds of Uhlans galloped in after him. It was cold and dangerous in the middle in the rapid current. Some of the horses were drowned, some, too, of the men. They tried to swim straight across, and although there was a ford half a verst away they were proud to be swimming and drowning in the river before the eyes of that man sitting on the log and not even looking at what they were doing.

Forty Uhlans were drowned in the river in spite of the boats sent to their assistance. The colonel, with several of his men, swam across the river and with difficulty clambered up the other bank. As soon as they clambered out in drenched and streaming clothes they shouted '*Vive l'Empereur!*' looking ecstatically at the place where Napoleon had stood.

In the evening between giving two orders—one for hastening the arrival of the counterfeit rouble notes that had been prepared for circulation in Russia, and the other for shooting a Saxon who had been caught with a report on the disposition of the French army—Napoleon gave a third order for presenting the colonel, who had quite unnecessarily flung himself in the river, the order of the Légion d'Honneur. *Quos vult perdere, dementat.*

THE Russian Emperor had meanwhile been spending more than a month in Vilna, holding reviews and inspecting manœuvres. Nothing was in readiness for the war, which all were expecting, though it was to prepare for it that the Tsar had come from Petersburg. There was no general plan of action.

The 13th of June was the day fixed for a ball, a dinner, with a regatta and fireworks.

On the very day on which Napoleon gave the order to cross the Russian frontier, driving back the Cossacks, Alexander was at the ball given by the generals on his staff.

It was a brilliant and festive entertainment. Countess Bezuhov, who had been among the Russian ladies who had followed the Tsar from Petersburg to Vilna, was at that ball, and the Tsar had deigned to bestow a dance upon her.

Boris Drubetskoy, who had left his wife at Moscow, and was living '*en garçon,*' as he said, at Vilna, was also at that ball. Boris was now a wealthy man who had risen to high honours.

At midnight dancing was still going on. Boris was looking coldly at Ellen's

splendid bare shoulders, which rose out of her dress of dark gauze and gold, and was talking to her of old acquaintances, and yet though others and himself too were unaware of it, he never for a second ceased observing the Tsar who was in the same room.

At the beginning of the mazurka, Boris saw that a general of the staff, Balashov, went up to him. The Tsar's countenance betrayed amazement, as soon as Balashov had begun to speak. He took Balashov's arm and walked across the room with him, unconsciously clearing a space of three yards on each side of him as people hastily drew back, and walked out by the door into the lighted garden.

Boris went on performing the figures of the mazurka, but he was all the while fretted by wondering what the news could be that Balashov had brought, and in what way he could find it out before other people. In the figure in which he had to choose a lady, he whispered to Ellen that he wanted to choose Countess Pototsky, who had, he thought, gone out on to the balcony; and gliding over the parquet, he flew to the door that opened into the garden. The Tsar and Balashov moved towards the door. Boris, with a show of haste, as though he had not time to move away, squeezed respectfully up to the doorpost and bowed his head. The Tsar in the tone of a man resenting a personal insult was saying:

'To enter Russia with no declaration of war! I will consent to conciliation only when not a single enemy under arms is left in my country,' he said.

Boris was the first person to learn the news that the French troops had crossed the Niemen; and, thanks to that fact, was enabled to prove to various persons of great consequence, that much that was hidden from others was commonly known to him, and was thereby enabled to rise even higher than before in the opinion of those persons.

At two o'clock in the night of the 13th of June, the Tsar sent for Balashov, and commanded him to go in person to the French Emperor. As he dismissed Balashov, he repeated to him his declaration that he would never make peace as long as a single enemy under arms remained on Russian soil, and told him to be sure to repeat those words to Napoleon.

Four days before sentinels of the Preobrazhensky regiment had been on guard before the very house to which Balashov was conducted. Now two French grenadiers were on duty before it. Napoleon received Balashov in the very house in Vilna from which Alexander had despatched him.

Though Balashov was accustomed to the pomp of courts, he was impressed by the splendour and luxury of Napoleon's court.

Count de Turenne led him into the great reception-room, where a number of generals, gentlemen-in-waiting, and Polish magnates were waiting to see the Emperor. Many of them Balashov had seen at the court of the Russian Emperor. After a delay of several moments, a gentleman-in-waiting came into the great reception-room, and bowing courteously to Balashov, invited him to follow him.

Balashov went into the little reception-room, from which one door led to the study, the room where he had received the Russian Emperor's last

charges before setting off. Balashov stood for a couple of minutes waiting. Hurried steps were audible through the door. Both halves of the door were swiftly thrown open, and in the complete stillness that followed other firm and resolute steps could be heard from the study: it was Napoleon. He had only just finished dressing for his ride. He was wearing a blue uniform, open over a white waistcoat, that came low down over his round belly, riding-boots, and white doeskin breeches, fitting tightly over his fat, short legs. His short hair had evidently just been brushed, but one lock hung down in the middle of his broad forehead.

He walked out with a quivering strut, his head thrown a little back. His whole stout, short figure, with his broad, fat shoulders and his prominent stomach and chest, had that imposing air of dignity common in men of forty who live in comfort. It was evident, too, that he happened that day to be in a particularly good humour.

He nodded in acknowledgment of Balashov's low and respectful bow, and going up to him, began to talk at once like a man who values every minute of his time, and will not deign to preface what he is going to say, as he is sure of always speaking well and saying the right thing.

'Good-day, general!' said he. 'I have received the Emperor Alexander's letter that you brought, and I am very glad to see you.'

It was obvious that he took no interest in Balashov; only what was passing in *his* soul had for him any interest. All that was outside had no significance for him, because everything in the world depended, as he fancied, on his will.

'I do not, and did not, desire war,' he said, 'but you have forced me to it. Even *now*' (he threw emphasis on the word) 'I am ready to receive any explanations you can give me.' And he began briefly and clearly explaining the grounds of his displeasure with the Russian government.

Judging from the studiously composed and amicable tone of the French Emperor, Balashov was thoroughly persuaded that he was desirous of peace, and intended to enter into negotiations.

Balashov began to speak. He said that the Tsar did not desire war, and that he had no relations with England.

'Not *as yet*,' Napoleon put in, and as though afraid to abandon himself to his feelings, he frowned and nodded slightly as a sign to Balashov that he might continue.

After saying all he had been instructed to say, Balashov wound up by saying that the Emperor Alexander was desirous of peace, but that he would not enter into negotiations except upon condition that . . . At that point Balashov hesitated; he recollected words the Emperor Alexander had commanded Balashov to repeat to Napoleon. Balashov remembered those words: 'As long as a single enemy under arms remains on Russian soil,' but some complicated feeling checked his utterance of them. He could not utter those words, though he tried to do so. He stammered, and said: 'On condition the French troops retreat beyond the Niemen.'

Napoleon observed Balashov's embarrassment in the utterance of those

last words: his face quivered, and the calf of his left leg began twitching rhythmically. Not moving from where he stood, he began speaking in a louder and more hurried voice than before. During the speech that followed Balashov could not help staring at the twitching of Napoleon's left leg, which grew more marked as his voice grew louder.

'I am no less desirous of peace than the Emperor Alexander,' he began. 'Haven't I been doing everything for the last eighteen months to obtain it? For eighteen months I have been waiting for an explanation, but before opening negotiations, what is it that's required of me?' he said, frowning and making a vigorous gesticulation with his fat, little white hand.

'The withdrawal of the forces beyond the Niemen, sire,' said Balashov.

'Beyond the Niemen?' repeated Napoleon. 'So now you want me to retreat beyond the Niemen—only beyond the Niemen?' repeated Napoleon, looking straight at Balashov.

Balashov bowed his head respectfully.

Four months before he had been asked to withdraw from Pomerania; now withdrawal beyond the Niemen was all that was required. Napoleon turned quickly away, and began walking up and down the room.

'You say that I am required to withdraw beyond the Niemen before opening negotiations; but two months ago I was required in the same way to withdraw beyond the Oder and the Vistula, and in spite of that you agree to enter into negotiations.'

He strode in silence from one corner of the room to the other and stopped again, facing Balashov. Balashov noticed that his left leg was twitching more rapidly than ever, and his face looked as though petrified in its stern expression.

'Such demands as to retire beyond the Oder and the Vistula may be made to a prince of Baden, but not to me,' Napoleon almost screamed, quite to his own surprise. 'If you were to give me Petersburg and Moscow I wouldn't accept such conditions. You say: I began the war. But who was the first to join his army? The Emperor Alexander, and not I. And you offer me negotiations when I have spent millions, when you are in alliance with England, and when your position is weak—you offer me negotiations! What is the object of your alliance with England? What has it given you?' he asked hurriedly. The motive of his words was obviously now not to enlarge on the benefits of peace and to consider its possibility, but simply to prove his own rectitude, and his own power, and point out the duplicity and the errors of Alexander.

He had plainly intended in entering on his conversation to point out the advantages of his own position, and to signify that in spite of them he would entertain the proposal of negotiations. But he had begun talking, and the more he talked the less able was he to control the tenor of his words.

'I am told you have concluded a peace with the Turks?'

Balashov bent his head affirmatively. 'Peace has been concluded . . . ' he began. But Napoleon did not allow him to speak. He clearly did not

wish any one to speak but himself, and he went on with the unrestrained volubility and irritability to which people spoil by success are so prone.

'Yes, I know you have made peace with the Turks without gaining Moldavia and Wallachia. I would have given your Emperor those provinces just as I gave him Finland. Yes,' he went on, 'I promised, and would have given the Emperor Alexander Moldavia and Wallachia, but now he will not possess those fair provinces. He might have united them to his empire, however, and he would have enlarged the frontiers of Russia from the Gulf of Bothnia to the mouths of the Danube. Catherine the Great could have done no more,' Napoleon declared, growing hotter and hotter as he walked up and down the room, and repeated to Balashov almost the words he had used to Alexander himself at Tilsit. 'All that he would have owed to my friendship. Ah, what a fine reign! what a fine reign *might have been* that of the Emperor Alexander. Oh, what a grand reign,' he repeated several times. He stopped, took a gold snuff-box out of his pocket, and greedily put it to his nose.

He turned a commiserating glance on Balashov, and as soon as he would have made some observation, he hurriedly interrupted him again.

'What could he desire and look for that he would not have gained from my friendship? . . .' said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders with an air of perplexity. 'No, he has thought better to surround himself with my enemies. Even supposing he might make use of them if they were competent,' Napoleon went on, his words hardly able to keep pace with the rush of ideas that proved to him his right or his might (which to his mind meant the same), 'but they are not even that! They are no use for war or for peace! It's a week now since the campaign commenced, and you haven't even succeeded in defending Vilna. You have been divided in two and driven out of the Polish provinces. Your army is discontented . . .'

'On the contrary, your majesty,' said Balashov, who scarcely had time to recollect what had been said to him, and had difficulty in following these verbal fireworks, 'the troops are burning with eagerness . . .'

'I know all that,' Napoleon cut him short; 'I know all that, and I know the number of your battalions as exactly as I know my own. You have not two hundred thousand troops, while I have three times as many. I give you my word of honour,' said Napoleon, forgetting that his word of honour could carry no weight—'my word of honour that I have five hundred and thirty thousand men this side of the Vistula. The Turks will be no help to you; they are good for nothing, and have proved it by making peace with you.'

Napoleon laughed malignantly, and again put his snuff-box to his nose.

To each of Napoleon's phrases Balashov had a reply ready, and tried to utter it. He was continually making gestures indicative of a desire to speak, but Napoleon always shouted angrily to drown his voice. Napoleon was in that state of exasperation when a man wants to go on talking and talking simply to prove to himself that he is right. Balashov began to feel uncomfortable. As an envoy, he was anxious to keep up his dignity, and

felt it essential to make some reply. But as a man he felt numb, repelled by the uncontrolled, irrational fury to which Napoleon abandoned himself. He knew that nothing Napoleon might say now had any significance and believed that he would himself on regaining his composure be ashamed of his words.

‘And what are your allies to me?’ said Napoleon. ‘I have allies too—the Poles. There are eighty thousand of them and they fight like lions. And there will be two hundred thousand.’

He was probably still more exasperated at having told this obvious falsehood. He turned sharply round and going right up to Balashov, gesticulating rapidly and vigorously with his white hands close to his face, he almost shouted: ‘Let me tell you, if you stir Prussia up against me, let me tell you, I’ll wipe her off the map of Europe,’ he said, his face pale and distorted with anger, as he smote one little hand vigorously against the other. ‘Yes, I’ll thrust you beyond the Dwina, beyond the Dnieper, and I’ll restore the frontier that Europe was criminal and blind to let you overstep. Yes, that’s what’s in store for you, that’s what you will gain by alienating me,’ he said, and he walked in silence several times up and down the room, his thick shoulders twitching. He paused, looked sarcastically straight into Balashov’s face and said in a low voice: ‘And yet what a fine reign your master *might have had*.’

Balashov, feeling it incumbent upon him to reply, said Russia did not look at things in such a gloomy light. Napoleon was silent, still looking ironically at him and obviously not listening to him. Balashov said that in Russia the best results were hoped for from the war. Napoleon nodded condescendingly, as though to say, ‘I know it’s your duty to say that, but you don’t believe in it yourself; you are convinced by me.’ Towards the end of Balashov’s speech, Napoleon pulled out his snuff-box again, took a sniff from it and tapped twice with his foot on the ground as a signal. The door opened, a gentleman-in-waiting, threading his way in respectfully, handed the Emperor his hat and gloves, another handed him a pocket-handkerchief. Napoleon, without bestowing a glance upon them, turned to Balashov.

‘Assure the Emperor Alexander from me,’ he said, taking his hat, ‘that I am devoted to him as before; I know him thoroughly, and I prize very highly his noble qualities. I detain you no longer, general; you shall receive my letter to the Emperor.’ And Napoleon walked rapidly to the door.

After all Napoleon had said to him, after those outbursts, of wrath, and after the last frigidly uttered words, ‘I will not detain you, general’; Balashov felt certain that Napoleon would not care to see him again, would avoid indeed seeing again the envoy who had been treated by him with contumely, and had been the eyewitness of his undignified outburst of fury. But to his surprise Balashov received through Duroc an invitation to dine that day at the Emperor’s table.

Napoleon had not the slightest appearance of embarrassment or regret for his outbreak in the morning. On the contrary he seemed trying to

encourage Balashov. It was evident that it had long been Napoleon's conviction that no possibility existed of his making mistakes. To his mind all he did was good, not because it was in harmony with any preconceived notion of good or bad, but simply because it was *he* who did it.

At dinner he sat Balashov beside him, and addressed him affably. He addressed him indeed as though he regarded Balashov as one of his own courtiers, as one of the people, who would sympathise with his plans and be sure to rejoice at his successes. He talked, among other things, of Moscow, and began asking Balashov questions about the ancient Russian capital, not simply as a traveller of inquiring mind asks about a new place he intends to visit, but apparently with the conviction that Balashov as a Russian must be flattered at his interest in it.

'How many inhabitants are there in Moscow, how many horses? Is it true that Moscow is called the holy city? How many churches are there in Moscow?' he asked.

And when he was told there were over two hundred churches, he said:

'Why is there such a great number of churches?'

'The Russians are very religious,' replied Balashov.

'A great number, however, of monasteries and churches is always a sign of the backwardness of a people,' said Napoleon.

Balashov ventured respectfully to differ from the opinion of the French Emperor.

'Every country has its customs,' he observed.

'But there's nothing like that anywhere else in Europe,' said Napoleon.

'I beg your majesty's pardon,' said Balashov; 'besides Russia, there is Spain, where there is also a great number of churches and monasteries.'

This reply of Balashov's, which suggested a covert allusion to the recent discomfiture of the French in Spain, was highly appreciated when Balashov repeated it at the court of the Emperor Alexander, though at the time at Napoleon's dinner-table it was very little appreciated and passed indeed unnoticed.

Napoleon indeed certainly saw nothing in it; and he naïvely asked Balashov through what towns the direct road from Vilna to Moscow passed. Balashov, who had been all dinner-time on his guard, replied that as, according to the proverb, every road leads to Rome, every road leads to Moscow; that there were very many roads, and among them was the road to *Poltava*, the one selected by Charles XII.

After dinner they went to drink coffee in Napoleon's study, which had four days before been the study of the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon sat down, stirring his coffee in a Sèvres cup, and motioned Balashov to a seat beside him.

There is a well-known after-dinner mood which is more potent than any rational consideration in making a man satisfied with himself and disposed to regard every one as a friend. Napoleon was under the influence of this mood. He fancied himself surrounded by persons who adored him. He felt no doubt that Balashov too after his dinner was his friend and his worship-

per. Napoleon addressed him with an amicable and rather ironical smile.

'This is the very room, I am told, in which the Emperor Alexander used to sit. Strange, isn't it, general?' he said, obviously without the slightest misgiving that this remark could be other than agreeable to the Russian, since it afforded a proof of his, Napoleon's, superiority over Alexander.

Balashov could make no reply to this, and he bowed in silence.

'Yes, four days ago, in this very room,' Napoleon continued, with the same confident and ironical smile. 'What I can't understand,' he said, 'is the Emperor Alexander's gathering round him all my personal enemies. That I do not understand. Didn't he consider that I might do the same?' he asked Balashov; and obviously the question brought him back to a reminiscence of the morning's anger, which was still fresh in him. 'And let him know that I will do so,' Napoleon said, getting up and pushing away his cup.

Balashov bowed his head, with an air that indicated that he would be glad to withdraw, and was simply listening because he had no alternative but to listen to what was said to him. Napoleon did not notice this expression. He was addressing Balashov now, not as the envoy of his enemy, but as a man now quite devoted to him and certain to rejoice at the humiliation of his former master.

The letter taken back by Balashov was Napoleon's last letter to Alexander. Every detail of the conversation was transmitted to the Russian Emperor, and the war began.

AFTER his interview with Pierre in Moscow, Prince Andrey went away to Petersburg, telling his family that he had business there. In reality his object was to meet Anatole Kuragin. He thought it necessary to meet him, but on inquiring for him when he reached Petersburg, he found he was no longer there. Pierre had let his brother-in-law know that Prince Andrey was on his track. Anatole Kuragin had promptly obtained a commission from the minister of war, and had gone to join the army. While in Petersburg Prince Andrey received an appointment on the staff of the commander, and went to Turkey.

Prince Andrey did not think it proper to write to Kuragin to challenge him to a duel. He thought that a challenge coming from him, without any new pretext for a duel, would be compromising for the young Countess Rostov; and therefore he was seeking to encounter Kuragin in person in order to pick a quarrel with him that would serve as a pretext for a duel. But in the Turkish army too Prince Andrey failed to come across Kuragin. The latter had returned to Russia shortly after Prince Andrey reached the Turkish army.

In a new country, amid new surroundings, Prince Andrey found life easier to bear. Now he was occupied only with the most practical interests lying close at hand. He performed the duties of a general on duty on Kutuzov's staff with zeal and perseverance, surprising Kutuzov by his eagerness for work and his conscientiousness. When he missed Kuragin in Turkey, Prince Andrey did not feel it necessary to gallop back to Russia

in search of him. Yet in spite of all his contempt for Kuragin, he knew that when he did meet him, he would be unable to help challenging him.

In 1812, when the news of the war with Napoleon reached Bucharest, Prince Andrey asked to be transferred to the western army. Kutuzov, who was by now sick of Bolkonsky's energy, and felt it a standing reproach to his sloth, was very ready to let him go.

Before joining the army of the west, which was in May encamped at Drissa, Prince Andrey went to Bleak Hills, which was directly in his road, only three versts from the Smolensk high-road. The last three years of Prince Andrey's life had been so full of vicissitudes, he had passed through such changes of thought and feeling, and seen such varied life (he had travelled both in the east and the west), that it struck him as strange and amazing to find at Bleak Hills life going on in precisely the same routine as ever.

He rode up the avenue to the stone gates of the house, feeling as though it were the enchanted, sleeping castle. The same sedateness, the same cleanliness, the same silence reigned in the house; there was the same furniture, the same walls, the same sounds, the same smell, and the same timid faces, only a little older. Princess Marya was just the same timid, plain girl, no longer in her first youth, wasting the best years of her life in continual dread and suffering, and getting no benefit or happiness out of her existence. Mademoiselle Bourienne was just the same self-satisfied, coquettish girl. The only physical change apparent in the old prince was the loss of a tooth, that left a gap at the side of his mouth. In character he was the same as ever, only showing even more irritability and scepticism as to everything that happened in the world. Nikolushka was the only one who had changed: he had grown taller, and rosy, and had curly dark hair. When he was merry and laughing, he unconsciously lifted the upper lip of his pretty little mouth, just as his dead mother, the little princess, used to do. He was the only one not in bondage to the law of sameness that reigned in that spellbound sleeping castle.

But though externally all was exactly as of old, the inner relations of all the persons concerned had changed since Prince Andrey had seen them last. The household was split up into two hostile camps, which held aloof from one another, and only now came together in his presence, abandoning their ordinary habits on his account. To one camp belonged the old prince, Mademoiselle Bourienne, and the architect; to the other Princess Marya, Nikolushka, and all the nurses.

During his stay at Bleak Hills all the family dined together, but every one was ill at ease, and Prince Andrey felt that he was being treated as a guest for whom an exception was being made. The old prince preserved a sullen silence, and immediately after dinner withdrew to his own room. Later in the evening when Prince Andrey went in, the old prince, to his surprise, began talking about Princess Marya, grumbling at her superstitiousness, and her dislike of Mademoiselle Bourienne, who was, he said, the only person really attached to him.

The old prince declared that it was all Princess Marya's doing if he were ill; that she plagued and worried him on purpose, and that she was spoiling little Prince Nikolay by the way she petted him, and the silly tales she told him.

'If you ask me,' said Prince Andrey, not looking at his father (it was the first time in his life that he had blamed his father), 'I did not wish to speak of it—but, if you ask me, I'll tell you my opinion frankly in regard to the whole matter. If there is any misunderstanding and estrangement between you and Masha, I can't blame her for it—I know how she loves and respects you. If you ask me,' Prince Andrey continued, losing his temper, as he very readily did in these latter days, 'I can only say one thing; if there are misunderstandings, the cause of them is that worthless woman, who is not fit to be my sister's companion.'

The old man stared for a moment at his son.

'What companion, my dear fellow? Eh! So you've talked it over already! Eh?'

'Father, I had no wish to judge you,' said Prince Andrey, in a hard and spiteful tone, 'but you have provoked me, and I have said, and shall always say, that Marie is not to blame, but the people to blame—the person to blame—is that Frenchwoman . . .'

'Ah, he has passed judgment! . . . he has passed judgment!' said the old man, in a low voice, and Prince Andrey fancied, with embarrassment. But immediately after he leapt up and screamed, 'Go away, go away! Let me never set eyes on you again! . . .'

Prince Andrey would have set off at once, but Princess Marya begged him to stay one day more. During that day Prince Andrey did not see his father, who never left his room, and admitted no one to see him but Mademoiselle Bourienne and Tihon, from whom he inquired several times whether his son had gone.

'Are you really going to this awful war, and he is so old?' his sister said to him.

'Thank God that I can go,' said Prince Andrey. 'I am very sorry you can't too.'

Prince Andrey reached the headquarters of the army at the end of June. The second army was retreating, striving to effect a junction with the first army, from which—so it was said—it had been cut off by immense forces of the French. Every one was dissatisfied with the general course of events but no one even dreamed of any danger of the Russian provinces being invaded, no one imagined the war could extend beyond the frontiers of the western Polish provinces.

Anatole Kuragin, whom Prince Andrey had expected to find, was not here. He was in Petersburg, and Bolkonsky was glad to hear it. He was absorbed in the interest of being at the centre of the immense war that was in progress, and he was relieved to be free for a time from the irritability produced in him by the idea of Kuragin.

Barclay, at dinner one day, informed Bolkonsky that his Majesty would

be graciously pleased to see Prince Andrey in person, to ask him some questions about Turkey, and that Prince Andrey was to present himself at Bennigsen's quarters at six o'clock in the evening.

Prince Andrey arrived at Bennigsen's quarters, a small manor-house on the very bank of the river. Neither Bennigsen nor the Tsar was there; but Tchernishev, the Tsar's aid-de-camp, received Bolkonsky, and informed him that the Tsar had set off with General Bennigsen and Marchese Paulucci to make his second inspection that day of the fortifications of the Drissa camp, of the utility of which they were beginning to entertain grave doubts.

Tchernishev sat in the window of the outer room with a French novel. From the drawing-room came the sound of voices speaking German and occasionally French. There was being held, by the Tsar's desire, not a military council—the Tsar loved to have things vague—but a meeting of a few persons, whose opinions he wished to hear in the present difficult position. To this sort of semi-council had been bidden the Swedish general, Armfeldt, the general on the staff, Woltzogen, Wintzengerode, Michaud, Toll, Count Stein—by no means a military man—and finally Pfuhl.

Prince Andrey had the opportunity of getting a good view of him, as Pfuhl came in shortly after his arrival and stopped for a minute to say a few words to Tchernishev before going on into the drawing-room.

At the first glance Pfuhl, in his badly cut uniform of a Russian general, which looked out of keeping, like some fancy dress costume on him, seemed to Prince Andrey like a familiar figure, though he had never seen him before. He was of the same order as Weierother, and Mack, and Schmidt, and many other German generals, men of theory, whom Prince Andrey had seen in the war of 1808; but he was a more perfect type of the class than any of them. Such a typical German theorist, combining in himself all the characteristics of those other Germans, Prince Andrey had never seen before.

Pfuhl was short and very thin, but broad-boned, of a coarsely robust build, with broad hips and projecting shoulder-blades. His hair had obviously been hastily brushed smooth in front, but stuck out behind in quaint wisps. Looking nervously and irritably about him, he walked in as though he were afraid of everything in the great room he had entered. He was unmistakably eager to get through the rooms, to get the bows and greetings over as quickly as possible, and to sit down to work at a map, where he would feel at home.

He gave a hurried nod in response to Tchernishev's words, and smiled ironically on hearing that the Tsar was inspecting the fortifications that he, Pfuhl, had planned in accordance with his theory. It was evident that Pfuhl—disposed at all times to be irritable and sarcastic—was that day particularly irritated at their having dared to inspect his camp and to criticise it without him.

Thanks to his Austerlitz experiences, Prince Andrey could from this one brief interview form a clear idea of the man's character. Pfuhl was

one of those hopelessly, immutably conceited men, ready to face martyrdom for their own ideas, conceited as only Germans can be, just because it is only a German's conceit that is based on an abstract idea—science, that is, the supposed possession of absolute truth. The Frenchman is conceited from supposing himself mentally and physically to be inordinately fascinating both to men and to women. An Englishman is conceited on the ground of being a citizen of the best-constituted state in the world, and also because he as an Englishman always knows what is the correct thing to do, and knows that everything that he, as an Englishman, does do is indisputably the correct thing. An Italian is conceited from being excitable and easily forgetting himself and other people. A Russian is conceited precisely because he knows nothing and cares to know nothing, since he does not believe it possible to know anything fully. A conceited German is the worst of them all, and the most hardened of all, and the most repulsive of all; for he imagines that he possesses the truth in a science of his own invention, which is to him absolute truth.

Prince Andrey had hardly seen the last of Pfuhl when Count Bennisgen came hurrying into the room, and bestowing a nod on Bolkonsky, went straight through to the study, giving some instruction to his adjutant. The Tsar, following him, recognised Bolkonsky and addressed him graciously: 'I am very glad to see you. Go in where they are meeting and wait for me.'

The Tsar passed on into the study. He was followed by Prince Pyotr Mihalovitch Volkonsky and Baron Stein, and the study door was closed after them. Prince Andrey, taking advantage of the Tsar's permission to do so, accompanied Paulucci, whom he had met in Turkey, into the drawing-room where the council had assembled.

Prince Pyotr Mihalovitch Volkonsky, performing the duties of a sort of informed head of staff, came out of the study and laid maps on the table. The important fact was that news (which afterwards proved to be false) had been received in the night of movements of the French with the object of making a circuit round the camp at Drissa.

The first to begin speaking was General Armfeldt, who proposed that the army should move into a position away from the Petersburg and Moscow roads, and, united there, await the enemy. The young Colonel Toll proposed another plan of campaign entirely opposed to Armfeldt's, and also to Pfuhl's plan. Pfuhl merely snorted contemptuously and turned his back to indicate that he would never stoop to reply to the rubbish he was hearing. When called upon to give his opinion, he said: 'Why ask me? General Armfeldt has proposed an excellent position with the rear exposed to the enemy. Or why not a retreat? Excellent, too. Why ask me? You all know better than I do, it appears.'

But Pfuhl rose, and growing suddenly excited, continued:

'You have muddled and spoilt it all. You would all know better than I, and now you come to me to ask how to set things right. There is nothing that needs setting right. The only thing is to carry out in exact detail the

plan laid down by me,' he said, rapping his bony fingers on the table. 'Where's the difficulty? It's nonsense; child's play!'

Of all these men the one for whom Prince Andrey felt most sympathy was the exasperated, determined, insanely conceited Pfuhl. He was the only one of all the persons present who was unmistakably seeking nothing for himself, and harbouring no personal grudge against anybody else. He desired one thing only—the adoption of his plan, in accordance with the theory that was the fruit of years of toil. He was ludicrous; he was disagreeable with his sarcasm, but yet he roused an involuntary feeling of respect from his boundless devotion to an idea.

Apart from this, with the single exception of Pfuhl, every speech of every person present had one common feature, which Prince Andrey had not seen at the council of war in 1805—that was, a panic dread of the genius of Napoleon, a dread which was involuntarily betrayed in every utterance now, in spite of all efforts to conceal it. Anything was assumed possible for Napoleon; he was expected from every quarter at once, and to invoke his terrible name was enough for them to condemn each other's suggestions. Pfuhl alone seemed to look on him too, even Napoleon, as a barbarian, like every other opponent of his theory. And for all his conceit and his German grumpy irony, he was pitiful with his flattened locks on his forehead and his wisps of uncombed hair sticking out behind.

The debate lasted a long while, and the longer it continued the hotter it became, passing into clamour and personalities, and the less possible it was to draw any sort of general conclusion from what was uttered. Prince Andrey simply wondered at what they were all saying as he listened to the confusion of different tongues, and the propositions, the plans, the shouts, and the objections. The idea which had long ago and often occurred to him during the period of his active service, that there was and could be no sort of military science, and that therefore there could not be such a thing as military genius, seemed to him now to be an absolutely obvious truth.

'A good general has no need of genius, nor of any great qualities; on the contrary, he is the better for the absence of the finest and highest of human qualities—love, poetry, tenderness, philosophic and inquiring doubt. He should be limited, firmly convinced that what he is doing is of great importance (or he would never have patience to go through with it), and only then will he be a gallant general. God forbid he should be humane, should feel love and compassion, should pause to think what is right and wrong. It is perfectly comprehensible that the theory of their genius should have been elaborated long, long ago, for the simple reason that they are the representatives of power. The credit of success in battle is not by right theirs; for victory or defeat depends in reality on the soldier in the ranks who first shouts, "Hurrah!" or "We are lost!" And it is only in the ranks that one can serve with perfect conviction, that one is of use!'

Next day at the review the Tsar asked Prince Andrey where he desired to serve; and Bolkonsky ruined his chances for ever in the court world

by asking to be sent to the front, instead of begging for a post in attendance on the Tsar's person.

BEFORE the beginning of the campaign Rostov had received a letter from his parents, in which they informed him briefly of Natasha's illness and of the breaking off of her engagement, and again begged him to retire from the army and come home to them. Natasha had, they explained, broken off the engagement by her own wish. On receiving this letter Nikolay did not even attempt to retire from the army or to obtain leave, but wrote to his parents that he was very sorry to hear of Natasha's illness and her rupture with her betrothed, and that he would do everything in his power to follow their wishes. To Sonya he wrote separately.

'Adored friend of my heart,' he wrote; 'nothing but honour could avail to keep me from returning to the country. But now, at the beginning of a campaign, I should feel myself dishonoured in my comrades' eyes, as well as my own, if I put my own happiness before my duty and my love for my country. But this shall be our last separation. Believe me, immediately after the war, if I be living and still loved by thee, I shall throw up everything and fly to thee to press thee for ever to my ardent breast.'

It was, in fact, only the outbreak of the war that detained Rostov and hindered him from returning home, as he had promised. 'A charming wife, children, a good pack of hounds, ten to twelve leashes of swift harriers, the estate to look after, the neighbours, election to offices, perhaps, by the provincial nobility,' he mused. But now war was breaking out, and he had to remain with his regiment. In his absence he had been promoted to be captain.

The campaign was beginning, pay was doubled, the regiment was reinforced with new officers, new men, and fresh horses, and had moved into Poland. The temper of eager cheerfulness, always common at the beginning of a war, was general in the army.

On the 13th of July the Pavlograd hussars took part in their first serious action.

The two Pavlograd squadrons were bivouacking in the middle of a field of rye, which was already in ear, but had been completely trodden down by the cattle and horses. The rain was falling in torrents, and Rostov was sitting under a shanty hastily rigged up. Rostov smoked his pipe, and wriggled his neck, down which the water was trickling. The young officer Ilyin was squatting beside him. Ilyin, a lad of sixteen, who had lately joined the regiment, took now with Nikolay the place Nikolay had taken seven years before with Denisov.

'I can't stand this,' said Ilyin, 'stockings and shirt and all—I'm wet through. I'm going to look for shelter.'

Five minutes later Ilyin came splashing through the mud to the shanty. 'Hurrah! Rostov, make haste and come along. I have found an inn, two hundred paces or so from here; a lot of our fellows are there already. We can get dry anyway, and Marya Hendrihovna's there.'

Marya Hendrihovna was the wife of the regimental doctor; a pretty young German woman, whom he had married in Poland.

In the inn there were already some half-dozen officers. Marya Hendrihovna, a plump, flaxen-headed little German in a dressing-jacket and nightcap, was sitting on a board bench in the foremost corner. Her husband, the doctor, lay asleep behind her. Rostov and Ilyin entered the room, welcomed with shouts.

'Pretty figures you look! There's a perfect waterfall from them! Don't swamp our drawing-room.'

'Mind you don't spatter Marya Hendrihovna's dress,' chimed in voices.

Rostov and Ilyin made haste to look for a retreat where, without offence to the modesty of Marya Hendrihovna, they might change their wet clothes.

Marya Hendrihovna lent them her petticoat to be hung by way of a curtain; and screened by it, Rostov and Ilyin took off their wet things and put on dry clothes.

They made up a fire in the broken-down stove. They got hold of a board, propped it on two saddles, and covered it with a horse-cloth; then brought out a little samovar, a case of wine, and half a bottle of rum.

There were only three glasses; the water was so dirty that there was no telling whether the tea were strong or weak, and the samovar would only hold water enough for six glasses. But that made it all the more fun to take turns in order of seniority to receive a glass from the plump, short-nailed, and not over clean fingers of Marya Hendrihovna. There was only one spoon; sugar there was in plenty, but it took so long for all to stir their glasses, that it was settled that Marya Hendrihovna must stir the sugar for each in turn. Rostov took his glass of tea, and adding rum to it, begged Marya Hendrihovna to stir it for him.

'But you take it without sugar?' she said.

'I don't care about sugar, all I want is for you to stir it with your little hand.'

Marya Hendrihovna began looking for the spoon, which some one had pounced upon.

'Use your little finger, Marya Hendrihovna,' said Rostov; 'it will be all the sweeter.'

'It's hot,' said Marya Hendrihovna, blushing with pleasure.

Ilyin took the bucket of water, and pouring a few drops of rum in it, went up to Marya Hendrihovna, begging her to stir it with her finger.

'This is my cup,' he said. 'Only dip your finger in and I'll drink it all up.'

The doctor's dishevelled head popped up behind his wife. He had been awake for some time and listening to the conversation, and apparently he saw nothing agreeable, funny, or amusing in what was being said and done. Looking at the doctor's gloomy face and sidelong glances at his wife, the officers grew even more lively, and there were peals of causeless, merry, childish laughter.

No one was yet asleep when the quartermaster appeared, bringing a command to advance upon a little place called Ostrovna. Still with the

same chatter and laughter the officers began hurriedly getting ready; again the samovar was filled up with dirty water. But Rostov, without waiting for tea, went off to his squadron. It was already light; the rain had ceased, and the clouds were parting.

'She's really very charming,' said Rostov to Ilyin.

'An exquisite woman!' responded Ilyin, with all the gravity of a boy of sixteen.

Half an hour later the squadron stood drawn up on the road. The word of command was heard. 'Mount!' and the soldiers crossed themselves and got on their horses. Rostov, riding ahead of them, gave the word: 'Forward!' and drawing out four abreast, the hussars started with a sound of subdued talk, splashing hoofs, and jingling sabres. They trotted along the broad high-road, with birch-trees on each side of it, following the infantry and artillery, who had gone on before.

The broken, purplish-blue clouds, flushed red by the sunrise, were scudding before the wind. It grew lighter and lighter. They could see distinctly, still glistening from the rain, the feathery grass which always grows beside by-roads. The drooping branches of the birch-trees swayed in the wind, and dripped bright drops aslant across the road. The faces of the soldiers showed more and more distinctly. Rostov, with Ilyin, who would not drop behind, rode on one side of the road between the two rows of birch-trees.

On active service Rostov allowed himself the indulgence of riding a Cossack horse instead of the regimental horse, broken in for parade. He was a connoisseur and lover of horses, and had lately obtained a big sorrel horse with white tail and mane, a fine spirited beast of the Don breed, on whom he could out-gallop every one. It was an enjoyment to Rostov to ride this horse. He rode on, thinking of the horse, of the morning, of the doctor's wife, and never once giving a thought to the danger awaiting him.

In former days Rostov had felt fear when he was going into an engagement; now he had not the slightest feeling of fear. He had not lost his fears from growing used to being under fire (one can never get accustomed to danger) but from gaining control of his feelings in face of danger. He felt sorry to see the excited face of Ilyin, who talked a great deal nervously. He knew by experience the agonising state of anticipation of terror and of death, in which the cornet was plunged, and he knew that nothing but time could help him out of it.

The sun rose completely above the horizon. And with the bright light, as though in response to it, rang out shots in front of them.

Rostov felt his spirits rise at those sounds, so long unheard, as though they had been the liveliest music. Trap-ta-ta-tap! rang out several shots, first together, then in rapid succession.

The Uhlans galloped off, the streamers on their lances waving, and trotted downhill towards the French cavalry, who came into sight below on the left.

As soon as the Uhlans had started downhill, the hussars received the order to ride off uphill to cover the battery. Just as the hussars were moving into the place of the Uhlans, there came flying from the outposts some cannon balls, hissing and whistling out of the distance, and hitting nothing.

This sound, which he had not heard for so long, had an even more inspiring and cheering effect on Rostov than the report of the muskets. Drawing himself up, he surveyed the field of battle, as it opened out before him riding uphill, and his whole heart went with the movements of the Uhlans. They were swooping down close upon the French dragoons; there was some confusion yonder in the smoke, and five minutes later the Uhlans were dashing back, not towards the spot where they had been posted, but more to the left. Between the ranks of Uhlans on the chestnut horses, and in a great mass behind them, could be seen blue French dragoons on grey horses.

Rostov gazed at what was passing before him as at a hunt. He felt instinctively that if he were to charge with his hussars on the French dragoons now, they could not stand their ground; but if he were to charge it must be that very minute or it would be too late. He looked round. The captain standing beside him had his eyes too fixed on the cavalry below.

'Andrey Sevastianitch,' said Rostov, 'we could close them in, surely . . . ?'

Rostov, without waiting for his answer, set spurs to his horse and galloped off in front of his squadron. Before he had time to give the command, the whole squadron, sharing his feeling, flew after him. Rostov did it all, as he did everything in a wolf hunt, without thinking or considering. He saw that the dragoons were near, that they were galloping in no order, he knew they could not stand their ground; he knew there was only one minute to act in, which would not return if he let it slip. The cannon balls were hissing and whistling so inspiringly about him, his horse pulled so eagerly forward that he could not resist. As they dashed downhill, the trot insensibly passed into a gallop that became swifter and swifter, as they drew nearer their Uhlans and the French dragoons pursuing them. The dragoons were close now. The foremost, seeing the hussars, began turning back; the hindmost halted. With the same feeling with which he had dashed off to cut off the wolf's escape, Rostov, letting his Don horse go at his utmost speed, galloped to cut off the broken ranks of the dragoons. One Uhlan halted; another, on foot, flung himself to the ground to avoid being knocked down; a riderless horse was carried along with the hussars.

Almost all the dragoons were galloping back. Rostov picked out one of them on a grey horse and flew after him. On the way he rode straight at a bush; his gallant horse cleared it; and Nikolay was hardly straight in the saddle again when he saw in a few seconds he would overtake the enemy he had pitched upon as his aim. The Frenchman sat crouched upon his grey horse, and urging it on with his sword. In another instant Rostov's horse dashed up against the grey horse's hindquarters, almost knocking it over, and at the same second Rostov, not knowing why he did so, raised his sword, and aimed a blow at the Frenchman.

The instant he did this all Rostov's eagerness suddenly vanished. The officer fell to the ground, not so much from the sword cut, for it had only just grazed his arm above the elbow, as from fright and the shock to his horse. As Rostov pulled his horse in, his eyes sought his foe to see what sort of man he had vanquished. The French officer was hopping along on the ground, with one foot caught in the stirrup. Screwing up his eyes, as though expecting another blow every instant, he glanced up at Rostov frowning with an expression of terror. His pale, mud-stained face—fair and young, with a dimple on the chin and clear blue eyes—was the most unwarlike, most good-natured face, more in place by a quiet fireside than on the field of battle. Before Rostov could make up his mind what to do with him, the officer shouted, 'I surrender.'

The hussars, galloping up, freed his foot, and galloped hastily back with their prisoners. Rostov galloped back with the rest, conscious of some disagreeable sensation, a kind of ache at his heart.

All that day and the next Rostov's friends and comrades noticed that, without being exactly depressed or irritable, he was silent, dreamy, and preoccupied. He did not care to drink, tried to be alone, and seemed absorbed in thought. Rostov was still pondering on his brilliant exploit, which, to his amazement, had won him the St. George's Cross and made his reputation indeed for fearless gallantry. There was something he could not fathom in it. 'So they are even more frightened than we are,' he thought. 'Why, is this all that's meant by heroism? And did I do it for the sake of my country? And was he to blame with his dimple and his blue eyes? How frightened he was! He thought I was going to kill him. Why should I kill him? My hand trembled. And they have given me the St. George's Cross. I can't make it out, I can't make it out!'

COUNTESS ROSTOV had not recovered her strength when she received the news of Natasha's illness. Weak as she still was, she set out at once for Moscow with Petya and the whole household, and the Rostovs moved from Marya Dmitryevna's into their own house, where the whole family were installed.

Natasha's illness was so serious that, luckily for herself and her parents, all thought of what had caused it, of her conduct and of the breaking off of her engagement, fell into the background. She was so ill that no one could consider how far she was to blame for all that had happened, while she could not eat nor sleep, was growing visibly thinner, coughed, and was, as the doctors gave them to understand, in actual danger. Nothing could be thought of but how to make her well again. Doctors came to see Natasha, both separately and in consultation. They said a great deal in French, in German, and in Latin. They criticised one another, and prescribed the most diverse remedies for all the diseases they were familiar with. But it never occurred to one of them to make the simple reflection that they could not understand the disease from which Natasha was suffering, as no single disease can be fully understood in a living person; for

every living person has his individual peculiarities and always has his own peculiar, new, complex complaints unknown to medicine. This simple reflection can never occur to doctors (just as a sorcerer cannot entertain the idea that he is unable to work magic spells) because it is the work of their life to undertake the cure of disease, because it is for that that they are paid, and on that they have wasted the best years of their life. And what is more, that reflection could not occur to the doctors because they saw that they unquestionably were of use; and they certainly were of use to all the Rostov household. They were of use, not because they made the patient swallow drugs, mostly injurious (the injury done by them was hardly perceptible because they were given in such small doses). They were of use, were needed, were indispensable in fact (for the same reason that there have always been, and always will be, reputed healers, witches, homœopaths, and allopaths), because they satisfied the moral cravings of the patient and those who loved her. They satisfied that eternal human need for sympathetic action that is shown in its simplest form in the little child, who when hurt runs at once to the arms of its mother or nurse for them to kiss or rub the tender spot, and feels better for the kissing and rubbing. The child cannot believe that these stronger, cleverer creatures have not the power to relieve its pain. And the hope of relief and the expressions of sympathy as the mother rubs it comfort it. To Natasha the doctors took the place of the mother when they declared that all the trouble would soon be over, if the coachman were to drive to the chemist's shop, in Arbatsky Place, and buy—for a rouble and seventy copecks—those powders and pills in a pretty little box, and if those powders were given to the patient in boiled water precisely every two hours, neither more nor less.

What would Sonya, and the count, and the countess have done, how would they have felt if they had taken no steps, if they had not had those pills at certain hours, and the warm beverage, and the chicken cutlets, and all the detailed régime laid down by the doctors, which gave occupation and consolation to all of them. How could the count have borne his dearly loved daughter's illness if he had not known that it was costing him a thousand roubles, and that he would not grudge thousands more, if that would do her any good?

Natasha was calmer, but no happier. She did not merely shun every external form of amusement—balls, skating, concerts, and theatres—but she never even laughed without the sound of tears behind her laughter. She could not sing. As soon as she began to laugh or attempted to sing all by herself, tears choked her: tears of remorse; tears of regret for that time of pure happiness that could never return; tears of vexation that she should so wantonly have ruined her young life, that might have been so happy. Laughter and singing especially seemed to her like scoffing at her grief. It comforted her to think, not that she was better, but worse, far worse than any one in the whole world.

It was only with her brother, Petya, that she felt at ease. She liked being

with him better than being with the rest, and sometimes even laughed when she was alone with him. She hardly left the house to go anywhere; and of the guests who came to the house she was only glad to see one person—Pierre.

No one could have been more tender, circumspect, and at the same time serious, than Count Bezuhov in his manner to her. Natasha was unconsciously aware of this tenderness, and it was owing to it that she found more pleasure in his society. But she was not even grateful to him for it. Nothing good in him seemed to her due to an effort on Pierre's part. It seemed so natural to Pierre to be kind that there was no merit in his kindness. Sometimes Natasha noticed some confusion or awkwardness in Pierre in her presence, especially when he was trying to do something for her pleasure or afraid something in the conversation might suggest to her painful reminiscences. She observed this, and put it down to his general kindness and shyness, which she supposed would be the same with every one else. Ever since those unforeseen words—that if he had been free, he would have asked on his knees for her hand and her love—uttered in a moment full of violent emotion for her, Pierre had said nothing of his feelings to Natasha; and it seemed to her clear that those words, which had so comforted her, had been uttered, just as one says any meaningless nonsense to console a weeping child. It was not because Pierre was a married man, but because Natasha felt between herself and him the force of that moral barrier—of the absence of which she had been so conscious with Kuragin—that the idea never occurred to her that her relations with Pierre might develop into love on her side, and still less on his, or even into that tender, self-conscious, romantic friendship between a man and a woman, of which she had known several instances.

Towards the end of St. Peter's fast, a country neighbour of the Rostovs came to Moscow to pay her devotions to the saints there. She suggested to Natasha that she should prepare herself for the Sacrament, and Natasha caught eagerly at the suggestion. Although the doctors forbade her going out early in the morning, Natasha insisted on keeping the fast for a whole week, not missing a single early morning service, or litany, or vesper.

The countess was pleased at these signs of religious fervour in Natasha. After the poor results of medical treatment, at the bottom of her heart she hoped that prayer would do more for her than medicine.

Hurriedly washing, and in all humility putting on her shabbiest dress and old mantle, Natasha, shuddering at the chill air, went out into the deserted streets, in the limpid light of the early dawn. She listened to the words of the service, and tried to follow and understand them. When she did not understand, it was still sweeter for her to think that the desire to understand all was pride, that she could not comprehend all; that she had but to believe and give herself up to God. She crossed herself, bowed to the ground, and prayed to God to forgive her everything, everything, and to have mercy on her, in horror at her own vileness. The prayer into which she threw herself heart and soul was the prayer of repentance.

On the way home in the early morning, when they met no one but masons going to their work, or porters cleaning the streets, and every one was asleep in the houses, Natasha had a new sense of the possibility of correcting herself of her sins and leading a new life of purity and happiness. And when on Sunday Natasha returned from the Sacrament wearing a white muslin dress, for the first time for many months she felt at peace, and not oppressed by the life that lay before her.

The doctor came that day to see Natasha, and gave directions for the powders to be continued that he had begun prescribing a fortnight ago. 'She must certainly go on taking them morning and evening,' he said, with visible and simple-hearted satisfaction at the success of his treatment. 'Please, don't forget them. You may set your mind at rest, countess,' the doctor said playfully, as he deftly received the gold in the hollow of his palm. 'She will soon be singing and dancing again. The last medicine has done her great, great good. She is very much better.'

The countess looked at her finger-nails and spat to avert the ill-omen of such words, as with a cheerful face she went back to the drawing-room.

At the beginning of July the rumours as to the progress of the war current in Moscow became more and more alarming; there was talk of the Tsar's appeal to the people, and the Tsar himself was said to be coming from the army to Moscow. And as up to the 11th of July the manifesto and appeal to the people had not been received, the most exaggerated reports about them and the position of Russia were common. It was said that the Tsar was coming away because the army was in danger; it was said that Smolensk had surrendered; that Napoleon had millions of troops, and that nothing short of a miracle could save Russia.

On Saturday, the 11th of July, the manifesto was received, but was not yet in print; and Pierre, who happened to be at the Rostovs', promised to come next day, Sunday, to dinner, and to bring the manifesto, which he could obtain from Count Rastoptchin.

That Sunday the Rostovs attended service as usual in the private chapel of the Razumovskys. It was a hot July day. Even by ten o'clock, when the Rostovs got out of their carriage before the chapel, the sultry air, the shouts of the street hawkers, the gay, light summer dresses of the crowd, the dusty leaves of the trees on the boulevard, the martial music and white trousers of the battalion marching by to parade, the rattle of the pavements, and the brilliant, hot sunshine, were all full of that summer languor, that content and discontent with the present, which is felt particularly vividly on a bright, hot day in town. All the fashionable world of Moscow, all the Rostovs' acquaintances were in the chapel. A great number of wealthy families, who usually spent the summer in the country, were staying on in Moscow that year, as though in vague anticipation of something.

As Natasha walked beside her mother, behind a footman in livery, who made way for them through the crowd, she heard the voice of some young man speaking in too loud a whisper about her:

'That's the young Countess Rostov, the very girl!'

'She's ever so much thinner, but still pretty!' she caught, and fancied that the names of Kuragin and Bolkonsky were mentioned. But that was always happening. She was always fancying that any one who looked at her could be thinking of nothing but what happened to her. With a sinking heart, wretched as she always was now in a crowd, Natasha, in her lilac silk dress, trimmed with black lace, walked on, as only women know how to do, with an air of ease and dignity all the greater for the pain and shame in her heart. She knew for a fact that she was pretty, but that did not give her pleasure now, as once it had. On the contrary, it had been a source of more misery than anything of late, and especially so on this bright, hot summer day in town.

'Another Sunday, another week,' she said to herself, 'and still the same life that is no life, and still the same circumstances in which life used to seem so easy once. Young and pretty, and I know that now I am good, and before I was wicked! But now I am good,' she mused, 'but yet the best years, the best of my life, are all being wasted, and no good to any one.'

A handsome, clean-looking old priest read the service with the mild solemnity that has such an elevating and soothing effect on the souls of those who pray. The deacon came out to the steps before the altar screen and, laying the cross on his breast, began solemnly reading the prayer:

'As one community let us pray to the Lord.'

'As one community, all together without distinction of class, free from enmity, all united in brotherly love, let us pray,' thought Natasha.

When they prayed for the army, she thought of her brother and Denisov. When they prayed for all travelling by sea and by land, she thought of Prince Andrey, and prayed for him, and prayed that God would forgive her the wrong she had done him. When they prayed for all who love us, she prayed for all her family, her father and mother, and Sonya—for the first time feeling all the shortcomings in her behaviour to them, and all the strength of her own love for them. When they prayed for those who hate us, she tried to think of enemies, to pray for them. She reckoned as enemies all her father's creditors, and every one who had business relations with him; and always at the thought of enemies who hated her she thought of Anatole, who had done her so cruel an injury, and though he had not hated her, she prayed gladly for him, as an enemy. It was only at her prayers that she felt able to think calmly and clearly either of Prince Andrey or of Anatole, with a sense that her feelings for them were as nothing compared with her feeling of worship and awe of God. When they prayed for the Imperial family, she bowed and crossed herself more devoutly than ever.

To the general surprise, there followed the prayer for the delivery of Russia out of the hands of the enemy.

'Lord God of might, God of our salvation! Look in grace and blessing on Thy humble people, and hear with loving-kindness, and spare and have mercy on us. The foe is confounding Thy land, and is fain to rise up against all the earth and lay it waste. These lawless men are gathered together to

overwhelm Thy kingdom, to destroy Thy holy Jerusalem, Thy beloved Russia: to defile Thy temples, to overturn the altars and violate our holy shrines. How long, O Lord, how long shall the wicked prevail? How long shall they wreak their sinful will?

'Almighty God! Hear us when we pray to Thee, strengthen with Thy might our most gracious and supreme sovereign, Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch. Be mindful of his truth and mercy, recompense him according to his good deeds, and let them preserve Thy chosen Israel. Bless his counsels, his undertakings, and his deeds; fortify his kingdom with Thy Almighty hand, and vouchsafe him victory over the enemy, even as Thou gavest Moses victory over Amalek, and Gideon over Midian, and David over Goliath. Preserve his army; put weapons of brass in the hands that wage war in Thy name, and gird them about with strength for the battle. Take Thou the lance and shield, and rise up to succour us, and put to shame and to confusion them that devise evil against us, and let them be scattered before the face of Thy faithful armament like dust before the wind; and may Thy mighty angel put them to flight and to confusion. And let the net ensnare them when they wot not of it, and their plots that they have hatched in secret be turned against them. And let them be laid low before the feet of Thy servants and vanquished by our hosts. Lord! it is nought for Thee to save both great and small. Thou art God, and man can do nought against Thee!

'God of our Fathers! Remember Thy mercy and loving-kindness, that are everlasting. Turn not Thy face away from us; be gracious to our unworthiness; but in the greatness of Thy mercy and the infinity of Thy goodness, overlook our transgressions and our iniquities. Purify our hearts, and renew the true spirit within us; strengthen us all by faith in Thee; fortify us with hope; breathe into us true love for one another; arm us with unity of spirit in the righteous defence of the heritage Thou hast given us and our fathers; and let not the sceptre of the unrighteous be exalted above the destinies of Thy holy people.

'O Lord our God, in Whom we believe, and in Whom we put our trust, let us not be confounded in our faith in Thy mercy, and give us a sign for our blessing that they that hate us and our holy faith may see it and be put to shame and confusion, and that all lands may know that the Lord is Thy Name, and we are Thy people. Show Thy mercy upon us this day, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation. Rejoice the hearts of Thy servants with Thy mercy; strike down our enemies and trample them swiftly under the feet of Thy faithful. Thou art the defence, the succour, and the victory of them that put their trust in Thee; and to Thee be the glory, to Father, and to Son, and to Holy Ghost, now and ever has been, for ever and ever. Amen!'

In Natasha's religiously impressionable state, this prayer affected her strongly. She heard every word about Moses's victory over Amalek, and Gideon's over Midian, and David's over Goliath, and about the destruction of Thy Jerusalem; and she prayed to God with all the tenderness and

fervour with which her heart was overflowing. But she could not pray for the trampling of her enemies underfoot, when she had only a few minutes before been wishing she had more of them to forgive and pray for. Yet she could have no doubts of the righteousness of this prayer that had been read by the priest on his knees. She felt in her heart a thrill of awe and horror at the punishment in store for men's sins, and especially for her sins, and prayed to God to forgive them all, and her too, and give them all and her peace and happiness. And it seemed to her that God heard her prayer.

EVER since the day when Pierre had looked up at the comet in the sky, on his way home from the Rostovs', and recalling Natasha's grateful look, had felt as though some new vista was opening before him, the haunting problem of the vanity and senselessness of all things earthly had ceased to torment him. That terrible question: Why? what for? was replaced by the image of *her*. If he heard or talked of some instance of human baseness or folly, he was not cast down as of old; he said to himself, 'Well, let so and so rob the state and the Tsar, while the state and the Tsar heap honours on him; but she smiled at me yesterday, and begged me to come, and I love her, and nobody will ever know it,' he thought.

Pierre still went into society, drank as much, and led the same idle and aimless life, because, apart from the hours he spent at the Rostovs', he had to get through the rest of his time somehow. But of late, since the reports from the seat of war had become more and more disquieting, he felt that the position he was in could not go on for long, that a catastrophe was coming that would change the whole course of his life, and he sought impatiently for signs of this impending catastrophe. One of his brother masons had revealed to Pierre the following prophecy relating to Napoleon, and taken from the Apocalypse of St. John.

In the Apocalypse, chapter thirteen, verse seventeen, it is written: 'Here is wisdom; let him that hath understanding, count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred three-score and six.'

And in the fifth verse of the same chapter: 'And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.'

If the French alphabet is treated like the Hebrew system of enumeration, by which the first ten letters represent the units, and the next the tens, and so on, the letters have the following value:—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160

Turning out the words *l'empereur Napoléon* into ciphers on this system, it happens that the sum of these numbers equals 666, and Napoleon is thereby seen to be the beast prophesied in the Apocalypse. Moreover, working out in the same way the words *quarante-deux*, that is, the term for which the beast was permitted to continue, the sum of these numbers

again equals 666, from which it is deduced that the terms of Napoleon's power had come in 1812, when the French Emperor reached his forty-second year. This prophecy made a great impression on Pierre. He frequently asked himself what would put an end to the power of the beast, that is, of Napoleon; and he tried by the same system of turning letters into figures, and reckoning them up to find an answer to this question. He wrote down as an answer, *l'empereur Alexandre? La nation russe?* He reckoned out the figures, but their sum was far more or less than 666.

Once he wrote down his own name 'Comte Pierre Bezuhov,' but the sum of the figure was far from being right. He changed the spelling, putting s for z, added 'de,' added the article 'le,' and still could not obtain the desired result. Then it occurred to him that if the answer sought for were to be found in his name, his nationality ought surely to find a place in it too. He tried *Le russe Besuhof*, and adding up the figure made the sum 671. This was only five too much; the 5 was denoted by the letter 'e,' the letter dropped in the article in the expression *l'empereur Napoléon*. Dropping the 'e' in a similar way, though of course incorrectly, Pierre obtained the answer he sought in *L'russe Besuhof*, the letters of which on that system added up to 666. This discovery greatly excited him. How, by what connection, he was associated with the great event foretold in the Apocalypse, he could not tell. But he did not for a moment doubt that connection.

The day before that Sunday on which the new prayer had been read in the churches, a special courier arrived from the army. The courier was a man whom Pierre knew, and often saw at the Moscow balls.

'For mercy's sake, couldn't you relieve me of some of my burden,' said the courier; 'I have a sack full of letters to parents.'

Among these letters was a letter from Nikolay Rostov to his father. Pierre took that; and Count Rastoptchin gave him a copy of the Tsar's appeal to Moscow, which had just been printed, the last announcements in the army, and his own last placard. Looking through the army announcements, Pierre found in one of them, among lists of wounded, killed and promoted, the name of Nikolay Rostov, rewarded with the order of St. George, of the fourth degree, for distinguished bravery in the Ostrovna affair, and in the same announcement the appointment of Prince Andrey Bolkonsky to the command of a regiment of light cavalry. Though he did not want to remind the Rostovs of Bolkonsky's existence, Pierre could not resist the inclination to rejoice their hearts with the news of their son's decoration. Keeping the Tsar's appeal, Rastoptchin's placard, and the other announcement to bring with him at dinner-time, Pierre sent the printed announcement and Nikolay's letter to the Rostovs.

The conversation with Rastoptchin, and his tone of anxiety and hurry, the meeting with the courier, who had casually alluded to the disastrous state of affairs in the army, the rumours of spies being caught in Moscow, of a sheet circulating in the town stating that Napoleon had sworn to be in both capitals before autumn, of the Tsar's expected arrival next day—all combined to revive in Pierre with fresh intensity that feeling of excitement

and expectation, that he had been conscious of ever since the appearance of the comet, and with even greater force since the beginning of the war.

The idea of entering the army had long before occurred to Pierre, and he would have acted upon it, but that, in the first place, he was pledged by his vow to the Masonic brotherhood, which preached universal peace and the abolition of war; and secondly, when he looked at the great mass of Moscow gentlemen, who put on uniforms, and professed themselves patriots, he felt somehow ashamed to take the same step. A cause that weighed with him even more in not entering the army was the obscure conception that he, *Vrusse Besubof*, had somehow the mystic value of the number of the beast, 666, that his share in putting a limit to the power of the beast, 'speaking great things and blasphemies,' had been ordained from all eternity, and that therefore it was not for him to take any step whatever; it was for him to wait for what was bound to come to pass.

A FEW intimate friends were, as usual on Sundays, dining with the Rostovs. Pierre came early, hoping to find them alone.

Pierre had that year grown so stout, that he would have been grotesque, had not he been so tall, so broad-shouldered, and so powerfully built that he carried off his bulky proportions with evident ease.

Puffing, and muttering something to himself, he went up the stairs. His coachman did not even ask whether he should wait. He knew that when the count was at the Rostovs', it was till midnight.

The first person he saw at the Rostovs' was Natasha. Before he saw her, he heard her. She was practising her sol-fa exercises in the hall. He knew she had given up singing since her illness, and so he was surprised and delighted at the sound of her voice. He opened the door softly, and saw Natasha, in the lilac dress she had worn at the service, walking up and down the room singing.

'I want to try and sing again,' she said. 'It's something to do, any way,' she added as though in excuse.

'Quite right too!'

'How glad I am you have come! I'm so happy to-day,' she said with the old eagerness that Pierre had not seen for so long. 'You know, Nikolenka has got the St. George's Cross. I'm so proud of him.'

'Of course, I sent you the announcement. Well, I won't interrupt you,' he added, and would have gone on to the drawing-room.

Natasha stopped him.

'Count, is it wrong of me to sing?' she said, blushing, but still keeping her eyes fixed inquiringly on Pierre.

'No. . . . Why should it be? On the contrary. . . . But why do you ask me?'

'I don't know myself,' Natasha answered quickly; 'but I shouldn't like to do anything you wouldn't like. I trust you in everything. You don't know how much you are to me, and what a great deal you have done for me!'. . . She spoke quickly, and did not notice how Pierre flushed at these

words. 'I saw in that announcement, *he*, Bolkonsky' (she uttered the word in a rapid whisper), 'he is in Russia, and in the army again. What do you think,' she said hurriedly, evidently in haste to speak because she was afraid her strength would fail her, 'will he ever forgive me? Will he not always have an evil feeling for me? What do you think? What do you think?'

'I think . . . ' said Pierre. 'He has nothing to forgive . . . If I were in his place . . . ' From association of ideas, Pierre was instantly carried back in imagination to the time when he had comforted her by saying that if he were not himself, but the best man in the world and free, he would beg on his knees for her hand, and the same feeling of pity, tenderness, and love took possession of him, and the same words rose to his lips. But she did not give him time to utter them.

'Yes, you—you,' she said, uttering that word *you* with enthusiasm, 'that's a different matter. Any one kinder, more generous than you, I have never known—no one could be. If it had not been for you then, and now too . . . I don't know what would have become of me, because . . . '

At that moment Petya ran in from the drawing-room.

Petya was by now a handsome, rosy lad of fifteen, with full red lips, very like Natasha. He was being prepared for the university, but had lately resolved in secret with his comrade, Obolensky, to go into the hussars. Petya rushed up to his namesake, Pierre, to find out whether he would be accepted.

'Come, tell me about my plan, Pyotr Kirillovitch, for mercy's sake! You're my only hope,' said Petya.

'Oh yes, your plan. To be an hussar? I'll speak about it; to-day I'll tell them all about it.'

'Well, my dear fellow, have you got the manifesto?' asked the old count.

'Yes, I have got it,' answered Pierre. 'The Tsar will be here tomorrow. . . . There's to be an extraordinary meeting of the nobility and a levy they say of ten per thousand. Oh, I congratulate you.'

'Yes, yes, thank God. Well, and what news from the army?'

'Our soldiers have retreated again. They are before Smolensk, they say,' answered Pierre.

'Mercy on us, mercy on us!' said the count.

At dinner they drank champagne to the health of the new cavalier of St. George, and Shinshin told them of the news of the town, and described how a German had been brought before Rastoptchin by the people, who declared (so Count Rastoptchin told the story) that he was a *champignon*, and how Count Rastoptchin had bade them let the *champignon* go, as he was really nothing but an old German mushroom.

'They keep on seizing people,' said the count. 'I tell the countess she ought not to speak French so much. Now's not the time to do it.'

'And did you hear,' said Shinshin, 'Prince Galitzin has engaged a Russian teacher—he's learning Russian. It begins to be dangerous to speak French in the streets.'

‘Well, Count Pyotr Kirillovitch, now if they raise a general militia, you will have to mount a horse too, ah?’ said the old count addressing Pierre.

Pierre was dreamy and silent all dinner-time. He looked at the count as though not understanding.

‘Yes, yes, for the war,’ he said. ‘No! A fine soldier I should make! And yet everything’s so strange; so strange! Why, I don’t understand it myself. I don’t know, I am far from being military in my taste, but in these days no one can answer for himself.’

After dinner the count settled himself comfortably in a low chair, and with a serious face asked Sonya, who enjoyed the reputation of a good reader, to read the Tsar’s appeal.

“‘To our metropolitan capital Moscow. The enemy has entered our border with an immense host and comes to lay waste our beloved country,’” Sonya read conscientiously in her thin voice. The count listened with closed eyes, heaving abrupt sighs at certain passages.

Natasha sat erect, looking inquisitively and directly from her father to Pierre.

Pierre felt her eyes on him and tried not to look round. The countess shook her head disapprovingly and wrathfully at every solemn expression in the manifesto. In all these words she saw nothing but that the danger menacing her son would not soon be over.

After reading of the dangers threatening Russia, the hopes the Tsar rested upon Moscow, and particularly on its illustrious nobility, Sonya, with a quiver in her voice, due principally to the attention with which they were listening to her, read the last words: “‘We shall without delay be in the midst of our people in the capital, and in other parts of our empire, for deliberation, and for the guidance of all our militia levies, both those which are already barring the progress of the foe, and those to be formed for conflict with him, wherever he may appear. And may the ruin which he threatens us recoil on his own head, and may Europe, delivered from bondage, glorify the name of Russia!’”

‘That’s right!’ cried the count, opening his wet eyes. He went on, ‘Only let our sovereign say the word, we will sacrifice everything without grudging. We’re not a set of Germans!’

Meanwhile Petya, to whom no one was paying attention, went up to his father, and very red, said in a voice that passed abruptly from gruffness to shrillness, ‘Well, now, papa, I tell you positively—and mamma too, say what you will—I tell you you must let me go into the army, because I cannot . . . and that’s all about it.’

The countess in dismay turned her eyes up to heaven, clasped her hands, and said angrily to her husband:

‘See, what your talk has brought us to!’

But the count recovered the same instant from the excitement.

‘Come, come,’ he said. ‘A fine warrior you’d make! Don’t talk nonsense; you have your studies to attend to.’

‘It’s not nonsense, papa. Fedya Obolensky’s younger than I am, and he’s

going too; and what's more, I can't anyhow study now, when . . .' Petya stopped, flushed till his face was perspiring, yet stoutly went on . . . 'when the country's in danger.'

'Hush, hush, nonsense! . . .'

'Why, but you said yourself you would sacrifice everything.'

'Petya! I tell you be quiet,' cried the count, looking at his wife, who was gazing with a white face and fixed eyes at her younger son.

'Let me say . . . Pyotr Kirillovitch here will tell you . . .'

'I tell you, it's nonsense; the milk's hardly dry on his lips, and he wants to go into the army! Come, come, I tell you,' and the count, taking the papers with him, was going out of the room, probably to read them once more in his study before his nap.

'Pyotr Kirillovitch, let us have a smoke. . . .'

'No; I think I'll go home. . . .'

'Go home? But you meant to spend the evening with us. . . . You come rarely enough, as it is. And this girl of mine,' said the count good-humouredly, looking towards Natasha, 'is never in spirits but when you are here. . . .'

'But I have forgotten something. I really must go home. . . . Business. . . .' Pierre said hurriedly.

'Well, good-bye then,' said the count as he went out of the room.

'Why are you going away? Why are you so upset? What for?' Natasha asked Pierre, looking with challenging eyes into his face.

'Because I love you!' he wanted to say, but he did not say it. He crimsoned till the tears came, and dropped his eyes.

'Because it is better for me not to be so often with you. . . . Because . . . no, simply I have business. . . .'

'What for? No, do tell me,' Natasha was beginning resolutely, and she suddenly stopped. Both in dismay and embarrassment looked at one another. He tried to laugh, but could not; he kissed her hand and went out without a word.

Pierre made up his mind not to visit the Rostovs again.

Next day, the Tsar arrived in Moscow. That morning Petya spent a long time dressing. He combed his hair and arranged his collar like a grown-up man. He screwed up his eyes before the looking-glass, gesticulated, shrugged his shoulders, and finally, without saying anything to any one, he put on his cap and went out of the house by the back way, trying to escape observation.

Petya had resolved to go straight to where the Tsar was, and to explain frankly to some gentleman-in-waiting (Petya fancied that the Tsar was always surrounded by gentlemen-in-waiting) that he, Count Rostov, wished, in spite of his youth, to serve his country, that youth could be no hindrance to devotion, and that he was ready . . . Petya had, while he was dressing, prepared a great many fine speeches to make to the gentleman-in-waiting.

Petya reckoned on the success of his presentation to the Tsar simply

because he was a child (Petya dreamed, indeed, of how they would wonder at his youth), and yet in the sedate, deliberate walk he adopted, he tried to act the part of an elderly man. But the further he went, the more interested he became in the growing crowds about the Kremlin, and he forgot to keep up the sedateness and deliberation characteristic of grown-up people. As he got closer to the Kremlin, he began to try to avoid being crushed, and with a resolute and threatening mien, stuck elbows out on each side of him. But in the Toistsky Gate the crowd, probably unaware of his patriotic object in going to the Kremlin, pushed him against the wall into the stinking corner of the gateway.

Petya rubbed the sweat off his face with his hands, and set straight the soaking collar, afraid that if he showed himself in this guise the gentlemen-in-waiting would not admit him to the Tsar's presence. When all the carriages had driven by, the crowd made a rush, and swept Petya along with it into the square, which was already full of people. Not only in the square, but on the slopes, and the roofs, and everywhere there were people. Petya heard the ringing of bells and the joyous hum of the crowd filling the whole Kremlin.

All the faces wore the same expression of excitement and enthusiasm. A shopkeeper's wife standing near Petya sobbed, and tears flowed down her cheeks.

'Father, angel!' she kept saying, wiping her tears with her fingers.

'Hurrah!' shouted the crowd on all sides.

'So this is the Tsar!' thought Petya. 'No, I could never give him the petition myself, it would be too bold!'

In spite of that, he still forced his way forward as desperately, and caught a glimpse of open space with a passage covered with red cloth in the midst of it. But at that moment the crowd began heaving back; the police in front were forcing back those who had pressed too close to the procession. The Tsar was passing from the palace to the Uspensky Sobor. Petya received such a sudden blow in the ribs, and was so squeezed, that all at once a mist passed before his eyes, and he lost consciousness. When he came to himself, a clerical personage, with a mane of grey hair on his shoulders, in a shabby blue cassock—probably a deacon—was holding him up with one arm, while with the other he kept off the crowd.

'A young gentleman's been crushed!' the deacon was saying. 'Mind what you're about! . . . easy there! . . . you're crushing him, you're crushing him!'

The Tsar had entered the Uspensky Sobor. The crowd spread out again, and the deacon got Petya pale and breathless on to the big cannon.

'Any one may be crushed to death like that. What next! Killing people! Why, the poor dear's as white as a sheet,' said voices.

Petya soon recovered, and the colour came back into his face; the pain was over, and by this temporary inconvenience he had gained a seat on the cannon, from which he hoped to see the Tsar, who was to walk back. Petya

thought no more now of presenting his petition. If only he could see him, he would think himself lucky! During the service in the Uspensky Sobor, in celebration of the Tsar's arrival, and also in thanksgiving for the peace with the Turks, the crowd dispersed about the square, and hawkers appeared crying kvass, gingerbread, and poppyseed sweets—of which Petya was particularly fond—and he could hear the usual talk among the people. One shopkeeper's wife was showing her torn shawl, and saying how much she had paid for it; while another observed that all silk things were very dear nowadays.

Suddenly four men in uniforms and decorations came out from the doors of the Sobor. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' the crowd shouted again.

'Which? which one?' Petya asked in a weeping voice of those around him, but no one answered him. Every one was too much excited, and Petya, picking out one of the four, and hardly able to see him for the tears that started into his eyes, concentrated all his enthusiasm on him, though it happened not to be the Tsar. He shouted 'Hurrah!' in a voice of frenzy, and resolved that to-morrow, come what might of it, he would join the army.

From the Kremlin, Petya went not home, but to his comrade Obolensky's. He was fifteen, and he, too, was going into the army. On getting home, Petya announced with decision and firmness that if they would not let him do so too, he would run away.

And next day, though Count Ilya Andreivitch had not quite yielded, he went to inquire if a commission could be obtained for Petya somewhere where there would be little danger.

ON the morning of the 15th, the next day but one, a great number of carriages stood outside the Slobodsky palace.

Pierre, who had been since early morning in an uncomfortable uniform that had become too tight for him, was in a state of excitement. This extraordinary assembly, not only of the nobility, but of the merchant class too—the estates, *états généraux*—called up in him a whole series of ideas of the *Contrat Social* and the French Revolution, ideas imprinted deeply on his soul, though they had long been laid aside. The words he had noticed in the manifesto, that the Tsar was coming to the capital *for deliberation* with his people, confirmed him in this chain of thought. And supposing that something of importance in that direction was near at hand, that what he had long been looking for was coming, he looked and listened attentively.

The Tsar's manifesto was read, and evoked enthusiasm; and then all moved about, talking. Apart from their everyday interests, Pierre heard discussion as to where the marshals were to stand when the Tsar should come in, when the ball was to be given for the Tsar, whether they were to be divided according to districts or the whole province together . . . and so on. But as soon as the war and the whole object of their meeting together was touched upon, the talk was uncertain and hesitating.

A manly looking, handsome, middle-aged man, wearing the uniform of

a retired naval officer, was speaking, and a little crowd was gathered about him in one of the rooms.

'And were our militiamen of any service to the state? Not the slightest! They only ruined our agriculture. Even conscription is better. . . . We will go ourselves to a man; take recruits, too; and the Tsar has but to say the word, and we will all die for him,' added the orator, warming up.

Pierre wanted to speak too. He was just opening his mouth when he was interrupted by a perfectly toothless senator with a shrewd and wrathful face, who was standing close by the last orator.

'I imagine, my dear sir,' said the senator, mumbling with his toothless mouth, 'that we are summoned here not to discuss which is more suitable for the country at the present moment—conscription or the militia. We are summoned to reply to the appeal which our sovereign the Emperor graciously deigns to make to us. And to judge which is the fitter means—recruiting or a levy for militia—we leave to a higher power. . . .'

Pierre suddenly found the right outlet for his excitement.

'Excuse me, your excellency,' he began, 'but I imagine that the Tsar would himself be displeased if he should find in us only the owners of peasants, whom we give up to him, and *chair à canon*, which we offer in ourselves—and should not find in us co . . . co . . . counsel. . . .'

Many persons moved a little away from the circle, noticing the disdainful smile of the senator and the freedom of Pierre's words.

'I consider that before discussing these questions,' Pierre continued, 'we ought to ask the Emperor to communicate to us what forces we have, what is the position of our men and our army, and then . . .'

Pierre had hardly uttered these words when he was promptly attacked on three sides at once. The most violent onslaught was made upon him by an old acquaintance who, with an old man's anger in his face, screamed at Pierre:

'In the first place, let me tell you that we have no right to ask such questions of the Emperor; and secondly, if the nobility had any such right, the Emperor could not answer such questions. The movements of the troops depend on the movements of the enemy; the troops are augmented and decreased . . .'

Another voice interrupted.

'Yes, and it's not the time for deliberation. What's needed is action; there is war in Russia. Our foe comes to ruin Russia, to desecrate the tombs of our fathers, to carry away our wives and children.' The gentleman struck himself a blow on the chest. 'We will all rise up; we will all go to a man, we will follow our father the Tsar!' he cried, rolling his bloodshot eyes. Several approving voices could be heard in the crowd. 'We are Russians and we do not grudge our blood for the defence of our faith, our throne, and our country. But we must put a stop to idle talk, if we are true sons of our fatherland. We will show Europe how Russia can defend Russia!' shouted this gentleman.

Pierre tried to reply, but he could not get in a word. A number of

voices were speaking and shouting together, all in the same tone. The editor of the *Russian Messenger*, recognized and greeted with shouts of 'the author, the author!' said that hell must be driven back by hell.

'I only said that we could make sacrifices to better purpose when we know what is needed,' Pierre cried, trying to shout down the other voices.

One old man close by him looked round, but his attention was immediately called off.

'Yes, Moscow will be surrendered! She will be the expiation!' one man was shouting.

'He is the enemy of mankind!' another shouted.

At that moment Count Rastoptchin, with his prominent chin and alert eyes, strode in rapidly through the parting crowd, wearing the uniform of a general and a ribbon over his shoulder.

'Our sovereign the Emperor will be here immediately,' said Rastoptchin. 'I have just come from him. I presume that in the position in which we are placed, there is no need of much discussion. The Emperor has graciously seen fit to summon us and the merchants,' said Count Rastoptchin. 'They will pour out their millions' (he pointed to the merchants' hall); 'it is our duty to raise men and not to spare ourselves. . . . It is the least we can do.'

Pierre felt nothing at that moment but the desire to show that he was ready to sacrifice everything. The constitutional tenor of his speech weighed on him like a sin; he told Count Rastoptchin that he would furnish one thousand men and their equipment.

Old Rostov agreed at once to Petya's wishes, and went himself to enter his name.

PART X

NAPOLEON began the war with Russia because he could not help going to Dresden, being dazzled by the homage paid him there, putting on the Polish uniform, yielding to the stimulating influence of a June morning, and giving way to an outburst of fury.

Alexander refused all negotiations because he felt himself personally insulted. Rostov charged the French because he could not resist the temptation to gallop across the level plain. And all the innumerable persons who took part in the war acted similarly, in accordance with their personal peculiarities, habits, circumstances, and aims. They were all impelled by fear or vanity, enjoyment, indignation, or national consideration, supposing that they knew what they were about and that they were acting independently, while they were all the involuntary tools of history and were working out a result concealed from themselves but comprehensible to us.

Providence compelled all those men in striving for the attainment of their personal aims to combine in accomplishing one immense result, of which no one individual man (not Napoleon, not Alexander, still less any one taking practical part in the campaign) had the slightest inkling.

Now it is clear to us what was the cause of the destruction of the French army in 1812. No one disputes that the cause of the loss of Napoleon's French forces was, on one hand, their entering at too late a season upon a winter march in the heart of Russia without sufficient preparation; and on the other, the character the war had assumed from the burning of Russian towns and the hatred the enemy aroused in the peasantry. But obvious as it seems now, no one at the time foresaw that this was the only means by which the best army in the world, eight hundred thousand strong, led by the best of generals, could be defeated in a conflict with the inexperienced Russian army of half the strength, led by inexperienced generals. Not only was this utterly unforeseen, but every effort indeed was being continually made *on the Russian side* to hinder the one means that could save Russia; and in spite of the experience and so-called military genius of Napoleon, every effort was made *on the French side* to push on to Moscow at the end of the summer, that is to do the very thing bound to bring about their ruin.

In historical works on the year 1812, the French writers are very fond of saying that Napoleon was aware of the danger of lengthening out his line, that he sought a decisive engagement, that his marshals advised him to stay at Smolensk, and similar statements to show that even at the time the real

danger of the campaign was seen. The Russian historians are still fonder of declaring that from the beginning of the campaign there existed a plan of Scythian warfare by leading Napoleon on into the heart of Russia. But the notion that Napoleon was aware of the danger of extending his line, and that the Russians had a scheme for drawing the enemy into the heart of Russia, obviously belong to the same category; and only historians with a great bias can ascribe such reflections to Napoleon and his marshals, or such plans to the Russian generals. All the facts are directly opposed to such a view.

Far from desiring to lure the French into the heart of Russia, the Russians did their utmost to arrest their progress throughout the war from the time they crossed the frontier. And far from dreading the extension of his line of communications, Napoleon rejoiced at every step forward as a triumph.

The Emperor was with the army to inspire it not to yield an inch of Russian soil and on no account to retreat further. The Tsar reprimanded the commander-in-chief for every retreat. The Tsar can never have anticipated the burning of Moscow, or even the enemy's presence at Smolensk, and when the armies had been reunited, the Tsar was indignant at the taking and burning of Smolensk without a general engagement having been fought before its walls. Russian generals, and the whole Russian people, were even more indignant at the idea of our men retreating.

Napoleon, after dividing up the army, moved on into the heart of the country. In August he was in Smolensk and thinking of nothing but advancing further, though, as we see now, that advance meant inevitable ruin.

We were surprised into having to fight at Smolensk to save our communications. A battle was fought. Thousands were slain on both sides.

Smolensk was abandoned against the will of the Tsar and the whole people. But Smolensk was burnt by its own inhabitants, who had been deceived by their governor. And those ruined inhabitants, after setting an example to the rest of Russia, full of their losses, and burning with hatred of the enemy, moved on to Moscow. Napoleon advances; we retreat; and so the very result is attained that is destined to overthrow Napoleon.

THE DAY after his son's departure, Prince Nikolay Andreivitch sent for Princess Marya.

'Well, now are you satisfied?' he said to her. 'You have made me quarrel with my son! Are you satisfied? That was all you wanted! Satisfied? . . . It's a grief to me, a grief. I'm old and weak, and it was your wish. Well, now, rejoice over it. . . .' And after that, Princess Marya did not see her father again for a week. He was ill and did not leave his study.

The war Princess Marya looked on as women do look on war. She was apprehensive for her brother who was at the front, and was horrified, without understanding it, at the cruelty of men, that led them to kill one another. But she had no notion of the significance of this war, which seemed to her exactly like all the preceding wars.

The principal reason why Princess Marya failed to grasp the significance

of the war was that the old prince never spoke of it, refused to recognize its existence, and laughed at Dessalle when he mentioned the war at dinner-time. The prince's tone was so calm and confident that Princess Marya put implicit faith in him.

On the first of August a second letter came from Prince Andrey. In his first letter, which had been received shortly after he left home, Prince Andrey had humbly asked his father's forgiveness for what he had permitted himself to say to him. To this letter, the old prince had sent an affectionate answer, and from that time he had kept the Frenchwoman at a distance. Prince Andrey's second letter was written under Vitebsk, after the French had taken it. In this letter Prince Andrey pointed out to his father the inconvenience of his position close to the theatre of war, and in the direct line of the enemy's advance, and advised him to move to Moscow.

At dinner that day, on Dessalle's observing that he had heard that the French had already entered Vitebsk, the old prince recollected Prince Andrey's letter.

'He writes about this war,' said the prince, with the contemptuous smile that had become habitual with him in speaking of the present war.

'It must be very interesting,' said Dessalle. 'Prince Andrey is in a position to know. . . .'

'Ah, very interesting!' said Mademoiselle Bourienne.

'It is very possible that the field of operations may be brought so close to us . . .'

'Ha-ha-ha! The field of operations indeed!' said the old prince. 'I have always said, and I say still, that the field of operations is bound to be Poland, and the enemy will never advance beyond the Niemen.' Dessalle looked in amazement at the prince, who was talking of the Niemen, when the enemy was already at the Dnieper. But Princess Marya, forgetting the geographical position of the Niemen, supposed that what her father said was true.

'When the snows thaw they'll drown in the marshes of Poland. It's only that they can't see it,' said the old prince, obviously thinking of the campaign of 1807, which seemed to him so recent.

In the evening Mihail Ivanitch was sent by the prince to Princess Marya to ask for the letter that had been forgotten on the table. Princess Marya ventured to ask what her father was doing.

'Still very busy,' said Mihail Ivanitch, in a tone of deferential irony. 'Been reading a little: but now'—Mihail Ivanitch dropped his voice—'he's at his bureau looking after his will, I expect.'

'And is Alpatitch being sent to Smolensk?' asked Princess Marya.

'To be sure; he's been waiting a long while for his orders.'

When Mihail Ivanitch went back to the study with the letter, the old prince was sitting at his open bureau, surrounded by papers. He had noted down what he wanted in Smolensk, and he began walking up and down the room, as he gave his instructions to Alpatitch, standing at the door.

'First, letter paper, do you hear, eight quires, like this pattern, you see; gilt edged . . . take the pattern, so as to be sure to match it; varnish, sealing-

wax—Well, go along, go along,' said the old prince; 'if anything is wanted, I'll send.'

Bleak Hills was sixty versts from Smolensk, and three versts from the main road to Moscow.

Dessale asked for a few words with Princess Marya, and told her that since the prince was not quite well and was taking no steps to secure his own safety, though from Prince Andrey's letter it was plain that to stay on at Bleak Hills was not free from danger, he respectfully advised her to send by Alpatitch a letter to the governor at Smolensk, and to ask him to let her know the degree of danger they were running at Bleak Hills. Dessalle wrote the letter to the governor for Princess Marya and she signed it, and the letter was given to Alpatitch with instructions to give it to the governor, and in case there was danger, to come back as quickly as possible.

'If there's anything . . . you turn back, Yakov Alpatitch; for Christ's sake, think of us,' his wife called to him, alluding to the rumours of war and of the enemy near.

'Ah, these women and their fuss!' Alpatitch muttered to himself as he drove off, looking about him at the fields. He saw rye turning yellow, thick oats still green, and here and there patches still black, where they were only just beginning the second ploughing. Alpatitch drove on, admiring the crop of corn, meditating like a true husbandman on the sowing and the harvest, and wondering whether he had forgotten any of the prince's instructions. He stopped twice to feed his horses on the way, and towards the evening of the 4th of August reached the town.

All the way Alpatitch had met and overtaken waggons and troops, and as he drove into Smolensk he heard firing in the distance, but he scarcely heeded the sound. What struck him more than anything was that close to Smolensk he saw a splendid field of oats being mown down by some soldiers evidently for forage; there was a camp, too, pitched in the middle of it. This did make an impression upon Alpatitch, but he soon forgot it in thinking over his own affairs.

All the interests of Alpatitch's life had been for over thirty years bounded by the will of the prince, and he never stepped outside that limit. Anything that had nothing to do with carrying out the prince's orders had no interest, had in fact no existence, for Alpatitch.

On reaching Smolensk on the evening of the 4th of August, Alpatitch put up where he had been in the habit of putting up for the last thirty years, at a tavern kept by a former house-porter.

'You're kindly welcome, Yakov Alpatitch. Folk are going out of the town, while you come into it,' said he.

'How's that? Out of town?' said Alpatitch.

'To be sure, I always say folks are fools. Always frightened of the French.'

'Women's nonsense, women's nonsense!' replied Alpatitch.

'That's just what I think, Yakov Alpatitch. I say there's a notice put up that they won't let them come in, so to be sure that's right. But the peasants

are asking as much as three roubles for a cart and horse—they've no conscience!'

Yakov Alpatitch heard without heeding. He asked for a samovar, and for hay for his horses; and after drinking tea lay down to sleep.

All night long the troops were moving along the street by the tavern. Next day Alpatitch put on a tunic, which he kept for wearing in town, and went out to execute his commissions. It was a sunny morning, and by eight o'clock it was hot. 'A precious day for the harvest,' as Alpatitch thought. From early morning firing could be heard from beyond the town.

At eight o'clock the boom of cannon mingled with the rattle of musketry. The streets were thronged with people, hurrying about, and also with soldiers, but drivers plied for hire, the shopkeepers stood at their shops, and services were being held in the churches just as usual. Alpatitch went to the shops, to the government offices, to the post and to the governor's. Everywhere that he went every one was talking of the war, and of the enemy who was attacking the town. All were asking one another what was to be done, and trying to calm each other's fears.

At the governor's house, Alpatitch found a great number of people, and saw Cossacks, and a travelling carriage belonging to the governor at the entrance. On the steps Yakov Alpatitch met two gentlemen, one of whom he knew.

'Ah, Yakov Alpatitch, how do you come here?'

'By command of his excellency to his honour the governor,' answered Alpatitch, lifting his head proudly as he always did when he mentioned the old prince. . . . 'His honour was pleased to bid me inquire into the position of affairs,' he said.

'Well, you may as well know then,' cried the gentleman: 'they have brought matters to such a pass that there are no carts to be got, nothing! . . . That's it again, do you hear?' he said, pointing in the direction from which the sounds of firing came.

'They have brought us all to ruin . . . the brigands!' he declared again, and he went down the steps.

Alpatitch shook his head and went up. The waiting-room was full of merchants, women, and clerks, looking dumbly at one another. A clerk ran out, said something to a merchant, called a stout official with a cross on his neck to follow him, and vanished again, obviously trying to avoid all the looks and the questions addressed to him. Alpatitch moved forward, and the next time the same clerk emerged, he addressed him, handing him the two letters.

'To his honour the Baron from the general-in-chief Prince Bolkonsky,' he boomed out with so much pomposity and significance that the clerk turned to him and took the letters. A few minutes afterwards Alpatitch was shown into the presence of the governor, who said to him hurriedly, 'Inform the prince and the princess that I knew nothing about it. I acted on the highest instructions—here. . . .'

He gave Alpatitch a document.

'Still, as the prince is not well my advice to him is to go to Moscow. I'm setting off myself immediately. Tell them . . .' But the governor did not finish; a dusty and perspiring officer ran into the room and began saying something in French. A look of horror came into the governor's face.

'You can go,' he said, nodding to Alpatitch, and he put some questions to the officer. Alpatitch could not help listening now to firing, which seemed to come closer and to be getting hotter, as he hurried back to the inn. The document the governor had given to Alpatitch ran as follows:

'I guarantee that the town of Smolensk is not in the slightest danger, and it is improbable that it should be threatened in any way. I myself from one side, and Prince Bagration from the other, will effect a junction before Smolensk on the 22nd instant, and both armies will proceed with their joint forces to defend their compatriots of the province under your government, till their efforts beat back the enemies of our country, or till their gallant ranks are cut down to the last warrior. You will see from this that you have a perfect right to reassure the inhabitants of Smolensk, as they are defended by two such valiant armies and can be confident of their victory.

(*'By order of Barclay de Tolly to the civil governor of Smolensk, Baron Ash. 1812.'*)

Crowds of people were moving uneasily about the streets. Waggons, loaded up with household crockery, chairs, and cupboards, were constantly emerging from the gates of houses.

Alpatitch's step was more hurried than usual as he entered the yard, and went straight under the shed to his horses and cart. The coachman was asleep; he told him to put the horses in.

It was by now long past midday, half the street lay in shadow, while half was in brilliant sunshine. All of a sudden there came a strange sound of a far-away hiss and thump, followed by the boom of cannons, mingling into a dim roar that set the windows rattling.

Alpatitch went out into the street; two men were running towards the bridge. From different sides came the hiss and thud of cannon balls and the bursting of grenades, as they fell in the town. But these sounds were almost unheard, and the inhabitants scarcely noticed them, in comparison with the boom of the cannons they heard beyond the town. It was the bombardment, which Napoleon had ordered to be opened upon the town at four o'clock from one hundred and thirty cannons.

People did not at first grasp the meaning of this bombardment. The sounds of the dropping grenades and cannon balls only excited curiosity. The cook and shopman came out to the gate. All were trying to get a glimpse of the projectiles as they flew over their heads.

'What force!' one was saying; 'roof and ceiling were smashed up to splinters.'

'Like a pig routing into earth, it went!' said another.

Others stopped and described how a cannon ball had dropped on a house close to them. Meanwhile other projectiles—now a cannon ball, with rapid,

ominous hiss, and now a grenade with a pleasant whistle—flew incessantly over the people's heads: but not one fell close, all of them flew over. Alpatitch got into his gig.

Again something hissed, but very close this time, like a bird swooping down; there was a flash of fire in the middle of the street, the sound of a shot, and the street was filled with smoke. At the same instant there rose a piteous wailing from the women, and the people crowded round the cook.

'O-o-oy, good kind souls, blessed friends! don't let me die! Good kind souls! . . .'

Five minutes later no one was left in the street. The cook, with her leg broken by the bursting grenade, had been carried into the kitchen. Alpatitch, his coachman, and the porter were sitting in the cellar listening. The thunder of the cannon, the hiss of the balls, and the piteous moaning of the cook, which rose above all the noise, never ceased for an instant. The crowd had gone to the cathedral, where they were raising on high the wonder-working, holy picture of Smolensk.

Towards dusk the cannonade began to subside. Alpatitch came out of the cellar and stood in the doorway.

The clear evening sky was all overcast with smoke. After the terrible thunder of the cannons had ceased, a hush seemed to hang over the town, broken only by the sound of groans and distant shouts, and the crackle of fires. On two sides black clouds of smoke from fires rose up and drifted away. Soldiers in different uniforms walked and ran about the streets in different directions, not in ranks, but like ants out of a disturbed ant heap.

'The town's surrendered; get away, get away,' said an officer, and turning immediately to the soldiers, he shouted, 'I'll teach you to run through the yards!'

As Alpatitch was driving out of the gate, he saw about a dozen soldiers in an open shop. They were filling their bags and knapsacks with wheaten flour and sunflower seeds. At that moment the shopman returned.

'Carry it all away, lads! Don't leave it for the devils,' he shouted, snatching up the sacks himself and pitching them into the street.

'It's all over with Russia!' he shouted. 'Alpatitch! it's all over! I'll set fire to it myself. It's over . . .'

It was by now quite dark. There were stars in the sky, and from time to time the new moon shone through the veil of smoke. Alpatitch's vehicle moved slowly along in the rows of soldiers and of other conveyances, and on the slope down to the Dnieper they had to halt altogether. In a lane not far from the cross-roads where the traffic had come to a full stop, there were shops and a house on fire. The flame died down and was lost in black smoke, then flared up suddenly, lighting up with strange distinctness the faces of the crowd at the cross-roads. Black figures were flitting about before the fire, and talk and shouts could be heard above the unceasing crackling of the flames. Alpatitch, seeing that it would be some time before his gig could move forward, got out and went back to the lane to look at the fire. Soldiers were scurrying to and fro.

Alpatitch joined a great crowd of people standing before a high corn granary in full blaze. The walls were all in flames; the back wall had fallen in; the plank roof was breaking down, and the beams were glowing. The crowd were evidently watching for the moment when the roof would fall in. Alpatitch too waited to see it.

'Alpatitch!' the old man suddenly heard a familiar voice calling to him.

'Mercy on us, your excellency,' answered Alpatitch, recognising the voice of his young master.

Prince Andrey, wearing a cape, and mounted on a black horse, was in the crowd.

'How did you come here?' he asked.

'Your . . . your excellency!' Alpatitch articulated, and he broke into sobs. . . . 'Your, your . . . is it all over with us, really? Master . . .'

'How is it you are here?' repeated Prince Andrey. The flames flared up at that instant, and Alpatitch saw in the bright light his young master's pale and worn face. Alpatitch told him how he had been sent to the town and had difficulty in getting away.

'What do you say, your excellency, is it all over with us?' he asked again.

Prince Andrey, making no reply, took out his note-book.

'Smolensk has surrendered,' he wrote. 'Bleak Hills will be occupied by the enemy within a week. Set off at once for Moscow. Let me know at once when you start; send a messenger to Usvyazh.'

Scribbling these words, and giving Alpatitch the paper, he gave him further directions about sending off the old prince, the princess and his son with his tutor, and how and where to let him hear, as soon as they had gone.

'Tell them then that I shall wait for an answer till the 10th, and if I don't receive news by the 10th, that they have all gone away, I shall be obliged to throw up everything and go myself to Bleak Hills.'

There was a crash in the fire. The flames subsided for an instant; black clouds of smoke rolled under the roof. There was another fearful crash, and the falling of some enormous weight.

'Ooo-roo!' the crowd yelled, as the ceiling of the granary fell in, and a smell of baked cakes rose from the burning wheat. The flames flared up again, and lighted up the delighted and careworn faces of the crowd around it.

A man in a frieze coat, brandishing his arms in the air, was shouting:

'First-rate! Now she's started! First-rate, lads! . . .'

'That's the owner himself,' murmured voices.

FROM Smolensk the troops continued to retreat. The enemy followed them.

On the high-road along which the troops marched there was no coolness even at night, not even where the road passed through the woods. The transports and artillery moved noiselessly, buried up to their axles, and the infantry sank to their ankles in the soft, stifling, burning dust, that clung to their legs and to the wheels, rose in a cloud over their heads, and

got into the eyes and hair and nostrils and lungs of men and beasts. The higher the sun rose, the higher rose the cloud of dust. There was no wind, and the men gasped for breath. They marched with handkerchiefs tied over their mouths and noses. When they reached the villages, there was a rush for the wells. They fought over the water and drank it down to the mud.

The burning and abandonment of Smolensk made an epoch in Prince Andrey's life. A new feeling of intense hatred of the enemy made him forget his own sorrow. But he saw everything in the darkest, gloomiest light, especially after Smolensk, which he considered could and should have been defended, had been abandoned.

On the 10th of August, the column of which his regiment formed part reached the turning leading off to Bleak Hills. Two days before Prince Andrey had received the news that his father, his son, and his sister had gone away to Moscow. Though there was nothing for Prince Andrey to do at Bleak Hills, he decided, with characteristic desire to aggravate his own sufferings, that he must ride over there.

There was no one to be seen at the stone gates and the door was open. The paths of the garden were already overgrown with weeds, and cattle and horses were straying about the English park. Prince Andrey rode up to the conservatory: the panes were smashed, and some of the trees in tubs were broken, others quite dried up. He called the gardener. No one answered. Going round the conservatory on the terrace, he saw that the paling-fence was all broken down, and branches of the plum-trees had been pulled off with the fruit.

Prince Andrey rode up to the house. Several lime-trees in the old garden had been cut down; a piebald mare and a colt were among the rose-trees just before the house. The shutters were all up in the house, except on one open window downstairs. A servant lad caught sight of Prince Andrey and ran into the house.

Alpatitch had sent his family away, and was staying on alone at Bleak Hills. He was sitting indoors, reading the *Lives of the Saints*. On hearing that Prince Andrey had come, he ran out, spectacles on nose, buttoning himself up, hurried up to the prince, and without uttering a word, burst into tears.

Then he turned away in anger at his own weakness, and began giving him an account of the position of affairs. Everything precious and valuable had been moved to Bogutcharovo. Corn to the amount of a hundred measures had been carried away, but the hay, and the wheat—an extraordinary crop that season, so Alpatitch said—had been cut green and carried off by the troops. The peasants were ruined: some of them, too, had gone to Bogutcharovo; a small number remained. Prince Andrey, not heeding his words, asked, 'When did my father and sister go?' meaning when had they set off for Moscow. Alpatitch, assuming he was asking about the removal to Bogutcharovo, answered that they had set off on the 7th, and began going off again into details about the crops.

'If your excellency noticed any disorder in the garden,' said Alpatitch, 'it could not be prevented; three regiments have been here and spent the night. The dragoons were the worst; I noted down the name and rank of the commanding officer to lodge a complaint.'

'Well, good-bye!' said Prince Andrey, bending over to Alpatitch. 'Go away yourself; take what you can; and tell the peasants to set off for the Ryazan estate or the property near Moscow.'

Alpatitch broke into sobs. Prince Andrey gently moved him away, and galloped down the garden walk.

Two little girls came running from the plum-trees in the conservatories with their skirts full of plums. They ran almost against Prince Andrey, and seeing their young master, the elder one clutched her younger companion by the hand, with a panic-stricken face, and hid with her behind a birch-tree not stopping to pick up the green plums they had dropped. Prince Andrey turned away from them in nervous haste, afraid of letting them notice that he had seen them. He was sorry to have frightened the pretty child. He became aware of the existence of other human interests utterly remote from him, and as legitimate as his own. Those little girls were evidently possessed by one passionate desire to carry off and devour those green plums without being caught, and Prince Andrey wished them success in their enterprise. Fancying themselves already secure, they darted out of their hiding-place, and ran swiftly through the grass with their bare, sunburnt little feet.

Prince Andrey overtook his regiment at the halting-place near the dike of a small pond. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun, a red ball through the dust, baked and scorched his back intolerably in his black coat. The dust stood as immovable as ever over the buzzing, halting troops. There was not a breath of wind. As he rode towards the dike, Prince Andrey smelt the fresh, muddy smell of the pond. He longed to be in the water, however muddy it might be. He looked round at the pond, from which he heard shrieks and laughter. The small pond, thickly covered with green slime, was visibly half a yard higher and overflowing the dam, because it was full of white, naked human bodies, with brick-red hands and heads and necks, all plunging about in it. All that bare, white human flesh was splashing about with shrieks and laughter, in the muddy pool, like carp floundering in a net. There was a ring of merriment in that splashing, and that was what made it peculiarly sad.

One fair-haired young soldier—Prince Andrey knew him—of the third company, with a strap round the calf of his leg, stepped back, crossing himself, to get a good run, and plunged into the water. Another swarthy and very towzle-headed sergeant up to his waist in the water, bending his fine, muscular figure, was snorting with enjoyment, as he poured the water over his head with his blackened hands. There was a sound of them slapping each other, and shrieks and cries.

The officer was rubbing himself with a towel on the dike, and was abashed at seeing Prince Andrey.

'It's pleasant, really, your excellency; you should try it!' he said.

'It's dirty,' said Prince Andrey, grimacing.

'We will clear it out for you in a minute.' And Prince Andrey hardly had time to check them. He thought it would be better for him to have a bath in a barn.

On the 7th of August, Prince Bagration, at his halting-place on the Smolensk road, had written a letter he knew would be read to the Tsar. Therefore he weighed every word:

'DEAR COUNT ALEXEY ANDREEVITCH,—I presume that the minister has already reported the abandonment of Smolensk to the enemy. It is sad, it is pitiable, and the whole army is in despair at the most important place having been wantonly abandoned. I for my part begged him personally in the most urgent manner, and finally wrote to him; but nothing would persuade him. I swear to you on my honour that Napoleon was in a greater fix than he has ever been, and he might have lost half his army, but could not have taken Smolensk.

'Our troops have fought and are fighting as never before. With fifteen thousand men I have held the enemy in check for thirty-five hours and beaten them, but he wouldn't hold his ground for fourteen hours. It is a shame and a stain on our army, and as for himself, I consider he ought not to be alive. If he reports that our losses were great, it is false; perhaps about four thousand, not that, but that is nothing: if it had been ten thousand, what of it, that's war. But on the other hand the enemy's losses were immense.

'What would it have cost him to hold his ground for a couple of days? In any case they must have retired of their own accord; for they had no water for their men or their horses. He gave me his word he would not retreat, but all of a sudden sent an announcement that he was withdrawing in the night. We cannot fight in this way, and we may soon bring the enemy on to Moscow. . . .

'There is a rumour afloat that you are thinking of peace. To make peace, God preserve us! After all the sacrifices that have been made and after such mad retreats—to make peace, you will set all Russia against you, and every one of us will feel it a disgrace to wear the uniform. If it has come to that, we ought to fight as long as Russia can, and as long as there are men able to stand. . . .'

After Smolensk, Napoleon tried to force on a battle at Vyazma. But the Russians could not give battle till Borodino, one hundred and twelve versts from Moscow. From Vyazma Napoleon gave instructions for an advance straight upon Moscow.

'Moscow, the Asiatic capital of this great empire, the holy city of the peoples of Alexander, Moscow, with its innumerable churches in the form of Chinese pagodas!'

This Moscow would not let Napoleon's imagination rest. On the march from Vyazma Napoleon was riding on his cream-coloured English horse, accompanied by his guards, and sentinels, and pages, and adjutants. The commander of the staff dropped behind to put questions to a Russian prisoner taken by the cavalry.

'Well?' said Napoleon.

'A Cossack. He is very shrewd and talkative.'

Napoleon smiled, and bade them give the Cossack a horse and bring him

before him. He wished to talk to him himself. Within an hour Denisov's serf Lavrushka, whom his master had left with Rostov, rode up to Napoleon, sitting on a French cavalry saddle and looking sly, tipsy, and mirthful. Napoleon bade him ride at his side and began questioning him.

'Are you a Cossack?'

'Yes; a Cossack, your honour.'

Lavrushka, who had been drunk the previous evening, had been thrashed for it and sent to the village in quest of fowls, where he was tempted on by plunder till he got caught by the French. Lavrushka was one of those coarse, impudent lackeys, who look on it as a duty to do nothing without cunning and trickery, and are particularly keen in scenting out the baser impulses of their superiors, especially on the side of vanity and pettiness. On coming into the presence of Napoleon, whom he easily recognised, Lavrushka was not in the least taken aback, and only did his utmost to win the favour of his new master.

He repeated all the gossip that was talked among the officers' servants. Much of it was true. But when Napoleon asked him whether the Russians expected to conquer Bonaparte or not, Lavrushka screwed up his eyes and thought a bit.

'Well, if it does come to a battle,' he said thoughtfully, 'and pretty soon, then yours will win. That's a sure thing. But if now, three days and there's a battle after that, well then, I say, that same battle will be a long job.' This was translated to Napoleon. 'If a battle is fought within three days the French will win it, but if later, God knows what will come of it.' Napoleon did not smile, though he was evidently in high good-humour, and told him to repeat the words.

Lavrushka noticed that, and to entertain him further, said, pretending not to know who he was:

'We know, you have got your Bonaparte; he has conquered every one in the world, ay, but with us it will be a different story . . .' himself hardly aware how and why this bit of bragging patriotism slipped out. The interpreter translated these words without the conclusion; Bonaparte smiled and rode on, dreaming of that Moscow that filled his imagination.

PRINCESS MARYA was not in Moscow and out of danger as Prince Andrey supposed.

After Alpatitch's return from Smolensk, the old prince seemed as though he had suddenly waked out of a sleep. He gave orders for the militiamen to assemble out of the villages, and to be armed; and wrote a letter to the commander-in-chief, in which he informed him of his intention to remain at Bleak Hills to the last.

But though resolved himself to remain, the prince made arrangements for sending the princess with Dessalle and the little prince to Bogutcharovo, and from there on to Moscow. Frightened at her father's feverish, sleepless energy, following on his previous apathy, Princess Marya could not bring herself to leave him alone, and for the first time in her life

ventured not to obey him. She refused to go, and a fearful tempest of wrath burst upon her. The prince drove her out of his study. He told her that he did not want to hear of her existence, but gave her fair warning not to dare to show herself before him.

Princess Marya was relieved that he had not, as she had dreaded, ordered her to be forcibly removed from Bleak Hills, but had simply commanded her not to show herself. She knew that this meant that in the secret recesses of his soul he was glad she was staying.

The day after Nikolushka had left, the old prince dressed himself in the morning in full uniform, and prepared to make a call on the commander-in-chief. The carriage was standing ready. Princess Marya saw him in his uniform, with all his orders on his breast, walk out of the house and go down the garden to inspect the armed peasants and house-serfs. Princess Marya sat at the window listening to his voice resounding from the garden. Suddenly several men came running up the avenue with panic-stricken faces.

Princess Marya ran out on to the steps, along the flower-bed path, and into the avenue. A great crowd of militiamen and servants were coming down it towards her, and in the middle of that crowd several men were holding up and dragging along a little old man in a uniform and decorations. Princess Marya ran towards him, and in the dancing, tiny rings of light that filtered through the shade of the lime-tree avenue, she could form no distinct impression of the change in his face. The only thing she could see was that the stern and determined expression of his face had changed to a look of timidity and submission. On seeing his daughter, he tried to move his powerless lips, and uttered a hoarse sound. It was impossible to understand what he meant. He was lifted up, carried into his study, and laid on the couch, which had been such an object of dread to him of late.

The doctor, who was brought over the same night, bled him, and declared that the prince had had a stroke, paralysing his right side.

To remain at Bleak Hills was becoming more and more dangerous, and the next day they moved the prince to Bogutcharovo. There they found Dessalle had already set off for Moscow with the little prince.

For three weeks the old prince lay stricken with paralysis, getting neither better nor worse. He muttered incessantly, twitching his eyebrows and lips, and it was impossible to tell whether he understood his surroundings or not. Only one thing could be said for certain: he was suffering, and had a craving to express something. But no one could tell whether it related to public affairs or family circumstances.

The doctor said that this uneasiness meant nothing; that it was due to physical causes. But Princess Marya believed (and the fact that her presence seemed to intensify the restlessness, confirmed her supposition) that he wanted to tell her something.

He was evidently suffering both physically and mentally. There was no hope of recovery. It was impossible to move him. What if he were to

die on the road? 'Wouldn't it be better if it were over, if all were over?' Princess Marya thought sometimes. Day and night, almost without sleep, she watched him, and, terrible to say, she watched him, not in the hope of finding symptoms of a change for the better, but often in the hope of seeing symptoms of the approaching end.

And what was still more horrible to Princess Marya was the fact that ever since her father's illness (if not even before, when she resolved to stay with him, in vague expectation of something) all the forgotten hopes and desires slumbering within her had awakened. Ideas that had not entered her head for years—dreams of a life free from the terror of her father, even of the possibility of love and a happy married life, haunted her imagination. It was a temptation of the devil, and Princess Marya knew it. She threw herself into the attitude of prayer, gazed at the holy pictures, repeated the words of the prayer, but still she could not pray. She felt herself carried off into a new world of real life, of labour and free activity, utterly opposed to the moral atmosphere in which she had been kept in bondage. She could not pray and could not weep, and practical cares absorbed her mind.

To remain at Bogutcharovo was becoming unsafe. Rumours came from all sides of the French being near, and in one village, fifteen versts from Bogutcharovo, a house had been sacked by French marauders. The doctor insisted on the necessity of moving the prince; the marshal of the province sent an official to Princess Marya to persuade her to get away as quickly as possible. The captain of the police visited Bogutcharovo to insist on the same thing, telling her that the French were only forty versts away; that French proclamations were circulating in the villages, and that if the princess did not move her father before the 15th, he could not answer for the consequences.

The princess made up her mind to leave on the 15th. The night of the 14th she spent as usual, without undressing, in the room next to the one where the old prince lay. Several times she waked up, hearing his groaning and muttering, the creak of the bedstead, and the steps of Tihon and the doctor. Several times she went to the door, listening, tempted to go in, but unable to make up her mind to do so. Although he could not speak, Princess Marya knew how he disliked any expression of anxiety about him.

But never had she felt so sorry for him; never had she felt it so dreadful to lose him. She went over all her life with him, and in every word, every action, she saw an expression of his love for her. Occasionally these reminiscences were interrupted by the temptation of the devil; dreams came back to her imagination of what would happen after his death, and how she would order her new independent existence. But she drove away such thoughts with horror. Towards morning he was quieter, and she fell asleep.

She waked up late. The perfect sincerity, which often accompanies the moment of waking, showed her unmistakably what it was that was of most interest to her in her father's illness. She waked up, listened to what

was passing through the door, and catching the sound of his muttering, she told herself with a sigh that there was no change.

'But what should there be? What did I hope for? I hope for his death,' she cried, with inward loathing of herself.

She washed, dressed, said her prayers, and went out on to the steps. At the entrance the carriages in which their luggage was packed were standing without horses.

The doctor came downstairs and out to her.

'He is a little better to-day,' said the doctor. 'I was looking for you. One can make out a little of what he says. His head is clearer. Come in. He is asking for you . . .'

Princess Marya's heart beat so violently at this news that she turned pale and leaned against the door to keep from falling. To be under his eyes now, when all her soul was filled with these fearful, sinful imaginings, was full of an agonising joy and terror for her.

Her father was lying raised high on his back; his little bony hands, covered with knotted purple veins, were laid on the quilt; his left eye was gazing straight before him, while the right eye was distorted, and his lips and eyebrows were motionless. He looked so thin, so small, and pitiable. His face looked withered up or melted away; his features all seemed smaller. Princess Marya went up and kissed his hand. His left hand clasped her hand in a way that showed he had long been wanting her. He twitched her hand, and his eyebrows and lips quivered angrily.

She looked at him in dismay, trying to fathom what he wanted of her. When she changed her position so that his left eye could see her, he seemed satisfied, and for several seconds kept his eye fixed on her. Then his lips and tongue twitched; sounds came, and he tried to speak, looking with imploring timidity at her, evidently afraid she would not understand him.

'O . . . o . . . aye . . . aye . . . !' he repeated several times. It was impossible to interpret these sounds. The doctor thought he had guessed it, and asked:

'The princess is afraid?'

He shook his head, and again repeated the same sounds.

'The soul, the soul is in pain!' Princess Marya guessed. He grunted affirmatively.

'Always thinking!—about you . . . thinking . . . !' he articulated, far more intelligibly than before now that he felt sure of being understood. Princess Marya pressed her head against his arm, trying to hide her sobs and tears.

He passed his hand over her hair.

'I called for you all night . . .'

'If I had only known . . .' she said, through her tears. 'I was afraid to come in.'

He pressed her hand.

'Weren't you asleep?'

'No, I couldn't sleep,' said Princess Marya, shaking her head.

Unconsciously imitating her father, she tried to speak more by signs, as he spoke, as though she, too, had a difficulty in articulating.

'Darling!' . . . or 'dear one!' . . . Princess Marya could not distinguish the word; but from the expression of his eyes she had no doubt what was said was a word of caressing tenderness such as he had never used to her before. 'Why didn't you come?'

'And I was wishing, wishing for his death!' thought Princess Marya. He paused.

'Thanks . . . to you . . . child, dear one! for all, for all . . . forgive . . . thanks! . . . forgive! . . . thanks! . . .' And tears flowed from his eyes. 'Call Andryusha?' he said suddenly, and a look of childish and deprecating misgiving came into his face at the question. He seemed to be himself aware that his question had no meaning. So at least it seemed to Princess Marya.

'I have had a letter from him,' answered Princess Marya.

'Where is he?'

'He's with the army, father, at Smolensk.'

He was silent for a long while, closing his eyes. Then, as though to answer his doubts, and to assert that now he understood it all and remembered, he nodded his head and opened his eyes.

'Yes,' he said, softly and distinctly. 'Russia is lost! They have lost her!'

He closed his eyes again. He pointed to his eyes; and Tihon, understanding him, wiped away his tears.

Then he opened his eyes, and said something, which, for a long while, no one could understand; and at last Tihon understood and interpreted.

Princess Marya looked for the drift of his words in the direction in which he had been speaking a minute before. She supposed he was speaking of Russia; then of Prince Andrey, of herself, of his grandson, then of his own death. And this was just why she could not understand his words.

'Put on your white dress. I like it,' he had said.

When she understood those words, Princess Marya sobbed louder than ever, and the doctor, taking her on his arm, led her out of the room on to the terrace, trying to persuade her to calm herself, and to devote herself to preparations for the journey. After Princess Marya had left the prince, he began talking again of his son, of the war, of the Tsar, twitched his eyebrows angrily, began to raise his hoarse voice, and was seized by a second and final stroke.

Princess Marya stayed on the terrace. The day had become brilliantly fine, sunny, and warm. She could grasp nothing, could think of nothing, and feel nothing but her passionate love for her father, of which it seemed to her that she had not been aware till that minute. She ran out into the garden, and ran sobbing towards the pond along the paths planted with young lime-trees by Prince Andrey.

'Yes . . . I . . . I longed for his death! Yes, I wanted it soon to be over . . . I wanted to be at peace . . . And what will become of me?'

‘What use will peace be to me when he is gone?’ Princess Marya muttered aloud. Going round the garden in a circle, which brought her back again to the house, she saw coming towards her Mademoiselle Bourienne and an unknown gentleman. It was the district marshal.

‘Princess, it is God’s will! You must be prepared for the worst,’ said the marshal.

‘It’s not true!’ she cried angrily at him.

The doctor tried to stop her. She pushed him away and ran to the door. ‘What are these people with scared faces doing here?’ she thought. She opened the door, and the bright daylight in the room, always hitherto darkened, frightened her. Her old nurse and other women were in the room.

‘No, he is not dead, it cannot be!’ Princess Marya said to herself; but the stern look on his calm face arrested her on the threshold.

They put the uniform with the decorations on the little dried-up body. Towards night candles were lighted round the coffin, a pall was laid over it, juniper was strewn on the floor, a printed prayer was put under the dead withered head, and a deacon sat in the corner reading aloud the Psalter. Numbers of familiar and unfamiliar figures crowded round—the marshal, and the village elder, and peasant women, and all with scared and fascinated eyes, crossed themselves, and bowed down and kissed the cold, stiff hand of the old prince.

UNTIL Prince Andrey’s stay at Bogutcharovo, the estate had never had an owner in residence, and the Bogutcharovo peasants were of quite a different character from the peasants of Bleak Hills. They differed from them in speech, in dress, and in manners. They said they came from the steppes. The old prince praised them for their industry when they came to Bleak Hills for harvesting, or digging ponds and ditches; but he did not like them because of their savage manners.

Prince Andrey’s residence at Bogutcharovo, and his innovations—his hospitals and schools and the lowering of their rent—had not softened their manners, but, on the contrary, had intensified their traits of character, which the old prince called their savagery.

Obscure rumours were always current among them: at one time a belief that they were all to be carried off to be made Cossacks, then that they were to be converted to some new religion, then rumours of the expected return of the Tsar Peter Fedorovitch, who was to rise again from the dead in seven years, and to bring perfect freedom, and to make an end of the existing order of things. Rumours of the war, and Bonaparte and his invasion, were connected in their minds with vague conceptions of Anti-christ, of the end of the world, and perfect freedom.

In the vicinity of Bogutcharovo were large villages inhabited by Crown serfs, or peasants who paid rent to absentee owners. There were very few resident landowners in the neighbourhood, and consequently very few house-serfs or peasants able to read and write. And among the peasants of

that part of the country there could be seen more distinctly and strongly marked than among others those mysterious undercurrents in the life of the Russian peasantry, which are so baffling to contemporaries. In 1812 any one living in close relations with the peasants might have observed that there was a violent ferment working below the surface, and an outbreak of some kind was at hand.

Alpatitch, who came to Bogutcharovo a little while before the old prince's death, noticed that there was some excitement among the peasants; and noticed that, unlike the Bleak Hills district, where within a radius of sixty versts all the peasants had moved away, abandoning their villages to be wasted by the Cossacks, in the Bogutcharovo steppe country the peasants had entered, it was said, into communication with the French, and were remaining in their homes. He learned that the peasant Karp, a man of great influence in the village, had a few days previously accompanied a government transport, and had returned with the news that the Cossacks were destroying the deserted villages, while the French would not touch them. He knew that another peasant had brought from the hamlet where the French were encamped a proclamation from the French general that no harm would be done to the inhabitants, and that everything taken from them would be paid for, if they would remain. In token of good faith, the peasant brought from Vislouhovo a hundred-rouble note (he did not know it was false), paid him in advance for hay.

Meanwhile, time was pressing. On the day of the prince's death, the 15th of August, the marshal said that he could not answer for what might happen after the 16th. He drove away that evening, promising to return next morning for the funeral. But next day he could not come, as he received information of an expected advance of the French, and was only just in time to get his family and valuables moved away from his own estate.

For nearly thirty years Bogutcharovo had been under the direction of the village elder, Dron, called by the old prince, Dronushka.

Dron was one of those physically and morally vigorous peasants, who grow a thick beard as soon as they are grown up, and go on almost unchanged till sixty or seventy, without a grey hair or the loss of a tooth, as upright and vigorous at sixty as at thirty.

This peasant Dron it was for whom Alpatitch sent on coming from the plundered estate at Bleak Hills. He ordered him to get ready twelve horses for the princess's carriages, and eighteen conveyances for the move which was to be made from Bogutcharovo. Though the peasants paid rent instead of working as serfs, Alpatitch expected to meet no difficulty on their part in carrying out this order, since there were two hundred and thirty efficient families in Bogutcharovo, and the peasants were well-to-do. But Dron, on receiving the order, dropped his eyes and made no reply. Alpatitch mentioned the names of peasants from whom he told him to take the carts.

Dron replied that the horses belonging to those peasants were away on

hire. Alpatitch mentioned the names of other peasants. They too, according to Dron, had no horses available: some were employed in government transport, others had gone lame, and others had died through the shortness of forage. In Dron's opinion, there was no hope of getting horses enough for the princess's carriages, not to speak of the transport of baggage.

Alpatitch looked intently at Dron and scowled. Dron was a model village elder, but Alpatitch had not been twenty years managing the prince's estates for nothing, and he too was a model steward.

'Now, Dronushka,' he said, 'you listen to me! Don't you talk nonsense to me. His excellency, Prince Andrey Nikolaevitch, himself gave me orders to move the folk away, and not leave them with the enemy, and the Tsar has issued a decree that it is to be so. Any one that stays is a traitor to the Tsar. Do you hear?'

'I hear,' answered Dron, not raising his eyes.

Alpatitch was not satisfied with his reply.

'Ay, Dron, drop it!' repeated Alpatitch, taking his hand out of the bosom of his coat, and pointing with a solemn gesture to the ground under Dron's feet. 'I can see right through you; and more than that, I can see three yards into the earth under you,' he said, looking at the ground under Dron's feet.

Dron looked furtively at Alpatitch, and dropped his eyes again.

'You drop this nonsense, and tell the folks to pack up to leave their homes and go to Moscow, and to get ready carts to-morrow morning for the princess's luggage. Do you hear?'

All at once Dron threw himself at his feet.

'Yakov Alpatitch, discharge me! Take the keys from me; discharge me, for Christ's sake!'

'Stop that!' said Alpatitch sternly. 'I can see through you three yards into the earth,' he repeated, knowing that his skill in bee-keeping, his knowledge of the right day to sow the oats, and his success in pleasing the old prince for twenty years had long ago gained him the reputation of a wizard, and that the power of seeing for three yards under a man is ascribed to wizards.

Dron got up, and would have said something, but Alpatitch interrupted him.

'What's this you've all got in your head? Eh? . . . What are you thinking about? Eh?'

'What am I to do with the people?' said Dron. 'They're all in a ferment. I do tell them . . .'

'Oh, I dare say you do,' said Alpatitch. 'Are they drinking?' he asked briefly.

'They're all in a ferment, Yakov Alpatitch; they have got hold of another barrel.'

'Then you listen to me. I'll go to the police-captain and you tell them so, and tell them to drop all this and get the carts ready.'

'Certainly,' answered Dron.

Yakov Alpatitch did not insist further. He had much experience in

managing the peasants, and knew that the chief means for securing obedience was not to show the slightest suspicion that they could do anything but obey. Having wrung from Dron a submissive 'certainly,' Yakov Alpatitch rested content with it, though he had more than doubts—he had a conviction—that the carts would not be provided without the intervention of the military authorities.

And as a fact when evening came, the carts had not been provided. There had been a village meeting at the tavern, and at the meeting it had been resolved to drive the horses out into the forest and not to provide the conveyances.

Without saying a word of all this to the princess, Alpatitch ordered his own baggage to be unloaded from the waggons that had come from Bleak Hills and the horses to be taken from them for the princess's carriage, while he rode off himself to the police authorities.

After her father's funeral Princess Marya locked herself in her room and would not let any one come near her.

The windows of the room in which Princess Marya lay looked to the west. She lay on the sofa facing the wall, and fingering the buttons on the leather bolster, she saw nothing but that bolster, and her thoughts were concentrated obscurely on one subject. She thought of the finality of death and of her spiritual baseness, of which she had had no idea till it showed itself during her father's illness. She longed to pray, but dared not, in the spiritual state she was in, turn to God.

The sun was setting, and the slanting rays lighted up the room through the open window, and threw a glow on part of the morocco cushion at which Princess Marya was looking. The current of her thoughts was suddenly arrested. She unconsciously sat up, smoothed her hair, stood up, and walked to the window, involuntarily drawing a deep breath of the refreshing coolness of the clear, windy evening.

'Yes, now you can admire the sunset at your ease! He is not here, and there is no one to hinder you,' she said to herself, and sinking into a chair, she let her head fall on the window-sill.

Some one spoke her name in a soft and tender voice from the garden. It was Mademoiselle Bourienne in a black dress.

All her old conflicts with her, her jealousy of her, recurred to Princess Marya's mind. She remembered too that *he* had changed of late to Mademoiselle Bourienne, could not bear the sight of her, and therefore how unjust had been the censure that she had in her heart passed upon her. 'Yes, and is it for me, for me, after desiring his death, to pass judgment on any one?' she thought.

'Your position is doubly dreadful, dear princess,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne. 'I know you could not and cannot think of yourself; but with my love for you I am bound to do so. . . . Has Alpatitch been with you? Has he spoken to you of moving?' she asked.

Princess Marya did not answer. She did not understand who was to

move and where. 'Was it possible to undertake anything now, to think of anything? Could anything matter?' she wondered.

'Do you know, *chère Marie*,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne, 'that we are in danger, that we are surrounded by the French; it is dangerous to move now. If we move, we are almost certain to be taken prisoner, and God knows . . .'

Princess Marya looked at her companion, with no notion what she was saying.

'Oh, if any one knew how little anything matters to me now,' she said. 'Of course, I would not on any account move away from *him* . . . Alpatitch said something about going away. . . . You talk to him . . . I can't do anything, and I don't want . . .'

'I have been talking to him. He hopes that we may manage to get away to-morrow; but I think it would be better now to remain here,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne. 'Because you will agree, *chère Marie*, that to fall into the hands of the soldiers or of rioting peasants on the road would be awful.'

Mademoiselle Bourienne took out of her reticule a document, not on the usual Russian paper. It was the proclamation of General Rameau, announcing that protection would be given by the French commanders to all inhabitants who did not abandon their homes. She handed it to the princess.

'I imagine the best thing would be to appeal to this general,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne. 'I am convinced that all proper respect would be shown you.'

Princess Marya read the document. 'Through whom did you get this?' she asked.

'They probably found out I was French from my name,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne, flushing.

That the daughter of Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky should stoop to ask General Rameau to grant her his protection, and should take advantage of his good offices. The idea appalled her. She felt a rush of vindictive wrath and pride of which she had had no conception. All the bitterness, and still more the humiliation of her position rose vividly to her imagination. 'They, the French, would take up their quarters in the house: M. le Général Rameau would occupy Prince Andrey's study; would amuse himself by looking through and reading his letters and papers; Mademoiselle Bourienne would do the honours of Bogutcharovo; I should be given a room as a favour; the soldiers would break open my father's newly dug grave to take his crosses and decorations; they would tell me of their victories over the Russians, would affect hypocritical sympathy with my grief, . . .' thought Princess Marya, thinking not the thoughts natural to her, but feeling it a duty to think as her father and brother would have done.

Flushed and excited she walked about the room. Dunyasha, the old

nurse, and the maids could not tell her how far Mademoiselle Bourienne's statements had been correct. Alpatitch was not in the house; he had gone to the police authorities.

Lastly, the village elder, Dron, came into the room.

'Dronushka, Alpatitch has gone off somewhere, I have no one to turn to. Is it true, as I'm told, that it is impossible for me to go away?'

'Why shouldn't you go away, your excellency? You can go,' said Dron.

'I want to set off without fail to-night or to-morrow morning early.'

Dron looked up from under his brows at Princess Marya.

'There are no horses,' he said. 'I have told Yakov Alpatitch so already.'

'How is that?' said the princess.

'It's all the visitation of the Lord,' said Dron. 'Some horses have been carried off for the troops, and some are dead; it's a bad year, it is. If only we don't die of hunger ourselves, let alone feeding the horses! Here they've been three days without a bit of bread. There's nothing, they have been plundered to the last bit.'

Princess Marya listened attentively to what he said to her.

'The peasants have been plundered? They have no bread?' she asked.

'They are dying of hunger,' said Dron; 'no use talking of horses and carts.'

'But why didn't you say so, Dronushka? Can't they be helped? I'll do everything I can . . .' It was strange to Princess Marya to think that at such a moment, when her heart was overflowing with such a sorrow, there could be rich people and poor, and that the rich could possibly not help the poor. She vaguely knew that there was a store of 'seignorial corn,' and that it was sometimes given to the peasants. She knew, too, that neither her brother nor her father would refuse the peasants in their need; she was only afraid of making some mistake in the wording of the order for this distribution. She was glad that she had an excuse for doing something in which she could, without scruple, forget her own grief. She began to question Dronushka about the peasants' needs, and to ask whether there was a 'seignorial store' at Bogutcharovo.

'I suppose we have a store of wheat of my brother's?' she asked.

'The wheat is all untouched,' Dron declared with pride. 'The prince gave me no orders about selling it.'

'Give it to the peasants, give them all they need; I give you leave in my brother's name,' said Princess Marya.

Dron heaved a deep sigh and made no answer.

'You distribute the corn among them, if it will be enough for them. Distribute it all. I give you the order in my brother's name; and tell them, what's ours is theirs. We would grudge nothing for them. Tell them so.'

Dron watched the princess intently all the while she was speaking.

'Discharge me, ma'am, for God's sake, bid them take the keys from me,' said he. 'I have served twenty-three years, and done no wrong; discharge me, for God's sake.'

Princess Marya had no notion what he wanted of her and why he asked

her to discharge him. She answered that she had never doubted his fidelity, and that she was ready to do everything for him and for the peasants.

An hour later Dunyasha came with the news that all the peasants by the princess's orders were assembled at the granary and desirous of speaking with their mistress.

'But I did not send for them,' said Princess Marya. 'I merely told Dronushka to give them the corn.'

Dron on coming in confirmed Dunyasha's words; the peasants had come by the princess's instructions.

'But I have never sent for them,' said the princess. 'You must have given them my message wrong. I only said that you were to give them the corn.'

Dron sighed without replying.

'If so you command, they will go away,' he said.

'No, no, I'll go out to them,' said Princess Marya.

In spite of Dunyasha's and the old nurse's attempts to dissuade her, Princess Marya went out on to the steps. Dronushka, Dunyasha, the old nurse, and Mihail Ivanitch followed her.

'They probably imagine I am offering them the corn to keep them here while I go away myself, leaving them at the mercy of the French,' thought Princess Marya. 'I will promise them monthly rations and lodgings on the Moscow estate. I am sure Andrey would do more for them in my place,' she thought, as she went out in the twilight towards the crowd, waiting on the pasture near the granary.

The crowd stirred, huddling closer, and rapidly took off their hats. So many different eyes, old and young, were fixed upon her, there were so many different faces that Princess Marya did not see a single one of them, and feeling it necessary to address all at once, did not know how to set about it. But again the sense that she was the representative of her father and brother gave her strength, and she boldly began her speech.

'I am very glad you have come,' she began. 'Dronushka has told me that the war has ruined you. That is our common trouble, and I will grudge nothing to aid you. I am going away myself because it is dangerous here . . . and the enemy is near. I give you everything, my friends, and I beg you to take everything, all our corn, that you may not suffer want. But if you have been told that I am giving you corn to keep you here, it is false. On the contrary, I beg you to move away with all your belongings to our Moscow estate, and there I undertake and promise you that you shall not be in want. You shall be given houses and bread.' The princess stopped. Nothing was to be heard from the crowd but sighs.

'I don't do this on my own account,' the princess went on; 'I do it in the name of my dead father, who was a good master to you, and for my brother and his son.'

She paused again. No one broke the silence.

'We have trouble in common, and we will share it all equally. All that is mine is yours,' she said, looking up at the faces before her. All the eyes were gazing at her with the same expression, the meaning of which she

could not fathom. Whether it were curiosity, devotion, gratitude, or apprehension, and distrust, the expression on all the faces was alike.

'Very thankful for your kindness, only it's not for us to take the master's corn,' said a voice from the back.

'But why not?' said the princess. No one answered, and Princess Marya, looking up at the crowd, noticed that now all the eyes dropped at once on meeting hers.

'Why don't you want to?' she asked again.

Princess Marya was oppressed by the silence; she tried to catch somebody's eye.

'Why don't you speak!' she said, addressing a very old man who was standing near her, his arms propped on his stick. 'Tell me if you think something more is needed. I will do anything,' she said, catching his eye. But as though angered by her doing so, he bent his head, and said:

'Why should we agree? We don't want your corn.'

'Why are we to give up everything? We're not willing . . . Not willing. It's not with our consent. We are sorry for you, but we are not willing. You go away by yourself, alone . . .' was protested from different parts of the crowd. And again all the faces in the crowd wore the same expression; and now it was unmistakably not an expression of curiosity and gratitude, but an expression of exasperated determination.

'But you misunderstand me,' said Princess Marya, with a melancholy smile. 'Why don't you want to move away? I promise to settle you, to provide for you. And here the enemy will plunder you . . .' But her voice was drowned by the voices of the crowd.

'We're not willing, let him plunder us! We won't take your corn, we won't agree!'

Princess Marya moved out of the ring, and went to the house with a dejected countenance. Repeating her command to Dron that horses were to be ready next day for her to start, she went away.

ON the 17th of August Rostov and Ilyin rode out from Yankovo, fifteen versts from Bogutcharovo. They meant to try a new horse that Ilyin had bought, and to find out whether there was hay to be had in the village.

Bogutcharovo had been for the last three days between the two hostile armies, so that the Russian rear-guard could reach the village as easily as the French vanguard; and Rostov, like a careful officer, was anxious to anticipate the French in securing any provisions that might be left there. Rostov had no notion that the village to which he was going was the property of the Prince Bolkonsky who had been betrothed to his sister.

They rode at a walking pace towards the granary, where there was a great crowd of peasants standing. Several of the peasants took off their caps, others stared without taking off their caps. Two old peasants came out of the tavern, reeling and singing a tuneless song.

'They're fine fellows!' said Rostov, laughing. 'Well, have you any hay?'

A peasant came out of the crowd and went up to Rostov.

'Which part will you be from?' asked the peasant.

'We're French,' answered Ilyin, laughing. 'And this is Napoleon himself.'

'I suppose you are Russians then?' the peasant inquired.

'And have you many troops here?' asked another short peasant, approaching.

'A great many,' answered Rostov. 'But why are you all assembled here?' he added. 'Is it a holiday or what?'

'The old men are met about the village business,' answered the peasant, moving away from him.

At that moment there came into sight two women and a man in a white hat running from the prince's house towards the officers.

'The one in pink's mine; hands off, beware!' said Ilyin, noticing Dunyasha. 'What is it you want, my pretty?'

'The princess sent me to ask of what regiment are you, and what is your name?'

'This is Count Rostov, the commander of the squadron, and I am your humble servant.'

Alpatitch followed Dunyasha, taking off his hat to Rostov as he approached.

'I make bold to trouble your honour,' he said, speaking with a respectfulness in which there was a shade of contempt for the officer's youth. 'My mistress, the daughter of general-in-chief Prince Nikolay Andreivitch Bolkonsky, who died on the 15th of this month, being in difficulties, begs you to come . . .' and he moved away. 'What is the matter?' Rostov inquired.

'I make bold to submit to your excellency that the rude peasants here will not let their lady leave the estate, and threaten to take the horses out of her carriage, so that everything has been packed since morning, yet her excellency cannot get away.'

'Impossible!' cried Rostov.

The princess's offer of corn, and her interview with Dron and with the peasants, had, in fact, made the position so much worse that Dron had finally given up the keys of office, joined the peasants and refused to appear when Alpatitch sent for him. In the morning when the princess ordered the horses to be put in for her to set off, the peasants had come out in a great crowd to the granary, and had sent to say that they would not let the princess go out of the village; that there was an edict that people were not to leave their houses, and that they would unharness the horses.

At the moment when Rostov and Ilyin were galloping along the village street, Princess Marya had just ordered the horses to be put in, and was intending to start. But seeing the horsemen galloping up, the coachmen took them for the French, and ran away.

Princess Marya was sitting helpless and distraught in the hall, when Rostov was shown in to see her. Rostov at once conceived a romance in this meeting. 'A defenceless girl, crushed by sorrow, alone, abandoned to the mercy of coarse, rebellious peasants! And what strange destiny has brought me here!' thought Rostov, as he listened to her and looked at her.

'And what mildness, what nobility in her features and expression!' he thought. As he listened to her story, there were tears in Rostov's eyes. Princess Marya noticed it, and looked at him with the luminous gaze that made one forget the plainness of her face.

'I cannot express how glad I am, princess, that I happened to come this way, and am able to serve you in anything,' said Rostov, rising. 'I trust you will start at once, and I answer for it on my honour, no person shall dare to cause you annoyance, if you will only permit me to escort you,' and making a deep bow, such as are made to ladies of the royal family, he turned to the door.

'Well, is she pretty? But, my boy, my pink girl's charming; her name is Dunyasha.' . . . But glancing into Rostov's face, Ilyin paused. He saw his hero and superior officer was absorbed in a very different train of thought.

Rostov looked angrily at Ilyin, and without replying, strode off rapidly to the village.

'I'll teach them; I'll pay them out; the scoundrels,' he muttered to himself.

Alpatitch followed Rostov at a quick trot, which he could only just keep from breaking into a run.

'What decision has your honour come to?' he said, overtaking him. Rostov stopped short, and clenching his fists moved suddenly up to Alpatitch with a menacing gesture.

'Decision? What decision, old shuffler?' he shouted. 'What have you been thinking about? Eh? The peasants are unruly and you don't know how to manage them? You're a traitor yourself. I know you. I'll flog the skin off the lot of you . . .' And, as though afraid of wasting the energy of his anger, he left Alpatitch and went quickly ahead.

Alpatitch, swallowing his wounded feelings, hurried with a swaying step after. He said that the peasants were in a very stubborn state, and would it not be better first to send for armed force?

'I'll give them armed force.' Nikolay muttered meaninglessly, choking with irrational animal rage and desiring to vent that rage on some one. Without considering what he was going to do, he moved with a rapid, resolute step up to the crowd.

After the hussars had entered the village and Rostov had gone in to see the princess, a certain hesitation and division of opinion had become apparent. Some of the peasants began to say that the horsemen were Russians, and it might be expected they would take it amiss that they had not let their young lady go. Dron was of that opinion; but as soon as he expressed it, Karp and others fell upon him.

'How many years have you been fattening on the village?' shouted Karp. 'It's all one to you! You'll dig up your pot of money and make off with it. What is it to you if our homes are ruined or not?'

'We were told everything was to be in order and no one to leave their homes, and not a thing to be moved away—and that's all about it!' shouted another.

'It was your son's turn; but you spared your fat youngster,' a little old

man suddenly burst out, pouncing upon Dron, 'and sent my Vanka to be shaved for a soldier. Ugh, and yet we all have to die!'

'To be sure, we all have to die!'

'I'm not one to go against the mir,' said Dron.

'Not one to go against it; you have grown fat off it.' . . .

Two lanky peasants said their say. As soon as Rostov, accompanied by Ilyin, and Alpatitch approached, Karp, thrusting his fingers into his sash, walked forward with a slight smile. Dron, on the contrary, retreated to the back, and the crowd huddled closer together.

'Hey! who is elder among you here?' shouted Rostov, walking quickly up to the crowd.

'The elder? What do you want him for? . . .' asked Karp. But he hardly had time to get the words out when his hat was sent flying off his head, and he was sent reeling from a violent blow on the head.

'Caps off, traitors!' shouted Rostov's full-blooded voice. 'Where is the elder?' he roared furiously.

'The elder, the elder's wanted. Dron Zaharitch, he calls you,' voices were heard saying, hurriedly subservient, and caps were taken off.

'We can't be said to be unruly; we're following the orders,' declared Karp. And several voices at the back began at the same instant:

'It's as the elders settle; there are too many of you giving orders . . .'

'Talking? . . . Mutiny! . . . Scoundrels! Traitors!' Rostov shouted, without thinking, in a voice unlike his own, as he seized Karp by the collar. 'Bind him, bind him!' he shouted.

Alpatitch turned to the peasants, calling upon two of them by name to bind Karp. The peasants obediently stepped out of the crowd and began undoing their belts.

'Where's the village elder?' shouted Rostov.

Dron, with a pale and frowning face, stepped out of the crowd.

'Are you the elder? Bind him,' shouted Rostov, as though the order could meet with no sort of opposition. And in fact two peasants did begin binding Dron, who took off his sash, and gave it them as though to assist in the operation.

'And all of you, listen to me,' Rostov turned to the peasants. 'March straight to your homes this minute, and don't let me hear your voices again.'

'Why, we haven't done any harm. It was all, do you see, through foolishness. Only a bit of nonsense . . . I always said that it wasn't the right thing,' said voices, blaming one another.

'Didn't I tell you?' said Alpatitch, resuming his rightful position. 'You've done wrong, lads.'

'It was our foolishness, Yakov Alpatitch,' answered voices, and the crowd at once began to break up and to disperse about the village.

The two peasants who were bound they took to the manor-house. The two drunken peasants followed them.

'Ay, now look at you!' said one of them, addressing Karp.

'Do you suppose you can talk to the gentry like that? What were you thinking about? You are a fool,' put in the other; 'a regular fool.'

Within two hours the horses and carts required were standing in the courtyard of the Bogutcharovo house. The peasants were eagerly hurrying out and packing in the carts their owners' goods; and Dron, who had at Princess Marya's desire been released from the lumber-room, where they had shut him up, was standing in the yard, giving directions to the men.

'Don't pack it so carelessly,' said one of the peasants, a tall man with a round, smiling face, taking a casket out of a housemaid's hands. 'It's worth money too, you may be sure. Why, if you fling it down like that or put it under the cord, it will get scratched. I don't like to see things done so. Let everything be done honestly, according to rule, I say. There, like this, under the matting, and cover it up with hay; there, that's first-rate.'

'Mercy on us, the books, the books,' said another peasant, bringing out Prince Andrey's bookshelves. 'Mind you don't stumble! Ay, but it's heavy, lads; the books are stout and solid!'

'Yes, they must have worked hard to write them!' said a tall, round-faced peasant pointing with a significant wink to a lexicon lying uppermost.

Rostov, not wishing to force his acquaintance on the princess, did not go back to the house, but remained at the village waiting for her to drive out. When Princess Marya's carriage drove out from the house, Rostov mounted his horse and escorted her as far as the road occupied by our troops, twelve versts from Bogutcharovo. At the inn at Yankovo he parted from her respectfully, for the first time permitting himself to kiss her hand.

'How can you speak of it!' he said, blushing in response to Princess Marya's expression of gratitude to him for saving her, as she called it. 'Any police officer would have done as much. If we only had to wage war with peasants, we would not have let the enemy advance so far. Good-bye, princess. I hope I may meet you again in happier circumstances. If you don't want to make me blush, please don't thank me.'

But if the princess thanked him no more in words, she thanked him with the whole expression of her face, which was radiant with gratitude and warmth. To her mind it was an incontestable fact that had it not been for him, she must inevitably have fallen a victim to the rebellious peasants or the French; that *he*, to save her, had exposed himself to obvious and fearful danger; and even more certain was the fact that he was a man of noble and lofty soul, able to sympathise with her position and her grief. When she had said good-bye to him and was left alone, Princess Marya suddenly felt tears in her eyes, and then—not for the first time—the question occurred to her: 'Was she in love with him?' On the rest of the way to Moscow, though the princess's position was by no means a joyful one, Dunyasha, who was in the carriage with her, noticed that her mistress's face wore a vaguely happy and pensive smile, as she looked out of the window.

'And to think that he should come to Bogutcharovo and at that very moment!' thought Princess Marya. 'And that his sister should have refused Andrey!' And in all that, Princess Marya saw the hand of Providence.

The impression made on Rostov by Princess Marya was a very agreeable one. When he thought of her, he felt pleased. And when his comrades, hearing of his adventure at Bogutcharovo, rallied him on having gone to look for hay, and having picked up one of the greatest heiresses in Russia, it made him angry. He was angry just because the idea of marrying the gentle, and, to his mind, charming Princess Marya with her enormous fortune had more than once, against his own will, occurred to his mind. As far as he personally was concerned, Nikolay could have asked nothing better than to have Princess Marya for his wife. To marry her would make the countess, his mother, happy, and would repair his father's broken fortunes. And it would even—Nikolay felt it—make the happiness of the princess herself.

But Sonya? And his promise? And that was why it made Rostov angry to be rallied about the Princess Bolkonsky.

ON RECEIVING the chief command of the army, Kutuzov remembered Prince Andrey and sent him a summons to headquarters.

Prince Andrey stopped in the village at the house of the priest, where the commander-in-chief's carriage was standing, and sat down on a bench at the gate. A swarthy, little lieutenant-colonel of hussars, his face covered with bushy moustaches and whiskers, rode up to the gate, and asked whether his highness would soon be back. Bolkonsky made room for him on the bench.

'You, too, waiting for the commander-in-chief?' he began. 'They say he is willing to see any one, thank God! Now, I dare say, Russians may dare to speak again. And devil knows what they have been about. Nothing but retreating and retreating. Have you been in the field?' he asked.

'I have had the pleasure,' said Prince Andrey, 'not only of taking part in the retreat, but also of losing everything I valued—not to speak of my property and the home of my birth . . . my father, who died of grief. I am a Smolensk man.'

'Ah! . . . Are you Prince Bolkonsky? Very glad to make your acquaintance. Lieutenant-colonel Denisov, better known by the name of Vaska,' said Denisov, pressing Prince Andrey's hand and looking into his face with a particularly kindly expression. 'Yes, I had heard about it,' he said sympathetically, and after a brief pause he added: 'Yes, this is Scythian warfare. It's all right, but not for those who have to pay the piper.'

Denisov passed at once to what he was just now interested in, a plan of campaign he had formed while on duty at the outposts during the retreat. The plan was based on the fact that the line of the French operations was too extended, and on the suggestion that, instead of or along with a frontal attack, barring the advance of the French, attacks should be made on their communications.

'They are not able to defend all that line; it's impossible. I'll undertake to break through them. Give me five hundred men and I would cut their communications. that's certain! The one system to adopt is partisan warfare.'

Denisov got up and began with gesticulations to explain his plans to Bolkonsky. In the middle of his exposition they heard cheers and the tramp of horses' hoofs.

'Himself is coming,' shouted the Cossack who stood at the gate; 'he's coming!'

Bolkonsky and Denisov moved up to the gate, and saw Kutuzov coming down the street mounted on a low bay horse.

Since Prince Andrey had seen him last Kutuzov had grown stouter and more corpulent than ever; he seemed swimming in fat. But the familiar scar, and the white eye, and the expression of weariness in his face and figure were unchanged.

'Fugh! . . . fugh! . . . fugh! . . .' he whistled, hardly audibly, as he rode into the courtyard. His face expressed the relief of a man who looks forward to resting after a performance. He drew his left foot out of the stirrup, and with a lurch of his whole person, frowning with the effort, brought it up to the saddle, leaned on his knee, and with a groan let himself drop into the arms of the Cossacks and adjutants, who stood ready to support him.

He pulled himself together, looked round with half-shut eyes, glanced at Prince Andrey, and evidently not recognising him, moved with his shambling gait towards the steps.

'Ah, how are you, how are you, my dear boy, come along . . .' he said wearily, and walked heavily up the steps that creaked under his weight. He unbuttoned his coat and sat down on the seat in the porch.

'Well, how's your father?'

'The news of his death reached me yesterday,' said Prince Andrey briefly.

Kutuzov looked at him with eyes opened wide with dismay, then he took off his cap, and crossed himself. 'The peace of heaven be with him! And may God's will be done with all of us!' He heaved a heavy sigh and paused. 'I loved him deeply and respected him, and I feel for you with all my heart.' He embraced Prince Andrey, pressed him to his fat breast, and for some time did not let him go. When he released him, Prince Andrey saw that Kutuzov's thick lips were quivering and there were tears in his eyes. He sighed and pressed his hands on the seat to help himself in rising from it.

'Come in, come in, we'll have a chat,' he said; but at that moment Denisov, who stood as little in dread of the authorities as he did of the enemy, walked boldly up, his spurs clanking on the steps, regardless of the indignant whispers of the adjutants, who tried to prevent him. Kutuzov, his hands still pressed on the seat to help him up, looked ruefully at Denisov. Denisov, mentioning his name, announced that he had to communicate to his highness a matter of great importance for the welfare of Russia. Kutuzov bent his weary eyes on Denisov, and, lifting his hands with a gesture of annoyance, folded them across his stomach, and repeated, 'For the welfare of Russia? Well, what is it? Speak.'

Denisov blushed like a girl (it was strange to see the colour come on that hirsute, time-worn, hard-drinking face), and began boldly explaining his

plan for cutting the enemy's line between Smolensk and Vyazma. Denisov's home was in that region, and he knew the country well. His plan seemed unquestionably a good one, especially with the energy of conviction that was in his words. Kutuzov stared at his own feet, and occasionally looked round towards the yard of the next cottage, as though he were expecting something unpleasant to come from it. From the cottage there did in fact emerge, during Denisov's speech, a general with a portfolio under his arm.

'Eh?' Kutuzov inquired in the middle of Denisov's exposition, 'are you ready now?'

'Yes, your highness,' said the general. Kutuzov shook his head with an air that seemed to say, 'How is one man to get through it all?' and gave his attention again to Denisov.

'I give you my word of honour as a Russian officer,' Denisov was saying, 'that I will cut Napoleon's communications.'

'Is Kirill Andreevitch Denisov, the ober-intendant, any relation of yours?' Kutuzov interposed.

'My uncle, your highness.'

'Oh! we used to be friends,' said Kutuzov, more cheerily. 'Very good, very good, my dear boy; you stay here on the staff; we'll have a talk to-morrow.' Nodding to Denisov, he turned away and put out his hand for papers brought him. 'Don't you go away,' he added, addressing Prince Andrey.

While the latter was presenting his report Prince Andrey heard the whisper of a woman's voice and the rustle of a woman's silk dress at the door. Several times glancing in that direction he noticed behind the door a plump, rosy-faced, good-looking woman in a pink dress with a lilac silk kerchief on her head. She had a dish in her hand, and was apparently waiting for the commander-in-chief to enter. Kutuzov's adjutant explained to Prince Andrey in a whisper that this was the priest's wife, the mistress of the house, who intended to offer his highness bread and salt, the emblems of welcome, on his entrance. Her husband had met his highness with the cross in church, and she intended to welcome him to the house. . . . 'She's very pretty,' added the adjutant with a smile.

Prince Andrey watched the commander-in-chief's face attentively, and the only expression he could detect in it was an expression of boredom, of curiosity to know the meaning of the feminine whispering at the door, and of a desire to observe the proprieties. It was obvious that Kutuzov despised intellect and learning, and even the patriotic feeling Denisov had shown; but he did not despise them through intellect, nor through sentiment, nor through learning (for he made no effort to display anything of the kind), he despised them through something else—through his old age, through his experience of life. The only instruction of his own that Kutuzov inserted in the report related to acts of marauding by Russian troops. The general, at the end of the report, presented his highness a document for signature relating to a petition for damages from a landowner for the cutting of his oats by certain officers.

Kutuzov smacked his lips together and shook his head, as he listened to the matter.

'Into the stove . . . into the fire with it! And I tell you once for all, my dear fellow,' he said, 'all such things put into the fire. Let them cut the corn and burn the wood to their heart's content. It's not by my orders and it's not with my permission, but it can't be helped. You can't hew down trees without the chips flying.' He glanced once more at the paper. 'Oh, this German preciseness,' he commented, shaking his head.

'Well, now, that's all,' said Kutuzov, as he signed the last paper, and rising clumsily, and straightening his fat, white neck, he went to the door with a more cheerful countenance.

The priest's wife, with the colour rushing to her face, snatched up the dish, and though she had been so long preparing, she did not succeed in presenting it at the right moment. With a low bow she offered it to Kutuzov. Kutuzov screwed up his eyes. He smiled, chucked her under the chin, and said:

'And what a pretty face! Thank you, my dear!'

He took some gold coins out of his trouser pocket, and put them on the dish. 'Well, and how are we getting on?' he said, going towards the room that had been assigned him. The priest's wife, with smiling dimples on her rosy face, followed to show him the room. The adjutant came out to Prince Andrey in the porch, and invited him to lunch.

Half an hour later Kutuzov sent for Prince Andrey. He was reclining in a low chair, still in the same unbuttoned military coat. He had a French novel in his hand, and at Prince Andrey's entrance laid a paper-knife in it and put it aside.

'Well, sit down; sit down here. Let us have a little talk,' said Kutuzov. 'It's sad; very sad. But remember, think of me as a father, another father, to you . . . !'

Prince Andrey told Kutuzov all he knew about his father's end, and what he had seen at Bleak Hills.

'To think what we have been brought to!' Kutuzov cried suddenly, in a voice full of feeling, Prince Andrey's story evidently bringing vividly before him the position of Russia.

'Wait a bit; wait a bit!' he added, with a vindictive look in his face, and apparently unwilling to continue a conversation that stirred him too deeply, he said:

'I sent for you to keep you with me.'

'I thank your highness!' answered Prince Andrey, 'but I am afraid I am no more good for staff work,' he said, with a smile, which Kutuzov noticed. He looked at him inquiringly. 'And the great thing is,' added Prince Andrey, 'I am used to my regiment. I like the officers; and I think the men have come to like me. I should be sorry to leave the regiment. If I decline the honour of being in attendance on you, believe me . . .'

Kutuzov's podgy face beamed with a shrewd, good-natured, and yet subtly ironical expression. He cut Bolkonsky short.

'I'm sure you would have been of use to me. But you're right; you're right. It's not here that we want men. There are always a multitude of counsellors; but men are scarce. The regiments wouldn't be what they are if all the would-be counsellors would serve in them like you. I remember you at Austerlitz. I remember, I remember you with the flag!' said Kutuzov, and a flush of pleasure came into Prince Andrey's face at this reminiscence.

And changing the subject, Kutuzov began talking of the Turkish war, and of the peace that had been concluded. 'Yes, I have been roundly abused,' he said, 'both for the war and the peace . . . but it all happened in the nick of time. If we had listened to all of them, we should be in Turkey now. Storms and attacks are not what's wanted, but *time* and *patience*. I trusted to them alone—time and patience—and I made the Turks eat horseflesh!' He shook his head. 'And the French shall, too. Take my word for it,' cried Kutuzov, growing warmer and slapping himself on the chest, 'I'll make them eat horseflesh!' And again his eyes were dim with tears.

'We shall have to give battle, though, shan't we?' said Prince Andrey.

'We must, if every one wants to; there is no help for it. . . . But, mark my words, my dear boy! The strongest of all warriors are these two—time and patience.

'Well, good-bye. Remember, with all my heart, I feel for your sorrow, and that for you I'm not his highness, nor prince, nor commander-in-chief, but simply a father to you. If you want anything, come straight to me. Good-bye, my dear boy!'

And before Prince Andrey had closed the door, Kutuzov settled himself comfortably with a sigh, and renewed the unfinished novel.

How, and why it was, Prince Andrey could not explain, but after this interview with Kutuzov, he went back to his regiment feeling reassured as to the future course of the war, and as to the man to whom its guidance was intrusted.

'He will put in nothing of himself. He will contrive nothing, will undertake nothing,' thought Prince Andrey; 'but he knows that there is something stronger and more important than his will.

'And the chief reason,' thought Prince Andrey, 'why one believes in him is that he's Russian, in spite of the French novel, that his voice shook when he said, "What we have been brought to!" and that he choked when he said "he would make them eat horseflesh!"'

AFTER the Tsar had left Moscow, the life of that city flowed on in its old accustomed channel, and it was hard to believe that Russia actually was in danger. The one thing that recalled the general patriotic fervour of the days of the Tsar's presence in Moscow was the call for contributions of men and money.

As the enemy drew nearer to Moscow the attitude taken by its inhabitants in regard to their position did not become more serious, but, on the contrary, more frivolous, as is always the case with people who see a great danger approaching.

It was evident to Pierre that the menacing storm cloud was coming close. 'Shall I enter the service and join the army or wait here?' Pierre thought, a question he had put to himself a hundred times already. He took up a pack of cards that lay on the table to deal them for a game of patience.

'If I succeed in this game of patience,' he said to himself, shuffling the pack as he held it in his hand and looked upwards; 'if I succeed, it means . . . what does it mean?' . . . He had not time to decide this question when he heard at the door of his study the voice of the eldest princess, asking whether she might come in. 'Then it will mean that I must set off to join the army,' Pierre told himself. 'Come, come in,' he said to the princess.

The eldest of his cousins, the one with the long waist and the stony face, was the only one still living in Pierre's house; the two younger sisters had both married.

'Excuse my coming to you, cousin,' she said in a tone of reproach and excitement. 'Some decision really must be come to, you know. What is going to happen? Every one has left Moscow, and the populace are becoming insolent. If it goes on like this, they will soon begin killing us. One can't walk about the streets. And the worst of it is, in another day or two the French will be here. Why are we waiting for them? One favour I beg of you, *mon cousin*,' said the princess, 'give orders for me to be taken to Petersburg; whatever I may be, any way I can't live under Bonaparte's rule.'

'But what nonsense, *ma cousine!* where do you get your information from? On the contrary . . .'

'I'm not going to submit to your Napoleon. Other people may do as they like. . . . If you won't do this for me . . .'

'But I will, I'll give orders for it at once.'

The princess was obviously annoyed at having no one to be angry with. Muttering something, she sat down on the edge of the chair.

'But you have been incorrectly informed,' said Pierre. 'All's quiet in the town, and there's no sort of danger. See I have just read . . .'

'Varvara Ivanovna told me the mob almost killed her for speaking French.'

'Oh, well, well . . . You take everything too much to heart,' said Pierre, and he began dealing out the patience.

Although he did succeed in the game, Pierre did not set off to join the army, but stayed on in Moscow, now rapidly emptying, and was still in the same agitation, uncertainty and alarm, and, at the same time, joyful expectation of something awful.

Scarcely any of Pierre's acquaintances were left in the town. Princess Marya had gone. Of his more intimate acquaintances the Rostovs were the only people left; but Pierre did not go to see them.

To divert his mind that day, Pierre drove out to the village of Vorontsovo, to look at a great air balloon which was being constructed by Leppich to use against the enemy, and the test balloon which was to be sent up the following day. The balloon was not yet ready; but as Pierre learned, it was being constructed by the Tsar's desire.

On his way home Pierre drove through Bolotny Square, and seeing a crowd stopped and got out of his chaise. The crowd were watching the flogging of a French cook, accused of being a spy. The flogging was just over, and the man who had administered it was untying from the whipping-post a stout, red-whiskered man in blue stockings and a green tunic, who was groaning piteously. Another victim, a thin, pale man, was standing by. Both, to judge by their faces, were Frenchmen. With a face of sick dread like that of the thin Frenchman, Pierre pushed his way in among the crowd.

'What is it? Who are they? What for?' he kept asking. But the attention of the crowd—clerks, artisans, shopkeepers, peasants, women in pelisses and jackets—was so intently riveted on what was taking place that no one answered. The stout man got up, shrugged his shoulders frowning, and evidently trying to show fortitude, without looking about him. But all at once his lips quivered and to his own rage he began to cry, as grown-up men of sanguine temperament do cry. The crowd began talking loudly, to drown a feeling of pity in themselves, as it seemed to Pierre.

'Some prince's cook. . . .'

'Eh, monsieur, Russian sauce is a bit strong for a French stomach . . . sets the teeth on edge,' said a wrinkled clerk standing near Pierre, just when the Frenchman burst into tears.

Pierre choked, scowled, and turning quickly, went back to his chaise, muttering to himself as he went. On reaching home Pierre told his head-coachman, that he was going to drive that night to Mozhaisk to the army, and gave orders for his saddle horses to be sent on there.

From Mozhaisk onwards troops were halting or marching everywhere. Cossacks, foot soldiers, horse soldiers, waggons, gun-carriages, and cannons were everywhere.

Pierre pushed on as fast as possible, and the further he got and the more deeply he plunged into this ocean of soldiers, the stronger became the thrill of uneasiness and of a new pleasurable sensation. It was a feeling akin to what he had felt at the Slobodsky Palace on the Tsar's visit, a sense of the urgent necessity of taking some step and making some sacrifice. He was conscious now of a glad sense that all that constitutes the happiness of life, comfort, wealth, even life itself, were all dust and ashes, which it was a joy to fling away in comparison with something else. . . . What that something else was Pierre could not have said.

On the 26th was fought the battle of Borodino.

Why was the battle of Borodino fought? There was not the slightest sense in it, either for the French or for the Russians. The immediate result of it was, and was bound to be, for the Russians, that we were brought nearer to the destruction of Moscow (the very thing we dreaded above everything in the world); and for the French, that they were brought nearer to the destruction of their army (which they, too, dreaded above everything in the world). That result was at the time perfectly obvious, and yet Napoleon offered battle, and Kutuzov accepted it.

If military leaders were guided by reasonable considerations only, it would seem that it must have been clear to Napoleon that in advancing two thousand versts into the heart of the country and giving battle, with the probable contingency of losing a quarter of his men, he was going to certain destruction; and that it must have been equally clear to Kutuzov that in accepting that battle and risking the loss of a fourth of his army, he would infallibly lose Moscow.

Up to the battle of Borodino our forces were approximately five-sixths of the French, but after that battle they were only one-half—that is, before the battle a hundred thousand against a hundred and twenty thousand, and after the battle fifty thousand against a hundred thousand. And yet the shrewd and experienced Kutuzov fought the battle. Napoleon, a military genius, as he is called, gave battle, losing a fourth of his army and drawing his line of communications out further than ever.

On the morning of the 25th Pierre drove out of Mozhaisk. On the slope of an immense, steep, and winding hill, leading out of the town, Pierre got out of the carriage, and walked by a cathedral on the right of the hill, where a service was being performed. A cavalry regiment followed him down the hill, the singers of the regiment in front.

A train of carts came up the hill towards them, filled with wounded from the previous day's engagement. The peasant drivers kept running from side to side, shouting and whipping the horses. The carts, in each of which three or four wounded soldiers were lying or sitting, jolted up and down on the stones that had been thrown on the steep ascent to mend the road. The wounded men, pale and bandaged up, with compressed lips and knitted brows, clung to the sides, as they were shaken and jolted in the carts. Almost all of them stared with naïve and childlike curiosity at Pierre's white hat and green coat.

The cavalry regiment, coming down the hill in time to their song, overtook Pierre's chaise and blocked the road. One cart full of wounded men came to a standstill at the edge of the road quite close to Pierre. The driver, in bast shoes, ran panting up to his cart, thrust a stone under the hind wheels, which were without tires, and began setting straight the breech on his horse.

An old wounded soldier, with his arm in a sling, walking behind the cart, caught hold of it with his uninjured arm, and looked round at Pierre.

'Well, fellow-countryman, are we to be put down here or taken on to Moscow?' he said.

Pierre was so lost in thought that he did not hear the question. He looked from the cavalry regiment, which was now meeting the train of wounded, to the cart by which he stood, with the two wounded men sitting, and one lying down in it. One of the soldiers sitting in the cart had probably been wounded in the cheek. His whole head was done up in bandages, and one cheek was swollen as large as a baby's head. All his mouth and nose were on one side. This soldier was looking at the cathedral and crossing himself. Another, a young fellow, a light-haired recruit, as white as though there

were not a drop of blood in his thin face, gazed with a fixed, good-natured smile at Pierre. The third lay so that his face could not be seen.

'It's not soldiers only, but peasants, too, I have seen to-day! Peasants, too, they are hunting up,' said the soldier standing by the cart, addressing himself to Pierre, with a melancholy smile. 'They can't pick and choose now. . . . They want to mass all the people together—it's a matter of Moscow, you see. There is only one thing to do now.'

The road was clear once more. After driving four versts, for the first time Pierre met an acquaintance, and greeted him joyfully. This was a doctor, one of the heads of the medical staff.

'Count, your excellency, how do you come here?' asked the doctor.

'Oh, I wanted to have a look . . .'

The doctor advised Bezuhov to go straight to his highness.

'Why, you would be God knows where during the battle,' he said. 'I would have shown you the way, but by God, I'm racing to the commander of the corps. We're in such a fix, you see . . . you know, count, there's to be a battle to-morrow; with a hundred thousand troops, we must reckon on twenty thousand wounded at least; and we haven't the stretchers, nor beds, nor attendants, nor doctors for six thousand.'

The strange idea that of those thousands of men, alive and well, young and old, who had been staring with such light-hearted amusement at his hat, twenty thousand were inevitably doomed to wounds and death (perhaps the very men whom he had seen) made a great impression on Pierre.

'They will die, perhaps, to-morrow; how can they think of anything but death?' And suddenly, by some latent connection of ideas, he saw a vivid picture of the hillside of Mozhaïsk, the carts of wounded men, the chimes, the slanting sunshine, and the singing of the cavalry regiment.

'They were going into battle, and meeting wounded soldiers, and never for a minute paused to think what was in store for them, but went by and winked at their wounded comrades. And of all those, twenty thousand are doomed to death, and they can wonder at my hat!' thought Pierre.

Pierre pushed on ahead to Gorky; and driving uphill into a little village street, saw for the first time the peasants of the militia in white shirts, with crosses on their caps. With loud talk and laughter, eager and perspiring, they were working on the right of the road at a huge mound overgrown with grass. Some of them were digging out the earth, others were carrying the earth away in wheelbarrows, while a third lot stood doing nothing.

There were two officers on the knoll giving them instructions. Seeing these peasants, who were unmistakably enjoying the novelty of their position as soldiers, Pierre thought again of the wounded soldiers at Mozhaïsk, and he understood what the soldier had tried to express by the words 'they want to mass all the people together.' The sight of these bearded peasants toiling on the field of battle with their queer, clumsy boots, with their perspiring necks, and here and there with shirts unbuttoned showing their sun-burnt collar-bones, impressed Pierre more strongly than anything he had yet seen and heard with the solemnity and gravity of the moment.

Pierre got out of his carriage, and passing by the toiling peasants, clambered up the knoll.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. The sun was behind Pierre, and in the pure, clear air, the huge panorama that stretched in an amphitheatre before him from the rising ground lay bathed in brilliant sunshine.

The Smolensk high-road ran winding through that amphitheatre, intersecting it towards the left at the top, and passing through a village with a white church, which lay some five hundred paces before and below the knoll. This was Borodino. The road passed below the village, crossed a bridge, and ran winding uphill and downhill, mounting up and up to the hamlet of Valuev, visible six versts away, where Napoleon now was. Behind Valuev the road disappeared into a copse turning yellow on the horizon. In this copse of birch- and pine-trees, on the right of the road, could be seen far away the shining cross and belfry of the Kolotsky monastery.

Here and there in the blue distance, to right and to left of the copse and the road, could be seen smoking camp-fires and indistinct masses of our troops and the enemy's. On the right, along the course of the rivers Kolotcha and Moskva, the country was broken and hilly. On the left the ground was more level; there were fields of corn and a smoking village that had been set on fire.

Everything Pierre saw was so indefinite, that in no part of the scene before him could he find anything fully corresponding to his preconceptions. There was nowhere a field of battle such as he had expected to see, nothing but fields, dells, troops, woods, camp-fires, villages, mounds, and streams. With all Pierre's efforts, he could not discover in the living landscape a military position. He could not even distinguish between our troops and the enemy's.

'I must ask some one who understands it,' he thought, and he addressed the officer, who was looking with curiosity at his huge, unmilitary figure.

'Allow me to ask,' Pierre said, 'what village is that before us?'

'Burdino, isn't it called?' said the officer, turning inquiringly to his comrade.

'Borodino,' the other corrected.

The officer, obviously pleased at an opportunity for conversation, went nearer to Pierre.

'Are these our men there?' asked Pierre.

'Yes, and away further, those are the French,' said the officer. 'There they are, there you can see them.'

'Where? where?' asked Pierre.

'One can see them with the naked eye. Look!' The officer pointed to smoke rising on the left beyond the river, and the same stern and grave expression came into his face that Pierre had noticed in many of the faces he had met.

'Ah, that's the French! And there? . . .' Pierre pointed to a knoll on the left about which troops could be seen.

'Those are our men.'

'Oh, indeed! And there? . . .' Pierre pointed to another mound in the distance, with a big tree on it, near a village that could be seen in a gap between the hills, where there was a dark patch and the smoke of campfires.

'Ah! that's *he* again!' said the officer. 'Yesterday that was ours, but now it's *his*.'

'So what is our position, then?'

'Our position?' said the officer. 'I can describe it very clearly, because I have had to do with the making of almost all our fortifications. There, our centre, do you see, is here at Borodino.' He pointed to the village with the white church, in front of them. 'There's the ford across the Kolotcha. Here, do you see, where the rows of mown hay are still lying in the low ground, there's the bridge. That's our centre. Our right flank is away yonder' (he pointed to the right, far away to the hollows among the hills), 'there is the river Moskva, and there we have thrown up three very strong redoubts. The left flank . . .' there the officer paused. 'It's hard to explain, you see. . . . Yesterday our left flank was over there, at Shevardino, do you see, where the oak is. But now we have drawn back our left wing, now it's over there,—you see the village and the smoke—that's Semyonovskoye, and here—look,' he pointed to Raevsky's redoubt. 'Only the battle won't be there, most likely. *He* has moved his troops here, but that's a blind; *he* will probably try to get round on the right. Well, but however it may be, there'll be a lot of men missing at roll-call to-morrow!' said the officer.

The old sergeant, who came up during the officer's speech, had waited in silence for his superior officer to finish speaking. But at this point he interrupted him in undisguised annoyance at his last words.

'We have to send for gabions,' he said severely.

The officer seemed abashed, as though he were fully aware that though he might think how many men would be missing next day, he ought not to talk about it.

'Well, send the third company again,' he said hurriedly. 'And who are you, not one of the doctors?'

'No, I am nothing in particular,' answered Pierre. And he went downhill again, passing the peasant militiamen.

'Here they come! . . . They are bringing her, they are coming. . . . Here she is . . . they'll be here in a minute,' cried voices suddenly, and officers, soldiers, and peasants ran forward along the road.

A church procession was coming up the hill from Borodino. In front of it a regiment of infantry marched smartly along the dusty road, with their shakos off and their muskets lowered. Behind the infantry came the sounds of church singing.

Soldiers and peasants came running down bareheaded, overtaking Pierre.

'They are bringing the Holy Mother! Our defender . . . the Holy Mother of Iversky! . . .'

'The Holy Mother of Smolensk . . .' another corrected.

The militiamen who had been in the village and those who had been working at the battery, flinging down their spades, ran to meet the pro-

cession. The battalion marching along the dusty road was followed by priests in church robes, a little old man in a hood with attendant deacons and choristers. Behind them came soldiers and officers bearing a huge holy picture, with tarnished face in a setting of silver. This was the holy ikon that had been brought away from Smolensk, and had accompanied the army ever since. Behind, before, and all around it, walked or ran crowds of soldiers with bared heads, bowing to the earth.

Staggering from the crush of the crowd that carried him along with it, Pierre looked about him.

'Count! Pyotr Kirillovitch! How did you come here?' said a voice. Pierre looked round.

Boris Drubetskoy, brushing his knee with his hand (he had probably made it dusty in his devotions before the holy picture) came up to Pierre smiling. Boris was elegantly dressed, though his get-up was of a style appropriate to active service.

The procession was moving on further, accompanied by the crowd. Pierre stood still, talking to Boris. He explained his desire to take part in the battle and to inspect the position. 'And where is Prince Bolkonsky's regiment? can you point it out to me?' asked Pierre.

'Andrey Nikolaevitch's? We shall pass it. I will take you to him.'

Although Kutuzov had made a clearance of the superfluous persons on the staff, Boris had succeeded in retaining a post at headquarters.

Others of Pierre's acquaintances joined him; and he had not time to answer all the questions about Moscow that were showered upon him. Every face wore a look of excitement and agitation. But it seemed to Pierre that the cause of the excitement that was betrayed by some of those faces was to be found in questions of personal success, and he could not forget that other look of excitement he had seen in the other faces, that suggested problems, not of personal success, but the universal questions of life and death.

Boris, continuing his previous conversation, said to Pierre:

'The peasant militiamen have simply put on clean, white shirts to be ready to die.'

PRINCE ANDREY was on that bright August evening lying propped on his elbow in a broken-down barn in the village of Knyazkovo, at the further end of the encampment of his regiment. Through a gap in the broken wall he was looking at the line of thirty-year-old pollard birches in the hedge, at the field with sheaves of oats lying about it, and at the bushes where he saw the smoke of camp-fires, at which the soldiers were doing their cooking.

Cramped and useless and burdensome as his life seemed now to Prince Andrey, he felt nervously excited and irritable on the eve of battle, just as he had felt seven years earlier before Austerlitz.

He gazed at the row of birch-trees with their white bark shining in the sun. 'To die then, let them kill me to-morrow, let me be no more . . .

let it all go on, and let me be at an end.' He vividly pictured his own absence from that life. And those birch-trees, with their light and shade, and the curling clouds and the smoke of the fires, everything around seemed suddenly transformed into something weird and menacing. A shiver ran down his back. Rising quickly to his feet, he went out of the barn, and began to walk about.

He heard voices behind the barn.

'Who's there?' called Prince Andrey.

'*Que diable!*' said the voice of some one stumbling over something.

Prince Andrey, peeping out of the barn, saw Pierre, who had just hit against a post lying on the ground, and had almost fallen over.

'Well!' he cried. 'What fate has brought you? I didn't expect to see you.'

While he said this there was in his eyes and his whole face more than coldness, positive hostility, which Pierre noticed at once. Prince Andrey always disliked seeing people from his own circle, especially Pierre, who reminded him of all the painful moments he had passed through on his last stay at Moscow.

'I have come . . . you know . . . simply . . . I have come . . . it's interesting,' said Pierre, who had so many times already that day repeated that word 'interesting' without meaning it. 'I wanted to see the battle!'

'Yes, yes; but your mason brethren, what do they say of war? How would they avert it?' said Prince Andrey sarcastically. 'Well, tell me about Moscow. And my people? Have they reached Moscow at last?' he asked seriously.

'Yes. I went to call, but missed them. They had started for your Moscow estate.'

Benches were set, and tea was brought. With some astonishment the officers stared at Pierre's huge, bulky figure, and heard his talk of Moscow, and of the position of our troops.

'So you understand the whole disposition of the troops?' Prince Andrey put in.

'Yes. At least, how do you mean?' said Pierre. 'As I am not a military man, I can't say I do fully; but still I understand the general arrangement.'

'Well, then, you know more than anybody else,' said Prince Andrey.

Prince Andrey could not refrain from expressing the ideas that suddenly rose to his mind. 'The battle is won by the side that has firmly resolved to win. Why did we lose the battle of Austerlitz? Our losses were almost equalled by the French losses; but we said to ourselves very early in the day that we were losing the battle, and we lost it. "We are defeated; so let us run!" and we did run. The fact is that these people with whom you have been inspecting the positions do nothing towards the progress of things; they are a positive hindrance. They are entirely taken up with their own petty interests.'

'At such a moment?' said Pierre reproachfully.

'*At such a moment,*' repeated Prince Andrey. 'To them this is simply a moment on which one may score off a rival and win a cross or ribbon the

more. To my mind what is before us to-morrow is this: a hundred thousand Russian and a hundred thousand French troops have met to fight, and the side that fights most desperately and spares itself least will conquer. And if you like, I'll tell you that whatever happens, and whatever mess they make up yonder, we shall win the victory.'

'Your excellency, that's the truth of it, the holy truth. The soldiers in my battalion, would you believe it, wouldn't drink their vodka; this isn't an ordinary day, they say.'

The officers rose. Prince Andrey went with them out of the barn, giving the last instructions to the adjutant.

'So you think the battle to-morrow will be a victory,' said Pierre.

'Yes, yes,' said Prince Andrey absently. 'There's one thing I would do if I were in power,' he began again. 'I wouldn't take prisoners. What sense is there in taking prisoners? That's chivalry. The French have destroyed my home and are coming to destroy Moscow; they have outraged and are outraging me at every second. They are my enemies, they are all criminals to my way of thinking. They must be put to death.'

'Yes, yes,' said Pierre, 'I entirely agree with you!'

'We ought not to take prisoners,' said Prince Andrey. 'That change alone would transform the whole aspect of war and would make it less cruel. But playing at war, that's what's vile; and playing at magnanimity and all the rest of it. That magnanimity and sensibility is like the magnanimity and sensibility of the lady who turns sick at the sight of a slaughtered calf—she is so kindhearted she can't see blood—but eats fricasseed veal with a very good appetite. They talk of the laws of warfare, of chivalry, of flags of truce, and humanity to the wounded, and so on. That's all rubbish. I saw enough in 1805 of chivalry and flags of truce: they duped us, and we duped them. They plunder other people's homes, issue false money, and, worse than all, kill my children, my father, and then talk of the laws of warfare, and generosity to a fallen foe. No prisoners; and go to give and to meet death! Any one who has come to think this as I have, through the same sufferings . . .'

Prince Andrey, who had thought that he did not care whether they took Moscow as they had taken Smolensk, was suddenly pulled up in his speech by a nervous catch in his throat. He walked to and fro several times in silence, but his eyes blazed with feverish brilliance and his lip quivered, as he began to speak again.

'If there were none of this playing at generosity in warfare, we should never go to war, except for something worth facing certain death for, as now. But if there is war as now, let it be really war. And then the intensity of warfare would be something quite different. War is not a polite recreation, but the vilest thing in life, and we ought to understand that and not play at war. It all comes to this: have done with lying, and if it's war, then it's war and not a game, or else warfare is simply the favourite pastime of the idle and frivolous. . . .

'The military is the most honoured calling. And what is war, what is

needed for success in war, what are the morals of the military world? The object of warfare is murder; the means employed in warfare—spying, treachery, and the encouragement of it, the ruin of a country, the plundering of its inhabitants and robbery for the maintenance of the army, trickery and lying, which are called military strategy; the morals of the military class—absence of all independence, that is, discipline, idleness, ignorance, cruelty, debauchery, and drunkenness. And in spite of all that, it is the highest class, respected by every one. All sovereigns, except the Chinese, wear a military uniform, and give the greatest rewards to the man who succeeds in killing most people. . . . They meet together to murder one another, as we shall do to-morrow; they slaughter and mutilate tens of thousands of men, and then offer up thanksgiving services for the number of men they have killed (and even add to it in the telling), and glorify the victory, supposing that the more men have been slaughtered the greater the achievement. How God can look down from above and hear them!

‘But you are getting sleepy and it’s time I was in bed too. Go back to Gorky,’ said Prince Andrey suddenly.

‘Oh no!’ answered Pierre, gazing with eyes full of scared sympathy at Prince Andrey.

‘You must be off; before a battle one needs to get a good sleep,’ repeated Prince Andrey. ‘Good-bye, be off,’ he cried, ‘whether we see each other again or not . . .’ and turning hurriedly, he went off into the barn.

It was already dark, and Pierre could not distinguish whether the expression of his face was exasperated or affectionate.

Pierre stood for some time in silence, hesitating whether to go after him or to return to Gorky. ‘No; he does not want me!’ Pierre made up his mind, ‘and I know this is our last meeting!’ He heaved a deep sigh and rode back to Gorky.

ON the 25th of August, on the eve of the battle of Borodino, the prefect of the French Emperor’s palace, M. de Beausset, and Colonel Fabvier, arrived, the former from Paris, and the latter from Madrid, at Napoleon’s encampment at Valuev.

After changing into a court uniform M. de Beausset ordered the package he had brought for the Emperor to be carried before him, and walked into the first compartment of Napoleon’s tent, where he busied himself while conversing with the aides-de-camp in unpacking the box.

The Emperor Napoleon had not yet left his bedroom, he was finishing his toilet. With snorts and grunts of satisfaction, he was turning first his stout back and then his plump, hirsute chest towards the flesh-brush with which a valet was rubbing him down. Another valet, holding a bottle with one finger on it, was sprinkling eau de cologne on the Emperor’s pampered person with an expression which seemed to say that he alone knew where and how much eau de cologne must be sprinkled. Napoleon’s short hair was wet and matted on his brow. But his face, though puffy and yellow, expressed physical satisfaction.

'Go on, hard, go on . . .' he said, shrugging and clearing his throat, to the valet brushing him. An adjutant, who had come into the bedroom to report to the Emperor the number of prisoners taken in the last engagement, was standing at the door, after giving his message, awaiting permission to withdraw. Napoleon, frowning, glanced up from under his brows at the adjutant. 'No prisoners,' he repeated the adjutant's words. 'They are working their own destruction. So much the worse for the Russian army,' said he. 'Harder, brush harder,' he said, hunching his fat shoulders before the valet. 'Good. Let Beausset come in and Fabvier too,' he said to the adjutant, nodding.

'I obey, sire,' and the adjutant disappeared.

The two valets rapidly dressed his majesty, and in the blue uniform of the guards he walked into the reception-room with firm, rapid steps.

Beausset meanwhile was in great haste setting up the present he had brought from the Empress on two chairs just before the Emperor as he entered.

Napoleon at once noticed what they were about, and did not want to deprive them of the pleasure of preparing an agreeable surprise for him. He pretended not to see M. de Beausset, and beckoned Fabvier to him. Napoleon, frowning sternly, listened in silence to what Fabvier was saying of the gallantry and devotion of his army, fighting before Salamanca, at the other end of Europe; they had, he said, but one dream—to be worthy of their Emperor, and one fear—to displease him. The result of the battle had been disastrous.

'I must make up for it at Moscow,' said Napoleon. '*A tantôt,*' he added, and summoned Beausset, who had by this time succeeded in preparing his effect, had stood something on the chairs and thrown a cover over it.

Beausset made a courtier's low bow, such as only the old retainers of the Bourbons knew how to make, and approached him, handing him a letter.

Napoleon addressed him gaily and pinched him by the ear.

'You have been quick, delighted to see you. Well, what is Paris saying?' he said, his look of sternness suddenly changing to the most cordial expression.

'Sire, all Paris is regretting your absence,' answered Beausset, as in duty bound. But though Napoleon knew Beausset was bound to say this or something like it, though at his lucid moments he knew it was all false, he was glad to hear this from him. He condescended to pinch his ear again.

'I am very sorry to have made you to travel so far,' he said.

'Sire, I expected to find you at least at the gates of Moscow,' said Beausset.

Napoleon smiled, and lifting his head absently looked round to the right. An adjutant approached obsequiously with a gold snuff-box and offered it. Napoleon took it.

'Yes, it's a happy chance for you,' he said, putting the open snuff-box to his nose. 'You are fond of travelling, and in three days you will see

Moscow. You probably did not expect to see the Asiatic capital. You will have a delightful journey.'

Beausset bowed with gratitude.

'Ah! what's this?' said Napoleon, observing that all the courtiers were gazing at something concealed under a covering. Beausset with courtier-like agility retired two steps with a half turn, and at the same moment twitched off the covering, saying: 'A present to your majesty from the Empress.'

It was a portrait, painted in brilliant colours by Gérard, of the child of Napoleon and the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, the little boy whom every one for some unknown reason called the King of Rome.

The very pretty, curly-headed child, with eyes like the Christ with the Sistine Madonna, had been portrayed playing cup and ball. The ball represented the terrestrial globe and the cup in the other hand was a sceptre.

Though it was not altogether clear what the painter had intended to express by representing the so-called King of Rome tossing the terrestrial globe on a sceptre, the allegory apparently seemed to Napoleon, as it had to every one who had seen it in Paris, quite clear and extremely pleasing.

'The King of Rome!' he said, pointing with a graceful gesture to the portrait. 'Admirable!' With the characteristic Italian facility for changing his expression at will, he went up to the portrait and assumed an air of pensive tenderness. He felt that what he might say or do at that moment would be historical. And it struck him that the best line he could take at that moment, at the height of his grandeur—so great that his child was playing cup and ball with the earth—would be to display, in contrast with that grandeur, the simplest, fatherly tenderness. His eyes were veiled by emotion; he moved up, looked round for a chair (a chair seemed to spring up under him), sat down, facing the portrait. At a single gesture from him all withdrew on tip-toe, leaving the great man to himself and his feelings.

After sitting there a little while and passing his fingers over the rough surface of the painting, he got up and again sent for Beausset and the officer on duty. He gave orders for the portrait to be carried out in front of his tent, so that the Old Guard, standing about his tent, might not be deprived of the happiness of seeing the King of Rome, the son and heir of their adored Emperor.

After breakfast, in Beausset's presence, Napoleon dictated his proclamation to the army. It was as follows:

'Soldiers! This is the battle you have so greatly desired. Victory is in your hands. It is essential for us; it will give us everything we need: comfortable quarters and a speedy return to our own country. Behave as you behaved at Austerlitz, Friedland, Vitebsk, and Smolensk. May posterity recall with pride your achievement on this day! And may they say of each of you: he was at the great battle before Moscow!

'Before Moscow,' repeated Napoleon.

Many historians assert that the French failed at Borodino because Napoleon had a cold in his head; that if he had not had a cold the orders given

by him before and during the battle would have been even more remarkable for their genius, and Russia would have been lost and the face of the world would have been changed.

Had it depended on Napoleon's will to fight, or not to fight, at Borodino, or had it depended on his will whether he gave this order or that, it is evident that a cold, affecting the manifestation of his will, might be the saving of Russia, and consequently the valet, who forgot to put on Napoleon's waterproof boots on the 24th, would be the saviour of Russia. But for minds that cannot admit that Russia was transformed at the will of one man—Peter the Great—and that the French empire was created, and the war with Russia begun, at the will of one man—Napoleon—such a contention will seem not merely unsound and irrational, but contrary to the whole nature of humanity. The question, What constitutes the cause of historical events? will suggest to them another answer, resting on the idea that the course of earthly events depends on the combination of all the wills of the men taking part in those events, and that the predominant influence of Napoleon in those events is purely external and fictitious. Human dignity, that tells us that every one of us is neither more nor less a man than Napoleon, bids us admit that solution of the question, and historical researches abundantly confirm the proposition.

At the battle of Borodino Napoleon did not fire at any one, nor kill any one. All that was done by his soldiers. Therefore it was not he who killed those men. The soldiers of the French army went out to slay their fellow-men at Borodino, not owing to Napoleon's commands, but through their own desire to do so. The manner in which these men slaughtered one another did not depend on Napoleon's will, but proceeded independently of him, from the wills of the hundreds of thousands of men who took part in the affair. It *only seemed* to Napoleon that all this was due to his will. And therefore the question whether Napoleon had or had not a cold in his head is of no more interest to history than the cold of the lowest soldier of the commissariat.

On returning from a second careful inspection of the lines, Napoleon said:

'The pieces are on the board, the game will begin to-morrow. Do you remember, Kutuzov was in command at Braunau, and never once in three weeks mounted a horse to inspect his entrenchments. We shall see!'

Sending for Beausset, he chatted carelessly, as some renowned, skilful and confident surgeon will often chat playfully while he tucks up his sleeves and puts on his apron, and the patient is being bound down on the operating-table. 'I have the whole business at my finger-tips, and it's all clear and definite in my head. When I have set to work, I will do it as no one else could, but now I can jest, and the more serenely I jest the more calm and confidence and admiration for my genius you ought to feel.'

After emptying a second glass of punch, Napoleon went to seek repose before the grave business which, as he imagined, lay before him next day.

He was so preoccupied with what lay before him that he could not

sleep, and in spite of his cold, which got worse with the damp of evening, he got up at three o'clock, sneezing violently.

The adjutant on duty came into the tent.

'Well, Rapp, do you think we shall do good business to-day?' he said to him.

'Without doubt, sire!' answered Rapp.

Napoleon took a lozenge, put it in his mouth, and looked at his watch. 'I have neither taste nor smell,' he said. 'I am sick of this cold. They talk about medicine. What is medicine, when they can't cure a cold?'

Napoleon frowned, and sat for a long while in silence, his head in his hand.

'This poor army, it has greatly diminished since Smolensk. *La fortune est une franche courtisane*, Rapp. I have always said so, and I begin to feel it; but the Guard, Rapp, the Guard is intact?' he said inquiringly.

'Yes, sire,' replied Rapp.

'Do you know, Rapp, what the military art consists in? It is the art of being stronger than the enemy at a given moment. That is all.'

At half-past five Napoleon rode to the village of Shevardino.

It began to get light; the sky cleared, only a single storm cloud lay on the eastern horizon. The deserted camp-fires burned down in the pale light of morning.

A solitary, deep cannon shot boomed out on the right, hovered in the air, and died away in the stillness. Several minutes passed. A second and a third shot was heard, the air was full of vibration; a fourth and a fifth boomed out majestically, closely on the right.

The first shots had not died away, when others rang out, and more and more, their notes blending and overtaking one another.

Napoleon rode with his suite to the Shevardino redoubt, and dismounted there. The game had begun.

WHEN Pierre was fully awake the panes were rattling in the little windows. The postillion was at his side, shaking him. 'Your excellency, your excellency, your excellency . . .'

'Eh, has it begun? Is it time?' said Pierre, waking up.

'Listen to the firing, your excellency,' said the postillion, an old soldier; 'all the gentlemen are gone already; his highness set off long ago.'

Pierre dressed in haste, and ran out into the porch. It was a bright, fresh, dewy, cheerful morning. The sun had just broken through the cloud that had screened it, and its rays filtered through the rent clouds, and over the roofs of the street opposite on to the dew-drenched dust of the road, on to the fences and the windows of the houses, and Pierre's horses standing by the cottage. The roar of the cannon could be heard more distinctly in the open air. An adjutant galloped down the street, followed by a Cossack.

'It's time, count, it's time!' cried the adjutant. Pierre gave orders that he should be followed with a horse, and walked along the street to the knoll from which he had viewed the field of battle the day before. On this knoll

was a crowd of officers, and Pierre heard the French chatter of the staff, and saw Kutuzov's grey head sunk in his shoulders, and his white cap, with red braiding on it. Kutuzov was looking through a field-glass along the high-road before him.

Pierre longed to be in the midst of the smoke, the glittering bayonets, the movement, and the noise. He looked round at Kutuzov and his suite to compare his own impression with that of others.

'Go, my dear fellow, go, and Christ be with you!' said Kutuzov, never taking his eyes off the field, to a general standing beside him. The general ran by Pierre down the descent from the mound.

'And I too, I too,' thought Pierre, and he went in the same direction.

The general mounted a horse, led up to him by a Cossack. Pierre went up to the groom, who was holding his horses. Asking him which was the quietest, Pierre got on it, clutched at the horse's mane, pressed his heels into the beast's stomach, and feeling that his spectacles were slipping off, and that he was incapable of letting go of the mane and the reins, he galloped after the general, followed by smiles from the staff officers.

The general after whom Pierre galloped trotted downhill, turned off sharply to the left, and Pierre, losing sight of him, galloped into the middle of a battalion of infantry marching ahead of him. He tried to get away from them, turning to left and to right; but there were soldiers everywhere, all with the same anxious faces, preoccupied with some unseen, but evidently serious, business. They all looked with the same expression of annoyed inquiry at the stout man in the white hat, who was, for some unknown reason, trampling them under his horse's feet.

'What does he want to ride into the middle of a battalion for?' one man shouted at him. Another gave his horse a shove with the butt-end of his gun; and Pierre, leaning over on the saddle-bow, and scarcely able to hold in his rearing horse, galloped out to where there was open space in front of the soldiers.

Ahead of him he saw a bridge, and at the bridge stood soldiers, firing. Pierre rode towards them. Though he did not know it, he rode up to the bridge over the Kolotcha, between Gorky and Borodino, which was attacked by the French in one of the first actions. But in spite of the unceasing fire going on there, he had no notion that this was the very centre of the battle. He did not notice the bullets whizzing on all sides, and the shells flying over him; he did not see the enemy on the other side of the river, and it was a long time before he saw the killed and wounded, though many fell close to him.

'What's that fellow doing in front of the line?' some one shouted at him again.

Pierre turned to the right, and unwittingly rode up to an adjutant of General Raevsky's, with whom he was acquainted. The adjutant glanced wrathfully at Pierre; and he, too, was apparently about to shout at him, but recognising him, he nodded.

'How did you come here?' he said, and galloped on. Pierre, afraid of getting in some one's way again, galloped after him.

'What is it, here? Can I go with you?' he asked.

'Here it's all right,' said the adjutant; 'but come along with me to the mound; we can get a view from there.'

It was then for the first time that Pierre saw wounded men, staggering along and some borne on stretchers. In the meadow with the rows of sweet-scented hay, through which he had ridden the day before, there lay motionless across the rows one soldier with his shako off, and his head thrown awkwardly back. 'And why haven't they taken that one?' Pierre was beginning, but seeing the adjutant's set face looking in the same direction, he was silent.

'You are not used to riding, count, I fancy?' asked the adjutant.

'Oh no, it's all right; but it does seem to be hopping along somehow,' said Pierre, with a puzzled look.

'Ay! . . . but he's wounded,' said the adjutant, 'the right fore-leg above the knee. A bullet, it must have been. I congratulate you, count,' he said, 'you have had your baptism of fire now.'

Pierre and the adjutant got off their horses and walked on foot up the hill.

The adjutant looked round at Pierre, as though he did not know what to do with him.

'Don't trouble about me,' said Pierre. 'I'll go up on to the mound; may I?'

Pierre went up to the battery, and the adjutant rode away. They did not see each other again, and only much later Pierre learned that that adjutant had lost an arm on that day.

When Pierre ascended this mound, he had no notion that this place, encircled by small trenches and protected by a few cannons, was the most important spot in the field.

He fancied, indeed (simply because he happened to be there), that it was a place of no importance whatever.

Pierre sat down on the end of the earthwork surrounding the battery and gazed at what was passing around him with an unconscious smile of pleasure. At intervals Pierre got up and walked about the battery, trying not to get in the way of the soldiers, who were loading and discharging the cannons and were continually running by him with bags and ammunition.

A boyish, round-faced, little officer, a child just out of the cadets' school, and very conscientious in looking after the two cannons put in his charge, addressed Pierre severely.

'Permit me to ask you to move out of the way, sir,' he said. 'You can't stay here.'

The soldiers shook their heads disapprovingly as they looked at Pierre. But as the conviction gained ground among them that the man in the white hat was doing no harm, and either sat quietly on the slope of the

earthwork, or, making way with a shy and courteous smile for the soldiers to pass, walked about the battery under fire as calmly as though he were strolling on a boulevard, their feeling of suspicious ill-will began to give way to a playful and kindly cordiality akin to the feeling soldiers always have for the dogs, cocks, goats, and other animals who share the fortunes of the regiment. The soldiers soon accepted Pierre in their own minds as one of their little circle, made him one of themselves, and gave him a name: 'our gentleman' they called him, and laughed good-humouredly about him among themselves.

A cannon ball tore up the earth a couple of paces from Pierre. Brushing the earth off his clothes, he looked about him with a smile.

'And how is it you're not afraid, sir, upon my word?' said a broad, red-faced soldier, showing his strong, white teeth in a grin.

'Why, are you afraid then?' asked Pierre.

'Why, to be sure!' answered the soldier. 'Why, she has no mercy on you. She smashes into you, and your guts are sent flying. Nobody could help being afraid,' he said laughing.

Several soldiers stood still near Pierre with amused and kindly faces.

'It's our business—we're soldiers. But for a gentleman—it's surprising. It's queer in a gentleman!'

By ten o'clock some twenty men had been carried away from the battery; two cannons had been disabled, and more and more frequently shells fell on the battery, and cannon balls came with a hiss and whir, flying out of the distance. But the men on the battery did not seem to notice this: merry chatter and jokes were to be heard on all sides.

'Not this way, my pretty,' shouted a soldier to a grenade that came whistling towards them.

'Give the infantry a turn!' another added with a chuckle, as the grenade flew across and fell among the ranks of the infantry.

At ten o'clock the infantry, who had been in advance of the battery in the bushes and about the stream, retreated. From the battery they could see them running back, bearing their wounded on their guns. A general with a suite came on to the redoubt, and after talking to the colonel and looking angrily at Pierre, went away again.

The soldiers bustled more busily and briskly than ever about the cannons. No one took any notice of Pierre now. Twice he was shouted at angrily for being in the way.

The little officer-boy ran up, his hand to his shako, saluting his superior officer.

'I have the honour to inform you, colonel, only eight charges are left; do you command to continue firing?' he asked.

'Grapeshot!' the senior officer shouted, looking away over the earthwork.

Suddenly something happened; the boy-officer groaned, and whirling round sat down on the ground, like a bird shot on the wing.

One after another the cannon balls came whistling, striking the breast-

work, the soldiers, the cannons. Pierre, who had scarcely heard those sounds before, now could hear nothing else. On the right side of the battery, soldiers, with shouts of 'hurrah,' were running, not forward, it seemed to Pierre, but back.

A cannon ball struck the very edge of the earthwork, before which Pierre was sitting, and sent the earth flying; a dark, round mass flashed just before his eyes, and at the same instant flew with a thud into something. The militiamen, who had been coming into the battery, ran back.

'All with grapeshot!' shouted the officer.

The sergeant ran up to the officer, and in a frightened whisper (just as at a dinner the butler will sometimes tell the host that there is no more of some wine asked for) said that there were no more charges.

'The scoundrels, what are they about?' shouted the officer, turning to Pierre. The senior officer's face was red and perspiring, his piercing eyes glittered. 'Run to the reserves, bring the ammunition-boxes!' he shouted angrily, avoiding Pierre with his eyes, and addressing the soldier.

'I'll go,' said Pierre. The officer, making no reply, strode across to the other side.

'Cease firing . . . Wait!' he shouted.

The soldier who had been commanded to go for the ammunition ran against Pierre.

'Ah, sir, it's no place for you here,' he said, as he ran away.

Pierre ran after the soldier, avoiding the spot where the boy-officer was sitting.

One cannon ball, a second and a third flew over him, hitting the ground in front, on each side, behind Pierre as he ran down. 'Where am I going?' he suddenly wondered, just as he ran up to the green ammunition-boxes. He stopped short in uncertainty whether to go back or forward. Suddenly a fearful shock sent him flying backwards on to the ground. At the same instant a flash of flame dazed his eyes, and a roar, a hiss, and a crash set his ears ringing.

When he recovered his senses, Pierre found himself sitting on the ground leaning on his hands. The ammunition-box, near which he had been, had gone; there were a few charred green boards and rags lying scattered about on the scorched grass. A horse was galloping away with broken fragments of the shafts clattering after it; while another horse lay, like Pierre, on the ground, uttering a prolonged, piercing scream.

Pierre, beside himself with terror, jumped up and ran back to the battery as the one refuge from the horrors encompassing him.

Just as Pierre ran up to the redoubt, he noticed that there was no sound of firing from the battery, but that there were men there doing something or other. He had not time to make out what men they were. He caught sight of the senior officer lying with his back towards him on the earth wall, as though gazing intently at something below; and he noticed one soldier, who, tearing himself away from the men who were holding him, shouted 'Mates!' and he saw something else that was strange.

But before he had time to grasp that the colonel had been killed, that the soldier shouting 'Mates!' was a prisoner, another soldier was stabbed in the back by a bayonet before his eyes. A thin man with a yellow, perspiring face, in a blue uniform ran up to him with a sword in his hand, shouting something. Pierre, instinctively defending himself as they came full tilt against each other, put out his hands and clutched the man (it was a French officer) by the shoulder and the throat. The officer, dropping his sword, seized Pierre by the collar.

For several seconds both gazed with frightened eyes at each other's unfamiliar-looking faces, and both were bewildered, not knowing what they were doing or what they were to do. 'Am I taken prisoner or am I taking him prisoner?' each of them was wondering. But the French officer was undoubtedly more disposed to believe he was taken prisoner, because Pierre's powerful hand, moved by instinctive terror, was tightening its grip on his throat. The Frenchman tried to speak, when suddenly a cannon ball flew with a fearful whiz close over their heads, and it seemed to Pierre that the Frenchman's head had been carried off by it, so swiftly had he ducked it.

Pierre, too, ducked and let go with his hands. Giving no more thought to the question which was taken prisoner, the Frenchman ran back to the battery, while Pierre dashed downhill, stumbling over the dead and wounded, who seemed to him to be clutching at his feet.

'Oh, now they will stop it, now they will be horrified at what they have done!' thought Pierre, aimlessly following the crowds of stretchers moving off the battlefield.

But the sun still stood high behind the veil of smoke, and the roar of cannon and musketry, far from slackening, grew louder and more desperate, like a man putting all his force into one deafening outcry as a last despairing effort.

IN THE MIDDLE of the day Murat sent his adjutant to Napoleon with the message that the Russians would be routed if his majesty would let them have another division.

'Reinforcements?' said Napoleon, with stern astonishment, staring, as though failing to comprehend his words, at the handsome, boyish adjutant. 'Reinforcements!' thought Napoleon. 'How can they want reinforcements when they have half the army already, concentrated against one weak, unsupported flank of the Russians!'

'Tell the King of Naples,' said Napoleon sternly, 'that it is not midday, and I don't yet see clearly over my chess-board. You can go.'

A general was galloping on a steaming horse to the redoubt, followed by his suite. It was Beliard. Dismounting from his horse, he walked rapidly up to the Emperor, and, in a loud voice, began boldly explaining the absolute necessity of reinforcements. He swore on his honour that the Russians would be annihilated if the Emperor would let them have another division.

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and continued walking up and down, without answering.

Another messenger came galloping up.

'Well, what is it now?' said Napoleon, in the tone of a man irritated by repeated interruptions.

'Sire, the prince . . .' began the adjutant.

'Asks for reinforcements?' said Napoleon, with a wrathful gesture. The adjutant bent his head affirmatively and was proceeding to give his message, but the Emperor turned and walked a couple of steps away.

The soldiers were the same, the generals the same, there had been the same preparations, the same disposition, the same proclamation. He was himself the same,—he knew that; he knew that he was more experienced and skilful indeed now than he had been of old. The enemy even was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland. But the irresistible wave of his hand seemed robbed of its might by magic.

All the old manœuvres that had invariably been crowned with success: the concentration of the battery on one point, and the advance of the reserves to break the line, the cavalry attack of 'men of iron,' all these resources had been employed; and far from victory being secure, from all sides the same tidings kept pouring in of killed or wounded generals, of reinforcements needed, of the troops being in disorder, and the Russians impossible to move.

When he went over in his own mind all this strange Russian campaign, in which not a single victory had been gained, in which not a flag, nor a cannon, nor a corps had been taken in two months, when he looked at the concealed gloom in the faces round him, and heard reports that the Russians still held their ground—a terrible feeling, such as is experienced in a nightmare, came over him, and all the unlucky contingencies occurred to him that might be his ruin. The Russians might fall upon his left wing, might break through his centre; a stray ball might even kill himself. All that was possible. In his former battles he had only considered the possibilities of success, now an immense number of unlucky chances presented themselves, and he expected them all. Yes, it was like a nightmare, when a man dreams that an assailant is attacking him, and in his dream he lifts up his arm and deals a blow with a force at his assailant that he knows must crush him, and feels that his arm falls limp and powerless as a rag, and the horror of inevitable death comes upon him in his helplessness.

The news that the Russians were attacking the left flank of the French army aroused that horror in Napoleon. He sat in silence on a camp-stool under the redoubt, his elbows on his knees, and his head sunk in his hands.

Berthier came up to him and suggested that they should inspect the lines.

'What? What do you say?' said Napoleon. 'Yes, tell them to bring my horse.'

In the slowly parting smoke, over the whole plain through which Napoleon rode, men and horses, singly and in heaps, were lying in pools of blood. Such a fearful spectacle, so great a mass of killed in so small a

space, had never been seen by Napoleon nor any of his generals. The roar of the cannon, that had not ceased for ten hours, exhausted the ear. Napoleon rode up to the height, and through the smoke he saw ranks of soldiers in uniforms of unfamiliar hues. They were the Russians. The Russians stood in serried ranks, and their guns kept up an incessant roar.

It was not a battle. It was a prolonged massacre, which could be of no avail either to French or Russians. Napoleon pulled up his horse, and sank again into the brooding reverie from which Berthier had roused him.

One of the generals, riding up, ventured to suggest that the Old Guards should advance into action. Ney and Berthier, standing close by, exchanged glances and smiled contemptuously at the wild suggestion.

Napoleon sat with downcast head.

‘Eight hundred leagues from France, I am not going to let my Guard be destroyed,’ he said, and turning his horse, he rode back.

KUTUZOV, with his grey head hanging, and his heavy, corpulent frame sunk into a heap, was sitting on a bench covered with a rug, in the same place in which Pierre had seen him in the morning. He issued no orders, and simply gave or withheld his assent to what was proposed to him.

‘Yes, yes, do so,’ he would say in reply to various suggestions. ‘Yes, yes, go across, my dear boy, and see,’ he would cry first to one and then to another of the adjutants near him; or, ‘No, better not; we’d better wait a bit,’ he would say.

At three o’clock the attacks of the French ceased. On the faces of all who came from the battlefield, as well as of those standing round him, Kutuzov read an expression of effort, strained to the utmost tension. He was himself satisfied with the success of the day beyond his expectations. But the old man’s physical force was failing him. Several times his head sank, as though he were falling, and he dropped asleep. Dinner was brought him.

The adjutant-general, Woltzogen, rode up to Kutuzov while he was at dinner. Woltzogen had come from Barclay to report on the progress of the fight on the left flank. The sagacious Barclay de Tolly, seeing crowds of wounded men running back, and the ranks in disorder, and weighing all the circumstances of the case, made up his mind that the battle was lost, and sent his favourite adjutant to the commander-in-chief to tell him so.

Kutuzov was with difficulty chewing roast chicken, and his eyes were screwed up with a more cheerful expression as he glanced at Woltzogen.

With a half-contemptuous smile Woltzogen walked carelessly up to Kutuzov. ‘The “old gentleman”’—this was how Kutuzov was always spoken of in Woltzogen’s German circle—‘is making himself quite comfortable,’ he thought; and glancing severely at the dishes before Kutuzov, he began reporting to the old gentleman Barclay’s message and his own impressions and views. ‘Every point of our position is in the enemy’s hands, and they cannot be driven back, because there are not the troops to do it; the men run away and there’s no possibility of stopping them,’ he submitted.

Kutuzov, stopping short in his munching, stared at Woltzogen in amazement, as though not understanding what was said to him. Woltzogen, noticing the old gentleman's excitement, said with a smile:

'I did not consider I had a right to conceal from your highness what I saw. . . . The troops are completely routed. . . .'

'You saw? You saw? . . .' cried Kutuzov, getting up quickly, and stepping up to Woltzogen. 'How . . . how dare you! . . .' making a menacing gesture with his trembling hands, he cried, with a catch in his breath: 'How dare you, sir, tell *me* that? You know nothing about it. Tell General Barclay from me that his information is incorrect, and that I, the commander-in-chief, know more of the course of the battle than he does.'

Woltzogen would have made some protest, but Kutuzov interrupted him.

'The enemy has been repulsed on the left and defeated on the right flank. If you have seen amiss, sir, do not permit yourself to speak of what you do not understand. Kindly return to General Barclay and inform him of my unhesitating intention to attack the French to-morrow,' said Kutuzov sternly.

All were silent, and nothing was to be heard but the heavy breathing of the gasping, old general. 'Repulsed at all points, for which I thank God and our brave men. The enemy is defeated, and to-morrow we will drive him out of the holy land of Russia!' said Kutuzov, crossing himself.

'Kaisarov,' Kutuzov called to his adjutant, 'ride along the line and announce that to-morrow we attack.'

Woltzogen came back from Barclay and announced that General Barclay de Tolly would be glad to have a written confirmation of the order given by the field-marshal. Kutuzov, without looking at Woltzogen, ordered an adjutant to make out this written order. And through the undefinable, mysterious link that maintains through a whole army the same temper, called the spirit of the army, and constituting the chief sinew of war, Kutuzov's words, his order for the battle next day, were transmitted instantaneously from one end of the army to the other.

The words and the phrases of the order were by no means the same when they reached the furthest links in the chain. There was, indeed, not a word in the stories men were repeating to one another from one end of the army to the other, that resembled what Kutuzov had actually said; but the drift of his words spread everywhere, because what Kutuzov had said was not the result of shrewd considerations, but the outflow of a feeling that lay deep in the heart of the commander-in-chief, and deep in the heart of every Russian.

And learning that to-morrow we were to attack the enemy, hearing from the higher spheres of the army the confirmation of what they wanted to believe, the worn-out, wavering men took comfort and courage again.

PRINCE ANDREY'S regiment was in the reserves, stationed in complete inaction, under a hot artillery fire. Before two o'clock the regiment, which had already lost over two hundred men, was moved forward into the

trampled oat-field in which thousands of men were killed that day, and on which, about two o'clock, there was directed the concentrated fire of several hundreds of the enemy's cannons.

Not leaving that spot, nor discharging a single round of ammunition, the regiment lost here another third of its men. In front, and especially on the right side, the cannons kept booming in the smoke that never lifted, and from the mysterious region of the smoke that hid all the country in front, there came flying swiftly hissing cannon balls and slowly whizzing grenades. Sometimes, as though to give them a breathing space, for a whole quarter of an hour all the cannon balls and grenades flew over them, but at other times, in the course of a single minute, several men out of the regiment would be swept off, and they were busy the whole time dragging away the dead and carrying off the wounded.

With every fresh stroke the chances of life grew less and less for those who were not yet killed. The regiment was divided into battalions three hundred paces apart; but in spite of that, all the regiment was under the influence of the same mood. All the men of the regiment were alike gloomy and silent. At rare intervals there was the sound of talk in the ranks, but that sound was hushed every time the falling thud and the cry of 'stretchers!' was heard. For the greater part of the time, by command of the officers, the men sat on the ground. One, taking off his shako, carefully loosened and then drew up the folds of it; another, crumbling the dry clay in his hands, rubbed up his bayonet with it; another shifted and fastened the buckle of his shoulder straps; while another carefully undid, and did up again, his leg bandages, and changed his boots. Some built little houses of clods of the ploughed field, or plaited straws of stubble. All of them appeared entirely engrossed in these pursuits. But quite extraneous incidents that had nothing to do with the battle were what attracted most notice. Some batteries of artillery passed in front of their line. In one of the ammunition carriages a horse had put its leg through the traces.

'Hey! look at the trace-horse! . . . Take her leg out! She'll fall! . . . Hey! they don't see! . . .' Shouts rose from the ranks all through the regiment.

Another time the attention of all was attracted by a little brown dog, with its tail in the air, who had come no one knew from where, and was running about fussily in front of the ranks. All at once a cannon ball fell near it, and it squealed and dashed away with its tail between its legs! Roars and shrieks of laughter rang out from the whole regiment. But distractions of this kind did not last more than a minute, and the men had been eight hours without food or occupation, with the terror of death never relaxing for an instant.

Prince Andrey, pale and haggard like every one else in the regiment, walked to and fro in the meadow next to the oat-field from one boundary-line to the other, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground. There was no need for him to give orders, and nothing for him to do. He thought of nothing at all. He waited. 'Here it comes . . .

this one's for us again!' he thought, listening to the whiz of something flying out of the region of smoke.

'Look out!' rang out a frightened cry from a soldier, and like a bird, with swift, whirring wings alighting on the earth, a grenade dropped with a dull thud a couple of paces from Prince Andrey, near the major's horse. The horse, with no question of whether it were right or wrong to show fear, snorted, reared, almost throwing the major, and galloped away. The horse's terror infected the men.

'Lie down!' shouted the adjutant, throwing himself on the ground. Prince Andrey stood in uncertainty. The shell was smoking and rotating like a top between him and the recumbent adjutant, near a bush of wormwood in the rut between the meadow and the field.

'Can this be death?' Prince Andrey wondered, with an utterly new, wistful feeling, looking at the grass, at the wormwood and at the thread of smoke coiling from the rotating top. 'I can't die, I don't want to die, I love life, I love this grass and earth and air . . .'

He thought this, and yet at the same time he did not forget that people were looking at him.

'For shame, *M. l'aide-de-camp!*' he said to the adjutant; 'what sort of . . .' He did not finish. Simultaneously there was a tearing, crashing sound, like the smash of broken crockery, a puff of stifling fumes, and Prince Andrey was sent spinning over, and flinging up one arm, fell on his face.

Several officers ran up to him. A great stain of blood was spreading over the grass from the right side of his stomach.

The militiamen stood with the stretchers behind the officers. Prince Andrey lay on his chest, with his face sunk in the grass; he was still breathing in hard, hoarse gasps.

The peasants went up and took him by the shoulders and legs, but he moaned piteously, and they looked at one another, and laid him down again.

'Pick him up, lay him on, it's all the same!' shouted some one. They lifted him by the shoulders again and laid him on the stretcher.

'Ah, my God! my God! what is it? . . . The stomach! It's all over then! Ah, my God!' could be heard among the officers. 'It almost grazed my ear,' the adjutant was saying. The peasants, with the stretcher across their shoulders, hurried along the path.

The militiamen carried Prince Andrey to the copse, where there were vans and an ambulance station. The ambulance station consisted of three tents, pitched at the edge of a birch copse. In the wood stood the ambulance waggons and horses. The horses in nose-bags were munching oats, and the sparrows flew up to them and picked up the grains they dropped. For more than five acres round the tents there were sitting or lying men stained with blood, and variously attired. From the tents came the sound of loud, angry wailing, and piteous moans. At intervals a doctor's assistant ran out for water, or to point out those who were to be taken in next. The

wounded awaiting their turn at the tent uttered hoarse groans and moans, wept, shouted, swore, or begged for vodka. Several were raving in delirium.

Prince Andrey, as a colonel, was carried through the crowd of wounded not yet treated, and brought close up to one of the tents, where his bearers halted awaiting instructions.

One of the doctors came out of the tent with a blood-stained apron, and small, blood-stained hands, in one of which he had a cigar, carefully held between his thumb and little finger, that it might not be stained too. This doctor threw his head up, and looked about him, but over the level of the wounded crowd. After turning his head from right to left for a few minutes, he sighed and dropped his eyes again.

'All right, immediately,' he said in reply to an assistant, who pointed him out Prince Andrey, and he bade the bearers carry him into the tent.

A murmur rose in the crowd of wounded men waiting.

'Even in the next world it's only the gentry who will have a good time,' said one.

Prince Andrey was carried in, and laid on a table that had just been cleared, and was being rinsed over by an assistant. He could not make out distinctly what was in the tent. The pitiful groans on all sides, and the excruciating pain in his thigh, his stomach, and his back distracted his attention. Everything he saw around melted for him into a single general impression of naked, blood-stained, human flesh, which seemed to fill up the whole low-pitched tent, as, a few weeks before, on that hot August day, the bare human flesh had filled up the dirty pond along the Smolensk road.

There were three tables in the tent. Two were occupied; on the third they laid Prince Andrey. For some time he was left alone, an involuntary witness of what was being done at the other tables. On the table nearest sat a Tatar, probably of a Cossack regiment, judging from the uniform that had been thrown down close by. Four soldiers were holding him. A doctor in spectacles was cutting something in his brown, muscular back. 'Ooh! ooh! ooh! . . .' the Tatar grunted, and all of a sudden, throwing up his broad, swarthy, sun-burned face, and showing his white teeth, he began wriggling, twitching, and shrieking a piercingly shrill, prolonged scream.

On the other table, round which a number of persons were standing, a big, stout man lay on his back, with his head flung back. The colour and curliness of the hair and the shape seemed strangely familiar to Prince Andrey. Several assistants were holding him, and weighing on his chest. One white, plump leg was incessantly moving with a rapid, spasmodic twitching. This man was sobbing and choking convulsively. Two doctors—one was pale and trembling—were mutely engaged in doing something with the other red, gory leg. Having finished with the Tatar, over whom a cloak was thrown, the doctor in spectacles came up to Prince Andrey, wiping his hands.

'Undress him! Why are you dawdling?' he shouted angrily to the assistant.

His earliest, remotest childhood came back to Prince Andrey, when the assistant, with tucked-up sleeves, hurriedly unbuttoned his buttons, and took off his clothes. The doctor bent close down over the wound, felt it, and sighed deeply. Then he made a sign to some one. And the excruciating pain made Prince Andrey lose consciousness. When he regained consciousness, the broken splinters of his thigh-bone had been removed, the bits of ragged flesh had been cut off, and the wound bound up. Water was sprinkled on his face. As soon as Prince Andrey opened his eyes, the doctor hurried away.

After the agony he had passed through, Prince Andrey felt a blissful peace, such as he had not known for very long. All the best and happiest moments of his life, especially his earliest childhood, when he had been undressed and put to bed, when his nurse had sung lullabies over him, when, burying his head in the pillows, he had felt happy in the mere consciousness of life, rose before his imagination, not like the past even, but as though it were the actual present.

The doctors were busily engaged with the wounded man, whose head had seemed somehow familiar to Prince Andrey: they were lifting him up and trying to soothe him.

'Show it to me . . . ooo! o! ooo!' he could hear his frightened, abjectly suffering moans.

They showed the wounded man the leg that had been amputated, wearing a boot, and covered with dry gore. 'O! oooo!' he sobbed.

'My God! How's this? Why is he here?' Prince Andrey wondered.

In the miserable, sobbing, abject creature whose leg had just been cut off, he recognised Anatole Kuragin.

SOME tens of thousands of men lay sacrificed in various postures and uniforms on the fields and meadows belonging to the Davidov family and the Crown serfs, on those fields and meadows where for hundreds of years the peasants of Borodino, Gorky, Shevardino, and Semyonovskoye had harvested their crops and grazed their cattle. At the ambulance stations the grass and earth were soaked with blood for acres round.

Over all the plain, at first so bright and gay with its glittering bayonets and puffs of smoke in the morning sunshine, there hung now a dark cloud of damp mist and smoke, and a strange, sour smell of saltpetre and blood. Storm clouds had gathered, and a drizzling rain began to fall on the dead, on the wounded, on the panic-stricken, and exhausted, and hesitating soldiers. It seemed to say: 'Enough, enough; cease. . . . Consider. What are you doing?'

To the men on both sides, alike exhausted from want of food and rest, the doubt began to come whether they should still persist in slaughtering one another; and in every face could be seen hesitation, and in every heart

alike there rose the question: 'For what, for whom am I to slay and be slain? Slay whom you will, do what you will, but I have had enough!' This thought took shape towards evening in every heart alike.

The fearful spectacle of the battlefield, in conjunction with the heaviness of his head, the news that some twenty generals he knew well were among the killed or wounded, and the sense of the impotence of his once mighty army, made an unexpected impression on Napoleon, who was usually fond of looking over the dead and wounded. On that day, the awful spectacle of the battlefield overcame this dauntless spirit, which he looked upon as a merit and a proof of greatness. The heaviness of his head and chest reminded him of the possibility for him too of agony and death. At that minute he felt no longing for Moscow, for victory or for glory.

But when he was on the height above Semyonovskoye, the officer in command of the artillery proposed to him to bring several batteries up on to that height to increase the fire on the Russian troops before Knyazkovo. Napoleon assented, and gave orders that word should be brought him of the effect produced by this battery.

An adjutant came to say that by the Emperor's orders two hundred guns had been directed upon the Russians, but that they were still holding their ground.

'Our fire is mowing them down in whole rows, but they stand firm,' said the adjutant.

'They want more of it!' said Napoleon in his husky voice.

'Sire?' repeated the adjutant, who had not caught the words.

'They want even more!' Napoleon croaked hoarsely, frowning. 'Well, let them have it then.'

Already, without orders from him, what he did not really want was being done, and he gave the order to do it simply because he thought the order was expected of him. And he passed back again into his old artificial world, peopled by the phantoms of some unreal greatness.

Not on that day only, as he rode about the battlefield, piled with corpses and mutilated men (the work, as he supposed, of his will) he reckoned as he gazed at them how many Russians lay there for each Frenchman, and cheated himself into finding matter for rejoicing in the belief that there were five Russians for every Frenchman. Not on that day only he wrote to Paris that '*le champ de bataille a été superbe*,' because there were fifty thousand corpses on it. Even in St. Helena, in the peaceful solitude where he said he intended to devote his leisure to an account of the great deeds he had done, he wrote:

'The Russian war ought to have been the most popular of modern times: it was the war of good sense and real interests, of the repose and security of all: it was purely pacific and conservative.

'It was for the great cause, the end of uncertainties and the beginning of security. A new horizon, new labours were unfolding, all full of welfare and prosperity for all. The European system was established; all that remained was to organise it.

'Satisfied on these great points and tranquil everywhere, I too should have had my *Congress* and my *holy alliance*. These are ideas stolen from me. In this assembly of great sovereigns, we could have treated of our interests like one family and have reckoned, as clerk with master, with the peoples.

'Europe would soon in that way have made in fact but one people, and every one, travelling all over it, would always have found himself in the common fatherland. I should have required all the rivers to be open for the navigation of all; the seas to be common to all; and the great standing armies to be reduced henceforth simply to the bodyguard of the sovereigns.

'Returning to France, to the bosom of the great, strong, magnificent, tranquil, and glorious fatherland, I should have proclaimed its frontiers immutable, all future war purely *defensive*, all fresh aggrandisement *anti-national*. I should have associated my son in the empire; my *dictatorship* would have been over, and his constitutional reign would have begun . . .

'Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of the nations! . . .

'My leisure then and my old age would have been consecrated, in company with the Empress, and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, to visiting in leisurely fashion with our own horses, like a genuine country couple, every corner of the empire, receiving complaints, redressing wrongs, scattering monuments and benefits on all sides.'

THE battle of Borodino with the occupation of Moscow and the flight of the French, that followed without any more battles, is one of the most instructive phenomena in history.

All historians are agreed that the political power of states and peoples is increased or diminished as the immediate result of success or defeat in war. All the facts of history as we know it confirm the truth of the statement, that the successes or defeats of a nation's army are the causes or, at least, the invariable symptoms of the increase or diminution of the power of a nation.

But suddenly, in 1812, the French gained a victory before Moscow. Moscow was taken, and in consequence of that, with no subsequent battles, not Russia, but the French army of six hundred thousand, and then Napoleonic France itself ceased to exist. To strain the facts to fit the rules of history, to maintain that the field of Borodino was left in the hands of the Russians, or that after the evacuation of Moscow, there were battles that destroyed Napoleon's army—is impossible.

After the victory of the French at Borodino, there was no general engagement, nor even a skirmish of any great importance, yet the French army ceased to exist. What is the meaning of it?

The sequel of the campaign of 1812—from Borodino to the final expulsion of the French—has proved that victories are not always a cause nor even an invariable sign of conquest; it has proved that the force that

decides the fate of peoples does not lie in military leaders, nor even in armies and battles, but in something else.

The first fifteen years of the nineteenth century present the spectacle of an extraordinary movement of millions of men. Men leave their habitual pursuits; rush from one side of Europe to the other; plunder, slaughter one another, triumph and despair; and the whole current of life is transformed and presents a quickened activity, first moving at a growing speed, and then slowly slackening again. What was the cause of that activity, or from what laws did it arise? asks the human intellect.

The historians, in reply to that inquiry, lay before us the sayings and doings of some dozens of men in one of the buildings of the city of Paris, summing up those doings and sayings by one word—revolution. Then they give us a detailed biography of Napoleon, and of certain persons favourably or hostilely disposed to him; talk of the influence of some of these persons upon others; and then say that this it is to which that activity is due, and these are its laws.

But the human intellect not only refuses to believe in that explanation, but flatly declares that the method of explanation is not a correct one, because in this explanation a smaller phenomenon is taken as the cause of a greater phenomenon. The sum of men's individual wills produced both the revolution and Napoleon; and only the sum of those wills endured them and then destroyed them.

'But whenever there have been wars, there have been great military leaders; whenever there have been revolutions in states, there have been great men,' says history. 'Whenever there have been great military leaders there have, indeed, been wars,' replies the human reason; 'but that does not prove that the generals were the cause of the wars, and that the factors leading to warfare can be found in the personal activity of one man.'

Whenever, looking at my watch, I see the hand has reached the figure x, I hear the bells beginning to ring in the church close by. But from the fact that the watch hand points to ten whenever the bells begin to ring, I have not the right to infer that the position of the hands of my watch is the cause of the vibration of the bells.

For the investigation of the laws of history, we must completely change the subject of observations, must let kings and ministers and generals alone, and study the homogeneous, infinitesimal elements by which masses are led.

The armed forces of twelve different nationalities of Europe invade Russia. The Russian army and population fall back, avoiding a battle, to Smolensk, and from Smolensk to Borodino. The French move on to Moscow, behind them thousands of versts of famine-stricken, hostile country; before them some dozens of versts between them and their goal.

In every town and village on Russian soil, from Smolensk onwards, the people awaited the coming of the enemy without disturbance; did not display excitement; tore nobody to pieces, but calmly awaited their fate,

feeling in themselves the power to find what they must do in the moment of difficulty. And as soon as the enemy came near, the wealthier elements of the population went away, leaving their property behind; the poorer remained, and burnt and destroyed all that was left.

The sense that this would be so, and always would be so, lay, and lies, at the bottom of every Russian's heart. And a sense of this, and more, a foreboding that Moscow would be taken by the enemy, lay in the Russian society of Moscow in 1812. Those who had begun leaving Moscow in July and the beginning of August had shown that they expected it.

'It's a disgrace to fly from danger; only the cowards are flying from Moscow,' they were told. Why did they go away? It cannot be supposed that they were scared with tales of the atrocities perpetrated by Napoleon in the countries he conquered. The first to leave were the wealthy, educated people, who knew very well that Vienna and Berlin remained uninjured, and that the inhabitants of those cities, when Napoleon was in occupation of them, had spent their time gaily with the fascinating Frenchmen, of whom all Russians, and especially the ladies, had at that period been so fond.

They went away because to Russians the question whether they would be comfortable or not under the government of the French in Moscow could never occur. To be under the government of the French was out of the question; it was worse than anything.

Any one looking at the disorder in the rear of the Russian army would have said that the French had but to make one slight effort more and the Russian army would have been annihilated; and any one seeing the rear of the French army would have said that the Russians need but make a slight effort more and the French would be overthrown. But neither French nor Russians made that effort, and the flame of the battle burnt slowly out.

The Russians did not make this effort, because they were not attacking the French. At the beginning of the battle they merely stood on the road to Moscow, barring it to the French; and they still stood at the end of the battle as they had at the beginning. But even if it had been the aim of the Russians to drive back the French, they could not have made this final effort, because all the Russian troops had been routed; there was not a single part of the army that had not suffered in the battle, and the Russians, without being driven from their position, lost ONE HALF of their army.

For the French, with the memory of fifteen years of victories, with confidence in Napoleon's all-vanquishing genius, with the consciousness of having taken a part of the battlefield, of having only lost a fourth of their men, and of having a body of twenty thousand—the Guards—intact—it would have been an easy matter to make this effort. Some historians assert that if Napoleon had only let his Old Guard advance, the battle would have been gained. To talk of what might have happened if Napoleon had let his Guard advance is much the same as to talk of what would happen if spring came in autumn. Napoleon did not do so, not

because he did not want to, but because it was impossible to do so. All the generals, officers, and soldiers of the French army knew that it was impossible to make this final effort, because the flagging spirit of the troops did not allow of it.

It was not Napoleon alone who had that nightmare feeling that the mighty arm was stricken powerless: all the generals, all the soldiers of the French army, after all their experiences of previous battles (when after one-tenth of the effort the enemy had always run), showed the feeling of horror before this foe, who, after losing ONE HALF of the army, still stood its ground as dauntless at the end as at the beginning of the battle. The moral force of the French, the attacking army, was exhausted. Not the victory, signalled by the capture of rags on the end of sticks, called flags, or of the ground on which the troops were standing, but a moral victory, that which compels the enemy to recognise the moral superiority of his opponent, and his own impotence, was won by the Russians at Borodino.

The French invading army, like a ravening beast that has received its death-wound in its onslaught, felt its end near. But it could not stop, no more than the Russian army—of half its strength—could help retreating. After that check, the French army could still drag on to Moscow, but there, without fresh effort on the part of the Russian army, its ruin was inevitable, as its life-blood ebbed away from the deadly wound dealt it at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's causeless flight from Moscow, his return by the old Smolensk road, the ruin of the invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the downfall of the Napoleonic rule, on which, for the first time at Borodino, was laid the hand of a foe of stronger spirit.

PART XI

THE Russian army, retreating from Borodino, halted at Fili. Yermolov, who had been inspecting the position, rode up to the commander-in-chief.

'There is no possibility of fighting in this position,' he said.

Kutuzov looked at him in wonder, and made him repeat the words he had just uttered. When he had done so, he put out his hand to him.

'Give me your hand,' he said; and turning it so as to feel his pulse, he said: 'You are not well, my dear boy. Think what you are saying.'

Kutuzov could not yet take in the idea of its being possible to retreat, abandoning Moscow without a battle.

Kutuzov's face grew more and more careworn and gloomy. One terrible question absorbed him. And to that question he heard no reply from any one. The question for him now was this: 'Can it be that I have let Napoleon get to Moscow, and when did I do it? When did it happen? Was it yesterday, when I sent word to Platov to retreat, or the evening before when I had a nap and bade Bennigsen give instructions? Or earlier still? . . . When, when was it this fearful thing happened? Moscow must be abandoned. The army must retire, and I must give the order for it.'

Bennigsen was warmly manifesting his Russian patriotism (Kutuzov could not listen to him without wincing), by insisting on the defence of Moscow. To Kutuzov, his object was as clear as daylight: in case of the defence being unsuccessful, to throw the blame on Kutuzov; in case of its being successful, to claim the credit; in case of it not being attempted, to clear himself of the crime of abandoning Moscow.

In the large best room of the peasant Andrey Savostyanov's cottage, at two o'clock, a council met. The men and women and children of the peasant's big family all crowded together in the room on the other side of the passage. Only Andrey's little grandchild, Malasha, a child of six, whom his highness had petted, giving her sugar while he drank his tea, stayed behind by the big stove in the best room. Malasha peeped out from on the stove with shy delight at the faces, the uniforms, and the crosses of the generals sitting in a row on the broad benches in the best corner under the holy images. 'Grandad' himself, as Malasha in her own mind called Kutuzov, was sitting apart from the rest in the dark corner behind the stove. He sat sunk all of a heap in a folding armchair, and was continually clearing his throat and straightening the collar of his coat, which, though it was unbuttoned, still seemed to gall his neck.

Bennigsen opened the council by the question: Whether to abandon the holy and ancient capital of Russia, or to defend it?

A prolonged silence followed. Every face was knitted, and in the stillness Kutuzov could be heard angrily coughing and clearing his throat. All eyes were fixed on him. Malasha too gazed at 'Grandad.' She was nearest of all to him, and saw that his face was working; he seemed to be going to cry. But that did not last long.

'*The holy and ancient capital of Russia!*' he cried suddenly, in a wrathful voice, repeating Bennigsen's words, and thereby underlining the false note in them. 'Allow me to tell your excellency that that question has no meaning to a Russian.' (He lurched his unwieldy figure forward.) 'Such a question cannot be put; there is no sense in such a question. The question I have asked these gentlemen to meet to discuss is the question of the war. The question is: The safety of Russia lies in her army. Is it better to risk the loss of the army and of Moscow by giving battle, or to abandon Moscow without a battle? That is the question on which I desire to learn your opinion.' He lurched back into his low chair again.

Opinions were divided. Led by a feeling that a sacrifice was called for before abandoning the city, and by other personal considerations, the generals seemed unable to grasp that the council then sitting could not affect the inevitable course of events, and that Moscow was already in effect abandoned.

Kutuzov heaved a heavy sigh; all looked round at him.

'Well, gentlemen, I see that it is I who will have to pay for the broken pots,' he said. And slowly rising from his seat, he walked up to the table. 'Gentlemen, I have heard your opinions. Some of you will not agree with me. But I' (he stopped), 'by the authority intrusted me by my Tsar and my country, give the order to retire.'

After that the generals began to disperse with the solemnity and circum-spect taciturnity with which people separate after a funeral.

Malasha dropped backwards down from the stove, her bare toes clinging to the projections, and slipping between the generals' legs, she darted out at the door.

After dismissing the generals, Kutuzov sat a long while with his elbows on the table, pondering that terrible question: When, when had it become inevitable that Moscow should be abandoned? When was the thing done that made it inevitable, and who is to blame for it?

'This I did not expect!' he said to the adjutant, Schneider, who came in to him late at night; 'this I did not expect! This I never thought of!'

'You must rest, your highness,' said Schneider.

'Yes; but they shall eat horse-flesh like the Turks!' Kutuzov cried, not heeding him, as he brought his podgy fist down on the table. 'They, too, shall eat it!'

ELLEN had accompanied the court on its return from Vilna to Petersburg, and there found herself in a difficult position.

In Petersburg Ellen had enjoyed the special patronage of a great personage, who occupied one of the highest positions in the government. In Vilna she had formed a liaison with a young foreign prince.

When she returned to Petersburg the prince and the great dignitary were both in that town; both claimed their rights, and Ellen was confronted with a problem that had not previously arisen in her career—the preservation of the closest relations with both, without giving offence to either.

What might have seemed to any other woman a difficult or impossible task never cost a moment's thought to Countess Bezuhov, who plainly deserved the reputation she enjoyed of being a most intelligent woman. Ellen at once assumed the rectitude of her own position, of which she was indeed genuinely convinced. The first time the young foreign prince ventured to reproach her, she lifted her beautiful head, and, with a haughty tone towards him, said firmly:

'This is the egoism and the cruelty of men. I expected nothing else. Woman sacrifices herself for you; she suffers, and this is her reward. What right have you, your highness, to call me to account for my friendships, my affections? He is a man who has been more than a father to me!'

The prince would have said something. Ellen interrupted him.

'Well, yes, perhaps he has sentiments for me other than those of a father, but that is not a reason I should shut my door on him. I am not a man to be ungrateful. Know, your highness, that in all that relates to my private sentiments I will account only to God and to my conscience!' she concluded, laying her hand on her beautiful, heaving bosom, and looking up to heaven.

'But listen to me, in God's name! . . .'

'Marry me, and I will be your slave!'

'But it is impossible.'

'You do not deign to stoop to me, you . . .'

 Ellen burst into tears.

The prince attempted to console her. Ellen, as though utterly distraught, declared through her tears that there was nothing to prevent her marrying; that there were precedents (they were but few at that time, but Ellen quoted the case of Napoleon and some other persons of exalted rank); that she had never been a real wife to her husband; that she had been dragged an unwilling victim into the marriage.

'But the law, religion . . .'

 murmured the prince, on the point of yielding.

'Religion, laws . . . what can they have been invented for, if they are unable to manage that?' said Ellen.

The prince was astonished that so simple a reflection had never occurred to him, and applied to the council of the brotherhood of the Society of Jesus, with which he was in close relations.

A few days later, at one of the fascinating fêtes Ellen used to give at her summer villa, a certain fascinating M. Jobert was presented to her; a man no longer young, with snow-white hair and brilliant black eyes, *un Jésuite à robe courte*, who walked for a long while with Ellen among the

illuminations in the garden to the strains of music, conversing with her of the love of God, of Christ, of the heart of the Holy Mother, and of the consolations afforded in this life and the next by the one true Catholic faith.

One day he took the countess into a Catholic church, where she fell on her knees before the altar.

Several days later Ellen learned to her satisfaction that she had now been admitted into the true Catholic Church, and that in a few days the Pope himself would hear of her case, and send her a document of some sort.

All that was done with her and round her at this period, the attention paid her by so many clever men, and expressed in such agreeable and subtle forms, and her dovelike purity during her conversion (she wore nothing but white dresses and white ribbons all the time)—all afforded her gratification. But this gratification never led her for one instant to lose sight of her object. And, as always happens in contests of cunning, the stupid person gains more than the cleverer; Ellen, fully grasping that the motive of all these words and all this manœuvring was by her conversion to Catholicism to get a round sum from her for the benefit of the Jesuit order (this was hinted at, indeed), held back the money, while insisting steadily on the various operations that would set her free from her conjugal bonds. To her notions, the real object of every religion was to provide recognised forms of propriety for the satisfaction of human desires. And with this end in view, she insisted, in one of her conversations with her spiritual adviser, on demanding an answer to the question how far her marriage was binding.

‘In ignorance,’ said he, ‘of the significance of your promise, you took a vow of conjugal fidelity to a man who, on his side, was guilty of sacrilege in entering on the sacrament of matrimony with no faith in its religious significance. That marriage had not the dual binding force it should have had. But in spite of that, your vow was binding upon you. You broke it. What did you commit? Venial sin or mortal sin? A venial sin, because you committed it with no intention of acting wrongly. If now, with the object of bearing children, you should enter into a new marriage, your sin might be forgiven. But the question again falls into two divisions. First . . .’

‘But, I imagine,’ Ellen, who was getting bored, said suddenly, with her fascinating smile, ‘that after being converted to the true religion, I cannot be bound by any obligations laid upon me by a false religion.’

Her spiritual adviser was astounded at the simplicity of this solution, as simple as the solution of Columbus’s egg. He was enchanted at the unexpected rapidity of his pupil’s progress, but could not abandon the edifice of subtle argument that had cost him mental effort.

‘Let us understand each other,’ he said, with a smile; and began to find arguments to refute his spiritual daughter’s contention.

Ellen perceived that the matter was very simple and easy from the ecclesiastical point of view, but that her spiritual counsellors raised diffi-

culties simply because they were apprehensive of the way in which it might be looked at by the temporal authorities.

And, consequently, Ellen decided in her own mind that the way must be paved for society to look at the matter in the true light. She excited the jealousy of the old dignitary, and said the same thing to him as she had to her other suitor—that is, gave him to understand that the sole means of obtaining exclusive rights over her was to marry her. The elderly dignitary was, like the young foreign prince, for the first moment taken aback at this proposal of marriage from a wife whose husband was living. But Ellen's unfaltering confidence in asserting that it was a matter as simple and natural as the marriage of an unmarried girl had its effect on him too. Had the slightest traces of hesitation, shame, or reserve been perceptible in Ellen herself, her case would have been undoubtedly lost. But far from it; with perfect directness and simple-hearted naïveté, she told her intimate friends (and that term included all Petersburg), that both the prince and the dignitary had made her proposals of marriage, and that she loved both, and was afraid of grieving either.

The rumour was immediately all over Petersburg—not that Ellen wanted a divorce from her husband (had such a rumour been discussed very many persons would have set themselves against any such illegal proceeding)—but that the unhappy, interesting Ellen was in hesitation which of her two suitors to marry.

Prince Vassily had of late dropped into very frequently forgetting what he had said, and repeating the same phrase a hundred times; and every time he happened to see his daughter he used to say:

'Ellen, I have a word to say to you,' he would say, drawing her aside, and pulling her arm downwards. 'I have got wind of certain projects relative to . . . you know. Well, my dear child, you know how my father's heart rejoices to know you are . . . You have suffered so much. But, my dear child, consult only your heart. That's all I tell you.'

Bilibin, who had not lost his reputation as a wit, was a disinterested friend of Ellen's. '*Écoutez, Bilibin*' (Ellen always called friends of the category to which Bilibin belonged by their surnames), and she touched his coat-sleeve with her white, beringed fingers. 'Tell me, as you would a sister, what ought I to do? Which of the two?'

Bilibin wrinkled up the skin over his eyebrows, and pondered with a smile on his lips.

'You do not take me unawares, you know,' he said. 'As a true friend, I have thought, and thought again of your affair. You see, if you marry the prince'—(the younger suitor) he crooked his finger—'you lose for ever the chance of marrying the other, and then you displease the court. (There is a sort of relationship, you know.) But if you marry the old count, you make the happiness of his last days. And then as widow of the great . . . the prince will not be making a *mésalliance* in marrying you . . .'

and Bilibin let the wrinkles run out of his face.

'That's a real friend!' said Ellen beaming, and once more touching

Bilibin's sleeve. 'But the fact is I love them both, and I don't want to make them unhappy. I would give my life for the happiness of both,' she declared.

Bilibin shrugged his shoulders to denote that for such a trouble even he could suggest no remedy.

'But do tell me what is your husband's view of the question?' he said. 'Does he consent?'

'Oh, he is so fond of me!' said Ellen, who, for some unknown reason, fancied that Pierre too adored her.

At the beginning of August Ellen's affairs were settled, and she wrote to her husband of her conversion to the one true faith, and begged him to go through all the necessary formalities for obtaining a divorce, of which the bearer of the letter would give him further details. 'On which I pray God to have you in His holy and powerful keeping. Your friend, Ellen.'

This letter was brought to Pierre's house when he was on the field of Borodino.

At the end of the day of Borodino, the one thing Pierre desired with his whole soul was to get away from the terrible sensations in which he had passed that day. He felt that only in the ordinary conditions of life would he be fit to understand himself and all he had seen and felt. But the ordinary conditions of life were nowhere to be found.

After walking about three versts along the Mozhaisk road, Pierre sat down by the roadside. Three soldiers, dragging branches after them, settled themselves near him and began making a fire.

They set a pot on it, broke up their biscuits into it, and put in some lard. The pleasant odour of the savoury and greasy mess blended with the smell of smoke. Pierre raised himself and sighed. The soldiers (there were three of them) were eating and talking among themselves, without taking any notice of Pierre.

'And what lot will you be one of?' one of the soldiers suddenly asked Pierre. 'If you are hungry we'll give you some, only tell us whether you're a true man.'

'I' . . . said Pierre. 'I am really a militia officer, but my company's nowhere about.'

'Well! Fancy that!' said one of the soldiers.

Another soldier shook his head.

'Well, you can have some of the mash, if you like!' said the first, and licking a wooden spoon he gave it to Pierre.

Pierre squatted by the fire, and fell to eating the mess in the pot, which seemed to him the most delicious dish he had ever tasted. While he was bending over the pot, helping himself to big spoonfuls and greedily munching one after another, the soldiers stared at him in silence.

'Where do you want to go? Tell us!' the first of them asked again.

'To Mozhaisk.'

'You're a gentleman, then?'

'Yes.'

'And what's your name?'

'Pyotr Kirillovitch.'

'Well, Pyotr Kirillovitch, come along, we'll take you there.'

In the pitch dark the soldiers and Pierre walked to Mozhaisk.

The cocks were crowing when they reached Mozhaisk, and began ascending the steep hill into the town.

Pierre walked on with the soldiers, entirely forgetting that his inn was at the bottom of the hill and he had passed it. He would not have been aware of this—so preoccupied was he—if he had not chanced halfway up the hill to stumble across his groom, who recognised Pierre by his hat, white in the dark.

'Your excellency!' he cried, 'why, we had quite given you up. How is it you are on foot? And, mercy on us, where are you going?'

The soldiers halted.

'Well, found your own folks then?' said one of them.

'Well, good-bye to you—Pyotr Kirillovitch, wasn't it?'

'Good-bye, Pyotr Kirillovitch!' said the other voices.

'Good-bye,' said Pierre, and with the groom he turned in the direction of the inn.

'I ought to give them something!' thought Pierre, feeling for his pocket. 'No, better not,' some inner voice prompted him.

There was not a room at the inn: all were full. Pierre went out into the yard, and muffing his head up, lay down in his carriage.

Pierre had hardly put his head on the pillow when he felt that he was dropping asleep. But all of a sudden he heard, almost with the distinctness of reality, the sound of the boom, boom, boom of the cannon, the groans and shrieks and dull thud of the falling shell, smelt the blood and powder; and the feeling of horror, the dread of death, came over him. He opened his eyes in a panic, and put his head out from the cloak. All was quiet in the yard. The only sound came from a servant of some sort talking with the porter at the gate, and splashing through the mud. Over Pierre's head, under the dark, wooden eaves, he heard pigeons fluttering, startled by the movement he had made in sitting up. The whole yard was pervaded by the strong smell of hay, of dung, and of tar. Between two dark sheds he caught a glimpse of the pure, starlit sky.

'Thank God, that is all over!' thought Pierre, covering his head up again. 'Oh, how awful terror is, and how shamefully I gave way to it! But they . . . *they* were firm and calm all the while up to the end . . .' he thought.

They, in Pierre's mind, meant the soldiers, those who had been on the battery, and those who had given him food, and those who had prayed to the holy picture. *They*—those strange people, of whom he had known nothing hitherto—*they* stood out clearly and sharply in his mind apart from all other people.

'To be a soldier, simply a soldier!' thought Pierre as he fell asleep. 'To

enter with one's whole nature into that common life, to be filled with what makes them what they are. *They* are simple; *they* do not talk, but act. But how is one to cast off all that is superfluous, devilish in one's self, all the burden of the outer man?

'No one can be master of anything while he fears death. And all things belong to him who fears it not. The hardest thing' (Pierre thought or heard in his dream) 'is to know how to unite in one's soul the significance of the whole. To unite the whole?' Pierre said to himself. 'No, not to unite. One cannot unite one's thoughts, but to *harness* together all those ideas, that's what's wanted. Yes, one *must harness* together, *harness* together,' Pierre repeated to himself with a thrill of ecstasy, feeling that those words, and only those words, expressed what he wanted to express, and solved the whole problem fretting him.

'Yes, one must *harness* together; it's time to *harness* . . .'

'We want to harness the horses; it's time to harness the horses, your excellency! Your excellency,' some voice was repeating, 'we want to harness the horses; it's time . . .'

Pierre got up. 'Another second and I should have understood it all. But what am I to do? To harness, but how harness all together?'

The troops were marching out, leaving tens of thousands of wounded behind. The wounded could be seen at the windows of the houses, and were crowding the yards and streets. Screams, oaths, and blows could be heard in the streets about the carts which were to carry away the wounded. Pierre put his carriage at the service of a wounded general of his acquaintance, and drove with him to Moscow. On the way he was told of the death of his brother-in-law, Anatole, and of the death of Prince Andrey.

On the 30th Pierre returned to Moscow. Almost at the city gates he was met by an adjutant and summoned to the governor. Though the news was being concealed from the citizens, the heads of various departments and officials of different kinds knew that Moscow would soon be in the hands of the enemy, just as Count Rastoptchin knew it. And all of them to escape personal responsibility had come to the governor to inquire how to act in regard to the offices in their charge.

At the moment when Pierre went into the waiting-room, a courier from the army was just coming out. Pierre watched with weary eyes the various officials—young, old, military, and civilian, important and insignificant—who were gathered together in the room.

'But look here, what he writes,' said one, pointing to a printed paper he held in his hand.

'That's a different matter. That's necessary for the common people.'

'What is it?' asked Pierre.

'The new proclamation.'

Pierre took it and began to read.

'His highness the prince has passed Mozhaisk, so as to unite with the troops that are going to join him, and has taken up a strong position, where the enemy cannot attack him suddenly. Forty-eight cannon with shells have

been sent him from here, and his highness declares that he will defend Moscow to the last drop of blood, and is ready even to fight in the streets.'

'Why, I was told by military men,' said Pierre, 'that there could be no fighting in the town itself, and the position . . .'

In the middle of this Pierre was summoned to the governor.

He went into Count Rastoptchin's study. Rastoptchin, frowning, passed his hand across his forehead and eyes as Pierre entered. A short man was saying something, but as soon as Pierre walked in he stopped, and went out.

'Ah! greetings to you, valiant warrior. We have been hearing about your *prouesses!* But that's not the point. *Mon cher, entre nous*, are you a mason?' said Count Rastoptchin in a severe tone, that suggested that it was a crime to be so, but that he intended to pardon it. 'I know that there are masons and masons, and I hope you don't belong to those among them who, by way of regenerating the human race, are trying to ruin Russia.'

'Yes, I am a mason,' answered Pierre.

'Well then, look here, my dear boy. You are not unaware, I dare say, of the fact that Speransky and Magnitsky have been sent—to their proper place—and the same has been done with Klutcharyov and the others who, under the guise of building up the temple of Solomon, have been trying to destroy the temple of their fatherland. You may take it for granted there are good reasons for it, and that I could not have banished the director of the post-office here if he had not been a dangerous person. Now, it has reached my ears that you sent him your carriage to get out of the town, and that you have even taken charge of his papers. I like you, and wish you no harm, and as you are half my age, I advise you, as a father might, to break off all connection with people of that sort, and to get away from here yourself as quickly as you can.'

'But what was Klutcharyov's crime?' asked Pierre.

'That's my business; and it's not yours to question me,' cried Rastoptchin.

'If he is accused of having circulated Napoleon's proclamation, the charge has not been proved,' said Pierre.

Rastoptchin suddenly broke in, scowling and shouting, 'I did not send for you to criticise my actions, but in order to give you advice or a command, if you will have it so. I beg you to break off all connection with Klutcharyov and his set, and to leave the town. And I'll knock the nonsense out of them, wherever I may find it.'

And, probably becoming conscious that he was taking a heated tone with Bezuhov, who was as yet guilty of no offence, he added, taking Pierre's hand cordially: 'We are on the eve of a public disaster, and I haven't time to say civil things to every one who has business with me. Well, what are you going to do?'

'Oh, nothing,' answered Pierre, with no change in the expression of his dreamy face.

The count frowned.

'*Un conseil d'ami, mon cher*. Decamp, and as soon as may be, that's my advice. *A bon entendeur, salut!* Good-bye, my dear boy. Oh, by the way,'

he called after him at the door, 'is it true the countess has fallen into the clutches of the holy fathers of the Society of Jesus?'

Pierre made no answer. He walked out from Rastoptchin's room, scowling and wrathful as he had never been seen before.

By the time he reached home it was getting dark. Eight persons of different kinds were waiting on him that evening. All of them had business matters which he had to settle. At last he was left alone, and he broke open and read his wife's letter.

'*They*—the soldiers on the battery, Prince Andrey killed . . . my wife is going to be married . . . one must harness all together. . . . One must understand . . .' And, without undressing, he threw himself on his bed and at once fell asleep.

When he waked up next morning his steward came in to announce that a police official was below, sent expressly by Count Rastoptchin to find out whether Count Bezuhov had gone, or was going away. Pierre dressed in haste, and instead of going to see his callers, he ran down the back staircase and out by the back entry to the gates.

From that moment till the occupation of Moscow was over, no one of Bezuhov's household saw him again, nor could discover his whereabouts, in spite of every effort to track him.

THE ROSTOVs remained in Moscow till the 1st of September, the day before the enemy entered the city.

After Petya had joined Obolensky's regiment of Cossacks, the countess fell into a panic of terror. The idea that both her sons were at the war, that they had both escaped from under her wing, that any day either of them—and possibly even both at once, like the three sons of a lady of her acquaintance—might be killed, seemed for the first time that summer to strike her imagination with cruel vividness. She tried to get Nikolay back, wanted to go herself after Petya, or to obtain some post for him in Petersburg; but all these seemed equally impossible. Petya could not be brought back except by the return of his regiment, or through being transferred to another regiment on active service. Nikolay was somewhere at the front, and nothing had been heard from him since the letter in which he had given a detailed account of his meeting with Princess Marya.

The countess could not sleep at nights, and when she did sleep, she dreamed that her sons had been killed. After much talking the matter over, and many consultations of friends, the count at last hit on a means for soothing the countess. He got Petya transferred from Obolensky's regiment to Bezuhov's, which was in formation near Moscow. Though, even so, Petya remained in the army, by this exchange the countess had the consolation of seeing one son at least again under her wing; and she hoped to manage not to let her Petya escape her again, but to succeed in getting him always appointed to places where there would be no risk of his being in battle.

While Nikolay had been the only one in danger, the countess had fancied (and had suffered some pricks of conscience on the subject) that she loved

her elder son better than the other children. But now that her younger boy, the scapegrace Petya, always idle at his lessons, always in mischief, and teasing every one, her little Petya, with his snub-nose, his merry black eyes, his fresh colour, and the soft down just showing on his cheeks, had slipped away into the company of those big, dreadful, cruel men, who were fighting away somewhere about something, and finding a sort of pleasure in it—now it seemed to the mother that she loved him more, far more, than all the rest.

Although by the 20th of August almost all the Rostovs' acquaintances had left Moscow; although everybody was trying to persuade the countess to get away as quickly as possible, she would not hear of leaving till her treasure, her idolised Petya, had come back. On the 28th of August Petya arrived. The morbidly passionate tenderness with which his mother received him was by no means gratifying to the sixteen-year-old officer. Though his mother concealed her intention of never letting him escape from under her wing again, Petya divined her plans, and instinctively afraid of his mother's making him too soft, of her 'making a ninny' of him (as he expressed it in his own mind), he treated her rather coolly, avoided being with her, and during his stay in Moscow devoted himself exclusively to Natasha.

The count, with his characteristic carelessness, had by the 28th made no preparations for leaving, and the waggons that were to come from their Moscow and Ryazan estate to remove all their property out of the house only arrived on the 30th.

From the 28th to the 31st, Moscow was all bustle and movement. Every day thousands of wounded from the field of Borodino were brought in at the Dorogomilov gate and conveyed across Moscow, and thousands of vehicles, full of residents and their belongings, were driving out at the gates on the opposite side of the city. The strangest and most contradictory rumours were circulating about the town. Some said that every one was forbidden to leave the city; others asserted that all the holy pictures had been taken from the churches, and every one was to be driven out of Moscow by force. Some said there had been another battle after Borodino, in which the French had been utterly defeated; others declared that the whole Russian army had been annihilated.

On Saturday, the 31st of August, the whole household of the Rostovs seemed turned upside down. All the doors stood wide open, all the furniture had been moved about or carried out, looking-glasses and pictures had been taken down. The rooms were littered up with boxes, with hay and packing paper and cord. Peasants and house-serfs were tramping about the parquet floors carrying out the baggage. The courtyard was crowded with peasants' carts, some piled high with goods and corded up, others still standing empty.

The count had been out since early morning. The countess had a headache from the noise and bustle, and was lying down in the new divan-room with compresses steeped in vinegar on her head. Petya had gone off to see a comrade, with whom he was planning to get transferred from the militia

to a regiment at the front. Sonya was in the great hall, superintending the packing of the china and glass. Natasha was sitting on the floor in her dismantled room among heaps of dresses, ribbons, and scarfs. She sat gazing immovably at the floor, holding in her hands an old ball-dress, the very dress, now out of fashion, in which she had been to her first Petersburg ball.

From the reverie she had fallen into, Natasha was aroused by the talk of the maids in the next room and their hurried footsteps from their room to the backstairs. Natasha got up and looked out of the window. A huge train of carts full of wounded men had stopped in the street.

The maids, the footmen, the housekeeper, the old nurse, the cooks, the coachmen, the grooms, and the scullion-boys were all at the gates, staring at the wounded men. Natasha flung a white pocket-handkerchief over her hair, and holding the corners in both hands, went out into the street.

The old housekeeper, Mavra Kuzminishna, had gone up to a cart with a tilt of bast-mats thrown over it. She was talking to a pale young officer who was lying in this cart. Natasha took a few steps forward and stood still timidly, holding her kerchief on and listening to what the housekeeper was saying.

'So you have no one then in Moscow?' Mavra Kuzminishna was saying. 'You'd be more comfortable in some apartment. . . . In our house even. The masters are all leaving.'

'I don't know if it would be allowed,' said the officer in a feeble voice. 'There's our chief officer . . . ask him,' and he pointed to a stout major who had turned back and was walking along the row of carts down the street.

Natasha at once went to meet the major.

'May the wounded men stay in our house?' she asked.

The major with a smile put his hand to his cap.

'What is your pleasure, ma'mselle?' he said, screwing up his eyes and smiling.

Natasha quietly repeated her question, and her face and her whole manner, though she still kept hold of the corners of the pocket-handkerchief, was so serious, that the major left off smiling, and after a moment's pondering—as though asking himself how far it were possible—he gave her an affirmative answer.

'Oh yes, why not, they may,' he said.

The officer in the covered cart turned into the Rostovs' courtyard, and dozens of carts of wounded men began at the invitation of the inhabitants to drive up to the entries of the houses in Povarsky Street. Natasha was delighted at having to do with new people in conditions quite outside the ordinary routine of life. She joined Mavra Kuzminishna in trying to get as many as possible driven into their yard.

'We must ask your papa though,' said Mavra Kuzminishna.

'Nonsense, nonsense. What does it matter? For one day, we'll move into the drawing-room. We can give them all our half of the house.'

'What an idea! what next? The lodge, may be, the men's room, and old nurse's room; and you must ask leave for that.'

'Well, I will ask.'

Natasha ran indoors, and went on tiptoe to the half-open door of the divan-room, where there was a strong smell of vinegar and Hoffmann's drops.

'Are you asleep, mamma?'

'Oh, what chance is there of sleep!' said the countess, who had just dropped into a doze.

'Mamma, darling!' said Natasha, kneeling before her mother and leaning her face against her mother's. 'I am sorry, forgive me, I'll never do it again, I waked you. Mavra Kuzminishna sent me; they have brought some wounded men in, officers, will you allow it? They have nowhere to go; I know you will allow it, . . .' she said rapidly, not taking breath.

'Officers? Who have been brought in? I don't understand,' said the countess.

Natasha laughed, the countess too smiled faintly.

'I knew you would let me . . . so I will tell them so.' And Natasha, kissing her mother, got up and went to the door.

In the hall she met her father, who had come home with bad news.

'We have lingered on too long!' said the count, with unconscious anger in his voice; 'the club's shut up and the police are leaving.'

'Papa, you don't mind my having invited some of the wounded into the house?' said Natasha.

'Of course not,' said the count absently. 'But that's not to the point. I beg you now not to let yourself be taken up with any nonsense, but to help to pack and get off—to get off to-morrow . . .'

And the count gave his butler and servants the same orders. Petya came back at dinner-time, and he too had news to tell them. He said that the mob was taking up arms to-day in the Kremlin; that a great battle was to be fought.

The countess looked in timid horror at her son's eager, excited face, as he told them this. She knew that if she said a word to try and dissuade Petya from going to battle (she knew how he was enjoying the prospect of it), he would say something about the duty of a man, about honour, and the fatherland—something irrational, masculine, and perverse—which it would be useless to oppose, and all hope of preventing him would be gone.

And, therefore, hoping to set off before this battle, taking Petya with her, to guard and protect them on the road, she said nothing to her son, but after dinner called her husband aside, and with tears besought him to take her away as soon as could be, that night if possible. Though she had till then shown not the slightest sign of alarm, she declared she should die of terror if they did not get away that very night. She was indeed without feigning afraid now of everything.

After dinner all the Rostov household set to work packing and preparing for their departure with eager haste. The old count, suddenly rousing himself to the task, spent the rest of the day continually trotting from the courtyard into the house and back again, shouting confused instructions to the

hurrying servants, and trying to spur them on to even greater haste. Petya looked after things in the yard. Sonya was quite bewildered by the count's contradictory orders, and did not know what to do. The servants raced about the rooms, shouting, quarrelling, and making a noise.

Natasha, too, suddenly set to work with the ardour that was characteristic of her in all she did. At first no one expected anything serious from her or would obey her instructions. But with heat and perseverance, she did at last succeed in impressing them. Her first achievement, which cost her immense effort, and established her authority, was the packing of the rugs. There were a number of costly Gobelin tapestries and Persian rugs in the house. When Natasha set to work, she found two boxes standing open in the hall: one packed almost full of china, the other full of rugs. There was a great deal more china left standing on the tables and there was more still to come from the storeroom. Another third box was needed, and the men had gone to get one.

'Sonya, wait a little, and we'll pack it all without that,' said Natasha.

'You cannot, miss; we have tried already,' said the footman.

But Natasha would not give in. She pulled everything out, and began rapidly packing them again, deciding that the commoner rugs and crockery should not be taken at all. When she had taken everything out, she began repacking what was to go; and by sorting out almost all the cheaper goods which were not worth taking, all that was of value was got into two boxes. Only the lid of the box full of rugs would not shut. A few things might have been taken out, but Natasha wanted to manage it in her own way. She unpacked, repacked, squeezed the things in, made the footman and Petya, whom she had drawn into assisting in the work, press on the lid, and herself tried desperately to do the same.

'That will do, Natasha,' Sonya said to her. 'I see you are quite right, but take out just the top one.'

'I won't,' cried Natasha, with one hand holding her disordered hair off her perspiring face, while with the other she squeezed down the rugs. 'Press it, Petya, press it! Vassilitch, press hard!' she cried. The rugs yielded, and the lid closed. Natasha set to work at once on a fresh job; and now the servants put complete faith in her, and came to ask whether a cart was packed full enough and whether the loads were to be tied on.

But with all their exertions, even late at night everything was not ready. The countess had fallen asleep, and the count put off their departure till morning and went to bed.

Sonya and Natasha slept in the divan-room, without undressing.

That night another wounded officer was driven along Povarsky Street, and Mavra Kuzminishna had him brought into the Rostovs' yard. The wounded officer must, Mavra Kuzminishna thought, be a man of very great consequence. He was in a coach with the hood let down and a carriage apron completely covering it. An old man, a most respectable-looking valet, was sitting on the box with the driver. A doctor and two soldiers followed the carriage in another conveyance.

'Come into our house, come in. The masters are going away, the whole house is empty,' said the old woman, addressing the old servant.

'Well,' answered the valet, sighing, 'and indeed we have no hope of getting him home alive! We have a house of our own in Moscow, but it is a long way further, and there's no one living in it either.'

'Is the gentleman very bad, then?'

'There's no hope!'

They had to avoid lifting him up steps, and so they carried the wounded man to the lodge. This wounded officer was Prince Andrey Bolkonsky.

The last day of Moscow had come. It was a bright, clear autumn day. It was Sunday. The bells were ringing for service in all the churches, just as on all other Sundays.

There were only two indications in the condition of society that betrayed the position of Moscow; those were the rabble, that is, the poorer class, and the prices of different objects. Factory hands, house-serfs, and peasants came out early that morning in immense crowds, which were swelled by clerks, divinity students, and gentlemen. Prices, too, on that day indicated the position of affairs. The prices of weapons, of carts and horses, and the value of gold rose higher and higher, while the value of paper-money and the prices of things useful in town were continually falling, so that by the middle of the day, while five hundred roubles was paid for a peasant's horse, furniture, mirrors, and bronzes were given away for nothing.

In the old-fashioned and decorous house of the Rostovs the collapse of all the usual conditions of life was very slightly perceptible. In the night three out of the immense retinue of servants did indeed disappear; but nothing was stolen, and the Rostovs were only aware of the change in the relative value of things from finding that the thirty carts from the country were of enormous value, for which they were envied by many, and offered enormous sums. Besides these would-be purchasers, all the previous evening and early in the morning of the 1st of September orderlies and servants were being continually sent into the Rostovs' courtyard from wounded officers, and wounded men were constantly dragging themselves there from the Rostovs' and neighbouring houses, to beseech the servants to try and get them a lift out of Moscow. The butler, to whom these requests were referred, resolutely refused, though he felt for the wounded men, and declared that he would never even dare to hint at such a thing to the count. Pitable as the position of these wounded men was, it was obvious that if one gave up one cart to them, one might as well give all—and would even have to put the carriages too at their service. Thirty waggons could not save all the wounded, and in the general catastrophe one must think of oneself and one's family first. So the butler reasoned on his master's behalf.

On waking up that morning Count Ilya Andreivitch slipped quietly out of his bedroom, so as not to wake his wife, who had been awake till morning, and in his lilac silk dressing-gown he came out on to the steps. The loaded waggons were standing in the courtyard. The carriages were drawn up at the steps. The butler was standing in the entrance talking with an old

orderly and a pale young officer with his arm in a sling. The butler, seeing his master, made a significant and peremptory sign to them both to retire.

'Well, is everything ready, Vassilitch?' said the count, rubbing his bald head; and looking benignly at the officer and the orderly, he nodded to them. (The count was always attracted by new faces.)

'Ready to put the horses in immediately, your excellency.'

'Well, that's capital; the countess will soon be awake, and, please God, we set off! What can I do for you, sir?' he said, addressing the officer. 'You are staying in my house?'

The officer came closer. His pale face suddenly flushed crimson.

'Count, do me a great favour, allow me . . . for God's sake . . . to get into one of your waggons. I have nothing here with me . . . I can go quite well with the luggage . . .'

Before the officer finished speaking, the orderly came up to make the same request for his master.

'Oh! yes, yes, yes,' said the count hurriedly. 'I shall be very glad indeed. Vassilitch, you see to it; you have a waggon or two cleared, well . . . well . . . what's needed . . . ?' The count murmured some vague orders. But the glowing look of gratitude on the officer's face instantly put the seal on the order. The count looked about him; everywhere—in the yard, at the gates, at the windows of the lodge—he saw wounded men and orderlies. They were all gazing at him and moving up towards the steps.

'Will you please walk into the gallery, your excellency; what are your orders about the pictures there?' said the butler. And the count went into the house with him, repeating his instructions that they were not to refuse the wounded men who begged to go with them.

'You can take something out of the loads, you know,' he added, in a subdued and mysterious voice, as though he were afraid of being overheard.

At nine o'clock the countess woke up, and her maid came in to report that the young ladies' summer dresses could not possibly be left behind. On the countess inquiring the cause of Madame Schoss's resentment, it appeared that that lady's trunk had been taken out of the waggon, and that all the waggons were being unloaded, and that the luggage was being taken out, as the waggons were to be given up to the wounded men, whom the count, with his usual readiness to be imposed upon, had consented to take away with them. The countess sent for her husband to come to her.

'What's this, my dear? I hear the luggage is being unloaded.'

'Do you know, *ma chère*, I wanted to speak to you about it . . . dear little countess . . . an officer came up to me—they are imploring us to let them have a few waggons for the wounded. It's all a question of money loss to us, of course, but to be left behind . . . think what it means to them! . . . Here they are in our very yard; we asked them in ourselves; here are officers. . . . You know, I really think, *ma chère* . . . well, let them take them. We are in no hurry.'

The count spoke timidly, as he always did when the subject was in any way connected with money. The countess was used to that tone, which

always ushered in some matter prejudicial to her children's interests, such as the building of a new gallery, or conservatory, or a new theatre in the house, or the training of an orchestra; and she made it a habit, and regarded it as a duty, to oppose everything that was communicated in that tone.

She assumed her air of tearful resignation, and said to her husband:

'Listen, count, you have mismanaged things so, that we are getting nothing for the house, and now you want to throw away all our—all the *children's*—property. Why, you told me yourself that we have a hundred thousand roubles' worth of valuables in the house. I protest, and protest, my love. What would you have! It's for the Government to look after the wounded. They know that. Only think, the Lopuhins opposite cleared everything to the last stick out of their house the day before yesterday. That's how other people manage. It's only we who are such fools. If you have no consideration for me, do at least think of your children.'

The count waved his hands in despair, and went out of the room without a word.

'Papa! why do you do that?' said Natasha, who had followed him into her mother's room.

'Nothing! It's no business of yours!' the count said angrily.

'But I heard,' said Natasha. 'Why won't mamma have it?'

'It's no business of yours!' cried the count.

Natasha walked away to the window.

The count was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand, when, with a face distorted by passion, Natasha burst like a tempest into the room, and ran with rapid steps up to her mother.

'It's vile! It's loathsome!' she screamed. 'It can't be true that it's your order.'

'Mamma, it's impossible; look what's being done in the yard!' she cried; 'they are being left . . .'

'What's the matter? Who are they?'

'The wounded! It's impossible, mamma, it's outrageous. Are we a lot of low Germans? . . .' Her throat was quivering with sobs. 'Mamma, darling, it's all wrong; forgive me, please, darling . . . Mamma, what is it to us what we take away? You only look out into the yard. . . . Mamma!'

The count stood in the window, and listened to Natasha without turning his head. All at once he gave a sort of gulp, and put his face closer to the window.

The countess glanced at her daughter, saw her face full of shame for her mother, felt why her husband would not look at her now, and looked about her with a distracted air.

'Oh, do as you please. Am I doing anything to hinder any one?' she said, not giving way all at once.

'Mamma, darling, forgive me.'

But the countess pushed away her daughter, and went up to the count.

'My dear, you order what is right. . . . I don't understand about it, you know,' she said, dropping her eyes with a guilty air.

'Papa, mamma! may I give the order? May I? . . .' asked Natasha. 'We'll take all that's quite necessary all the same,' she added.

The count nodded; and Natasha, with the same swiftness with which she used to run at 'catch-catch,' flew across the hall into the vestibule, and down the steps into the yard.

The servants gathered round Natasha, and could hardly believe the strange order she gave them, till the count himself in his wife's name confirmed the order that all the waggons were to be placed at the disposal of the wounded, and the boxes were to be taken down to the storerooms.

The wounded soldiers came creeping out of their rooms, and crowded round the waggons, with pale, delighted faces. The news spread to the neighbouring houses, and wounded men began to come into the yard from other houses too. Many of the wounded soldiers begged them not to take out the boxes, but only to let them sit on the top of them. But when once the work of unloading had begun there was no stopping it; it seemed of little consequence whether all were left or half. The cases of china, of bronzes, of pictures and looking-glasses, which had been so carefully packed during the previous night, lay in the yard, and still they sought and found possibilities of taking out more and more, and leaving more and more for the wounded.

'We can take four more,' said the steward. 'I'll leave my luggage, or else what is to become of them?'

'Oh, let them have our wardrobe cart,' said the countess; 'Dunyasha will go with me in the carriage.'

The waggon packed with the ladies' wardrobe was unloaded, and sent to fetch wounded men from two doors off. All the family and the servants too were eager and merry. Natasha was in a state of ecstatic happiness, such as she had not known for a very long while.

'Where are we to fasten this on?' said the servant, trying to lay a trunk on the narrow footboard behind in the carriage. 'We must keep just one cart for it.'

'What is it?' asked Natasha.

'The count's books.'

'Leave it. Vassilitch will put it away. That's not necessary.'

The covered gig was full of people; they were only in doubt where Pyotr Ilyitch was to sit.

'He'll go on the box. You'll go on the box, won't you, Petya?' cried Natasha.

Sonya, too, worked with unflagging zeal; but the aim of her exertions was the opposite of Natasha's. She saw to the storing away of all that was left behind, made a list of them at the countess's desire, and tried to get as much as possible taken with them.

By two o'clock the Rostovs' four carriages, packed and ready to start, stood in the approach. The waggon-loads of wounded were filing one after another out of the yard.

The coach in which Prince Andrey was being taken drove by the front

door, and attracted the attention of Sonya, who was helping a maid to arrange the countess's seat comfortably in her huge, high carriage.

'Whose carriage is that?' asked Sonya, popping her head out of the carriage window.

'Why, haven't you heard, miss?' answered the maid. 'The wounded prince; he stayed the night in the house, and is going on with us.'

'Oh, who is he? what's his name?'

'Our betrothed that was . . . Prince Bolkonsky himself!' answered the maid, sighing. 'They say he is dying.'

Sonya jumped out of the carriage and ran in to the countess. The countess, dressed for the journey, in her hat and shawl, was walking wearily about the drawing-room, waiting for the rest of the household to come in and sit down with closed doors, for the usual silent prayer before setting out. Natasha was not in the room.

'Mamma,' said Sonya. 'Prince Andrey is here, wounded and dying.'

The countess opened her eyes in dismay.

'Natasha,' she said.

Both Sonya and the countess knew their Natasha, and alarm at the thought of the effect the news might have on her outweighed all sympathy for the man, though they both liked him.

'Natasha does not know yet, but he is going with us,' said Sonya.

'You say he is dying?'

Sonya nodded.

'Well, mamma, it's all ready. What is it? . . .' asked Natasha, running with her eager face into the room. 'What has happened? Something very bad, concerning me?'

'Nothing,' said the countess. 'If we're ready, then do let us start.'

As is invariably the case at starting on a journey, a great many things were found to have been forgotten, or packed in the wrong place; and two grooms were kept a long while standing, one each side of the open carriage door, ready to help the countess up the carriage steps, while maids were flying with pillows and bags from the house to the carriages, the coach, and the covered gig, and back again.

The old coachman Efim, the only one whom the countess could trust to drive her, sat perched up on the box, and did not even look round at what was passing behind him. His thirty years' experience had taught him that it would be some time yet before they would say, 'Now, in God's name, start!' and that when they had said it, they would stop him at least twice again to send back for things that had been forgotten; and after that he would have to pull up once more for the countess herself to put her head out of the window and beg him, for Christ's sake, to drive carefully downhill. At last all were seated; the carriage steps were pulled up, and the door slammed, and the forgotten travelling-case had been sent for, and the countess had popped her head out and given the usual injunctions. Then Efim deliberately took his hat off and began crossing himself. The postillion and all the servants did the same.

'With God's blessing!' said Efim, putting his hat on. 'Off!' The postilion started his horse. The right-shaft horse began to pull, the high springs creaked, and the carriage swayed. The footman jumped up on the box while it was moving. The carriage jolted as it drove out of the yard on to the uneven pavement; the other vehicles jolted in the same way as they followed in a procession up the street. All the occupants of the carriages, the coach and the covered gig, crossed themselves on seeing the church opposite. The servants, who were staying in Moscow, walked along on both sides of the carriages to see them off.

Natasha had rarely felt such a joyful sensation as she experienced at that moment sitting in the carriage by the countess and watching, as they slowly moved by her, the walls of forsaken, agitated Moscow. Now and then she put her head out of the carriage window and looked back, and then in front of the long train of waggons full of wounded soldiers preceding them. Foremost of them all she could see Prince Andrey's closed carriage. She did not know who was in it.

As they turned round Suharev Tower, Natasha, who was quickly and inquisitively scrutinising the crowd driving and walking by, uttered a cry of delight and surprise:

'Good Heavens! Mamma, Sonya, look; it's he!'

'Who? who?'

'Look, do look! Bezuhov,' said Natasha, putting her head out of the carriage window and staring at a tall, stout man in a coachman's long coat, obviously a gentleman disguised, from his carriage and gait. He was passing under the arch of the Suharev Tower beside a yellow-looking, beardless, little old man in a frieze cloak.

'Only fancy! Bezuhov in a coachman's coat, with a queer sort of old-looking boy,' said Natasha. 'Do look; do look!'

'No, it's not he. How can you be so absurd!'

'Mamma,' cried Natasha. 'On my word of honour, I assure you, it is he. Stop, stop,' she shouted to the coachman; but the coachman could not stop, because more carts and carriages were coming out of Myeshtchansky Street, and people were shouting at the Rostovs to move on, and not to keep the rest of the traffic waiting.

All the Rostovs did, however, though now at a much greater distance, see Pierre, or a man extraordinarily like him, wearing a coachman's coat, and walking along the street with bent head and a serious face beside a little, beardless old man, who looked like a footman. This old man noticed a face poked out of the carriage window staring at them, and respectfully touching Pierre's elbow, he said something to him, pointing towards the carriage. It was some time before Pierre understood what he was saying; he was evidently deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. At last he looked in the direction indicated, and recognising Natasha, he moved instantly towards the carriage, as though yielding to the first impulse. But after taking a dozen steps towards it, he stopped short, apparently recollecting

something. Natasha's head beamed out of the carriage window with friendly mockery.

'Pyotr Kirillovitch, come here! We recognised you, you see! It's a wonder!' she cried, stretching out a hand to him. 'How is it? Why are you like this?'

Pierre took her outstretched hand, and awkwardly kissed it as he ran beside the still moving carriage.

'What has happened, count?' the countess asked him, in a surprised and commiserating tone.

'Eh? Why? Don't ask me,' said Pierre, and he looked up at Natasha, the charm of whose radiant, joyous eyes he felt upon him without looking at her.

'What are you doing, or are you staying in Moscow?'

Pierre was silent.

'In Moscow?' he queried. 'Yes, in Moscow. Good-bye.'

'Oh, how I wish I were a man, I would stay with you. Ah, how splendid that is!' said Natasha. 'Mamma, do let me stay.'

Pierre looked absently at Natasha, and was about to say something, but the countess interrupted him.

'You were at the battle, we have been told.'

'Yes, I was there,' answered Pierre. 'To-morrow there will be a battle again . . .' he was beginning, but Natasha interposed:

'But what is the matter, count? You are not like yourself . . .'

'Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me, I don't know myself. To-morrow . . . No! Good-bye; good-bye,' he said; 'it's an awful time!' And he left the carriage and walked away to the pavement.

For a long while Natasha's head was still thrust out of the carriage window, and she beamed at him with a kindly and rather mocking, joyous smile.

FROM the time of his disappearance, two days before, Pierre had been living in the empty abode of his dead benefactor, Osip Bazdyev. On the morning after his return to Moscow they had sent from the widow of Osip Alexyevitch Bazdyev to ask him to take charge of some books, as Madame Bazdyev was going away into the country, and of all the business awaiting Pierre that morning, the task of sorting the books and papers of Osip Alexyevitch seemed to him the most urgent.

Watching the loaded vehicles moving out of Moscow, Pierre had the happy sensation of a runaway schoolboy. On reaching Bazdyev's house, he went up to a little garden gate. Gerasim, the yellow, beardless old man Pierre had seen five years before at Torzhok with Osip Alexyevitch, came out on hearing him knock.

'At home?' asked Pierre.

'Owing to present circumstances, Sofya Danilovna and her children have gone away into the country, your excellency.'

'I'll come in, all the same; I want to look through the books,' said Pierre.

'Pray do, you are very welcome; the brother of my late master—the

heavenly kingdom be his!—Makar Alexyevitch has remained, but your honour is aware he is in feeble health,' said the old servant.

Makar Alexyevitch was, as Pierre knew, a brother of Osip Alexyevitch, a half-mad creature, besotted by drink.

'Yes, yes, I know. Let us go in,' said Pierre, and he went into the house. A tall, bald old man in a dressing-gown, with a red nose and goloshes on his bare feet, was standing in the vestibule; seeing Pierre, he muttered something angrily, and walked away into the corridor.

'He was a great intellect, but now, as your honour can see, he has grown feeble,' said Gerasim. 'Will you like to go into the study?' Pierre nodded. 'As it was sealed up, so it has remained. Sofya Danilovna gave orders that if you sent for the books they were to be handed over.'

Gerasim opened one blind, and went out of the room on tiptoe. Pierre walked round the study, went up to the bookcase, where the manuscripts were kept, and took one of the most important, at one time a sacred relic of the order. This consisted of the long Scottish acts of the order, with Bazdyev's notes and commentaries. He sat down to the dusty writing-table and laid the manuscripts down before him, opened and closed them, and at last, pushing them away, sank into thought, with his elbow on the table and his head in his hand.

More than two hours passed by. Gerasim ventured to make a slight noise at the door to attract Pierre's attention. 'Would your honour like something to eat?'

'No, but I want something else. I want a peasant dress and a pistol,' said Pierre.

'Certainly, sir,' said Gerasim, after a moment's thought.

'And I beg you not to tell any one who I am.'

'Certainly, sir.'

Gerasim accepted Pierre with the imperturbability of a servant who had seen many queer things in his time. Without even permitting himself to wonder with what object it was wanted, he obtained for Pierre that evening a coachman's coat and cap, and promised next day to procure the pistol he required. Makar Alexyevitch twice that evening approached the door, shuffling in his goloshes, and stood there, gazing with an ingratiating air at Pierre. But as soon as Pierre turned to him, he wrapped his dressing-gown round him with a shame-faced and wrathful look, and hastily retreated. Pierre put on the coachman's coat, procured and carefully fumigated for him by Gerasim, and went out with the latter to buy a pistol at the Suharev Tower. It was there he had met the Rostovs.

AT TEN O'CLOCK in the morning of the 2nd of September, Napoleon was standing in the midst of his troops on Poklonny Hill, gazing at the spectacle that lay before him.

'This Asiatic city with the innumerable churches, Moscow the holy. Here it is at last, the famous city! It was high time,' said Napoleon.

'A city occupied by the enemy is like a girl who has lost her honour,' he

thought (it was the phrase he had uttered to Tutchkov at Smolensk). And from that point of view he gazed at the Oriental beauty who lay for the first time before his eyes. He felt it strange himself that the desire so long cherished, and thought so impossible, had at last come to pass.

'But how could it be otherwise?' he thought. 'Here is this capital, she lies at my feet awaiting her fate. Where is Alexander now, and what is he thinking? A strange, beautiful, and grand city! And a strange and grand moment is this! In what light must I appear to them?' he mused, thinking of his soldiers. 'Here is the city—the reward for all those of little faith,' he thought, looking round at his suite and the approaching troops, forming into ranks.

'One word of mine, one wave of my arm, and the ancient capital of the Tsar is no more. But my clemency is ever prompt to stoop to the vanquished. I must be magnanimous and truly great. Moscow lies at my feet, her golden domes and crosses flashing and twinkling in the sun, but I will spare her. On the ancient monuments of barbarism and despotism I will inscribe the great words of justice and mercy . . . Alexander will feel that more bitterly than anything; I know him.' (It seemed to Napoleon that the chief import of what had happened lay in his personal contest with Alexander.) 'From the heights of the Kremlin—yes, that's the Kremlin, yes—I will dictate to them the laws of justice, I will teach them the meaning of true civilisation, I will make the generations of boyards to enshrine their conqueror's name in love. I will tell the deputation that I have not sought, and do not seek, war; but I have been waging war only with the deceitful policy of their court; that I love and respect Alexander, and that in Moscow I will accept terms of peace worthy of myself and my peoples. I have no wish to take advantage of the fortune of war to humiliate their honoured Emperor. "Boyards," I will say to them, "I do not seek war; I seek the peace and welfare of all my subjects." But I know their presence will inspire me, and I shall speak to them as I always do, clearly, impressively, and greatly. But can it be true that I am in Moscow! Yes, there she is!'

'Let the boyards be brought to me,' he said, addressing his suite. A general, with a brilliant suite of adjutants, galloped off at once to fetch the boyards.

Two hours passed. Napoleon had lunched, and was again standing on the same spot on the Poklonny Hill, waiting for the deputation. His speech to the boyards had by now taken definite shape in his mind. The speech was full of dignity and greatness, as Napoleon understood it. Napoleon was himself carried away by the magnanimity with which he intended to act in Moscow. In imagination he had already fixed the days for a '*réunion dans le palais des Czars*,' at which the great Russian nobles were to mingle with the courtiers of the French Emperor. In thought he had appointed a governor capable of winning the hearts of the people. Having heard that Moscow was full of religious institutions, he had mentally decided that his bounty was to be showered on these institutions. He imagined that as in Africa he had had to sit in a mosque wearing a burnous, in Moscow he

must be gracious and bountiful as the Tsars. And being, like every Frenchman, unable to imagine anything moving without a reference to *sa chère, sa tendre, sa pauvre mère*, he decided finally, to touch the Russian heart, that he would have inscribed on all these charitable foundations in large letters: 'Dedicated to my beloved mother.' Or simply, '*Maison de ma mère*,' he decided. 'But am I really in Moscow? Yes, there she lies before me; but why is the deputation from the city so long in coming?' he wondered.

Meanwhile a whispered and agitated consultation was being held among his generals and marshals in the rear of the suite. The adjutants sent to bring the deputation had come back with the news that Moscow was empty, that every one had left or was leaving the city. The faces of all the suite were pale and perturbed. It was not that Moscow had been abandoned by its inhabitants (grave as that fact appeared) that alarmed them. They were in alarm at the idea of making the fact known to the Emperor; they could not see how, without putting his majesty into the terrible position, called by the French *ridicule*, to inform him that he had been waiting so long for the boyards in vain, that there was a drunken mob, but no one else in Moscow. Some of the suite maintained that come what may, they must anyway scrape up a deputation of some sort.

The position was the more difficult as the Emperor, pondering on his magnanimous plans, was walking patiently up and down before the map of the city, shading his eyes to look from time to time along the road to Moscow, with a proud and happy smile.

'We shall have to tell him all the same,' said some gentleman of the suite. 'But it's awkward . . .' the gentlemen-in-waiting kept repeating, shrugging their shoulders and unable to bring themselves to settle the terrible word in their minds: '*le ridicule. . .*'

Meanwhile the Emperor, weary of waiting in vain, and with his actor's instinct feeling that the great moment, being too long deferred, was beginning to lose its grandeur, made a sign with his hand. A solitary cannon shot gave the signal, and the invading army marched into Moscow—at the Tver, the Kaluga, and the Dorogomilov gates. More and more rapidly, vying with one another, at a quick run and a trot, the troops marched in, concealed in the clouds of dust they raised, and making the air ring with their deafening shouts.

Tempted on by the advance of the army, Napoleon too rode as far as the Dorogomilov gate, but there he halted again, and dismounting walked about the Kamerkolezhsky wall for a long time, waiting for the deputation.

So was Moscow deserted, as Napoleon, weary, uneasy and frowning, paced up and down at the Kamerkolezhsky wall awaiting that merely external, but still to his mind essential observance of the proprieties—a deputation.

Some few men were still astir in odd corners of Moscow, aimlessly.

When, with due circumspectness, Napoleon was informed that Moscow was deserted, he looked wrathfully at his informant, and turning his back on him, went on pacing up and down in silence.

'My carriage,' he said. He sat down in his carriage beside the adjutant on duty, and drove into the suburbs.

'Moscow deserted! What an incredible event!' he said to himself.

He did not drive right into the town, but put up for the night at an inn in the Dorogonilov suburb. The dramatic scene had not come off.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Murat's troops entered Moscow. In front rode a detachment of Würtemberg hussars, behind, with an immense suite, rode the King of Naples himself.

The interpreter accosted one old porter, and asked him if it were far to the Kremlin. The porter, listening with surprise to the unfamiliar Polish accent, and not recognising the interpreter's words for Russian, had no notion what was being said to him, and took refuge behind the others.

Murat approached the interpreter, and told him to ask where were the Russian troops. One of the Russians understood this question, and several voices began answering the interpreter simultaneously. A French officer from the detachment in advance rode up to Murat and reported that the gates into the citadel were blocked up, and that probably there was an ambush there.

'Good,' said Murat, and turning to one of the gentlemen of his suite, he commanded four light cannons to be moved forward, and the gates to be shelled.

A bell was ringing in the Kremlin for evening service, and the French supposed it was the call to arms. Several infantry soldiers ran to the Kutafyev gateway. A barricade of beams and planks lay across the gateway. Two musket shots rang out from the gates, just as an officer with some men were running up to them. The general standing by the cannons shouted some words of command to the officer, and the officer and the soldiers ran back.

Three more shots were heard from the gate. One shot grazed the leg of a French soldier, and a strange shout of several voices rose from behind the barricade. Instantaneously, as though at the word of command, the expression of good humour and serenity on the faces of the French general, officers, and men was replaced by a stubborn, concentrated expression of readiness for conflict and suffering. The cannons were moved forward. The artillerymen quenched the burning linstocks. An officer shouted 'Fire!' and two whistling sounds of clinking tin rang out one after another. The grapeshot fell rattling on the stone of the gateway, on the beams and screens of planks, and two clouds of smoke rolled over the square.

Some instants after the echoes of the shots had died away over the stone Kremlin, a strange sound was heard over the heads of the French. An immense flock of jackdaws rose above the walls and swept round in the air with loud caws, and the whir of thousands of wings. Together with this sound, there rose a solitary human cry at the gate, and the figure of a man bareheaded, in a long peasant's coat, came into sight through the smoke. Holding a gun up, he took aim at the French. 'Fire!' repeated the

artillery officer, and at the same instant one rifle shot and two cannon shots were heard. The gate was again hidden in smoke.

Nothing more stirred behind the barricade, and the French infantry soldiers with their officers passed in at the gate. In the gateway lay three men wounded and four dead. Two men in long peasant-coats had run away along the walls.

'Clear this away,' said the officer, pointing to the beams and the corpses; and the French soldiers finished off the wounded, and flung the corpses over the fence below. Who these men were nobody knew. 'Clear this away!' was all that was said of them, and they were flung away that they might not stink.

Murat was informed that the way had been cleared. The French entered the gates, and began pitching their camp on Senate-house Square. The soldiers flung the chairs out of the windows of the Senate-house into the square, and began making fires.

Tattered, hungry, and exhausted, as they were, and dwindled to one-third their original numbers, the French soldiers yet entered Moscow in good discipline. It was a harassed and exhausted, yet still active and menacing army. But as soon as the soldiers began to disperse about the wealthy, deserted houses, the army was lost for ever, and in its place was a multitude of men, neither citizens nor soldiers, but something nondescript between, known as marauders.

When five weeks later these same men set out from Moscow, they no longer made up an army. They were a mob of marauders, each of whom carried or dragged along with him a mass of objects he regarded as precious and useful. The aim of each of these men on leaving Moscow was not, as it had been, to fight as a soldier, but simply to keep the booty he had obtained. Like the ape, who slipping his hand into the narrow neck of a pitcher, and snatching up a handful of nuts inside it, will not open his fist for fear of losing his prize, even to his own ruin, the French on leaving Moscow were inevitably bound to come to ruin, because they dragged their plunder along with them, and it seemed as impossible to them to fling away their booty as it seems to the ape to let go of the nuts.

That day one order after another was issued by the French commanders forbidding the troops to disperse about the town, sternly forbidding violence to the inhabitants, and pillaging, and proclaiming that a general roll-call was to take place that evening. But at the windows of the houses men could be seen in military coats and Hessian boots, laughing and strolling through the rooms. In the cellars, in the storerooms similar men were busily looking after the provisions; in the courtyards they were unlocking or breaking open the doors of sheds and stables; in the kitchens they were making up fires, and with bare arms mixing, kneading, and baking, and frightening, or trying to coax and amuse, women and children.

Moscow was without its inhabitants, and the soldiers were sucked up in her, like water into sand, as they flowed away irresistibly in all directions from the Kremlin, which they had entered first. Cavalry soldiers, who

had entered a merchant's house abandoned with all its belongings, and finding stabling for their horses and to spare, yet went on to take the house next door, which seemed to them better. Many took several houses, chalking their names on them, and quarrelled and even fought with other companies for their possession. Soldiers had no sooner succeeded in securing quarters than they ran along the street to look at the town, and on hearing that everything had been abandoned, hurried off where objects of value could be carried off for nothing. The officers followed to check the soldiers, and were involuntarily lured into doing the same. In Carriage Row shops had been abandoned stocked with carriages, and the generals flocked thither to choose coaches and carriages for themselves.

The few inhabitants who had stayed on invited the officers into their houses, hoping thereby to secure themselves against being robbed. Wealth there was in abundance: there seemed no end to it. Everywhere all round the parts occupied by the French there were unexplored regions unoccupied beyond, in which the French fancied there were even more riches to be found. And Moscow absorbed them further and further into herself. Just as when water flows over dry land, water and dry land alike disappear and are lost in mud, so when the hungry army entered the wealthy, deserted city, the army and the wealth of the city both perished; and fires and marauding bands sprang up where they had been.

The French ascribed the burning of Moscow *au patriotisme féroce*, the Russians to the savagery of the French. In reality, explanations of the fire of Moscow, in the sense of the conflagration being brought home to the door of any one person or group of persons, there have never been, and never could be. Moscow was burned because she was placed in conditions in which any town built of wood was bound to be burned, quite apart from the question whether there were or were not one hundred and thirty inefficient fire-engines in the town. Moscow was sure to be burned, because her inhabitants had gone away, as inevitably as a heap of straw is sure to be burned where sparks are scattered on it for several days in succession. A town of wooden houses in which, when the police and the inhabitants owning the houses are in possession of it, fires are of daily occurrence, cannot escape being burned when its inhabitants are gone and it is filled with soldiers smoking pipes, making fires in Senate-house Square of the Senate-house chairs, and cooking themselves meals twice a day. In times of peace, whenever troops are quartered on villages in any district, the number of fires in the district at once increases. How greatly must the likelihood of fires be increased in an abandoned town, built of wood, and occupied by foreign soldiers! Moscow was burned through the pipes, the kitchen stoves, and camp-fires, through the recklessness of the enemy's soldiers, who lived in the houses without the care of householders.

Soothing as it was to the vanity of the French to throw the blame on the ferocity of Rastoptchin, and to that of the Russians to throw the blame on the miscreant Bonaparte, or later on to place the heroic torch in the hand of its patriot peasantry, we cannot disguise from ourselves that there

could be no such direct cause of the fire. Moscow was as certain to be burned as any village, factory, or house forsaken by its owners, and used as a temporary shelter and cooking-place by strangers. Moscow was burned by her inhabitants, it is true; but not by the inhabitants who had lingered on, but by the inhabitants who had abandoned her. Moscow did not, like Berlin, Vienna, and other towns, escape harm while in the occupation of the enemy, simply because her inhabitants did not receive the French with the keys, and the bread and salt of welcome, but abandoned her.

THE process of the absorption of the French into Moscow did not, till the evening of the 2nd of September, reach the quarter of the town in which Pierre was staying.

Pierre had left his own house simply to escape from the complicated tangle woven about him by the demands of daily life, which in his condition at that time he was incapable of unravelling. He had gone to Osip Alexyevitch's house on the pretext of sorting out the books and papers of the deceased. Simply he was in search of a quiet refuge, and he certainly found it in Osip Alexyevitch's study.

In the deathlike stillness of the study, there passed in calm and significant succession before his mental vision the impressions of the last few days, especially of the battle of Borodino, and of that overwhelming sense of his own pettiness and falsity in comparison with the truth and simplicity and force of that class of men, who were mentally referred to by him as 'they.' When Gerasim roused him from his reverie, the idea occurred to Pierre that he would take part in the defence of Moscow by the people, which was, he knew, expected.

Then during the first day of solitude and idleness (Pierre tried several times in vain to fix his attention on the masonic manuscripts) there rose several times vaguely to his mind the idea that had occurred to him in the past of the cabalistic significance of his name in connection with the name of Bonaparte. But the idea that he, *l'Russes Besuhov*, was destined to put an end to the power of the *Beast*, had as yet only come to him as one of those dreams that flit idly through the brain, leaving no trace behind.

When Pierre had met the Rostovs, and Natasha said to him, 'You are staying? Ah, how splendid that is!' the idea had flashed into his mind that it really might be splendid, even if they did take Moscow, for him to remain, and to do what had been foretold for him to do.

Next day with the simple aim of not doing less than *they* would do, he had gone out to the Three Hills barrier. But when he came back, convinced that Moscow would not be defended, he suddenly felt that what had only occurred to him before as a possibility, had now become something necessary and inevitable. He must remain in Moscow, concealing his name, must meet Napoleon, and kill him, so as either to perish or to put an end to the misery of all Europe, which was in Pierre's opinion entirely due to Napoleon alone.

Pierre knew all the details of the German student's attempt on Napoleon's

life at Vienna in 1809, and knew that that student had been shot. And the danger to which he would be exposing his own life in carrying out his design excited him even more violently.

Two equally powerful feelings drew Pierre irresistibly to his design. The first was the craving for sacrifice and suffering through the sense of the common calamity, the feeling that had impelled him to go to Mozhaik on the 25th, and to place himself in the very thick of the battle, and now to run away from his own house, to give up his accustomed luxury and comfort, to sleep without undressing on a hard sofa, and to eat the same food as Gerasim. The other was that vague and exclusively Russian feeling of contempt for everything conventional, artificial, human, for everything that is regarded by the majority of men as the highest good in the world. Moreover at the present moment Pierre was supported in his design, and prevented from abandoning it, by the steps he had already taken. His flight from his own house, and his disguise, and his pistol, and his statement to the Rostovs that he should remain in Moscow,—all would have been devoid of meaning, would have been indeed absurd and laughable (a point to which Pierre was sensitive) if after all that he had simply gone out of Moscow like other people.

Pierre's physical state, as is always the case, corresponded with his moral condition. The coarse fare to which he was unused, the vodka he drank during those days, the lack of wine and cigars, his dirty, unchanged linen, and two half-sleepless nights, spent on a short sofa without bedding, all reduced Pierre to a state of nervous irritability bordering on madness.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The French had already entered Moscow. Pierre knew this, but instead of acting, he only brooded over his enterprise, going over all the minutest details of it. In his dreams Pierre never clearly pictured the very act of striking the blow, nor the death of Napoleon, but with extraordinary vividness and mournful enjoyment dwelt on his own end and his heroic fortitude.

'Yes, one man for all, I must act or perish!' he thought. 'Yes, I will approach . . . and then all at once . . . with a pistol or a dagger!' thought Pierre. 'But that doesn't matter. It's not I but the Hand of Providence punishes you. . . . I shall say' (Pierre pondered over the words he would utter as he killed Napoleon). 'Well, take me, execute me!' Pierre would murmur to himself, bowing his head with a sad but firm expression on his face.

While Pierre was standing in the middle of the room, musing in this fashion, the door of the study opened, and Makar Alexyevitch—always hitherto so timid—appeared in the doorway, completely transformed.

His dressing-gown was hanging open. His face was red and distorted. He was unmistakably drunk. On seeing Pierre he was for the first minute disconcerted, but observing discomfiture in Pierre's face too, he was at once emboldened by it; and with his thin, tottering legs walked into the middle of the room.

'They have grown fearful,' he said, in a husky and confidential voice.

'I say: I will not surrender, I say . . . eh, sir?' He paused and suddenly catching sight of the pistol on the table, snatched it with surprising rapidity and ran out into the corridor.

Gerasim and the porter, who had followed Makar Alexyevitch, stopped him in the vestibule, and tried to get the pistol away from him. Pierre coming out of the study looked with repugnance and compassion at the half-insane old man. Makar Alexyevitch, frowning with effort, succeeded in keeping the pistol, and was shouting in a husky voice, evidently imagining some heroic scene.

'To arms! Board them! You shan't get it!' he was shouting.

'Give over, please, give over. Do me the favour, sir, please be quiet. There now, if you please, sir, . . .' Gerasim was saying, cautiously trying to steer Makar Alexyevitch by his elbows towards the door.

'Who are you? Bonaparte! . . .' yelled Makar Alexyevitch.

'That's not the thing, sir. You come into your room and rest a little. Let me have the pistol now.'

'Away, base slave! Don't touch me! Do you see?' screamed Makar Alexyevitch, brandishing the pistol. 'Run them down!'

'Take hold!' Gerasim whispered to the porter.

They seized Makar Alexyevitch by the arms and dragged him towards the door.

The vestibule was filled with the unseemly sounds of scuffling and drunken, husky gasping.

Suddenly a new sound, a shrill, feminine shriek, was heard from the porch, and the cook ran into the vestibule.

'They! Merciful heavens! . . . My goodness, here they are! Four of them, horsemen!' she screamed.

Gerasim and the porter let Makar Alexyevitch go, and in the hush that followed in the corridor they could distinctly hear several hands knocking at the front door.

Having inwardly resolved that until the execution of his design, he ought to disguise his station and his knowledge of French, Pierre stood at the half-open door into the corridor, intending to conceal himself as soon as the French entered. But the French entered, and Pierre did not leave the door; an irresistible curiosity kept him there.

There were two of them. One—an officer, a tall, handsome man of gallant bearing; the other, obviously a soldier or officer's servant, a squat, thin, sunburnt man, with hollow cheeks and a dull expression. The officer walked first, limping and leaning on a stick. After advancing a few steps, the officer, apparently making up his mind that these would be good quarters, stopped, turned round and shouted in a loud, peremptory voice to the soldiers standing in the doorway to put up the horses. Having done this the officer, with a jaunty gesture, crooking his elbow high in the air, stroked his moustaches and put his hand to his hat.

'*Bonjour, la compagnie!*' he said gaily, smiling and looking about him.

No one made any reply.

'*Vous êtes le bourgeois?*' the officer asked, addressing Gerasim.

Gerasim looked back with scared inquiry at the officer.

'*Quartire, quartire, logement,*' said the officer, looking down with a condescending and good-humoured smile at the little man. 'The French are good lads. Don't let us be cross, old fellow,' he went on in French, clapping the scared and mute Gerasim on the shoulder. 'I say, does no one speak French in this establishment?' he added, looking round and meeting Pierre's eyes. Pierre withdrew from the door.

The officer turned again to Gerasim. He asked him to show him over the house.

'Master not here—no understand . . . me you . . .' said Gerasim, trying to make his words more comprehensible by saying them in reverse order.

The French officer, smiling, waved his hands in front of Gerasim's nose, to give him to understand that he too failed to understand him. and walked with a limp towards the door where Pierre was standing. Pierre was about to retreat to conceal himself from him, but at that very second he caught sight of Makar Alexyevitch peeping out of the open kitchen door with a pistol in his hand. With a madman's cunning, Makar Alexyevitch eyed the Frenchmen, and lifting the pistol, took aim. 'Run them down!!!' yelled the drunkard, pressing the trigger.

The French officer turned round at the scream, and at the same instant Pierre dashed at the drunken man. Just as Pierre snatched at the pistol and jerked it up, Makar Alexyevitch succeeded at last in pressing the trigger, and a deafening shot rang out, wrapping every one in a cloud of smoke. The Frenchman turned pale and rushed back to the door.

Forgetting his intention of concealing his knowledge of French, Pierre pulled away the pistol, and throwing it on the ground, ran to the officer and addressed him in French. 'You are not wounded?' he said.

'I think not,' answered the officer, feeling himself; 'but I have had a narrow escape this time,' he added, pointing to the broken plaster in the wall.

'Who is this man?' he asked, looking sternly at Pierre.

'Oh, I am really in despair at what has happened,' said Pierre quickly, quite forgetting his part. 'It is a madman, an unhappy creature, who did not know what he was doing.'

The officer went up to Makar Alexyevitch and took him by the collar.

Makar Alexyevitch, pouting out his lips, nodded, as he leaned against the wall, as though dropping asleep.

'Brigand, you shall pay for it,' said the Frenchman, letting go of him. 'We are clement after victory, but we do not pardon traitors,' he added, with gloomy dignity in his face, and a fine, vigorous gesture.

Pierre tried in French to persuade the officer not to be severe with this drunken imbecile. The Frenchman listened in silence, with the same gloomy air, and then suddenly turned with a smile to Pierre. For several seconds

he gazed at him mutely. His handsome face assumed an expression of melodramatic feeling, and he held out his hand.

'You have saved my life. You are French,' he said. For a Frenchman, the deduction followed indubitably. An heroic action could only be performed by a Frenchman, and to save the life of him, M. Ramballe, captain of the 13th Light Brigade, was undoubtedly a most heroic action.

But however indubitable this logic, and well grounded the conviction the officer based on it, Pierre thought well to disillusion him on the subject.

'I am Russian,' he said quickly.

'Tell that to others,' said the Frenchman, smiling and waving his finger before his nose. 'You shall tell me all about it directly,' he said. 'Charmed to meet a compatriot. Well, what are we to do with this man?' he added, applying to Pierre now as though to a comrade.

To his last question Pierre explained once more who Makar Alexyevitch was. He explained that just before his arrival the drunken imbecile had carried off a loaded pistol, which they had not succeeded in getting from him, and he begged him to let his action go unpunished. The Frenchman arched his chest, and made a majestic gesture with his hand.

'You have saved my life! You are a Frenchman. You ask me to pardon him. I grant you his pardon. Let this man be released,' the French officer pronounced with rapidity and energy, and taking the arm of Pierre he was walking with him into the room.

The soldiers in the yard, hearing the shot, had come into the vestibule to ask what had happened, and to offer their services in punishing the offender; but the officer sternly checked them.

'You will be sent for when you are wanted,' he said. The soldiers withdrew. The orderly, who had meanwhile been in the kitchen, came in to the officer.

'Captain, they have soup and a leg of mutton in the kitchen,' he said. 'Shall I bring it up?'

'Yes, and the wine,' said the captain.

Pierre thought it his duty to assure the captain again that he was not a Frenchman, and would have withdrawn, but the French officer would not hear of it. He was so courteous, polite, good-humoured, and genuinely grateful to him for saving his life that Pierre had not the heart to refuse.

'Frenchman or Russian prince incognito,' said the Frenchman, looking at Pierre's fine, though dirty linen, and the ring on his finger; 'I owe my life to you, and I offer you my friendship. A Frenchman never forgets an insult or a service. I offer you my friendship. That's all I say.'

In the tones of the voice, the expression of the face, and the gestures of the officer, there was so much naïve good nature and good breeding (in the French sense) that Pierre unconsciously responded with a smile to his smile, as he took his outstretched hand.

'Captain Ramballe of the 13th Light Brigade, decorated for the affair of the 7th September,' he introduced himself, an irrepressible smile of complacency lurking under his moustache. 'Will you tell me now to whom

I have the honour of speaking so agreeably, instead of remaining in the ambulance with that madman's ball in my body?'

Pierre answered that he would not tell him his name, and was beginning with a blush, while trying to invent a name, to speak of the reasons for which he was unable to do so, but the Frenchman hurriedly interrupted him.

'Enough!' he said. 'I understand your reasons; you are an officer . . . a staff officer, perhaps. You have borne arms against us. That's not my business. I owe you my life. That's enough for me. I am at your disposal. You are a nobleman?' he added, with an intonation of inquiry. Pierre bowed.

'Your baptismal name, if you please? I ask nothing more. M. Pierre, you say? Perfect! That's all I want to know.'

When they had brought in the mutton, an omelette, a samovar, vodka, and wine from a Russian cellar brought with them by the French, Ramballe begged Pierre to share his dinner; and at once with the haste and greediness of a healthy, hungry man, set to work on the viands himself, munching vigorously with his strong teeth, and continually smacking his lips and exclaiming, '*Excellent! exquis!*' His face became flushed and perspiring. Pierre was hungry, and pleased to share the repast.

'Yes, my dear M. Pierre, I owe you a fine votive candle for saving me from that maniac. I have bullets enough in my body, you know. Here is one from Wagram' (he pointed to his side), 'and two from Smolensk' (he showed the scar on his cheek). 'And this leg which won't walk, as you see. It was at the great battle of la Moskowa on the 7th that I got that. *Sacré Dieu*, it was fine! You ought to have seen that; it was a deluge of fire. You cut us out a tough job; you can boast of that, my word on it!'

'I was there,' said Pierre.

'Really!' pursued the Frenchman. 'Well, so much the better. You are fine enemies, though. Your grenadiers were superb, God's thunder. Fine fellows, soldiers like ourselves. Terrible in war . . . gallant, with the fair' (he winked with a smile)—'there you have the French, M. Pierre, eh?'

The captain was so naïvely self-satisfied that Pierre almost winked in response.

'By the way, tell me, is it true that all the women have left Moscow? What a queer idea! What had they to fear?'

'Would not the French ladies quit Paris, if the Russians were to enter it?' said Pierre.

'Ha—ha—ha! . . .' The Frenchman gave vent to a gay, sanguine chuckle, slapping Pierre on the shoulder. 'That's a good one, that is,' he went on. 'Paris . . . But Paris . . .'

'Paris is the capital of the world,' said Pierre, finishing the sentence for him.

'Well, if you had not told me you are a Russian, I would have wagered you were a Parisian. You have that indescribable something . . .' and uttering this compliment, he again gazed at him mutely.

'I have been in Paris. I spent years there,' said Pierre.

'One can see that! Paris! A man who does not know Paris is a savage . . . A Parisian can be told two leagues off. Paris—it is Talma, la Duschénois, Potier, the Sorbonne, the boulevards.' Perceiving that the conclusion of his phrase was somewhat of an anticlimax, he added hurriedly, 'We have taken Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Warsaw—all the capitals in the world. We are feared, but we are loved. We are worth knowing. And then the Emperor . . .' he was beginning, but Pierre interrupted him.

'The Emperor,' repeated Pierre, and his face suddenly wore a mournful and embarrassed look. 'What of the Emperor?'

'The Emperor? He is generosity, mercy, justice, order, genius—that is the Emperor. It is I, Ramballe, who tell you that. I was his enemy eight years ago. My father was an emigrant count. But he has conquered me, that man. He has taken hold of me. I could not resist the spectacle of the greatness and glory with which he was covering France. When I understood what he wanted, when I saw he was preparing a bed of laurels for us, I said to myself: "That is a monarch." And I gave myself up to him. Oh yes, he is the greatest man of the centuries, past and to come.'

'And is he in Moscow?' Pierre asked, hesitating and looking guilty.

The Frenchman gazed at Pierre's guilty face, and grinned.

'No, he will make his entry to-morrow,' he said and went on with his talk.

Their conversation was interrupted by several voices shouting at the gates, and Morel coming in to tell the captain that some Würtemberg hussars had come and wanted to put up their horses in the yard in which the captain's had been put up. The difficulty arose chiefly from the hussars not understanding what was said to them. Pierre, who knew German, translated the German's words to the captain, and translated the captain's answer back for the Würtemberg hussar.

The captain went out to the entrance and gave some loud commands.

When he came back into the room, Pierre was sitting where he had been sitting before, with his head in his hands. His face expressed suffering. He really was at that moment suffering. As soon as the captain had gone out, and Pierre had been left alone, he suddenly came to himself, and recognised the position he was in. It was not that Moscow had been taken, not that these lucky conquerors were making themselves at home there and patronising him, bitterly as Pierre felt it, that tortured him at that moment. He was tortured by the consciousness of his own weakness. The few glasses of wine he had drunk, the chat with this good-natured fellow, had dissipated that mood of concentrated gloom, which he had been living in for the last few days, and which was essential for carrying out his design. The pistol and the dagger and the peasant's coat were ready, Napoleon was making his entry on the morrow. Pierre felt it as praiseworthy and as beneficial as ever to slay the miscreant; but he felt now that he would not do it.

'I'll go away at once, I won't say another word to him,' thought Pierre. He thought this, yet went on sitting in the same place.

The captain, on the contrary, seemed in exceedingly good spirits.

‘Charming fellow the colonel of these Würtembergers,’ he said all at once. ‘He’s a German, but a good fellow if ever there was one. But a German.’

‘Well, another bottle of this Moscow claret, eh? Morel, warm us another bottle!’ the captain shouted gaily.

Morel brought candles and a bottle of wine. The captain looked at Pierre in the candle-light, and was obviously struck by the troubled face of his companion.

‘Eh, we are sad!’ he said, touching Pierre on the hand. ‘Can I have hurt you? No, really, have you anything against me?’ he questioned. ‘Perhaps it is owing to the situation of affairs?’

Pierre made no reply, but looked cordially into the Frenchman’s eyes.

‘My word of honour, to say nothing of what I owe you, I have a liking for you. Can I do anything for you? Dispose of me. It is for life and death. With my hand and my heart, I say so,’ he said, slapping himself on the chest.

‘Thank you,’ said Pierre.

‘Ah, in that case, I drink to our friendship.’

And with the easy and naïve unreserve of a Frenchman, the captain told Pierre the history of his forefathers, his childhood, boyhood, and manhood, and all his relations, his fortunes, and domestic affairs.

‘But all that is only the setting of life; the real thing is love. Love! Eh, M. Pierre?’ he said, warming up. ‘Another glass.’

As men often do at a late hour at night, and under the influence of wine, Pierre listened to the captain’s stories, and while he followed and understood all he told him, he was also following a train of personal reminiscences which had risen to his imagination.

With faltering lips and with a far-away look in his moist eye, he told all his story; told too, what he had at first concealed—his position in society—and even disclosed his name.

What impressed the captain more than anything else in Pierre’s story was the fact that Pierre was very wealthy, that he had two palatial houses in Moscow, and that he had abandoned everything, and yet had not left Moscow, but was staying in the town concealing his name and station.

Late in the night they went out together into the street. Gazing at the lofty, starlit sky, at the moon, at the comet and the glow of the fire, Pierre felt a thrill of joyous and tender emotion. ‘How fair it all is! what more does one want?’ he thought. And all at once, when he recalled his design, his head seemed going round; he felt so giddy that he leaned against the fence so as not to fall. On the left there was the glow of the first fire that broke out in Moscow, in Petrovka.

There was nothing alarming in a small remote fire in the immense city.

THE Rostovs’ party stopped for that night twenty versts from Moscow. One of the servants noticed in the dark night sky, above the high carriage standing at the entry, a small glow of fire.

'I say, mates, there's another fire,' said the man. All of them looked towards the glow.

'Why, they told us Mamonov's Cossacks had fired Little Mytishtchy.' 'Nay! that's not Mytishtchy, it's further.' 'Look 'ee, it's in Moscow seemingly.'

Several more men joined the first group.

'I say it is flaring,' said one; 'that's a fire in Moscow, my friends.'

No one answered this remark. And for a good while all these men gazed in silence at the flames of this new conflagration glowing far away.

The glow spread wider.

'God have mercy! . . . a wind and the drought . . .' said a voice.

'Look 'ee, how it's spreading. Lord, have mercy on us poor sinners!'

'They'll put it out, never fear.'

'Who's to put it out?'

Informed that Moscow was on fire, the count put on his dressing-gown and went out to look. With him went Sonya, who had not yet undressed.

'Oh! how awful!' cried Sonya, coming in chilled and frightened from the yard. 'I do believe all Moscow is burning; there's an awful fire! Natasha, do look; you can see now from the window here,' she said, obviously trying to distract her friend's mind. But Natasha stared at her, as though she did not understand what was asked of her. Natasha had been in this petrified condition ever since the morning, when Sonya, to the amazement and anger of the countess, had for some incomprehensible reason thought fit to inform Natasha of Prince Andrey's wound, and his presence among their train.

'Look, Natasha, how frightfully it's burning,' said Sonya.

'What's burning?' asked Natasha. 'Oh yes, Moscow.'

When Natasha had been told that morning that Prince Andrey was seriously wounded, and was travelling with them, she had at the first moment asked a great many questions, how and why and where was he going; whether he were dangerously wounded, and whether she could see him. But after she had been told that she could not see him, that his wound was a serious one, but that his life was not in danger, though she plainly did not believe what was told her, she saw that she would get the same answer whatever she said, and gave up asking questions and speaking at all.

'Go to bed, darling, go to bed, my pet,' said the countess, lightly touching Natasha's shoulder. 'Come, go to bed.'

'Oh yes, at once,' said Natasha, hurriedly undressing, and breaking the strings of her petticoats. Dropping off her dress, and putting on a dressing-jacket, she sat down on the bed made up on the floor, tucking her feet under her, and flinging her short, fine hair over her shoulder, began plaiting it. Her thin, long, practised fingers rapidly and deftly divided and plaited. When her toilet for the night was over, Natasha sank softly down on to the sheet laid on the hay nearest the door.

'Natasha, you lie in the middle,' said Sonya.

'I'll stay here,' said Natasha. 'And do go to bed,' she added in a tone of annoyance. And she buried her face in the pillow.

The countess and Sonya hurriedly undressed and went to bed. The lamp before the holy images was the only light left in the room.

A cricket chirped in a crack, as though celebrating a victory over all the world. A cock crowed far away, and another answered close by. Natasha sat up.

'Sonya! Are you asleep? Mamma!' she whispered. No one answered. Slowly and cautiously Natasha got up, crossed herself, and stepped cautiously with her slender, supple, bare feet on to the dirty, cold floor. The boards creaked. With nimble feet she ran like a kitten a few steps, and took hold of the cold door-handle.

She opened the door, stepped over the lintel, and on to the damp, cold earth of the passage outside. The cold all about her refreshed her. Her bare foot felt a man asleep; she stepped over him, and opened the door of the hut in which Prince Andrey was lying.

In that hut it was dark. A tallow candle with a great, smouldering wick stood on a bench in the further corner, by a bed.

Ever since she had been told in the morning of Prince Andrey's wound and his presence there, Natasha had resolved that she must see him. She could not have said why this must be, but she knew their meeting would be anguish to her, and that made her the more certain that it must be inevitable.

All day long she had lived in the hope that at night she would see him. But now when the moment had come, a terror came over her of what she would see. How had he been disfigured? What was left of him? When she caught sight of an undefined mass in the corner, and took his raised knees under the quilt for his shoulders, she pictured some fearful body there, and stood still in terror. But an irresistible force drew her forward. She made one cautious step, another, and found herself in the middle of the small hut, cumbered up with baggage. On the bench, under the holy images, lay another man.

The valet's sleepy and frightened words 'What is it? What do you want?' only made Natasha hasten towards the figure lying in the corner. However fearfully unlike a human shape that figure might be now, she must see him. She passed by the valet, the smouldering candle flickered up, and she saw clearly Prince Andrey, lying with his arms stretched out on the quilt, looking just as she had always seen him.

He was just the same as ever; but the flush on his face, his shining eyes, gazing passionately at her, and especially the soft, childlike neck, showing above the lay-down collar of the nightshirt, gave him a peculiarly innocent, childlike look, such as she had never seen in him before. She ran up to him and with a swift, supple, youthful movement dropped on her knees.

He smiled, and held out his hand to her.

Seven days had passed since Prince Andrey had found himself in the ambulance station on the field of Borodino. All that time he had been in a

state of almost continual unconsciousness. The fever and inflammation were, in the opinion of the doctor accompanying the wounded, certain to carry him off. But on the seventh day he ate with relish a piece of bread with some tea, and the doctor observed that the fever was going down.

Prince Andrey had regained consciousness in the morning. The doctor, to his surprise and dissatisfaction, found that the pulse was stronger. The doctor's dissatisfaction was due to the fact that he felt certain from his experience that Prince Andrey could not live. The doctor made some changes, turning the wounded man over so that he groaned again, and again lost consciousness from the pain when they turned him over. He began to be delirious.

It was only in the complete stillness of the night that he came to himself again. Every one was asleep around him. A cricket was chirping across the passage; some one was shouting and singing in the street; cockroaches were rustling over the table, the holy images and the walls; a big fly flopped on his pillow and about the tallow candle that stood with a great, smouldering wick beside him.

All at once thought and feeling floated to the surface again with extraordinary clearness and force, and he vividly pictured Natasha. 'If it were only possible for me to see her once more . . .'

Piti-piti-piti iti-ti, ipiti-piti—boom, the fly flapped . . . And his attention passed all at once into another world of reality and delirium, in which something peculiar was taking place. In that place the candle was still burning, with a red ring round it; the same shirt still lay by the door. But besides all this, something creaked, there was a whiff of fresh air, and before the doorway appeared the white face and shining eyes of that very Natasha he had been dreaming of just now.

'Oh, how wearisome this everlasting delirium is!' thought Prince Andrey, trying to dispel that face from his vision. But that face stood before him with the face of reality, and that face was coming closer. Prince Andrey thought he was drawn back into the realm of delirium. The soft murmuring voice kept up its rhythmic whisper, something was oppressing him, and rising up, and the strange face stood before him. Prince Andrey rallied all his forces to regain his senses; he stirred a little, and suddenly there was a ringing in his ears and a dimness before his eyes, and like a man sinking under water, he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, Natasha was on her knees before him. He knew that it was the real, living Natasha, and did not wonder, but quietly rejoiced. Natasha, on her knees, in terror, but without moving gazed at him. Her face was white and rigid.

Prince Andrey smiled, and held out his hand.

'You?' he said.

Natasha came nearer.

'Forgive me!' she said in a whisper.

'I love you,' said Prince Andrey.

'Forgive . . .'

'Forgive what?' asked Prince Andrey.

Natasha's thin, pale face, with its swollen lips, was more than ugly—it looked terrible. But Prince Andrey did not see her face, he saw the shining eyes, which were beautiful.

They heard talk behind them. Pyotr, the valet, by now wide awake, had waked up the doctor.

'Why, what's this?' said the doctor. 'Kindly retire, madam.'

At that moment there was a knock at the door; a maid had been sent by the countess in search of her daughter.

Like a sleep-walker awakened in the midst of her trance, Natasha walked out of the room.

From that day at all the halts and resting-places on the remainder of the Rostovs' journey, Natasha never left Bolkonsky's side, and the doctor was forced to admit that he had not expected from a young girl so much fortitude, nor skill in nursing a wounded man.

Terrible as it was to the countess to think that Prince Andrey might (and very probably, too, from what the doctor said) die on the road in her daughter's arms, she could not resist Natasha. Although with the renewal of affectionate relations between Prince Andrey and Natasha the idea did occur that in case he recovered their old engagement would be renewed, no one—least of all Natasha and Prince Andrey—spoke of this. The unsettled question of life and death hanging, not only over Prince Andrey, but over all Russia, shut off all other considerations.

PIERRE waked up late on the 3rd of September. His head ached, the clothes in which he had slept without undressing fretted his body, and he had a vague sense in his heart of something shameful he had done the evening before. That something shameful was his talk with Captain Ramballe.

His watch told him it was eleven, but it seemed a particularly dull day. Pierre stood up, rubbed his eyes, and seeing the pistol with its engraved stock—Gerasim had put it back on the writing-table—Pierre remembered where he was and what was in store for him that day.

'Am I not too late already?' Pierre wondered.

No, probably *he* would not make his entry into Moscow before twelve o'clock. Pierre did not allow himself to reflect on what lay before him, but made haste to act.

Setting his clothes to rights, Pierre took up the pistol and was about to set off. But then for the first time it occurred to him to wonder how, if not in his hand, he was to carry the weapon in the street. Even under his full coat it would be hard to conceal a big pistol. It could not be put under his arm without being noticeable. Moreover, the pistol was now unloaded, and Pierre could not succeed in reloading it.

'The dagger will do as well,' Pierre said to himself; though, in considering how he should carry out his design, he had more than once decided that the great mistake made by the student in 1809 was that he had tried to kill Napoleon with a dagger. But Pierre's chief aim seemed to be, not so much

to succeed in his project, as to prove to himself that he was not renouncing his design, but was doing everything to carry it out. Pierre hurriedly took the blunt, notched dagger in a green scabbard, which he had bought with the pistol, and hid it under his waistcoat.

Tying the sash round his peasant's coat, and pulling his cap forward, Pierre walked along the corridor, trying to avoid making a noise and meeting the captain, and slipped out into the street.

The fire, at which he had gazed so indifferently the evening before, had sensibly increased during the night. Moscow was on fire at various points, and the barges in the river Moskva were in a blaze.

Most of the houses had their gates and shutters closed. The streets and lanes were deserted; there was a smell of burning and smoke in the air. Now and then he met Russians with uneasy and timid faces, and Frenchmen with a look of the camp about them, walking in the middle of the road. Both looked at Pierre with surprise. Apart from his great height and stoutness, and the look of gloomy concentration and suffering in his face and whole figure, Russians stared at Pierre because they could not make out to what class he belonged. Frenchmen looked after him with surprise, because, while all other Russians stared timidly and inquisitively at them, Pierre walked by without noticing them.

With haste and horror he bore within him his intention as something strange and fearful to him, fearing—from the experience of the previous night—to lose it. But Pierre was not destined to carry his design in safety to the spot to which he was bending his steps. Moreover, if he had not been detained on the road, his design could not have been carried out, because Napoleon had four hours earlier left the Dorogomilov suburb, and crossed Arbaty to the Kremlin; and he was by then sitting in the royal study in the Kremlin palace in the gloomiest temper, giving circumstantial orders for immediately extinguishing the fires, preventing pillage, and reassuring the inhabitants.

But Pierre knew nothing of that; entirely engrossed in what lay before him, he was suffering the anguish men suffer when they persist in undertaking a task impossible for them—not from its inherent difficulties, but from its incompatibility with their own nature.

As Pierre got nearer to Povarsky Street, the smoke grew thicker and thicker, and the air was positively warm from the heat of the conflagration. Tongues of flame shot up here and there behind the house-tops. He met more people in the streets, and these people were in great excitement. But though Pierre felt that something unusual was happening around him, he did not grasp the fact that he was getting near the fire. As he walked along a path, across the large open space adjoining on one side Povarsky Street, and on the other side the gardens of Prince Gruzinsky, Pierre suddenly heard close by him the sound of a woman, crying desperately. He stood still, as though awakened from a dream, and raised his head.

On the dried-up, dusty grass on one side of the path lay heaps of household belongings piled up: feather-beds, a samovar, holy images, and boxes.

On the ground, near the boxes, sat a thin woman, no longer young, with long, projecting front teeth, dressed in a black cloak and cap. This woman was weeping violently, swaying to and fro, and muttering something. Two little girls, from ten to twelve years old, dressed in dirty, short frocks and cloaks, were gazing at their mother, with an expression of stupefaction on their pale, frightened faces. A little boy of seven, in a coat and a huge cap, obviously not his own, was crying in an old nurse's arms. A bare-legged, dirty servant-girl was sitting on a chest; she had let down her flaxen hair, and was pulling out the singed hairs, sniffing at them. The husband, a short, stooping man, in a uniform, with little, wheel-shaped whiskers, and smooth locks of hair, peeping out from under his cap, which was stuck erect on his head, was moving the chests from under one another with an immovable face, dragging garments of some sort from under them.

The woman almost flung herself at Pierre's feet as soon as she saw him.

'Merciful heavens, good Christian folk, save me, help me, kind sir! . . . somebody, help me,' she articulated through her sobs. 'My little girl! . . . My daughter! . . . My youngest girl left behind! . . . She's burnt! Oo . . . er! What a fate I have nursed thee for . . . Ooo!'

'Hush, Marya Nikolaevna,' the husband said in a low voice to his wife, evidently only to justify himself before an outsider.

'Sister must have taken her, nothing else can have happened to her!' he added.

'Monster, miscreant!' the woman screeched furiously, her tears suddenly ceasing. 'There is no heart in you, you have no feeling for your own child. Any other man would have rescued her from the fire. But he is a monster, not a man, not a father. You are a noble man,' the woman turned to Pierre sobbing and talking rapidly. 'The row was on fire—they rushed in to tell us. The girl screamed: Fire! We rushed to get our things out. Just as we were, we escaped. . . . This is all we could snatch up . . . the blessed images, we look at the children, and the bed that was my dowry, and all the rest is lost. Katitchka's missing. Ooo! O Lord! . . .' and again she broke into sobs. 'My darling! burnt! burnt!'

'But where, where was she left?' said Pierre.

From the expression of his interested face, the woman saw that this man might help her.

'Good, kind sir!' she screamed, clutching at his legs. 'Benefactor, set my heart at rest anyway . . . Aniska, go, you slut, show the way,' she bawled to the servant-girl, opening her mouth wide in her anger, and displaying her long teeth more than ever.

'Show the way, show me, I . . . I . . . I'll do something,' Pierre gasped hurriedly.

The dirty servant-girl came out from behind the box, put up her hair, and sighing, walked on in front along the path with her coarse, bare feet.

Pierre felt as though he had suddenly come back to life after a heavy swoon. He drew his head up, his eyes began to shine with the light of life, and with rapid steps he followed the girl, overtook her, and went into

Povarsky Street. The whole street was full of clouds of black smoke. Tongues of flame shot up here and there out of these clouds. A great crowd had gathered in front of the fire. In the middle of the street stood a French general, saying something to those about him. Pierre, accompanied by the servant-girl, was approaching the place where the French general stood; but the French soldiers stopped him.

'Can't pass,' a voice shouted to him.

'This way, master,' bawled the girl. 'We'll cut across Nikoliny by the lane.'

Pierre turned back, breaking into a run now and then to keep pace with her. The girl ran across the street, turned into a lane on the left, and passing three houses, turned in at a gate on the right.

'It's just here,' she said, and running across a yard, she opened a little gate in a paling-fence, and stopping short, pointed out to Pierre a small wooden lodge, which was blazing away brightly. One side of it had fallen in, the other was on fire, and flames peeped out at the window-holes and under the roof.

As Pierre went in at the little gate, he felt the rush of heat, and involuntarily stopped short.

'Which is your house?' he asked.

'Oooh!' wailed the servant-girl, pointing to the lodge. 'That's it, that same was our lodging. Sure, you're burnt to death, our treasure, Katitchka, my precious little missy, ooh!' wailed Aniska, at the sight of the fire feeling the necessity of giving expression to her feelings too.

Pierre darted up to the lodge, but the heat was so great that he could not help describing a curve round it, and found himself close to a big house, which was as yet only on fire on one side, at the roof. A group of French soldiers were swarming round it. Pierre could not at first make out what these Frenchmen were about, dragging something out of the house. But seeing a French soldier in front of him beating a peasant with a blunt cutlass, and taking from him a fur-lined coat, Pierre became vaguely aware that pillaging was going on here—but he had no time to dwell on the idea.

The sound of the rumble and crash of falling walls and ceilings; the roar and hiss of the flames, and the excited shouts of the crowd; the sight of the hovering clouds of smoke—here folding over into black masses, there drawing out and lighted up by gleaming sparks; and the flames—here like a thick red sheaf, and there creeping like golden fish-scales over the walls; the sense of the heat and smoke and rapidity of movement, all produced on Pierre the usual stimulating effect of a conflagration. That effect was particularly strong on Pierre, because all at once, at the sight of the fire, he felt himself set free from the ideas weighing upon him. He felt young, gay, ready, and resolute. He ran round the lodge on the side of the house, and was about to run into that part which was still standing, when he heard several voices shouting immediately above his head, followed by the crash and bang of something heavy falling close by.

Pierre looked round, and saw at the windows of the house some French

soldiers, who had just dropped out a drawer of a chest, filled with some metallic objects. Some more French soldiers standing below went up to the drawer.

'Well, what does that fellow want?' one of the French soldiers shouted, referring to Pierre.

'A child in the house. Haven't you seen a child?' said Pierre.

'What's the fellow singing? Get along, do!' shouted voices; and one of the soldiers, evidently afraid Pierre might take it into his head to snatch the silver and bronzes from them, pounced on him in a menacing fashion.

'A child?' shouted a Frenchman from above. 'I did hear something crying in the garden. Perhaps it's the fellow's brat. Must be humane, you know.'

'Where is it?' asked Pierre.

'This way!' the French soldier shouted to him from the window pointing to the garden behind the house. 'Wait, I'll come down.'

And in a minute the Frenchman, a black-eyed fellow, with a patch on his cheek, in his shirt-sleeves, did in fact jump out of a window on the ground floor, and slapping Pierre on the shoulder, he ran with him to the garden. 'Make haste, you fellows,' he shouted to his comrades, 'it's beginning to get hot.' Running behind the house to a sanded path, the Frenchman pulled Pierre by the arm, and pointed out to him a circular space. Under a garden seat lay a girl of three years old, in a pink frock.

'Here's your brat. Ah, a little girl. So much the better,' said the Frenchman. 'Good-bye. Must be humane, we are all mortal, you know'; and the Frenchman, with the patch on his cheek, ran back to his comrades.

Pierre, breathless with joy, ran up to the child, and would have taken her in his arms. But seeing a stranger, the little girl—a scrofulous-looking, unattractive child, very like her mother—screamed and ran away. Pierre caught her, however, and lifted her up in his arms; she squealed in desperate fury, and tried to tear herself out of Pierre's arms with her little hands, and to bite him with her dirty, dribbling mouth. Pierre had a sense of horror and disgust, such as he had felt at contact with some little beast. But he made an effort to overcome it, and not to drop the child, and ran with it back to the big house.

By now, however, it was impossible to get back by the same way; the servant-girl, Aniska, was nowhere to be seen, and with a feeling of pity and loathing, Pierre held close to him, as tenderly as he could, the piteously howling, and sopping wet baby, and ran across the garden to seek some other way out.

When Pierre, after running across courtyards and by-lanes, got back with his burden to Prince Gruzinsky's garden, at the corner of Povarsky, he did not for the first moment recognise the place from which he had set out to look for the baby: it was so packed with people and goods, dragged out of the houses. Besides the Russian families with their belongings saved from the fire, there were a good many French soldiers here too in various uniforms. Pierre took no notice of them. He was in haste to find the family, and to restore the child to its mother, so as to be able to go back and save

some one else. It seemed to Pierre that he had a great deal more to do, and to do quickly.

The child was quiet now, and clinging to Pierre's coat like a little wild beast. Pierre fancied he saw something touchingly innocent in the frightened, sickly little face.

Neither the official nor his wife were in the place where he had left them. With rapid steps, Pierre walked about among the crowd, scanning the different faces he came across. He could not help noticing a Georgian or Armenian family, consisting of a very old man, of a handsome Oriental cast of face, dressed in a new cloth-faced sheepskin and new boots; an old woman of a similar type; and a young woman. The latter—a very young woman—struck Pierre as a perfect example of Oriental beauty, with her sharply marked, arched, black eyebrows, her extraordinarily soft, bright colour and beautiful, expressionless, oval face. Among the goods flung down in the crowd in the grass space, in her rich satin mantle, and the bright lilac kerchief on her head, she suggested a tender, tropical plant, thrown down in the snow. She was sitting on the baggage a little behind the old woman, and her big, black, long-shaped eyes, with their long lashes, were fixed immovably on the ground. Evidently she was aware of her beauty, and fearful because of it. Her face struck Pierre, and in his haste he looked round at her several times as he passed along by the fence. Reaching the fence, and still failing to find the people he was looking for, Pierre stood still and looked round.

Pierre's figure was more remarkable than ever now with the baby in his arms, and several Russians, both men and women, gathered about him.

'Have you lost some one, good sir? Are you a gentleman yourself, or what? Whose baby is it?' they asked him.

Pierre answered that the baby belonged to a woman in a black mantle, who had been sitting at this spot with her children; and asked whether any one knew her, and where she had gone.

'Why, it must be the Anferovs,' said an old deacon addressing a pock-marked peasant woman. 'Lord, have mercy on us! Lord, have mercy on us!' he added, in his professional bass.

'The Anferovs,' said the woman. 'Why, the Anferovs have been gone since early this morning. It will either be Marya Nikolaevna's or Ivanova's.'

'He says a woman, and Marya Nikolaevna's a lady,' said a house-serf.

'You know her, then; a thin woman—long teeth,' said Pierre.

'To be sure, Marya Nikolaevna. They moved off into the garden as soon as these wolves pounced down on us,' said the woman, indicating the French soldiers.

'O Lord, have mercy on us!' the deacon added again.

'You go on yonder, they are there. It's she, for sure. She was quite beside herself with crying,' said the woman again. 'It's she. Here this way.'

But Pierre was not heeding the woman. For several seconds he had been gazing intently at what was passing a few paces from him. He was looking at the Armenian family and two French soldiers, who had approached them.

One of these soldiers, a nimble, little man, was dressed in a blue coat, with a cord tied round for a belt. He had a nightcap on his head, and his feet were bare. Another, whose appearance struck Pierre particularly, was a long, round-shouldered, fair-haired, thin man, with ponderous movements and an idiotic expression of face. He was dressed in a frieze tunic, blue trousers and big, torn, high boots. The little bare-footed Frenchman in the blue coat, on going up to the Armenians, said something, and at once took hold of the old man's legs, and the old man began immediately in haste pulling off his boots. The other soldier in the tunic stopped facing the beautiful Armenian girl, with his hands in his pockets, and stared at her without speaking or moving.

'Take it, take the child,' said Pierre, handing the child to the peasant woman, and speaking with peremptory haste. 'You give her to them, you take her,' he almost shouted to the woman, setting the screaming child on the ground, and looking round again at the Frenchmen and the Armenian family.

The old man was by now sitting barefoot. The little Frenchman had just taken the second boot from him, and was slapping the boots together. The old man was saying something with a sob, but all that Pierre only saw in a passing glimpse. His whole attention was absorbed by the Frenchman in the tunic, who had meanwhile, with a deliberate, swinging gait, moved up to the young woman, and taking his hands out of his pockets, caught hold of her neck.

The beautiful Armenian still sat in the same immobile pose, with her long lashes drooping, and seemed not to see and not to feel what the soldier was doing to her.

While Pierre ran the few steps that separated him from the Frenchman, the long soldier in the tunic had already torn the necklace from the Armenian beauty's neck, and the young woman, clutching at her neck with both hands, screamed shrilly.

'Let that woman alone!' Pierre roared in a voice hoarse with rage, and seizing the long, stooping soldier by the shoulders he shoved him away. The soldier fell down, got up, and ran away. His comrade, dropping the boots, pulled out his sword, and moved up to Pierre in a menacing attitude.

'*Voyous, pas de bêtises!*' he shouted.

Pierre was in that transport of frenzy in which he remembered nothing, and his strength was increased tenfold. He dashed at the barefoot Frenchman, and before he had time to draw his cutlass, he knocked him down, and was pommelling him with his fists. Shouts of approval were heard from the crowd around, and at the same moment a patrol of French Uhlans came riding round the corner. The Uhlans trotted up to Pierre, and the French soldiers surrounded him.

Pierre had no recollection of what followed. He remembered that he beat somebody, and was beaten, and that in the end he found that his hands were tied, that a group of French soldiers were standing round him, ransacking his clothes.

'Lieutenant, he has a dagger,' were the first words Pierre grasped the meaning of.

'Ah, a weapon,' said the officer, and he turned to the barefoot soldier, who had been taken with Pierre. 'Very good, very good; you can tell all your story at the court-martial,' said the officer. And then he turned to Pierre: 'Do you know French?'

Pierre looked about him with bloodshot eyes, and made no reply. Probably his face looked very terrible; for the officer said something in a whisper, and four more Uhlans left the rest, and stationed themselves both sides of Pierre.

'Do you speak French?' the officer, keeping his distance, repeated the question. 'Call the interpreter.' From the ranks a little man came forward, in a Russian civilian dress. Pierre, from his dress and speech, at once recognised in him a French shopman from some Moscow shop.

'He doesn't look like a common man,' said the interpreter, scanning Pierre.

'Oh, oh, he looks very like an incendiary,' said the officer. 'Ask him who he is,' he added.

'Who are you?' asked the interpreter in his Frenchified Russian. 'You must answer the officer.'

'I will not say who I am. I am your prisoner. Take me away,' Pierre said suddenly in French.

'Ah! ah!' commented the officer, knitting his brows; 'well, march then!'

A crowd had gathered around the Uhlans. Nearest of all to Pierre stood the pock-marked peasant woman with the child. When the patrol was moving, she stepped forward:

'Why, where are they taking you, my good soul?' she said. 'The child! what am I to do with the child if it's not theirs?' she cried.

'What does she want, this woman?' asked the officer.

Pierre was like a drunken man. His excitement was increased at the sight of the little girl he had saved.

'What does she want?' he said. 'She is carrying my daughter, whom I have just saved from the flames,' he declared. 'Good-bye!' and utterly at a loss to explain to himself the aimless lie he had just blurted out, he strode along with a resolute and solemn step between the Frenchmen.

The patrol of Uhlans was one of those that had been sent out through various streets of Moscow to put a stop to pillage, and still more to capture the incendiaries who, in the general opinion of the French officers, were causing the fires. Patrolling several streets, the Uhlans arrested five more suspicious characters, a shopkeeper, two divinity students, a peasant, and a house-serf—all Russians—besides several French soldiers engaged in pillage. But of all these suspicious characters Pierre seemed to them the most suspicious of all.

When they had all been brought for the night to a big house on Zubovsky rampart, which had been fixed upon as a guardhouse, Pierre was put apart from the rest under strict guard.

PART XII

IN the higher circles in Petersburg the intricate conflict between parties, the easy, luxurious life, went on, and made it a difficult task to believe in the danger and the difficult position of the Russian people. There were the same levees and balls, the same French theatre, the same court interests, the same interests and intrigues in the government service.

On the 26th of August, the very day of the battle of Borodino, there was a *soirée* at Anna Pavlovna's, the chief attraction of which was to be the reading of the Metropolitan's letter, written on the occasion of his sending to the Tsar the holy picture of Saint Sergey. This letter was looked upon as a model of patriotic ecclesiastical eloquence. It was to be read by Prince Vassily himself, who was famed for his fine elocution. (He used even to read aloud in the Empress's drawing-room.) The beauty of his elocution was supposed to lie in the loud, resonant voice, varying between a despairing howl and a tender whine, in which he rolled off the words quite independently of the sense, so that a howl fell on one word and a whine on others quite at random. This reading, as was always the case with Anna Pavlovna's entertainments, had a political significance.

The news of the day in Petersburg was the illness of Countess Bezuhov. The countess had been taken ill a few days previously; she had missed several entertainments, and it was said that she was seeing no one, and that instead of the celebrated Petersburg physicians, who usually attended her, she had put herself into the hands of some Italian doctor.

Everybody was very well aware that the charming countess's illness was due to inconveniences arising from marrying two husbands at once. But in the presence of Anna Pavlovna no one ventured to think about that view of the question, or even, as it were, to know what they did know about it.

'They say the poor countess is very ill. The doctor says it is *angina pectoris*.'

'I am told the old count is touching. He cried like a child when the doctor told him there was danger.'

'Oh, it would be a terrible loss. She is a fascinating woman.'

'You speak of the poor countess,' said Anna Pavlovna, coming up. 'I sent to inquire after her. I was told she was going on better. Oh, no doubt of it, she is the most charming woman in the world,' said Anna Pavlovna.

Supposing that by these last words Anna Pavlovna had slightly lifted the veil of mystery that hung over the countess's illness, one unwary young

man permitted himself to express surprise that no well-known doctor had been called in, and that the countess should be treated by a charlatan, who might make use of dangerous remedies.

'Your information may be better than mine,' cried Anna Pavlovna, falling upon the inexperienced youth with sudden viciousness, 'but I have it on good authority that this doctor is a very learned and skilful man. He is the private physician of the Queen of Spain.'

However, on the evening of that day everything seemed to conspire to throw the Petersburg world into agitation and uneasiness. Countess Elena Bezuхов died quite suddenly of the terrible illness which had been so amusing to talk about. At larger gatherings every one repeated the official story that Countess Bezuхов had died of a terrible attack of angina pectoris, but in intimate circles people told in detail how the Queen of Spain's own medical attendant had prescribed to Ellen small doses of a certain drug to bring about certain desired results; but that Ellen, tortured by the old count's suspecting her, and by her husband's not having answered her letter (that unfortunate, dissipated Pierre), had suddenly taken an enormous dose of the drug prescribed, and had died in agonies before assistance could be given. The story ran that Prince Vassily and the old count had been going to take proceedings against the Italian; but the latter had produced notes in his possession from the unhappy deceased of such a character that they had promptly let him go.

On the third day after, a country gentleman arrived in Petersburg from Moscow, and the news of the surrender of Moscow to the French was all over the town. This was awful! Think of the position of the Emperor!

Nine days after the abandonment of Moscow, a courier from Kutuzov reached Petersburg with the official news of the surrender of Moscow, with the news of the burning, whose flames illumined his route.

'Can they have surrendered my ancient capital without a battle?' the Tsar asked.

The colonel respectfully gave the message he had been commanded to give from Kutuzov, that is, that there was no possibility of fighting before Moscow, and that seeing there was no chance but either to lose the army and Moscow or to lose Moscow alone, the commander-in-chief had been obliged to choose the latter.

The Tsar listened without a word.

'Has the enemy entered the city?' he asked.

'Yes, sire, and by now the city is in ashes. I left it all in flames.'

The Tsar frowned.

'I see, colonel, from all that is happening to us that Providence requires great sacrifices of us. I am ready to submit to His will in everything; but tell me, how did you leave the army, seeing my ancient capital thus abandoned without striking a blow? Did you not perceive discouragement?'

'Sire, will you permit me to speak frankly, as a loyal soldier?'

'Colonel, I always expect it,' said the Tsar. 'Hide nothing from me; I want to know absolutely how it is.'

'Sire! I left the whole army, from the commanders to the lowest soldier without exception, in extreme, in desperate terror.'

'How so?' the Tsar interrupted, frowning sternly. 'My Russians let themselves be cast down by misfortune? . . . Never . . . ?'

'Sire,' he said, with a respectful playfulness of expression, 'they fear only that your Majesty through goodness of heart may let yourself be persuaded to make peace. They burn to fight,' said the plenipotentiary of the Russian people, 'and to prove to your Majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how devoted they are . . . ?'

'Ah!' said the Tsar, reassured, with a friendly light in his eyes. 'You tranquillise me, colonel . . . ?'

The Tsar looked down, and for some time he was silent. 'Well, go back to the army,' he said, drawing himself up to his full height, 'and tell our brave fellows, tell all my good subjects wherever you go, that when I have not a soldier left, I will put myself at the head of my dear nobility, of my good peasants, and so use the last resources of my empire. It offers me still more than my enemies suppose,' said the Tsar, more and more stirred. 'But if it should be written in the decrees of divine Providence,' he said, and his fine, mild eyes, shining with emotion, were raised towards heaven, 'that my dynasty should cease to reign on the throne of my ancestors, then after exhausting every means in my power, I would let my beard grow to here' (the Tsar put his hand halfway down his breast), 'and go and eat potatoes with the meanest of my peasants rather than sign the shame of my country and my dear people, whose sacrifice I know how to appreciate.'

'Sire!' said the messenger, 'your majesty is signing at this moment the glory of the nation and the salvation of Europe!'

WHILE half of Russia was conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow were fleeing to remote provinces, and one levy of militia after another was being raised for the defence of the country, we, not living at the time, cannot help imagining that all the people in Russia, great and small alike, were engaged in doing nothing else but making sacrifices, saving their country, or weeping over its downfall. The tales and descriptions of that period without exception tell us of nothing but the self-sacrifice, the patriotism, the despair, the grief, and the heroism of the Russians. In reality, it was not at all like that. It seems so to us, because we see out of the past only the general historical interest of that period, and we do not see all the personal human interests of the men of that time.

Nikolay Rostov, simply because the war had happened to break out before he left the service, took an immediate and continuous part in the defence of his country, and consequently he looked upon what was happening in Russia without despair or gloomy prognostications. If he had been asked what he thought of the present position of Russia, he would have said that it was not his business to think about it, that that was what Kutuzov and the rest of them were for, but that he had heard that the regiments were being filled up to their full complements, and that they must therefore be

going to fight for a good time longer, and that under the present circumstances he might pretty easily obtain the command of a regiment within a couple of years.

Since this was his point of view, it was with no regret at taking no part in the approaching battle, but with the greatest satisfaction—which he did not conceal, and his comrades fully understood—that he received the news of his appointment to go to Voronezh to purchase remounts for his division.

A few days before the battle of Borodino, Nikolay received the sums of money and official warrants required, and, sending some hussars on before him, he drove with posting-horses to Voronezh.

Only one who has spent several months in the atmosphere of an army in the field can imagine the delight Nikolay felt when he got out of the region overspread by the troops with their foraging parties, trains of provisions, and hospitals; when he saw no more soldiers, army waggons, and filthy traces of the camp, but villages of peasants and peasant women, gentlemen's country houses, fields with grazing oxen, and station-houses and sleepy overseers. What in particular remained for a long while a wonder and a joy to him was the sight of women, young and healthy, without dozens of officers hanging about every one of them; and women, too, who were pleased and flattered at an officer's cracking jokes with them.

In the happiest frame of mind, Nikolay reached the hotel at Voronezh at night, ordered everything of which he had so long been deprived in the army, and next day, after shaving with special care and putting on the full-dress uniform he had not worn for so long past, he drove off to present himself to the authorities.

The governor was a brisk little man, very affable and unpretentious. He mentioned to Nikolay the farms where he might obtain horses, recommended him to a horse-dealer in the town, and promised him every assistance.

'You are Count Ilya Andreivitch's son? My wife was a great friend of your mamma's. We receive on Thursdays: to-day is Thursday, pray come in, quite without ceremony,' said the governor, as he took leave of him.

Provincial life in the year 1812 went on exactly the same as always, the only difference being that the provincial towns were livelier owing to the presence of many wealthy families from Moscow, that, as in everything going on at that time in Russia, there was perceptible in the gaiety a certain devil-may-care, desperate recklessness, and also that the small talk indispensable between people was now not about the weather and common acquaintances, but about Moscow and the army and Napoleon.

The gathering at the governor's consisted of the best society in Voronezh.

There were a great many ladies, among them several Moscow acquaintances of Nikolay's; but among the men there was no one who could be compared with the cavalier of St. George the gallant hussar, and good-natured, well-bred Count Rostov. As soon as Nikolay came in in his full-dress uniform of an officer of hussars, diffusing a fragrance of scent and wine about him, people clustered round him. The ladies and the young girls

flirted with him, and the old people began even from this first evening bestirring themselves to try and get this gallant young rake of an hussar married and settled down. Among the latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostov as though he were a near kinsman, and called him 'Nikolay.'

All the evening Nikolay paid the most marked attention to a blue-eyed, plump, and pleasing little blonde, the wife of one of the provincial officials. With the naïve conviction of young men who are enjoying themselves that other men's wives are created for their special benefit, Rostov never left this lady's side, and treated her husband in a friendly way, almost as though there were a private understanding between them.

Jauntily shifting the posture of his legs in his tight riding-breeches, diffusing a scent of perfume, and admiring his fair companion and himself and the fine lines of his legs in the tight breeches, Nikolay told the blonde lady that he wanted to elope with a lady here, in Voronezh.

'What is she like?'

'Charming, divine. Her eyes' (Nikolay gazed at his companion). 'are blue, her lips are coral, her whiteness . . .' he gazed at her shoulders, 'the shape of Diana . . .'

The good-natured governor's wife came up to them with a disapproving air.

'Anna Ignatyevna wants to see you, Nikolay,' she said, pronouncing the name in such a way that Rostov was at once aware that Anna Ignatyevna was a very great lady. 'Come, Nikolay. You let me call you so, don't you?'

'Oh, yes, *ma tante*. Who is she?'

'Anna Ignatyevna Malvintsev. She has heard about you from her niece, how you rescued her . . . Do you guess? . . .'

'Oh, I rescued so many!' cried Nikolay.

'Her niece, Princess Bolkonsky. She is here in Voronezh with her aunt. Oho! how he blushes! Eh?'

The governor's wife led him up to a tall and very stout lady in blue, who had just finished a game of cards with the personages of greatest consequence in the town. This was Madame Malvintsev, Princess Marya's aunt on her mother's side, a wealthy, childless widow, who always lived in Voronezh. She was standing up, reckoning her losses, when Rostov came up to her.

'Delighted, my dear boy,' she said, holding out her hand to him. 'Pray come and see me.'

After saying a few words about Princess Marya and her late father, whom Madame Malvintsev had evidently disliked, and inquiring what Nikolay knew about Prince Andrey, who was apparently also not in her good graces, the dignified old lady dismissed him, repeating her invitation to come and see her.

Nikolay promised to do so and blushed again as he took leave. At the mention of Princess Marya's name, Rostov experienced a sensation of shyness, even of terror, which he could not have explained to himself.

On leaving Madame Malvintsev, Rostov would have gone back to the dance, but the little governor's wife laid her plump little hand on his sleeve.

'Do you know, *mon cher*,' said the governor's wife with a serious expression on her good-natured, little face, 'this is really the match for you; if you like, I will try and arrange it.'

'Whom do you mean, *ma tante*?' asked Nikolay.

'I will make a match for you with the princess. Do you wish it? I am sure your mamma will be grateful. Really, she is such a splendid girl, charming! And she is by no means so very plain.'

'Not at all so,' said Nikolay, as though offended at the idea. 'As for me, *ma tante*, as a soldier should, I don't force myself on any one, nor refuse anything that turns up,' said Rostov, before he had time to consider what he was saying.

'What a stupid thing I said to the governor's wife though!' suddenly came into Nikolay's mind at supper. 'She really will begin to arrange a match, and Sonya? . . .'

And on taking leave of the governor's wife, as she said to him once more with a smile, 'Well, remember then,' he drew her aside.

'But there is something . . . To tell you the truth, *ma tante* . . .'

'What is it, what is it, my dear? Come, let us sit down here.'

Nikolay had a sudden desire, an irresistible impulse to talk of all his most secret feelings (such as he would never have spoken of to his mother, to his sister, to an intimate friend) to this woman, who was almost a stranger. Whenever Nikolay thought afterwards of this uncalled-for outburst of inexplicable frankness—though it had most important consequences for him—it seemed to him (as it always seems to people in such cases) that it had happened by chance, through a sudden fit of folly. But at the same time this outburst of frankness, together with other insignificant events, had consequences of immense importance to him and to all his family.

'It's like this, *ma tante*. It has long been *maman's* wish to marry me to an heiress; but the mere idea of it—marrying for money—is revolting to me.'

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

'But Princess Bolkonsky, that's a different matter. In the first place, I'll tell you the truth, I like her very much, I feel drawn to her, and then, ever since I came across her in such a position, so strangely, it has often struck me, that it was fate. Only think: mamma has long been dreaming of it, but I had never happened to meet her before—it always so happened that we didn't meet. And then when my sister, Natasha, was engaged to her brother, of course it was impossible to think of a match between us then. It seems it was to happen that I met her first just when Natasha's engagement had been broken off; and well, everything afterwards . . . So you see how it is. I have never said all this to any one, and I never shall. I only say it to you.'

The governor's wife pressed his elbow gratefully.

'Do you know Sophie, my cousin? I love her; I have promised to marry her, and I am going to marry her . . . So you see it's no use talking of such a thing,' Nikolay concluded lamely, flushing crimson.

'My dearest boy, how can you talk so? Why, Sophie hasn't a farthing, and you told me yourself that your papa's affairs are terribly straitened. And your *maman*? It would kill her—for one thing. Then Sophie, if she is a girl of any heart, what a life it would be for her! Your mother in despair, your position ruined . . . No, my dear, Sophie and you ought to realise that.'

Nikolay did not speak. It was comforting to him to hear these arguments.

'All the same, *ma tante*, it cannot be,' he said, with a sigh, after a brief silence. 'And besides would the princess accept me? And again she is in mourning; can such a thing be thought of?'

'Why, do you suppose I am going to marry you out of hand on the spot? There are ways of doing everything,' said the governor's wife.

'What a match-maker you are, *ma tante* . . .' said Nikolay, kissing her plump little hand.

ON reaching Moscow, Princess Marya had found her nephew there with his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andrey, directing her what route to take to her aunt, Madame Malvintsev's at Voronezh. The arrangements for the journey, anxiety about her brother, the organisation of her life in a new house, new people, the education of her nephew—all of this smothered in Princess Marya's heart that feeling as it were of temptation, which had tormented her during her father's illness and after his death, especially since her meeting with Rostov.

Now after a month had passed in quiet, undisturbed conditions, she felt more and more deeply the loss of her father, which was connected in her heart with the downfall of Russia. She was anxious: the thought of the dangers to which her brother—the one creature near to her now left—was being exposed was a continual torture to her. She was worried too by the education of her nephew, which she was constantly feeling herself unfitted to control. But at the bottom of her heart there was an inward harmony, that arose from the sense that she had conquered in herself those dreams and hopes of personal happiness, that had sprung up in connection with Rostov.

When the governor's wife called on Madame Malvintsev the day after her *soirée*, and, talking over her plans with her, explaining that though under present circumstances a formal betrothal was of course not to be thought of, yet they might bring the young people together, and let them get to know one another, and having received the aunt's approval, began to speak of Rostov in Princess Marya's presence, singing his praises, and describing how he had blushed on hearing the princess's name, her emotion was not one of joy, but of pain. Her inner harmony was destroyed, and desires, doubts, self-reproach, and hope sprang up again.

In the course of the two days that followed before Rostov called, Princess Marya was continually considering what her behaviour ought to be in regard to Rostov. At one time, she made up her mind that she would not come down into the drawing-room when he came to see her aunt, that it was not suitable for her in her deep mourning to receive visitors. Then she thought this would be rude after what he had done for her.

Then the idea struck her that her aunt and the governor's wife had views of some sort upon her and Rostov; their words and glances had seemed at times to confirm this suspicion. Then she told herself that it was only her own depravity that could make her think this of them: could they possibly fail to realise that in her position, still wearing the heaviest mourning, such match-making would be an insult both to her and to her father's memory?

On the supposition that she would go down to see him, Princess Marya imagined the words he would say to her, and she would say to him; and at one moment, those words seemed to her undeservedly frigid, at the next, they struck her as carrying too much meaning. Above all she dreaded the embarrassment, which she felt would be sure to overcome her, and betray her, as soon as she saw him.

But when, on Sunday after matins, the footman came into the drawing-room to announce that Count Rostov had called, the princess showed no sign of embarrassment, only a faint flush came into her cheeks, and her eyes shone with a new, radiant light.

'You have seen him, aunt?' said Princess Marya, in a composed voice, not knowing herself how she could be externally so calm and natural.

When Rostov came into the room, the princess dropped her head for an instant, as though to give time for their visitor to greet her aunt; and then at the very moment when Nikolay turned to her, she raised her head and met his gaze with shining eyes. With a movement full of dignity and grace, she rose with a joyous smile, held out her delicate, soft hand to him, and spoke in a voice in which for the first time there was the thrill of deep, womanly notes. Mademoiselle Bourienne, who was in the drawing-room, gazed at Princess Marya with bewildered surprise. The most accomplished coquette herself, she could not have manœuvred better on meeting a man whom she wanted to attract.

'Either black suits her wonderfully, or she really has grown better looking without my noticing it. And above all, such tact and grace!' thought Mademoiselle Bourienne.

Had Princess Marya been capable of reflection at that moment, she would have been even more astonished than Mademoiselle Bourienne at the change that had taken place in her. Just as when a light is kindled within a carved and painted lantern, the delicate, intricate, artistic tracery comes out in unexpected and impressive beauty, so was Princess Marya's face transformed.

Rostov saw all this as clearly as though he had known her whole life. He felt that he was in the presence of a creature utterly different from and better than all those he had met up to that moment, and, above all, far better than he was himself.

The conversation was of the simplest and most insignificant kind. They talked of the war, unconsciously, like every one else, exaggerating their sadness on that subject; they talked of their last meeting—and Nikolay then tried to turn the subject; they talked of the kind-hearted governor's wife, of Nikolay's relations, and of Princess Marya's.

Princess Marya did not talk of her brother, but turned the conversation,

as soon as her aunt mentioned Prince Andrey. It was evident that of the troubles of Russia she could speak artificially, but her brother was a subject too near her heart, and she neither would nor could speak lightly of him. Nikolay noticed this, as indeed with a keenness of observation not usual with him, he noticed every shade of Princess Marya's character, and everything confirmed him in the conviction that she was an altogether rare and original being.

Nikolay, like Princess Marya, had blushed and been embarrassed, when he heard the princess spoken of, and even when he thought of her; but in her presence he felt perfectly at ease, and he said to her not at all what he had prepared beforehand to say to her, but what came into his mind at that moment, and always quite appropriately.

As visitors always do where there are children, Nikolay, in a momentary silence during his brief visit, had recourse to Prince Andrey's little son, caressing him, and asking him if he would like to be an hussar. He took the little boy in his arms, began gaily whirling him round, and glanced at Princess Marya. With softened, happy, shy eyes, she was watching the child she loved in the arms of the man she loved. Nikolay caught that look too, and as though he divined its significance, flushed with delight.

Princess Marya was not going into society at all on account of her mourning, and Nikolay did not think it the proper thing to call on them again. But the governor's wife still persisted in her match-making, and repeating to Nikolay something flattering Princess Marya had said of him, and *vice versa*, kept urging that Rostov should declare himself to Princess Marya. With this object, she arranged that the young people should meet at the reverend father's before Mass.

Though Rostov did not tell the governor's wife that he should make no sort of declaration to Princess Marya, he promised to be there.

Just as at Tilsit Rostov had not allowed himself to doubt whether what was accepted by every one as right were really right, so now after a brief but sincere struggle between the effort to order his life in accordance with his own sense of right, and humble submission to circumstances, he chose the latter, and yielded himself to the power, which, he felt, was irresistibly carrying him away. He knew that to declare his feelings to Princess Marya after his promise to Sonya would be what he called base. And he knew that he would never do a base thing. But he knew too (it was not what he knew, but what he felt at the bottom of his heart), that in giving way now to the force of circumstances and of the people guiding him, he was not only doing nothing wrong, but was doing something very, very grave, something of more gravity than anything he had done in his life.

After seeing Princess Marya, though his manner of life remained externally the same, all his former pleasures lost their charm for him, and he often thought of her. But he never thought of her as he had thought of all the young girls he had met in society, nor as he had long, and sometimes with enthusiasm, thought of Sonya. Like almost every honest-hearted young man, he had thought of every young girl as of a possible future wife, had adapted

to them in his imagination all the pictures of domestic felicity: the white morning wrapper, the wife behind the samovar, the wife's carriage, the little ones, mamma and papa, their attitude to one another, and so on, and so on. And these pictures of the future afforded him gratification. But when he thought of Princess Marya, to whom the match-makers were trying to betroth him, he could never form any picture of his future married life with her. Even if he tried to do so, it all seemed incoherent and false. And it only filled him with dread.

The terrible news of the battle of Borodino, of our losses in killed and wounded, and the even more terrible news of the loss of Moscow reached Voronezh in the middle of September. Princess Marya, learning of her brother's wound only from the newspapers, and having no definite information about him, was preparing (so Nikolay heard, though he had not seen her) to set off to try and reach Prince Andrey.

On hearing the news of the battle and the abandonment of Moscow, Rostov felt, not despair, rage, revenge, nor any such feeling, but a sudden weariness and vexation with everything at Voronezh, and a sense of awkwardness and uneasy conscience. All the conversations he listened to seemed to him insincere; he did not know what to think of it all, and felt that only in the regiment would all become clear to him again. He made haste to conclude the purchase of horses.

Several days before Rostov's departure there was a thanksgiving service in the cathedral for the victory gained by the Russian troops. When the service was concluding, the governor's wife beckoned him to her.

'Did you see the princess?' she said, with a motion of her hand towards a lady in black standing behind the choir.

Princess Marya, obviously buried in her own thoughts, was making the last signs of the cross before leaving the church.

Without waiting for the governor's wife to urge him, without asking himself whether it were right, whether it were proper for him to address her here in church, Nikolay went up to her, and said he had heard of her trouble and grieved with his whole heart to hear of it.

'One thing I wanted to tell you, princess,' said Rostov, 'that is, that if Prince Andrey Nikolaevitch were not living, since he is a colonel, it would be announced immediately in the gazettes.'

The princess looked at him, not comprehending his words, but comforted by the expression of sympathetic suffering in his face.

That evening Nikolay did not go out anywhere, but stayed at home to finish some accounts with the horse-vendors. By the time he had finished his work it was rather late to go out anywhere, but still early to go to bed, and Nikolay spent a long while walking up and down the room, thinking over his life, a thing that he rarely did.

His meeting with Princess Marya that morning in church had, Nikolay felt, gone more deeply to his heart than he had anticipated and more deeply than he desired for his peace of mind. That pale, delicate, melancholy face, those luminous eyes, those soft, gracious gestures, and, above all, the deep

and tender melancholy expressed in all her features, agitated him and drew his sympathy. In men Rostov could not bear an appearance of higher, spiritual life (it was why he did not like Prince Andrey), he spoke of it contemptuously as philosophy, idealism; but in Princess Marya it was just in that melancholy, showing all the depth of a spiritual world, strange and remote to Nikolay, that he found an irresistible attraction.

'She must be a marvellous girl! An angel, really!' he said to himself. 'Why am I not free? Why was I in such a hurry with Sonya?' But with Princess Marya he could not picture his future life, because he did not understand her—he simply loved her.

'How she was praying!' he thought. 'One could see that her whole soul was in her prayer. Yes, it was that prayer that moves mountains, and I am convinced that her prayer will be answered. Why don't I pray for what I want?' he bethought himself. 'What do I want? Freedom, release from Sonya. She was right,' he thought of what the governor's wife had said, 'nothing but misery can come of my marrying her. Muddle, mamma's grief . . . our position . . . a muddle, a fearful muddle! Besides, I don't even love her. No, I don't love her in the right way. My God! take me out of this awful, hopeless position!' he began praying all at once, putting his pipe down and standing with clasped hands before the holy picture. He had tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat when Lavrushka came in at the door with papers.

'Blockhead! bursting in when you're not wanted!' said Nikolay, quickly changing his attitude.

'A courier has come,' said Lavrushka in a sleepy voice, 'from the governor, with letters for you.'

Nikolay took the two letters. One was from his mother, the other from Sonya. He knew them from the handwriting, and broke open Sonya's letter first. He had hardly read a few lines when his face turned white and his eyes opened wide in dismay and joy. 'No, it's not possible!' he said aloud. Unable to sit still, he began walking to and fro in the room, holding the letter in both hands as he read it. He skimmed through the letter, then read it through once and again, and shrugging his shoulders and flinging up his hands, he stood still in the middle of the room with wide-open mouth and staring eyes. What he had just been praying for with the assurance that God would answer his prayer had come to pass; but Nikolay was astounded at it as though it were something extraordinary, and as though he had not expected it, and as though the very fact of its coming to pass so quickly proved that it had not come from God, to whom he had been praying, but was some ordinary coincidence.

The knot fastening his freedom, that had seemed so impossible to disentangle, had been undone by this unexpected and, as it seemed to Nikolay, uncalled-for letter from Sonya. She wrote that their late misfortunes, the loss of almost the whole of the Rostovs' property in Moscow, and the countess's frequently expressed desire that Nikolay should marry Princess Bolkonsky, and his silence and coldness of late, all taken together led her

to decide to set him free from his promise, and to give him back complete liberty.

'It would be too painful to me to think that I could be a cause of sorrow and discord in the family which has overwhelmed me with benefits,' she wrote; 'and the one aim of my love is the happiness of those I love, and therefore I beseech you, Nicolas, to consider yourself free, and to know that in spite of everything, no one can love you more truly than your—
SONYA.'

The other letter was from the countess. It described the last days in Moscow, the departure, the fire and the loss of the whole of their property. The countess wrote too that Prince Andrey had been among the train of wounded soldiers who had travelled with them. He was still in a very critical condition, but that the doctor said now that there was more hope. Sonya and Natasha were nursing him.

With this letter Nikolay went next day to call on Princess Marya. Neither Nikolay nor Princess Marya said a word as to all that was implied by the words: 'Natasha is nursing him'; but thanks to this letter, Nikolay was brought suddenly into intimate relations, almost those of a kinsman, with the princess.

Next day Rostov escorted Princess Marya as far as Yaroslavl, and a few days later he set off himself to join his regiment.

Sonya's letter to Nikolay, that had come as an answer to his prayer, had been called forth in the following way. The idea of marrying Nikolay to a wealthy heiress had taken more and more complete possession of the old countess's mind. She knew that Sonya was the great obstacle in the way of this. And Sonya's life had of late, and especially after the letter in which Nikolay described his meeting with Princess Marya at Bogutcharovo, become more and more difficult in the countess's house. The countess never let slip an opportunity for making some cruel or humiliating allusion to Sonya. But a few days before they set out from Moscow the countess, distressed and overwrought by all that was happening, sent for Sonya, and instead of insistence and upbraiding, besought her with tears and entreaties to repay all that had been done for her by sacrificing herself, and breaking off her engagement to Nikolay. 'I shall have no peace of mind till you make me this promise,' she said.

Sonya sobbed hysterically, answered through her sobs that she would do anything, that she was ready for anything; but she did not give a direct promise, and in her heart she could not bring herself to what was demanded of her. She had to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family that had brought her up and provided for her. To sacrifice herself for others was Sonya's habit. Her position in the house was such that only by way of sacrifice could she show her virtues, and she was used to sacrificing herself and liked it. But in every self-sacrificing action hitherto she had been happily conscious that by her very self-sacrifice she was heightening her value in the eyes of herself and others, and becoming worthier of Nikolay, whom she loved beyond everything in life. But now her sacrifice would consist

in the renunciation of what constituted for her the whole reward of sacrifice, and the whole meaning of life. And for the first time in her life she felt bitterness against the people who had befriended her only to torment her more poignantly: she felt envy of Natasha, who had never had any experience of the kind, who had never been required to make sacrifices, and made other people sacrifice themselves for her, and was yet loved by every one.

And for the first time Sonya felt that there was beginning to grow up out of her quiet, pure love for Nikolay a passionate feeling, which stood above all principles, and virtue, and religion. Under the influence of that passion, Sonya, whose life of dependence had unconsciously trained her to reserve, gave the countess vague, indefinite answers, avoided talking with her, and resolved to wait for a personal interview with Nikolay, not to set him free, but, on the contrary, to bind him to her for ever.

The fuss and the horror of the Rostovs' last days in Moscow had smothered the gloomy thoughts that were weighing on Sonya. She was glad to find an escape from them in practical work. But when she heard of Prince Andrey's presence in their house, in spite of all the genuine compassion she felt for him, and for Natasha, a joyful and superstitious feeling that it was God's will that she should not be parted from Nikolay took possession of her. She knew Natasha loved no one but Prince Andrey, and had never ceased to love him. She knew that brought together now, under such terrible circumstances, they would love one another again; and that then, owing to the relationship that would (in accordance with the laws of the Orthodox Church) exist between them, Nikolay could not be married to Princess Marya. In spite of all the awfulness of what was happening during the last day or two in Moscow and the first days of the journey, that feeling, that consciousness of the intervention of Providence in her personal affairs, was a source of joy to Sonya.

At the Troitsa monastery the Rostovs made the first break in their journey. The wounded man was by this time a great deal better. Natasha was sitting with him, Sonya was in the next room. The door of Prince Andrey's room opened; Natasha came out with an excited face, went up to Sonya and took her by the arm.

'Sonya, yes, he will live,' she said. 'Sonya, how happy I am, and how wretched! Sonya, darling, everything is just as it used to be.' And Natasha burst into tears.

'Yes! I knew it would be! Thank God,' said Sonya. 'He will live.'

Sonya was no less excited than her friend, both by the latter's grief and fears, and by her own personal reflections. After weeping a little, and wiping their tears, the two friends went towards Prince Andrey's door. Natasha, cautiously opening the door, glanced into the room. Sonya stood beside her at the half-open door.

Prince Andrey was lying raised high on three pillows. His pale face looked peaceful, his eyes were closed, and they could see his quiet, regular breathing.

'Ah, Natasha!' Sonya almost shrieked all of a sudden, clutching at her cousin's arm, and moving back away from the door.

'What! what is it?' asked Natasha.

'It's the same, the same, you know . . .' said Sonya, with a white face and quivering lips.

Natasha softly closed the door and walked away with Sonya to the window, not yet understanding what she was talking of.

'Do you remember,' said Sonya, with a scared and solemn face, 'do you remember when I looked into the mirror for you . . . at Otradnoe at Christmas time . . . Do you remember what I saw?' . . .

'Yes, yes,' said Natasha, opening her eyes wide, and vaguely recalling that Sonya had said something then about seeing Prince Andrey lying down.

'Do you remember?' Sonya went on. 'I saw him then, and told you all so at the time, you and Dunyasha. I saw him lying on a bed,' she said, at each detail making a gesture with her lifted finger, 'and that he had his eyes shut, and that he was covered with a pink quilt, and that he had his hands folded,' said Sonya, convinced as she described the details she had just seen that they were the very details she had *seen* then. At the time she had seen nothing, but had said she was seeing the first thing that came into her head. But what she had invented then seemed to her now as real a memory as any other. She not only remembered that she had said at the time that he looked round at her and smiled, and was covered with something red, but was firmly convinced that she had seen and said at the time, that he was covered with a pink quilt—yes, pink—and that his eyes had been closed.

'Yes, yes, pink it was,' said Natasha, who began now to fancy too that she remembered her saying it was a pink quilt, and saw in that detail the most striking and mysterious point in the prediction.

'But what does it mean?' said Natasha dreamily.

'Ah, I don't know, how extraordinary it all is!' said Sonya, clutching at her head.

A few minutes later, Prince Andrey rang his bell, and Natasha went in to him; while Sonya, in a state of excitement and emotion such as she had rarely experienced, remained in the window, pondering over all the strangeness of what was happening.

That day there was an opportunity of sending letters to the army, and the countess wrote a letter to her son.

'Sonya,' said the countess, raising her head from her letter, as her niece passed by her. 'Sonya, won't you write to Nikolenka?' said the countess, in a soft and trembling voice; and in the tired eyes, that looked at her over the spectacles, Sonya read all that the countess meant by those words. Those eyes expressed entreaty and dread of a refusal and shame at having to beg, and readiness for unforgiving hatred in case of refusal.

'I will write, mamma,' she said.

Sonya was softened, excited, and moved by all that had passed that day, especially by the mysterious fulfilment of her divination, which she had just seen. Now, when she knew that in case of the renewal of Natasha's

engagement to Prince Andrey, Nikolay could not be married to Princess Marya, she felt with delight a return of that self-sacrificing spirit in which she was accustomed and liked to live. And with tears in her eyes, and a glad sense of performing a magnanimous action, she sat down, and wrote the touching letter the reception of which had so impressed Nikolay.

IN the guard-room to which Pierre had been taken, the officer and soldiers in charge treated him with hostility, but at the same time with respect. Their attitude to him betrayed both doubt who he might be—perhaps a person of great importance—and hostility, in consequence of the personal conflict they had so recently had with him.

But when on the morning of the next day the guard was relieved, Pierre felt that for his new guard he was no longer an object of the same interest as he had been to those who had taken him prisoner. Pierre was put that day with the other suspicious characters who had been apprehended, since the room he had occupied was wanted for an officer.

All the Russians detained with Pierre were persons of the lowest class. And all of them, recognising Pierre as a gentleman, held aloof from him all the more for his speaking French.

On the following evening, Pierre learned that all the prisoners (and himself probably in the number) were to be tried for incendiarism. The day after, Pierre was taken with the rest to a house where were sitting a French general with white moustaches, two colonels, and other Frenchmen with scarfs on their shoulders. They put questions to Pierre and the others, aimed only at directing the channel along which the examining officials desired the prisoner's answers to flow, that is, to conviction. Pierre felt, as the accused always do feel at all trials, a puzzled wonder why all these questions were asked him. He knew he was in the power of these men, that the whole aim of the proceeding was to convict him. And, therefore, since they had superior force, and they had the desire to convict him, there seemed no need of the network of questions and the trial.

To the inquiry what he was doing when he was apprehended, Pierre replied with a certain tragic dignity that he was carrying back to its parents a child he had 'rescued from the flames.' Why was he fighting with the soldiers? Pierre replied that he was defending a woman, that the defence of an insulted woman was the duty of every man, and so on . . . He was pulled up; this was irrelevant.

With what object had he been in the courtyard of a burning house where he had been seen by several witnesses? He answered that he was going out to see what was going on in Moscow. He was pulled up again. He had not been asked, he was told, where he was going, but with what object he was near the fire. Who was he? The first question was repeated, to which he had said he did not want to answer. Again he replied that he could not answer that.

'Write that down, that's bad. Very bad,' the general with the white whiskers and the red, flushed face said to him sternly.

On the fourth day, fire broke out on the Zubovsky rampart.

Pierre was moved with thirteen of the others to a coach-house belonging to a merchant's house on the Crimean Ford. As he passed through the street, Pierre could hardly breathe for the smoke, which seemed hanging over the whole city. Fires could be seen in various directions. Pierre did not at that time grasp what was implied by the burning of Moscow, and he gazed with horror at the fires.

In a coach-house behind a house in the Crimean Ford, Pierre spent another four days, and in the course of those four days he learned, from the conversation of the French soldiers, that all the prisoners in detention here were every day awaiting the decision of their fate by a marshal. Of what marshal, Pierre could not ascertain from the soldiers. For the soldiers, this marshal was evidently the highest and somewhat mysterious symbol of power.

On the 8th of September, there came into the prisoners' coach-house an officer of very great consequence, judging by the respectfulness with which he was addressed by the soldiers on guard. This officer, probably some one on the staff, held a memorandum in his hand, and called over all the Russians' names, giving Pierre the title of 'the one who will not give his name.' And with an indolent and indifferent glance at all the prisoners, he gave the officer on guard orders to have them decently dressed and in good order before bringing them before the marshal.

In an hour a company of soldiers arrived, and Pierre with the thirteen others was taken to the Virgin's Meadow. It was a fine day, sunny after rain, and the smoke did not hang low over the town as on the day when Pierre had been taken from the guard-room of the Zubovsky rampart; the smoke rose up in columns into the pure air. Flames were nowhere to be seen; but columns of smoke were rising up on all sides, and all Moscow, all that Pierre could see, was one conflagration. On all sides he saw places laid waste, with stoves and pipes left standing in them, and now and then the charred walls of a stone house.

Pierre stared at the fires, and did not recognise parts of the town that he knew well. Here and there could be seen churches that had not been touched by the fire. The Kremlin, uninjured, rose white in the distance. Close at hand, the cupola of the Monastery of the New Virgin shone brightly, and the bells for service rang out gaily from it. Those bells reminded Pierre that it was Sunday and the festival of the birth of the Virgin Mother. But there seemed to be no one to keep this holiday; on all sides they saw the ruin wrought by the fires, and the only Russians they met were a few tattered and frightened-looking people, who hid themselves on seeing the French.

With this annihilation of the old Russian order of life, Pierre was unconsciously aware that the French had raised up an utterly different but strong order of their own. He felt this at the sight of the regular ranks of the soldiers escorting him and the other prisoners, at the gay sounds of regimental music, which floated across from the left of the meadow; and

he had felt it from the memorandum the French officer had read in the morning when he called over the prisoners' names. Pierre was taken by one set of soldiers, led off to one place, and thence to another, with dozens of different people. It seemed to him that they might have forgotten him, have mixed him up with other people. But no; his answers given at the examination came back to him in the form of the designation, 'the one who will not give his name.'

And under this designation, which filled Pierre with dread, they led him away somewhere, with unhesitating conviction written on their faces that he and the other prisoners with him were the right ones, and that they were being taken to the proper place. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip that had fallen under the wheel of a machine that worked without a hitch, though he did not understand it.

Pierre was led with the other prisoners to a big, white house with an immense garden. Pierre had often been inside it in former days to see its owner. Now, as he learnt from the talk of the soldiers, it was occupied by the marshal, the Duke of Eckmühl.

Pierre was the sixth to be led in. Through a glass-roofed gallery, a vestibule, and a hall, all familiar to Pierre, he was led to the long, low-pitched study, at the door of which stood an adjutant.

Davoust was sitting at a table at the end of the room, his spectacles on his nose. Pierre came close up to him. Davoust, without raising his eyes, was apparently engaged in looking up something in a document that lay before him. Without raising his eyes, he asked softly: 'Who are you?'

Pierre was mute because he was incapable of articulating a word. Davoust was not to Pierre simply a French general; to Pierre, Davoust was a man notorious for his cruelty. Looking at the cold face of Davoust, which, like a stern teacher, seemed to consent for a time to have patience and await a reply, Pierre felt that every second of delay might cost him his life. But he did not know what to say. To say the same as he said at the first examination he did not dare; to disclose his name and his position would be both dangerous and shameful. Pierre stood mute. But before he had time to come to any decision, Davoust raised his head, thrust his spectacles up on his forehead, screwed up his eyes, and looked intently at Pierre.

'I know this man,' he said, in a frigid, measured tone, obviously reckoning on frightening Pierre. The chill that had been running down Pierre's back seemed to clutch his head in a vice.

'General, you cannot know me, I have never seen you.'

'It is a Russian spy,' Davoust interrupted, addressing another general in the room, whom Pierre had not noticed. And Davoust turned away. With an unexpected thrill in his voice, Pierre began speaking with sudden rapidity.

'*Non, monseigneur,*' he said, suddenly recalling that Davoust was a duke, 'you could not know me. I am a militia officer, and I have not quitted Moscow.'

'Your name?' repeated Davoust.

'Bezuhov.'

'What proof is there that you are not lying?'

'*Monseigneur!*' cried Pierre in a voice not of offence but of supplication.

Davoust lifted his eyes and looked intently at Pierre. For several seconds they looked at one another, and that look saved Pierre. In that glance, apart from all circumstances of warfare and of judgment, human relations arose between these two men. Both of them in that one instant were vaguely aware of an immense number of different things, and knew that they were both children of humanity, that they were brothers.

At the first glance when Davoust raised his head from his memorandum, where men's lives and doings were marked off by numbers, Pierre was only a circumstance, and Davoust could have shot him with no sense of an evil deed on his conscience; but now he saw in him a man. He pondered an instant.

'How will you prove to me the truth of what you say?'

Pierre thought of Ramballe, and mentioned his name and regiment and the street and house where he could be found. But at that moment an adjutant came in and said something to Davoust.

Davoust beamed at the news the adjutant brought him, and began buttoning up his uniform. Apparently he had completely forgotten about Pierre. When an adjutant reminded him of the prisoner, he nodded in Pierre's direction with a frown, and told them to take him away.

There was one idea all this time in Pierre's head. It was the question: Who, who was it really that was condemning him to death? It was not the men who had questioned him at the first examination; of them not one would or obviously could do so. It was not Davoust, who had looked at him in such a human fashion. In another minute Davoust would have understood that they were doing wrong, but the adjutant who had come in at that moment had prevented it. And that adjutant had obviously had no evil intent, but he might have stayed away. Who was it, after all, who was punishing him, taking his life—his, Pierre's, with all his memories, his strivings, his hopes, and his ideas? Who was doing it? And Pierre felt that it was no one's doing. It was discipline. Some sort of discipline was killing him, Pierre, robbing him of all, annihilating him.

The prisoners were taken straight downhill to a kitchen garden, in which there stood a post. A big pit had been dug out near the post, and the freshly turned-up earth was heaped up by it. A great crowd of people formed a semicircle about the pit. To the right and left of the post stood rows of French soldiers, in blue uniforms, with red epaulettes, in Hessians and shako.

The prisoners were stood in a certain order, in accordance with a written list (Pierre was sixth) and led up to the post. Several drums suddenly began beating on both sides of them, and Pierre lost all power of thought and reflection. He could only see and hear.

The two men at the end were shaven convicts; one tall and thin, the other a swarthy, hirsute, muscular fellow with a flattened nose. The third was a house-serf, a man of five-and-forty, with grey hair and a plump, well-fed

figure. The fourth was a peasant, a very handsome fellow with a full, flaxen beard and black eyes. The fifth was a factory hand, a thin, sallow lad of eighteen, in a dressing-gown.

Pierre heard the Frenchmen deliberating how they were to be shot, singly, or two at a time. 'Two at a time,' a senior officer answered coldly. There was a stir in the ranks of the soldiers, and it was evident that every one was in haste and not making haste, as men hasten to get something done that is inevitable, but is disagreeable and incomprehensible.

A French official wearing a scarf came up to the right side of the file of prisoners, and read aloud the sentence in Russian and in French.

Then two couples of French soldiers came up to the prisoners by the instruction of an officer, and took the two convicts who stood at the head. The convicts went up to the post, stopped there, and while the sacks were being brought, they looked dumbly about them, as a wild beast at bay looks at the approaching hunter. One of them kept on crossing himself, the other scratched his back and worked his lips into the semblance of a smile. The soldiers with hurrying fingers bandaged their eyes, put the sacks over their heads and bound them to the post.

A dozen sharpshooters, with muskets, stepped out of the ranks with a fine, regular tread, and halted eight paces from the post. Pierre turned away not to see what was coming. There was a sudden bang and rattle that seemed to Pierre louder than the most terrific clap of thunder, and he looked round. There was a cloud of smoke, and the French soldiers, with trembling hands and pale faces, were doing something in it by the pit.

The next two were led up. Those two, too, looked at every one in the same way, with the same eyes, dumbly, and in vain, with their eyes only begging for protection, and plainly unable to understand or believe in what was coming.

Pierre tried not to look, and again turned away; but again a sort of awful crash smote his hearing, and with the sound he saw smoke, blood, and the pale and frightened faces of the Frenchmen, again doing something at the post, and balking each other with their trembling hands.

On all the faces of the Russians, on the faces of the French soldiers and officers, all without exception, he read the same dismay, horror, and conflict as he felt in his own heart. 'But who is it doing it there really? They are all suffering as I am! Who is it? who?' flashed for one second through Pierre's mind.

'Sharpshooters of the eighty-sixth, forward!' some one shouted. The fifth prisoner standing beside Pierre was led forward—alone. Pierre did not understand that he was saved; that he and all the rest had been brought here simply to be present at the execution. With growing horror, with no sense of joy or relief, he gazed at what was being done. The fifth was the factory lad in the loose gown. The factory lad could not walk. He was held up under the arms and dragged along, and he screamed all the while. When they had brought him to the post he was suddenly quiet. Whether he grasped that it was no use to scream, or that it was impossible for men

to kill him, he stood at the post, waiting to be bound like the others, and like a wild beast under fire looked about him with glittering eyes.

Pierre could not make himself turn away and close his eyes. The curiosity and emotion he felt, and all the crowd with him, at this fifth murder reached its highest pitch. Like the rest, this fifth man seemed calm. He wrapped his dressing-gown round him, and scratched one bare foot with the other.

When they bound up his eyes, of himself he straightened the knot, which hurt the back of his head; then, when they propped him against the blood-stained post, he staggered back, and as he was uncomfortable in that position, he shifted his attitude, and leaned back quietly, with his feet put down symmetrically.

The word of command must have sounded, and after it the shots of the eight muskets. But Pierre, however earnestly he tried to recollect it afterwards, had not heard the slightest sound from the shots. He only saw the factory lad suddenly fall back on the cords, saw blood oozing in two places, and saw the cords themselves work loose from the weight of the hanging body, and the factory lad sit down, his head falling unnaturally, and one leg bent under him. Pierre ran up to the post. No one hindered him. Men with pale and frightened faces were doing something. There was one old whiskered Frenchman, whose lower jaw twitched all the while as he untied the cords. The body sank down. The soldiers, with clumsy haste, dragged it from the post and shoved it into the pit.

All of them clearly knew, beyond all doubt, that they were criminals who must make haste to hide the traces of their crime.

Pierre glanced into the pit and saw that the factory lad was lying there with his knees up close to his head, and one shoulder higher than the other. And that shoulder was convulsively, rhythmically rising and falling. But spadefuls of earth were already falling all over the body. One of the soldiers, in a voice of rage, exasperation, and pain, shouted to Pierre to stand aside. But Pierre did not understand him, and still stood at the post, and no one drove him away.

When the pit was quite filled up, the word of command was heard. Pierre was taken back to his place, and the French troops, standing in ranks on both sides of the post, faced about, and began marching with a measured step past the post. The sharpshooters ran back to their places except one, a young soldier, with a face of deathly pallor, who still stood facing the pit on the spot upon which he had shot. He staggered like a drunken man. An old under-officer ran out of the ranks, and, seizing the young soldier by the shoulder, dragged him to his company. The crowd of Frenchmen and Russians began to disperse. All walked in silence, with downcast eyes.

'That will teach them to set fire to the places,' said some one among the French. Pierre looked round at the speaker, and saw that it was a soldier who was trying to console himself somehow for what had been done, but could not.

After the execution Pierre was separated from the other prisoners and left alone in a small, despoiled, and filthy church.

Towards evening a patrol sergeant, with two soldiers, came into the church and informed Pierre that he was pardoned, and was now going to the barracks of the prisoners of war. Pierre got up and went with the soldiers to some sheds that had been rigged up in the upper part of the meadow out of charred boards. Some twenty persons of various kinds thronged round Pierre. He gazed at faces and figures, and all seemed to him equally meaningless.

From the moment when Pierre saw that fearful murder committed by men who did not want to do it, it seemed as though the spring in his soul, by which everything was held together and given the semblance of life, had been wrenched out, and all seemed to have collapsed into a heap of meaningless refuse. It had annihilated in his soul all faith in the beneficent ordering of the universe, and in the soul of men, and in his own soul, and in God.

Sitting in the straw against the wall, Pierre opened, and then closed, his eyes. As soon as he shut his eyes he saw the fearful face of the factory lad, fearful especially from its simplicity, and the faces of the involuntary murderers, still more fearful in their uneasiness. And he opened his eyes again and stared blankly about him in the darkness.

Close by him a little man was sitting bent up, of whose presence Pierre was first aware from the strong smell of sweat that rose at every movement he made. This man was doing something with his feet in the darkness, and although Pierre did not see his face, he was aware that he was continually glancing at him. Pierre made out that the man was undoing his foot-gear. And the way he was doing it began to interest Pierre.

Undoing the strings in which one foot was tied up, he wound them neatly off, and at once set to work on the other leg, glancing at Pierre. While one hand hung up the first leg-binder, the other was already beginning to untie the other leg. In this way, with rounded, effective movements following one another without delay, the man unrolled his leg-wrappers and hung them up on pegs driven in over-head, took out a knife, cut off something, shut the knife up, put it under his bolster, and settling himself more at his ease, clasped his arms round his knees, and stared straight at Pierre. Pierre was conscious of something pleasant in those deft movements.

‘And have you seen a lot of trouble, sir? Eh?’ said the little man suddenly. And there was a tone of such friendliness and simplicity in the sing-song voice that Pierre wanted to answer. At the same second, leaving no time for Pierre’s embarrassment to appear, the little man spoke again, in the same pleasant voice:

‘Ay, darling, don’t grieve,’ he said, in that tender, caressing sing-song in which old Russian peasant women talk. ‘Don’t grieve, dearie; trouble lasts an hour, but life lasts for ever! Ay, ay, my dear. And we get on here finely, thank God; nothing to vex us. They’re men, too, and bad and good among them,’ he said; and, while still speaking, got with a supple movement on his knees to his feet, and clearing his throat walked away.

'Hey, the hussy, here she is!' Pierre heard at the end of the shed the same caressing voice. 'Here she is, the hussy; she remembers me! There, there, lie down!' And the soldier, pushing down a dog that was jumping up on him, came back to his place and sat down. In his hands he had something wrapped up in a cloth.

'Here, you taste this, sir,' he said, returning to the respectful tone he had used at first, and untying and handing to Pierre several baked potatoes. 'At dinner we had soup. But the potatoes are first-rate!'

Pierre had eaten nothing the whole day, and the smell of the potatoes struck him as extraordinarily pleasant. He thanked the soldier and began eating.

'But why so, eh?' said the soldier smiling, and he took one of the potatoes. 'You try them like this.' He took out his clasp-knife again, cut the potato in his hand into two even halves, and sprinkled them with salt from the cloth, and offered them to Pierre.

'The potatoes are first-rate,' he repeated. 'You taste them like that.'

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

'No, I am all right,' said Pierre; 'but why did they shoot those poor fellows? . . . The last was a lad of twenty.'

'Tss . . . tss . . .' said the little man. 'Sin, indeed, . . . sin . . .' he added quickly, just as though the words were already in his mouth and flew out of it by accident; he went on: 'How was it, sir, you came to stay in Moscow like this?'

'I didn't think they would come so soon. I stayed by accident,' said Pierre.

'But how did they take you, darling; from your home?'

'No, I went out to see the fire, and then they took me up and brought me to judgment as an incendiary.'

'Where there's judgment, there there's falsehood,' put in the little man.

'And have you been here long?' asked Pierre, as he munched the last potato.

'I? On Sunday they took me out of the hospital in Moscow.'

'Who are you, a soldier?'

'We are soldiers of the Apsheron regiment. I was dying of fever. We were never told anything. There were twenty of us lying sick. And we had never a thought, never a guess of how it was.'

'Well, and are you miserable here?' asked Pierre.

'Miserable, to be sure, darling. My name's Platon, surname Karataev,' he added, evidently to make it easier for Pierre to address him. 'In the regiment they called me "the little hawk." How can one help being sad, my dear? Moscow—she's the mother of cities. One must be sad to see it. Yes, the maggot gnaws the cabbage, but it dies before it's done; so the old folk used to say,' he added quickly.

'What, what was that you said?' asked Pierre.

'I?' said Karataev. 'I say it's not by our wit, but as God thinks fit,' said he, supposing that he was repeating what he had said. And at once he went on: 'Tell me, sir, and have you an estate from your fathers? And a house

of your own? To be sure, your cup was overflowing! And a wife, too? And are your old parents living?' he asked, and though Pierre could not see him in the dark, he felt that the soldier's lips were puckered in a restrained smile of kindness while he asked these questions. He was evidently disappointed that Pierre had no parents, especially that he had not a mother.

'Wife for good counsel, mother-in-law for kind welcome, but none dear as your own mother!' said he. 'And have you children?' he went on to ask. Pierre's negative reply seemed to disappoint him again, and he added himself: 'Oh well, you are young folks; please God, there will be. Only live in peace and concord.'

'But it makes no difference now,' Pierre could not help saying.

'Ah, my dear man,' rejoined Platon, 'the beggar's bag and the prison walls none can be sure of escaping.' He settled himself more comfortably, and cleared his throat, evidently preparing himself for a long story. 'So it was like this, dear friend, when I used to be living at home,' he began, 'we have a rich heritage, a great deal of land, the peasants were well off, and our house—something to thank God for, indeed. Father used to go out to reap with six of us. We got along finely. Something like peasants we were. It came to pass . . .' and Platon Karataev told a long story of how he had gone into another man's copse for wood, and had been caught by the keeper, how he had been flogged, tried, and sent for a soldier.

'And do you know, darling,' said he, his voice changing from the smile on his face, 'we thought it was a misfortune, while it was all for our happiness. My brother would have had to go if it hadn't been for my fault. And my younger brother had five little ones; while I, look you, I left no one behind but my wife. I had a little girl, but God had taken her before I went for a soldier. I went home on leave, I must tell you. I find them all better off than ever. The yard full of beasts, the womenfolk at home, two brothers out earning wages. Only Mihailo, the youngest, at home. Father says all his children are alike; whichever finger's pricked, it hurts the same. And if they hadn't shaved Platon for a soldier, then Mihailo would have had to go.'

After a short pause, Platon got up.

'Well, I dare say, you are sleepy?' he said, and he began rapidly crossing himself, murmuring:

'Lord Jesus Christ, holy Saint Nikola, Frola and Lavra; Lord Jesus Christ, holy Saint Nikola, Frola and Lavra; Lord Jesus Christ—have mercy and save us!' he concluded, bowed down to the ground, got up, sighed, and sat down on his straw. 'That's right. Let me lie down like a stone, O God, and rise up like new bread!' he murmured, and lay down, pulling his military coat over him.

'What prayer was that you recited?' asked Pierre.

'Eh?' said Platon (he was already half asleep). 'Recited? I prayed to God. Don't you pray, too?'

'Yes, I do,' said Pierre. 'But what was it you said—Frola and Lavra?'

'Eh, to be sure,' Platon answered quickly. 'They're the horses' saints.'

One must think of the poor beasts, too,' he said. 'Why, the little hussy, she's curled up. You're warm, child of a bitch!' he said, feeling the dog at his feet; and, turning over again, he fell asleep at once.

Outside shouting and wailing could be heard somewhere far away, and through the cracks in the walls could be seen the glow of fire; but within the shed all was dark and hushed. For a long while Pierre did not sleep, and lay with open eyes in the darkness, listening to Platon snoring rhythmically as he lay beside him, and he felt that the world that had been shattered was rising up now in his soul, in new beauty, and on new foundations that could not be shaken.

In this shed, where Pierre spent four weeks, there were twenty-three soldiers, three officers, and two civilian functionaries, all prisoners.

They were all misty figures to Pierre afterwards, but Platon Karataev remained for ever in his mind the strongest and most precious memory, and the personification of everything Russian, kindly, and round. When next day at dawn Pierre saw his neighbour, his first impression of something round was fully confirmed; Platon's whole figure in his French military coat, girt round the waist with cord, in his forage-cap and bast shoes, was roundish, his head was perfectly round, his back, his chest, his shoulders, even his arms, which he always held as though he were about to embrace something, were round in their lines; his friendly smile and big, soft, brown eyes, too, were round.

Platon Karataev must have been over fifty to judge by his stories of the campaigns in which he had taken part. He did not himself know and could not determine how old he was. But his strong, dazzlingly white teeth showed in two unbroken semicircles whenever he laughed, as he often did, and all were good and sound: there was not a grey hair in his beard or on his head, and his whole frame had a look of suppleness and of unusual hardness and endurance.

His face had an expression of innocence and youth in spite of the curving wrinkles on it; his voice had a pleasant sing-song note. But the great peculiarity of his talk was its spontaneity and readiness. It was evident that he never thought of what he was saying, or of what he was going to say.

His physical powers and activity were such, during the first period of his imprisonment, that he seemed not to know what fatigue or sickness meant. Every evening as he lay down to sleep, he said: 'Let me lie down, Lord, like a stone; let me rise up like new bread'; and every morning on getting up, he would shake his shoulder in the same way, saying: 'Lie down and curl up, get up and shake yourself.' And he had, in fact, only to lie down in order to sleep at once like a stone, and he had but to shake himself to be ready at once, on waking, without a second's delay, to set to work of some sort; just as children, on waking, begin at once playing with their toys.

He knew how to do everything, not particularly well, but not badly either. He baked, and cooked, and sewed, and planed, and cobbled boots. He was always busy, and only in the evenings allowed himself to indulge

in conversation, which he loved, and singing. He sang songs, not as singers do, who know they are listened to, but sang, as the birds sing, obviously, because it was necessary to him to utter those sounds, as it sometimes is to stretch or to walk about; and those sounds were always thin, tender, almost feminine, melancholy notes, and his face as he uttered them was very serious.

Being in prison, and having let his beard grow, he had apparently cast off all the soldier's ways that had been forced upon him and were not natural to him, and had unconsciously relapsed into his old peasant habits.

'A soldier discharged is the shirt outside the breeches again,' he used to say. He did not care to talk of his life as a soldier, though he never complained, and often repeated that he had never once been beaten since he had been in the service. When he told stories, it was always by preference of his old and evidently precious memories of his life as a 'Christian,' as he pronounced the word 'krestyan,' or peasant. The proverbial sayings, of which his talk was full, were not the bold, and mostly indecent, sayings common among soldiers, but those peasant saws, which seem of so little meaning looked at separately, and gain all at once a significance of profound wisdom when uttered appropriately.

Often he would say something directly contrary to what he had said before, but both sayings were equally true. He liked talking, and talked well, adorning his speech with caressing epithets and proverbial sayings, which Pierre fancied he often invented himself. But the great charm of his talk was that the simplest incidents—sometimes the same that Pierre had himself seen without noticing them—in his account of them gained a character of seemliness and solemn significance. He liked to listen to the fairy tales which one soldier used to tell—always the same ones over and over again—in the evenings, but most of all he liked to listen to stories of real life. He smiled gleefully as he listened to such stories, putting in words and asking questions, all aiming at bringing out clearly the moral beauty of the action of which he was told.

Attachments, friendships, love, as Pierre understood them, Karataev had none; but he loved and lived on affectionate terms with every creature with whom he was thrown in life, and especially so with man—not with any particular man, but with the men who happened to be before his eyes. He loved his dog, loved his comrades, loved the French, loved Pierre, who was his neighbour. But Pierre felt that in spite of Karataev's affectionate tenderness to him (in which he involuntarily paid tribute to Pierre's spiritual life), he would not suffer a moment's grief at parting from him. And Pierre began to have the same feeling towards Karataev.

To all the other soldiers Platon Karataev was the most ordinary soldier; they called him 'little hawk,' or Platosha; made good-humoured jibes at his expense, sent him to fetch things. But to Pierre, such as he appeared on that first night—an unfathomable, rounded-off, and everlasting personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth—so he remained to him for ever.

Platon Karataev knew nothing by heart except his prayers. When he

talked, he did not know on beginning a sentence how he was going to end it. He did not understand, and could not grasp the significance of words taken apart from the sentence. Every word and every action of his was the expression of a force uncomprehended by him, which was his life. But his life, as he looked at it, had no meaning as a separate life. It had meaning only as a part of a whole, of which he was at all times conscious. He could not understand any value or significance in an act or a word taken separately.

ON HEARING from Nikolay that her brother was at Yaroslavl with the Rostovs, Princess Marya prepared at once to go to him with her nephew. Whether this were difficult or not, whether it were possible or not, she did not inquire; it was her duty not only to be herself at the side of her brother, but to take his son to him.

The latter part of her stay in Voronezh had been the happiest period in Princess Marya's life. Her love for Rostov was not then a source of torment or agitation to her. That love had by then filled her whole soul and become an inseparable part of herself, and she no longer struggled against it. Of late Princess Marya was convinced—though she never clearly in so many words admitted it to herself—that she was beloved. She had been convinced of this by her last interview with Nikolay when he came to tell her that her brother was with the Rostovs. Nikolay did not by one word hint at the possibility now (in case of Prince Andrey's recovery) of his engagement to Natasha being renewed, but Princess Marya saw by his face that he knew and thought of it. And in spite of that, his attitude to her—solicitous, tender, and loving—was so far from being changed, that he seemed overjoyed indeed that now a sort of kinship between him and Princess Marya allowed him to give freer expression to his loving friendship.

But on approaching Yaroslavl, her agitation reached its utmost limits. When the courier, whom she had sent on ahead to find out in Yaroslavl where the Rostovs were staying, and in what condition Prince Andrey was, met the great travelling coach at the city gate he was frightened at the terribly pale face that looked out at him from the window.

'I have found out everything, your excellency: the Rostovs are staying not far off, right above the Volga,' said the courier. 'His excellency is staying in the same house with them.'

'He is living, then,' thought the princess; and she softly asked, 'How is he?'

'The servants say, "No change."'

What was meant by 'no change' the princess did not inquire, and with a passing, hardly perceptible, glance at little seven-year-old Nikolushka, sitting before her, delighted at the sight of the town, she bowed her head, and did not raise it again till the heavy carriage—rumbling, jolting, and swaying from side to side—came to a standstill.

The carriage-door was opened. On the left was water—a broad river; on the right, entrance steps. At the entrance were people, servants, and a rosy-faced girl with a thick coil of black hair, who smiled at her in an unpleasantly affected way, as it seemed to Princess Marya (it was Sonya). The princess ran up the steps; the girl, smiling affectedly, said, 'This way! this way!' and the princess found herself in the vestibule, facing an elderly woman of an Oriental type of face, who came rapidly to meet her, looking moved. It was the countess.

'My child,' she said, 'I love you, and have known you a long while.'

Princess Marya knew it was the countess, and that she must say something to her. She uttered some polite French phrases in the tone in which she had been addressed, and asked, 'How is he?'

'The doctor says there is no danger,' said the countess; but as she said it she sighed, and turned her eyes upwards, and this gesture contradicted her words.

'Where is he? Can I see him; can I?' asked the princess.

'In a minute; in a minute, my dear. Is this his son?' she said, turning to Nikolushka, who came in with Dessalle. 'Oh, what a charming boy!'

The countess led the princess into the drawing-room. Sonya began to converse with Mademoiselle Bourienne. The countess caressed the child. The old count came into the room to welcome the princess. He was extraordinarily changed since Princess Marya had seen him last. Then he had been a jaunty, gay, self-confident old gentleman, now he seemed a pitiful, bewildered creature. As he talked to the princess, he was continually looking about him, as though asking every one if he were doing the right thing. After the destruction of Moscow and the loss of his property, driven out of his accustomed rut, he had visibly lost the sense of his own importance, and felt that there was no place for him in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother without loss of time, and her vexation that they should entertain her conventionally, the princess knew that all this was inevitable.

'Where is he?' she asked once more, addressing them all.

'He is downstairs! Natasha is with him,' answered Sonya. 'We have sent to ask. You are tired, I expect, princess?'

Tears of vexation came into Princess Marya's eyes. She turned away and was about to ask the countess again where she could see him, when she heard at the door light, eager steps that sounded to her full of gaiety. She looked round and saw, almost running in, that Natasha whom she had so disliked when they met long before in Moscow.

Princess Marya had hardly glanced at Natasha's face before she understood that here was one who sincerely shared her grief, and was therefore her friend. She flew to meet her, and embracing her, burst into tears on her shoulder.

'Come, let us go to him, Marie,' said Natasha, drawing her away into the next room.

Princess Marya dried her eyes. 'How . . .' she was beginning, but stopped short. Natasha's lip suddenly twitched, ugly creases came round her mouth, and she broke into sobs, hiding her face in her hands.

Princess Marya knew everything.

But still she could not give up hope, and asked in words, though she put no faith in them:

'But how is his wound? What is his condition altogether?'

'You . . . you will see that,' was all Natasha could say.

'How has the whole illness gone? Has he been worse for long? When did *this* happen?' Princess Marya asked.

Natasha told her that at first there had been danger from inflammation and the great pain, but that had passed away at Troitsa, and the doctor had only been afraid of one thing—gangrene. But the risk of that, too, was almost over. When they reached Yaroslavl, fever had set in. The doctor had said this fever was not so serious.

'But two days ago,' Natasha began, 'all of a sudden *this* change came . . .' She struggled with her sobs. 'I don't know why, but you will see the change in him.'

'He is weaker? thinner? . . .' queried the princess.

'No, not that, but worse. You will see. Oh Marie, he is too good, he cannot, he cannot live, because . . .'

When Natasha opened the door with her practised hands, letting her pass in before her, Princess Marya felt the sobs rising in her throat. However much she prepared herself, however much she tried to compose herself, she knew that she would not be able to see him without tears.

She understood what Natasha had meant by the words: *two days ago this change came*. She interpreted it as meaning that he had suddenly grown softer, and that that softening, that tenderness, was the sign of death. As she approached the door, she saw already in her imagination that face of the little Andryusha, as she had known it in childhood, tender, gentle, softened, as it was so rarely, and as it affected her so strongly. She felt sure he would say soft, tender words to her like those her father had uttered on his deathbed, and that she would not be able to bear it, and would break into sobs at them.

He was lying on a couch, propped up with cushions, in a squirrel-lined dressing-gown. He was thin and pale. One thin, transparently white hand held a handkerchief, with the other he was softly fingering the delicate moustache that had grown long. His eyes gazed at them as they came in.

On seeing his face and meeting his eyes, Princess Marya at once slackened the rapidity of her step and felt the tears dried up and the sobs checked. In the profound, not outward- but inward-looking gaze there was something almost like hostility.

'How are you, Marie; how did you manage to get here?' he said, in a voice as even and as aloof as the look in his eyes.

'And you have brought Nikolushka?' he said, as evenly and deliberately, and with evident effort to recollect things.

'How are you now?' said Princess Marya, wondering herself at what she was saying.

'That, my dear, you must ask the doctor,' he said, and evidently making another effort to be affectionate, he said with his lips only (it was obvious he was not thinking of what he was saying):

'Thank you, my dear, for coming.'

Princess Marya did not know what to say. She understood the change that had come over him two days ago. In his words, in his tone, above all in his eyes—those cold, almost antagonistic eyes—could be felt that aloofness from all things earthly that is so fearful to a living man. It was evidently with difficulty that he understood anything living; not because he had lost the power of understanding, but because he understood something else that the living did not and could not understand, and that entirely absorbed him.

'Yes, see how strangely fate has brought us together again,' he said, breaking the silence, and pointing to Natasha. 'She is nursing me.'

Princess Marya heard him, and could not understand what he was saying. He, Prince Andrey, with his delicate, tender intuition, how could he say that before the girl whom he loved, and who loved him! If he had any thought of living, he could not have said that in that slightly cold tone. If he had not known he was going to die, how could he have failed to feel for her, how could he speak like that before her!

'Marie came by Ryazan,' said Natasha. 'She was told that Moscow had been burnt to the ground, all of it, entirely. That it looks as though . . .'

Natasha stopped. It was impossible to talk. He was obviously making an effort to listen, and yet he could not.

'Yes; it's burnt, they say,' he said. 'That's a great pity.'

'And so you met Count Nikolay, Marie?' said Prince Andrey, suddenly, evidently trying to say something to please them. 'He wrote here what a great liking he took to you,' he went on, simply and calmly, plainly unable to grasp all the complex significance his words had for living people. 'If you liked him, too, it would be a very good thing . . . for you to get married,' he added, rather more quickly.

'Why talk of me?' she said calmly, and glanced at Natasha. Natasha, feeling her eyes on her, did not look at her. Again all of them were silent.

'Andrey, would you . . .' Princess Marya said suddenly in a shaky voice, 'would you like to see Nikolushka? He is always talking of you.'

For the first time Prince Andrey smiled a faintly perceptible smile, but Princess Marya, who knew his face so well, saw with horror that it was a smile not of joy, not of tenderness for his son, but of quiet, gentle irony at his sister's trying what she believed to be the last resource for rousing him to feeling.

'Yes, I shall be very glad to see Nikolushka. Is he quite well?'

When they brought in little Nikolushka, who gazed in dismay at his father, but did not cry, because nobody else was crying, Prince Andrey kissed him, and obviously did not know what to say to him.

When Princess Marya left her brother's side, she fully understood all

that Natasha's face had told her. She spoke no more to Natasha of hope of saving his life. She took turns with her by his bedside.

Prince Andrey did not only know that he would die, but felt indeed that he was dying; that he was already half-dead. He experienced a sense of aloofness from everything earthly, and a strange and joyous lightness.

In the past he had dreaded the end. Twice he had experienced that terribly agonising feeling of the dread of death. The first time he had experienced that feeling when the grenade was rotating before him, and he looked at the stubble, at the bushes, at the sky, and knew that death was facing him.

The last moral struggle between life and death had come upon him two days before Princess Marya's arrival.

It happened in the evening. He was, as usually after dinner, in a slightly feverish condition, and he fell into a doze. He felt a sudden sense of happiness.

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

Natasha had, in fact, just come in with noiseless steps.

Ever since she had been looking after him he had always felt this physical sense of her presence. She was in a low chair beside him, knitting a stocking, and sitting so as to screen the light of the candle from him. She had learned to knit since Prince Andrey had once said to her that no one made such a good sick-nurse as an old nurse who knitted stockings, and that there was something soothing about knitting. She made a slight movement; the ball rolled off her knee. She started, glanced round at him.

'You are not asleep?'

'No; I have been looking at you for a long while. I felt when you came in. Natasha, I love you too much! More than everything in the world!'

'And I?' She turned away for a second. 'Why too much?' she said.

'Why too much? . . . Well, what do you think, what do you feel in your heart, am I going to live? What do you think?'

'I am sure of it; sure of it!' Natasha almost cried out.

'How good it would be!' And taking her hand, he kissed it.

Natasha recollected at once that he must have quiet.

'But you are not asleep. Try and sleep . . . please do.'

She moved back to the candle, and sat down in the same position as before. Twice she glanced round at him; his eyes were bright as she met them. She set herself a task on her stocking, and told herself she would not look round till she had finished it.

He did, in fact, soon after shut his eyes and fall asleep.

He dreamed that he was lying in the very room in which he was lying in reality, but that he was not ill, but quite well. Many people of various sorts, indifferent people of no importance, were present. He was talking and disputing with them about some trivial matter. They seemed to be preparing to set off somewhere. Prince Andrey had a dim feeling that all this was of no consequence, and that he had other matters of graver mo-

ment to think of, but still he went on uttering empty witticisms of some sort that surprised them.

By degrees all these people began to disappear, and the one thing left was the question of closing the door. He got up and went towards the door to close it and bolt it. *Everything* depended on whether he were in time to shut it or not. He was going, he was hurrying, but his legs would not move, and he knew that he would not have time to shut the door, but still he was painfully straining every effort to do so. And an agonising terror came upon him. And that terror was the fear of death; behind the door stood *It*. But while he is helplessly and clumsily struggling towards the door, that something awful is already pressing against the other side of it, and forcing the door open. Something not human—death—is forcing the door open, and he must hold it to. He clutches at the door with a last straining effort—to shut it is impossible, at least to hold it—but his efforts are feeble and awkward; and, under the pressure of that awful thing, the door opens and shuts again.

Once more *It* was pressing on the door from without. His last, supernatural efforts are vain, and both leaves of the door are noiselessly opened. *It* comes in, and it is *death*. And Prince Andrey died.

But at the instant when in his dream he died, Prince Andrey recollected that he was asleep; and at the instant when he was dying, he made an effort and waked up.

‘Yes, that was death. I died and I waked up. Yes, death is an awakening,’ flashed with sudden light into his soul, and the veil that had till then hidden the unknown was lifted before his spiritual vision. He felt, as it were, set free from some force that held him in bondage, and was aware of that strange lightness of being that had not left him since.

When he waked up in a cold sweat and moved on the couch, Natasha went up and asked him what was the matter. He did not answer, and looked at her with strange eyes, not understanding her.

That was the change that had come over him two days before Princess Marya’s arrival. The doctor said that from that day the wasting fever had assumed a more serious aspect, but Natasha paid little heed to what the doctor said; she saw the terrible moral symptoms, that for her were far more convincing. With his awakening from sleep that day there began for Prince Andrey an awakening from life.

His last days and hours passed in a simple and commonplace way. Princess Marya and Natasha both saw that he was slowly and quietly slipping further and further away from them, and both knew that this must be so, and that it was well. They did not weep nor shudder, and towards the last they both felt they were waiting not on him (he was no more; he had gone far away from them), but on the nearest memory of him—his body.

When the body, deserted by the spirit, passed through its last struggles, Natasha hung over what was the nearest memory of him. ‘Where has he gone? Where is he now? . . .’

When the body lay in the coffin every one cried. Nikolushka cried from the agonising bewilderment that was rending his heart. The countess and Sonya cried from pity for Natasha, and from grief that he was gone. The old count cried because he felt that he too must soon take the same terrible step.

Natasha and Princess Marya wept too now. But they did not weep for their personal sorrow; they wept from the emotion and awe that filled their souls before the simple and solemn mystery of death.

PART XIII

IN HISTORICAL EVENTS, where the actions of men form the subject of observation, the most primitive conception of a cause was the will of the gods, succeeded later on by the will of those men who stand in the historical foreground—the heroes of history. But one had to look below the surface of any historical event, to look, that is, into the movement of the whole mass of men taking part in that event, to be convinced that the will of the hero of history, so far from controlling the actions of the multitude, is continually controlled by them.

It may be thought that it is a matter of no importance whether historical events are interpreted in one way or in another. But between the man who says that the peoples of the West marched into the East, because Napoleon willed they should do so, and the man who says that that movement came to pass because it was bound to come to pass, there exists the same difference as between the men who maintained that the earth was stationary and the planets revolved about it, and the men who said that they did not know what holds the earth in its place, but they did know that there were laws controlling its motions and the motions of the other planets.

Causes of historical events—there are not and cannot be, save the one cause of all causes. But there are laws controlling these events; laws partly unknown, partly accessible to us. The discovery of these laws is only possible when we entirely give up looking for a cause in the will of one man, just as the discovery of the laws of the motions of the planets has only become possible since men have given up the conception of the earth being stationary.

A month spent by the French army in pillaging Moscow, and by the Russian army quietly encamped at Tarutino, brought about a change in the relative strength of the two armies, a change both in spirit and in numbers, which was all to the advantage of the Russians. Although the position of the French army and its numbers were unknown to the Russians, as soon as their relative strength had changed, a great number of signs began to show that an attack would be inevitable. Among the causes that contributed to bring about this result were the reports that were continually coming in from all sides of the inactivity and lack of discipline in the French army, and the filling up of our regiments by recruits, and the fine weather, and the long rest enjoyed by the Russian soldiers, and the impatience to do the work for which they had been brought together, that always arises in

troops after repose, and curiosity to know what was going on in the French army, of which they had so long seen nothing, and the daring with which the Russian outposts dashed in among the French encamped at Tarutino, and the news of the easy victories gained by bands of peasants and free-lances over the French, and the envy aroused by them, and the desire of revenge, that every man cherished at heart so long as the French were in Moscow; and—stronger than all—the vague sense growing up in every soldier's heart that the relative strength of the armies had changed, and the preponderance was now on our side. The relative strength of the armies had really changed, and advance had become inevitable.

On the 2nd of October, a Cossack, Shapovalov, out scouting, shot one hare and wounded a second. Shapovalov was led on in pursuit of the game far into the forest, and came across the left flank of Murat's army, which was encamped and quite off guard. The Cossack told his comrades with laughter the tale of how he had all but fallen into the hands of the French. The ensign, who heard the story, repeated it to his superior officer. The Cossack was sent for and questioned. The officers of the Cossacks wanted to take advantage of this to carry off some horses from the French, but one of them, who was intimate with some of the higher authorities in the army, mentioned the incident to a general on the staff. On the staff the position of late had been strained to the utmost. A few days previously, Yermolov had gone to Bennigsen and besought him to use his influence with the commander-in-chief to bring about an attack.

The news brought by the Cossack, confirmed by scouts, proved conclusively that the time was ripe. The strained string broke, and the wheels of the clock whirred, and the chimes began to strike. In spite of all his supposed power, his intellect, his experience, and his knowledge of men, Kutuzov could hold back the inevitable moment no longer, and gave orders for what he regarded as useless and mischievous—gave his assent, in fact, to the accomplished fact.

It was arranged to advance to attack on the 5th of October.

On the morning of the 4th, Kutuzov signed the disposition of the forces.

Toll read it to Yermolov, proposing that he should superintend the further instructions for carrying it out.

'Very good, very good, I haven't time just now,' said Yermolov, and he hurried out of the cottage.

The arrangement of the troops as drawn up by Toll was an excellent one. The disposition had been written out, as at Austerlitz, though not in German:

'The First Column marches here and there, the Second Column occupies this place,' and so on.

On paper all these columns were in their proper place at a fixed time and annihilated the enemy. Everything had been, as in all such cases, carefully thought of, and as in all such cases not a single column did reach its right place at the right time.

When a sufficient number of copies of the disposition were ready, an

officer was summoned and sent off to give them to Yermolov, that he might see that instructions were given in accordance with them. A young officer of the Horse Guards, in waiting on Kutuzov, set off for Yermolov's quarters.

'Not at home,' Yermolov's servant told him. The officer of the Horse Guards set off to the quarters of the general, with whom Yermolov was often to be found.

'Not here, nor the general either,' he was told.

The officer mounted his horse again and rode off to another general's.

'No, not at home.'

'If only I don't get into trouble for the delay! How annoying!' thought the officer.

He rode all over the camp. One man told him he had seen Yermolov riding away in company with some other generals; another said he was sure to be home again by now. The officer was hunting him till six o'clock in the evening without stopping for dinner. Yermolov was nowhere to be found, and no one knew where he was; but there was a ball at General Kikin's.

'But where is that?'

'That way,' said an officer of the Cossacks.

'Out there! beyond our lines!'

'Two regiments of our fellows have been sent out to the outposts, and there is a spree going on there now, fine doings! Two bands, three choruses of singers.'

The officer rode out beyond our lines. While yet a long way off, he heard the gay sounds of a soldier's dance tune sung in chorus.

It was by now nearly nine o'clock. He dismounted and walked up to the entrance of a big manor-house that had been left uninjured between the French and the Russian lines. Footmen were bustling about with wines and edibles in the vestibule and the buffet. Choruses were standing under the windows. The officer was led up to a door, and he saw all at once all the most important generals in the army, among them the big, impressive figure of Yermolov. All the generals were standing in a semicircle, laughing loudly, their uniforms unbuttoned, and their faces flushed and animated. In the middle of the room a handsome, short general with a red face was smartly and jauntily executing the steps of the *trepak*.

'Ha, ha, ha! Bravo, Nikolay Ivanovitch! ha, ha! . . .'

The officer felt doubly guilty in breaking in at such a moment with important business, and he would have waited; but one of the generals caught sight of him, and hearing what he had come for, told Yermolov. The latter, with a frowning face, came out to the officer, and hearing his story, took the papers from him without a word.

'Do you suppose it was by chance that he was not at home?' said a comrade of the officer's who was on the staff, speaking of Yermolov that evening. 'That's all stuff and nonsense; it was all done on purpose. You see, there'll be a pretty kettle of fish to-morrow!'

The decrepit old man, Kutuzov, had bade them wake him early next day, and he said his prayers, dressed, and with a disagreeable consciousness that he had to command in a battle of which he did not approve, he got into his carriage and drove to the place where the attacking columns were to be gathered together. As he approached Tarutino, Kutuzov noticed cavalry soldiers leading their horses to a watercourse across the road along which he was riding. Kutuzov looked at them, stopped his carriage, and asked what regiment did they belong to. They belonged to a column which was to have been far away in front in ambush.

'A mistake, perhaps,' thought the old commander-in-chief. But as he drove on further, Kutuzov saw infantry regiments with their arms stacked, and soldiers in their drawers busy cooking porridge and fetching wood. He sent for their officer. The officer submitted that no command to advance had been given.

'No command . . .' Kutuzov began, but he checked himself at once, and ordered the senior officer to be summoned to him. Getting out of the carriage, with drooping head he walked to and fro in silence, breathing heavily. When the general staff officer arrived, Kutuzov turned purple with rage, not because that officer was to blame for the mistake, but because he was an object of sufficient importance for him to vent his wrath on.

'What will the blackguards do next? Shoot them! The scoundrels!' he shouted hoarsely, shaking his fist and staggering. He was in a state of actual physical suffering. He, his highness the commander-in-chief, who was assured by every one that no one in Russia had ever had such power as he, he put into this position—made the laughing-stock to the whole army. 'Worrying myself, praying over to-day, not sleeping all night, and thinking about everything—all for nothing!' he thought.

His wrath once spent, Kutuzov, blinking feebly, listened to explanations and self-justifications and to the earnest representation that the battle that had not come off should take place on the following day. And again Kutuzov had to acquiesce.

Next day the troops were massed in their appointed places by the evening, and were moving forward in the night. It was an autumn night with a sky overcast by purplish-black clouds, but free from rain. The earth was damp, but not muddy, and the troops advanced noiselessly, except for a hardly audible jingling now and then from the artillery. They were forbidden to talk aloud, to smoke or to strike a light; the horses were kept from neighing. The secrecy of the enterprise increased its attractiveness. The men marched on gaily. Several columns halted, stacked their guns in piles, and lay down on the chilly ground, supposing they had reached their destination. Other columns (the majority) marched all night long, and arrived somewhere, unmistakably not where they were meant to be.

Count Orlov-Denisov with his Cossacks (the detachment of least importance of the lot) was the only one that reached the right place at the right time. This detachment halted at the extreme edge of a forest, on a path from the village of Stromilovo to Dmitrovskoe.

Before dawn Count Orlov, who had fallen asleep, was waked up. A deserter from the French camp was brought to him. A Polish underofficer explained that he had deserted because he had been insulted in the service; because he ought long ago to have been an officer, and was braver than any of them, and so he wanted to punish them. He said that Murat was camping for the night a verst from them, and that if they would give him a convoy of a hundred men he would take him alive. The proposition was too alluring to be refused.

'Now, remember,' said Count Orlov-Denisov to the Polish deserter, 'if you have been lying, I will have you shot like a dog, but if it's true, a hundred crowns.'

The deserter made no reply to these words, mounted his horse and with men hurriedly gathered together disappeared into the wood. Count Orlov, shivering from the freshness of the dawning morning, began scrutinising the enemy's camp, faintly visible now in the deceptive light of the approaching dawn. Count Orlov-Denisov fancied that they were beginning to move in the French camp.

'Oh, of course it's too late,' said Count Orlov. As so often happens when the man in whom we are putting faith is no longer before our eyes, it all seemed at once perfectly clear and obvious to him that the deserter had been playing them false, that he had been telling them lies, and was only spoiling the whole attack by removing these two regiments, which he was leading away—God only knew where! As if it were possible to capture the general out of such a mass of troops.

'No doubt he was lying, the scoundrel,' said the Count.

'We can turn them back,' said one of the suite.

'Ah! Yes . . . what do you think, or shall we leave them? Or not?'

'Do you command them to return?'

'To return, yes, to return!' Count Orlov said, with sudden decision, looking at his watch; 'it will be too late; it's quite light.'

And an adjutant galloped into the wood. Count Orlov-Denisov, excited by giving up this enterprise, and by vainly waiting for the infantry columns, which still did not appear, and by the enemy's being so near (every man in his detachment was feeling the same), resolved to attack.

In a whisper he gave the command: 'Mount!'

The men got into their places, crossed themselves . . . 'In God's name, off!'

'Hurrah!' rang out in the wood, and the Cossacks, with spears lowered, flew gaily, one hundred after another, across the stream into the camp, as though they were being shot out of a sack.

One desperate, frightened scream from the first Frenchman who caught sight of the Cossacks, and every creature in the camp, undressed and half-asleep, was running away, abandoning cannons, muskets, and horses.

If the Cossacks had pursued the French without regard to what they left all around and behind them, they could have captured Murat and all there was there. Their commanding officers tried to make them do so. But

there was no making the Cossacks budge when they had got booty and prisoners. No one heeded the word of command. They had taken fifteen hundred prisoners, thirty-eight cannons, flags, and, what was of most consequence in the eyes of the Cossacks, horses, saddles, coverings, and various other objects. All of this they wanted to see after, to secure the prisoners and the cannons, to divide the booty, to shout at and even fight with one another over the spoils; and all this absorbed the Cossacks' attention. The Frenchmen, finding themselves not pursued further, began to rally; they formed into companies and began firing.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the disposition the infantry regiments of the belated columns had started off in due course, and had, in the usual way, arrived somewhere, but not where they were intended to arrive. In the usual way too, the soldiers who had set off gaily, began to halt; there were murmurs of dissatisfaction and a sense of muddle, and they were marched back to some point.

Adjutants and generals galloped to and fro, shouting angrily, quarrelling, declaring they had come utterly wrong and were too late, upbraiding some one, and so on; and finally, all washed their hands of the business in despair, and marched on simply in order to get somewhere. 'We must arrive somewhere sooner or later!' And so they did, in fact, arrive somewhere, but not where they were wanted. And some did even reach their destination, but reached it so late that their doing so was of no use at all, and only resulted in their being fired at for nothing. Disappointed and excited at the failure, and supposing some one must be to blame for it, Toll galloped up to the general in command of the corps, and began sternly reprimanding him, declaring that he deserved to be shot. Bagovut, a sturdy old general of placid disposition, had been worried too by all the delays, and muddles, and the contradictory orders, and, to the amazement of everybody, he flew into a violent rage, quite out of keeping with his character.

'I am not going to be taught my duty by anybody, but I can face death with my men as well as any one,' he said, and he marched with one division straight forward into the enemy's fire. Danger, shells, and bullets were just what he wanted in his fury. One of the first bullets killed him, the other bullets killed many of his men. And his division remained for some time under fire for no object whatever.

Meanwhile another column was to have fallen upon the French in the centre, but of this column Kutuzov was in command. He knew very well that nothing but muddle would come of this battle, begun against his will, and, as far as it was in his power, he held his forces back. He did not move.

The whole battle was confined to what had been done by the Cossacks of Orlov-Denisov; the rest of the troops simply lost a few hundreds of men for nothing.

In consequence of this battle, Kutuzov received a diamond decoration; the other generals, too, received agreeable recognition according to their rank, and more changes were made on the staff.

'That's how things are always done among us, everything topsy-turvy!' the Russian officers and generals said after the battle of Tarutino; just as they say it nowadays.

NAPOLEON enters Moscow after the brilliant victory *de la Moskowa*: there can be no doubt of the victory, since the French are left in possession of the field of battle. The Russians retreat and leave Moscow—well stocked with provisions, arms, implements, and countless riches—in the hands of Napoleon. The Russian army, of one-half the strength of the French, during the course of a whole month makes no effort to attack. Napoleon's position is most brilliant. One would have supposed that no great genius was needed with an army of double the strength to fall upon the Russian forces and destroy them, to negotiate an advantageous peace; or, in case of negotiations being refused, to make a menacing march upon Petersburg, or even, in case of failure in this, to return to Smolensk or to Vilna, or to remain in Moscow, to retain, in short, the brilliant position in which the French army now found themselves. To do all this it was only necessary to take the simplest and easiest measures: to keep the soldiers from pillage, to prepare winter clothes (of which there was a supply in Moscow amply sufficient for the whole army), and regularly to collect the provisions, of which the supply in Moscow was, on the showing of the French historians, sufficient to feed the whole army for six months. Napoleon, the greatest of all military geniuses, with absolute power, as historians assert, over the army, did nothing of all this.

Far from doing anything of the sort, he used his power to select out of all the various courses open to him the stupidest and most pernicious of all. Of all the different things Napoleon might have done—spending the winter in Moscow, going to Petersburg, going to Nizhni-Novgorod, going back a little more to the north or to the south, by the road Kutuzov afterwards took—no course one can imagine could have been more ruinous for his army (as the sequel proved) than the one Napoleon actually did adopt; that is, the course of staying in Moscow till October, letting the troops plunder the town, then in hesitation leaving a garrison behind, marching out of Moscow, going to meet Kutuzov and not giving battle, turning to the right and going as far as Maley Yaroslavets, again refusing to risk a battle, and finally retreating, not by the road Kutuzov had taken, but by Mozhaïsk and the Smolensk route through devastated country.

Let the most skilful tacticians, supposing that Napoleon's object was the destruction of his army, try and devise a series of actions which could, apart from any measures that might be taken by the Russian forces, have ensured with such certainty the complete destruction of the whole French army as the course taken by Napoleon. This the genius Napoleon did. But to say that Napoleon ruined his army because he wanted to do so, or because he was very stupid, would be just as unjust as to say that Napoleon got his troops to Moscow because he wanted to, and because he was very clever and a great genius.

In both cases his personal activity, having no more force than the personal activity of every soldier, was merely coincidental with the laws by which the event was determined.

Quite falsely (and simply because the sequel did not justify Napoleon's actions) do historians represent Napoleon's faculties as flagging at Moscow. Just as before, and afterwards in the year 1813, he used all his powers and faculties to do the best for himself and his army, Napoleon's activity at this time was no less marvellous than in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia. We do not know with any certainty how real was the genius of Napoleon in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down upon his greatness, because all his great exploits there are recounted to us by none but Frenchmen. We cannot judge with certainty of his genius in Austria and Prussia, as the accounts of his doings there must be drawn from French and German sources. And the unaccountable surrender of corps of soldiers without a battle, and of fortresses without a siege, must dispose Germans to postulate Napoleon's genius as the unique explanation of the war as it was waged in Germany. But we have, thank God, no need to plead his genius to cloak our shame. We have paid for the right to look facts simply and squarely in the face, and that right we will not give up.

His activity in Moscow was as marvellous and as full of genius as anywhere else. Command upon command and plan upon plan was continually being issued by him from the time he entered Moscow to the time he left it. The absence of the citizens and of a deputation, and even the burning of Moscow, did not daunt him. He did not lose sight of the welfare of his army, nor of the doings of the enemy, nor of the welfare of the people of Russia, nor the conduct of affairs at Paris, nor of diplomatic negotiations as to the terms of peace.

On the military side, immediately on entering Moscow, Napoleon gives General Sebastaini strict orders to keep a watch on the movements of the Russian army, sends detachments along the various roads, and charges Murat to find Kutuzov. Then he gives careful instructions for the fortification of the Kremlin; then he makes a plan of the coming campaign over the whole map of Russia; that was a work of genius, indeed.

On the diplomatic side, Napoleon summons to his presence Captain Yakovlev, who had been robbed and reduced to rags and did not know how to get out of Moscow, expounds to him minutely his whole policy and his magnanimity; and after writing a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he considers it his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rastoptchin had performed his duties very badly in Moscow, he despatches Yakovlev with it to Petersburg.

Expounding his views and his magnanimity with equal minuteness to Tutolmin, he despatches that old man too to Petersburg to open negotiations.

On the judicial side, orders were issued, immediately after the fires

broke out, for the guilty persons to be found and executed. And the miscreant Rastoptchin was punished by the order to set fire to his houses.

On the administrative side, Moscow was presented with a constitution. A municipal council was instituted, and the following proclamation was issued:—

‘CITIZENS OF MOSCOW!

‘Your misfortunes have been cruel, but his Majesty the Emperor and King wishes to put an end to them. Terrible examples have shown you how he punishes crime and breach of discipline. Stern measures have been taken to put an end to disorder and to restore public security. A paternal council, chosen from among yourselves, will compose your municipality or town council. It will care for you, for your needs and your interests. The members of it will be distinguished by a red ribbon, which they will wear across the shoulder, and the mayor will wear a white sash over it. But except when discharging their duties, they will wear only a red ribbon round the left arm.

‘The city police are established on their former footing, and they are already restoring order. The government has appointed two general commissioners, or superintendents of police, and twenty commissioners, or police inspectors, stationed in the different quarters of the town. You will recognise them by the white ribbon they will wear round the left arm. Several churches of various denominations have been opened, and divine service is performed in them without hindrance. Your fellow-citizens are returning every day to their dwellings, and orders have been given that they should find in them the aid and protection due to misfortune. These are the measures which the government has adopted to restore order and alleviate your position; but to attain that end, it is necessary that you should unite your efforts with them; should forget, if possible, the misfortunes you have suffered; should look hopefully at a fate that is not so cruel; should believe that a shameful death inevitably awaits those guilty of violence against your persons or your deserted property, and consequently leaves no doubt that they will be preserved, since such is the will of the greatest and most just of monarchs. Soldiers and citizens of whatever nation you may be! Restore public confidence, the source of the prosperity of a state; live like brothers, give mutual aid and protection to one another; unite in confounding the projects of the evil-minded; obey the civil and military authorities, and your tears will soon cease to flow.’

On the commissariat side, Napoleon issued orders for all the troops to enter Moscow in turn, *à la maraude*, to gather supplies for themselves; so that in that way the army was provided with supplies for the future.

On the religious side, Napoleon ordered the priests to be brought back, and services to be performed again in the churches.

With a view to encouraging commerce and providing supplies for the troops, the following notice was placarded everywhere:—

‘PROCLAMATION.

‘You, peaceable inhabitants of Moscow, artisans, and working men, who have been driven out of the city by the disturbance, and you, scattered tillers of the soil, who are still kept in the fields by groundless terror, hear! Tranquillity is returning to this capital, and order is being restored in it. Your fellow-countrymen are coming boldly out of their hiding-places, seeing that they are treated with respect. Every act of violence against them or their property is promptly punished. His Majesty the Emperor and King protects them, and he reckons none among you his enemies but such as disobey his commands. He wishes to put an end to your trouble, and to bring you back to your homes and your families. Co-operate with his beneficent designs and come to us without apprehension. Citizens! Return with confidence to your habitations; you will soon find the means of satisfying your needs! Artisans and industrious handicraftsmen! Return to your employment; houses, shops, and guards to protect them are awaiting you, and you will receive the payment due to you for your toil! And you, too, peasants, come out of the forests where you have been hiding in terror, return without fear to your huts in secure reliance on finding protection. Markets have been established in the city, where peasants can bring their spare stores and country produce. The government has taken the following measures to secure freedom of sale for them: (1) From this day forward, peasants, husbandmen, and inhabitants of the environs of Moscow can, without any danger, bring their goods of any kind to two appointed markets—namely, the Mohovaya and the Ohotny Ryad. (2) Goods shall be bought from them at such a price as seller and buyer shall agree upon together; but if the seller cannot get what he asks for as a fair price, he will be at liberty to take his goods back to his village, and no one can hinder his doing so on any pretext whatever. (3) Every Sunday and Wednesday are fixed for weekly market days: to that end a sufficient number of troops will be stationed on Tuesdays and Saturdays along all the high-roads at such a distance from the town as to protect the carts coming in. (4) Similar measures will be taken that the peasants with their carts and horses may meet with no hindrance on their homeward way. (5) Steps will be immediately taken to re-establish the ordinary shops.

‘Inhabitants of the city and of the country, and you workmen and handicraftsmen of whatever nationality you may be! You are called upon to carry out the paternal designs of his Majesty the Emperor and King, and to co-operate with him for the public welfare. Lay your respect and confidence at his feet, and do not delay to unite with us!’

With a view to keeping up the spirits of the troops and the people, reviews were continually being held, and rewards were distributed.

The Emperor rode about the streets and entertained the inhabitants; and in spite of his preoccupation with affairs of state, visited in person the theatre set up by his orders.

As regards philanthropy, too—the fairest jewel in the conqueror's crown—Napoleon did everything that lay within him. On the benevolent institutions he ordered the inscription to be put up, '*Maison de ma mère,*' thereby combining a touching filial sentiment with a monarch's grandeur of virtue. He visited the Foundling Home. Then, he ordered his soldiers' pay to be distributed among them in the false Russian notes he had counterfeited:—

'Reinforcing the use of these methods by an act worthy of him and of the French army, he had assistance distributed to those who had suffered loss from the fire. But as provisions were too precious to be given to strangers, mostly enemies, Napoleon preferred to furnish them with money for them to provide themselves from without, and ordered paper roubles to be distributed among them.'

With a view to maintaining discipline in the army, orders were continually being issued for severely punishing nonfulfilment of military duty and for putting an end to pillaging.

But, strange to say, all these arrangements, these efforts and plans, which were no whit inferior to those that had been made on similar occasions before, never touched the root of the matter; like the hands on the face of a clock, when detached from the mechanism, they turned aimlessly and arbitrarily, without catching the wheels.

The plan of campaign, that work of genius, never was and never could be put into execution, because it had nothing in common with the actual facts of the position. The fortification of the Kremlin, for which it was necessary to pull down la Mosquée (as Napoleon called the church of Vassily the Blessed) turned out to be perfectly useless. The pursuit of the Russian army, on which Napoleon laid so much stress, led to an unheard-of result: the French generals lost sight of the sixty thousand men of the Russian army.

On the diplomatic side, all Napoleon's expositions of his magnanimity and justice turned out to be fruitless. Alexander would not receive these envoys, and made no reply to the message they brought.

On the side of law, of order, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was burned down.

The establishment of a municipal council did not check pillage, and was no benefit to any one but the few persons, who were members of it, and were able on the pretext of preserving order to plunder Moscow on their own account, or to save their own property from being plundered.

On the religious side, the difficulty had so easily been settled by Napoleon's visit to a mosque in Egypt, but here similar measures led to no results whatever. Two or three priests, picked up in Moscow, did attempt to carry out Napoleon's desire; but one of them was slapped in the face by a French soldier during the service, and in regard to the other, the

following report was made by a French official: 'The priest, whom I had discovered and invited to resume saying the Mass, cleaned and closed the church. In the night they came again to break in the doors, break the padlocks, tear the books, and commit other disorders.'

As for the encouragement of commerce, the proclamation to 'industrious artisans and peasants,' met with no response at all. Industrious artisans there were none in Moscow, and the peasants set upon the messengers who ventured too far from the town with this proclamation and killed them.

The attempts to entertain the people and the troops with theatres were equally unsuccessful. The theatres set up in the Kremlin and Poznyakov's house were closed again immediately, because the actors and actresses were stripped of their belongings by the soldiers.

Even philanthropy did not bring the desired results. Moscow was full of paper money, genuine and counterfeit, and the notes had no value. The French, accumulating booty, cared for nothing but gold. The counterfeit notes, which Napoleon so generously bestoyed on the unfortunate, were of no value, and even silver fell below its standard value in relation to gold.

But the most striking example of the ineffectiveness of all efforts made by the authorities was Napoleon's vain endeavour to check plunder, and to maintain discipline.

Here are reports sent in by the military authorities:

'Nothing new, but that the soldiers give themselves up to robbery and plunder. October 9th.

'The Emperor is exceedingly displeased that, in spite of the strict orders to stop pillage, bands of marauders from the guards are continually returning to the Kremlin. In the Old Guards, the disorder and pillaging have been more violent than ever last night and to-day. The Emperor sees, with regret, that the picked soldiers, appointed to guard his person, who should set an example to the rest, are losing discipline to such a degree as to break into the cellars and stores prepared for the army.'

The army, like a herd of cattle run wild, and trampling underfoot the fodder that might have saved them from starvation, was falling to pieces, and getting nearer to its ruin with every day it remained in Moscow.

But it did not move.

It only started running when it was seized by panic fear at the capture of a transport on the Smolensk road and the battle of Tarutino. The news of the battle of Tarutino reached Napoleon unexpectedly in the middle of a review, and aroused in him—so Thiers tells us—a desire to punish the Russians, and he gave the order for departure that all the army was clamouring for.

In their flight from Moscow, the soldiers carried with them all the plunder they had collected. Napoleon, too, carried off his own private *trésor*. Seeing the great train of waggons, loaded with the booty of the army, Napoleon did not order all unnecessary waggons of goods to be burnt, as he had done with a marshal's baggage on the way to Moscow.

He gazed at those carts and carriages, filled with soldiers, and said that it was very well, that those conveyances would come in useful for provisions, the sick, and the wounded.

The plight of the army was like the plight of a wounded beast, that feels its death at hand, and knows not what it is doing. Studying the intricate manœuvres and schemes of Napoleon and his army from the time of entering Moscow up to the time of the destruction of that army is much like watching the death struggles and convulsions of a beast. Very often the wounded creature rushes to meet the hunter's shot, runs forward and back again, and itself hastens its end. Napoleon under the pressure of his army did likewise. Panic-stricken at the rumour of the battle of Tarutino, like a wild beast, the army made a rush towards the shot, reached the hunter, and ran back again; and at last, like every wild creature took the old familiar track that was the worst and most disastrous way for it.

Napoleon is represented to us as the leader in all this movement just as the figurehead in the prow of a ship to the savage seems the force that guides the ship on its course. Napoleon in his activity all this time was like a child, sitting in a carriage, pulling the straps within it, and fancying he is moving it along.

EARLY in the morning of the 6th of October, Pierre came out of the shed, and when he went back, he stood in the doorway, playing with the long bandy-legged, purplish-grey dog that jumped about him. This dog lived in their shed, sleeping with Karataev, though it sometimes went off on its own account into the town, and came back again. It had probably never belonged to any one, and now it had no master, and no name. The French called it Azor; the soldier who told stories called it Femgalka; Karataev called it 'Grey-coat,' and sometimes 'Floppy.' The lack of a master, of a name, of any particular breed, and even of a definite colour, by no means troubled the purplish-grey dog. Its fluffy tail stood up firm and round like a plume.

Pierre's attire now consisted of a dirty, tattered shirt, the sole relic left of his previous wardrobe, a pair of soldier's drawers, tied with string round the ankles by Karataev's advice, for the sake of warmth, a full peasant's coat and a peasant's cap. Physically Pierre had changed greatly during this period. He no longer seemed stout, though he still had that look of solidity and strength that was characteristic of the Bezuhov family. The lower part of his face was overgrown with beard and moustaches; his long, tangled hair, swarming with lice, formed a mat of curls on his head. His eyes had a look of firmness, calm, and alert readiness, such as had never been seen in Pierre's face before. All his old slackness, which had shown even in his eyes, was replaced now by a vigorous, alert look of readiness for action and for resistance. His feet were bare.

Pierre looked over the meadow, across which waggons and men on horse-back were moving that morning, then far away beyond the river, then at the dog, who was pretending to be meaning to bite him in earnest, then

at his bare feet, which he shifted with pleasure from one position to another, moving the dirty, thick, big toes. And every time he looked at his bare feet, a smile of eager self-satisfaction flitted across his face. The sight of those bare feet reminded him of all he had passed through and learned during this time; and the thought of that was sweet to him.

The weather had for several days been still and clear, with light frosts in the mornings—the so-called ‘old granny’s summer.’

It was warm out of doors in the sunshine, and that warmth was particularly pleasant, with the bracing freshness of the morning frost still in the air.

Over everything, over all objects near and far, lay that magical, crystal-clear brightness, which is only seen at that time in the autumn. In the distance could be seen the Sparrow Hills, with the village, the church, and the great white house. And the leafless trees, and the sand and the stones and roofs of the houses, the green spire of the church, and the angles of the white house in the distance, all stood out in the most delicate outlines with unnatural distinctness in the limpid air. Close at hand stood the familiar ruins of a half-burnt mansion, occupied by French soldiers, with lilac bushes still dark-green by the fence. And even this charred and ruined house, which looked revoltingly hideous in bad weather, had a sort of soothing comeliness in the clear, still brightness.

A French corporal, in a smoking-cap, with his coat comfortably unbuttoned, came round the corner of the shed, with a short pipe between his teeth, and with a friendly wink, approached Pierre.

‘What sunshine, *hein*, M. Kiril?’ (This was what all the French soldiers called Pierre.) ‘One would say it was spring.’ And the corporal leaned against the door, and offered Pierre his pipe, though he was always offering it, and Pierre always declined it.

‘If one were marching in weather like this,’ he began.

Pierre questioned him what he had heard of the departure of the French, and the corporal told him that almost all the troops were setting out, and that to-day instructions were expected in regard to the prisoners. In the shed in which Pierre was, one of the Russian soldiers, Sokolov, was dangerously ill, and Pierre told the corporal that something ought to be done about this soldier. The corporal said that Pierre might set his mind at rest, that they had both travelling and stationary hospitals for such cases, that instructions would be given in regard to the sick, and that in fact every possible contingency was provided for by the authorities.

‘And then, M. Kiril, you have only to say a word to the captain, you know. Oh, he is a man who never forgets anything. Speak to the captain when he makes his round; he will do anything for you.’

The captain of whom the corporal spoke used often to have long conversations with Pierre, and did him all kinds of favours.

‘“You see, St. Thomas,” he said to me the other day, “Kiril is a man of education, who speaks French; he is a Russian lord who has had troubles, but he is a man. And he understands . . . If he wants anything, let him

tell me, he shall not meet with a refusal. When one has studied, one likes education, you see, and well-bred people." It's for your own sake I tell you that, M. Kiril. In the affair that happened the other day, if it hadn't been for you, things would have ended badly.'

(The corporal was alluding to a fight a few days before between the prisoners and the French soldiers, in which Pierre had succeeded in pacifying his companions.) After chatting a little time longer the corporal went away.

Several of the prisoners had heard Pierre talking to the corporal, and they came up immediately to ask what the latter had said. While Pierre was telling his companions what the corporal had said about setting off from Moscow, a thin, sallow, ragged French soldier came up to the door of the shed. With a shy and rapid gesture he put his fingers to his forehead by way of a salute, and addressing Pierre, asked him if the soldier, Platoche, who was making a shirt for him, were in this shed.

The French soldiers had been provided with linen and leather a week previously, and had given out the materials to the Russian prisoners to make them boots and shirts.

'It's ready, darling, it's ready!' said Karataev, coming out with a carefully folded shirt. On account of the heat and for greater convenience in working, Karataev was wearing nothing but a pair of drawers and a tattered shirt, as black as the earth. He had tied a wisp of bast round his hair, as workmen do, and his round face looked rounder and more pleasing than ever.

'Punctuality is own brother to good business. I said Friday, and so I have done it,' said Platon, smiling and displaying the shirt he had made.

The Frenchman looked about him uneasily, and as though overcoming some hesitation, rapidly slipped off his uniform and put on the shirt. Under his uniform he had no shirt, but a long, greasy, flowered silk waistcoat next his bare, yellow, thin body. The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners, who were looking at him, would laugh at him, and he made haste to put his head through the shirt. None of the prisoners said a word. 'To be sure, it fits well,' Platon observed, pulling the shirt down.

The Frenchman, after putting his head and arms through, looked down at the shirt, and examined the stitching without lifting his eyes.

'Well, darling, this isn't a tailor's, you know, and I had no proper sewing materials, and there's a saying without the right tool you can't even kill a louse properly,' said Karataev, still admiring his own handiwork.

'Very good, thanks; but you must have some stuff left . . . ' said the Frenchman.

'It will be more comfortable as it wears to your body,' said Karataev, still admiring his work. 'There, you'll be nice and comfortable.'

'Thanks, thanks, old fellow; but what is left . . . ?' repeated the Frenchman, giving Karataev a paper note. 'Give me the pieces that are over.'

Pierre saw that Platon did not want to understand what the Frenchman

said, and he looked on without interfering. Karataev thanked him for the rouble and went on admiring his own work. The Frenchman persisted in asking for what was left, and asked Pierre to translate what he said.

‘What does he want with the pieces?’ said Karataev. ‘They would have made me capital leg wrappers. Oh well, God bless the man.’

And, looking suddenly crestfallen and melancholy, Karataev took a bundle of remnants out of his bosom and gave it to the Frenchman without looking at him. ‘Ach-ma!’ he cried, and walked away. The Frenchman looked at the linen, he hesitated, glanced inquiringly at Pierre, and as though Pierre’s eyes had told him something:

‘Here, Platoche!’ he cried in a shrill voice, suddenly blushing. ‘Keep them yourself,’ he said, and giving him the remnants, he turned and went out.

‘There, look’ee now,’ said Karataev, shaking his head. ‘They say they’re not Christians, but they have souls too. It’s true what the old folks used to say: a sweating hand is an open hand, but a dry hand is closefisted. His own back’s bare, and yet he has given me this.’ Karataev paused for a while, smiling dreamily and gazing at the cuttings of linen. ‘But first-rate leg binders they’ll make me, my dear,’ he added, as he went back into the shed.

Four weeks had passed since Pierre had been taken prisoner. Although the French had offered to transfer him from the common prisoners’ shed to the officers’, he had remained in the same shed as at first.

In Moscow, wasted by fire and pillage, Pierre passed through hardships almost up to the extreme limit of privation that a man can endure. But, owing to his vigorous health and constitution, of which he had hardly been aware till then; and still more, owing to the fact that these privations came upon him so gradually that it was impossible to say when they began, he was able to support his position, not only with ease, but with positive gladness. And it was just at this time that he attained that peace and content with himself, for which he had always striven in vain before.

For long years of his life he had been seeking in various directions for that peace, that harmony with himself, which had struck him so much in the soldiers at Borodino. He had sought for it in philanthropy, in freemasonry, in the dissipations of society, in wine, in heroic feats of self-sacrifice, in his romantic love for Natasha; he had sought it by the path of thought; and all his researches and all his efforts had failed him. And now without any thought of his own, he had gained that peace and that harmony with himself simply through the horror of death, through hardships, through what he had seen in Karataev.

Those fearful moments that he had lived through during the execution had, as it were, washed for ever from his imagination and his memory the disturbing ideas and feelings that had once seemed to him so important. No thought came to him of Russia, of the war, of politics, or of Napoleon. It seemed obvious to him that all that did not concern him, that he was not called upon and so was not able to judge of all that. ‘Russia and summer

never do well together,' he repeated Karataev's words, and those words soothed him strangely. His project of killing Napoleon, and his calculations of the cabalistic numbers, and of the beast of the Apocalypse struck him now as incomprehensible and positively ludicrous. His anger with his wife, and his dread of his name being disgraced by her, seemed to him trivial and amusing. What business of his was it, if that woman chose to lead somewhere away from him the life that suited her tastes? What did it matter to any one—least of all to him—whether they found out or not that their prisoner's name was Count Bezuhov?

He often thought now of his conversation with Prince Andrey, and agreed fully with his friend, though he put a somewhat different construction on his meaning. Prince Andrey had said and thought that happiness is only negative, but he had said this with a shade of bitterness and irony. It was as though in saying this he had expressed another thought—that all the strivings towards positive happiness, that are innate in us, were only given us for our torment. But Pierre recognised the truth of the main idea with no such undercurrent of feeling. The absence of suffering, the satisfaction of needs, and following upon that, freedom in the choice of occupation, that is, of one's manner of life, seemed to Pierre the highest and most certain happiness of man. Only here and now for the first time in his life Pierre fully appreciated the enjoyment of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of sleep when he was sleepy, of warmth when he was cold, of talking to a fellow creature when he wanted to talk and to hear men's voices. The satisfaction of his needs—good food, cleanliness, freedom—seemed to Pierre now that he was deprived of them to be perfect happiness; and the choice of his occupation, that is, of his manner of life now that that choice was so limited, seemed to him such an easy matter that he forgot that a superfluity of the conveniences of life destroys all happiness in satisfying the physical needs, while a great freedom in the choice of occupation, that freedom which education, wealth, and position in society had given him, makes the choice of occupations exceedingly difficult, and destroys the very desire and possibility of occupation.

All Pierre's dreams now turned to the time when he would be free. And yet, in all his later life, Pierre thought and spoke with enthusiasm of that month of imprisonment, of those intense and joyful sensations that could never be recalled, and above all of that full, spiritual peace, of that perfect, inward freedom, of which he had only experience at that period.

On the first day, when, getting up early in the morning, he came out of the shed into the dawn, and saw the cupolas and the crosses of the New Monastery of the Virgin, all still in darkness, saw the hoarfrost on the long grass, saw the slopes of the Sparrow Hills and the wood-clad banks of the encircling river vanishing into the purple distance, when he felt the contact of the fresh air and heard the sounds of the rooks flying out of Moscow across the fields, and when flashes of light suddenly gleamed out of the east and the sun's rim floated triumphantly up from behind a cloud, and cupolas and crosses and hoarfrost and the horizon and the river were all

sparkling in the glad light, Pierre felt a new feeling of joy and vigor in life such as he had never experienced before.

And that feeling had not left him during the whole period of his imprisonment, but on the contrary had gone on growing in him as the hardships of his position increased.

That feeling—of being ready for anything, of moral alertness—was strengthened in Pierre by the high opinion in which he began to be held by his companions very soon after he entered the shed. His knowledge of languages, the respect shown him by the French, the good-nature with which he gave away anything he was asked for (he received the allowance of three roubles a week, given to officers among the prisoners), the strength he showed in driving nails into the wall, the gentleness of his behaviour to his companions, and his capacity—which seemed mysterious—of sitting stockstill doing nothing and plunged in thought, all made him seem to the soldiers a rather mysterious creature of a higher order. The very peculiarities that in the society he had previously lived in had been a source of embarrassment, if not of annoyance—his strength, his disdain for the comforts of life, his absent-mindedness, his good-nature—here among these men gave him the prestige almost of a hero.

On the night of the 6th of October, the march of the retreating French army began: kitchens and shanties were broken up, waggons were packed, and troops and trains of baggage began moving.

At seven o'clock in the morning an escort of French soldiers in marching order, in shakos, with guns, knapsacks, and huge sacks, stood before the sheds and a running fire of eager French talk, interspersed with oaths, was kept up all along the line.

In the shed the prisoners were ready, only waiting for the word of command to come out. Pierre was shod with a pair of slippers that Karataev had made for him out of the leather cover of a tea-chest, brought him by a Frenchman for soling his boots.

The sick soldier, Sokolov, pale and thin, with blue rings round his eyes, sat alone in his place, without boots or out-of-door clothes on. His eyes, that looked prominent from the thinness of his face, gazed inquiringly at his companions, who took no notice of him, and he uttered low groans at regular intervals. It was evidently not so much his sufferings—he was ill with dysentery—as the dread and grief of being left alone that made him groan.

'Come, Sokolov, they are not going away altogether, you know. They have a hospital here. Very likely you will be better off,' said Pierre.

'O Lord! it will be the death of me! O Lord!' the soldier groaned.

'Well, I will ask them again,' said Pierre. While Pierre was going to the door, the same corporal, who had on the previous day offered Pierre a pipe, came in from outside, accompanied by two soldiers. Both the corporal and the soldiers were in marching order, with knapsacks on and shakos, with straps buttoned, that changed their familiar faces.

'Corporal, what is to be done with the sick man?' Pierre was beginning, but at the very moment that he spoke the words he doubted whether

it were the corporal he knew or some stranger—the corporal was so unlike himself at that moment. Moreover, at the moment Pierre was speaking, the roll of drums was suddenly heard on both sides.

The corporal scowled at Pierre's words, and uttering a meaningless oath, he slammed the door. It was half-dark now in the shed; the drums beat a sharp tattoo on both sides, drowning the sick man's groans.

'Here it is! . . . Here it is again!' Pierre said to himself. In the changed face of the corporal, in the sound of his voice, in the stimulating and deafening din of the drums, Pierre recognised that mysterious, unsympathetic force which drove men, against their will, to do their fellow-creatures to death; that force, the effect of which he had seen at the execution.

When the doors of the shed were opened, and the prisoners, huddling against one another like a flock of sheep, crowded in the entry, Pierre pushed in front of them, and went up to the very captain who was, so the corporal had declared, ready to do anything for him. The captain was in marching trim, and from his face, too, there looked out the same 'it' Pierre had recognised in the corporal's words and in the roll of the drums.

'*Filez, filez!*' the captain was saying, frowning sternly, and looking at the prisoners crowding by him.

Pierre knew his effort would be in vain, yet he went up to him.

'Well, what is it?' said the officer, scanning him coldly, as though he did not recognise him. Pierre spoke of the sick prisoner.

'He can walk, damn him!' said the captain.

'*Filez, filez!*' he went on, without looking at Pierre.

'Well, no, he is in agony . . . !' Pierre was beginning.

'*Voulez-vous bien?*' . . . shouted the captain, scowling malignantly.

'Dram-da-da-dam, dam-dam,' rattled the drums, and Pierre knew that the mysterious force had already complete possession of those men, and that to say anything more now was useless.

The officers among the prisoners were separated from the soldiers and ordered to march in front.

The officers, among whom was Pierre, were thirty in number; the soldiers three hundred.

These officers, who had come out of other sheds, were all strangers to Pierre, and much better dressed than he was. They looked at him in his queer foot-gear with aloof and mistrustful eyes.

Not far from Pierre walked a stout major, with a fat, sallow, irascible countenance. This major, panting and puffing, grumbled angrily at every one for pushing against him and for hurrying when there was no need of hurry. Another, a thin little officer, addressed remarks to every one, making conjectures where they were being taken now, and how far they would go that day.

An official in felt high boots and a commissariat uniform ran from side to side to get a good view of the results of the fire in Moscow, making loud observations on what was burnt, and saying what this or that district of the town was as it came into view. A third officer, of Polish extraction

by his accent, was arguing with the commissariat official, trying to prove to him that he was mistaken in his identification of the various quarters of Moscow.

'Why dispute?' said the major angrily. 'Whether it's St. Nikola or St. Vlas, it's no matter. You see that it's all burnt, and that's all about it. . . . Why are you pushing, isn't the road wide enough?' he said, angrily addressing a man who had passed behind him and had not pushed against him at all.

'Aie, aie, aie, what have they been doing?' the voices of the prisoners could be heard crying on one side and on another as they looked at the burnt districts. . . . 'Look, there's not half left.'

'Well, you know it is burnt, well, why argue about it?' said the major.

The prisoners found themselves in the middle of a huge train of artillery, moving with difficulty, and mixed up with private baggage-waggons.

At the bridge itself the whole mass halted, waiting for the foremost to get across. From the bridge the prisoners got a view of endless trains of baggage-waggons in front and behind.

After crossing the Crimean Ford, the prisoners moved a few steps at a time and then halted, and again moved forward, and the crowd of vehicles and people grew greater and greater. On all sides there was an unceasing sound, like the roar of the sea, of rumbling wheels, and tramping troops, and incessant shouts of anger and loud abuse. Pierre stood squeezed against the wall of a charred house; several of the Russian officers clambered up on to the wall to get a better view.

'The crowds! What crowds! . . . They have even loaded goods on the cannons! Look at the furs! . . .' they kept saying. 'I say, the vermin, they have been pillaging. . . . Look at what that one has got behind, on the cart. . . . Why, they are holy pictures, by God! . . . Those must be Germans. Heavens! . . . They have started fighting! . . . That's right; hit him in the face! We shan't get by before evening like this. Look, look! . . . Why, that must surely be Napoleon himself. Do you see the horses! with the monograms and a crown! He has dropped his sack, and doesn't see it. Fighting again. . . . A woman with a baby, and good-looking, too! Yes, I dare say; that's the way they will let you pass. . . . Look; why, there's no end to it. Russian wenches, I do declare they are. See how comfortable they are in the carriages!'

Pierre, thanks to his height, saw over the heads of the others what attracted the prisoners' curiosity. Three carriages were blocked between caissons, and in them a number of women with rouged faces, decked out in flaring colours, were sitting closely packed together, shouting something in shrill voices.

The carriages of women drove by. They were followed again by carts, soldiers, waggons, soldiers, carriages, soldiers, caissons, and again soldiers, and at rare intervals women.

All these men and horses seemed, as it were, driven along by some unseen force. During the hour in which Pierre watched them they all

were swept out of the different streets with the same desire to get on as quickly as possible. All of them, alike hindered by the rest, began to get angry and to fight. The same oaths were bandied to and fro, and white teeth flashed, and every frowning face wore the same look of reckless determination and cold cruelty, which had struck Pierre in the morning in the corporal's face, while the drums were beating.

It was almost evening when the officer in command of their escort rallied his men, and with shouts and oaths forced his way in among the baggage-trains; and the prisoners, surrounded on all sides, came out on the Kaluga road.

They marched very quickly without pausing, and only halted when the sun was setting. The baggage-carts were moved up close to one another, and the men began to prepare for the night. Every one seemed ill-humoured and dissatisfied. Oaths, angry shouts, and fighting could be heard on all sides till a late hour.

At this halting-place, the prisoners were even more roughly treated by their escort than at starting. They were for the first time given horse-flesh to eat.

In every one of the escort, from the officers to the lowest soldier, could be seen a sort of personal spite against every one of the prisoners, in surprising contrast with the friendly relations that had existed between them before.

Pierre felt that that fatal force which had crushed him at the execution, and had been imperceptible during his imprisonment, had now again the mastery of his existence. He was afraid; but he felt, too, that as that fatal force strove to crush him, there was growing up in his soul and gathering strength a force of life that was independent of it. Pierre supped on soup made of rye flour and horseflesh, and talked a little with his companions.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions talked of what they had seen in Moscow, nor of the harsh treatment they received from the French, nor of the orders to shoot them, which had been announced to them. As though in reaction against their more depressing position, all were particularly gay and lively. They talked of personal reminiscences, of amusing incidents they had seen as they marched, and avoided touching on their present position.

The sun had long ago set. Stars were shining brightly here and there in the sky; there was a red flush, as of a conflagration on the horizon, where the full moon was rising, and the vast, red ball seemed trembling strangely in the grey darkness. It became quite light. The evening was over, but the night had not yet begun. Pierre left his new companions and walked between the camp-fires to the other side of the road, where he had been told that the common prisoners were camping. He wanted to talk to them. On the road a French sentinel stopped him and bade him go back.

Pierre did go back, but not to the camp-fire where his companions were, but to an unharnessed waggon where there was nobody. Tucking his

legs up under him, and dropping his head, he sat down on the cold ground against the waggon wheel, and sat there a long while motionless, thinking. More than an hour passed by. No one disturbed Pierre. Suddenly he burst into such a loud roar of his fat, good-humoured laughter, that men looked round on every side in astonishment at this strange and obviously solitary laughter. 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Pierre. And he talked aloud to himself. 'The soldier did not let me pass. They have taken me—shut me up. They keep me prisoner. Who is "me"? Me? Me—my immortal soul! Ha, ha, ha! . . . Ha, ha, ha! . . .' he laughed, with the tears starting into his eyes.

A man got up and came to see what this strange, big man was laughing at all by himself. Pierre left off laughing, got up, walked away from the inquisitive intruder, and looked about him.

The immense, endless bivouac, which had been full of the sound of crackling fires and men talking, had sunk to rest; the red camp-fires burnt low and dim. High overhead in the lucid sky stood the full moon. Forests and fields, that before could not be seen beyond the camp, came into view now in the distance. And beyond those fields and forests could be seen the bright, shifting, alluring, boundless distance. Pierre glanced at the sky, at the far-away, twinkling stars. 'And all that is mine, and all that is in me, and all that is I!' thought Pierre. 'And all this they caught and shut up in a shed closed in with boards!' He smiled and went to lie down to sleep beside his companions.

IN OCTOBER a messenger came to Kutuzov from Napoleon with overtures for peace and a letter falsely professing to come from Moscow, though Napoleon was in fact not far ahead of Kutuzov on the old Kaluga road. Kutuzov said that there could be no question of peace.

On the evening of the 11th of October, at Aristovo, a French prisoner of the Guards said that the troops that had reached Fominskoe that day were the advance guard of the whole army; that Napoleon was with them; that the whole army had marched out of Moscow five days before. The same evening a house-serf coming from Borovsk brought word that he had seen an immense army entering that town. Dorohov's Cossacks reported that they had seen the French guards marching along the road to Borovsk. From all this it was evident that where they had expected to find one division there was now the whole army of the French, marching from Moscow in an unexpected direction—along the old Kaluga road.

It was resolved to send a report to the staff. For this purpose a capable officer, Bolhovitinov, was to take a written report, and explain the whole matter verbally.

Bolhovitinov galloped in an hour and a half thirty versts over a muddy, slippery road. Dismounting at a hut, on the hurdle fence of which was the inscription 'Headquarters of the Staff,' he walked into the dark entry.

'The general on duty at once! Very important!' he cried to some one, who jumped up, wheezing in the darkness.

The orderly went in before him, and began waking some one up. 'Your honour, your honour, a courier.'

'What? what? from whom?' said a sleepy voice.

'From Dohturov and from Alexey Petrovitch. Napoleon is at Fomin-skoe,' said Bolhovitinov.

The man who had been waked yawned and stretched. 'I don't want to wake him,' he said. 'Perhaps it's only a rumour.'

'Here is the report,' said Bolhovitinov. 'My instructions are to give it at once to the general on duty.'

'Wait a minute, I'll strike a light. What do you do with things, damn you!' said the sleepy voice addressing the orderly.

When the tinder broke first into a blue and then into a red flame, cockroaches that had been gnawing the tallow candle ran away in all directions.

'The news is certain,' said Bolhovitinov. 'Prisoners and Cossacks and spies, all tell the same story.'

Like all old people, Kutuzov slept little at night. He often dropped into sudden naps during the daytime, but at night he lay on his bed without undressing, and generally not asleep but thinking.

'They ought to understand that we can but lose by taking the offensive. Time and patience, these are my champions!' thought Kutuzov.

The unanswered question, whether the wound dealt at Borodino were mortal or not, had been for a whole month hanging over Kutuzov's head. On one side, the French had taken possession of Moscow. On the other side, in all his being, Kutuzov felt beyond all doubt that the terrible blow for which, together with all the Russians, he had strained all his strength must have been mortal. But in any case proofs were wanted, and he had been waiting for them now a month, and as time went on he grew more impatient.

He imagined all sorts of movements of Napoleon's army, acting as a whole or in part, on Petersburg, against him, to out-flank him (that was what he was most afraid of), and also the possibility that Napoleon would fight against him with his own weapon, that he would stay on in Moscow waiting for him to move. But the one thing he could not foresee was what happened—the mad, convulsive stampede of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days of its march from Moscow—the stampede that made possible what Kutuzov did not yet dare to think about, the complete annihilation of the French. But the destruction of the French was the one absorbing desire of his heart.

On the night of the 11th of October he lay leaning on his arm and thinking of that.

There was a stir in the next room.

'Hey, who is there? Come in, come in! Anything new?' the commander-in-chief called.

Told the drift of the news, 'Who brought it?' asked Kutuzov. 'Call him, call him here!'

Kutuzov sat with one leg out of bed and his unwieldy, corpulent body

propped on the other leg bent under him. He screwed up his one seeing eye to get a better view of the messenger.

'Come here, come closer. Napoleon has marched out of Moscow? Is it truly so? Eh?'

Bolhovitinov told him all and paused, awaiting instructions.

Kutuzov tried to say something, but all at once his face began to pucker; he turned the other way to the corner of the hut, which looked black with the holy pictures. 'Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard our prayer . . .' he said in a trembling voice, clasping his hands. 'Russia is saved. I thank Thee, O Lord.'

From that time up to the end of the campaign, all Kutuzov's activity was limited to trying by the exercise of authority, by guile and by entreaties, to hold his army back from useless attacks, manœuvres, and skirmishes with the perishing enemy.

Napoleon's historians discuss what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in making his way to the wealthy provinces of the south. But to say nothing of the fact that nothing hindered Napoleon from marching into these southern provinces (since the Russian army left the road open), the historians forget that nothing could have saved Napoleon's army, because it carried within itself at that time the inevitable germs of ruin. Why should that army, which found abundant provisions in Moscow and could not keep them, but trampled them underfoot, that army which could not store supplies on entering Smolensk, but plundered at random, why should that army have mended its ways in the Kaluga province, where the inhabitants were of the same Russian race as in Moscow, and where fire had the same aptitude for destroying whatever they set fire to?

The men of what had been an army fled with their leaders, not knowing whither they went, Napoleon and every soldier with him filled with one desire: to make his own escape as quickly as might be from the hopeless position of which all were dimly aware.

At the council in Maley Yaroslavets, when the French generals, affecting to be deliberating, gave various opinions as to what was to be done, the opinion of the blunt soldier, Mouton, who said what all were thinking, that the only thing to do was to get away as quick as possible, closed every one's mouth; and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything in opposition to this truth that all recognised.

But though everybody knew that they must go, there was still a feeling of shame left at acknowledging they must fly. And some external shock was necessary to overcome that shame. And that shock came when it was needed. It was *le Hourra de l'Empereur*, as the French called it.

On the day after the council, Napoleon, on the pretext of inspecting the troops and the field of a past and of a future battle, rode out early in the morning in the midst of the lines of his army with a suite of marshals and an escort. The Cossacks, who were in search of booty, swept down on the Emperor, and all but took him prisoner. What saved Napoleon

from the Cossacks that day was just what was the ruin of the French army, the booty, which here as well as at Tarutino tempted the Cossacks to let their prey slip. Without taking any notice of Napoleon, they dashed at the booty, and Napoleon succeeded in getting away.

When *les enfants du Don* might positively capture the Emperor himself in the middle of his army, it was evident that there was nothing else to do but to fly with all possible haste by the nearest and the familiar road. Napoleon, with his forty years and his corpulence, had not all his old resourcefulness and courage, and he quite took the hint; and under the influence of the fright the Cossacks had given him, he gave, as the historians tell us, the order to retreat along the Smolensk road.

For the French, marching back along the old Smolensk road, the final goal, their own country, was too remote, and the nearer goal on which all hopes and desires, enormously intensified by the influence of the crowd, were concentrated, was Smolensk.

Every man among them longed for one thing only—to surrender and be taken prisoner, to escape from all the horrors and miseries of his actual position. But the momentum of the common impulse towards Smolensk drew each individual in the same direction. On the other hand, it was out of the question for a corps to surrender to a squadron; and although the French took advantage of every convenient opportunity to straggle away from one another, and on the smallest decent pretext to be taken prisoners, those opportunities did not always occur.

All the generals and officers of the Russian army were eager to cut off the enemy's retreat, to overtake, to capture, to fall upon the French. Kutuzov alone used all his powers to resist this clamour for attack, when one-third of that army melted away of itself without a battle between Moscow and Vyazma.

Napoleon's army was flying in disorder at its utmost possible speed out of Russia; that is to say, doing the very thing that every Russian most desired. What object was there in conducting all sorts of operations against the French when they were running away as fast as they could already? It would have been idle to stop men on the road, whose whole energies were bent on flight. Thirdly, it would have been absurd to lose men in destroying the French army when it was already, without external interference, perishing at such a rate that, without any obstruction of their road, not more than one hundredth of its original number succeeded in crossing the frontier in December.

Fourthly, it was absurd to desire to take prisoners the Emperor, kings, and dukes, since the possession of such prisoners would have greatly enhanced the difficulty of the Russian position, as was recognised by the most clear-sighted diplomatists of the time (J. Maistre and others). Still more absurd would have been the desire to capture the French army when it had dwindled to one-half before reaching Krasnoe, and a division of convoys had to be given up to guard a corps of prisoners, while the Russian soldiers themselves had not always full rations.

Any plan of cutting off and capturing Napoleon and his army, however carefully thought out, would have been like the action of a gardener who, after driving out a herd of cattle that had been trampling his beds, should run out to belabour the cattle about the head. The only thing that could be said in justification of his proceeding would be that he was greatly incensed.

The people had a single aim: to clear their country of the invaders. That aim was effected primarily of itself, since the French were flying, and all that was necessary was not to check their flight. It was promoted, too, by the irregular warfare kept up by the people destroying the French army piecemeal; and thirdly, by the great Russian army following in the rear of the French, ready to use force in case there was any pause in their retreat.

The Russian army had to act as a whip urging on a fleeing animal. And the experienced driver knew that it was better to keep the whip raised as a menace than to bring it down on the creature's back.

PART XIV

THE French historians who describe the position of the French troops before they marched out of Moscow assert that everything was in good order in the Grande Armée, except the cavalry, the artillery, and the transport, and that there was no forage for the horses and cattle. There was no remedy for this defect, because the peasants of the surrounding country burned their hay rather than let the French have it.

Victory did not bring forth its usual results, because the peasants, Karp and Vlas, by no means persons of heroic feelings (after the French evacuation, they hurried with their carts to pillage Moscow), and the immense multitude of others like them burnt their hay rather than bring it to Moscow, however high the prices offered them.

From the time of the burning of Smolensk a war began which did not follow any of the old traditions of warfare. The burning of towns and villages, the retreat after every battle, the blow dealt at Borodino and followed by retreat, the burning of Moscow, the capture of marauders, the seizing of transports—the whole of the irregular warfare was a departure from the rules.

Napoleon was aware of it, and from the time when he stood waiting in Moscow in the correct pose of the victorious fencer, he never ceased complaining to Kutuzov and to the Emperor Alexander that the war was being conducted contrary to all the rules of war. (As though any rules existed for the slaughter of men!)

In spite of the complaints of the French that they did not keep to the rules, in spite of the fact that the Russians in the highest positions felt it somehow shameful to be fighting with a cudgel, and wanted to take up the correct position *en quarte* or *en tierce*, to make a skilful thrust, *en prime* and so on, the cudgel of the people's war was raised in all its menacing and majestic power; and troubling itself about no question of any one's tastes or rules, about no fine distinctions, with stupid simplicity, with perfect consistency, it rose and fell and belaboured the French till the whole invading army had been driven out.

And happy the people that will not, as the French did in 1813, saluting according to the rules, gracefully and cautiously offer the sword hilt to the magnanimous conqueror. Happy the people who, in the moment of trial, ask no questions how others would act by the recognised rules in such cases, but with ease and directness pick up the first cudgel that comes

handy and deal blows with it, till resentment and revenge give way to contempt and pity.

One of the most conspicuous and advantageous departures from the so-called rules of warfare is the independent action of men acting separately against men huddled together in a mass. Such independent activity is always seen in a war that assumes a national character. In this kind of warfare, instead of forming in a crowd to attack a crowd, men disperse in small groups, attack singly and at once fly, when attacked by superior forces, and then attack again, when an opportunity presents itself. Such were the methods of the guerillas in Spain; of the mountain tribes in the Caucasus, and of the Russians in 1812.

War of this kind has been called partisan warfare on the supposition that this name defined its special significance. But this kind of warfare does not follow any rules of war, but is in direct contradiction to a well-known rule of tactics, regarded as infallible. That rule lays it down that the attacking party must concentrate his forces in order to be stronger than his opponent at the moment of conflict.

Partisan warfare (always successful, as history testifies) acts in direct contradiction of this rule.

Military science assumes that the relative strength of forces is identical with their numerical proportions. Military science maintains that the greater the number of soldiers, the greater their strength. *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison.*

To say this is as though one were in mechanics to say that forces were equal or unequal simply because the masses of the moving bodies were equal or unequal.

Force (the volume of motion) is the product of the mass into the velocity. In warfare the force of armies is the product of the mass multiplied by something else, an unknown x .

Military science, seeing in history an immense number of examples in which the mass of an army does not correspond with its force, and in which small numbers conquer large ones, vaguely recognise the existence of this unknown factor, and try to find it sometimes in some geometrical disposition of the troops, sometimes in the superiority of weapons, and most often in the genius of the leaders. But none of those factors yield results that agree with the historical facts.

One has but to renounce the false view that glorifies the effect of the activity of the heroes of history in warfare in order to discover this unknown quantity, x .

X is the spirit of the army, the greater or less desire to fight and to face dangers on the part of all the men composing the army, which is quite apart from the question whether they are fighting under leaders of genius or not, with cudgels or with guns that fire thirty times a minute. The men who have the greater desire to fight always put themselves, too, in the more advantageous position for fighting. The spirit of the army is the factor which multiplied by the mass gives the product of the force. To define and

express the significance of this unknown factor, the spirit of the army, is the problem of science.

This problem can only be solved when we cease arbitrarily substituting for that unknown factor x the conditions under which the force is manifested, such as the plans of the general, the arming of the men and so on, and recognise this unknown factor in its entirety as the greater or less desire to fight and face danger.

The strategic principle, that armies should act in masses on the offensive, and should break up into smaller groups for retreat, unconsciously confirms the truth that the force of an army depends on its spirit. To lead men forward under fire needs more discipline (which can only be attained by marching in masses) than is needed for self-defence when attacked. But this rule, which leaves out of sight the spirit of the army, is continually proving unsound, and is strikingly untrue in practice in all national wars, when there is a great rise or fall in the spirit of the armies.

The French, on their retreat in 1812, though they should, by the laws of tactics, have defended themselves in detached groups, huddled together in a crowd, because the spirit of the men had sunk so low that it was only their number that kept them up. The Russians should, on the contrary, by the laws of tactics, have attacked them in a mass, but in fact attacked in scattered companies, because the spirit of the men ran so high that individual men killed the French without orders, and needed no compulsion to face hardships and dangers.

The so-called 'partisan' warfare had begun with the enemy's entrance into Smolensk. Before the irregular warfare was officially recognised by our government many thousands of the enemy's soldiers—straggling, marauding, or foraging parties—had been slain by Cossacks and peasants, who killed these men as instinctively as dogs set upon a stray mad dog.

The first detachment of irregulars—Davydov's—was formed on the 24th of August, and others soon followed. In the latter stages of the campaign these detachments became more and more numerous.

The irregulars destroyed the Grande Armée piecemeal. They swept up the fallen leaves that were dropping of themselves from the withered tree, and sometimes they shook the tree itself. By October, when the French were fleeing to Smolensk, there were hundreds of these companies, differing widely from one another in number and in character. Some were detachments that followed all the usual routine of an army, with infantry, artillery, staff-officers, and all the conveniences of life. Some consisted only of Cossacks, mounted men. Others were small bands of men, on foot and also mounted. Some consisted of peasants, or of landowners and their serfs, and remained unknown. There was a deacon at the head of such a band, who took several hundred prisoners in a month. There was the village elder's wife, Vassilisa, who killed hundreds of the French.

The latter part of October was the time when this guerilla warfare reached its height. That period of this warfare, in which the irregulars were themselves amazed at their own audacity, were every moment in dread

of being surrounded and captured by the French, and never unsaddling, hardly dismounting, hid in the woods, in momentary expectation of pursuit, was already over. The irregular warfare had by now taken definite shape; it had become clear to all the irregulars what they could, and what they could not, accomplish with the French. By now it was only the commanders of detachments marching with staff-officers according to the rules at a distance from the French who considered much impossible. The small bands of irregulars who had been at work a long while, and were at close quarters with the French, found it possible to attempt what the leaders of larger companies did not dare to think of doing. The Cossacks and the peasants, who crept in among the French, thought everything possible now.

ON THE 22nd of October, Denisov, who was a leader of a band of irregulars, was eagerly engaged in a typical operation of this irregular warfare. From early morning he had been with his men moving about the woods that bordered the high road, watching a big convoy of cavalry baggage and Russian prisoners that had dropped behind the other French troops, and under strong escort—as he learned from his scouts and from prisoners—was making its way to Smolensk. Dolohov was also a leader of a small band acting in the same district. Denisov intended with Dolohov to attack and carry off this transport with his own small force.

The transport was, on the 22nd of October, going from the village of Mikulino to the village of Shamshevo. On the left side of the road between Mikulino and Shamshevo there were great woods, which in places bordered on the road, and in places were a verst or more from the road. Denisov, with a small party of followers, had been the whole day riding about in these woods, sometimes plunging into their centre, and sometimes coming out at the edge, but never losing sight of the moving French.

In the morning, where the wood ran close to the road, the Cossacks of Denisov's party had pounced on two French waggonloads of saddles, stuck in the mud, and had carried them off into the wood. From that time right on to evening, they had been watching the movements of the French without attacking them. They wanted to avoid frightening them, and then, joining Dolohov (who was to come that evening to a trysting-place in the wood) from two sides to fall at dawn like an avalanche of snow on their heads.

Six Cossacks had been left behind, two versts from Mikulino, where the wood bordered the road. They were to bring word at once as soon as any fresh columns of French came into sight.

In front of Shamshevo, Dolohov was to watch the road to know at what distance there were other French troops. With the transport there was supposed to be fifteen hundred men. Denisov had two hundred men, and Dolohov might have as many more. But superiority in numbers was no obstacle to Denisov. There was only one thing that he still needed to know, and that was what troops these were.

Denisov, in a long cape and a high fur cap, both streaming with water.

was riding a thin, pinched-looking, thoroughbred horse. With his head aslant, and his ears pricked up, like his horse, he was frowning at the driving rain, and anxiously looking before him.

A little ahead walked a peasant-guide, soaked through and through in his grey full coat and white cap.

Along the narrow, muddy, cut-up forest-track there came hussars in knots of three and four at a time, and then Cossacks; some in capes, some in French cloaks; others with horse-cloths pulled over their heads. The horses, chestnut and bay, all looked black from the soaking rain. Clothes, saddles, and bridles, all were sticky and swollen with the wet, like the earth and the fallen leaves with which the track was strewn. Denisov was out of humour, both from the rain and hunger (no one had eaten anything since morning); and, most of all, from having no news of Dolohov, and from no French prisoner having been caught to give him information.

'We shall never have such another chance to fall on the transport as to-day. To attack them alone would be risky, and to put it off to another day—some one of the bigger leaders will carry the booty off from under our noses,' thought Denisov, continually looking ahead.

'There's some one coming,' he said.

'There are two men coming—an officer and a Cossack.'

The two figures, riding downhill, disappeared from sight, and came into view again a few minutes later. The foremost was an officer, dishevelled looking, and soaked through, with his trousers tucked up above his knees; he was lashing his horse into a weary gallop. Behind him a Cossack trotted along, standing up in his stirrups. This officer, a quite young boy, with a broad, rosy face and keen, merry eyes, galloped up to Denisov, and handed him a sopping packet.

'From the general,' he said. 'I must apologise for its not being quite dry. . . .'

'Rostov! Petya!' Denisov cried at that moment, running through the packet that had been given him. 'Why, how was it you didn't say who you were?' and Denisov, turning with a smile, held out his hand to the officer. This officer was Petya Rostov.

Petya had been all the way preparing himself to behave with Denisov as a grown-up person and an officer should do, making no reference to their previous acquaintance. But as soon as Denisov smiled at him, Petya beamed at once, blushed with delight, and forgetting all the formal demeanour he had been intending to preserve, he began telling him how he had ridden by the French, and how glad he was he had been given this commission, and how he had already been in a battle at Vyazma, and how a certain hussar had distinguished himself in it.

'Will your honour have any instructions to give me?' Petya said to Denisov, putting his hand to the peak of his cap, and going back to the comedy of adjutant and general, which he had prepared himself to perform, 'or should I remain with your honour?'

'Instructions? . . .' said Denisov absently. 'Well, can you stay till tomorrow?'

'May I stay with you?' cried Petya.

Denisov and Petya followed the peasant in the pointed cap, who, stepping lightly and noiselessly in his bast shoes over roots and wet leaves, led them to the edge of the wood.

Coming out on the road, the peasant paused, looked about him, and turned toward a thin screen of trees. He stood still at a big oak, still covered with leaves, and beckoned mysteriously to them.

Denisov and Petya rode up to him. From the place where the peasant was standing the French could be seen. Just beyond the wood a field of spring corn ran sharply downhill. On the right, across a steep ravine, could be seen a little village and a manor-house with the roofs broken down. In that village and in the house and all over the high ground in the garden, by the wells and the pond, and all along the road uphill from the bridge to the village, not more than five hundred yards away, crowds of men could be seen in the shifting mist. They could distinctly hear their foreign cries at the horses pulling the baggage uphill and their calls to one another.

'Whether Dolohov comes or not, we must take them. . . . Eh?' said Denisov, his eyes sparkling merrily.

On leaving Moscow, Petya had parted from his parents to join his regiment, and shortly afterwards had been appointed an orderly in attendance on a general who was in command of a large detachment. From the time of securing his commission, and even more since joining a regiment in active service, and taking part in the battle of Vyazma, Petya had been in a continual state of happy excitement at being grown-up, and of intense anxiety not to miss any opportunity of real heroism.

On the 21st of October, when his general expressed a desire to send some one to Denisov's company, Petya had so piteously besought him to send him, that the general could not refuse. But the general explicitly forbade Petya's taking part in any enterprise whatever that Denisov might be planning.

It was getting dark when Denisov, with Petya, reached the forester's hut. In the half-dark they could see saddled horses, Cossacks and hussars, rigging up shanties in the clearing, and building up a glowing fire in a hollow near, where the smoke would not be seen by the French. In the porch of the little hut there was a Cossack with his sleeves tucked up, cutting up a sheep. In the hut, three officers of Denisov's band were setting up a table made up of doors. Petya took off his wet clothes, gave them to be dried, and at once set to work to help the officers in fixing up a dining-table.

In ten minutes the table was ready and covered with a napkin. On the table was set vodka, a flask of rum, white bread, and roast mutton, and salt.

Sitting at the table with the officers, tearing the fat, savoury mutton with greasy fingers, Petya was in a childishly enthusiastic condition of tender love for all men and a consequent belief in the same feeling for himself in others.

'So what do you think, Vassily Fyodorovitch,' he said to Denisov, 'it won't matter my staying a day with you, will it?' And without waiting for an answer, he answered himself: 'Why, I was told to find out, and here I am finding out . . . Only you must let me go into the middle . . . into the real . . .'

'Into the real, real thing . . .' Denisov said, smiling.

'Why, what would it be to you? Ah, you want a knife?' he said to an officer, who was trying to tear off a piece of mutton. And he gave him his pocket-knife.

The officer praised the knife.

'Please keep it. I have several like it . . .' said Petya, blushing. 'Heavens! Why, I was quite forgetting,' he cried suddenly. 'I have some capital raisins, you know the sort without stones. We have a new canteen-keeper, and he does get first-rate things. I bought ten pounds of them. I'm fond of sweet things. Will you have some?' . . . And Petya ran out to his Cossack in the porch, and brought in some panniers in which there were five pounds of raisins. 'Please take some.'

'Don't you need a coffee-pot?' he said. 'I bought one from our canteen-keeper! He has first-rate things. And he's very honest. That's the great thing. I'll be sure and send it you.' And suddenly, dismayed at the thought that he had let his tongue run away with him, Petya stopped short and blushed.

Petya's attention was diverted by the arrival of Dolohov. He had heard a great many stories told in the army of Dolohov's extraordinary gallantry and of his cruelty to the French. And therefore from the moment Dolohov entered the hut Petya could not take his eyes off him, and flinging up his head, he assumed a more and more swaggering air, that he might not be unworthy of associating even with a hero like Dolohov.

Dolohov's appearance struck Petya as strange.

Denisov was dressed in a Cossack coat; he had let his beard grow, and had a holy image of Nikolay, the wonder-worker, on his breast. Dolohov, on the contrary, though in old days he had worn a Persian dress in Moscow, looked now like the most correct officer of the Guards. He was clean-shaven; he wore the wadded coat of the Guards with a St. George medal on a ribbon, and a plain forage cap, put on straight on his head. He took his wet cloak off in the corner and, without greeting any one, went straight up to Denisov and began at once asking questions about the matter in hand.

'We must find out what troops they are, and what are their numbers,' said Dolohov. 'I like to do things properly. Come, won't one of you gentlemen like to come with me to pay them a call in their camp? I have an extra uniform with me.'

'I, I . . . I'll come with you!' cried Petya.

'There's not the slightest need for you to go,' said Denisov, addressing Dolohov; 'and as for him I wouldn't let him go on any account.'

'That's good!' cried Petya; 'why shouldn't I go? . . .'

'Why, because there's no reason to.'

'You will take me?' he cried, turning to Dolohov.

'Why not? . . .' Dolohov answered, absently.

'But you know if they do catch me—and you too—it will be the nearest aspen-tree.'

To all Denisov's efforts to dissuade him from going, Petya replied 'I shall most certainly go, and don't try to prevent me; it won't be any use . . .'

Petya and Dolohov, after dressing up in French uniforms and shakoes, rode to the clearing from which Denisov had looked at the French camp, and coming out of the wood, descended into the hollow in the pitch darkness. When they had ridden downhill, Dolohov bade the Cossacks accompany him to wait there, and set off at a smart trot along the road towards the bridge. Petya, faint with excitement, trotted along beside him.

'If we are caught, I won't be taken alive. I have a pistol,' whispered Petya.

'Don't speak Russian,' said Dolohov, in a rapid whisper, and at that moment they heard in the dark the challenge: 'Who goes there?' and the click of a gun.

Petya clutched at his pistol.

'Uhlans of the Sixth Regiment,' said Dolohov, neither hastening nor slackening his horse's pace.

The black figure of a sentinel stood on the bridge.

'The password?'

Dolohov reined in his horse, and advanced at a walking pace.

'Tell me, is Colonel Gerard here?' he said.

'Password?' repeated the sentinel, making no reply and barring their way.

'When an officer makes his round, sentinels don't ask him for the password . . .' cried Dolohov, suddenly losing his temper and riding straight at the sentinel. 'I ask you, is the colonel here?'

And not waiting for an answer from the sentinel, who moved aside, Dolohov rode at a walking pace uphill.

Noticing the black outline of a man crossing the road, Dolohov stopped the man, and asked where the colonel and officers were. The man, a soldier with a sack over his shoulder, stopped, came close up to Dolohov's horse, stroking it with his hand, and told them in a simple and friendly way that the colonel and the officers were higher up the hill, on the right, in the courtyard of the farm, as he called the little manor-house.

After going further along the road, from both sides of which they heard French talk round the camp-fires, Dolohov turned into the yard of the manor-house. On reaching the gate, he dismounted and walked towards a big, blazing fire, round which several men were sitting, engaged in loud conversation. There was something boiling in a cauldron on one side, and a soldier in a peaked cap and blue coat, kneeling in the bright glow of the fire, was stirring it with his ramrod.

Both paused, and peered into the darkness at the sound of the steps of Petya and Dolohov approaching with their horses.

'*Bonjour, messieurs!*' Dolohov called loudly and distinctly.

There was a stir among the officers in the shadow, and a tall officer with a long neck came round the fire and went up to Dolohov.

'Is that you, Clément?' said he. 'Where the devil . . .' but becoming aware of his mistake, he did not finish, and with a slight frown greeted Dolohov as a stranger, and asked him what he could do for him. Dolohov told him that he and his comrade were trying to catch up their regiment, and asked, addressing the company in general, whether the officers knew anything about the Sixth Regiment. No one could tell them anything about it; and Petya fancied the officers began to look at him and Dolohov with unfriendly and suspicious eyes.

For several seconds no one spoke.

'If you're reckoning on some soup, you have come too late,' said a voice from behind the fire, with a smothered laugh.

Dolohov answered that they had had supper, and wanted to push on further that night.

He gave their horses to the soldier who was stirring the pot, and squatted down on his heels beside the officer with the long neck. The latter never took his eyes off Dolohov, and asked him again what regiment did he belong to.

Dolohov appeared not to hear the question. Making no answer, he lighted a short French pipe that he took from his pocket, and asked the officers whether the road ahead of them was safe from Cossacks.

'The brigands are everywhere,' answered an officer from behind the fire.

Dolohov said that the Cossacks were only a danger for stragglers like himself and his comrade; he supposed they would not dare to attack large detachments.

No one replied.

'Well, now he will come away,' Petya was thinking every moment, as he stood by the fire listening to the talk.

But Dolohov took up the conversation that had dropped, and proceeded to ask them point-blank how many men there were in their battalion, how many battalions they had, and how many prisoners.

When he asked about the Russian prisoners, Dolohov added:

'Nasty business dragging those corpses about with one. It would be better to shoot the vermin,' and he broke into such a strange, loud laugh, that Petya fancied the French must see through their disguise at once.

Dolohov's words and laughter elicited no response, and a French officer whom they had not seen (he lay rolled up in a coat), sat up and whispered something to his companion. Dolohov stood up and called to the men, who held their horses.

'Will they give us the horses or not?' Petya wondered, unconsciously coming closer to Dolohov.

They did give them the horses. '*Bonsoir, messieurs,*' said Dolohov.

Petya tried to say '*Bonsoir,*' but he could not utter a sound. The officers were whispering together. Dolohov was a long while mounting his horse,

who would not stand still; then he rode out of the gate at a walking pace. Petya rode beside him, not daring to look round, though he was longing to see whether the French were running after him or not.

When they came out on to the road, Dolohov did not turn back towards the open country, but rode further along it into the village.

At one spot he stood still, listening. 'Do you hear?' he said. Petya recognised the sound of voices speaking Russian, and saw round the camp-fire the dark outlines of Russian prisoners. When they reached the bridge again, Petya and Dolohov passed the sentinel, who, without uttering a word, paced gloomily up and down. They came out to the hollow where the Cossacks were waiting for them.

'Well now, good-bye. Tell Denisov, at sunrise, at the first shot,' said Dolohov, and he was going on, but Petya clutched at his arm.

'Oh!' he cried, 'you are a hero! Oh! how splendid it is! how jolly! How I love you!'

'That's all right,' answered Dolohov.

On reaching the hut in the wood, Petya found Denisov in the porch. He was waiting for Petya's return in great uneasiness, anxiety, and vexation with himself for having let him go.

'Thank God!' he cried. 'Well, thank God!' he repeated, hearing Petya's ecstatic account. 'And, damn you, you have prevented my sleeping!' he added. 'Well, thank God; now, go to bed. We can still get a nap before morning.'

'Yes . . . no,' said Petya. 'I'm not sleepy yet. Besides, it's not my habit to sleep before a battle.'

Petya sat for a little while in the hut, joyfully recalling the details of his adventure. Then, noticing that Denisov had fallen asleep, he got up and went out of doors.

It was still quite dark outside. The rain was over, but the trees were still dripping. Close by the hut could be seen the black outlines of the Cossacks' shanties and the horses tied together. Behind the hut there was a dark blur where two waggons stood with the horses near by, and in the hollow there was a red glow from the dying fire.

'Why, aren't you asleep, sir?' said a Cossack, sitting under the waggon.

'No; but . . . you know I have only just come back. We have been calling on the French.' And Petya gave the Cossack a detailed account of his adventure.

'Well, you must be sleepy; get a little sleep,' said the Cossack.

'No, I am used to it,' answered Petya. 'And how are the flints in your pistols—not worn out? I brought some with me. Don't you want any? Do take some.'

The Cossack popped out from under the waggon to take a closer look at Petya.

'For, you see, I like to do everything carefully,' said Petya. 'Some men, you know, leave things to chance, and don't have things ready, and then they regret it. I don't like that.'

'No, to be sure,' said the Cossack.

'Oh, and another thing, please, my dear fellow, sharpen my sabre for me; I have blunt . . .' (but Petya could not bring out a lie) . . . 'it has never been sharpened. Can you do that?'

'To be sure I can.'

Petya stood and heard the martial sound of steel and whetstone. He clambered on to the waggon, and sat on the edge of it. The Cossack sharpened the sabre below.

Petya closed his eyes and began to nod. The branches dripped. There was a low hum of talk and the sound of some one snoring. The horses neighed and scuffled.

'Ozheeg, zheeg, ozheeg, zheeg . . .' hissed the sabre on the whetstone.

'It's ready, your honour, you can cut the Frenchman in two now.'

Petya waked up.

'Why, it's light already; it's really getting light,' he cried. The horses, unseen before, were visible to the tails now, and through the leafless boughs there could be seen a watery light. Petya shook himself, jumped up, took a rouble out of his pocket, brandished his sabre to try it, and thrust it into the scabbard. The Cossacks were untying the horses and fastening the saddlegirths.

Denisov came out of the hut, and calling to Petya, bade him get ready.

Rapidly the men picked out their horses and formed into parties. Denisov stood by the hut, giving the last orders. The infantry of the detachment moved on along the road, hundreds of feet splashing through the mud.

Petya held his horse by the bridle, eagerly awaiting the word of command to mount. His face glowed from a dip in cold water, and his eyes gleamed. He felt a chill running down his back, and a kind of rapid, rhythmic throbbing all over.

'Well, have you everything ready?' said Denisov. 'Give us our horses.'

They brought the horses up. Denisov was vexed with the Cossack because the saddlegirths were slack, and swore at him as he mounted his horse. Petya put his foot in the stirrup. The horse, as its habit was, made as though to nip at his leg; but Petya leaped into the saddle, unconscious of his own weight, and looking round at the hussars moving up from behind in the darkness, he rode up to Denisov.

'Vassily Fyodorovitch, you will trust me with some commission? Please . . . for God's sake . . .' he said. Denisov seemed to have forgotten Petya's existence. He looked round at him.

'One thing I beg of you,' he said sternly, 'to obey me and not to put yourself forward.'

All the way Denisov did not say another word to Petya; he rode on in silence. By the time that they reached the edge of the wood, it was perceptibly getting light in the open country. Denisov whispered something to the esaul, and the Cossacks began riding by Petya and Denisov. When they had all passed on Denisov put his spurs to his horse, and rode downhill. Slipping and sinking back on their haunches, the horses slid down into the

hollow with their riders. Petya kept beside Denisov. The tremor all over him was growing more intense. It was getting lighter and lighter, but the mist hid objects at a distance. When he had reached the bottom, Denisov looked back and nodded to the Cossack beside him.

'The signal,' he said. The Cossack raised his arm, and a shot rang out. At the same moment they heard the tramp of horses galloping in front, shouts from different directions, and more shots.

Petya gave the rein to his horse, lashing him on, heedless of Denisov, who shouted to him. It seemed to Petya that it suddenly became broad daylight, as though it were midday. He galloped to the bridge. In front Petya saw men of some sort—the French he supposed—running across the road.

Cossacks were crowding about a hut, doing something. A fearful scream rose out of the middle of the crowd. Petya galloped to this crowd, and the first thing he saw was the white face and trembling lower-jaw of a Frenchman, who had clutched hold of a lance aimed at his breast.

'Hurrah! . . . ours . . .' shouted Petya, and giving the rein to his excited horse, he galloped on down the village street.

He heard firing in front. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running up from both sides of the road, were all shouting something loud and unintelligible. A gallant-looking Frenchman, in a blue coat, with a red, frowning face, and no cap, was keeping back the hussars with a bayonet. By the time that Petya galloped up, the Frenchman had fallen.

'Too late again,' flashed through Petya's brain, and he galloped to the spot where he heard the hottest fire. The shots came from the yard of the manor-house where he had been the night before with Dolohov. The French were ambushing there behind the fence in among the bushes of the overgrown garden, and firing at the Cossacks who were crowding round the gates. As he rode up to the gates, Petya caught a glimpse in the smoke of Dolohov's white, greenish face, as he shouted something to the men. 'Go round. Wait for the infantry!' he was shouting, just as Petya rode up to him.

'Wait? . . . Hurrah! . . .' shouted Petya, and without pausing a moment, he galloped towards the spot where he heard the shots, and where the smoke was the thickest. There came a volley of shots with the sound of bullets whizzing by and thudding into something. The Cossacks and Dolohov galloped in at the gates after Petya. In the thick, hovering smoke the French flung down their arms and ran out of the bushes to meet the Cossacks, or fled downhill towards the pond.

Petya was galloping on round the courtyard, but instead of holding the reins, he was flinging up both arms in a strange way, and slanting more and more to one side in the saddle. The horse stepped on to the ashes of the fire smouldering in the morning light, and stopped short. Petya fell heavily on the wet earth. The Cossacks saw his arms and legs twitching rapidly, though his head did not move.

After parleying with the French senior officer, who came out of the house with a handkerchief on a sword to announce that they surrendered,

Dolohov got off his horse and went up to Petya, who lay motionless with outstretched arms.

'Done for,' he said frowning, and walked to the gate to Denisov, who was riding towards him.

'Killed?' cried Denisov, even from a distance recognising the familiar, unmistakably lifeless posture in which Petya's body was lying.

'Done for,' Dolohov repeated, as though the utterance of those words afforded him satisfaction; and he walked rapidly towards the prisoners, whom the Cossacks were hurriedly surrounding. 'No quarter!' he shouted to Denisov. Denisov made no reply. He went up to Petya, got off his horse, and with trembling hands turned over the blood-stained, mud-spattered face that was already turning white.

'I'm fond of sweet things. They are capital raisins, take them all,' came into his mind. And the Cossacks looked round in surprise at the sound like the howl of a dog, that Denisov uttered as he turned away, walked to the fence and clutched at it.

Among the Russian prisoners rescued by Dennisov and Dolohov was Pierre Bezuhov.

THE party of prisoners was on the 22nd of October not with the troops and transport in whose company they had left Moscow, though no fresh instructions in regard to them had been given by the French authorities. Half of the transport with stores of biscuit, which had followed them during the early stages of the march, had been carried off by the Cossacks, the other half had got away in front. Of the cavalry soldiers on foot, who had marched in front of the prisoners, not one was left; they had all disappeared. The artillery, which the prisoners had seen in front during the early stages, was now replaced by the immense train of Marshal Junot's baggage, convoyed by an escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners came a transport of cavalry accoutrements.

The French had at first marched in three columns, but from Vyazma they had formed a single mass. The symptoms of lack of discipline, which Pierre had observed at the first halt outside Moscow, had by now reached their extreme limits.

The road along which they marched was strewn on both sides with the carcasses of dead horses. The tattered soldiers, stragglers from different regiments, were continually changing, joining the column as it marched, and dropping behind it again. Several times there had been false alarms, and the soldiers of the convoy had raised their guns, and fired and fled, trampling one another underfoot. Then they had rallied again, and abused one another for their causeless panic.

Of the cavalry transport, which had at first consisted of one hundred and twenty waggons, only sixty were left; the rest had been carried off or abandoned. Several waggonloads of Junot's baggage, too, had been discarded or captured. From the talk he overheard among the Germans, Pierre learned that a more careful watch was kept over this baggage-train than

over the prisoners, and that one of their comrades, a German, had been shot because a silver spoon belonging to the marshal had been found in the soldier's possession.

The convoy of prisoners had dwindled even more than the other two convoys. Of the three hundred and thirty men who had started from Moscow there were now less than a hundred left. The prisoners were a burden even more irksome to the soldiers than the cavalry stores and Junot's baggage. The saddles and Junot's spoons they could understand might be of some use, but why cold and starving soldiers should stand as sentinels, keeping guard over Russians as cold and starving, who were continually dying and being left behind on the road, and whom they had orders to shoot—it was not only incomprehensible, but revolting.

The arrangement made at the start from Moscow, that the officers among the prisoners should march separately from the common soldiers, had long since been given up. All who could walk marched together; and at the third stage Pierre had rejoined Karataev and the bow-legged, purple-grey dog, who had chosen Karataev for her master.

On the third day after leaving Moscow, Karataev had a return of the fever which had kept him in the Moscow hospital.

Chilled by the dying fire on the previous night's halt, Pierre had got up and moved to the next fire, which was burning better. There Platon was sitting, with a coat put over his head, like a priest's chasuble. In his flexible, pleasant voice, feeble now from illness, he was telling the soldiers a story Pierre had heard already. It was past midnight, the time when Karataev's fever usually abated, and he was particularly lively. As he drew near the fire and heard Platon's weak, sickly voice, and saw his piteous mien in the bright firelight, Pierre felt a pang at heart. He was frightened at his own pity for this man, and would have gone away, but there was no other fire to go to, and trying not to look at Platon, he sat down by it.

'Well, how is your fever?' he asked.

'How is my fever? Weep over sickness, and God won't give you death,' said Karataev, and he went back at once to the story he had begun.

'And so, brother,' he went on with a smile on his thin, white face, and a peculiar, joyful light in his eyes, 'And so, brother . . .'

Pierre had heard the story long before. Karataev had told it to him about six times already. But well as Pierre knew the story, he listened to it now as though it were something new.

Of all that Pierre did himself afterwards call sufferings, though at the time he hardly felt them so, the chief was the state of his bare, blistered, sore feet. The horse-flesh was savoury and nourishing, the saltpetre flavour given it by the gunpowder they used instead of salt was positively agreeable; there was no great degree of cold, it was always warm in the daytime on the march, and at night there were the camp-fires, and the lice that devoured him helped to keep him warm. One thing was painful in the earlier days—that was his feet.

On the second day of the march, as he examined his blisters by the camp-

fire, Pierre thought he could not possibly walk on them; but when they all got up, he set off limping, and later on, when he got warm, he walked without pain, though his feet looked even more terrible that evening. But he did not look at them, and thought of something else.

He did not see and did not hear how the prisoners that lagged behind were shot, though more than a hundred of them had perished in that way. He did not think about Karataev, who was getting weaker every day, and would obviously soon fall a victim to the same fate.

At midday on the 22nd, Pierre was walking along the muddy, slippery road uphill, looking at his feet and at the unevenness of the road. From time to time he glanced at the familiar crowd around him, and then again at his feet. Both that crowd and those feet were alike his and familiar to him. The purplish, bandy-legged, grey dog was running merrily along at the side of the road, barking at the crows that perched on the carrion. The grey dog was sleeker and merrier than in Moscow. All around lay the flesh of different animals—from men to horses—in different stages of decomposition, and the marching soldiers prevented wolves from coming near it, so that the grey dog could feast to her heart's content.

Rain had been falling since early morning; and it seemed continually as though in another minute it would cease and the sky would clear, when, after a short break, the rain came on again more heavily. The road, saturated with rain, could soak up no more, and streams flowed along the ruts.

Pierre walked, looking from side to side, counting his steps, and reckoning them off in threes on his fingers.

It seemed to him that he was thinking of nothing at all.

'To your places!' a voice shouted suddenly.

There was a cheerful stir among the convoy soldiers, and a party of well-dressed cavalry soldiers on good horses came trotting up, making a circuit round the prisoners. Pierre had a passing glimpse of the serene, handsome, fat, white face of a man in a three-cornered hat. It was one of the marshals.

While the marshal was driving by, the prisoners had been hustled together into one group, and Pierre caught sight of Karataev sitting against a birch-tree. His face still wore the same look of joyous emotion as when he had been telling the story of the merchant, but it had another expression too, a look of subdued solemnity.

Karataev looked at Pierre with his kindly, round eyes, and there was an unmistakable appeal in them. He evidently wanted to say something to him. But Pierre was in too great dread for himself. He made as though he had not seen that look, and hastily walked away.

When the prisoners set off again Pierre looked back. Karataev was sitting under the birch-tree by the edge of the road, and two Frenchmen were bending over him in conversation. Pierre did not look again. He went on limping up the hill.

There was the sound of a shot behind, at the spot where Karataev was sitting. Pierre heard that shot distinctly, but at the moment that he heard it,

he recalled that he had not finished reckoning up how many stages were left to Smolensk, the calculation he had begun before the marshal rode by. And he began to reckon.

Two French soldiers ran by Pierre, one holding a still smoking gun. They were both pale, and in the expression of their faces—one of them glanced timidly at Pierre—there was something like what he had seen in the young soldier at the execution in Moscow.

The dog began to howl behind at the spot where Karataev was sitting. ‘Silly creature! what is she howling for?’ thought Pierre.

The prisoners, his companions marching at his side, like him, refrained from looking back to the place whence came the sound of the shot and the dog’s howl. There was a set look on all their faces.

The cavalry transport, and the prisoners, and the marshal’s baggage-train, halted at the village of Shamshevo. All crowded together round the camp-fire. Pierre went up to a fire, ate some roast horse-flesh, lay down with his back to the fire, and at once fell into the same sort of sleep that he had slept at Mozhaïsk, after the battle of Borodino.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud and rapid shots and outcries. The French were flying by him.

‘The Cossacks!’ one of them shouted, and a minute later a crowd of Russians were surrounding Pierre. For a long while Pierre could not understand what had happened to him. He heard all about him his comrades’ wails of joy.

‘Our own folk! brothers!’ the old soldiers cried, weeping, as they embraced the Cossacks and the hussars. Pierre hugged the first soldier who went up to him, and kissed him.

Dolohov was standing at the gates of a dilapidated house, letting the crowd of unarmed Frenchmen pass by him. The French, excited by all that had happened, were talking loudly among themselves; but as they passed before Dolohov, who stood switching his boots with his riding-whip, and watching them with his cold, glassy eyes, that boded nothing good, their talk died away. One of Dolohov’s Cossacks stood on the other side, counting the prisoners, and marking off the hundreds with a chalk mark on the gate.

‘How many?’ Dolohov asked him.

‘The second hundred,’ answered the Cossack.

‘*Filez, filez,*’ said Dolohov, who had picked up the expression from the French; and when he met the eyes of the passing prisoners, his eyes gleamed with a cruel light.

With a gloomy face Denisov, holding his high Cossack hat in his hand, was walking behind the Cossacks, who were bearing to a hole freshly dug in the garden the body of Petya Rostov.

FROM the 28th of October, when the frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a more tragic aspect, from the men being frozen or roasted to death by the camp-fires, while the Emperor, and kings, and dukes, still drove on with their stolen booty in fur cloaks and closed carriages. But in its

essentials, the process of the flight and disintegration of the French army went on unchanged.

From Moscow to Vyazma of the seventy-three thousands of the French army (not reckoning the Guards, who had done nothing but pillage all through the war), only thirty-six thousand were left, though only five thousand had been killed in battle. The French army went on melting away and disappearing in the same ratio from Moscow to Vyazma, from Vyazma to Smolensk, from Smolensk to the Berezina, from the Berezina to Vilna, apart from the greater or less degree of cold, the pursuit and barring of the way, and all other conditions taken separately. After Vyazma, instead of three columns, the French troops formed a single mass, and so they marched on to the end. This is how Berthier wrote to the Emperor:

‘I think it my duty to report to your majesty the condition of the various corps under my observation on the march the last two or three days. They are almost disbanded. Hardly a quarter of the men remain with the flags of their regiments; the rest wander off on their own account in different directions, trying to seek food and to escape discipline. All think only of Smolensk, where they hope to recover. During the last few days many soldiers have been observed to throw away their cartridges and muskets. In such a condition of affairs, whatever your further plans may be, the interests of your majesty’s service make it essential to muster the army at Smolensk, and to rid them of ineffectives, such as cavalymen without horses, as well as of superfluous baggage and a part of the artillery, which is now out of proportion with the numbers of the effective army. Supplies and some days’ rest are essential: the soldiers are exhausted by hunger and fatigue; during the last few days many have died by the roadside or in the bivouacs. This state of things is growing continually worse, and if steps are not quickly taken for averting the danger, we shall be exposed to the risk of being unable to control the army in the event of a battle.

‘November 9. Thirty versts from Smolensk.’

After struggling into Smolensk, the promised land of their dreams, the French killed one another fighting over the food there, sacked their own stores, and when everything had been pillaged, they ran on further. All hastened on, not knowing whither or for what end they were going; least of all knew that great genius, Napoleon, since there was no one to give him orders. But still he and those about him clung to their old habits: wrote commands, letters, reports, orders of the day; called each other your majesty, *mon frère*, *Prince d’Eckmühl*, *roi de Naples*, and so on. But the orders and reports were all on paper: no attempt was made to carry them out, because they could not be carried out. And in spite of their pretence of caring for the army, each was thinking only of himself, and how to make his escape as quickly as possible to safety.

The actions of the Russian and French armies during the retreat from Moscow to the Niemen resemble a game of Russian blindman’s buff, in

which there are two players, both with their eyes bandaged, and one rings a bell at intervals to let the other know of his whereabouts. At first he rings his bell with no fear of his opponent; but when he begins to find himself in a difficult position, he runs away as noiselessly as he can from his opponent, and often supposing he is running away from him, walks straight into his arms.

From Smolensk, there were a number of different roads for the French to choose from; and one would have thought that, as they stayed there four days, the French might have thought out some advantageous plan, and undertaken something new. Yet the crowds of them ran back, with no manœuvres or plans, along their old road—the worst one—by Krasnoe, along their beaten track.

In front of all fled the Emperor, then the kings, then the dukes. The Russian army, supposing Napoleon would take the road to the right beyond the Dnieper—the only sensible course—turned also to the right, and came out on the high road at Krasnoe. And here, just as in the game of blindman, the French came bearing straight down on our vanguard. Then for three days, the separate parts of the French army passed, as it were, through the lines of the Russian army. They all abandoned one another, abandoned their heavy baggage, their artillery, and half their men, and fled, making semi-circles to the right to get round the Russians by night.

Playing the same game of blindman with the pursuing army at Berezina, they were thrown into confusion, many were drowned, many surrendered, but those that got across the river, fled on. Whoever could, ran away too, and those who could not surrendered or died.

One might have supposed that the historians, who ascribe the actions of the masses to the will of one man, would have found it impossible to explain the retreat of the French on their theory.

But no! Mountains of volumes have been written upon this campaign, and in all of them we find accounts of Napoleon's masterly arrangements and deeply considered plans; of the strategy with which the soldiers were led, and the military genius showed by the marshals.

The retreat from Maley Yaroslavets, when nothing hindered Napoleon from passing through a country abundantly furnished with supplies, and the parallel road was open to him, along which Kutuzov afterwards pursued him—this wholly unnecessary return by a road through devastated country is explained to us as due to various sagacious considerations. Similar reasons are given us for Napoleon's retreat from Smolensk to Krasnoe.

And lastly, the final departure of the great Emperor from his heroic army is represented by the historians as something great—a stroke of genius.

Greatness would appear to exclude all possibility of applying standards of right and wrong. For the great man—nothing is wrong. There is no atrocity which could be made a ground for blaming a great man.

'*C'est grand!*' cry the historians; and at that word good and bad have ceased to be, and there are only '*grand*' and not '*grand*.' '*Grand*' is equivalent to good, and not '*grand*' to bad. To be *grand* is to their notions the

characteristic of certain exceptional creatures, called by them heroes. And Napoleon, wrapping himself in his warm fur cloak and hurrying home away from men, who were not only his comrades, but (in his belief) brought there by his doing, feels *que c'est grand*; and his soul is content.

And the whole world has gone on for fifty years repeating: Sublime! Grand! Napoleon the Great.

And it never enters any one's head that to admit a greatness immeasurable by the rule of right and wrong is but to accept one's own nothingness. For us, with the rule of right and wrong given us by Christ, there is nothing for which we have no standard. And there is no greatness where there is not simplicity, goodness, and truth.

PART XV

AFTER Prince Andrey's death, Natasha and Princess Marya both felt crushed in spirit. They closed their eyes under the menacing cloud of death that hovered about them, and dared not look life in the face.

But pure and perfect sorrow is as impossible as pure and perfect joy. Princess Marya was the first to be called back to life from that world of mourning in which she lived for the first fortnight. She received letters from her relations which had to be answered; the room in which Nikolushka had been put was damp, and he had begun to cough. Alpatitch came to Yaroslavl with accounts. He had suggestions to make, and advised Princess Marya to move to Moscow; the house was uninjured, and only needed some trifling repairs. Life would not stand still, and she had to live.

One day towards the end of December, Natasha, thin and pale in a black woollen gown, with her hair fastened up in a careless coil, sat perched up in the corner of her sofa, her fingers nervously crumpling and smoothing out the ends of her sash, while she gazed at the corner of the door.

She was inwardly gazing into that world where she knew he was. And now, now, she thought, she was just penetrating the mystery . . . But at that instant, when the incomprehensible, it seemed, was being unveiled before her eyes, a loud rattle at the door handle broke with a painful shock on her hearing. Her maid rushed abruptly into the room.

'Come to your papa, make haste,' Dunyasha said, with a strange, excited expression. 'A misfortune . . . Pyotr Ilyitch . . . a letter,' she gasped out, sobbing.

As Natasha went into the drawing-room, her father came out of the countess's room. His face was puckered up and wet with tears.

'Pet . . . Petya . . . Go, go in, she's calling . . . ' And sobbing like a child, he tottered with feeble legs to a chair, and almost dropped on to it, hiding his face in his hands.

Natasha felt a poignant anguish, but with the pain she felt an instant release from the seal that shut her out of life. At the sight of her father, and the sound of a fearful, husky scream from her mother through the door, she instantly forgot herself and her own sorrow.

She ran up to her father, but he feebly motioned her towards her mother's door.

'Natasha, Natasha! . . . ' the countess was screaming. 'It's not true, not true . . . '

Natasha had no recollection of how she spent that day and that night, and the following day and the following night. She did not sleep, and did not leave her mother's side.

On the third night the countess was quiet for a few minutes, and Natasha closed her eyes, her head propped on the arm of the chair. The bedstead creaked; Natasha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting up in bed, and talking softly.

'How glad I am you have come home. You are tired, won't you have tea?' Natasha went up to her. 'You have grown so handsome and manly,' the countess went on, taking her daughter's hand.

'Mamma, what are you saying . . . ?'

'Natasha, he is gone.' And the countess for the first time began to weep.

For three weeks Natasha never left her mother's side, slept on a lounge in her room, made her drink and eat. Sonya and the count tried to take Natasha's place, but they could not.

One day Princess Marya noticed that Natasha was shivering with a feverish chill, and brought her away to her own room, and tucked her up in bed in the middle of the day. Natasha was physically so weak that every one was continually talking about her health, and sometimes she was suddenly seized, not simply by a dread of death, but by a dread of sickness, of ill-health, of losing her good looks. Sometimes she examined her bare arm, marvelling at its thinness, or peeped in the looking-glass in the morning at her pinched face, and was touched by its piteous look.

One day she ran upstairs quickly, and was painfully short of breath. Immediately she made some pretext for going down again, and ran upstairs again, and put herself to the test.

Towards the end of January Princess Marya set off for Moscow, and the count insisted on Natasha going with her to consult the doctors.

AFTER the engagement at Vyazma, where Kutuzov could not restrain his troops in their desire to break through, to cut off and all the rest of it, the further march of the flying French, and of the Russians flying after them, continued as far as Krasnoe without a battle.

The rapidity of the Russian pursuit had as disintegrating an effect on the Russian army as the flight of the French had on their army. The only difference was that the Russian army moved at its own will, free from the menace of annihilation that hung over the French, and that the sick and stragglers of the French were left in the hands of their enemy, while Russian stragglers were at home among their own people.

Kutuzov felt and knew, as every Russian soldier felt it, that the French were vanquished, that their foes were in flight, and that they must see them off. But at the same time he felt with his soldiers, as one man, all the sufferings of that march, unheard of at such speed and in such weather.

Kutuzov is conceived of by the historians as a nondescript, pitiful sort of creature, and whenever they speak of him in the year 1812, they seem a little ashamed of him. And Kutuzov never talked of 'forty centuries look-

ing down from the Pyramids,' of the sacrifices he was making for the fatherland, of what he meant to do or had done. He did not as a rule talk about himself, played no sort of part, always seemed the plainest and most ordinary man, and said the plainest and most ordinary things. He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame de Staël, read novels, liked the company of pretty women, made jokes with the generals, the officers, and the soldiers, and never contradicted the people, who tried to prove anything to him. He frequently uttered words, which were quite meaningless—the first words that occurred to his mind.

But he never once throughout all his career uttered a single word which was inconsistent with the sole aim for the attainment of which he was working all through the war. With obvious unwillingness, with bitter conviction that he would not be understood, he more than once, under the most different circumstances, gave expression to his real thought.

He first differed from all about him after the battle of Borodino, which he alone persisted in calling a victory, and this view he continued to assert verbally and in reports and to his dying day. He alone said that *the loss of Moscow is not the loss of Russia*. In answer to the overtures for peace, his reply was: *There can be no peace, for such is the people's will*. He alone during the retreat of the French said that *all our manoeuvres are unnecessary; that everything is being done of itself better than we could desire; that he wouldn't give one Russian for ten Frenchmen*. And he, this intriguing courtier, as we are told, who lied to Araktcheev to propitiate the Tsar, he alone dared to face the Tsar's displeasure by telling him at Vilna that *to carry the war beyond the frontier would be mischievous and useless*.

But words alone would be no proof that he grasped the significance of events at the time. His actions—all without the slightest deviation—were directed toward the one threefold aim: first, to concentrate all his forces to strike a blow at the French; secondly, to defeat them; and thirdly, to drive them out of Russia, alleviating as far as was possible the sufferings of the people and the soldiers in doing so.

The 5th of November was the first day of the so-called battle of Krasnoe.

Many had been the blunders and disputes among the generals, who had not reached their proper places, many the contradictory orders carried to them by adjutants, but towards evening it was clear that the enemy were everywhere in flight, and that there would not and could not be a battle.

Seven thousand French prisoners had been taken that day, and all along the road they met parties of them, crowding to warm themselves round the camp-fires. Not far from Dobroe they heard a loud hum of talk from an immense crowd of tattered prisoners, bandaged and wrapped up in rags of all sorts, standing in the road near a long row of unharnessed French cannons. At the approach of the commander-in-chief the buzz of talk died away, and all eyes were fixed upon Kutuzov, who moved slowly along the road, wearing a white cap with a red band, and a wadded overcoat,

that set in a hunch on his round shoulders. One of the generals began explaining to Kutuzov where the prisoners and the guns had been taken.

Kutuzov did not hear the general's words. He screwed up his eyes with an air of displeasure, and gazed intently at the figures of the prisoners, who presented a particularly pitiable appearance. The majority of the French soldiers were disfigured by frost-bitten cheeks and noses, and almost all of them had red, swollen, and streaming eyes.

One group of Frenchmen was standing close by the road, and two soldiers, one with his face covered with sores, were tearing at a piece of raw meat with their hands. There was something bestial and horrible in the cursory glance they cast on the approaching generals.

'What do you say?' Kutuzov asked the general who tried to draw the commander-in-chief's attention to the French flags, set up in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment.

'Ah, the flags!' said Kutuzov. Thousands of eyes were gazing at him from all sides, waiting for his words.

He came to a standstill, sighed heavily and closed his eyes. Then with obvious reluctance, he raised his head and began to speak.

'I thank you all!' he said, addressing the soldiers, and then again turning to the officers. In the deep stillness that prevailed all round him, his slowly articulated words were distinctly audible: 'I thank you all for your hard and faithful service. The victory is complete, and Russia will not forget you. Your glory will be for ever!' He paused, looking about him.

'Hurrah-rah-rah!' thousands of voices roared.

'And now, brothers . . .' he said, when the shouts had died away.

And all at once his face and expression changed: it was not the commander-in-chief speaking now, but a simple, aged man, who plainly wanted to say something most important now to his comrades.

'And now, brothers. I know it's hard for you, but there's no help for it! Have a little patience; it won't last much longer. We will see our visitors off, and then we will rest. The Tsar won't forget your services. It's hard for you, but still you are at home; while they—you see what they have come to,' he said, pointing to the prisoners. 'Worse than the lowest beggars. While they were strong, we did not spare ourselves, but now we can even spare them. They too are men. Eh, lads?'

He looked about him. And in the unflinching, respectfully wondering eyes staring persistently at him, he read sympathy with his words. His face grew brighter and brighter with the gentle smile of old age, that brought clusters of wrinkles at the corners of his mouth and his eyes.

'But after all is said and done, who asked them to come here? It serves them right, the b— b—,' he said suddenly, lifting his head. And swinging his riding-whip, he rode off at a gallop, accompanied by gleeful guffaws from the men as they moved out of rank.

When the Tsar said to the officers gathered about him: 'You have not only saved Russia, you have saved Europe,' every one knew at once that the war was not over.

Kutuzov alone refused to see this, and frankly gave it as his opinion that no fresh war could improve the position of Russia, or add to her glory; that it could but weaken her position, and cast her down from that high pinnacle of glory at which in his view Russia was standing now. He tried to show the Tsar the impossibility of levying fresh troops, and talked of the hardships the people were suffering, the possibility of failure, and so on.

Such being his attitude on the subject, the commander-in-chief could naturally be looked upon only as a hindrance and a drag on the progress of the coming campaign. The war of 1812, in addition to its national significance, dear to every Russian heart, was to take a new European character.

The movement of men from west to east was to be followed by a movement from east to west, and this new war needed a new representative, with other aims and other qualities, and moved by impulses different from Kutuzov's. Kutuzov did not see what was meant by Europe, the balance of power, and Napoleon. He could not understand all that.

After the enemy had been annihilated, Russia had been delivered and raised to the highest pinnacle of her glory, the representative of the Russian people, a Russian of the Russians, had no more left to do. Nothing was left for the representative of the national war but to die. And he did die.

PIERRE only felt the full strain of the physical hardships and privations he had suffered as a prisoner, when they were over. After he had been rescued, he went to Orel, and two days after getting there, as he was preparing to start for Kiev, he fell ill and spent three months laid up at Orel. He was suffering, so the doctors said, from a bilious fever. Although they treated him by letting blood and giving him drugs, he recovered.

Everything that had happened to Pierre from the time of his rescue up to his illness had left hardly any impression on his mind. He had only a memory of dark grey weather, sometimes rainy and sometimes sunshiny, of internal physical aches, of pain in his feet and his side. He remembered a general impression of the misery and suffering of men, remembered the worrying curiosity of officers and generals, who questioned him about his imprisonment, the trouble he had to get horses and a conveyance; and more than all he remembered his own dulness of thought and of feeling all that time.

On the day of his rescue he saw the dead body of Petya Rostov. The same day he learned that Prince Andrey had lived for more than a month after the battle of Borodino, and had only a short time before died at Yaroslavl in the Rostovs' house. The same day Denisov, who had told Pierre this piece of news, happened to allude in conversation to the death of Ellen, supposing Pierre to have been long aware of it. All this had at the time seemed to Pierre only strange. He felt that he could not take in all the bearings of these facts.

During his convalescence Pierre could only gradually become accustomed to the idea that there was no one to drive him on to-morrow, that no one would take his warm bed from him, and that he was quite sure of getting his dinner, and tea, and supper. But for a long while afterwards he was always in his dreams surrounded by his conditions as a prisoner.

And only in the same gradual way did Pierre grasp the meaning of the news he had heard since his escape: of the death of Prince Andrey, of the death of his wife, and of the overthrow of the French.

The joyful sense of freedom—that full, inalienable freedom inherent in man, of which he had first had a consciousness at the first halting-place outside Moscow—filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was surprised that this inner freedom, independent as it was of all external circumstances, was now as it were decked out in a luxury, a superfluity of external freedom. He was alone in a strange town without acquaintances. No one made any demands on him; no one sent him anywhere. He had all he wanted; the thought of his wife, that had in old days been a continual torture to him, was no more, since she herself was no more.

'Ah, how happy I am! how splendid it is!' he said to himself, when a cleanly covered table was moved up to him, with savoury-smelling broth, or when he got into his soft, clean bed at night, or when the thought struck him that his wife and the French were no more. 'Ah, how good it is! how splendid!' And from old habit he asked himself the question, 'Well, and what then? what am I going to do?' And at once he answered himself: 'I am going to live. Ah, how splendid it is!'

Pierre was hardly changed in his external habits. In appearance he was just the same as before. He was, as he had always been, absent-minded, and seemed preoccupied with something of his own, something apart from what was before his eyes. The difference was that in old days, he had seemed a good-hearted man, but unhappy. And so people had unconsciously held a little aloof from him. Now a smile of joy in life was continually playing about his mouth, and his eyes were bright with sympathy for others, and the question: Were they all as happy as he? And people felt at ease in his presence.

In old days he had talked a great deal, and had got hot when he talked, and he had listened very little. Now he was rarely carried away in conversation, and knew how to listen, so that people were very ready to tell him the inmost secrets of their hearts.

His cousin the old princess, who liked Pierre less than before, now that she felt herself under obligation to him, had come to Orel with the intention of proving to him that in spite of his ingratitude she felt it her duty to nurse him, but after a short time she felt, to her own surprise and annoyance, that she was growing fond of him. Pierre did nothing to try and win his cousin's favour; he simply looked at her with curiosity. In old days she had felt that there was mockery and indifference in his eyes, and she had shrunk into herself before him, as she did before other people, and had shown him only her aggressive side. Now she felt on the con-

trary as though he were delving into the most secret recesses of her life. It was at first mistrustfully, and then with gratitude, that she let him see now the latent good side of her character.

The most artful person could not have stolen into the princess's confidence more cunningly, by arousing her recollections of the best time of her youth, and showing sympathy with them. And yet all Pierre's artfulness consisted in seeking to please himself by drawing out human qualities in the bitter, hard, and, in her own way, proud princess.

'Yes, he is a very, very good-hearted fellow when he is not under bad influence, but under the influence of people like me,' thought the princess.

The doctor who was attending Pierre, and came to see him every day, though he thought it his duty as a doctor to pose as a man every minute of whose time is of value for suffering humanity, used to sit on with him for hours together, repeating his favourite anecdotes and observations on the peculiarities of patients in general, and of ladies in particular.

'Yes, it's a pleasure to talk to a man like that; it's not what we are used to in the provinces,' he would say.

In practical affairs Pierre suddenly felt now that he had the centre of gravity that he had lacked in former days. In the past every money question, especially requests for money, to which as a very wealthy man he was particularly liable, had reduced him to a state of helpless agitation and perplexity. 'Ought I to give or not to give?' he used to ask himself. 'I have money and he needs it. But some one else needs it more. Who needs it more? And perhaps both are impostors?' And of all these suppositions he had in old days found no satisfactory solution.

Now to his own surprise he found he unhesitatingly knew what he ought to do and what he ought not to do. The first application of that new power within him was in the case of a prisoner, a French colonel, who called on him, talked very freely of his own great exploits, and finally delivered himself of a request that was more like a demand, that he should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children. Pierre refused to do so without the slightest difficulty or effort, and wondered himself afterwards that it had been so easy and simple to do what had in old days seemed so hopelessly difficult.

His head steward came to him in Orel, and with him Pierre went into a general review of his financial position. The fire of Moscow had cost Pierre, by the steward's account, about two millions.

The chief steward to console him for these losses presented a calculation he had made, that Pierre's income, far from being diminished, would be positively increased if he were to refuse to pay the debts left by the countess—which he could not be forced to pay—and if he were not to restore his Moscow houses and the villa near Moscow.

'Yes, yes, that's true,' said Pierre, with a beaming smile. 'I don't need any of them. I have been made much richer by the destruction of the city.'

But in January Savelitch came from Moscow, talked to him of the position of the city, of the estimate the architect had sent in for restoring

the house, and the villa in the suburbs, speaking of it as a settled matter. At the same time Pierre received letters from Prince Vassily and other acquaintances in Petersburg, in which his wife's debts were mentioned. And Pierre decided that the steward's plan that he had liked so much was not the right one, and that he must go to Petersburg to wind up his wife's affairs, and must rebuild in Moscow. Why he ought to do so, he could not have said; but it had to be so.

During the whole period of his convalescence in Orel, Pierre had enjoyed the feeling of joyful freedom and life. But when he found himself on this journey on the open road, that feeling was intensified. All the people he saw—the driver, the overseer of the posting station, the peasants on the road, or in the village—all had a new significance for him.

Just as it is difficult to explain why the ants hurry back to a scattered ant-hill, some dragging away from it bits of refuse, eggs, and corpses, while others run back again, and what is their object in crowding together, overtaking one another, fighting with each other, so it would be hard to give the reasons that induced the Russians, after the departure of the French, to flock back to the place which had been known as Moscow. But just as looking at the ants hurrying about a ruined ant-heap, one can see by the tenacity, the energy, and the multitude of the busy insects that though all else is utterly destroyed, there is left something indestructible and immaterial that was the whole strength of the colony, so too Moscow in the month of October, though without its governing authorities, without its churches, without its holy things, without its wealth and its houses, was still the same Moscow as it had been in August. Everything was shattered except something immaterial, but mighty and indestructible.

Within a week there were fifteen thousand persons in Moscow, within a fortnight twenty-five thousand; and so it went on. The number went on mounting and mounting till by the autumn of 1813 it had reached a figure exceeding the population of the city in 1812.

On all sides there were new houses being built, or old half-burnt ones being repaired. Tradesmen carried on their business in booths. Cook-shops and taverns were opened in fire-blackened houses. The clergy held services in many churches that had escaped the fire. Church goods that had been plundered were restored as offerings.

At the end of January Pierre arrived in Moscow and settled in the lodge of his mansion, as that had escaped the fire. Every one was triumphant at victory; the ruined and reviving city was bubbling over with life. Every one was glad to see Pierre; everybody was eager to see him, and to ask him about all he had seen.

The third day after his arrival in Moscow he learnt from the Drubetskoy's that Princess Marya was in Moscow, living in her own house in Vosdvizhenka, which had escaped the fire; and he went to call upon her the same evening.

In a room lighted by a single candle, he found the princess, and some

one with her in a black dress. Pierre recollected that the princess had always had lady-companions of some sort with her, but who those companions were, and what they were like, he did not remember. 'That is one of her companions,' he thought.

The princess rose swiftly to meet him, and held out her hand.

'Yes,' she said, scrutinising his altered face, after he had kissed her hand; 'so this is how we meet again. He often talked of you at the last,' she said, turning her eyes from Pierre to the companion.

'Only imagine, I knew nothing about him,' he said. 'I believed he had been killed. All I have heard has been through others, at third-hand. I only know that he fell in with the Rostovs. . . . What a strange stroke of destiny!'

Pierre talked rapidly, eagerly. He vaguely felt that this lady-companion in the black dress was a good, kind, friendly creature, who need be no hindrance to his talking freely to Princess Marya.

But as he uttered the last words about the Rostovs, Princess Marya's eyes shifted from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in the black dress, and she said:

'You don't recognise her?'

'It cannot be,' he thought. 'That stern, thin, pale face that looks so much older? It cannot be she. It is only a reminder of it.'

But at that moment Princess Marya said, 'Natasha!'

And when she smiled, there could be no doubt. It was Natasha, and he loved her.

In that first minute Pierre betrayed to her and to Princess Marya, and most of all to himself, the secret of which he had been himself unaware. He flushed joyfully, and with agonising distress. He stammered in his speech, and stopped short in the middle of a sentence.

Pierre had not noticed Natasha because he had never expected to see her here; but he had not recognised her because the change that had taken place in her since he had seen her was immense. She had grown thin and pale. But it was not that that made her unrecognisable. No one would have recognised her at the moment when he entered, because when he first glanced at her there was no trace of a smile in the eyes that in old days had always beamed with a suppressed smile of the joy of life.

'She has come to stay with me,' said Princess Marya. 'The count and the countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible state. But Natasha herself had to see the doctors. They made her come away with me.'

'Yes. Is there a family without its own sorrow?' said Pierre, turning to Natasha. 'You know it happened the very day we were rescued. I saw him. What can one say, or think, to give comfort?' said Pierre. 'Nothing.'

'In these days it would be hard to live without faith . . .' said Princess Marya.

'Yes, yes. That is true, indeed,' Pierre put in hurriedly.

Pierre made haste to address Princess Marya again with a question about

the last days of his friend's life. Pierre's embarrassment had by now almost disappeared, but all his former freedom had vanished too. There was now a judge criticising every word, every action of his; a judge whose opinion was of greater consequence to him than the verdict. As he talked now he was considering the impression his words were making on Natasha.

Princess Marya began telling Pierre of the position in which she had found her brother. 'Yes, yes, . . .' said Pierre.

'What a happy thing that he saw you again,' he said to Natasha, turning suddenly to her.

Natasha's face quivered.

'Yes, it was a great happiness,' she said in a low, deep voice; 'for me it was certainly a great happiness.'

'All I wanted was to be with him,' she said.

Dessalle's voice was heard at the door asking whether Nikolushka might come in to say good-night. 'And that it all, all . . .' said Natasha. She got up quickly at the moment Nikolushka was coming in, and almost rushed out of the room.

Pierre gazed at the door by which she had gone out, and wondered why he felt suddenly alone in the wide world. He would have taken leave, but Princess Marya would not let him go.

'No, Natasha and I often do not go to bed till past two, please stay a little longer. We will have supper.'

The big, lighted-up dining-room dispelled the shadows of the past.

'Tell us about yourself,' said Princess Marya; 'such incredibly marvellous stories are being told about you.'

'Yes,' answered Pierre, with the gentle smile of irony that had now become habitual with him. 'I myself am told of marvels that I never dreamed of. Altogether I have noticed that to be an interesting person is a very easy position (I am now an interesting person); people invite me and then tell me all about it.'

'We have been told that you lost two millions in Moscow. Is that true?'

'Oh, I am three times as rich,' said Pierre. In spite of the strain on his fortune, Pierre still said that he had become three times as rich.

'What I have undoubtedly gained,' he said, 'is freedom . . .' he was beginning seriously.

'Tell me, you had not heard of the countess's death when you stayed on in Moscow?' said Princess Marya; and she flushed crimson at once, conscious that in putting this question to him after his mention of 'freedom,' she was ascribing a significance to his words which was possibly not intended.

'No,' answered Pierre. 'We were not an exemplary couple,' he said quickly, glancing at Natasha. 'But her death affected me greatly. When two people quarrel, both are always in fault. And one becomes terribly aware of one's shortcomings towards any one who is no more. And then such a death . . . apart from friends and consolation. I felt very sorry

for her,' he concluded, and noticed with satisfaction a glad look of approval on Natasha's face.

'And so you are once more an eligible *parti*,' said Princess Marya.

Pierre flushed suddenly crimson; and for a long while he tried not to look at Natasha. When he did venture to glance at her, her face was cold and severe, even, he fancied, disdainful.

'But did you really see and talk to Napoleon, as we have been told?' said Princess Marya.

Pierre laughed.

'Not once, never. Every one always imagines that to be a prisoner is equivalent to being on a visit to Napoleon. I never saw, never even heard anything about him. I was in much lower company.'

'But it is true that you stayed behind to kill Napoleon?' Natasha asked him with a slight smile. 'I guessed that at the time when we met you by the Suharev Tower; do you remember?'

Pierre owned that it was so; and from that question was led on by Princess Marya's, and still more by Natasha's, questions to give a detailed account of his adventures.

At first he told his story with that tone of gentle irony that he always had now towards men and especially towards himself. But as he came to describe the horrors and sufferings he had seen, he was drawn on.

Princess Marya looked from Pierre to Natasha with a gentle smile. Natasha watched Pierre, never taking her eyes off him, and it was evident that she understood, not only what he said, but also what he would have liked to say and could not express in words. The episode of the child and of the woman in whose defence he was taken prisoner, Pierre described in this way. 'It was an awful scene, children abandoned, some in the midst of the fire . . . Children were dragged out before my eyes . . . and women, who had their things pulled off them, earrings torn off . . .'

Pierre flushed and hesitated. 'Then a patrol came up and all who were not pillaging, all the men, that is, they took prisoner. And me with them.'

'I am sure you are not telling us all; I am sure you did something,' said Natasha, and after a moment's pause, 'something good.'

Pierre went on with his story. When he came to the execution, he would have passed over the horrible details of it, but Natasha insisted on his leaving nothing out.

Pierre was beginning to tell them about Karataev; he had risen from the table and was walking up and down, Natasha following him with her eyes.

'No,' he said, stopping short in his story, 'you cannot understand what I learned from that illiterate man.'

'No, no, tell us,' said Natasha. 'Where is he now?'

'He was killed almost before my eyes.'

And Pierre began to describe the latter part of their retreat, Karataev's illness and then his death.

Pierre experienced now in telling it all to Natasha that rare happiness given to men by women when they listen to them. Princess Marya under-

stood his story and sympathised with him, but she was seeing now something else that absorbed all her attention. She saw the possibility of love and happiness between Natasha and Pierre.

It was three o'clock in the night. The footmen, with melancholy and severe faces, came in with fresh candles, but no one noticed them. It did not strike any of them that it was three o'clock in the night, and time to be in bed.

'They say sufferings are misfortunes,' said Pierre. 'But if at once, this minute, I was asked, would I remain what I was before I was taken prisoner, or go through it all again, I should say, for God's sake let me rather be a prisoner and eat horseflesh again. We imagine that as soon as we are torn out of our habitual path all is over, but it is only the beginning of something new and good. As long as there is life, there is happiness. There is a great deal, a great deal before us. That I say to you,' he said, turning to Natasha.

'Yes, yes,' she said, answering something altogether different, 'and I too would ask for nothing better than to go through it all again.'

Pierre got up, and took leave.

'Do you know, Marie,' said Natasha, with a mischievous smile, such as Princess Marya had not seen for a long while on her face, 'he has become so clean and smooth and fresh; as though he had just come out of a moral bath. Isn't it so?'

'Yes,' said Princess Marya. 'He has gained a great deal. I can understand how *he*' (Prince Andrey) 'cared for no one else as he did for him,' said Princess Marya.

'Yes, and he is so different from him. They say men are better friends when they are utterly different. That must be true; he is not a bit like him in anything, is he?'

'Yes, and he is such a splendid fellow.'

'Well, good-night,' answered Natasha. And the same mischievous smile lingered a long while as though forgotten on her face.

Several days previously Pierre had fixed on the following Friday as the date on which he would set off to Petersburg. When he waked up next day it was Thursday, and Savelitch came to him for orders about packing the things for the journey.

'To Petersburg? What is Petersburg? Who is in Petersburg?' he unconsciously asked, though only of himself.

At breakfast, Pierre told his cousin that he had been the previous evening at Princess Marya's, and had found there—could she fancy whom—Natasha Rostov.

The princess looked as though she saw nothing extraordinary in that fact.

'You know her?' asked Pierre.

'I have seen the princess,' she answered, 'and I had heard they were making a match between her and young Rostov. That would be a very fine thing for the Rostovs; I am told they are utterly ruined.'

'No, I meant, do you know Natasha Rostov?'

'I heard at the time all about that story. Very sad.'

Pierre went to Princess Marya's to dinner. As he drove through the streets between the charred wrecks of houses, he admired the beauty of those ruins. The chimneys of stoves, and the tumbledown walls of houses stretched in long rows, hiding one another, all through the burnt quarters of the town, and recalled to him the picturesque ruins of the Rhine and of the Colosseum. The sledge-drivers and men on horseback, the carpenters at work on the frames of the houses, the hawkers and shop-keepers all looked at Pierre with cheerful, beaming faces, and seemed to him to say: 'Oh, here he is! We shall see what comes of it.'

Pierre dined, would have spent the whole evening, but Princess Marya was going to vespers, and Pierre went with them. Next day Pierre arrived early, dined with them, and stayed the whole evening. Although Princess Marya and Natasha were obviously glad to see their visitor, and although the whole interest of Pierre's life was now centred in that house, by the evening they had said all they had to say. Pierre stayed so late that evening that Princess Marya and Natasha exchanged glances, plainly wondering whether he would not soon go. Pierre saw that, began to feel awkward, but still he sat on because he *could not* get up and go.

Princess Marya, foreseeing no end to it, was the first to get up, and complaining of a headache, she began saying good-night.

'So you are going to-morrow to Petersburg?' she said.

'No, I am not going,' said Pierre hurriedly, with surprise and a sort of resentment in his tone. 'No . . . yes, to Petersburg. To-morrow, perhaps; but I won't say good-bye. I shall come to see if you have any commissions to give me,' he added, standing before Princess Marya, turning very red, and not taking leave.

Natasha gave him her hand and retired. Princess Marya, on the contrary, instead of going away, sank into an armchair, and with her luminous, deep eyes looked sternly and intently at Pierre.

As soon as Natasha had gone, all Pierre's confusion and awkwardness instantly vanished, and were replaced by excited eagerness.

'Yes, I wanted to tell you,' he said to Princess Marya. 'Princess, help me. What am I to do? I know I am not worthy of her; I know that it is impossible to talk of it now. But I want to be a brother to her. No, not that, I don't, I can't . . .' He paused and passed his hands over his face and eyes. 'It's like this,' he went on, making an evident effort to speak coherently. 'I don't know since when I have loved her. But I have loved her alone, only her, all my life, and I love her so that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot bring myself to ask for her hand now; but the thought that, perhaps, she might be my wife and my letting slip this opportunity . . . opportunity . . . is awful. Tell me, what am I to do? Dear princess,' he said, after a brief pause, touching her hand as she did not answer.

'I am thinking of what you have just told me,' answered Princess Marya. 'This is what I think. You are right that to speak to her of love now . . .'

The princess paused. She had meant to say that to speak to her of love now was impossible; but she stopped, because she had seen during the last three days by the sudden change in Natasha that she would by no means be offended if Pierre were to avow his love, that, in fact, it was the one thing she desired.

'To speak to her now is out of the question,' she nevertheless said.

'But what am I to do?'

'Trust the matter to me,' said Princess Marya. 'I know that she loves . . . that she will love you,' Princess Marya corrected herself.

'What makes you think so? You think so? . . .'

'Yes, I think so,' said Princess Marya, smiling. 'Write to her parents. And you should go to Petersburg; it will be better. I will write to you,' she said.

'To Petersburg? I am to go? Yes, very well, I will go. But I can come and see you to-morrow?'

When Princess Marya returned to her room that night after her interview with Pierre, Natasha met her on the threshold.

'He has spoken? Yes? He has spoken?' An expression that begged forgiveness for its joy was in Natasha's face. 'I wanted to listen at the door; but I knew you would tell me.'

'What are you crying for? I am very glad for you,' said Princess Marya, moved by those tears to complete forgiveness of Natasha's joy.

'It will not be soon . . . some day. Only think how happy it will be when I am his wife and you marry Nikolay!'

Both were silent.

'Only why go to Petersburg?' cried Natasha suddenly, and she hastened to answer herself. 'No, no; it must be so . . .'

PART XVI

THE storm-tossed ocean of Europe was subsiding within its shores. It seemed to have grown calm; but the mysterious forces moving humanity (mysterious, because the laws controlling their action are unknown to us) were still at work. Various series of groups of men were joining together and separating; the causes were being prepared that would bring about the formation and the dissolution of empires and the migrations of peoples.

The underlying essentially significant feature of the European events of the beginning of the present century is the military movement of masses of European peoples from west to east, and again from east to west. The original movement was that from west to east. That the peoples of the west might be able to accomplish the military march upon Moscow, which they did accomplish, it was essential first that they should be combined in a military group of such a magnitude as to be able to withstand the resistance of the military group of the east; second, that they should have renounced all their established traditions and habits; and third, that they should have at their head a man able to justify in his own name and theirs the perpetration of all the deception, robbery, and murder that accompany that movement.

And to start from the French Revolution, that old group of insufficient magnitude is broken up; the old habits and traditions are destroyed; step by step a group is elaborated of new dimensions, new habits, and new traditions; and the man is prepared, who is to stand at the head of the coming movement, and to take upon himself the whole responsibility of what has to be done.

A man of no convictions, no habits, no traditions, no name, not even a Frenchman, by the strangest freaks of chance, as it seems, rises above the seething parties of France, and without attaching himself to any one of them, advances to a prominent position.

The incompetence of his colleagues, the weakness and insignificance of his opponents, the frankness of the deception, and the dazzling and self-confident limitation of the man raise him to the head of the army. The brilliant personal qualities of the soldiers of the Italian army, the disinclination to fight of his opponents, and his childish insolence and conceit gain him military glory. Innumerable so-called *chance* circumstances attend him everywhere.

During the wars in Italy he was several times on the verge of destruc-

tion, and was every time saved in an unexpected fashion. The Russian troops—the very troops which were able to demolish his glory—owing to various diplomatic considerations, do not enter Europe until he is there.”

On his return from Italy, he finds the government in Paris in that process of dissolution in which all men who are in the government are inevitably effaced and nullified. And an escape for him from that perilous position offers itself in the shape of an aimless, groundless expedition to Africa. Again the same so-called *chance* circumstances accompany him. Malta, the impregnable, surrenders without a shot being fired; the most ill-considered measures are crowned with success. The enemy's fleet, which later on does not let one boat escape it, now lets a whole army elude it. In Africa a whole series of outrages is perpetuated on the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men perpetrating these atrocities, and their leader most of all, persuade themselves that it is noble, it is glory, that it is like Cæsar and Alexander of Macedon, and that it is fine.

That ideal of *glory* and of *greatness*, consisting in esteeming nothing one does wrong, and glorying in every crime, and ascribing to it an incomprehensible, supernatural value—that ideal, destined to guide this man and those connected with him, is elaborated on a grand scale in Africa. Whatever he does succeeds. The plague does not touch him. The cruelty of murdering his prisoners is not remembered against him. His childishly imprudent, groundless, and ignoble departure from Africa, abandoning his comrades in misfortune, does him good service; and again the enemy's fleet lets him twice slip through their hands. At the moment when, completely intoxicated by the success of his crimes and ready for the part he has to play, he arrives in Paris entirely without any plan, the disintegration of the Republican government, which might have involved him in its ruin a year before, has now reached its utmost limit, and his presence, a man independent of parties, can now only aid his elevation.

He has no sort of plan; he is afraid of everything; but all parties clutch at him and insist on his support.

He alone—with the ideal of glory and greatness he has acquired in Italy and Egypt, with his frenzy of self-adoration, with his insolence in crime, and his frankness in mendacity—he alone can justify what has to be accomplished.

He is needed for the place that awaits him, and so, almost apart from his own volition, and in spite of his uncertainty, the lack of plan, and the blunders he commits, he is drawn into a conspiracy that aims at seizing power; and that conspiracy is crowned with success.

He is dragged into the assembly of the rulers. In alarm he tries to flee, believing himself in danger; pretends to faint, says the most senseless things that should have been his ruin. But the rulers of France, once proud and discerning, now feeling their part is over, are even more panic-stricken than he, and fail to utter the words they should have pronounced to preserve their power and crush him.

Though he strains every nerve to fit out an expedition against England,

which would unmistakably have led to his ruin, he never puts this project into execution, and happens to fall upon the Austrians, who surrender without a battle. All men, not only the French, but all the countries of Europe except England, which takes no part in the events that are to be accomplished, forget their old horror and aversion for his crimes, and now recognise the power he has gained by them, acknowledge the title he has bestowed upon himself, and accept his ideal of greatness and glory.

As though practising and preparing themselves for the great movement before them, the forces of the west made several dashes—in 1805, 1806, 1807 and 1809—into the east, growing stronger and more numerous. The power of justification of the man at the head of the movement gathers more and more force. During the ten years of the preparatory period preceding the great movement, this man forms relations with all the crowned heads of Europe. The sovereigns of the world, stripped bare by him, can oppose no rational ideal to the senseless Napoleonic ideal of *glory* and *greatness*. They vie with one another in demonstrating to him their insignificance. The King of Prussia sends his wife to sue for the good graces of the great man; the Emperor of Austria considers it a favour for this man to take the daughter of the Kaisers to his bed. The Pope, the guardian of the faith of the peoples, uses religion to aid the great man's elevation. Napoleon does not so much prepare himself for the part he is to play as all around him lead him on to take upon himself the responsibility of what is being done and is to be done.

The invading army flows towards the east and reaches its final goal: Moscow. The ancient city is taken; the Russian army suffers greater losses than were ever suffered by the opposing armies in the previous wars from Austerlitz to Wagram. But all at once, instead of that uninterrupted series of successes which had so consistently led him to his destined goal, an immense number of circumstances occur of an opposite kind, from the cold caught at Borodino to the spark that fired Moscow.

The invading army flees away, turns back and flees again; and all the chances now are consistently not for but against him.

The commotion among the peoples begins to subside. The waves of the great tempest begin to abate, and eddies begin to be formed about the calmer surface where diplomatists are busy, fancying the calm is their work.

NATASHA'S marriage to Bezuhov, which took place in 1813, was the last happy event in the family of the old Rostovs. Count Ilya Andreivitch died the same year; and as is always the case with the death of the father the family was broken up.

The events of the previous year: the burning of Moscow and the flight from that city; the death of Prince Andrey and Natasha's despair; the death of Petya and the grief of the countess fell like one blow after another on the old count's head. He seemed not to understand, and to feel

himself incapable of understanding, the significance of all these events, and figuratively speaking, bowed his old head to the storm, as though expecting and seeking fresh blows to make an end of him.

Nikolay was with the Russian army in Paris when the news of his father's death reached him. He at once applied for his discharge, and without waiting for it, obtained leave and went to Moscow. Within a month after the count's death the financial position had been made perfectly clear, astounding every one by the immense sum of various petty debts, the existence of which no one had suspected. The debts were more than double the assets of the estate.

The friends and relations advised Nikolay to refuse to accept his inheritance. But Nikolay looked on such a refusal as a slur on the honoured memory of his father; and so he would not hear of such a course, and accepted the inheritance with the obligation of paying the debts.

Nikolay accepted a loan of thirty thousand roubles offered him by his brother-in-law Bezuhov; and paid that portion of the debts that he recognised as genuine obligations. To return to the army was out of the question, because his mother now clung to her son as her one hold on life. And so he accepted a civilian post in Moscow, and taking off his beloved uniform, established himself in a little lodging with his mother and Sonya.

Natasha and Pierre were living at this period in Petersburg, and had no very distinct idea of Nikolay's position. After having borrowed money from his brother-in-law, Nikolay did his utmost to conceal his poverty-stricken position from him. His situation was rendered the more difficult, as with his twelve hundred roubles of salary he had not only to keep himself, Sonya, and his mother, but to keep his mother in such a way that she would not be sensible of their poverty. The countess could not conceive of life being possible without the luxurious surroundings to which she had been accustomed from her childhood; and without any idea of its being difficult for her son, she was continually insisting on having a carriage, which they had not, to send for a friend, or an expensive delicacy for herself, or wine for her son, or money to buy a present, as a surprise for Natasha, for Sonya, or for Nikolay himself.

Sonya kept house, waited on her aunt, read aloud to her, bore with her caprices and her secret dislike, and helped Nikolay to conceal from the old countess their poverty-stricken position. Nikolay felt himself under a debt of gratitude to Sonya that he could never repay, for all she did for his mother; he admired her patience and devotion, but he seemed to feel a sort of grudge against her for being too perfect. She had all the good qualities for which people are valued, but little of what would have made him love her. He had taken her at her word when she had written to him giving him his freedom, and now he behaved with her as though what had passed between them had been long, long ago forgotten, and could never under any circumstances be renewed.

Nikolay's position was becoming worse and worse. His hope of laying by something out of his salary proved to be an idle dream. Far from sav-

ing anything, he was even running up some small debts to satisfy his mother's exigencies. There seemed no means of escape.

At the beginning of the winter Princess Marya arrived in Moscow. From the gossip of the town she heard of the position of the Rostovs, and of how 'the son was sacrificing himself for his mother,' as the gossips said. 'It is just what I expected of him,' Princess Marya said to herself.

Remembering her intimate relations with the whole family—almost as one of themselves—she thought it her duty to call on them. But thinking of her relations with Nikolay in Voronezh, she was afraid of doing so. A few weeks after her arrival in Moscow, however, she went to see the Rostovs.

Nikolay was the first to meet her. Instead of the expression of delight Princess Marya had expected to see on his face, he met her with a look of chilliness, stiffness, and pride that she had never seen before. Nikolay inquired after her health, conducted her to his mother, and, after staying five minutes, went out of the room.

But after her visit the old countess talked about her several times every day. She sang her praises; insisted that her son should go and see her.

'She is a very good and conscientious girl,' she would say, 'and you must go and call on her. Anyway, you will see some one; and it is dull for you, I expect, with us.'

'But I don't at all wish to, mamma.'

'Why, you always liked her; and now all of a sudden you have some reasons or other. Everything is kept a secret from me.'

'Not at all, mamma.'

'If I were to beg you to do something unpleasant, but as it is, I simply beg you to drive over and return her call. Why, civility demands it, I should suppose . . . I have begged you to do so, and now I will meddle no further since you have secrets from your mother.'

Nikolay sighed, and bit his moustache, and dealt the cards, trying to draw his mother's attention to another subject. Next day, and the third, and the fourth, the conversation was repeated.

After her visit to the Rostovs, and the unexpectedly cold reception she had met with from Nikolay, Princess Marya acknowledged to herself that she had been right in not wanting to be the first to call.

'It was just what I expected,' she said to herself, summoning her pride to her aid. 'I have no concern with him, and I only wanted to see the old lady, who was always kind to me, and to whom I am under obligations for many things.'

In the middle of the winter she was sitting in the schoolroom, supervising her nephew's lessons, when the servant announced that Rostov was below. With the firm determination not to betray her secret, and not to manifest any embarrassment, she summoned Mademoiselle Bourienne, and with her went into the drawing-room.

At the first glance at Nikolay's face, she saw that he had come merely to perform the obligations of civility, and she determined to keep to the tone he adopted towards her.

They talked of the health of the countess, of common acquaintances, of the latest news of the war, and when the ten minutes required by propriety had elapsed, Nikolay got up to say good-bye.

With the aid of Mademoiselle Bourienne, Princess Marya had kept up the conversation very well. But at the very last moment, just when he was getting up, she was so weary of talking of what did not interest her, that in a fit of abstraction, she sat motionless, not noticing that he was getting up.

Nikolay looked at her, said a few words to Mademoiselle Bourienne, and again glanced at the princess.

'Good-bye, princess,' he said.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she said, as though waking from sleep. 'You are going already, count; well, good-bye! Oh, the cushion for the countess?'

'Wait a minute, I will fetch it,' said Mademoiselle Bourienne, and she left the room.

'Yes, princess,' said Nikolay at last, with a mournful smile, 'it seems not long ago, but how much has happened since the first time we met at Bogutcharovo. We all seemed in such trouble then, but I would give a great deal to have that time back . . . and there's no bringing it back.'

Her voice suddenly shook. 'You used to be different, I don't know why.'

'There are thousands of reasons *why*.' (He laid special stress on the word *why*.) 'I thank you, princess,' he added softly. 'It is sometimes hard . . .'

'Why, count, why?' she cried all at once, involuntarily moving nearer to him. 'Why, do tell me. You must tell me.' He was mute. 'I do not know, count, your *why*,' she went on. 'But I am sad, I . . . I will own that to you. You mean for some reason to deprive me of our old friendship. And that hurts me.' There were tears in her eyes and in her voice. 'I have had so little happiness in my life that every loss is hard for me . . . Excuse me, good-bye,' she suddenly burst into tears, and was going out of the room.

'Princess! stay, for God's sake,' he cried, trying to stop her. 'Princess!'

She looked round. For a few seconds they gazed in each other's eyes, and the remote and impossible became all at once close at hand, possible and inevitable.

In the autumn of 1813, Nikolay married Princess Marya, and took up his abode at Bleak Hills.

Within four years he had paid off the remainder of his debts without selling his wife's estates, and coming into a small legacy on the death of a cousin, he repaid the loan he had borrowed from Pierre also.

In another three years, by 1820, Nikolay had so well managed his pecuniary affairs that he was able to buy a small estate adjoining Bleak Hills, and was opening negotiations for the repurchase of his ancestral estate of Otradnoe, which was his cherished dream.

ON the eve of St. Nikolay's day, the 5th of December, 1820, Natasha with her children had been staying at Bleak Hills since the beginning of autumn.

Pierre was in Petersburg, where he had gone on private business of his own, as he said, for three weeks. He had already been away for six, and was expected home every minute.

On this 5th of December there was also staying with the Rostovs Nikolay's old friend, the general on half-pay, Vassily Fedorovitch Denisov.

The general opinion was that Pierre was tied to his wife's apron strings, and it really was so. From the earliest days of their marriage Natasha had made plain her claims. Pierre had been greatly surprised at his wife's view—to him a completely novel idea—that every minute of his life belonged to her and their home. He was surprised, but he was flattered, and he acquiesced.

Pierre was so far under petticoat government that he did not dare to be attentive, or even to speak with a smile, to any other woman; did not dare go to dine at the club, without good reason, simply for entertainment; did not dare spend money on idle whims, and did not dare to be away from home for any long time together, except on business, in which his wife included his scientific pursuits. Though she understood nothing of the latter, she attached great consequence to them. To make up for all this, in their own home Natasha made herself a slave to her husband; and the whole household had to go on tiptoe if the master were busy reading or writing in his study. Pierre had but to express a wish and Natasha jumped up at once and ran for what he wanted.

The whole household was ruled by the supposed directions of the master, that is, by the wishes of Pierre, which Natasha tried to guess. Their manner of life and place of residence, their acquaintances and ties, Natasha's pursuits, and the bringing up of the children—all followed, not only Pierre's expressed wishes, but even the deductions Natasha strove to draw from the ideas he explained in conversation with her.

After seven years of married life, Pierre had a firm and joyful consciousness that he was not a bad fellow, and he felt this because he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt all the good and bad mingled together, and obscuring one another. But in his wife he saw reflected only what was really good; everything not quite good was left out.

Two months previously, Pierre was already settled at the Rostovs' when he received a letter from a certain Prince Fyodor, urging him to come to Petersburg for the discussion of various important questions that were agitating the Petersburg members of a society, of which Pierre had been one of the chief founders.

Natasha read this letter, as she did indeed all her husband's letters, and bitterly as she always felt his absence, she urged him herself to go to Petersburg. To everything appertaining to her husband's intellectual, abstract pursuits, she ascribed immense consequence, though she had no understanding of them, and she was always in dread of being a hindrance to her husband in such matters.

Ever since the day fixed for his return, a fortnight before, Natasha had been in a continual condition of alarm, depression, and irritability. Countess

Marya tried to console her by excusing Pierre, and inventing good reasons for his delay in returning.

'It's all nonsense, all idiocy,' Natasha would say; 'all his projects that never lead to anything, and all those fools of societies,' she would declare of the very matters in the immense importance of which she firmly believed. And she would march off to the nursery to her only boy, the baby Petya.

She was nursing the baby when Pierre's carriage drove noisily up to the entrance, and the nurse, knowing how to please her mistress, came inaudibly but quickly to the door with a beaming face.

'He has come, ma'am,' whispered the nurse.

Running into the vestibule, Natasha saw a tall figure in a fur cloak fumbling at his scarf. Darting up to him, she hugged him, and then drawing back, glanced at the frosty, red, and happy face of Pierre. 'Yes, here he is; happy, satisfied . . .'

And all at once she remembered all the tortures of suspense she had passed through during the last fortnight. The joy beaming in her face vanished; she frowned, and a torrent of reproaches and angry words broke upon Pierre.

'Yes, you are all right, you have been happy, you have been enjoying yourself . . . But what about me! You might at least think of your children. And you have been enjoying yourself. Yes, enjoying yourself . . .'

Pierre knew he was not to blame, because he could not have come sooner. He knew this outburst on her part was unseemly, and would be all over in two minutes. Above all, he knew that he was himself happy and joyful. He would have liked to smile, but dared not even think of that. He made a piteous, dismayed face, and bowed before the storm.

'I could not, upon my word. But how is Petya?'

'He is all right, come along. Aren't you ashamed? If you could see what I am like without you, how wretched I am . . .'

'Are you quite well?'

'Come along, come along,' she said, not letting go his hand.

The children and their governesses were delighted at Bezuhov's return, because Pierre it was who could play on the clavichord that *écossaise* (his one piece), to which, as he said, one could dance all possible dances; and he was quite sure, too, to have brought all of them presents.

Nikolinka Bolkonsky, who was now a thin, delicate, intelligent boy of fifteen, with curly light hair and beautiful eyes, was delighted because Uncle Pierre, as he called him, was the object of his passionate love and adoration. No one had instilled a particular affection for Pierre into Nikolinka, and he only rarely saw him. Countess Marya, who had brought him up, had done her utmost to make Nikolinka love her husband, as she loved him; and the boy did like his uncle, but there was a scarcely perceptible shade of contempt in his liking of him. Pierre he adored. He did not want to be an hussar or a Cavalier of St. George like his Uncle Nikolay; he wanted to be learned, clever, and kind like Pierre.

The old ladies were pleased both at the present he brought them, and still more at Natasha's being herself again.

Pierre felt the various views those different sets of people took of him, and made haste to satisfy the expectations of all of them.

Though he was the most absent-minded and forgetful of men, by the help of a list his wife made for him, he had bought everything, not forgetting a single commission from his mother-in-law or brother-in-law, nor toys for his nephews.

In the early days of his married life his wife's expectation that he should forget nothing he had undertaken to buy had struck him as strange, and he had been impressed by her serious chagrin when after his first absence he had returned having forgotten everything. But in time he had grown used to this. Knowing that Natasha gave him no commissions on her own account, and for others only asked him to get things when he had himself offered to do so, he now took a childish pleasure, that was a surprise to himself, in those purchases of presents for all the household. If he incurred Natasha's censure now, it was only for buying too much, and paying too much for his purchases. To her other defects in the eyes of the world—good qualities in Pierre's eyes—her untidiness and negligence, Natasha added that of stinginess.

Ever since Pierre had begun living a home life, involving increased expenses in a large house, he had noticed to his astonishment that he was spending half what he had spent in the past, and that his circumstances, somewhat straitened latterly, especially by his first wife's debts, were beginning to improve.

The countess, as her habit was, was sitting playing at patience when Pierre and Natasha went into the drawing-room with parcels under their arms. From habit she uttered the words, she always repeated on the return of Pierre or her son after absence: 'It was high time, high time, my dear boy; we have been expecting you a long while. Well, thank God, you are here.' And on the presents being given her, pronounced another stock phrase: 'It's not the gift that is precious, my dear. . . . Thank you for thinking of an old woman like me. . . .' It was evident that Pierre's entrance at that moment was unwelcome, because it interrupted her in dealing her cards.

Pierre, Natasha, Nikolay, Countess Marya, and Denisov had a great deal they wanted to talk about, which was not talked of before the old countess. Yet they sat as usual at tea in the drawing-room, and Pierre answered the countess's quite superfluous questions, which were of no interest even to her, and told her that Prince Vassily was looking older, and that Countess Marya Alexeyevna sent her kind regards. Such conversation, of no interest to any one, but inevitable, was kept up all tea-time. At tea every one sat in their own habitual places. Nikolay sat by the stove at a little table apart, where his tea was handed him. An old terrier bitch, with a perfectly grey face, Milka, the daughter of the first Milka, lay on a chair beside him. Denisov, with streaks of grey in his curly hair, moustaches, and whiskers, wearing his general's coat unbuttoned, sat beside Countess Marya. Pierre, sitting between his wife and the old countess, talked of external social events and of the old countess's contemporaries, who had once been a living

circle of people, but were now for the most part scattered about the world, and, like her, living out their remnant of life, gleaning up the stray ears of what they had sown. But they, these contemporaries, seemed to the old countess to make up the only world that was worth considering.

By Pierre's eagerness, Natasha saw that his visit had been an interesting one, that he was longing to tell them about it. Denisov, not being a member of the family, did not understand Pierre's circumspectness, and, moreover, being dissatisfied with the course of events, took a very great interest in all that was going forward at Petersburg.

'Well, what is all this idiocy, Gossner and Madame Tatarinov,' Denisov asked, 'is that still going on?'

'Going on?' said Pierre. 'Worse than ever. The Bible Society is now the whole government.'

'What is that, *mon cher ami?*' asked the old countess. 'What are you saying about the government? I don't understand that.'

'Why, you know, *maman,*' put in Nikolay, who knew how to translate things into his mother's language. 'Prince Alexander Nikolaevitch Golitsin has founded a society, so he has great influence they say.'

'Araktcheev and Golitsin,' said Pierre incautiously, 'are practically the government now. And what a government! They see conspiracy in everything, they are afraid of everything.'

'What, Prince Alexander Nikolaevitch found fault with! He is a most estimable man. I used to meet him in old days at Marya Antonovna's,' said the countess in an aggrieved tone. And still more aggrieved by the general silence, she went on, 'Nowadays people find fault with every one. A Gospel Society, what harm is there in that?' and she got up (every one rose too), and with a severe face sailed out to her table in the adjoining room.

The conversation turned on the scandals of the day in the higher government circles. But Natasha, who knew every thought and expression in her husband, saw that Pierre all the while wanted to lead the conversation into another channel, his own idea, the idea which he had gone to Petersburg to consult his new friend Prince Fyodor about. She saw too that he could not lead up to this, and she came to the rescue with a question: How had he settled things with Prince Fyodor?

'What was that?' asked Nikolay.

'All the same thing over and over again,' said Pierre, looking about him. 'Every one sees that things are all going so wrong that they can't be endured, and that it's the duty of all honest men to oppose it to the utmost of their power.'

'Why, what can honest men do?' said Nikolay, frowning slightly. 'What can be done?'

'Why, this . . .'

'Let us go into the study,' said Nikolay.

Natasha, who had a long while been expecting to be fetched to her baby, heard the nurse calling her, and went off to the nursery. Countess Marya went with her. The men went to the study, and Nikolinka Bolkonsky stole

in, unnoticed by his uncle, and sat down at the writing-table, in the dark by the window.

‘Well, what are you going to do?’ said Denisov.

‘Everlastingly these fantastic schemes,’ said Nikolay.

‘Well,’ Pierre began, not sitting down, but pacing the room, and coming to an occasional standstill, lisping and gesticulating rapidly as he talked. ‘This is the position of things in Petersburg: the Tsar lets everything go. He is entirely wrapped up in this mysticism’ (mysticism Pierre could not forgive in anybody now). ‘All he asks for is peace; and he can only get peace through these men of no faith and no conscience, who are stifling and destroying everything, Magnitsky and Araktcheev, and *tutti quanti* . . . You will admit that if you did not look after your property yourself, and only asked for peace and quiet, the crueller your bailiff were, the more readily you would attain your object,’ he said, turning to Nikolay.

‘Well, but what is the drift of all this?’ said Nikolay.

‘Why, everything is going to ruin. Bribery in the law-courts, in the army nothing but coercion and drill: exile—people are being tortured, and enlightenment is suppressed. Everything youthful and honourable—they are crushing! Everybody sees that it can’t go on like this. The strain is too great, and the string must snap,’ said Pierre. ‘I told them one thing in Petersburg.’

‘Told whom?’ asked Denisov.

‘Oh, you know whom,’ said Pierre, with a meaning look from under his brows, ‘Prince Fyodor and all of them. Zeal in educational and philanthropic work is all very good of course. Their object is excellent and all the rest of it; but in present circumstances what is wanted is something else.’

At that moment Nikolay noticed the presence of his nephew. His face fell; he went up to him.

‘Why are you here?’

‘Oh, let him be,’ said Pierre, taking hold of Nikolay’s arm; and he went on. ‘That’s not enough, I told them; something else is wanted now. While you stand waiting for the string to snap every moment; while every one is expecting the inevitable revolution, as many people as possible should join hands as closely as they can to withstand the general catastrophe. I say: enlarge the scope of the society: let the *mot d’ordre* be not loyalty only, but independence and action.’

Nikolay, leaving his nephew, had angrily moved out a chair, and sat down in it. As he listened to Pierre, he coughed in a dissatisfied way, and frowned more and more.

‘But action with what object?’ he cried. ‘And what attitude do you take up to the government?’

‘Why, the attitude of supporters! The society will perhaps not even be a secret one, if the government will allow it. So far from being hostile to the government, we are the real conservatives. It is a society of *gentlemen*, in the full significance of the word. It is simply to prevent Pugatchov from coming to massacre my children and yours, to prevent Araktcheev from

transporting me to a military settlement, that we are joining hands, with the sole object of the common welfare and security.'

Natasha, coming into the room in the middle of the conversation, looked joyfully at her husband. She was not rejoicing in what he was saying. It did not interest her indeed, because it seemed to her that it was all so excessively simple, and that she had known it long ago. But she was glad looking at his eager, enthusiastic figure.

Pierre was watched with even more rapturous gladness by the boy who had been forgotten by all of them. Every word Pierre uttered set his heart in a glow, and his fingers moving nervously, he unconsciously picked up and broke to pieces the sticks of sealing-wax on his uncle's table.

But Nikolay knitted his brows, and began arguing with Pierre that no revolution was to be expected, and that the danger he talked of had no existence but in his imagination. Pierre maintained his view, and as his intellectual faculties were keener and more resourceful, Nikolay was soon at a loss for an answer. This angered him still more, as in his heart he felt convinced, not by reasoning, but by something stronger than reasoning, of the indubitable truth of his own view.

'Well, let me tell you,' he said, getting up and nervously setting his pipe down in the corner, and then flinging it away; 'I can't prove it you. You say everything is all rotten, and there will be a revolution. I don't see it; but let me tell you, you are my greatest friend, you know that, but you begin working against the government—whatever it may be, I know it's my duty to obey it. And if Araktcheev bids me march against you with a squadron and cut you down, I shan't hesitate for a second, I shall go. And then you may think what you like about it.'

An awkward silence followed these words. Natasha was the first to break it by defending her husband and attacking her brother. Her defence was weak and clumsy. But it attained her object. The conversation was taken up again, and no longer in the unpleasantly hostile tone in which Nikolay's last words had been spoken.

When they all got up to go in to supper, Nikolinka Bolkonsky went up to Pierre with a pale face and shining, luminous eyes.

'Uncle Pierre . . . you . . . no . . . If papa had been alive . . . he would have been on your side?' he asked.

Pierre saw in a flash all the original, complicated and violent travail of thought and feeling that must have been going on independently in this boy during the conversation. And recalling all he had been saying, he felt vexed that the boy should have heard him. He had to answer him, however.

'I believe he would,' he said reluctantly, and he went out of the study.

The boy looked down, and then for the first time seemed to become aware of the havoc he had been making on the writing-table. He flushed hotly and went up to Nikolay.

'Uncle, forgive me; I did it—not on purpose,' he said, pointing to the fragment of sealing-wax.

Nikolay bounded up angrily. 'Very good, very good,' he said, throwing

the bits of pens and sealing-wax under the table. And with evident effort mastering his fury, he turned away from him.

'You ought not to have been here at all,' he said.

At supper no more was said of politics and societies, but conversation turned on the subject most agreeable to Nikolay—reminiscences of 1812. Denisov started the talk, and Pierre was particularly cordial and amusing. And the party broke up on the friendliest terms.

Nikolay, after undressing in his study, found his wife still at her writing-table.

He was proud that she was so clever and so good, recognising his own insignificance beside her in the spiritual world.

'I,' he said, 'have behaved badly. You were not in the study. Pierre and I were arguing, and I lost my temper. I couldn't help it. He is such a child. I don't know what would become of him if Natasha didn't keep him at her apron-strings. Can you imagine what he went to Petersburg about? . . . They have made a . . .'

'Yes, I know,' said Countess Marya. 'Natasha told me.'

'Oh, well, you know, then,' Nikolay went on, getting hot at the mere recollection of the discussion. 'He wants to persuade me that it's the duty of every honest man to work against the government when one's sworn allegiance and duty. . . . I am sorry you were not there. As it was, they all fell upon me, Denisov, and Natasha, too. . . . Natasha is too amusing. We know she twists him round her little finger, but when it comes to discussion—she hasn't an idea to call her own—she simply repeats his words,' added Nikolay, yielding to that irresistible impulse that tempts one to criticise one's nearest and dearest. Nikolay was unaware that what he was saying of Natasha might be said word for word of himself in relation to his wife.

'Yes, I have noticed that,' said Countess Marya.

'When I told him that duty and sworn allegiance come before everything, he began arguing God knows what. It was a pity you were not there. What would you have said?'

'To my thinking, you were quite right. I told Natasha so. Pierre says that every one is suffering, and being ill-treated and corrupted, and that it's our duty to help our neighbours. Of course, he is right,' said Countess Marya; 'but he forgets that we have other nearer duties, which God Himself has marked out for us, and that we may run risks for ourselves, but not for our children.'

'Yes, yes, that's just what I told him,' cried Nikolay, who actually fancied he had said just that. 'And they had all their say out about loving one's neighbour, and Christianity, and all the rest of it, before Nikolinka, who had slipped in there, and was pulling all my things to pieces.'

'Ah, do you know, Nikolay, I am so often worried about Nikolinka,' said Countess Marya. 'He is such an exceptional boy. And I am afraid I neglect him for my own. All of us have our children; we all have our own ties; while he has nobody. He is always alone with his thoughts.'

‘Well, I don’t think you have anything to reproach yourself with on his account. Everything the fondest mother could do for her son you have done, and are doing, for him. And of course he’s a splendid boy!’ Nikolay, who did not in his heart like Nikolinka, always felt moved to acknowledge that he was a splendid fellow.

‘Yes, Pierre always was, and always will be, a dreamer,’ he went on, returning to the discussion in the study, which had evidently worked on his feelings. ‘Why, what concern is all that of mine—Araktcheev’s misdoings, and all the rest of it—what concern was it of mine, when at the time of our marriage I had so many debts that they were going to put me in prison, and a mother who couldn’t see it or understand it. And then you, and the children, and my work. It’s not for my own pleasure I am from morning to night looking after the men, or in the counting-house. No, I know I must work to comfort my mother, repay you, and not leave my children in beggary, as I was left myself.’

Natasha, as soon as she was alone with her husband, had begun talking too, as only husband and wife can talk, that is, understanding and communicating their thoughts to each other, with extraordinary clearness and rapidity, by a quite peculiar method opposed to all the rules of logic.

Natasha talked to Pierre of the daily round of existence at her brother’s; told him how she had suffered and been half-dead without him; and that she was fonder of Marie than ever, and Marie was better in every way than she was. In saying this Natasha was quite sincere in acknowledging Marie’s superiority, but at the same time she expected Pierre to prefer her to Marie and all other women, and now, especially after he had been seeing a great many women in Petersburg, to tell her so anew. In response to Natasha’s words, Pierre told her how intolerable he had found the evening parties and dinners with ladies in Petersburg.

‘I have quite lost the art of talking to ladies,’ he said; ‘it was horribly tiresome. Especially as I was so busy.’

Natasha looked intently at him, and went on. ‘Marie, now she is wonderful!’ she said. ‘The insight she has into children. Yesterday, for instance, Mitenka was naughty . . .’

‘And isn’t he like his father?’ Pierre put in.

Natasha knew why he made this remark about Mitenka’s likeness to Nikolay. He disliked the thought of his dispute with his brother-in-law, and was longing to hear what she thought about it.

‘It’s a weakness of Nikolay’s that if anything is not generally accepted, he will never agree with it. And I see that that’s just what you value.’

‘No, the real thing is that to Nikolay,’ said Pierre, ‘thoughts and ideas are an amusement, almost a pastime. Here he’s forming a library and has made it a rule not to buy a new book till he has read through the last he has bought—Sismondi and Rousseau and Montesquieu,’ Pierre added with a smile.

‘So you say ideas to him are not serious . . .’

'Yes, and to me nothing else is serious. All the while I was in Petersburg, I seemed to be seeing every one in a dream. When I am absorbed by an idea, nothing else is serious.'

'Oh, what a pity I didn't see your meeting with the children,' said Natasha. 'Which was the most pleased? Liza, of course?'

'Yes,' said Pierre, and he went on with what interested him. 'Nikolay says we ought not to think. But I can't help it. To say nothing of the fact (I can say so to you) that in Petersburg I felt that the whole thing would go to pieces without me, every one pulled his own way. But I succeeded in bringing them all together; and then my idea is so clear and simple. I don't say we ought to work against so and so. We may be mistaken. But I say: let those join hands who care for the good cause, and let our one standard be energy and honesty. Prince Sergey is a capital fellow, and clever.'

Natasha would have had no doubt that Pierre's idea was a grand idea, but that one thing troubled her. It was his being her husband. 'Is it possible that a man of such value, of such importance to society, is at the same time my husband? How can it have happened?' She wanted to express this doubt to him. 'Who are the persons who could decide positively whether he is so much cleverer than all of them?' she wondered, and she went over in imagination the people who were very much respected by Pierre. There was nobody whom, to judge by his own account, he had respected so much as Platon Karataev.

'Do you know what I am thinking about?' she said. 'About Platon Karataev. What would he have said? Would he have approved of you now?'

Pierre was not in the least surprised at this question. He understood the connection of his wife's ideas.

'Platon Karataev?' he said, and he pondered, evidently trying sincerely to picture what Karataev's judgment would have been on the subject. 'He would not have understood, and yet, perhaps, he would.'

'I like you awfully!' said Natasha all at once. 'Awfully! awfully!'

'No, he wouldn't have approved,' said Pierre, musing. 'What he would have approved of is our home life. He did so like to see seemliness, happiness, peace in everything, and I could have shown him all of us with pride.'

'What nonsense,' said Natasha suddenly, 'it all is about the honeymoon and that the greatest happiness is at first. On the contrary, now is much the best. If only you wouldn't go away. Do you remember how we used to quarrel? And I was always in the wrong. It was always my doing. And what we quarrelled about—I don't remember even.'

'Always the same thing,' said Pierre smiling. 'Jea . . .'

'Don't say it, I can't bear it,' cried Natasha, and a cold, vindictive light gleamed in her eyes. 'Did you see her?' she added after a pause.

'No; and if I had, I shouldn't have known her.'

They were both silent for some seconds. Then all at once, at the same moment, they began talking. Both stopped, waiting for the other to go on.

'You tell me, it wasn't anything, only nonsense,' said Natasha.

Pierre said what he had been going to say. It seemed to him at that

moment that he was destined to give a new direction to the progress of the whole of Russian society and of the whole world.

‘I only meant to say that all ideas that have immense results are always simple. All my idea really is that if vicious people are united and form a power, honest men must do the same. It’s so simple, you see.’

Meanwhile, below in Nikolinka Bolkonsky’s bedroom a lamp was burning as usual (the boy was afraid of the dark and could not be cured of this weakness). Nikolinka had just waked up in a cold sweat, and was sitting up in bed, gazing with wide-open eyes straight before him. He had been waked by a fearful dream.

In his dream his Uncle Pierre and he in helmets, such as appeared in the illustrations in his Plutarch, were marching at the head of an immense army. This army was made up of slanting, white threads that filled the air like those spider-webs that float in autumn. Ahead of them was glory, which was something like those threads too, only somewhat more opaque. They—he and Pierre—were flying lightly and happily nearer and nearer to their goal. All at once Uncle Nikolay stood before them in a stern and menacing attitude.

‘Have you done this?’ he said, pointing to broken sticks of sealing-wax. ‘I did love you, but Araktcheev has bidden me, and I will kill the first that moves forward.’

Nikolinka looked round for Pierre; but Pierre was not there. Instead of Pierre, there was his father—Prince Andrey—and his father had no shape or form, but he was there; and seeing him, Nikolinka felt limp, and relaxed. His father caressed him and pitied him, but his Uncle Nikolay was moving down upon them, coming closer and closer. A great horror came over Nikolinka, and he waked up.

‘My father!’ he thought. (Although there were two very good portraits of Prince Andrey in the house, Nikolinka never thought of his father in human form.) ‘My father has been with me, and has caressed me. He approved of me; he approved of Uncle Pierre. Whatever he might tell me, I would do it.’

‘I know they want me to study. And I am going to study. But some day I shall have finished, and then I will act. One thing only I pray God for, that the same sort of thing may happen with me as with Plutarch’s men, and I will act in the same way. I will do more.’

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