



Leo Tolstoy  
War and Peace

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# WAR AND PEACE

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LEO TOLSTOY

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WAR AND PEACE

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*Translated with Notes by*

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## INTRODUCTION

*Readers unfamiliar with the plot may prefer to treat the Introduction as an Afterword.*

‘HERE is the greatest novel ever written’—so major novelists of the past two centuries, from Ivan Turgenev to Virginia Woolf, hailed Leo Tolstoy’s masterpiece, *War and Peace*. Yet Tolstoy himself saw it differently. ‘It is not a novel,’ he wrote, ‘even less is it an epic poem, and still less an historical chronicle.’<sup>1</sup> In an assertive claim for the primacy of artistic form, the author insisted that ‘*War and Peace* is what the author wished and was able to express in the form in which it is expressed’.<sup>2</sup> Tolstoy began his project with great joy and fear, and only discovered the courage of artistic freedom as part of his writing process. While preparing drafts of a novel about the Decembrist uprising against Tsar Nicholas I in 1825, Tolstoy ‘became absorbed in reading the history of Napoleon and Alexander’. As he described it: ‘In a cloud of joy and awareness of the possibility of doing great work, the idea caught me up of writing a psychological history of Alexander and Napoleon. All the meanness, all the phrases, all the madness, all the contradictions of the people around them and in themselves . . . I must write my novel and work for this.’<sup>3</sup>

His wife, who served as his secretary, famously transcribed his almost illegible drafts into fair copies, seven times over. Yet she describes her task and Tolstoy’s creative energy with rapture: ‘I spend my whole time copying out Lyova’s novel. This is a great delight to me. As I copy, I live through a whole world of new ideas and impressions. Nothing has such an effect upon me as his ideas and his genius.’ And she leaves us this image of Tolstoy at work: ‘All this winter, L. has kept on writing, wrought up, the tears starting to his eyes and his heart swelling. I believe his novel is going to be wonderful.’ Tolstoy felt himself to be ‘never more fit for his work’ than he was at this time of his life: in his thirties, recently married and settled on his estate, the father of four children (by the time the book was finished), and a literary figure of some success, although by no means the titanic presence he was to become in the eyes of his countrymen and ultimately the world.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Some Words about *War and Peace*’, first published in *Russian Archive*, 1868. See Appendix, p. 1309.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Diary entry, 19 March 1865.



The task of writing an account of 'The Year 1812', as one early draft was titled, quickly assumed inhuman proportions and challenged the young author's talent beyond his available skills: 'I wanted to capture everything I knew and felt about that time and yet, I felt either that it was impossible to express everything, or it seemed to me that the simple, banal, literary devices common to novels were inconsistent with the majestic, deep and many-sided content [so that] . . . I threw away what I had begun to write and despaired . . .'.<sup>4</sup>

In tackling a historical and military subject, Tolstoy was armed with the confidence of his early successes in writing about war. He began his literary career with the early story 'The Raid' (1852), which was written while serving in his brother's regiment in the Caucasus, that land of mountainous landscapes made romantic in the writings of Alexander Pushkin and Mikhail Lermontov. His Sevastopol sketches were composed during his military service at the siege of Sevastopol (1854). These stories, together with his early novels, *Childhood* (1852) and *The Cossacks* (1864), were published to immediate critical acclaim. We can already glimpse the future author of *War and Peace* in the first paragraph of 'The Raid', where he writes that he is 'more interested to know in what way and under the influence of what feeling one soldier kills another than to know how the armies were arranged at Austerlitz and Borodino'. The patriotism and excitement of his Sevastopol sketches secured his status as one of Russia's major authors.

But despite the encouragement of these early successes, Tolstoy was still a fledgling in comparison to established authors like Ivan Turgenev or Fyodor Dostoevsky. In 1863, when Tolstoy began work on the early drafts of *War and Peace*, Turgenev was already regarded in Europe as Russia's greatest living author. *A Sportsman's Sketches*, a work credited with inspiring public sentiment in favour of the abolition of serfdom, was published in 1852, and his masterpiece, *Fathers and Sons*, appeared ten years later. Dostoevsky had burst upon the literary scene with his epistolary novel *Poor Folk* in 1845, followed by a series of novels culminating in his *Notes from the House of the Dead* (1862), which drew upon his experiences as a prisoner in Siberia and deeply impressed the young Tolstoy, who held the work in the highest regard until the end of his life. The first instalments of *War and Peace*, then titled *The Year 1805*, would appear side by side with the opening chapters of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* (1866) in the same issue of *The Russian Messenger*. This was one of several 'thick' journals, so called because of their substantive content. In the climate of heavy censorship in Russian letters, political

<sup>4</sup> First draft of the Introduction to *War and Peace*.

ideas and pointed critiques of the government had to be expressed cautiously, and literary fiction was one way of doing this. The risk was by no means insignificant, as evidenced in the case of Dostoevsky, who, for his participation in a political group, was arrested, lined up to be shot by a firing squad, forgiven, and exiled to Siberia for a lengthy decade of imprisonment. Russian literature of the nineteenth century became a means of speaking to what were termed the 'accursed questions' of the reform period of Russian history: the liberation of the serfs, the education and social status of women, and so on. To win a place in such company it was not enough to write well; it was essential to have something of urgent importance to say.

Tolstoy was also writing within a European tradition in which the Napoleonic war had already acquired mythopoetic grandeur in such vast and imposing works as Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma* (1839), William Makepeace Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1848), and Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* (1862). By Tolstoy's own account, the anxiety of influence and the pressure of literary precedent and convention was unendurable: 'time and my strength were flowing away with every hour, and I knew that nobody would ever tell what I had to tell . . . Above all, traditions both of form and content oppressed me. I was afraid to write in a language different from that in which everybody writes. I was afraid that my writing would fall into no existing genre, neither novel, nor tale, nor epic, nor history . . .'<sup>5</sup> The key to artistic freedom was to reject any formal or stylistic requirements of literary genres, which Tolstoy happily found could be accomplished through an appeal to his own native Russian literary tradition, noted for its experimental character and flouting of literary convention. 'We Russians don't know how to write novels in the European sense of the word,' he announced, proudly and provocatively:

The history of Russian literature since the time of Pushkin not merely affords many examples of such deviation from European forms, but does not offer a single example of the contrary. From Gogol's *Dead Souls* to Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead*, in the recent period of Russian literature there is not a single artistic prose work rising at all above mediocrity, which quite fits into the form of a novel, epic, or story.<sup>7</sup>

Experimenting with genre was a signature of the Russian literary tradition from its inception. Pushkin's long narrative masterpiece *Eugene Onegin* (1825–32) was famously subtitled a 'Novel in Verse' (*roman v*

<sup>5</sup> 'Second Draft for an Introduction to *War and Peace*', G. Gibian, trans.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> 'Some Words', see Appendix, p. 1309.

*stikbakh*), while Gogol's *Dead Souls* (1842) is subtitled 'Poëma' (the Russian word indicating an 'epic poem') although it is written in prose.

While Tolstoy attributed his discovery of literary freedom to the experimental character of his own native Russian tradition, he also possessed a non-Russian model to emulate in the novels of the author he claimed as his favourite, Laurence Sterne. So impressed was he by *A Sentimental Journey* (1768) that he worked on improving his English by translating it into Russian. Given this level of enthusiasm, it would be surprising if Tolstoy had not also read *Tristram Shandy* (1759), a novel replete with digressions, interruptions, and vanishing characters.<sup>8</sup> Its eponymous writer-hero succeeds in describing only one thing: his own failure to give an adequate account of historical and biographical events. Real life, with its abundant proliferation of details and chaotic sequences of events, twists, turns, and sidelines, evades capture by the pen. In a pitiable and comic figure of the confounded novelist and historian, Tristram Shandy's Uncle Toby spends his life trying to create a model to convey the exact information he wishes the world to know about the battle where he received his wound. Tolstoy's earliest attempt at prose narrative, 'A History of Yesterday' (1851), is an unfinished Shandean account of infinitely unfolding stories within stories, including the wandering inner thoughts of all the characters, each moment revealing endless possibilities for description and narration. The entire piece reckons with the impossibility of ever drafting a 'true and authentic' account of a minute of time. In his preoccupation with the details of a moment, Tolstoy's 'History of Yesterday' narrator anticipates that typically inert Russian anti-hero, Goncharov's *Obломov* (1859), who excuses himself from the plans and plotted activities of the world of men, because he is captivated and exhausted from watching the turbulent activity of the tiniest of ants scurrying beneath the grass blades. This image can provide a key to understanding Tolstoy's artistic technique in *War and Peace*: he writes about characters and events that are sub-historical, while the narratives of history itself, like soldiers' boastful war stories of the battlefield, are exploded as false. The movement of thousands of troops, a line on the page of a history book, will be enlarged by Tolstoy into chapters of soldierly details about boots and carriage wheels, horse manure and leg wrappings, the texture of uniform cloth, and steaming potatoes pulled from the camp-fire. The great and legendary figures of military history snore during war councils or succumb with irritability to a cold, their battle plans garbled and ignored. From his earlier anxiety, expressed in his diaries, that his habit

<sup>8</sup> Both novels had been translated into Russian, although evidence suggests that Tolstoy first read Sterne in French.

of digression would ruin him, Tolstoy now found artistic release and justification in unleashing it.

Once liberated from the necessity of conforming to predetermined artistic design, Tolstoy began to create a prose work of extraordinary scope and size, whose formal features confused his early readers and caused them to wonder what kind of a work they were reading and who were its main characters. The cast of characters of *War and Peace* almost exceeds 600, including roughly 160 historical figures. Sympathizing with the reader's plight, Louise and Aylmer Maude, his principal English translators, felt it was necessary to indicate in footnotes which were the major characters. As the instalments appeared, critics erred in their efforts to identify the main characters: one guessed that Dolokhov and Anatole Kuragin were the heroes, while another complained that he could not figure out which characters were important until 'the second half of the third volume'. This sense of bewilderment was not restricted to the lack of a clear protagonist, nor to the confusion of crowds that fill the pages and overwhelm the reader. Critics found the absence of a familiar designation for the first instalments off-putting. What kind of a narrative was this *Year 1805*? What was the book about? Was it a historical novel about the Napoleonic invasion of Russia? Was it a family chronicle about the Rostovs and Bolkonskys? Was it a social satire? A standard critical line emerged that divided *War and Peace* into three separate components—a philosophical essay, a family chronicle, and a historical novel about the Napoleonic wars. The three components did not fit together and so in the eyes of its detractors, the work lacked unity, its failure best characterized in the words of Henry James: 'a loose, baggy monster'.

Tolstoy's artistic choices were not entirely without precedent; Hugo's *Les Misérables* also took its time, growing to over 1,200 pages to accommodate the author's efforts to link characters across centuries and continents. Like his English contemporary, Charles Dickens, Hugo also took great pains in describing the minutiae of the daily life of characters who had only a momentary, if vital, role to play, like the priest whose donkey, panniers, and habits occupy many of the opening pages of the novel, to the bewilderment of the reader. Hugo is particularly adept at constructing independent lives inhabiting radically different backgrounds and trajectories, and then bringing them together through a nexus of fictional and historical events. Tolstoy was a lifelong admirer of Hugo's work, and would eventually come to write his own version of the story of Jean Valjean adapted (without attribution) from *Les Misérables* and included in his *Primer* (*Azbuka*).

If, to the European literary tradition depicting the wars of Napoleon,

Hugo lent the broad canvas stretched over an occult network of fatalistic threads tugging the characters towards their joint destinies, Stendhal's earlier account in *The Charterhouse of Parma* had darkened the romantic depiction of the Napoleonic wars with heavy irony, challenging all notions of heroism, undermining the credibility of war stories and historical accounts, and diminishing the legendary figure of Napoleon himself. In many ways, however, the most influential work for Tolstoy may have been Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, with its satirical depictions of high society and parallels between military and social conquests, making his anti-heroine, Becky Sharp, Napoleonic in her rise to social power. Thackeray's mocking depiction of human activity as a puppet-show at a fairground, with the standard types of the Punch and Judy show dancing on their strings to entertain the passers-by, provides another key to understanding Tolstoy's artistic design. Theatre and theatrical moments are highly significant in *War and Peace*, both in the war sequences and in the peace episodes. The sense that the characters of *War and Peace*, both great and small, act and move as if connected by threads of destiny is just below the surface of this work of art, as it relentlessly questions ideas of free will, fate, and providence. Each of Tolstoy's major characters at some point observes life as if it were theatre, each one, at significant points in his or her journey, senses that he or she is playing a role, that things could not be otherwise, that what happens is somehow scripted or inevitable. For example, Prince Andrei, on the eve of battle, imagines his life transformed into a magic-lantern show. The structure over his head as he lies dying resembles the apparatus of a marionnette, while his son later dreams about the strings that move the men in the theatre of war towards Glory. Pierre, seated as an observer under fire at the battle of Borodino, calmly and quizzically watches the 'theatre of war' just as he had observed the *tableaux vivants* of his Masonic initiation rituals, or as he 'performs his assigned role' in the ritual of his father's deathbed, where everything 'had to be' as it was. As Pierre observes his dying father's arm falling to one side awkwardly and lifelessly, the imaginative reader might perceive the broken thread of a puppet-string.

The staging of human activity and the parallel between theatres of war and peace is underscored in descriptions of evening parties and soirées, so that Pierre 'enters his wife's evening party as if it were a theatre', Denisov appears in the Rostovs' drawing-room 'dressed as for battle', Dolokhov and Nikolai Rostov 'do battle' at cards, Boris courts Julie by 'laying siege' to her. Victors on the battlefield, like Tushin, transcend the terrors of war by transforming the enemy activities into a kind of distant theatre show—the cannon firing becomes a giant

person puffing on a pipe, the cannon themselves become characters, with personalities, names, and eccentricities. When Natasha Rostova attends the opera in Moscow, the author takes great pains to show his readers, through Natasha's inexperienced eyes, the artificiality of all that she sees: wooden boards, painted faces, exaggerated poses and gestures. As she begins to accept the false glitter of that artificial world, she is drawn into playing a dangerous role before the deceptively benign façade of a corrupt society.

The artificiality and mendacity characterizing human relations are underscored by Tolstoy's use of the French language, spoken preferentially by his most superficial and manipulative characters. The military contest between the Russians and the French is played out in the words of *War and Peace*. High society throughout Europe on the eve of the Napoleonic wars preferred to converse in French rather than their native languages. Russian high society especially, following the reigns of francophiles Elizabeth and Catherine, had adopted French manners, fashions, and cuisine and constantly spoke French at social gatherings. When anti-French sentiment and a spirit of patriotism reached a crescendo during the Napoleonic period and Russian aristocrats began to affect their native tongue, they frequently found it necessary to hire Russian tutors to help them acquire the grammar. The French passages in *War and Peace* far exceed any exigencies of verisimilitude, however, comprising roughly 2 per cent of the massive work, and thus constituting a linguistic invasion unprecedented in world literature. The contrast is heightened by the fact that Russian is written in a non-Latin, Cyrillic alphabet, so that French words and names strike the eye as visibly alien when appearing on a page of Cyrillic text.

Tolstoy was not simply documenting a social trend for purposes of historical accuracy; the astute reader will observe that a predilection for speaking French is frequently an indictment of character, especially where Prince Vasili Kuragin, his friends and family, and their social intrigues are concerned. It is often the case that a character's decision to speak French implies a false, pseudo-literary, immoral or insincere communication, the most famous example being Pierre's profession of love to Hélène: *'Je vous aime!'* No less spurious is the exchange between Pierre and Andrei early in the novel, where both men assume clichéd poses from French romantic literature: Andrei, in his assertion, *'Je suis un homme fini'* ('My part is played out'); and Pierre's counter-revelation, *'Je suis un bâtard, sans nom, sans fortune'* ('I am illegitimate, without name or fortune'). Count Rastopchin's inner monologue attempting to justify his release of Vershchagin to a bloodthirsty mob is couched entirely in French and according to French socio-philosophical concepts. Tolstoy

even tells us that French is spoken to Sonya to indicate her lower social status as a poor relation in the Rostov household, and Sonya herself speaks French only when trying (and failing) to be polite to her rival, Princess Marya.

The number of French passages increases steadily from the beginning of the novel, reaching a saturation point with the arrival of Napoleon's troops in Moscow. However, the French domination of the Russian text at that point is not solely due to the conversations spoken by French characters or quotations from French historians. Tolstoy also gives us the billeting of the French officer, Ramballe, with Pierre, who cannot help extending hospitality and exchanging confidences—all in French and with a decidedly French flavour, having to do with wine and love. Ramballe proclaims that Pierre *is* French, and earlier Pierre had even given himself a French identity, *l'Russe Besuhof*. Similarly, Hélène's evening parties at this point in the plot are conducted entirely in French, while Hélène adopts a continental and Jesuitical approach to adultery and morality, and converts from Russian Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism. It is worth noticing that Natasha speaks French only at one point in the novel: that is when, attending the opera, she emulates Hélène and falls in with the social world of the Kuragins. She writes in French only once, when breaking her engagement to Andrei.

Many of the French passages are direct quotations from historical works, military dispatches, letters, and famous speeches of statesmen. Tolstoy read deeply in the French historical sources and provides extracts in French from their works, in particular from Adophe Thiers, author of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* (1845–62). There is, however, one (and only one) point in the novel (Book Three, Part Three, Chapter 20) where Tolstoy himself chooses to write as the narrator in the enemy tongue. Significantly, these French words are not spoken by characters or quoted from histories or letters, but are aimed by the author directly at Napoleon. Upon the occupation of Moscow Napoleon has planned to stage a grandiose reception of the expected deputation from the Russian nobility, in which he intends to display sublime magnanimity as a conqueror. In Tolstoy's account, Napoleon has scripted this occasion in advance, employing all of his habitual eloquence and sentiment. While awaiting the arrival of the welcoming committee, the Emperor is depicted somewhat in the manner of a writer, writing and editing his speech and inventing and revising the names of the charitable institutions he plans to build on conquered soil. Instead of the formal welcome he expects, however, Napoleon is humiliated by the absence of any delegation, the torching of Moscow, and the flight of its inhabitants. So

as not to appear ridiculous, the Emperor swiftly decamps. The chapter closes with the narrator's words: '*Le coup de théâtre avait raté*' ('The *coup de théâtre* did not come off'). The blow is dealt to Napoleon where it counts: in the realm of art. The Emperor is ridiculed, not as a delusional general or an incompetent military strategist, but as a failed artist.

The flow of the novel is interrupted not only by passages in French, but by a cacophony of foreign tongues: in addition to French, characters also speak and write in German, Italian, Latin, and English. In addition to pages written in foreign languages, Tolstoy also subjects his readers to extended essayistic passages in which he forges his unorthodox philosophy of history. These intrusions of non-novelistic material—comprising as much as one chapter in six throughout Books Three and Four, and adding up almost to a separate volume—were poorly received by early critics—in fact, they may still be skipped by the impatient reader, just as some prefer to read only the 'war' or 'peace' sections of the novel. Critics complained of a confusion of artistic designs, 'a disordered heap of accumulated material';<sup>9</sup> a failure to unite the two separate narratives, and of a plethora of incidents and characters described in great detail only to vanish from the pages of the novel, like 'a plague of small creatures nibbling at the plot'.<sup>10</sup> Some critics charged Tolstoy with the standard accusation levelled at Charles Dickens and other nineteenth-century novelists who were considered to spin out words irresponsibly in order to fill up instalments. We now know, to the contrary, that Tolstoy cut down his novel and discarded hundreds of pages of drafts, including complete episodes in which, for example, Pierre adopts and travels with an orphan and saves the life of a young Italian count. Early drafts even contain an entire novella based on the exploits of this Count Poncini, who arranges Pierre's marriage and who is taken captive by Nikolai Rostov; all that remains of him in the final version is the ephemeral figure of Ramballe and a brief mention of a 'young Italian' who enjoys visiting Pierre in the aftermath of the war.

If we turn to Tolstoy's own comments about his work for guidance, we find, perhaps surprisingly, that he considered the episodes describing Anatole Kuragin's seduction of Natasha to be 'the crux' of his work. It is tempting to read these episodes allegorically, picturing this quintessentially Russian heroine as representing her homeland, while her conquest by the immoral and deceptively elegant continental rake could be interpreted as symbolically describing the fall of Russia to the French.

<sup>9</sup> S. Navilikhin, cited in Gary Saul Morson, *Hidden in Plain View: Narrative and Creative Potentials in 'War and Peace'* (Stanford, Calif., 1987), 49.

<sup>10</sup> An unknown reviewer, writing anonymously for the *Critic*, 31 July 1886, cited in A. V. Knowles (ed.), *Tolstoy: The Critical Heritage* (London, 1978), 202–3.



Natasha's deferred marriage, loss of the beloved, and sufferings in love convey within her personal narrative the agony of a national tragedy. It could be said that Natasha's collapse, under the spell of French manners and opera, mirrors the events of the French invasion of Moscow. Her spiritual resurrection, expressed most clearly when she casts aside her family's possessions to make room for the wounded soldiers on their carts, parallels the self-sacrificing heroism of the Russian nation in retreat, ravaged, conquered, yet giving no quarter to the enemy.

Natasha's experiences in love and marriage clearly had a meaning for Tolstoy beyond their symbolic potential. Within a few years of completing *War and Peace* he would revisit the same narrative of the fallen woman in an extended, probing, and sustained way in his next great work, 'the first novel' he credited himself with, *Anna Karenina* (1875). The extensive dissection of marital and family problems in that work has its precedent in *War and Peace*: the unhappy families of *Anna Karenina* are presaged in Pierre's disastrous marital blunder with Hélène and Andrei Bolkonsky's failed marriage to Lise. Anna's psychological conflict and incapacity for spousal love have an earlier exposition in Andrei Bolkonsky's bitterness and icy cruelty towards his wife. His marital unhappiness perhaps explains, but cannot excuse, his artificial and clichéd Byronic posing in the salons of St Petersburg. His tragedy in losing Natasha is somehow a just and severe mercy demanded by what we know of his failure to love Lise, a judgement confirmed by the subsequent depiction of the happy and successful family life of Natasha and Pierre.

No nineteenth-century author had ever probed as intimately into the psychology of marital relations as Tolstoy does in the concluding domestic scenes of the 'Epilogue' to *War and Peace*: the wife and husband consulting over the best way to discipline their children and servants; the exchange of glances between husband and wife endorsing their private critique of friends and relations in order to bolster and secure their shared beliefs; the absorption of husbands and wives in the details of breastfeeding and changing their babies. Narrowing the focus from the wide canvas of war with its hundreds of thousands of soldiers crossing continents and dying on the field of battle in order to home in on the colicky burp of a baby seems like a progression from the sublime to the quotidian, and yet this concluding vision of new life in its most earthy and tender beginnings is the fresh grass that covers the graves of heroes and rejoices the heart of the poet.

It is precisely the synoptic vastness and complexity of Tolstoy's work that allows for an assessment like Virginia Woolf's: 'If you think of the novels which seem to you great novels . . . you think . . . of all sorts of

things . . . of religion, of love, of war, of peace, of family life, of balls in county towns, of sunsets, moonrises, the immortality of the soul. There is hardly any subject of human experience that is left out of *War and Peace*.<sup>7</sup> This same monumental and comprehensively detailed quality of *War and Peace* has inspired characterizations of the masterpiece as 'the great book of life', even 'life itself'. Tolstoy's biographer A. N. Wilson observes that:

no book seems more real. . . . For everyone who has enjoyed the experience of being completely lost in the world of *War and Peace* . . . putting down the novel and returning to the everyday concerns of 'real life' is . . . a turning to something paler, less true than Tolstoy's art itself. And this testimony comes not just from readers being unwillingly drawn to fireside or dinner table, but also from men and women of action. In the Second World War, it was a common experience that those who read *War and Peace* were, for that week or fortnight, more interested in the campaigns of Napoleon and Kutuzov than in those of Hitler versus the Allies. I have even heard men say that they have read it on the field of battle and that the descriptions of Schön Grabern or Borodino were more 'real' for them than the actual explosions and maimings and death going on around them.<sup>11</sup>

The meandering and improvisatory character of the work, with its infinitude of details, is compatible with Tolstoy's philosophical challenge to historical narrative and his insistence on the fallacy of the idea of the great or legendary historical figure, or that any single person or event could be designated as a historical, causal force: 'All historical events', writes Tolstoy, 'result from an infinite number of reasons.' His presentation of this idea succeeds in belittling Napoleon, just as it exalts the spirit of a nation, the meaningfulness of individual lives and the apparently insignificant choices of unknown people. In expressing this view, Tolstoy set the theme for many subsequent works of historical prose, from Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* to Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and Evelyn Waugh's *Sword of Honour* trilogy.

To find the tiny details he needed Tolstoy visited the scenes of his story, spending two days walking over the battlefield of Borodino, drawing a map of the area, and interviewing local peasants, some of whom were alive at the time of the war. He combed numerous histories, in particular those of the Russian historians Mikhailovsky-Danilievsky and Bogdanovich, and also contemporary manuscripts, letters, and diaries. Many of the details of family life and character were borrowed from Tolstoy's own ancestors, and many physical traits of the main characters were copied from family portraits. For example, Nikolai

<sup>11</sup> A. N. Wilson, *Tolstoy* (New York, 1988), 209.

Rostov is loosely modelled on Tolstoy's own father, and the Bolkonsky family share many traits with the Volkonskys, Tolstoy's maternal grandparents. In particular, the characterization of Marya Bolkonskaya, with the story of her upbringing, courtship, and marriage, is based on family accounts of his mother, and on her letters and diaries. Despite Tolstoy's having issued the standard authorial disclaimer that his characters were entirely fictional (in 'Some Words about *War and Peace*'—reprinted here in the Appendix), most scholars agree that several are based on real historical figures: for example, Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova resembles Nastasya Dmitrievna Ofrosimova (1753–1826), a *grande dame* of Moscow society, and Denisov's exploits, poetry-writing, and character recall the famous poet-warrior Denis Davydov (1784–1839). Tolstoy also relied on contemporary accounts, such as A. Ryazantzev's *Reminiscences of an Eyewitness of the French Occupation of Moscow in 1812, with a View of the Fire of Moscow*, from which he borrowed the minutiae that crystallized a scene of chaos and cruelty, retold in Pierre's description of a woman whose earrings are torn away while a child is trapped in a flaming building.

Yet, Tolstoy's perusal of historical accounts only fuelled his conviction that historians were incapable of describing the realities of war. As Victor Hugo observed: 'He who would paint a battle scene must have chaos in his paintbrush.' The great French novelists, fictionalizing the Napoleonic war, had already emphasized the inscrutability of the battlefield. The hapless protagonist of Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma* is a clueless waif on the field of Waterloo, while in Hugo's *Les Misérables* the generals' plans to engage battle on level ground are confounded when the soldiers discover that a sunken road cuts across it, creating a trench that must be filled with the crushed corpses of hundreds of men and horses before the troops can engage. The truth of the battlefield is contained in moments of confusion and terror: General Kutuzov's bewilderment, or Nikolai Rostov's incomprehension at the battle of Schön Grabern (Book One, Part One, Chapter 19) that the enemy is trying to shoot him: 'Me who everybody loves?' For these reasons, Prince Andrei sneers at young Rostov's enthusiastic account of his exploits in battle and mocks Pierre's assertion that he understands the disposition of troops and the battle plan at Borodino.

At the same time that Tolstoy professes his story to be untellable, history to be unwritable, and life to be plotless, he invests his characters with a faith in the significance of life events and an awareness of providential predestination. From Pierre's conviction, backed up by what seem to him irrefutable numerological calculations, that he is the one destined to assassinate Napoleon, to Princess Marya's and

Count Nikolai's belief that providence has brought them together, to the culminating dream of young Nikolenka Bolkonsky, envisioning a transcendent moment of glory spun on gossamer threads of fate, the characters of the novel find meaning, destiny, and significance in their lives. Their choices, wrung from them by urgent crises, are rapid and instinctive, representing the core of their authentic selves, and thus have the most profound consequences. Consider the chain of events initiated by: Natasha's instantaneous decision to discard her family's possessions on the streets of Moscow in order to succour injured and dying soldiers, among whose number is her former betrothed, Andrei; Nikolai's reflexive leap into action to defend a young woman in mourning; Tushin's unthinking persistence on the battlefield; Pierre's rescue of a child from a burning building. In the heat of battle, the strategic orders of the commanding officers are either unheard, misunderstood, or not delivered, and therefore they are unsuccessful; the theatrical plans of those who imagine they are making and staging history do not come off. 'Only unconscious action bears fruit', Tolstoy asserts loudly, claiming for human action and contingency the same freedom he demands for the artistic process.

The enormity and detail of his canvas invests the great work with a quality most critics recognize as Homeric. Beyond the use of fixed descriptive tags for his characters, reminiscent of the Homeric epithet, there is a sense of what Virginia Woolf called Olympian distance on the part of the author. C. S. Lewis described it as 'that sublime indifference to the life or death, success or failure, of the chief characters, which is not a blank indifference at all, but almost like submission to the will of God'.<sup>12</sup>

Nowhere is the sense of the sublime more potent than in the final passages when the narrative closes as it opened, on the rising generation of Natashas, Nikolais, and Andreis, whose childish laughter and youthful dreams welcome the unknown future. When young Nikolenka, inspired by talk of revolution, unconsciously breaks up the pens and sealing-wax on his uncle's writing desk, he claims for himself an unscripted future, not dictated by the narratives of previous generations. But the reader, still recovering from the upheavals and tragedies of the previous books, knows that there is nothing new under the sun, and is aware of the tragic fate the Decembrist revolutionaries will encounter. If there is a gentle irony contained in the novel's closing vision of the cycles of renewed life, recalling the pacifist Russian folk song translated into English as 'Where have all the flowers gone?', there is also

<sup>12</sup> C. S. Lewis, *They Stand Together: The Letters of C. S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves*, ed. Walter Hooper (London, 1979), 419.

great joy. *War and Peace* has been called Russia's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with some justice. The return of the hero and the securing of the family are as essential to the great work's meaning and artistic victory as are the glories and fatalities of the battlefield.

A. M.

## NOTE ON THE TEXT AND TRANSLATION

*War and Peace*, under the title, *The Year 1805*, first appeared in two instalments in *The Russian Messenger* (*Russkii Vestnik*) for 1865–6. It was published under the title *War and Peace* in 1869, a version which contained substantive revisions and additions by the author.

Oxford University Press first published the English translation of *War and Peace* by Aylmer and Louise Maude in their 21-volume *Centenary Edition of Tolstoy's Works* (Oxford, 1928–37). The Maude translation has long been considered the best English version of Tolstoy's masterpiece, despite the subsequent publication of numerous other translations. The Maudes consulted the most accurate edition of *War and Peace* available to them, which included corrections made separately to the third and fifth editions of the work. They were personal friends of Tolstoy, and dedicated themselves to translating his work into English, as well as to writing their own accounts of his life and his ideas. Their translation of *War and Peace* has quite justly acquired the status of a classic in its own right, and readers continue to appreciate its elegance, fidelity, and helpful apparatus. Biographer A. N. Wilson states that 'every English reader owes a vast debt to Louise and Aylmer Maude for their contributions to Tolstoy scholarship'.<sup>1</sup> Leo Tolstoy himself asserted that 'better translators [than Aylmer and Louise Maude] could not be invented', and he chose to authorize Louise Maude as translator of *Resurrection*.

Despite the excellence of the Maudes' *War and Peace* translation and annotations, their edition has drawn a certain amount of justifiable criticism: in particular, critics have noted the Anglicization of Russian names, the translation of the French passages into English, the insertion of narrative chapter headings composed entirely by the Maudes, and a tendency to elevate the level of discourse inappropriately and according to Victorian literary tastes. This new redaction of the Maude translation is intended to correct and refurbish the Maudes' edition, aligning this English version of the novel as closely as possible to Tolstoy's original text. The French passages have been completely restored, names are given in their Russian forms (an exception is made for the names of Tsars and saints, which are retained according to their customary usage in English, e.g. 'Peter the Great'). The small errors or omissions of the Maude edition have been corrected and the language has been adjusted where dated usage and non-idiomatic discourse impede the

<sup>1</sup> A. N. Wilson, *Tolstoy* (New York, 1988), 540.

reading process. The transliteration system used is GOST (1971), except where there is a more commonly used and more familiar transliteration choice, e.g. Tolstoy instead of Tolstoj.

The Maudes' translation was originally published in three volumes containing fifteen books and two epilogues; their division imposed a different structure on the work. In this version, *War and Peace* is divided according to Tolstoy's definitive edition of the Russian text, that is, into four books containing a total of fifteen parts and an Epilogue in two parts.

Copious notes and explanatory passages accompanied the Maudes' translation. These have been edited and corrected or supplemented with new notes by Amy Mandelker, and their presence at the back of the book is signalled in the text with an asterisk. Tolstoy's original footnotes are also printed in the Explanatory Notes.

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- *Resurrection*, trans. Louise Maude, ed. Richard F. Gustafson.

## A CHRONOLOGY OF LEO TOLSTOY

Tolstoy's works are dated, unless otherwise indicated, according to the year of publication.

- 1828     28 August (05): born at Yasnaya Polyana, province of Tula, fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy. Mother dies 1830, father 1837.
- 1844-7   Studies at University of Kazan (Oriental Languages, then Law). Leaves without graduating.
- 1851     Goes to Caucasus with elder brother. Participates in army raid on local village. Begins to write *Childhood* (publ. 1852).
- 1854     Commissioned. *Boyhood*. Active service on Danube; gets posting to Sevastopol.
- 1855     After its fall returns to Petersburg, already famous for his first two *Sevastopol Sketches*. Literary and social life in the capital.
- 1856     Leaves army. *A Landlord's Morning*.
- 1857     Visits Western Europe. August: returns to Yasnaya Polyana.
- 1859     His interest and success in literature wane. Founds on his estate a school for peasant children. *Three Deaths*; *Family Happiness*.
- 1860-1   Second visit to Western Europe, in order to study educational methods.
- 1861     Serves as Arbitrator of the Peace, to negotiate land settlements after Emancipation of Serfs.
- 1862     Death of two brothers. Marries Sophia Behrs, daughter of a Moscow physician. There were to be thirteen children of the marriage, only eight surviving to adulthood. Publishes educational magazine *Yasnaya Polyana*.
- 1863     *The Cossacks*; *Polikushka*. Begins *War and Peace*.
- 1865-6   1805 (first part of *War and Peace*).
- 1866     Unsuccessfully defends at court martial soldier who had struck officer.
- 1869     *War and Peace* completed; final volumes published.
- 1870     Studies drama and Greek.
- 1871-2   Working on *Primer* for children.
- 1872     *A Prisoner in the Caucasus*.
- 1873     Goes with family to visit new estate in Samara. Publicizes Samara famine. Begins *Anna Karenina* (completed 1877).
- 1877     His growing religious crisis. Dismay over Russo-Turkish War.

- 1879 Begins *A Confession* (completed 1882).
- 1881 Letter to new Tsar begging clemency for assassins of Alexander II.
- 1882 *What Men Live By*. Begins *Death of Ivan Ilyich* and *What Then Must We Do?* (completed 1886).
- 1883 Meets Chertkov, afterwards his leading disciple.
- 1885 Finds with Chertkov's help the *Intermediary*, to publish edifying popular works, including his own stories. Becomes vegetarian, gives up hunting.
- 1886 *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. Writes play *The Power of Darkness*.
- 1889 *The Kreutzer Sonata* completed. Begins *Resurrection*.
- 1891–2 Organizes famine relief.
- 1893 *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* published abroad.
- 1897 Begins *What is Art?* (publ. 1898) and *Hadji Murat*.
- 1899 *Resurrection*.
- 1901 Excommunicated from Orthodox Church. Seriously ill. In Crimea meets Chekhov and Gorky.
- 1902 *What is Religion?* completed. Working on play, *The Light Shineth in Darkness*.
- 1903 Denounces pogroms against Jews.
- 1904 *Shakespeare and the Drama* completed. Also *Hadji Murat* (publ. after his death). Pamphlet on Russo-Japanese War, *Bethink Yourselves!*
- 1906 Death of favourite daughter, Masha. Increasing tension with wife.
- 1908 *I Cannot Be Silent*, opposing capital punishment. 28 August: celebrations for eightieth birthday.
- 1909 Frequent disputes with wife. Draws up will relinquishing copyrights. His secretary Gusev arrested and exiled.
- 1910 Flight from home, followed by death at Astapovo railway station, 7 November (os).

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS AND GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

### RUSSIAN NAMES

*The Patronymic* The polite form of Russian address employs the first name and the patronymic—a middle name meaning ‘son of’ (-ovich, -evich) or ‘daughter of’ (-ovna, -evna), e.g. Nikolai Andréevich, Anna Mikháilovna. The first name with patronymic is used preferentially to the last name, or the first and last name together. The first name alone would be used only in intimate circles.

*Diminutives* The Russian language is very free in devising diminutives and nicknames which are terms of endearment. Examples: Nikolai becomes Nikólenka, Nikólushka, while Andréi becomes Andryúsha, Márya becomes Másha. Some characters are known primarily by their nickname, for example, Natásha is a diminutive of Natália.

*Russian Family Names* In *War and Peace* Tolstoy adapted familiar Russian names to create historical verisimilitude. For example, Bolkónsky and Drubetskóy are his version of the historical names Volkónsky and Trubetskóy. Russian family names reflect gender, with feminine versions ending in -a or -aya (e.g. Rostóva, Bolkónskaya, etc.).

To assist the reader, the following is a grouping of the major characters in *War and Peace* by family, with full names given both in their French form (if used in the novel) and in Russian (first name, patronymic, family name). The names by which the characters are known are given in CAPITALS; the stressed syllable is marked with an acute accent.

### THE BEZÚKHOVS

COUNT Kiril Vladímirovich BEZÚKHOV

PIERRE, his son, legitimized after his father's death, becomes Count Pyotr

Kirílych BEZÚKHOV (PIERRE, PETRÚSHA)

Princess KATERÍNA SEMYÓNOVNA (*Catiche*, Katishe), Pierre's cousin

### THE ROSTÓVS

So stressed by Maude, probably on the analogy of the place-name; but A. B. Goldenveizer (*Vblízi Tolstogo* (Moscow, 1959), 371) reports that Tolstoy himself always stressed it Róstov.

COUNT Ilyá Andréevich ROSTÓV

COUNTESS Natália ROSTÓVA (née SHÍNSHINA), his wife

COUNT NÍKOLAI ILYÍCH Rostóv (Nicolas, Nikólenka, Nikólushka, Kólya, Koko), their elder son

COUNT Pyotr Ilyích Rostóv (PÉTYA), their second son

COUNTESS VÉRA ILÝNICHNA Rostóva, their elder daughter

COUNTESS Natália Ilýinichna Rostóva (Nathalie, NATÁSHA), their younger daughter

SÓFYA ALEXÁNDROVNA (Sophie, Sónya, Sónyushka), a poor member of the Rostóv family circle

BERG, Alphonse Kárlích, an officer of German extraction who marries Véra

#### THE BOLKÓNSKYS

PRINCE Níkolai Andréevich Bolkónsky, a retired General-in-Chief

PRINCE ANDRÉI NIKOLÁEVICH Bolkónsky (André, Andryúsha), his son

PRINCESS MÁRYA (Marie, Másha) Bolkónskaya, his daughter

Princess Elizavéta Kárllovna Bolkónskaya (Lise, Liza, née Meinen), Andréi's wife

Prince Níkolai Andréevich Bolkónsky, Andréi's son (Nikólushka, Nikólenka)

TÍKHON, Prince N. Bolkónsky's attendant

ALPÁTYCH, his steward

#### THE KURÁGINS

PRINCE VASÍLI SERGÉEVICH Kurágin

Prince IPPOLÍT VASÍLIEVICH Kurágin, his elder son

Prince ÁNATOLE VASÍLIEVICH Kurágin, his younger son

Princess ELÉNA VASÍLIEVNA Kurágina (Hélène, Elén, Lyólya), his daughter

Princess ÁNNA MIKHÁILOVNA Drubetskáya

Prince BORÍS Drubetskóy (Bórya, Bórenka), her son

JULIE Karágina, an heiress

MÁRYA DMÍTRIEVNA Akhrosímovna (*le terrible dragon*)

MIKHAÍL ILARIÓNOVICH KUTÚZOV, General

BILÍBIN, a diplomat

DENÍSOV, Vasíli Dmítrich (Váska), a hussar officer

Lavrúshka, his batman

DÓLOKHOV (Fédya), an officer and desperado

Count Rastopchín, Governor of Moscow

ÁNNA PÁVLOVNA Scherer (Annette), Maid of Honour to the ex-Empress

Márya Fyódorovna, Dowager Empress

Shinshín, a relation of Countess Rostóva

Timókhin, an infantry officer

Túshin, an artillery officer

Platón KARATÁEV, a peasant

A GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF  
RUSSIAN PLACE-NAMES

Boguchárovo	Shevárdino
Borodinó	Smolénsk
Málo-Yaroslávets	Torzhók
Mytíshchi	Vorónezh
Ryazán	Vyázma

# HISTORICAL CHARACTERS

## IN WAR AND PEACE

### THE RUSSIANS

#### RULERS

Alexander I (1777–1825), Emperor, Alexánder Pávlovich Románov  
Catherine II, The Great (1729–98), Empress  
Constantine (1779–1831), Cónstantine Pávlovich Románov, Grand-Duke,  
brother to Alexander I, commander of the Imperial Guard  
Elizavéta I (1709–61), Empress, daughter of Peter the Great  
Márya Fyódorovna (1759–1828), Sophia Maria Louisa, Dowager Empress,  
wife of Emperor Paul I, mother of Alexander I and Nicholas I  
Paul I (1754–1801), Pável Petróvich Románov, Emperor, son of Catherine  
the Great  
Peter I, the Great (1672–1725), Pyotr Alexéevich Románov, Tsar and  
Emperor

#### STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

Apraksín, Count Stepán Stepánovich (1747–1827), lieutenant-general under  
Catherine the Great  
Arakchéev, Count Alexéi Andréevich (1769–1834), general under Emperors  
Paul I and Alexander I; Minister of War in 1808  
Armfeldt, Count Gustaf Mauritz (1757–1814), adviser to Alexander I  
Bagovut, Karl (1761–1812), Russian general under Barclay de Tolly  
Bagration, Prince Pyotr Ivánovich (1765–1812), General-in-Chief of the  
Russian army  
Balashóv, Alexánder Dmítrievich (1770–1837), Military Governor of St  
Petersburg  
Barclay de Tolly, Prince Mikhaíl Bogdanóvich (1761–1818), Commander-in-  
Chief of the Russian army until replaced by Kutuzov  
Bennigsen, Count Leónty Leóntievich (1745–1826), Russian general  
Buxhöwden, Count Fyódor Fyódorovich (1750–1811), general at Austerlitz  
Chichagóv, Pável Vassílievich (1765–1849), admiral and Assistant Minister  
of the Navy  
Dokhtúrov, Dmítri Sergéevich (1756–1816), major general  
Dórokhov, Iván Semyónovich (1762–1815), major general  
Kutáisov, Alexánder Ivánovich (1784–1812), major general, artillery com-  
mander under Barclay de Tolly  
Kutúzov, Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich (1745–1813), Commander-in-Chief  
Míkhelson, Iván Ivánovich (1755–1807), cavalry general  
Milorádovich, Mikhaíl Andréevich (1771–1825), commanded reserves and  
rear guard

- Novosíltsev, Nikolai Nikoláevich (1761–1836), one of Alexander I's intimate advisers in favour of liberal reform
- Plátov, Matvéi Ivánovich (1757–1818), general and Cossack hetman
- Rastopchín, Count Fyódor Vasílievich (1763–1826), Governor-General of Moscow
- Speránsky, Mikhaíl Mikhaílovich (1772–1839), adviser to Alexander I
- Suvórov, Alexándor Vasílievich (1729–1800), general
- Toll, Karl Fyódorovich von (1777–1842), quartermaster-general
- Tuchkóv, Alexándor Alexéevich (1777–1812), brigadier general
- Uvárov, Fyódor Petróvich (1773–1824), cavalry general
- Viazmítinov, Sergéi Kuzmích (1744–1819), Russian Minister of Defence
- Wintzingerode, Ferdinand Ferdinandovich (1770–1818), major general and adjutant to Alexander I
- Wittgenstein, Prince Pyotr Khristiánovich (1769–1843), general
- Württemberg, Alexander Friderich, Duke of (1771–1833), cavalry general, brother of Empress Márya Fyódorovna

## THE FRENCH

### RULERS

- Bonaparte, Joseph (1768–1844), older brother of Napoleon, King of Naples and Spain
- Murat, Joachim (1767–1815), King of Naples, commander
- Napoleon I, Buonaparte (1769–1821), Emperor

### STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

- Bernadotte, Jean-Baptiste (1763–1844), French general who became King Charles XIV of Sweden
- Berthier, Louis-Alexandre (1753–1815), major general, Marshal, Minister of War
- Bessièrès, Jean-Baptiste (1768–1813), Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry during the Russian campaign
- Broussier, Jean-Baptiste (1766–1814), major general in the Russian campaign
- Caulaincourt, Armand Augustin Louis, Marquis de (1772–1827), diplomat and general, Duke of Vienna
- Davout, Louis-Nicolas (1770–1823), Marshal, Duke, and Prince
- Morand, Charles Antoine Louis Alexis (1771–1835), general
- Ney, Michel (1769–1815), general
- Sorbier, Jean Barthélemot de (1763–1827), Count of the Empire, Commander of Imperial Guard



## THE AUSTRIANS AND PRUSSIANS

## RULERS

Franz I (1768–1835), Emperor

Friedrich-Wilhelm III (1770–1840), King of Prussia

## STATESMEN AND WARRIORS

Clausewitz, Karl Philipp Gottfried von (1780–1831), Prussian general

Liechtenstein, Prince Johann von (1760–1836), field-marshal and  
Commander-in-Chief

Mack von Liebereich, Baron Karl Freiherr (1752–1828), general

Metternich, Klemens Lothar Wenzel von (1773–1859), Foreign Minister

Weyrother, Franz Ritter von (1754–1807), general and Chief of Staff

Wimpfen, Baron Maximilian von (1779–1854), general

Wolzogen, Ludwig (1774–1845), general

## DATES OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS

The Russian Calendar, until the reforms of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution, followed the Julian Calendar. This meant that calendar dates in Russia during the nineteenth century were actually twelve days later than events listed in the European calendar, which followed the Gregorian Calendar. It is customary to indicate Russian dates as Old Style (os) as opposed to the New Style of the Gregorian Calendar (ns).

(os)

1805

- 11 Oct. Kutuzov inspects regiment near Braunau. *Le malheureux Mack* arrives.
- 23 Oct. The Russian army crosses the Enns.
- 24 Oct. Fight at Amstetten.
- 28 Oct. The Russian army crosses the Danube.
- 30 Oct. Defeats Mortier at Dürrenstein.
- 4 Nov. Napoleon writes to Murat from Schönbrunn. Battle of Schön Grabern.
- 19 Nov. The Council of War at Ostraltitz.
- 20 Nov. Battle of Austerlitz.

1807

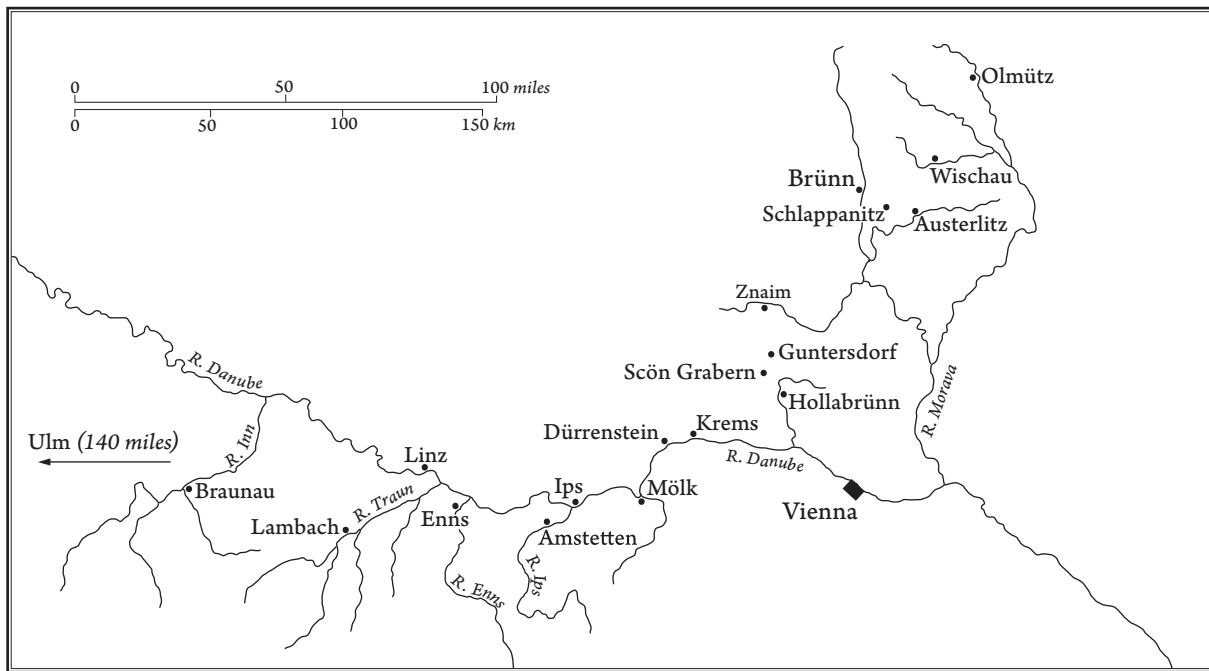
- 27 Jan. Battle of Preussisch-Eylau.
- 2 June Battle of Friedland.
- 13 June The Emperors meet at Tilsit.

1812

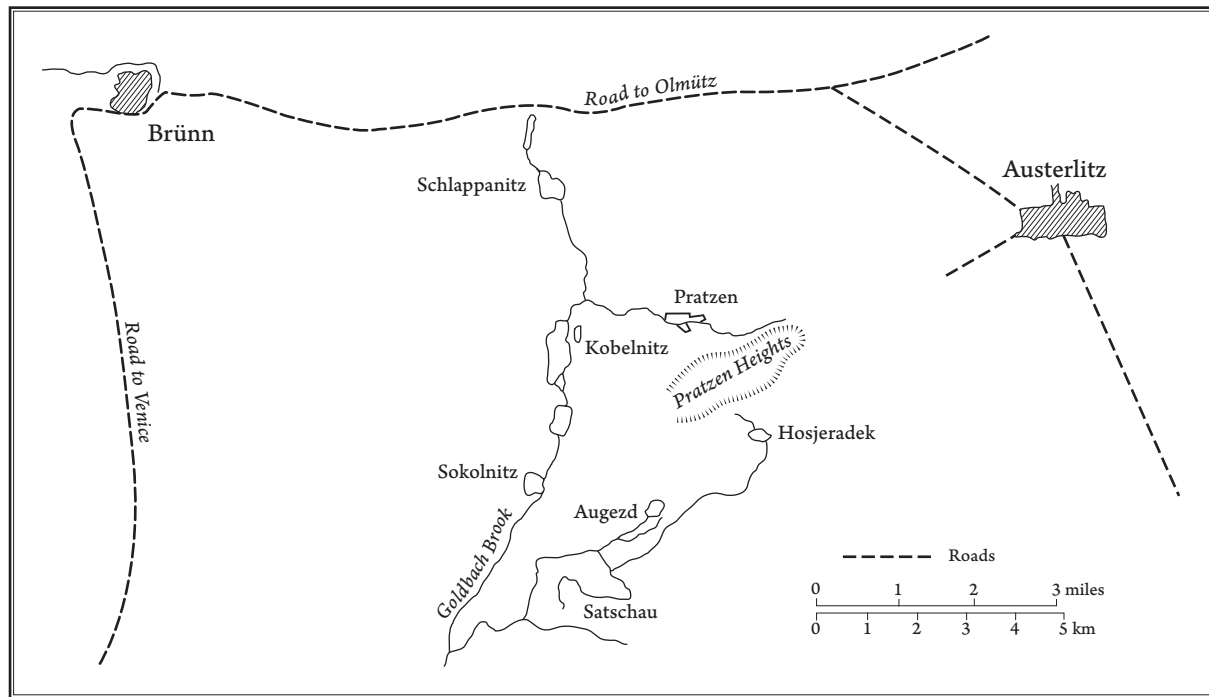
- 17 May Napoleon leaves Dresden.
- 12 June Napoleon crosses the Niemen and enters Russia.
- 14 June Alexander sends Balashev to Napoleon.
- 13 July The Pavlograd hussars in action at Ostrovna.
- 4 Aug. Alpatych at Smolensk hears distant firing.
- 5 Aug. Bombardment of Smolensk.
- 7 Aug. Prince Nikolai Bolkonsky leaves Bald Hills for Bogucharovo.
- 8 Aug. Kutuzov appointed Commander-in-Chief.
- 10 Aug. Prince Andrei's column abreast of Bald Hills.
- 17 Aug. Kutuzov reaches Tsarevo-Zaymishche and takes command of the army. Nikolai Rostov rides to Bogucharovo.
- 24 Aug. Battle of the Shevardino Redoubt.
- 26 Aug. Battle of Borodino.

# MAPS

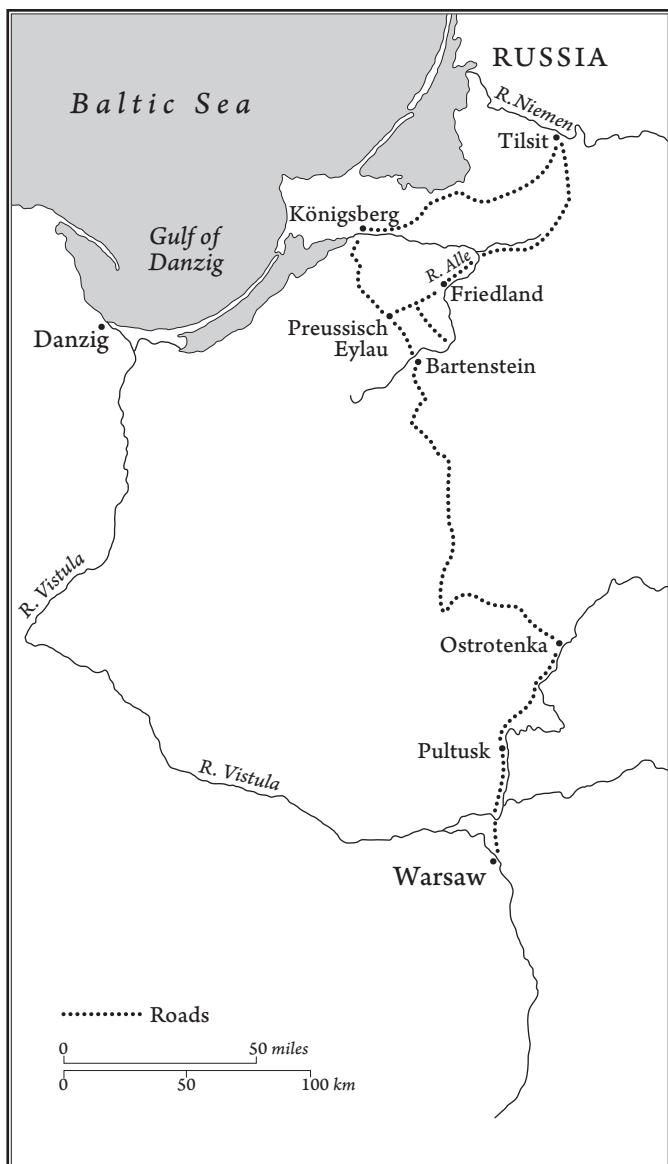
1. THE 1805 CAMPAIGN
2. AUSTERLITZ
3. THE 1807 CAMPAIGN
4. THE WAR OF 1812
5. BORODINO



I. THE 1805 CAMPAIGN



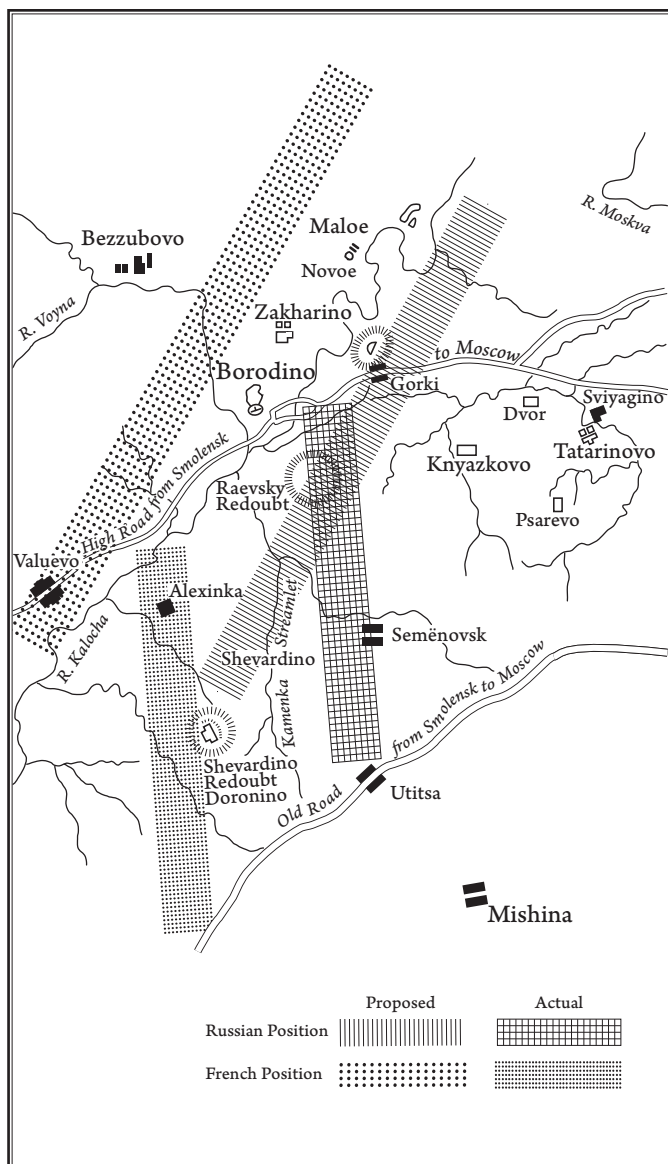
## 2. AUSTERLITZ



### 3. THE 1807 CAMPAIGN



4. THE WAR OF 1812



## 5. BORODINO



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# WAR AND PEACE



## BOOK ONE

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## PART ONE



### I

‘*Eh bien, mon prince, Gênes et Lucques ne sont plus que des apanages, des family estates de la famille Buonaparte.\* Non, je vous prévienne, qui si vous ne me dites pas, que nous avons la guerre, si vous vous permettez encore de pallier toutes les infamies, toutes les atrocités de cet Antichrist (ma parole, j’y crois)—je ne vous connais plus, vous n’êtes plus mon ami, vous n’êtes plus my faithful slave, comme vous dites. Well, how do you do? How do you do? Je vois que je vous fais peur<sup>1</sup>—sit down and tell me all the news.*’

It was in July 1805, and the speaker was the well-known Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Marya Fyodorovna. With these words she greeted Prince Vasili, a man of high rank and importance, who was the first to arrive at her reception. Anna Pavlovna had had a cough for some days. She was, as she said, suffering from *la grippe*; *grippe* being then a new word in St Petersburg, used only by the *élite*.

All her invitations without exception, written in French, and delivered by a scarlet-liveried footman that morning, ran as follows:

*Si vous n’avez rien de mieux à faire, Monsieur, le comte (or mon prince), et si la perspective de passer la soirée chez une pauvre malade ne vous effrayé pas de trop, je serai charmée de vous voir chez moi entre 7 et 10 heures.<sup>2</sup>*

Annette Scherer

‘*Dieu, quelle virulente sortie!*’<sup>3</sup> replied the prince, not in the least disconcerted by this reception. He had just entered, wearing an embroidered court uniform, knee-breeches and shoes, and had stars on his breast and a serene expression on his flat face. He spoke in that refined French in which our grandfathers not only spoke but thought, and with

<sup>1</sup> ‘Well, Prince, so Genoa and Lucca are now just family estates of the Buonapartes. But I warn you, if you don’t tell me that this means war, if you still try to defend the infamies and horrors perpetrated by that Antichrist—I really believe he is the Antichrist—I will have nothing more to do with you, and you are not my faithful slave, as you call yourself . . . I see that I have frightened you.’

<sup>2</sup> 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 terrible, I shall be very charmed to see you tonight between 7 and 10.

<sup>3</sup> ‘Heavens! what a virulent attack!’

the gentle, patronizing intonation natural to a man of importance who had grown old in society and at court. He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, presenting to her his bald, scented and shining head, and complacently seated himself on the sofa.

*'Avant tout dites-moi, comment vous allez, chère amie?'*<sup>1</sup> Set my mind at ease,' said he without altering his tone, beneath the politeness and affected sympathy of which indifference and even irony could be discerned.

'Can one be well while suffering morally? Can one be calm in times like these if one has any feeling?' said Anna Pavlovna. 'You are staying the whole evening, I hope?'

'And the fête at the English ambassador's? Today is Wednesday. I must put in an appearance there,' said the prince. 'My daughter is coming for me to take me there.'

'I thought today's fête had been cancelled. *Je vous avoue que toutes ces fêtes et tous ces feux d'artifice commencement à devenir insipides.*'<sup>2</sup>

'If they had known that you wished it, the entertainment would have been put off,' said the prince, who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit said things he did not even wish to be believed.

*'Ne me tourmentez pas. Eh bien, qu'a-t-on décidé par rapport à la dépêche de Novosilzoff?'*<sup>3</sup> *Vous savez tout.*'<sup>3</sup>

'What can one say about it?' replied the prince in a cold, listless tone. *'Qu'a-t-on décidé? On a décidé que Buonaparte a brûlé ses vaisseaux, et je crois que nous sommes en train de brûlé les nôtres.'*<sup>4</sup>

Prince Vasili always spoke languidly, like an actor repeating a stale part. Anna Pavlovna Scherer on the contrary, despite her forty years, overflowed with animation and impulsiveness. To be an enthusiast had become her social vocation and, sometimes even when she did not feel like it, she became enthusiastic in order not to disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. The subdued smile which, though it did not suit her faded features, always played round her lips, expressed, as in a spoilt child, a continual consciousness of her charming defect, which she neither wished, nor could, nor considered it necessary, to correct.

In the midst of a conversation on political matters Anna Pavlovna burst out: 'Oh, don't speak to me of Austria. Perhaps I don't understand things, but Austria never has wished, and does not wish, for war. She

<sup>1</sup> 'First of all, dear friend, tell me how you are.'

<sup>2</sup> 'I confess all these parties are becoming tiresome.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Don't tease me! Well, and what has been decided about Novosiltsev's dispatch? You know everything.'

<sup>4</sup> 'What has been decided? They have decided that Buonaparte has burnt his boats, and I believe that we are ready to burn ours.'

is betraying us! Russia alone must save Europe. Our gracious sovereign recognizes his high vocation and will be true to it. That is the one thing I have faith in! Our good and wonderful sovereign has to perform the noblest role on earth, and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not forsake him. He will fulfil his vocation and crush the hydra of revolution, which has become more terrible than ever in the person of this murderer and villain! We alone must avenge the blood of the just one . . . Whom, I ask you, can we rely on . . . ? England with her commercial spirit will not and cannot understand the Emperor Alexander's loftiness of soul. She has refused to evacuate Malta.\* She wanted to find, and still seeks, some secret motive in our actions. What answer did Novosiltsev get? None. The English have not understood and cannot understand the self-abnegation of our Emperor who wants nothing for himself, but only desires the good of mankind. And what have they promised? Nothing! And what little they have promised they will not perform! Prussia has always declared that Buonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him . . . And I don't believe a word that Hardenberg says, or Haugwitz either. *Cette fameuse neutralité prussienne, ce n'est qu'un piège.*<sup>1</sup> I have faith only in God and the lofty destiny of our adored monarch. He will save Europe!

She suddenly paused, smiling at her own impetuosity.

'I think,' said the prince with a smile, 'that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode\* you would have captured the King of Prussia's consent by assault. You are so eloquent. Will you give me a cup of tea?'

'In a moment. *A propos,*' she added, becoming calm again, 'I am expecting two very interesting men tonight, le Vicomte de Mortemart, *il est allié aux Montmorency par les Rohans,*<sup>2</sup> one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine *émigrés*, the good ones. And also *l'abbé* Morio. Do you know that profound thinker? He has been received by the Emperor. Had you heard?'

'I shall be delighted to meet them,' said the prince. 'But tell me,' he added with studied carelessness as if it had only just occurred to him, though the question he was about to ask was the chief motive of his visit, 'is it true that the Dowager Empress wants Baron Funke to be appointed first secretary at Vienna? *C'est un pauvre sire, ce baron, à ce qu'il paraît.*'<sup>3</sup>

Prince Vasili wished to obtain this post for his son, but others were

<sup>1</sup> 'This famous Prussian neutrality is just a trap.'

<sup>2</sup> 'who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans'.

<sup>3</sup> 'The baron by all accounts is a poor creature.'

trying through the Dowager Empress Marya Fyodorovna to secure it for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes to indicate that neither she nor anyone else had a right to criticize what the Empress desired or was pleased with.

*‘Monsieur le baron de Funke a été recommandé à l’impératrice-mère par sa soeur,’*<sup>1</sup> was all she said, in a dry and mournful tone.

As she named the Empress, Anna Pavlovna’s face suddenly assumed an expression of profound and sincere devotion and respect, mingled with sadness, and this occurred every time she mentioned her illustrious patroness. She added that her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d’estime*, and again her face clouded over with sadness.

The prince was silent and looked indifferent. But, with the womanly and courtier-like quickness and tact habitual to her, Anna Pavlovna wished both to rebuke him (for daring to speak as he had done of a man recommended to the Empress) and at the same time to console him, so she said—

*‘Mais à propos de votre famille, did you know your daughter, since she came out, fait les délices de tout le monde. On la trouve belle, comme le jour.’*<sup>2</sup>

The prince bowed to signify his respect and gratitude.

‘I often think,’ she continued after a short pause, drawing nearer to the prince and smiling amiably at him as if to show that political and social topics were ended and the time had come for intimate conversation—‘I often think how unfairly sometimes the joys of life are distributed. Why has fate given you two such splendid children? I don’t speak of Anatole, your youngest. I don’t like him,’ she added in a tone admitting of no rejoinder and raising her eyebrows. ‘Two such charming children. And really you appreciate them less than anyone, and so you don’t deserve to have them.’

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

*‘Que voulez-vous? Lafater aurait dit que ne n’ai pas la bosse de la paternité,’*<sup>3</sup> said the prince.

‘Don’t joke; I mean to have a serious talk with you. Do you know I am dissatisfied with your younger son? Between ourselves’ (and her face assumed its melancholy expression) ‘he was mentioned at her Majesty’s and you were pitied . . .’

<sup>1</sup> ‘Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister.’

<sup>2</sup> ‘Now about your family. Do you know that since your daughter came out everyone has been enraptured by her? They say she is beautiful as the day.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘I can’t help it, Lavater would have said I lack the bump of paternity.’

The prince answered nothing, but she looked at him significantly, awaiting a reply. He frowned.

'What would you have me do?' he said at last. 'You know I did all a father could for their education, and they have both turned out *des imbéciles*. Ippolit is at least a quiet fool, but Anatole is an active one. That is the only difference between them.' He said this smiling in a way more natural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth very clearly revealed something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant.

'And why are children born to such men as you? If you were not a father there would be nothing I could reproach you with,' said Anna Pavlovna, looking up pensively.

*'Je suis votre faithful slave, et à vous seule je puis l'avouer. My children—ce sont les entraves de mon existence.'*<sup>1</sup> It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*<sup>2</sup>

He said no more, but expressed his resignation to cruel fate by a gesture. Anna Pavlovna meditated.

'Have you never thought of marrying off your prodigal son Anatole?' she asked. 'They say old maids *ont la manie des mariages*,<sup>3</sup> and though I don't feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know *une petite personne*<sup>4</sup> who is very unhappy with her father. *Une parente à nous, une princesse Bolkonskaya.*'<sup>5</sup>

Prince Vasili did not reply though, with the quickness of memory and perception befitting a man of the world, he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

'Do you know,' he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, 'that Anatole is costing me forty thousand rubles a year? And', he went on after a pause, 'what will it be in five years, if he goes on like this?' Presently he added: '*Voilà l'avantage d'être père*'<sup>6</sup> . . . Is this princess of yours rich?'

'Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonsky who had to retire from the army under the late Emperor, and was nicknamed "the King of Prussia". He is very clever but eccentric, and a bore. *La pauvre petite est malheureuse, comme les pierres.*'<sup>7</sup> She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise

<sup>1</sup> 'I am your faithful slave, and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life.'

<sup>2</sup> 'It can't be helped!'

<sup>3</sup> 'have a mania for matchmaking'.

<sup>4</sup> 'a little person'.

<sup>5</sup> 'She is a relation of ours, a Princess Bolkonskaya.'

<sup>6</sup> 'That's what we fathers have to put up with.'

<sup>7</sup> 'The poor girl is very unhappy.'



Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's\* and will be here tonight.'

'Écoutez, chère Annette,'<sup>1</sup> said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna's hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. '*Arrangez-moi cette affaire et je suis votre* most faithful slave *à tout jamais* ("slafe" with an f—*comme mon village elder m'écrit des reports*).<sup>2</sup> She is rich and of good family and that's all I want.'

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the maid of honour's hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction.

'Attendez,' said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting, 'I'll speak to Lise (*la femme du jeune Bolkonsky*),<sup>3</sup> this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. *Ce sera dans votre famille, que je ferai mon apprentissage de vieille fille*.'<sup>4</sup>

## 2

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S drawing-room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there: people differing widely in age and character but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to take her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg*,<sup>5</sup> was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go out in high society, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Ippolit, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna said, 'You have not yet seen my aunt', or 'You do not know *ma tante*?', and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbons in her cap, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive; and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to *ma tante*, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom

<sup>1</sup> 'Listen, dear Annette.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most faithful slave ("slafe" with an f—as a village elder of mine writes in his reports).'

<sup>3</sup> 'young Bolkonsky's wife'.

<sup>4</sup> 'It shall be on your family's behalf that I'll start my apprenticeship as old maid.'

<sup>5</sup> 'the most seductive woman in Petersburg'.

not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and not one of them cared about; Anna Pavlovna observed these greetings with mournful and solemn interest and silent approval. The aunt spoke to each of them in the same words, about their health and her own, and the health of her Majesty, 'who, thank God, was better today'. And each visitor, though politeness prevented his showing impatience, left the old woman with a sense of relief at having performed a vexatious duty and did not return to her the whole evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya had brought some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, on which a delicate dark down was just perceptible, was too short for her teeth, but it lifted all the more sweetly, and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman, her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half open mouth—seemed to be her own special and peculiar form of beauty. Everyone brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman, so soon to become a mother, so full of life and health, and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull, dispirited young ones who looked at her, after being in her company and talking to her a little while, felt as if they too were becoming, like her, full of life and health. All who talked to her, and at each word saw her bright smile and the constant gleam of her white teeth, thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

The little princess went round the table with quick short swaying steps, her workbag on her arm, and gaily spreading out her dress sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar, as if all she was doing was a *partie de plaisir*<sup>1</sup> to herself and to all around her. '*J'ai apporté mon ouvrage*,'<sup>2</sup> said she in French, displaying her bag and addressing all present. 'Mind, *Annette, ne me jouer pas un mauvais tour*,'<sup>3</sup> she added, turning to her hostess. '*Vous m'avez écrit, que c'était une toute petite soirée; voyez comme je suis attirée*.'<sup>4</sup> And she spread out her arms to show her short-waisted, lace-trimmed, dainty grey dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

'*Soyez tranquille, Lise, vous serez toujours la plus jolie*,'<sup>5</sup> replied Anna Pavlovna.

'*Vous savez*,'<sup>6</sup> said the princess in the same tone of voice and turning to

<sup>1</sup> source of pleasure.

<sup>2</sup> 'I have brought my work.'

<sup>3</sup> 'I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me'.

<sup>4</sup> 'You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception, and just see how badly I am dressed.'

<sup>5</sup> 'Don't worry, Lise, you will always be prettier than anyone else.'

<sup>6</sup> 'You know.'

a general, *'mon mari m'abandonne? Il va se faire tuer. Dites-moi, pourquoi cette vilaine guerre?'*<sup>1</sup> she added, addressing Prince Vasili, and without waiting for an answer she turned to speak to his daughter, the beautiful Hélène.

*'Quelle délicieuse personne, que cette petite princesse!'*<sup>2</sup> said Prince Vasili to Anna Pavlovna.

One of the next arrivals was a stout, heavily built young man with close-cropped hair, spectacles, the light-coloured breeches fashionable at that time, a very high ruffle and a brown dress-coat. The stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezukhov, a well-known grandee of Catherine the Great's time who now lay dying in Moscow. The young man had not yet entered either the military or civil service, as 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 the nod she accorded to the lowest hierarchy in her drawing-room. But in spite of this lowest grade greeting, a look of anxiety and fear, as at the sight of something too large and unsuited to the place, came over her face when she saw Pierre enter. Though he was certainly rather bigger than the other men in the room her anxiety could only have reference to the clever though shy, but observant and natural, expression which distinguished him from everyone else in that drawing-room.

*'C'est bien aimable à vous, monsieur Pierre, d'être venu voir une pauvre malade,'*<sup>3</sup> said Anna Pavlovna, exchanging an alarmed glance with auntie as she conducted him to her.

Pierre murmured something unintelligible, and continued to look round as if in search of something. On his way to the aunt he bowed to the little princess with a pleased smile, as to an intimate acquaintance.

Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about her Majesty's health. Anna Pavlovna in dismay detained him with the words:

'Do you know the Abbé Morio? He is a most interesting man.'

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

'You think so?' rejoined Anna Pavlovna in order to say something and get away to attend to her duties as hostess. But Pierre now committed a reverse act of impoliteness. First he had left a lady before she had finished speaking to him, and now he continued to speak to another who wished to get away. With his head bent, and his big feet

<sup>1</sup> 'my husband is deserting me? He is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this wretched war is for.'

<sup>2</sup> 'What a delightful woman this little princess is!'

<sup>3</sup> 'It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid.'

spread apart, he began explaining his reasons for thinking the abbé's plan chimerical.

'We will talk of it later,' said Anna Pavlovna with a smile.

And having got rid of this young man who did not know how to behave, she resumed her duties as hostess and continued to listen and watch, ready to help at any point where the conversation might happen to flag. As the foreman of a spinning-mill when he has set the hands to work, goes round and notices, here a spindle that has stopped or there one that creaks or makes more noise than it should, and hastens to check the machine or set it in proper motion, so Anna Pavlovna moved about her drawing-room, approaching now a silent, now a too noisy group, and by a word or slight rearrangement kept the conversational machine in steady, proper and regular motion. But amid these cares her anxiety about Pierre was evident. She kept an anxious watch on him when he approached the group round Mortemart to listen to what was being said there, and again when he passed to another group whose centre was the abbé.

Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception at Anna Pavlovna's was the first he had attended in Russia. He knew that all the intellectual lights of Petersburg were gathered there and, like a child in a toy shop, did not know which way to look, afraid of missing any clever conversation that was to be heard. Seeing the self-confident and refined expression on the faces of those present he was always expecting to hear something very profound. At last he came up to Morio. Here the conversation seemed interesting and he stood waiting for an opportunity to express his own views, as young people are fond of doing.

### 3

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all sides. With the exception of *ma tante*, beside whom sat only one elderly lady, who with her thin tear-worn face was rather out of place in this brilliant society, the whole company had settled into three groups. One, chiefly masculine, had formed round the abbé. Another, of young people, was grouped round the beautiful Princess Hélène, Prince Vasili's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkonskaya, very pretty and rosy, though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered round Mortemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The vicomte was a nice-looking young man with soft features and polished manners, who evidently considered himself a celebrity but out of politeness modestly placed himself at the disposal of the circle in

which he found himself. Anna Pavlovna was obviously serving him up as a treat to her guests. As a clever *maître d'hôtel* serves up as a specially choice delicacy a piece of meat that no one who had seen it in the greasy kitchen would have cared to eat, so Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests, first the vicomte and then the abbé, as peculiarly choice morsels. The group about Mortemart immediately began discussing the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.\* The vicomte said that the Duc d'Enghien had perished by his own magnanimity, and that there were particular reasons for Buonaparte's hatred of him.

'Ah, yes! *Voyons, contez-nous cela, vicomte*,'<sup>1</sup> said Anna Pavlovna, with a pleasant feeling that there was something *à la Louis XV* in the sound of that sentence: '*Contez nous cela, vicomte*.'

The vicomte bowed and smiled courteously in token of his willingness to comply. Anna Pavlovna arranged a group round him, inviting everyone to listen to his tale.

'*Le vicomte a été personnellement connu de monseigneur*,'<sup>2</sup> whispered Anna Pavlovna to one of the guests. '*Le vicomte est un parfait conteur*,'<sup>3</sup> said she to another. '*Comme on voit l'homme de la bonne compagnie*!'<sup>4</sup> said she to a third; and the vicomte was served up to the company in the choicest and most advantageous style, like a well-garnished joint of roast beef on a hot dish.

The vicomte wished to begin his story and gave a subtle smile.

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

The princess Hélène smiled. She rose with the same unchanging smile with which she had first entered the room—the smile of a perfectly beautiful woman. With a slight rustle of her white dress trimmed with moss and ivy, with a gleam of white shoulders, glossy hair and sparkling diamonds, she passed between the men who made way for her, not looking at any of them but smiling on all, as if graciously allowing each the privilege of admiring her beautiful figure and shapely shoulders, back, and bosom—which in the fashion of those days were very much exposed—and she seemed to bring the glamour of a ballroom with her as she moved towards Anna Pavlovna. Hélène was so lovely that not only did she not show any trace of coquetry, but on the contrary she even appeared shy of her unquestionable and all too victorious beauty. She seemed to wish, but to be unable, to diminish its effect.

<sup>1</sup> 'Do tell us all about it, vicomte.'

<sup>2</sup> 'The vicomte knew the duc personally.'

<sup>3</sup> 'The vicomte is a wonderful story-teller.'

<sup>4</sup> 'How evidently he belongs to the best society!'

'*Quelle belle personne!*'<sup>1</sup> said everyone who saw her; and the vicomte lifted his shoulders and dropped his eyes as if startled by something extraordinary when she took her seat opposite and beamed upon him also with her unchanging smile.

'*Madame, je crains pour mes moyens devant un pareil auditoire,*'<sup>2</sup> said he, smilingly inclining his head.

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and considered a reply unnecessary. She smilingly waited. All the time the story was being told she sat upright, glancing now at her beautiful round arm, altered in shape by its pressure on the table, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she readjusted a diamond necklace. From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress, and whenever the story produced an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna, at once adopted just the expression she saw on the maid of honour's face, and again relapsed into her radiant smile.

The little princess had also left the tea-table and followed Hélène.

'*Attendez moi, je vais prendre mon ouvrage . . . Voyons, à quoi pensez-vous?*'<sup>3</sup> she went on, turning to Prince Ippolit. '*Apportez-moi mon réticule.*'<sup>4</sup>

There was a general movement as the princess, smiling and talking merrily to everyone at once, sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat.

'Now I am all right,' she said, and asking the vicomte to begin, she took up her work.

Prince Ippolit, having brought the work-bag, joined the circle and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her.

*Le charmant Hippolyte* was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister, but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was exceedingly ugly. His features were like his sister's, but while in her case everything was lit up by a joyous, self-satisfied, youthful, and constant smile of animation, and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure, his face on the contrary was dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence, while his body was thin and weak. His eyes, nose, and mouth all seemed puckered into a vacant, wearied grimace, and his arms and legs always fell into unnatural positions.

'*Ce n'est pas une histoire de revenants?*'<sup>5</sup> said he, sitting down beside the

<sup>1</sup> 'How lovely!'

<sup>2</sup> 'Madame, I doubt my ability before such an audience.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Wait a moment, I'll get my work . . . Now then, what are you thinking of?'

<sup>4</sup> 'Fetch me my work-bag.'

<sup>5</sup> 'It's not going to be a ghost story?'

princess and hastily adjusting his lorgnette, as if without this instrument he could not begin to speak.

'*Mais non, mon cher,*'<sup>1</sup> said the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

'*C'est que je déteste les histoires de revenants,*'<sup>2</sup> said Prince Ippolit in a tone which showed that he only understood the meaning of his words after he had uttered them.

He spoke with such self-confidence that his hearers could not be sure whether what he said was very witty or very stupid. He was dressed in a dark-green dress coat, knee-breeches of the colour of *cuisse de nymphe effrayée*,<sup>3</sup> as he called it, shoes and silk stockings.

The vicomte told his tale very neatly. It was an anecdote, then current, to the effect that the Duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to visit Mademoiselle Georges;\* that at her house he came upon Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the famous actress's favours, and that in his presence Napoleon happened to fall into one of the fainting fits to which he was subject, and was thus at the duc's mercy. The latter spared him, and this magnanimity Bonaparte subsequently repaid by death.

The story was very pretty and interesting, especially at the point where the rivals suddenly recognized one another; and the ladies looked agitated.

'*Charmant!*' said Anna Pavlovna with an inquiring glance at the little princess.

'*Charmant!*' whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work as if to testify that the interest and fascination of the story prevented her from going on with it.

The vicomte appreciated this silent praise and smiling gratefully prepared to continue, but just then Anna Pavlovna, who had kept a watchful eye on the young man who so alarmed her, noticed that he was talking too loudly and vehemently with the abbé, so she hurried to the rescue. Pierre had managed to start a conversation with the abbé about the balance of power, and the latter, evidently interested by the young man's simple-minded eagerness, was explaining his pet theory. Both were talking and listening too eagerly and too naturally, which was why Anna Pavlovna disapproved.

'The means are . . . the balance of power in Europe and the *droits des gens*,'<sup>4</sup> the abbé was saying. 'It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia—barbaric as she is said to be—to place herself disinterestedly

<sup>1</sup> 'Why no, my dear fellow.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Because I hate ghost stories.'

<sup>3</sup> the thigh of a terrified nymph.

<sup>4</sup> 'rights of the people'.

at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and it would save the world!

'But how are you to get that balance?' Pierre was beginning.

At that moment Anna Pavlovna came up, and looking severely at Pierre, asked the Italian how he stood the Russian climate. The Italian's face instantly changed and assumed an offensively affected, sugary expression, evidently habitual to him when conversing with women.

'I am so enchanted by the brilliancy of the wit and culture of the society, more especially of the feminine society, in which I have had the honour of being received, that I have not yet had time to think of the climate,' said he.

Not letting the abbé and Pierre escape, Anna Pavlovna, the more conveniently to keep them under observation, brought them into the larger circle.

Just then another visitor entered the drawing-room: Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, the little princess's husband. He was a very handsome young man, of medium height, with firm, clear-cut features. Everything about him, from his weary, bored expression to his quiet, measured step, offered a most striking contrast to his lively little wife. It was evident that he not only knew everyone in the drawing-room, but had found them to be so tiresome that it wearied him to look at or listen to them. And among all these faces that he found so tedious, none seemed to bore him so much as that of his pretty wife. He turned away from her with a grimace that distorted his handsome face, kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and screwing up his eyes scanned the whole company.

'*Vous vous enrôlez pour la guerre, mon prince?*'<sup>1</sup> said Anna Pavlovna.

'*Le général Koutouzoff,*' said Bolkonsky, stressing the last syllable of the general's name like a Frenchman, '*a bien voulu de moi pour aide-de-camp . . .*'<sup>2</sup>

'*Et Lise, votre femme?*'<sup>3</sup>

'She will go to the country.'

'Are you not ashamed to deprive us of your charming wife?'

'André,' said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish manner in which she spoke to other men, 'the vicomte has been telling us such a tale about Mademoiselle Georges and Buonaparte!'

Prince Andrei screwed up his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment Prince Andrei entered the room had watched him with glad, affectionate eyes, now came up and took his arm. Before he looked round Prince Andrei frowned again, expressing his annoyance

<sup>1</sup> 'You are off to the war, Prince?'

<sup>2</sup> 'General Kutuzov has been pleased to take me as an aide-de-camp . . .'

<sup>3</sup> 'And Lise, your wife?'



with whoever was touching his arm, but when he saw Pierre's beaming face he gave him an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

'There now! . . . So you, too, are out in high society?' said he to Pierre.

'I knew you would be here,' replied Pierre. 'I will come to supper with you. May I?' he added in a low voice so as not to disturb the vicomte who was continuing his story.

'No, impossible!' said Prince Andrei, laughing and pressing Pierre's hand to show that there was no need to ask the question. He wished to say something more, but at that moment Prince Vasili and his daughter got up to go and the two young men rose to let them pass.

'You must excuse me, dear Vicomte,' said Prince Vasili to the Frenchman, holding him down by the sleeve in a friendly way to prevent his rising. 'This unfortunate fête at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure, and obliges me to interrupt you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party,' said he, turning to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, Princess Hélène, passed between the chairs lightly holding up the folds of her dress, and the smile shone still more radiantly on her beautiful face. Pierre gazed at her with rapturous, almost frightened, eyes as she passed him.

'Very lovely,' said Prince Andrei.

'Very,' said Pierre.

In passing, Prince Vasili seized Pierre's hand and said to Anna Pavlovna:

'Educate this bear for me! He has been staying with me a whole month and this is the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the society of clever women.'

#### 4

ANNA PAVLOVNA smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand. She knew his father to be a connection of Prince Vasili's. The elderly lady who had been sitting with *ma tante* rose hurriedly and overtook Prince Vasili in the ante-room. All the affectation of interest she had assumed had left her kindly and tear-worn face and it now expressed only anxiety and fear.

'What can you tell me about my son Boris, Prince?' said she, hurrying after him into the ante-room. (She pronounced the name Boris with particular emphasis on the 'o'.\*) 'I can't remain any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what news I may take back to my poor boy.'

Although Prince Vasili listened reluctantly and not very politely

to the elderly lady, even betraying some impatience, she gave him an ingratiating and appealing smile, and took his hand that he might not go away.

‘What would it cost you to say a word to the Emperor, and then he would be transferred to the Guards at once?’ said she.

‘Believe me, Princess, I am ready to do all I can,’ answered Prince Vasili, ‘but it is difficult for me to ask the Emperor. I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsev through Prince Golitsyn. That would be the wisest course.’

The elderly lady was a Princess Drubetskaya, belonging to one of the best families in Russia, but she was poor, and having long been out of society had lost her former influential connections. She had now come to Petersburg to procure an appointment in the Guards for her only son. It was, in fact, solely to meet Prince Vasili that she had obtained an invitation to Anna Pavlovna’s reception, and had sat listening to the vicomte’s story. Prince Vasili’s words frightened her, an embittered look clouded her once handsome face, but only for a moment; then she smiled again and clutched Prince Vasili’s arm more tightly.

‘Listen to me, Prince,’ said she. ‘I have never yet asked you for anything and I never will again, nor have I ever reminded you of my father’s friendship for you; but now I entreat you for God’s sake to do this for my son—and I shall always regard you as a benefactor,’ she added hurriedly. ‘No, don’t be angry, but promise! I have asked Golitsyn and he has refused. *Soyez le bon enfant que vous avez été*,<sup>1</sup>’ she said, trying to smile though tears were in her eyes.

‘*Papá*, we shall be late,’ said Princess Hélène, turning her beautiful head and looking over her classically moulded shoulder as she stood waiting by the door.

Influence in society, however, is capital which has to be economized if it is to last. Prince Vasili knew this, and having once realized that if he asked on behalf of all who begged of him, he would soon be unable to ask for himself, he became chary of using his influence. But in Princess Drubetskaya’s case he felt, after her second appeal, something like qualms of conscience. She had reminded him of what was quite true; he had been indebted to her father for the first steps in his career. Moreover, he could see by her manner that she was one of those women—mostly mothers—who having once made up their minds, will not rest until they have gained their end, and are prepared if necessary to go on insisting day after day and hour after hour, and even to make scenes. This last consideration moved him.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Be the kind-hearted child you always were.’

'Chère Anna Mikhailovna,' said he with his usual familiarity and weariness of tone, 'it is almost impossible for me to do what you ask; but to prove my devotion to you and how I respect your 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 benefactor! This is what I expected from you—I knew your kindness!' He turned to go.

'Wait—just a word! *Une fois passé aux gardes . . .*'<sup>1</sup> she faltered, 'You are on good terms with Mikhail Ilarionovich Kutuzov . . . recommend Boris to him as adjutant! Then I shall be at rest, and then . . .'

Prince Vasili smiled.

'No, I won't promise that. You don't know how Kutuzov is pestered since his appointment as Commander-in-Chief. He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies have conspired to give him all their sons as adjutants.'

'No, but do promise! I won't let you go! My dear benefactor . . .'

'*Papá,*' said his beautiful daughter in the same tone as before, 'we shall be late.'

'Well, *au revoir!* Goodbye! You hear her?'

'Then tomorrow you will speak to the Emperor?'

'Certainly; but about Kutuzov, I don't promise.'

'Do promise, do promise, *Basile!*' cried Anna Mikhailovna as he went, with the smile of a coquettish girl, which at one time probably came naturally to her, but was now very ill-suited to her care-worn face.

Apparently she had forgotten her age and by force of habit employed all the old feminine arts. But as soon as the prince had gone her face resumed its former cold, artificial expression. She returned to the group where the vicomte was still talking, and again pretended to listen, while waiting till it would be time to leave. Her task was accomplished.

'And what do you think of this latest comedy, *du sacré de Milan*?<sup>2</sup> asked Anna Pavlovna, '*et la nouvelle comédie des peuples de Gênes et de Lucques, qui viennent présenter leurs vœux à M. Buonaparte. M. Buonaparte assis sur un trône, et exauçant les vœux des nations! Adorable! Non, mais c'est à eu devenir folle! On dirait, que le monde entier a perdu la tête!*'<sup>3</sup>

Prince Andrei looked Anna Pavlovna straight in the face with a sarcastic smile.

<sup>1</sup> 'When he has been transferred to the Guards . . .'

<sup>2</sup> 'the coronation at Milan'.

<sup>3</sup> 'and of the comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca laying their petitions before Monsieur Buonaparte, and Monsieur Buonaparte sitting on a throne and granting the petitions of the nations? Adorable! It is enough to make one's head whirl! It is as if the whole world had gone crazy!'

“*Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche!*”<sup>1</sup> (Bonaparte’s words at his coronation). ‘*On dit qu’il a été très beau en prononçant ces paroles,*’<sup>2</sup> he remarked, repeating the words in Italian: “*Dio la dona, guai a qui la tocca!*”<sup>3</sup>

*J’espère enfin que ça a été la goutte d’eau qui fera déborder le verre,*’<sup>3</sup> Anna Pavlovna continued. ‘*Les souverains ne peuvent plus supporter cet homme, qui menace tout.*’<sup>4</sup>

‘*Les souverains? Je ne parle pas de la Russie,*’<sup>5</sup> said the vicomte, polite but hopeless: ‘*Les souverains, madame! Qu’ont-ils fait pour Louis XVII, pour la reine, pour madame Elisabeth? Rien. Et croyez-moi, ils subissent la punition pour leur trahison de la cause des Bourbons. Les souverains? Ils envoient des ambassadeurs complimenter l’usurpateur.*’<sup>6</sup>

And sighing disdainfully, he again changed his position.

Prince Ippolit, who had been gazing at the vicomte for some time through his lorgnette, suddenly turned completely round towards the little princess, and having asked for a needle began tracing the Condé coat-of-arms on the table. He explained this to her with as much gravity as if she had asked him to do it.

‘*Bâton de gueules, engrêlé de gueules d’azur—maison Condé,*’<sup>7\*</sup> said he.

The princess listened, smiling.

‘If Bonaparte remains on the throne of France a year longer,’ the vicomte continued, with the air of a man who, in a matter with which he is better acquainted than anyone else, does not listen to others but follows the current of his own thoughts, ‘things will have gone too far. By intrigues, violence, exile, and executions, French society—I mean good French society—will have been for ever destroyed, and then . . .’

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. Pierre wished to make a remark for the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who had him under observation, interrupted:

‘The Emperor Alexander,’ said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference of hers to the Imperial family, ‘has declared that he will leave it to the French people themselves to choose

<sup>1</sup> ‘God has given it to me, beware he who would take it from me!’

<sup>2</sup> ‘They say he was very fine when he said that.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘I hope this will prove the last drop that will make the glass run over.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘The sovereigns will not be able to endure this man who is a menace to everything.’

<sup>5</sup> ‘The sovereigns? I do not speak of Russia.’

<sup>6</sup> ‘The sovereigns, madame . . . What have they done for Louis XVII, for the Queen, or for Madame Elisabeth? Nothing!’ . . . ‘And believe me, they are reaping the reward of their betrayal of the Bourbon cause. The sovereigns! Why, they are sending ambassadors to compliment the usurper.’

<sup>7</sup> ‘Baton gules, engrailed with gules of azure—the House of Condé.’

their own form of government; and I believe that once free from the usurper, the whole nation will certainly throw itself into the arms of its rightful king,' she concluded, trying to be amiable to the royalist emigrant.

'That is doubtful,' said Prince Andrei. 'Monsieur le Vicomte quite rightly supposes that matters have already gone too far. I think it will be difficult to return to the old régime.'

'From what I have heard,' said Pierre, blushing and breaking into the conversation, 'almost all the aristocracy has already gone over to Bonaparte's side.'

'It is the Buonapartists who say that,' replied the vicomte without looking at Pierre. 'At the present time it is difficult to know the real state of French public opinion.'

'*Bonaparte l'a dit*,'<sup>1</sup> remarked Prince Andrei with a sarcastic smile.

It was evident that he did not like the vicomte and was aiming his remarks at him, though without looking at him.

'*Je leur ai montré le chemin de la gloire, ils n'en ont pas voulu*,'<sup>2</sup> Prince Andrei continued after a short silence, again quoting Napoleon's words. '*Je leur ai ouvert mes antichambres, ils se sont précipité en foule . . .*' *Je ne sais pas à quel point il a eu le droit de le dire*.'<sup>3</sup>

'*Aucun*,' replied the vicomte. 'After the murder of the duc even the most partial ceased to regard him as a hero. *Si même ça été un héros pour certains gens*,' he went on, turning to Anna Pavlovna, '*depuis l'assassinat du duc il y a un martyr de plus dans le ciel, un héros de moins sur la terre*.'<sup>4</sup>

Before Anna Pavlovna and the others had time to smile their appreciation of the vicomte's epigram, Pierre again broke into the conversation, and though Anna Pavlovna felt sure he would say something inappropriate, she was unable to stop him.

'The execution of the Prince Herzog Engienskii,'<sup>5</sup> declared Monsieur Pierre, 'was a political necessity, and it seems to me that Napoleon showed greatness of soul by not fearing to take on himself the whole responsibility of that deed.'

'*Dieu! Mon Dieu!*'<sup>6</sup> muttered Anna Pavlovna in a terrified whisper.

'*Comment, monsieur Pierre, vous trouvez que l'assassinat est grandeur*

<sup>1</sup> 'Bonaparte has said so.'

<sup>2</sup> 'I showed them the path to glory, but they did not follow it.'

<sup>3</sup> "I opened my antechambers and they crowded in." I do not know how far he was justified in saying so.'

<sup>4</sup> 'Not in the least . . . If to some people he ever was a hero . . . after the murder of the duc there was one martyr more in heaven and one hero less on earth.'

<sup>5</sup> Duc d'Enghien.

<sup>6</sup> 'Oh, God! My God!'

*d'âme?*<sup>1</sup> said the little princess, smiling and drawing her work nearer to her.

'Ah! Oh!' exclaimed several voices.

'*Capital!*' said Prince Ippolit in English, and began slapping his knee with the palm of his hand.

The vicomte merely shrugged his shoulders. Pierre looked solemnly at his audience over his spectacles and continued.

'I say so,' he continued desperately, 'because the Bourbons fled from the Revolution leaving the people to anarchy, and Napoleon alone understood the Revolution and quelled it, and so for the general good, he could not stop short for the sake of one man's life.'

'Won't you come over to the other table?' suggested Anna Pavlovna.

But Pierre continued his speech without heeding her.

'No,' cried he, becoming more and more eager, 'Napoleon is great because he rose superior to the Revolution, suppressed its abuses, preserved all that was good in it—equality of citizenship and freedom of speech and of the press—and only for that reason did he obtain power.'

'Yes, if having obtained power, without availing himself of it to commit murder he had restored it to the rightful king, I should have called him a great man,' remarked the vicomte.

'He could not do that. The people only gave him power that he might rid them of the Bourbons and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a grand thing!' continued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and provocative proposition his extreme youth and his wish to express all that was in his mind.

'What? Revolution and regicide a grand thing? . . . Well, after that . . . But won't you come to this other table?' repeated Anna Pavlovna.

'*Contrat social*,<sup>2\*</sup> said the vicomte with a tolerant smile.

'I am not speaking of regicide, I am speaking about ideas.'

'Yes: ideas of robbery, murder, and regicide,' again interjected an ironical voice.

'Those were extremes, no doubt, but they are not what is most important. What is important are the rights of man, emancipation from prejudices, and equality of citizenship, and all these ideas Napoleon has retained in full force.'

'Liberty and Equality,' said the vicomte contemptuously, as if at last deciding seriously to prove to this youth how foolish his words were, '—high-sounding words which have long been discredited. Who does

<sup>1</sup> 'What, Monsieur Pierre . . . Do you consider that assassination shows greatness of soul?'

<sup>2</sup> 'The Social Contract.'

not love Liberty and Equality? Even our Saviour preached liberty and equality. Have people since the Revolution become happier? On the contrary. We wanted liberty, but Buonaparte has destroyed it.'

Prince Andrei kept looking with an amused smile from Pierre to the vicomte and from the vicomte to their hostess. In the first moment of Pierre's outburst Anna Pavlovna, despite her social experience, was horror-struck. But when she saw that Pierre's sacrilegious words had not exasperated the vicomte, and had convinced herself that it was impossible to stop him, she rallied her forces and joined the vicomte in a vigorous attack on the orator.

'*Mais, mon cher Monsieur Pierre,*' said she, 'how do you explain the fact of a great man executing a duke—or even an ordinary man—who is innocent and untried?'

'I should like,' said the vicomte, 'to ask how Monsieur explains the 18th Brumaire; was not that an imposture? *C'est un escamotage, qui ne ressemble nullement à la manière d'agir d'un grand homme.*'<sup>1</sup>

'And the prisoners he killed in Africa?\*' That was horrible!' said the little princess, shrugging her shoulders.

'*C'est un roturier, vous aurez beau dire,*'<sup>2</sup> remarked Prince Ippolit.

Monsieur Pierre, not knowing whom to answer, looked at them all and smiled. His smile was not like the others, verging on a non-smile. When he smiled his grave, even rather gloomy look was instantaneously replaced by another—a childlike, kindly, even rather silly look, which seemed to ask forgiveness.

The vicomte, who was meeting him for the first time, saw clearly that this young Jacobin was not so terrible as his words suggested. All were silent.

'How do you expect him to answer you all at once?' said Prince Andrei. 'Besides, in the actions of a statesman one has to distinguish between his acts as a private person, as a general, and as an emperor. So it seems to me.'

'Yes, yes, of course!' Pierre chimed in, pleased at the arrival of this reinforcement.

'One must admit,' continued Prince Andrei, 'that Napoleon as a man was great on the bridge of Arcole,\* and in the hospital at Jaffa where he gave his hand to the plague-stricken; but . . . but there are other acts which it is difficult to justify.'

Prince Andrei, who had evidently wished to tone down the awkwardness of Pierre's remarks, rose and made a sign to his wife that it was time to go.

<sup>1</sup> It was a swindle, and not at all like the conduct of a great man!

<sup>2</sup> 'He's a low fellow, say what you will.'

Suddenly Prince Ippolit started up making signs to everyone to attend, and asking them all to be seated began:

'Ah! Aujourd'hui on m'a raconté une anecdote moscovite, charmante: il-faut que je vous en régale. Vous m'excusez, vicomte, il faut que je raconte en russe. Autrement on ne sentira pas le sel de l'histoire . . .'<sup>1</sup> And Prince Ippolit began to tell his story in such Russian as a Frenchman would speak after spending about a year in Russia. Everyone waited, so emphatically and eagerly did he demand their attention to his story.

'In Moscou a lady, *une dame*, and she is very stingy. She must have two *valets de pied*<sup>2</sup> behind her carriage, and very big ones. That was her taste. And she had *une femme de chambre*,<sup>3</sup> also big. She said . . .'

Here Prince Ippolit paused, evidently collecting his ideas with difficulty.

'She said . . . Oh yes! She said, "girl" (*à la femme de chambre*), "put on a livery, get up behind the carriage, *faire des visites*."<sup>4</sup>

Here Prince Ippolit spluttered and burst out laughing long before his audience, which produced an effect unfavourable to the narrator. Several persons, among them the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, did however smile.

'She went. Suddenly there was a great wind. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down . . .'

Here he could contain himself no longer and went on, between gasps of laughter: 'And the whole world knew . . .'

And so the anecdote ended. Though it was unintelligible why he had told it, or why it had to be told in Russian, still Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Ippolit's social tact in so agreeably ending Pierre's unpleasant and unamiable outburst. After the anecdote the conversation broke up into insignificant small talk about the last and next balls, about theatricals, and who would meet whom, and when and where.

## 5

HAVING thanked Anna Pavlovna for her *charmante soirée*, the guests began to take their leave.

Pierre was ungainly. Stout, above the average height, broad, with

<sup>1</sup> 'I was told a charming Moscow story today, and must treat you to it. Excuse me, Vicomte—I must tell it in Russian or the point will be lost.'

<sup>2</sup> footmen.

<sup>3</sup> a lady's maid.

<sup>4</sup> 'and come with me while I make some calls'.



huge red hands, he did not know, as the saying is, how to enter a drawing-room and still less how to leave one; that is, how to say something particularly agreeable before going away. Besides this he was absent-minded. When he rose to go, he took up instead of his own, the general's three-cornered hat, and held it, pulling at the plume, till the general asked him to restore it. All his absent-mindedness and inability to enter a room and converse in it was however redeemed by his kindly, simple, and modest expression. Anna Pavlovna turned towards him and, with a Christian mildness that expressed forgiveness of his indiscretion, nodded and said: 'I hope to see you again, but I also hope you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre.'

When she said this, he did not reply and only bowed, but again everybody saw his smile, which said nothing, unless perhaps, 'Opinions are opinions, but you see what a capital, good-natured fellow I am.' And everyone, including Anna Pavlovna, felt this.

Prince Andrei had gone out into the hall, and turning his shoulders to the footman who was helping him on with his cloak, listened indifferently to his wife's chatter with Prince Ippolit who had also come into the hall. Prince Ippolit stood close to the pretty, pregnant princess, and stared fixedly at her through his eyeglass.

'Go in, Annette, or you will catch cold,' said the little princess, taking leave of Anna Pavlovna. '*C'est arrêté*,'<sup>1</sup> she added in a low voice.

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

'I rely on you, my dear,' said Anna Pavlovna, also in a low tone. 'Write to her and let me know *comment le père envisagera la chose. Au revoir!*'<sup>2</sup>—and she left the hall.

Prince Ippolit approached the little princess and, bending his face close to her, began to whisper something.

Two footmen, the princess's and his own, stood holding a shawl and a cloak, waiting for the conversation to finish. They listened to the French sentences which to them were meaningless, with an air of understanding but not wishing to appear to do so. The princess as usual spoke smilingly and listened with a laugh.

'I am very glad I did not go to the ambassador's,' said Prince Ippolit, '—so dull. It has been a delightful evening, has it not? Delightful!'

'They say the ball will be very good,' replied the princess, drawing up her downy little lip. 'All the pretty women in society will be there.'

'Not all, for you will not be there; not all,' said Prince Ippolit smiling

<sup>1</sup> 'It's all arranged.'

<sup>2</sup> 'how her father looks at the matter. Goodbye!'

joyfully; and snatching the shawl from the footman, whom he even pushed aside, he began wrapping it round the princess. Either from awkwardness or intentionally (no one could have said which) after the shawl had been adjusted he kept his arm around her for a long time, as though embracing her.

Still smiling, she gracefully moved away, turning and glancing at her husband. Prince Andrei's eyes were closed: he seemed weary and sleepy.

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

Prince Ippolit hurriedly put on his cloak, which in the latest fashion reached to his very heels, and stumbling in it, ran out into the porch following the princess, whom a footman was helping into the carriage.

'*Princesse, au revoir,*' cried he, stumbling with his tongue as well as with his feet.

The princess, picking up her dress, was taking her seat in the dark carriage, her husband was adjusting his sabre; Prince Ippolit, under pretence of helping, was in everyone's way.

'Allow me, sir,' said Prince Andrei in Russian in a cold, disagreeable tone to Prince Ippolit who was blocking his path.

'I am expecting you, Pierre,' said the same voice, but gently and affectionately.

The postillion started, the carriage wheels rattled. Prince Ippolit laughed spasmodically as he stood in the porch waiting for the vicomte whom he had promised to take home.

'*Eh bien, mon cher,*' said the vicomte, having seated himself beside Ippolit in the carriage, '*votre petite princesse est très bien, très bien. Mais très bien. Et tout-à-fait française,*'<sup>1</sup> and he kissed the tips of his fingers. Ippolit burst out laughing.

'*Et savez-vous que vous êtes terrible avec votre petit air innocent,*' continued the vicomte. '*Je plains le pauvre mari, ce petit officier, qui se donne des airs de prince régnant.*'<sup>2</sup>

Ippolit spluttered again, and amid his laughter said, '*Et vous disiez, que les dames russes ne valaient pas les dames françaises. Il faut savoir s'y prendre.*'<sup>3</sup>

Pierre, arriving before the others, went into Prince Andrei's study like one quite at home, and from habit immediately lay down on the

<sup>1</sup> 'your little princess is very nice, very nice indeed, quite French.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Do you know, you are a terrible chap for all your innocent airs. I pity the poor husband, that little officer who gives himself the airs of a monarch.'

<sup>3</sup> 'And you were saying that the Russian ladies are not equal to the French? One has to know how to deal with them.'

sofa, took from the shelf the first book that came to his hand (it was Caesar's *Commentaries*)\* and resting on his elbow, began reading it in the middle.

'What have you done to Mademoiselle Scherer? She will be quite ill now,' said Prince Andrei, as he entered the study rubbing his small white hands.

Pierre turned his whole body, making the sofa creak. He lifted his eager face to Prince Andrei, smiled, and waved his hand.

'No, that abbé is very interesting but he does not see the thing in the right light . . . In my opinion perpetual peace is possible, but—I do not know how to express it . . . not by a balance of political power . . .'

It was evident that Prince Andrei was not interested in such abstract conversation.

'One can't everywhere say all one thinks, *mon cher*. Well, have you at last decided on anything? Are you going to be a guardsman or a diplomatist?' asked Prince Andrei after a momentary silence.

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

'If you can believe it, I still don't know. I don't like either the one or the other.'

'But you must decide on something! Your father expects it.'

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad with an abbé as tutor, and had remained away till he was twenty. When he returned to Moscow his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man, 'Now go to Petersburg, look round, and choose your profession. I will agree to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasili, and here is money. Write to me all about it, and I will help you in everything.' Pierre had already been choosing a career for three months, and had not decided on anything. It was about this choice that Prince Andrei was speaking. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

'But he must be a Freemason,' said he, referring to the abbé whom he had met that evening.

'That is all nonsense,' Prince Andrei again interrupted him, 'let us talk business. Have you been to the Horse Guards?'

'No, I have not: but this is what I have been thinking and wanted to tell you. There is a war now against Napoleon. If it were a war for freedom I could understand it and should be the first to enter the army; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world is not right.'

Prince Andrei only shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish words. He put on the air of one who finds it impossible to reply to such nonsense, but it would in fact have been difficult to give any other answer than the one Prince Andrei gave to this naive question.

'If no one fought except on his own conviction, there would be no wars,' he said.

'And that would be splendid,' said Pierre.

Prince Andrei smiled ironically.

'Very likely it would be splendid, but it will never come about . . .'

'Well, why are *you* going to the war?' asked Pierre.

'What for? I don't know. I must. Besides that I am going . . .' He paused.

'I am going because the life I am leading here does not suit me!'

## 6

THE rustle of a woman's dress was heard in the next room. Prince Andrei shook himself as if waking up, and his face assumed the look it had had in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room. Pierre removed his feet from the sofa. The princess came in. She had changed her gown for a house dress, but it was as fresh and elegant as the other. Prince Andrei rose and politely placed a chair for her.

'How is it', she began, as usual in French, settling down briskly and fussily in the easy chair, 'how is it Annette never got married? How stupid you men all are not to have married her! You must excuse me for saying so, but you have no sense about women. What an argumentative fellow you are, Monsieur Pierre!'

'And I am still arguing with your husband. I can't understand why he wants to go to the war,' replied Pierre, addressing the princess with none of the embarrassment so commonly shown by young men in their intercourse with young women.

The princess started. Evidently Pierre's words touched her to the quick.

'Ah, that is just what I tell him!' said she. 'I don't understand it; I don't in the least understand why men can't live without wars. How is it that we women don't want anything of the kind, don't need it? Now you shall judge between us. I always tell him: here he is Uncle's aide-de-camp, a most brilliant position. He is so well known, so much appreciated by everyone. The other day at the Apraksins' I heard a lady asking, "*C'est ça le fameux prince André?*" *Ma parole d'honneur!*"<sup>1</sup> She laughed. 'He is so well received everywhere. He might easily become aide-de-camp to the Emperor. You know the Emperor spoke to him most graciously. Annette and I were speaking of how to arrange it. What do you think?'

<sup>1</sup> '“Is that the famous Prince Andrei?” My word of honour!'

Pierre looked at his friend, and noticing that he did not like the conversation, gave no reply.

‘When are you starting?’ he asked.

‘*Ab! Ne me parlez pas de ce départ, ne m’en parlez pas. Je ne veux pas en entendre parler,*’<sup>1</sup> said the princess in the same capriciously playful tone in which she had spoken to Ippolit in the drawing-room and which was so plainly ill-suited to the family circle of which Pierre was almost a member. ‘Today when I remembered that all these delightful associations must be broken off . . . and then you know, André . . .’ (she winked significantly at her husband) ‘*J’ai peur! J’ai peur!*’<sup>2</sup> she whispered, and a shudder ran down her back.

Her husband looked at her as if surprised to notice that someone besides Pierre and himself was in the room, and addressed her in a tone of frigid politeness.

‘What is it you are afraid of, Liza? I don’t understand,’ said he.

‘There, what egotists men all are: all, all egotists! Just for a whim of his own, goodness only knows why, he leaves me and locks me up alone in the country.’

‘With my father and sister, remember,’ said Prince Andrei gently.

‘Alone all the same, without *my* friends . . . And he expects me not to be afraid.’

Her tone was now querulous and her lip drawn up, giving her not a joyful, but an animal, squirrel-like expression. She paused as if she felt it indecorous to speak of her pregnancy before Pierre, though the gist of the matter lay in that.

‘I still can’t understand *de quoi vous avez peur,*’<sup>3</sup> said Prince Andrei slowly, not taking his eyes off his wife.

The princess blushed, and raised her arms with a gesture of despair.

‘*Non, André, je dis que vous avez tellement, tellement changé . . .*’<sup>4</sup>

‘Your doctor tells you to go to bed earlier,’ said Prince Andrei. ‘You had better go.’

The princess said nothing, but suddenly her short downy lip quivered. Prince Andrei rose, shrugged his shoulders, and walked about the room.

Pierre looked over his spectacles with naive surprise, now at him and now at her, moved as if about to rise too, but changed his mind.

‘Why should I mind Monsieur Pierre being here?’ exclaimed the little princess suddenly, her pretty face all at once distorted by a tearful

<sup>1</sup> ‘Oh, don’t speak of his going, don’t! I won’t hear it spoken of.’

<sup>2</sup> ‘I’m afraid, I’m afraid!’

<sup>3</sup> ‘what you are afraid of.’

<sup>4</sup> ‘No, Andrei, I must say you have completely, completely changed.’

grimace. 'I have long wanted to ask you, Andrei, why you have changed so to me? What have I done to you? You are going to the war and have no pity for me. Why is it?'

'Lise!' was all Prince Andrei said. But that one word expressed an entreaty, a threat, and above all conviction that she would herself regret her words. But she went on hurriedly:

'You treat me like an invalid or a child. I see it all! Did you behave like that six months ago?'

'Lise, I beg you to desist,' said Prince Andrei still more emphatically.

Pierre who had been growing more and more agitated as he listened to all this, rose and approached the princess. He seemed unable to bear the sight of tears, and was ready to cry himself.

'Calm yourself, Princess! It seems so to you because . . . I assure you I myself have experienced . . . and so . . . because . . . No, excuse me! An outsider is out of place here . . . No, don't distress yourself . . . Goodbye!'

Prince Andrei caught him by the hand.

'No, wait, Pierre! The princess is too kind to wish to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you.'

'No, he thinks only of himself,' muttered the princess without restraining her angry tears.

'Lise!' said Prince Andrei drily, raising his voice to the pitch which indicates that patience is exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression of the princess's pretty face changed into a winning and piteous look of fear. Her beautiful eyes glanced askance at her husband's face, and her own assumed the timid, deprecating expression of a dog when it rapidly but feebly wags its drooping tail.

'*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*' she muttered, and lifting her dress with one hand she went up to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

'*Bon soir, Lise,*' said he, rising and courteously kissing her hand as he would have done to a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither wanted to be the first to speak. Pierre continually glanced at Prince Andrei; Prince Andrei rubbed his forehead with his small hand.

'Let us go and have supper,' he said with a sigh, going to the door.

They entered the elegant, newly decorated, and luxurious dining-room. Everything from the table-napkins to the silver, china, and glass, bore that imprint of newness found in the households of the newly married. Halfway through supper Prince Andrei leant his elbows on the table, and with a look of nervous agitation such as Pierre had never

before seen on his face, began to talk—as one who has long had something on his mind and suddenly determines to speak out.

‘Never, never marry, my dear fellow! That’s my advice: never marry till you can say to yourself that you have done all you are capable of, and until you have ceased to love the woman of your choice and have seen her plainly as she is, or else you will make a cruel and irrevocable mistake. Marry when you are old and good for nothing—or all that is good and noble in you will be lost. It will all be wasted on trifles. Yes! Yes! Yes! Don’t look at me with such surprise. If you marry expecting anything from yourself in the future you will feel at every step that for you all is ended, all is closed except the drawing-room where you will be ranged side by side with a court lackey and an idiot! . . . But what’s the good? . . .’ and he waved his arm. Pierre took off his spectacles, which made his face seem different and the good-natured expression still more apparent, and gazed at his friend in amazement.

‘My wife’, continued Prince Andrei, ‘is an excellent woman, one of those rare women with whom a man’s honour is safe; but, O God, what would I not give now to be unmarried! You are the first and only one to whom I mention this, because I like you.’

As he said this Prince Andrei was less than ever like that Bolkonsky who had lolled in Anna Pavlovna’s easy chairs and with half-closed eyes had uttered French phrases between his teeth. Every muscle of his thin face was now quivering with nervous excitement; his eyes, in which the fire of life had seemed extinguished, now flashed with brilliant light. It was evident that the more lifeless he seemed at ordinary times, the more impassioned he became in these moments of almost morbid irritation.

‘You don’t understand why I say this,’ he continued, ‘but it is the whole story of life. You talk of Bonaparte and his career,’ said he (though Pierre had not mentioned Bonaparte), ‘but Bonaparte when he worked went step by step towards his goal. He was free, he had nothing but his aim to consider, and he reached it. But tie yourself up with a woman, and like a chained convict you lose all freedom! And all you have of hope and strength merely weighs you down and torments you with regret. Drawing-rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, and triviality—these are the enchanted circle I cannot escape from. I am now going to the war, the greatest war there ever was, and I know nothing and am fit for nothing. *Je suis très aimable et très caustique*,’<sup>1</sup> continued Prince Andrei, ‘and at Anna Pavlovna’s they listen to me. And that stupid set without whom my wife cannot exist, and those women . . . If you only knew what they are, *toutes les femmes distinguées*,<sup>2</sup> and women in general! My father is

<sup>1</sup> ‘I am very amiable and have a caustic wit.’

<sup>2</sup> ‘all those distinguished society ladies’.

right. Selfish, vain, stupid, trivial in everything—that's what women are when you see them in their true colours! When you meet them in society it seems as if there were something in them, but there's nothing, nothing, nothing! No, don't marry, my dear fellow; don't marry!' concluded Prince Andrei.

'It seems funny to me,' said Pierre, 'that *you, you* should consider yourself incapable and your life a spoilt life. You have everything before you, everything. And you . . .'

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

'How can he talk like that?' thought Pierre. He considered his friend a model of perfection because Prince Andrei possessed in the highest degree just the very qualities Pierre lacked, and which might be best described as strength of will. Pierre was always astonished at Prince Andrei's calm manner of treating everybody, his extraordinary memory, his extensive reading (he had read everything, knew everything, and had an opinion about everything), but above all at his capacity for work and study. And if Pierre was often struck by Andrei's lack of capacity for philosophical meditation (to which he himself was particularly addicted), he regarded even this not as a defect but as a sign of strength.

Even in the best, most friendly and simplest relations of life, praise and commendation are essential, just as grease is necessary to wheels that they may run smoothly.

*'Je suis un homme finis,'*<sup>1</sup> said Prince Andrei. 'What's the use of talking about me? Let us talk about you,' he added after a silence, smiling at his reassuring thoughts.

That smile was immediately reflected on Pierre's face.

'But what is there to say about me?' said Pierre, his face relaxing into a careless, merry smile. 'What am I? *Je suis un bâtard!*' He suddenly blushed crimson, and it was plain that he had made a great effort to say this. '*Sans nom, sans fortune* . . .'<sup>2</sup> And it really . . .' But he did not say what 'it really' was. 'For the present I am free and am all right. Only I haven't the least idea what I am to do; I wanted to consult you seriously.'

Prince Andrei looked kindly at him, yet his glance—friendly and affectionate as it was—expressed a sense of his own superiority.

'I am fond of you, especially as you are the one live man among our whole set. Yes, you're all right! Choose what you will; it's all the same. You'll be all right anywhere. But look here: give up visiting those Kuragins and leading that sort of life. It suits you so badly—all this debauchery, dissipation, and the rest of it!'

<sup>1</sup> 'My part is played out.'

<sup>2</sup> 'I am illegitimate! . . . Without a name and without means . . .'



'*Que voulez-vous, mon cher?*'<sup>1</sup> answered Pierre, shrugging his shoulders. '*Les femmes, mon cher, les femmes!*'<sup>2</sup>

'I don't understand it,' replied Prince Andrei. '*Les femmes comme il faut*, that's a different matter; *but les femmes de Kuragin*, "*les femmes et le vin*", I don't understand!'<sup>3</sup>

Pierre was staying at Prince Vasili Kuragin's and sharing the dissipated life of his son Anatole, the son whom they were planning to reform by marrying him to Prince Andrei's sister.

'Do you know?' said Pierre, as if suddenly struck by a happy thought, 'seriously, I have long been thinking of it . . . Leading such a life I can't decide or think properly about anything. One's head aches, and one spends all one's money. He asked me for tonight, but I won't go.'

'You give me your word of honour not to go?'

'On my honour!'

It was past one o'clock when Pierre left his friend. It was a cloudless, northern, summer night. Pierre took an open cab intending to drive straight home. But the nearer he drew to the house the more he felt the impossibility of going to sleep on such a night. It was light enough to see a long way in the deserted street and it seemed more like morning or evening than night. On the way Pierre remembered that Anatole Kuragin was expecting the usual set for cards that evening, after which there was generally a drinking bout, finishing with one of Pierre's favourite diversions.

'It would be so good to go to Kuragin's,' thought he.

But he immediately recalled his promise to Prince Andrei not to go there. Then, as happens to people of weak character, he desired so passionately once more to enjoy that dissipation he was so accustomed to, that he decided to go. The thought immediately occurred to him that his promise to Prince Andrei was of no account, because before he gave it he had already promised Prince Anatole to come to his gathering; 'besides,' thought he, 'all such "words of honour" are conventional things with no definite meaning, especially if one considers that by tomorrow one may be dead, or something so extraordinary may happen to one that honour and dishonour will be all the same!' Pierre often indulged in reflections of this sort, nullifying all his decisions and intentions. He went to Kuragin's.

Reaching the large house near the Horse Guards' barracks, in which Anatole lived, Pierre entered the lighted porch, ascended the stairs, and

<sup>1</sup> 'What would you have, my dear fellow?'

<sup>2</sup> 'Women, my dear fellow; women!'

<sup>3</sup> 'Women of style . . . but the Kuragins' set of women, "women and wine".'

went in at the open door. There was no one in the ante-room; empty bottles, cloaks, and over-shoes were lying about; there was a smell of alcohol, and sounds of voices and shouting in the distance.

Cards and supper were over, but the visitors had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and entered the first room, in which were the remains of supper. A footman, thinking no one saw him, was drinking on the sly what was left in the glasses. From the third room came sounds of laughter, the shouting of familiar voices, the growling of a bear, and general commotion. Some eight or nine young men were crowding anxiously round an open window. Three others were romping with a young bear, one pulling him by the chain and trying to set him at the others.

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

'Make sure he doesn't hold on!' cried another.

'I bet on Dolokhov!' cried a third. 'Kuragin, you part our hands.'\*

'There, leave Bruin alone; here's a bet on.'

'In one gulp, or he loses!' shouted a fourth.

'Yakov, bring a bottle!' shouted the host, a tall handsome fellow who stood in the middle of the group, without a coat, and with his fine linen shirt unfastened in front. 'Wait a minute, gentlemen . . . Here is Petya! Good man!' cried he, addressing Pierre.

Another voice, from a man of medium height with clear blue eyes, particularly striking among all these drunken voices by its sober ring, cried from the window: 'Come here; part the bets!' This was Dolokhov, an officer of the Semyonov regiment, a notorious gambler and duellist, who was living with Anatole. Pierre smiled, looking about him merrily.

'I don't understand. What's it all about?'

'Wait, he is not drunk yet! A bottle here,' said Anatole, and taking a glass from the table he went up to Pierre.

'First of all—drink!'

Pierre drank one glass after another, looking from under his brows at the tipsy guests who were again crowding round the window, and listening to their chatter. Anatole kept on refilling Pierre's glass while explaining that Dolokhov was betting with Stevens, an English naval officer, that he would drink a bottle of rum sitting on the outer ledge of the third-floor window with his legs hanging out.

'Go on, drink it all,' said Anatole, giving Pierre the last glass, 'or I won't let you go!'

'No, I won't,' said Pierre, pushing Anatole aside, and he went up to the window.

Dolokhov was holding the Englishman's hand and clearly and

distinctly repeating the terms of the bet, addressing himself particularly to Anatole and Pierre.

Dolokhov was of medium height, with curly hair and light blue eyes. He was about five-and-twenty. Like all infantry officers he wore no moustache, so that his mouth, the most striking feature of his face, was clearly seen. The lines of that mouth were remarkably finely curved. The middle of the upper lip formed a sharp wedge and closed firmly on the firm lower one, and something like two distinct smiles played continually round the two corners of the mouth; this, together with the resolute, insolent intelligence of his eyes, produced an effect which made it impossible not to notice his face. Dolokhov was a man of small means and no connections. Yet though Anatole spent tens of thousands of rubles, Dolokhov lived with him and had placed himself on such a footing that all who knew them, including Anatole himself, respected him more than they did Anatole. Dolokhov could play all games and nearly always won. However much he drank he never lost his clear-headedness. Both Kuragin and Dolokhov were at that time notorious among the *roués* and carousers of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. The window frame which prevented anyone from sitting on the outer sill, was being forced out by two footmen, who were evidently flurried and intimidated by the directions and shouts of the gentlemen around.

Anatole with his swaggering air strode up to the window. He wanted to smash something. Pushing away the footmen he tugged at the frame, but could not move it. He smashed a pane.

‘You have a try, Hercules,’ said he, turning to Pierre.

Pierre seized the crossbeam, tugged, and wrenched the oak frame out with a crash.

‘Take it right out, or they’ll think I’m holding on,’ said Dolokhov.

‘Is the Englishman bragging . . . Eh? Is it all right?’ said Anatole.

‘First rate,’ said Pierre, looking at Dolokhov, who with a bottle of rum in his hand was approaching the window, from which the light of the sky, the dawn merging with the afterglow of sunset, was visible.

Dolokhov, the bottle of rum still in his hand, jumped onto the window-sill. ‘Listen!’ cried he, standing there and addressing those in the room. All were silent.

‘I bet fifty imperials’—he spoke French that the Englishman might understand him, but he did not speak it very well—‘I bet fifty imperials . . . or do you wish to make it a hundred?’ added he, addressing the Englishman.

‘No, fifty,’ replied the latter.

‘All right. Fifty imperials . . . that I will drink a whole bottle of rum

without taking it from my mouth, sitting outside the window on this spot' (he stooped and pointed to the sloping ledge outside the window), 'and without holding on to anything. Is that right?'

'Quite right,' said the Englishman.

Anatole turned to the Englishman and taking him by one of the buttons of his coat and looking down at him—the Englishman was short—began repeating the terms of the wager to him in English.

'Wait!' cried Dolokhov, hammering with the bottle on the window-sill to attract attention. 'Wait a minute, Kuragin. Listen! If anyone else does the same, I will pay him a hundred imperials. Do you understand?'

The Englishman nodded, but gave no indication whether he intended to accept this challenge or not. Anatole did not release him, and though he kept nodding to show that he understood, Anatole went on translating Dolokhov's words into English. A thin young lad, a hussar of the Life Guards, who had been losing that evening, climbed on the window-sill, leaned over, and looked down.

'Oh! Oh Oh!' he muttered, looking down from the window at the stones of the pavement.

'Shut up!' cried Dolokhov, pushing him away from the window. The lad jumped awkwardly back into the room, tripping over his spurs.

Placing the bottle on the window-sill where he could reach it easily, Dolokhov climbed carefully and slowly through the window and lowered his legs. Pressing against both sides of the window, he adjusted himself on his seat, lowered his hands, moved a little to the right and then to the left and took up the bottle. Anatole brought two candles and placed them on the window-sill, though it was already quite light. Dolokhov's back in his white shirt, and his curly head, were lit up from both sides. Everyone crowded to the window, the Englishman in front. Pierre stood smiling but silent. One man, older than the others present, suddenly pushed forward with a scared and angry look and wanted to seize hold of Dolokhov's shirt.

'Gentlemen, this is folly! He'll be killed, dead,' said this more sensible man.

Anatole stopped him.

'Don't touch him! You'll startle him and then he'll be killed. Eh? . . . What then? . . . Eh?'

Dolokhov turned round, and again holding on with both hands, arranged himself on his seat.

'If anyone comes meddling again,' said he, emitting the words separately through his thin compressed lips, 'I will throw him down there. Now then!'

Saying this he again turned round, dropped his hands, took the

bottle and lifted it to his lips, threw back his head, and raised his free hand to balance himself. One of the footmen who had stooped to pick up some broken glass, remained in that position without taking his eyes from the window and from Dolokhov's back. Anatole stood erect with staring eyes. The Englishman looked on sideways pursing up his lips. The man who had wished to stop the affair ran to a corner of the room and threw himself on a sofa with his face to the wall. Pierre hid his face, from which a faint smile forgot to fade though his features now expressed horror and fear. All were still. Pierre took his hand from his eyes, Dolokhov still sat in the same position, only his head was thrown further back till his curly hair touched his shirt collar, and the hand holding the bottle was lifted higher and higher and trembled with the effort. The bottle was emptying perceptibly and rising still higher and his head tilting yet further back. 'Why is it so long?' thought Pierre. It seemed to him that more than half an hour had elapsed. Suddenly Dolokhov made a backward movement with his spine, and his arm trembled nervously; this was sufficient to cause his whole body to slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. As he began slipping down, his head and arm wavered still more with the strain. One hand moved as if to clutch the window-sill, but refrained from touching it. Pierre again covered his eyes and thought he would never open them again. Suddenly he was aware of a stir all around. He looked up: Dolokhov was standing on the window-sill with a pale but radiant face.

'It's empty!'

He threw the bottle to the Englishman, who caught it neatly. Dolokhov jumped down. He smelt strongly of rum.

'Well done! . . . Fine fellow! . . . There's a bet for you! . . . Devil take you!' came from different sides.

The Englishman took out his purse and began counting out the money. Dolokhov stood frowning and did not speak. Pierre jumped upon the window-sill.

'Gentlemen, who wishes to bet with me? I'll do the same thing!' he suddenly cried. 'Even without a bet there! Tell them to bring me a bottle. I'll do it. Bring a bottle!'

'Let him do it, let him do it,' said Dolokhov, smiling.

'What next? Have you gone mad? . . . No one would let you . . . Why, you get dizzy even on a staircase,' exclaimed several voices.

'I'll drink it! Let's have a bottle of rum!' shouted Pierre, banging the table with a determined and drunken gesture and preparing to climb out of the window.

They seized him by his arms; but he was so strong that everyone who touched him was sent flying.

‘No, you’ll never manage him that way,’ said Anatole. ‘Wait a bit and I’ll get round him . . . Listen! I’ll take your bet tomorrow, but now we are all going to —’s.’

‘Come on then,’ cried Pierre. ‘Come on! . . . And we’ll take Bruin with us.’

And he caught the bear, took it in his arms, lifted it from the ground, and began dancing round the room with it.

## 7

PRINCE VASILI kept the promise he had given to Princess Drubetskaya who had spoken to him on behalf of her only son Boris on the evening of Anna Pavlovna’s *soirée*. The matter was mentioned to the Emperor, an exception made, and Boris transferred into the regiment of Semyonov Guards with the rank of cornet.\* He received however no appointment to Kutuzov’s staff despite all Anna Mikhailovna’s endeavours and entreaties. Soon after Anna Pavlovna’s reception Anna Mikhailovna returned to Moscow and went straight to her rich relations the Rostovs, with whom she stayed when in the town and where her darling Borenka, who had only just entered a regiment of the line and was being at once transferred to the Guards as a cornet, had been educated from childhood and lived for years at a time. The Guards had already left Petersburg on the 10th of August, and her son, who had remained in Moscow for his equipment, was to join them on the march to Radzivilov.\*

It was St Natalia’s day\* and the name-day of two of the Rostovs—the mother and the youngest daughter—both named Natalia. Ever since the morning carriages with six horses had been coming and going continually, bringing visitors to the Countess Rostova’s big house on the Povarskaya, so well known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her handsome eldest daughter were in the drawing-room with the visitors who came to congratulate,\* and who constantly succeeded one another in relays.

The countess was a woman of about forty-five, with a thin oriental type of face, evidently worn out with child-bearing—she had had twelve. A languor of motion and speech, resulting from weakness, gave her a distinguished air which inspired respect. Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya, who as a member of the household was also seated in the drawing-room, helped to receive and entertain the visitors. The young people were in one of the inner rooms, not considering it necessary to

take part in receiving the visitors. The count met the guests and saw them off, inviting them all to dinner.

'I am very, very grateful to you, *mon cher*' (or '*ma chère*'—he called everyone without exception and without the slightest variation in his tone, '*mon cher*', whether they were above or below him in rank)—'I thank you for myself and for our two dear ones whose name-day we are keeping. But mind you come to dinner or I shall be offended, *ma chère*! On behalf of the whole family I beg you to come, *mon cher*!' These words he repeated to everyone without exception or variation, and with the same expression on his full, cheerful, clean-shaven face, the same firm pressure of the hand and the same quick, repeated bows. As soon as he had seen a visitor off he returned to one of those who were still in the drawing-room, drew a chair towards him or her, and jauntily spreading out his legs and putting his hands on his knees with the air of a man who enjoys life and knows how to live, he swayed to and fro with dignity, offered surmises about the weather, or touched on questions of health, sometimes in Russian and sometimes in very bad but self-confident French; then again, like a man weary but unflinching in the fulfilment of duty, he rose to see some visitors off, and stroking his scanty grey hairs over his bald patch, also asked them to dinner. Sometimes on his way back from the ante-room he would pass through the conservatory and pantry into the large marble dining-hall, where tables were being set out for eighty people; and looking at the footmen, who were bringing in silver and china, moving tables, and unfolding damask table-linen, he would call Mitenka Vasilievich, a man of good family and the manager of all his affairs, and while looking with pleasure at the enormous table would say: 'Well, Mitenka, you'll see that things are all as they should be? That's right! The great thing is the serving, that's it.' And with a complacent sigh he would return to the drawing-room.

'Marya Lvovna Karagina and her daughter!' announced the countess's gigantic footman in his bass voice, entering the drawing-room. The countess reflected a moment and took a pinch from a gold snuff-box with her husband's portrait on it.

'I'm worn out by these calls. Well, she will be the last one I'll see. She is so affected. Ask her in,' she said to the footman in a sad voice, as if saying: 'Very well, finish me off.'

A tall, stout, proud-looking woman, with a round-faced smiling daughter, entered the drawing-room, their dresses rustling.

'*Chère comtesse, il y a si longtemps . . . elle a été alitée la pauvre enfant . . . au bal des Razoumowsky . . . et la comtesse Apraksine . . . j'ai été si heureuse . . .*'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Dear Countess, it's been such a long time . . . She has been laid up, poor child . . . at the Razumovskys' ball . . . and Countess Apraksina . . . I was so delighted . . .'

came the sounds of animated feminine voices, interrupting one another and mingling with the rustling of dresses and the scraping of chairs. Then one of those conversations began which last out until, at the first pause, the guests rise with a rustle of dresses and say, '*Je suis bien charmé; la santé de Maman . . . et la comtesse Apraksine . . .*'<sup>1</sup> and then again rustling, pass into the ante-room, put on cloaks or mantles, and drive away. The conversation was on the chief topic of the day: the illness of the wealthy and celebrated beau of Catherine the Great's day, Count Bezukhov, and about his illegitimate son Pierre, the one who had behaved so improperly at Anna Pavlovna's reception.

'I am so sorry for the poor count,' said the visitor. 'He is in such bad health, and now this vexation about his son is enough to kill him!'

'What is that?' asked the countess as if she did not know what the visitor alluded to, though she had already heard about the cause of Count Bezukhov's distress some fifteen times.

'That's what comes of a modern education,' exclaimed the visitor. 'It seems that while he was abroad this young man was allowed to do as he liked, and now in Petersburg I hear he has been doing such terrible things that he has been expelled by the police.'

'You don't say so!' replied the countess.

'He chose his friends badly,' interposed Anna Mikhailovna. 'Prince Vasili's son, he and a certain Dolokhov have, it is said, been up to heaven only knows what! And they have had to suffer for it. Dolokhov has been degraded to the ranks and Bezukhov's son sent back to Moscow. Anatole Kuragin's father managed somehow to get his son's affair hushed up, but even he was ordered out of Petersburg.'

'But what have they been up to?' asked the countess.

'They are regular brigands, especially Dolokhov,' replied the visitor. 'He is a son of Marya Ivanovna Dolokhova, such a worthy woman, but there, just imagine! Those three got hold of a bear somewhere, put it in a carriage, and set off with it to visit some actresses! The police tried to interfere, and what did the young men do? They tied a policeman and the bear back to back and put the bear into the Moika Canal. And there was the bear swimming about with the policeman on his back!'

'What a nice figure the policeman must have cut, *ma chère*!' shouted the count, dying with laughter.

'Oh, how dreadful! How can you laugh at it, Count?'

Yet the ladies themselves could not help laughing.

'It was all they could do to rescue the poor man,' continued the visitor. 'And to think it is Kiril Vladimirovich Bezukhov's son who amuses

<sup>1</sup> 'I am so delighted . . . Mama's health . . . and Countess Apraksina . . .'



himself in this sensible manner! And he was said to be so well educated and clever. This is all that his foreign education has done for him! I hope that here in Moscow no one will receive him, in spite of his money. They wanted to introduce him to me, but I quite declined: I have my daughters to consider.'

'Why do you say this young man is so rich?' asked the countess, turning away from the girls, who at once assumed an air of inattention. 'His children are all illegitimate. I think Pierre also is illegitimate.'

The visitor made a gesture with her hand.

'I should think he has a score of them.'

Princess Anna Mikhailovna intervened in the conversation, evidently wishing to show her connections and knowledge of what went on in society.

'The fact of the matter is,' said she significantly, and also in a half whisper, 'everyone knows Count Kiril's reputation . . . He has lost count of his children, but this Pierre was his favourite.'

'How handsome the old man still was only a year ago!' remarked the countess. 'I have never seen a handsomer man.'

'He is very much altered now,' said Anna Mikhailovna. 'Well, as I was saying, Prince Vasili is the next heir through his wife, but the count is very fond of Pierre, looked after his education, and wrote to the Emperor about him; so that in case of his death—and he is so ill that he may die at any moment, and Dr Lorrain has come from Petersburg—no one knows who will inherit his immense fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasili. Forty thousand serfs and millions of rubles! I know it all very well for Prince Vasili told me himself. Besides, Kiril Vladimirovich is my mother's second cousin. He's also my Borya's godfather,' she added, as if she attached no importance at all to the fact.

'Prince Vasili arrived in Moscow yesterday. I hear he has come on some inspection business,' remarked the visitor.

'Yes, but *entre nous*,<sup>1</sup>' said the princess, 'that is a pretext. The fact is he has come to see Count Kiril Vladimirovich, hearing how ill he is.'

'But do you know, *ma chère*, that was a capital joke,' said the count; and seeing that the elder visitor was not listening, he turned to the young ladies. 'I can just imagine what a funny figure that policeman cut!'

And as he waved his arms to impersonate the policeman, his portly form again shook with a deep ringing laugh, the laugh of one who always eats well and, in particular, drinks well. 'So, do come and dine with us!' he said.

<sup>1</sup> 'between ourselves'.

## 8

A SILENCE ensued. The countess looked at her callers, smiling affably, but not concealing the fact that she would not be distressed if they now rose and took their leave. The visitor's daughter was already smoothing down her dress with an inquiring look at her mother, when suddenly from the next room were heard the footsteps of boys and girls running to the door and the noise of a chair falling over, and a girl of thirteen, hiding something in the folds of her short muslin frock, darted in and stopped short in the middle of the room. It was evident that she had not intended her flight to bring her so far. Behind her in the doorway appeared a student with a crimson coat-collar, an officer of the Guards, a girl of fifteen, and a plump rosy-faced boy in a short jacket.

The count jumped up and, swaying from side to side, spread his arms wide and threw them round the little girl who had run in.

'Ah, here she is!' he exclaimed laughing. 'My pet, *ma chère*, whose name-day it is.'

'*Ma chère, il y a un temps pour tout*,<sup>1</sup>' said the countess with feigned severity. 'You spoil her, Ilya,' she added, turning to her husband.

'*Bonjour, ma chère, je vous félicite*,<sup>2</sup>' said the visitor. '*Quelle délicieuse enfant*,<sup>3</sup>' she added, addressing the mother.

This black-eyed, wide-mouthed girl, not pretty but full of life, with childish bare shoulders which after her run heaved and shook her bodice, with black curls tossed backward, thin bare arms, little legs in lace-frilled drawers, and feet in low slippers—was just at that charming age when a girl is no longer a child, though the child is not yet a young woman. Escaping from her father she ran to hide her flushed face in the lace of her mother's mantilla—not paying the least attention to her severe remark—and began to laugh. She laughed, and in fragmentary sentences tried to explain about a doll which she produced from the folds of her frock.

'You see? . . . the doll . . . Mimi . . . You see . . .' was all Natasha managed to utter (to her everything seemed funny). She leaned against her mother and burst into such a loud, ringing fit of laughter that even the prim visitor could not help joining in.

'Now then, go away and take your monstrosity with you,' said the

<sup>1</sup> 'there is a time for everything'.

<sup>2</sup> 'How do you do, my dear? I wish you many happy returns of your name-day.'

<sup>3</sup> 'What a charming child.'

mother, pushing away her daughter with pretended sternness, and turning to the visitor she added: 'She is my youngest girl.'

Natasha, raising her face for a moment from her mother's mantilla, glanced up at her through tears of laughter, and again hid her face.

The visitor, compelled to look on at this family scene, thought it necessary to take some part in it.

'Tell me, my dear,' said she to Natasha, 'is Mimi a relation of yours? A daughter, I suppose?'

Natasha did not like the visitor's tone of condescension to childish things. She did not reply, but looked at her seriously.

Meanwhile the younger generation: Boris, the officer, Anna Mikhailovna's son; Nikolai, the undergraduate, the count's eldest son; Sonya, the count's fifteen-year-old niece, and little Petya, his youngest boy, had all settled down in the drawing-room and were obviously trying to restrain within the bounds of decorum the excitement and mirth that shone in all their faces. Evidently in the back rooms, from which they had dashed out so impetuously, the conversation had been more amusing than the drawing-room talk of society scandals, the weather, and Comtesse Apraksine. Now and then they glanced at one another, hardly able to suppress their laughter.

The two young men, the student and the officer, friends from childhood, were of the same age and both handsome fellows, though not alike. Boris was tall and fair, and his calm and handsome face had regular, delicate features. Nikolai was short with curly hair and an open expression. Dark hairs were already showing on his upper lip, and his whole face expressed impetuosity and enthusiasm. Nikolai blushed when he entered the drawing-room. He evidently tried to find something to say, but failed. Boris on the contrary at once found his footing, and related quietly and humorously how he had known that doll Mimi when she was still quite a young lady, before her nose was broken; how she had aged during the five years he had known her, and how her head had cracked right across the skull. Having said this he glanced at Natasha. She turned away from him and glanced at her younger brother, who was screwing up his eyes and shaking with suppressed laughter, and unable to control herself any longer, she jumped up and rushed from the room as fast as her nimble little feet would carry her. Boris did not laugh.

'You were meaning to go out weren't you, *Maman*? Do you want the carriage?' he asked his mother with a smile.

'Yes, yes, go and tell them to get it ready,' she answered, returning his smile.

Boris quietly left the room and went in search of Natasha. The plump

boy ran after them angrily, as if vexed that their programme had been disturbed.

## 9

THE only young people remaining in the drawing-room, not counting the young lady visitor and the countess's eldest daughter (who was four years older than her sister and behaved already like a grown-up person), were Nikolai and Sonya, the niece. Sonya was a slender little brunette with a tender look in her eyes which were veiled by long lashes, thick black braids coiling twice around her head, and a tawny tint in her complexion and especially in the colour of her slender but graceful and muscular arms and neck. By the grace of her movements, by the softness and flexibility of her small limbs, and by a certain coyness and reserve of manner, she reminded one of a pretty, half-grown kitten which promises to become a beautiful little cat. She evidently considered it proper to show an interest in the general conversation by smiling, but in spite of herself her eyes under their thick long lashes watched her cousin who was going to join the army, with such passionate girlish adoration that her smile could not for a single instant impose upon anyone, and it was clear that the kitten had settled down only to spring up with more energy and again play with her cousin as soon as they too could, like Natasha and Boris, escape from the drawing-room.

'Ah yes, *ma chère*,' said the count, addressing the visitor and pointing to Nikolai, 'his friend Boris has become an officer, and so for friendship's sake he is leaving the university and me, his old father, and entering the military service, *ma chère*. And there was a place and everything waiting for him in the Archives Department! Isn't that friendship?' remarked the count in an inquiring tone.

'But they say that war has been declared,' replied the visitor.

'They've been saying so a long while,' said the count, 'and they'll say so again and again, and that will be the end of it. My dear, there's friendship for you,' he repeated. 'He's joining the hussars.'

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

'It's not at all from friendship,' declared Nikolai, flaring up and turning away as if from a shameful aspersion. 'It is not from friendship at all; I simply feel that the army is my vocation.'

He glanced at his cousin and the young lady visitor; and they gazed at him with smiles of approbation.

'Schubert, the colonel of the Pavlograd Hussars, is dining with us today. He has been here on leave and is taking Nikolai back with him.

It can't be helped!' said the count, shrugging his shoulders and speaking playfully of a matter that evidently distressed him.

'I have already told you, Papenka,' said his son, 'that if you don't wish to let me go, I'll stay. But I know I am no use anywhere except in the army; I am not a diplomat nor a government clerk.—I don't know how to hide what I feel.' As he spoke he kept glancing with the flirtatiousness of a handsome youth at Sonya and the young lady visitor.

The little kitten, feasting her eyes on him, seemed ready at any moment to start frisking around again and to display her kittenish nature.

'All right, all right!' said the old count. 'He always flares up! This Buonaparte has turned all their heads; they all think of how he rose from an ensign and became Emperor. Well, well, God grant it,' he added, not noticing his visitor's sarcastic smile.

The elders began talking about Bonaparte. Julie Karagina turned to young Rostov.

'What a pity you weren't at the Arkharovs' on Thursday. I was so dull without you,' said she, giving him a tender smile.

The young man, flattered, sat down nearer to her with a flirtatious smile, and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation without at all noticing that his involuntary smile had stabbed the heart of Sonya, who blushed and smiled unnaturally. In the midst of his talk he glanced round at her. She gave him a passionately angry glance, and hardly able to restrain her tears and maintain the artificial smile on her lips, she got up and left the room. All Nikolai's animation vanished. He waited for the first pause in the conversation, and then with a distressed face left the room to find Sonya.

'How plainly all these young people wear their hearts on their sleeves!' said Anna Mikhailovna, pointing to Nikolai as he went out. '*Cousinage—dangereux voisinage*,'<sup>1</sup> she added.

'Yes,' said the countess when the brightness these young people had brought into the room had vanished; and as if answering a question no one had put but which was always in her mind, 'and how much suffering, how much anxiety one has had to go through that we might rejoice in them now! And yet really the anxiety is greater now than the joy. One is always, always anxious! Especially just at this age, so dangerous both for girls and boys.'

'It all depends on the bringing up,' remarked the visitor.

'Yes, you're quite right,' continued the countess. 'Till now I have always, thank God, been my children's friend and had their full confi-

<sup>1</sup> 'Cousinhood is a dangerous neighbourhood.'

dence,' said she, repeating the mistake of so many parents who imagine that their children have no secrets from them. 'I know I shall always be my daughters' first *confidante*, and that if Nikolenka, with his impulsive nature, does get into mischief (a boy can't help it) he will all the same never be like those Petersburg young men.'

'Yes, they are splendid, splendid youngsters,' chimed in the count, who always solved questions that seemed to him perplexing by deciding that everything was splendid. 'Just imagine: wants to be a hussar. What's one to do, *ma chère*?'

'What a charming creature your younger girl is,' said the visitor; a little volcano!

'Yes, a regular volcano,' said the count. 'Takes after me! And what a voice she has; though she's my daughter, I tell the truth when I say she'll be a singer, a second Salomon!\* We have engaged an Italian to give her lessons.'

'Isn't she too young? I have heard that it harms the voice to train it at that age.'

'Oh no, not at all too young!' replied the count. 'Why, our mothers used to be married at twelve or thirteen.'

'And she's in love with Boris already. Just imagine!' said the countess with a gentle smile, looking at Boris's mother, and went on, evidently concerned with a thought that always occupied her: 'Now you see if I were to be severe with her and to forbid it . . . goodness knows what they might be up to on the sly' (she meant that they would be kissing), 'but as it is, I know every word she utters. She will come running to me of her own accord in the evening and tell me everything. Perhaps I spoil her, but really that seems the best plan. With her elder sister I was stricter.'

'Yes, I was brought up quite differently,' remarked the handsome elder daughter Countess Vera, with a smile.

But the smile did not enhance Vera's beauty as smiles generally do; on the contrary it gave her an unnatural, and therefore unpleasant, expression. Vera was good-looking, not at all stupid, quick at learning, was well brought up, and had a pleasant voice; what she said was true and appropriate, yet, strange to say, everyone—the visitors and countess alike—turned to look at her as if wondering why she had said it, and they all felt awkward.

'People are always too clever with their eldest children and try to make something exceptional of them,' said the visitor.

'What's the good of denying it, *ma chère*? Our dear countess was too clever with Vera,' said the count. 'Well, what of that? She's turned out splendidly all the same,' he added, winking at Vera.

The guests got up and took their leave, promising to return to dinner.

‘What manners! I thought they would never go,’ said the countess, when she had seen her guests out.

## IO

WHEN Natasha ran out of the drawing-room she only went as far as the conservatory. There she paused and stood listening to the conversation in the drawing-room, waiting for Boris to come out. She was already growing impatient, and stamped her foot, ready to cry at his not coming at once, when she heard the young man’s discreet steps approaching neither quickly nor slowly. At this Natasha dashed swiftly among the flower-tubs and hid there.

Boris paused in the middle of the room, looked round, brushed a little dust from the sleeve of his uniform, and going to a mirror examined his handsome face. Natasha, very still, peered out from her ambush, waiting to see what he would do. He stood a little while before the glass, smiled, and walked toward the other door. Natasha was about to call him but changed her mind. ‘Let him look for me,’ she said to herself. Hardly had Boris gone than Sonya, flushed, in tears, and muttering angrily, came in at the other door. Natasha checked her first impulse to run out to her, and remained in her hiding place, watching—as if under the cap of invisibility—to see what went on in the world. She was experiencing a new and peculiar pleasure. Sonya, muttering to herself, kept looking round towards the drawing-room door. It opened and Nikolai came in.

‘Sonya, what is the matter with you? How can you?’ said he, running up to her.

‘It’s nothing, nothing; leave me alone!’ sobbed Sonya.

‘Ah, I know what it is.’

‘Well, if you do, so much the better, and you can go back to her!’

‘So-o-nya! Look here! How can you torture me and yourself like that, for a little thing you imagined?’ said Nikolai taking her hand.

Sonya did not pull it away, and left off crying. Natasha, not stirring and scarcely breathing, watched from her ambush with sparkling eyes. ‘What will happen now?’ she wondered.

‘Sonya! What is anyone in the world to me? You alone are everything!’ said Nikolai. ‘And I will prove it to you.’

‘I don’t like you to talk like that.’

‘Well then, I won’t; only forgive me, Sonya!’ He drew her to him and kissed her.

'Oh, how nice,' thought Natasha; and when Sonya and Nikolai had gone out of the conservatory she followed and called Boris to her.

'Boris, come here,' she said with a sly and significant look. 'I have this one thing to tell you. Here, here!' and she led him into the conservatory to the place among the tubs where she had been hiding.

Boris followed her, smiling.

'What is this *one thing*?' he asked.

She grew confused, glanced round, and seeing the doll she had thrown down on one of the tubs, picked it up.

'Kiss the doll,' said she.

Boris looked attentively and kindly at her lively face, but did not reply.

'Don't you want to? Well then, come here,' she said, and went further in among the plants and threw down the doll. 'Closer, closer!' she whispered.

She caught the young officer by his cuffs, and a look of solemnity and fear appeared on her flushed face.

'Would you like to kiss me?' she whispered almost inaudibly, glancing up at him from under her brows, smiling, and almost crying from excitement.

Boris blushed.

'How funny you are!' he said, bending down to her and blushing still more, but he waited and did not take advantage.

Suddenly she jumped up onto a tub to be higher than he, embraced him so that both her slender bare arms clasped him above his neck, and tossing back her hair, kissed him full on the lips.

Then she slipped down among the flower pots on the other side of the tubs and stood, hanging her head.

'Natasha,' he said, 'you know that I love you, but . . .'

'You are in love with me?' Natasha broke in.

'Yes, in love, but please don't let us do like that . . . In another four years . . . then I will ask for your hand.'

Natasha considered.

'Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,' she counted on her slender little fingers. 'All right! Then it's settled?'

A smile of joy and serenity lit up her lively face.

'Settled!' replied Boris.

'For ever?' said the little girl. 'Till death itself?'

She took his arm and with a happy face went with him into the adjoining sitting-room.



## II

AFTER receiving her visitors the countess was so tired that she gave orders to admit no more, but the porter was told to be sure to invite to dinner all who came to offer their congratulations. The countess wished to have a tête-à-tête talk with the friend of her childhood, Princess Anna Mikhailovna, whom she had not seen properly since she returned from Petersburg. Anna Mikhailovna, with her tear-worn but pleasant face, drew her chair nearer to that of the countess.

‘With you I will be quite frank,’ said Anna Mikhailovna. ‘There are not many left of us old friends! That’s why I so value your friendship.’

Anna Mikhailovna looked at Vera and paused. The countess pressed her friend’s hand.

‘Vera,’ she said to her eldest daughter who was evidently not a favourite, ‘how is it you have so little tact? Don’t you see you are not wanted here? Go to the other girls, or . . .’

The handsome Vera smiled contemptuously but did not seem at all hurt.

‘If you had only told me sooner, Mamenka, I would have gone at once,’ she replied as she rose to go to her own room.

But as she passed the sitting-room she noticed two couples sitting, one pair at each window. She stopped and smiled scornfully. Sonya was sitting close to Nikolai who was copying out some verses for her, the first he had ever written. Boris and Natasha were at the other window and ceased talking when Vera entered. Sonya and Natasha looked at Vera with guilty, happy faces.

It was pleasant and touching to see these little girls in love; but apparently the sight of them roused no pleasant feeling in Vera.

‘How often have I asked you not to take my things?’ she said. ‘You have a room of your own,’ and she took the inkstand from Nikolai.

‘In a minute, in a minute,’ he said, dipping his pen.

‘You always manage to do things at the wrong time,’ continued Vera. ‘You came rushing into the drawing-room so that everyone felt ashamed of you.’

Though what she said was quite just, perhaps for that very reason no one replied, and the foursome simply looked at one another. She lingered in the room with the inkstand in her hand.

‘And at your age what secrets can there be between Natasha and Boris, or between you two? It’s all nonsense!’

'Well, what business is it of yours, Vera?' said Natasha in defence, speaking in a quiet little voice.

She seemed that day to be more than ever kind and affectionate to everyone.

'Very silly,' said Vera. 'I am ashamed of you. Secrets indeed!'

'All have secrets of their own,' answered Natasha, getting warmer. 'We don't interfere with you and Berg.'

'I should think not,' said Vera, 'because there can never be anything wrong in my behaviour. But I'll just tell Mama how you are behaving with Boris.'

'Natalya Ilynichna behaves very well to me,' remarked Boris. 'I have nothing to complain of.'

'Don't, Boris! You are such a diplomat that it is really irritating,' said Natasha in a mortified voice that trembled slightly. (She used the word 'diplomat', which was just then much in vogue among the children, in the special sense they attached to it.) 'Why does she bother me?' And she added, turning to Vera, 'You'll never understand it, because you've never loved anyone. You have no heart! You are a *Madame de Genlis*\* and nothing more,' (this nickname, bestowed on Vera by Nikolai, was considered very stinging) 'and your greatest pleasure is to be unpleasant to people! Go and flirt with Berg as much as you please,' she finished quickly.

'I shall at any rate not run after a young man before visitors . . .'

'Well, now you've done what you wanted,' put in Nikolai, '—said unpleasant things to everyone and upset them. Let's go to the nursery.'

The foursome, like a flock of scared birds, got up and left the room.

'The unpleasant things were said to me,' remarked Vera, 'I said none to anyone.'

'*Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!*' shouted laughing voices through the door.

The handsome Vera, who produced such an irritating and unpleasant effect on everyone, smiled, and evidently unmoved by what had been said to her, went to the looking-glass and arranged her hair and scarf. Looking at her own handsome face she seemed to become still colder and calmer.

In the drawing-room the conversation was still going on.

'*Ah, chère,*' said the countess, 'in my life *tout n'est pas rose*. Don't I know that *du train que nous allons*, our means won't last long?<sup>1</sup> It's all the Club and his easygoing nature. Even in the country do we get any rest?

<sup>1</sup> 'all is not rosy . . . at the rate we are living'.

Theatricals, hunting, and heaven knows what besides! But don't let's talk about me; tell me how you managed everything. I often wonder at you, *Annette*—how at your age you can rush off alone in a carriage to Moscow, to Petersburg, to those ministers and great people, and know how to deal with them all! It's quite astonishing. How did you get things settled? I couldn't possibly do it.'

'Ah, my love,' answered Anna Mikhailovna, 'God grant you never know what it is to be left a widow without means and with a son you love to distraction! One learns many things then,' she added with a certain pride. 'That lawsuit taught me much. When I want to see one of those big people I write a note: "Princess So-and-So desires an interview with So-and-So," and then I take a cab and go myself two, three, or four times—till I get what I want. I don't mind what they may think of me.'

'Well, and to whom did you apply about Borenka?' asked the countess. 'You see your son is already an officer in the Guards, while my Nikolushka is going as a cadet.\* There's no one to take an interest in him. To whom did you apply?'

'To Prince Vasili. He was so kind. He at once agreed to everything, and put the matter before the Emperor,' said Princess Anna Mikhailovna enthusiastically, quite forgetting all the humiliation she had endured to gain her end.

'Has Prince Vasili aged much?' asked the countess. 'I have not seen him since we acted together at the Rumyantsevs' theatricals. I expect he has forgotten me. *Il me faisait la cour*,<sup>1</sup> said the countess, with a smile.

'He is just the same as ever,' replied Anna Mikhailovna, 'overflowing with amiability. *Les grandeurs ne lui ont pas tourné la tête du tout*.<sup>2</sup> He said to me, "I am sorry I can do so little for you, dear Princess. I am at your command." Yes, he is a fine fellow and a very kind relation. But, Nathalie, you know my love for my son: I would do anything for his happiness! And my affairs are in such a bad way that my position is now a terrible one,' continued Anna Mikhailovna, sadly, dropping her voice. 'My wretched lawsuit takes all I have and makes no progress. Would you believe it, I have *à la lettre*<sup>3</sup> not a penny and don't know how to equip Boris.' She took out her handkerchief and began to cry. 'I need five hundred rubles, and have only one twenty-five ruble note. I am in such a state . . . My only hope now is in Count Kiril Vladimirovich Bezukhov. If he will not assist his godson—you know he is Borya's godfather—and allow him something for his maintenance, all my trouble will have been thrown away . . . I shall not be able to equip him.'

<sup>1</sup> 'He paid me attentions in those days.'

<sup>2</sup> 'His position has not turned his head at all.'

<sup>3</sup> 'literally'.

The countess's eyes filled with tears and she pondered in silence.

'I often think, though perhaps it's a sin,' said the princess, 'that here lives Count Kiril Vladimirovich Bezukhov so rich, all alone . . . that tremendous fortune . . . and what is his life worth? It's a burden to him, and Borya's life is only just beginning . . .'

'I am sure he will leave something to Boris,' said the countess.

'Heaven only knows, my dear! These rich grandees are so selfish. Still, I will take Boris and go to see him at once, and I shall speak to him straight out. Let people think what they will of me, it's really all the same to me when my son's fate is at stake.' The princess rose. 'It's now two o'clock and you dine at four. There will just be time.'

And like a practical Petersburg lady who knows how to make the most of time, Anna Mikhailovna sent someone to call her son, and went into the ante-room with him.

'Goodbye, my dear,' said she to the countess who saw her to the door, and added in a whisper so that her son should not hear, 'Wish me good luck.'

'Are you going to Count Kiril Vladimirovich, *ma chère*?' said the count coming out from the dining-hall into the ante-room, and he added: 'If he is better, ask Pierre to dine with us. He has been to the house, you know, and danced with the children. Be sure to invite him, *ma chère*. We will see how Taras distinguishes himself today. He says Count Orlov\* never gave such a dinner as ours will be!'

## 12

'*MON cher Boris*,' said Princess Anna Mikhailovna to her son as Countess Rostova's carriage in which they were seated drove over the straw-covered street and turned into the wide courtyard of Count Kiril Vladimirovich Bezukhov's house. '*Mon cher Boris*,' said the mother, drawing her hand from beneath her old mantle and laying it timidly and tenderly on her son's arm, 'be affectionate and attentive to him. Count Kiril Vladimirovich is your godfather after all, and your future depends on him. Remember that, *mon cher*, and be nice to him, as you so well know how to be.'

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

Although the hall-porter saw someone's carriage standing at the entrance, after scrutinizing the mother and son (who without asking to be announced had passed straight through the glass porch between

the rows of statues in niches) and looking significantly at the lady's old cloak, he asked whether they wanted the count or the princesses, and hearing that they wished to see the count, said his excellency was worse today, and that his excellency was not receiving anyone.

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

'*Mon ami!*' exclaimed his mother imploringly, again laying her hand on his arm as if that touch might soothe or rouse him.

Boris said no more, but looked inquiringly at his mother without taking off his cloak.

'My little dove,' said Anna Mikhailovna in gentle tones, addressing the hall-porter, 'I know Count Kiril Vladimirovich is very ill . . . that's why I have come . . . I am a relation. I shall not disturb him, my little dove . . . I only need see Prince Vasili Sergeevich: he is staying here, is he not? Please announce me.'

The hall-porter sullenly pulled a bell that rang upstairs, and turned away.

'Princess Drubetskaya to see Prince Vasili Sergeevich,' he called to a footman dressed in knee-breeches, shoes, and a swallow-tail coat, who ran downstairs and looked over from the halfway landing.

The mother smoothed the folds of her dyed silk dress before a large Venetian mirror in the wall, and in her trodden-down shoes briskly ascended the carpeted stairs.

'*Mon ami,*' she said to her son, once more stimulating him by a touch, '*vous m'avez promis!*'<sup>1</sup>

The son, lowering his eyes, followed her quietly.

They entered the large hall, from which one of the doors led to the apartments assigned to Prince Vasili.

Just as the mother and son, having reached the middle of the hall, were about to ask their way of an elderly footman who had sprung up as they entered, the bronze handle of one of the doors turned and Prince Vasili came out—wearing a velvet coat with a single star on his breast, as was his custom when at home—taking leave of a good-looking, dark-haired man. This was the celebrated Petersburg doctor, Lorrain.

'*C'est donc positif?*'<sup>2</sup> said the prince.

'*Mon prince, humanum est errare,* but . . .'<sup>3</sup> replied the doctor, swallowing his *r*'s, and pronouncing the Latin words with a French accent.

'*C'est bien, c'est bien . . .*'<sup>4</sup>

Seeing Anna Mikhailovna and her son, Prince Vasili dismissed the

<sup>1</sup> 'you promised me.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Then it is certain?'

<sup>3</sup> 'My Prince, to err is human' [Latin].

<sup>4</sup> 'Very well, very well.'

doctor with a bow and approached them silently and with a look of inquiry. The son noticed that an expression of profound sorrow suddenly clouded his mother's face, and he smiled slightly.

'Ah Prince! In what sad circumstances we meet again! And how is our dear invalid? said she, as though unaware of the cold offensive look fixed on her.

Prince Vasili stared at her and at Boris questioningly and perplexed. Boris bowed politely. Prince Vasili without acknowledging the bow turned to Anna Mikhailovna, answering her query by a movement of the head and lips indicating very little hope for the patient.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna. 'Oh, how awful! It is terrible to think . . . This is my son,' she added, indicating Boris. 'He wanted to thank you himself.'

Boris again bowed politely.

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

'I am glad I was able to do you a service, my dear Anna Mikhailovna,' said Prince Vasili, arranging his lace frill, and in tone and manner, here in Moscow to Anna Mikhailovna whom he had placed under an obligation, assuming an air of much greater importance than he had done in Petersburg at *Annette* Scherer's reception.

'Try to serve well and show yourself worthy,' added he, addressing Boris with severity. 'I am glad . . . Are you here on leave?' he went on in his usual tone of indifference.

'I am awaiting orders to join my new regiment, your excellency,' replied Boris, betraying neither annoyance at the prince's brusque manner nor a desire to enter into conversation, but speaking so quietly and respectfully that the prince gave him a searching glance.

'Are you living with your mother?'

'I am living at Countess Rostova's,' replied Boris, again adding, 'your excellency.'

'That is, with Ilya Rostov who married Nathalie Shinshina,' said Anna Mikhailovna.

'I know, I know,' answered Prince Vasili in his monotonous voice. '*Je n'ai jamais pu concevoir, comment Nathalie s'est décidée à épouser cet ours mal-léché! Un personnage complètement stupide et ridicule. Et joueur à ce qu'on dit.*'<sup>1</sup>

'*Mais très brave homme, mon prince,*'<sup>2</sup> said Anna Mikhailovna with a pathetic smile, as though she too knew that Count Rostov deserved

<sup>1</sup> 'I never could understand how Natalie made up her mind to marry that unlicked bear! A perfectly absurd and stupid fellow, and a gambler too, I am told.'

<sup>2</sup> 'But a very kind man, Prince.'

this censure, but asked him not to be too hard on the poor old man. 'What do the doctors say?' asked the princess after a pause, her worn face again expressing deep sorrow.

'They give little hope,' replied the prince.

'And I should so like to thank *Uncle* once more for all his kindness to me and to Boris. *C'est son filleul*,'<sup>1</sup> she added, her tone suggesting that this fact ought to give Prince Vasili much satisfaction.

Prince Vasili became thoughtful and frowned. Anna Mikhailovna saw that he was afraid of finding in her a rival for Count Bezukhov's fortune, and hastened to reassure him.

'If it were not for my sincere affection and devotion to *Uncle*,' said she, uttering the word with peculiar assurance and unconcern, 'I know his character: noble, upright . . . but you see he has no one with him except the young princesses . . . They are still young . . .' She bent her head and continued in a whisper: 'Has he performed his final duty,\* Prince? How priceless are those last moments! It can make things no worse, and it is absolutely necessary to prepare him if he is so ill. We women, Prince,' and she smiled tenderly, 'always know how to say these things. I absolutely must see him, however painful it may be for me. I am used to suffering.'

Evidently the prince understood her, and also understood, as he had done at Anna Pavlovna's, that it would be difficult to get rid of Anna Mikhailovna.

'Would not such a meeting be too trying for him, *chère* Anna Mikhailovna?' said he. 'Let us wait until evening. The doctors are expecting a crisis.'

'But one cannot delay, Prince, at such a moment! *Pensez, il y va du salut de son âme . . . Ah! C'est terrible, les devoirs d'un chrétien . . .*'<sup>2</sup>

A door of one of the inner rooms opened and one of the princesses, the count's niece, entered with a cold stern face. The length of her body was strikingly out of proportion to her short legs. Prince Vasili turned to her.

'Well, how is he?'

'Still the same; but what can you expect, this noise . . .' said the princess, looking at Anna Mikhailovna as at a stranger.

'*Ah, chère, je ne vous reconnaissais pas*,'<sup>3</sup> said Anna Mikhailovna with a happy smile, ambling lightly up to the count's niece. '*Je viens d'arriver*

<sup>1</sup> 'He is his godson.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Consider that the welfare of his soul is at stake. Ah, it is awful: the duties of a Christian.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Ah, my dear, I hardly knew you.'

*et je suis à vous pour vous aider à soigner mon oncle. J'imagine, combien vous avez souffert,*<sup>1</sup> and she sympathetically turned up her eyes.

The princess gave no reply and did not even smile, but left the room at once. Anna Mikhailovna took off her gloves, and occupying the position she had conquered, settled down in an armchair, inviting Prince Vasili to take a seat beside her.

'Boris,' she said to her son with a smile, 'I shall go in to see the count, my uncle; but you, my dear, had better go to Pierre meanwhile and don't forget to give him the Rostovs' invitation. They ask him to dinner. I suppose he won't go?' she continued, turning to the prince.

'On the contrary,' replied the prince, who had plainly become depressed, *'Je serais très content si vous me débarrassez de ce jeune homme'*<sup>2</sup> . . . Here he sits, and the count has not once asked for him.'

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted Boris down one flight of stairs and up another, to Pierre's rooms.

### 13

PIERRE, after all, had not managed to choose a career for himself in Petersburg, and had been expelled from there for riotous conduct and sent to Moscow. The story told about him at Count Rostov's was true. Pierre had taken part in tying a policeman to a bear. He had now been for some days in Moscow and was staying as usual at his father's house. Though he expected that the story of his escapade would be already known in Moscow and that the ladies about his father—who were never favourably disposed towards him—would have used it to turn the count against him, he nevertheless on the day of his arrival went to his father's part of the house. Entering the drawing-room, where the princesses spent most of their time, he greeted the ladies, two of whom were sitting at embroidery frames while a third read aloud. It was the eldest who was reading—the one who had met Anna Mikhailovna. The two younger ones were embroidering: both were rosy and pretty and they differed only in that one had a little mole on her lip which made her much prettier. Pierre was received as if he were a corpse or a leper. The eldest princess paused in her reading and silently stared at him with frightened eyes; the second assumed precisely the same expression; while the youngest, the one with the mole, who was of a cheerful and lively disposition, bent over her frame to hide a smile probably evoked

<sup>1</sup> 'I have come, and am at your service to help you nurse *my uncle*. I can imagine what you have gone through.'

<sup>2</sup> 'I shall be only too glad if you relieve me of that young man.'



by the amusing scene she foresaw. She drew her wool down through the canvas and, scarcely able to refrain from laughing, stooped as if trying to make out the pattern.

'*Bonjour, ma cousine,*' said Pierre. '*Vous ne me reconnaissez pas?*'<sup>1</sup>

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

'How is the count? Can I see him?' asked Pierre, awkwardly as usual, but unabashed.

'The count is suffering physically and mentally, and apparently you have done your best to increase his mental sufferings.'

'Can I see the count?' Pierre again asked.

'H'm . . . If you wish to kill him, to kill him outright, you can see him . . . Olga, go and see whether Uncle's *bouillon* is ready—it is almost time,' she added, giving Pierre to understand that they were busy, and busy making his father comfortable, while evidently he, Pierre, was only busy causing him annoyance.

Olga went out. Pierre stood looking at the sisters; then he bowed and said:

'Then I will go to my rooms. You will let me know when I can see him.'

And he left the room, followed by the low but ringing laughter of the sister with the mole.

Next day Prince Vasili had arrived and settled in the count's house. He sent for Pierre and said to him:

'*Mon cher, si vous vous conduisez ici, comme à Pétersbourg, vous finirez très mal; c'est tout ce que je vous dis.*'<sup>2</sup> The count is very, very, ill, and you must not see him at all.'

Since then Pierre had not been disturbed and had spent the whole time in his rooms upstairs.

When Boris appeared at his door Pierre was pacing up and down his room, stopping occasionally at a corner to make menacing gestures at the wall, as if running a sword through an invisible foe, and glaring savagely over his spectacles, and then again resuming his walk, muttering indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders, and gesticulating.

'*L'Angleterre a vécu,*'<sup>3</sup> said he, scowling and pointing his finger at someone unseen. '*Monsieur Pitt\* comme traître à la nation au droit des gens est condamné à . . .*'<sup>4</sup> But before Pierre—who at that moment imagined himself to be Napoleon in person and to have just effected the dangerous

<sup>1</sup> 'How do you do, cousin? . . . You don't recognize me?'

<sup>2</sup> 'My dear fellow, if you are going to behave here as you did in Petersburg, you will end very badly; that is all I have to say to you.'

<sup>3</sup> 'England is done for.'

<sup>4</sup> 'Mr Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the rights of man, is sentenced to . . .'

crossing of the *Pas-de-Calais* and captured London—could pronounce Pitt's sentence, he saw a well-built and handsome young officer entering his room. Pierre paused. He had left Moscow when Boris was a boy of fourteen, and had quite forgotten him, but in his usual impulsive and hearty way he took Boris by the hand with a friendly smile.

'Do you remember me?' asked Boris quietly with a pleasant smile. 'I have come with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is not well.'

'Yes, it seems he is ill. People are always disturbing him,' answered Pierre, trying to remember who this young man was.

Boris felt that Pierre did not recognize him but did not consider it necessary to introduce himself, and without experiencing the least embarrassment looked Pierre straight in the face.

'Count Rostov asks you to come to dinner today,' said he, after a considerable pause which made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

'Ah, Count Rostov!' exclaimed Pierre joyfully. 'Then you are his son, Ilya? Only imagine, I didn't know you at first. Do you remember how we went to the Sparrow Hills with Madame Jacquot? . . . It's such an age . . .'

'You are mistaken,' said Boris deliberately, with a bold and slightly sarcastic smile. 'I am Boris, son of Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya. Rostov, the father, is Ilya, and his son is Nikolai. I never knew any Madame Jacquot.'

Pierre shook his head and arms as if attacked by mosquitoes or bees.

'Oh dear, what am I thinking about? I've mixed everything up. One has so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris? Of course. Well, now we know where we are. And what do you think of the Boulogne expedition? The English will come off badly, you know, if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I think the expedition is quite feasible. If only Villeneuve doesn't make a mess of things!'

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he did not read the papers and it was the first time he had heard Villeneuve's name.

'We here in Moscow are more occupied with dinner parties and scandal than with politics,' said he in his quiet ironical tone. 'I know nothing about it and have not thought about it. Moscow is chiefly busy with gossip,' he continued. 'Just now they are talking about you and your father.'

Pierre smiled in his good-natured way as if afraid for his companion's sake that the latter might say something he would afterwards regret. But Boris spoke distinctly, clearly and drily, looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

'Moscow has nothing else to do but gossip,' Boris went on. 'Everybody

is wondering to whom the count will leave his fortune, though he may perhaps outlive us all, as I sincerely hope he will . . .’

‘Yes, it is all very horrid,’ interrupted Pierre, ‘very horrid.’

Pierre was still afraid that this officer might inadvertently say something disconcerting to himself.

‘And it must seem to you,’ said Boris flushing slightly, but not changing his tone or attitude, ‘it must seem to you that everyone is trying to get something out of the rich man?’

‘So it does,’ thought Pierre.

‘But I just wish to say, to avoid misunderstandings, that you are quite mistaken if you reckon me or my mother among such people. We are very poor, but for my own part at any rate, for the very reason that your father is rich I don’t regard myself as a relation of his, and neither I nor my mother would ever ask or take anything from him.’

For a long time Pierre could not understand, but when he did, he jumped up from the sofa, seized Boris under the elbow in his quick, clumsy way, and blushing far more than Boris, began to speak with a feeling of mingled shame and vexation.

‘Well, this is strange! Do you suppose I . . . who could think? . . . I know very well . . .’

But Boris again interrupted him.

‘I am glad I have spoken out fully. Perhaps you did not like it? You must excuse me,’ said he, putting Pierre at ease instead of being put at ease by him, ‘but I hope I have not offended you. I always make it a rule to speak out . . . Well, what answer am I to take? Will you come to dinner at the Rostovs?’

And Boris, having apparently relieved himself of an onerous duty and extricated himself from an awkward situation and placed another in it, became quite pleasant again.

‘No, but I say,’ said Pierre, calming down, ‘you are a splendid fellow! What you have just said is good, very good. Of course you don’t know me. We have not met for such a long time . . . not since we were children. You might think that I . . . I understand, quite understand. I could not have done it myself, I should not have had the courage, but it’s splendid. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. It’s strange,’ he added after a pause, ‘that you should have suspected me!’ He began to laugh. ‘Well, what of it! I hope we’ll get better acquainted,’ and he pressed Boris’s hand. ‘Do you know, I have not once been in to see 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 manage to get an army across?’ asked Boris with a smile.

Pierre saw that Boris wished to change the subject, and being of the same mind he began explaining the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came in to summon Boris—the princess was going. Pierre, in order to make Boris's better acquaintance, promised to come to dinner, and warmly pressing his hand looked affectionately over his spectacles into Boris's eyes. After he had gone Pierre continued pacing up and down the room for a long time, no longer piercing an imaginary foe with his imaginary sword, but smiling at the remembrance of that pleasant, intelligent and resolute young man.

As often happens in early youth, especially to one who leads a lonely life, he felt an unaccountable tenderness for this young man and made up his mind that they would be friends.

Prince Vasili saw the princess off. She held a handkerchief to her eyes and her face was tearful.

'It is dreadful, dreadful!' she was saying, 'but cost me what it may I shall do my duty. I will come and spend the night. He must not be left like this. Every moment is precious. I can't think why his nieces put it off. Perhaps God will help me to find a way to prepare him! . . . *Adieu, Prince!* May God support you . . .'

*'Adieu, ma bonne,'* answered Prince Vasili turning away from her.

'Oh, he is in a dreadful state,' said the mother to her son when they were in the carriage. 'He hardly recognizes anybody.'

'I don't understand, Mama—what his attitude is to Pierre?' asked the son.

'The will will show that, my dear; our fate also depends on it . . .'

'But why do you expect that he will leave us anything?'

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

'Well, that is hardly a sufficient reason, Mama . . .'

'Oh Heavens! How ill he is!' exclaimed the mother.

## 14

AFTER Anna Mikhailovna had driven off with her son to visit Count Kiril Vladimirovich Bezukhov, Countess Rostova sat for a long time all alone applying her handkerchief to her eyes. At last she rang.

'What is the matter with you, my dear?' she said crossly to the maid who kept her waiting some minutes. 'Don't you wish to serve me? Then I'll find you another place.'

The countess was upset by her friend's sorrow and humiliating poverty, and was therefore out of sorts, a state of mind which with her

always found expression in calling her maid 'my dear' and speaking to her with exaggerated politeness.

'I am very sorry, ma'am,' answered the maid.

'Ask the count to come to me.'

The count came waddling in to see his wife with a rather guilty look as usual.

'Well, little Countess? What a *sauté* of game *au madère* we are to have, my dear! I tasted it. The thousand rubles I paid for Taras\* were not ill-spent. He is worth it!'

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

'What are your commands, little Countess?'

'You see, my dear . . . What's that mess?' she said, pointing to his waistcoat. 'It's the *sauté*, most likely,' she added with a smile. Well, you see, Count, I want some money.'

Her face became sad.

'Oh, little Countess!' . . . and the count began bustling to get out his pocket-book.

'I want a great deal, Count! I want five hundred rubles,' and taking out her cambric handkerchief she began wiping her husband's waistcoat.

'Yes, immediately, immediately! Hey, who's there?' he called out in a tone only used by persons who are certain that those they call will rush to obey the summons. 'Send Mitenka to me!'

Mitenka, a man of good family who had been brought up in the count's house and now managed all his affairs, stepped softly into the room.

'This is what I want, my dear fellow,' said the count to the deferential young man who had entered. 'Bring me . . .' he reflected a moment, 'yes, bring me seven hundred rubles, yes! But mind, don't bring me such tattered and dirty notes as last time, but nice clean ones for the countess.'

'Yes, Mitenka, clean ones, please,' said the countess, sighing deeply.

'When would you like them, your Excellency?' asked Mitenka. 'Allow me to inform you . . . But, don't be uneasy,' he added, noticing that the count was beginning to breathe heavily and quickly which was always a sign of approaching anger. 'I was forgetting . . . Do you wish it brought at once?'

'Yes, yes; just so! Bring it. Give it to the countess.'

'What solid gold that Mitenka is,' added the count with a smile when the young man had departed. 'There is never any "impossible" with him. That's a thing I hate! Everything is possible.'

‘Ah, money, Count, money! How much sorrow it causes in the world,’ said the countess. But I am in great need of this sum.’

‘You, my little Countess, are a notorious spendthrift,’ said the count, and having kissed his wife’s hand he went back to his study.

When Anna Mikhailovna returned from Count Bezukhov’s the money, all in clean notes, was lying ready under a handkerchief on the countess’s little table, and Anna Mikhailovna noticed that something was agitating her.

‘Well, my dear?’ asked the countess.

‘Oh, what a terrible state he is in! One would not know him, he is so ill! I was only there a few moments and hardly said a word . . .’

‘Annette, for heaven’s sake don’t refuse me,’ the countess began, with a blush that looked very strange on her thin, dignified, elderly face, and she took the money from under the handkerchief.

Anna Mikhailovna instantly guessed her intention and stooped to be ready to embrace the countess at the appropriate moment.

‘This is for Boris from me for his outfit.’

Anna Mikhailovna was already embracing her and weeping. The countess wept too. They wept because they were friends, and because they were kind-hearted, and because they—friends from childhood—had to think about such a base thing as money, and because their youth was over . . . But those tears were pleasant to them both.

## 15

COUNTRESS ROSTOVA, with her daughters and a large number of guests, was already seated in the drawing-room. The count took the gentlemen into his study, and showed them his choice collection of Turkish pipes. From time to time he went out to ask: ‘Hasn’t she come yet?’ They were expecting Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, known in society as *le terrible dragon*, a lady distinguished not for wealth or rank, but for common sense and frank plainness of speech. Marya Dmitrievna was known to the Imperial family as well as to all Moscow and Petersburg, and both cities wondered at her, laughed privately at her rudeness, and told good stories about her, while none the less all without exception respected and feared her.

In the count’s room, which was full of tobacco-smoke, they talked of the war that had been announced in a manifesto, and about the recruiting. None of them had yet seen the manifesto, but they all knew it had appeared. The count sat on the sofa between two guests who were smoking and talking. He neither smoked nor talked, but bending his

head first to one side and then to the other watched the smokers with evident pleasure and listened to the conversation of his two neighbours, whom he egged on against each other.

One of them was a sallow, clean-shaven civilian with a thin and wrinkled face, already growing old, though he was dressed like a most fashionable young man. He sat with his legs up on the sofa as if quite at home, and having stuck an amber mouthpiece far into his mouth, was inhaling the smoke spasmodically and screwing up his eyes. This was an old bachelor, Shinshin, a cousin of the countess's, a man with 'a sharp tongue' as they said in Moscow society. He seemed to be condescending to his companion. The latter, a fresh, rosy officer of the Guards, irreproachably washed, brushed and buttoned, held his pipe in the middle of his mouth and with red lips gently inhaled the smoke, letting it escape from his handsome mouth in rings. This was Lieutenant Berg, an officer in the Semyonov regiment with whom Boris was to travel to join the army, and about whom Natasha had teased her elder sister Vera, speaking of Berg as her 'intended'. The count sat between them and listened attentively. His favourite occupation when not playing boston,\* a card game he was very fond of, was that of listener, especially when he succeeded in setting two loquacious talkers at one another.

'Well then, old chap, *mon très honorable* Alphonse Karlovich,' said Shinshin, laughing ironically and mixing the most ordinary Russian expressions with the choicest French phrases—which was a peculiarity of his speech, '*Vous comptez vous faire des rentes sur l'État*; you want to make something out of your company?'

'No, Pyotr Nikolaevich; I only want to show that in the cavalry the advantages are far less than in the infantry. Just consider my own position now, Pyotr Nikolaevich . . .'

Berg always spoke quietly, politely, and with great precision. His conversation always related entirely to himself; he would remain calm and silent when the talk related to any topic that had no direct bearing on himself. He could remain silent for hours without being at all put out of countenance himself or making others uncomfortable, but as soon as the conversation concerned himself he would begin to talk circumstantially and with evident satisfaction.

'Consider my position, Pyotr Nikolaevich. Were I in the cavalry I should get not more than two hundred rubles every four months, even with the rank of lieutenant; but as it is I receive two hundred and thirty,' said he, looking at Shinshin and the count with a joyful, pleasant smile, as if it were obvious to him that his success must always be the chief desire of everyone else.

'Besides that, Pyotr Nikolaevich, by exchanging into the Guards

I shall be in a more prominent position,' continued Berg, 'and vacancies occur much more frequently in the Foot Guards. Then just think what can be done with two hundred and thirty rubles! I even manage to put a little aside and to send something to my father,' he went on, emitting a smoke ring.

*'La balance y est . . . A German knows how to skin a flint, comme dit le proverbe,'*<sup>1</sup> remarked Shinshin, moving his pipe to the other side of his mouth and winking at the count.

The count burst out laughing. The other guests seeing that Shinshin was talking came up to listen. Berg, oblivious of irony or indifference continued to explain how by exchanging into the Guards he had already gained a step on his old comrades of the Cadet Corps; how in wartime the company commander might get killed and he, as senior in the company, might easily succeed to the post; how popular he was with everyone in the regiment, and how satisfied his father was with him. Berg evidently enjoyed narrating all this, and did not seem to suspect that others, too, might have their own interests. But all he said was so prettily sedate, and the *naïveté* of his youthful egotism was so obvious, that he disarmed his hearers.

'Well, my boy, you'll get along wherever you go—foot or horse—that I'll warrant,' said Shinshin, patting him on the shoulder and taking his feet off the sofa.

Berg smiled joyously. The count, followed by his guests, went into the drawing-room.

It was just the moment before a big dinner when the assembled guests, expecting the summons to *zakuski*,\* avoid engaging in any long conversation but think it necessary to move about and talk, in order to show that they are not at all impatient for their food. The host and hostess look towards the door, and now and then glance at one another, and the visitors try to guess from these glances who, or what, they are waiting for—some important relation who has not yet arrived, or a dish that is not yet ready.

Pierre had come just at dinner-time, and was sitting awkwardly in the middle of the drawing-room on the first chair he had come across, blocking the way for everyone. The countess tried to make him talk, but he went on naively looking around through his spectacles as if in search of somebody and answered all her questions in monosyllables. He was in the way and was the only one who did not notice the fact. Most of the guests, knowing of the affair with the bear, looked with

<sup>1</sup> 'So it is . . . as the proverb says.'



curiosity at this big, stout, quiet man, wondering how such a clumsy, modest fellow could have played such a prank on a policeman.

‘You have only lately arrived?’ the countess asked him.

‘*Oui, madame*,’ replied he, looking around him.

‘You have not yet seen my husband?’

‘*Non, madame*.’ He smiled quite inappropriately.

‘You have been in Paris recently I believe? I suppose it’s very interesting.’

‘Very interesting.’

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhailovna. The latter understood that she was being asked to entertain this young man, and sitting down beside him she began to speak about his father; but he answered her, as he had the countess, only in monosyllables. The other guests were all conversing with one another. ‘*Les Razoumovskys . . . Ça a été charmant . . . Vous êtes bien bonne . . . La comtesse Apraksine . . .*’<sup>1</sup> was heard on all sides. The countess rose and went into the ballroom.

‘Marya Dmitrievna?’ came her voice from there.

‘Herself,’ came the answer in a rough voice, and Marya Dmitrievna entered the room.

All the unmarried ladies and even the married ones except the very oldest rose. Marya Dmitrievna paused at the door. Tall and stout, holding high her fifty-year-old head with its grey curls, she stood surveying the guests, and leisurely arranged her wide sleeves as if rolling them up. Marya Dmitrievna always spoke in Russian.

‘Health and happiness to her whose name-day we are keeping and to her children,’ she said, in her loud, full-toned voice which drowned all others. ‘Well, you old sinner,’ she went on, turning to the count who was kissing her hand, ‘feeling dull in Moscow, I guess? Nowhere to hunt with your dogs? But what is to be done, old man? Just see how these nestlings are growing up,’ and she pointed to the girls. ‘You must look for husbands for them, whether you like it or not.’

‘Well,’ said she, ‘how’s my Cossack?’ (Marya Dmitrievna always called Natasha a Cossack), and she stroked the child’s arm as she came up fearless and merry to kiss her hand. ‘I know she’s a scamp of a girl, but I like her.’

She took a pair of pear-shaped ruby earrings from her huge reticule, and having given them to the rosy Natasha, who beamed with the pleasure of her saint’s-day fête, turned away at once and addressed herself to Pierre.

‘Eh, eh, my man! Come right over here,’ said she, assuming a soft

<sup>1</sup> ‘The Razoumovskys . . . It was charming . . . You are very kind . . . Countess Apraksina . . .’

high tone of voice. 'Come over here, my man . . .' and she ominously tucked up her sleeves still higher. Pierre approached, looking at her in a childlike way through his spectacles.

'Come right up, come right up, my man! I used to be the only one to tell your father the truth when he was in favour, and in your case it's my evident duty.'

She paused. All were silent, expectant of what was to follow, for this was clearly only a prelude.

'A fine young man! My word! A fine young man! . . . His father lies on his deathbed and he amuses himself setting a policeman astride a bear! For shame, young master, for shame! It would be better if you went to the war.'

She turned away and gave her hand to the count, who could hardly keep from laughing.

'Well, I guess, time we're at table?' said Marya Dmitrievna.

The count went in first with Marya Dmitrievna, the countess followed on the arm of a colonel of hussars, a man of importance to them because Nikolai was to go with him to the regiment; then came Anna Mikhailovna with Shinshin. Berg gave his arm to Vera. The smiling Julie Karagin went in with Nikolai. After them other couples followed, filling the whole dining-hall, and last of all the children, tutors, and governesses, followed singly. The footmen began moving about, chairs scraped, the band struck up in the gallery, and the guests settled down in their places. Then the strains of the count's household band were replaced by the clatter of knives and forks, the voices of visitors, and the soft steps of the footmen. At one end of the table sat the countess with Marya Dmitrievna on her right and Anna Mikhailovna on her left, the other lady visitors were farther down. At the other end sat the count, with the hussar colonel on his left and Shinshin and the other male visitors on his right. Midway down the long table on one side sat the grown-up young people: Vera beside Berg, and Pierre beside Boris; and on the other side the children, tutors, and governesses. From behind the crystal decanters and fruit-dishes the count kept glancing at his wife and her tall cap with its light-blue ribbons, and busily filled his neighbours' glasses, not neglecting his own. The countess in turn, without omitting her duties as hostess, threw significant glances from behind the pineapples at her husband whose face and bald head seemed by their redness to contrast more than usual with his grey hair. At the ladies' end an even chatter of voices was heard all the time, at the men's end the voices sounded louder and louder, especially that of the colonel of hussars, who growing more and more flushed, ate and drank so much that the count held him up as a pattern to the other

guests. Berg with tender smiles was saying to Vera that love is not an earthly but a heavenly feeling. Boris was telling his new friend Pierre who the guests were and exchanging glances with Natasha, who was sitting opposite. Pierre spoke little but examined the new faces, and ate a great deal. Of the two soups he chose *à la tortue*<sup>1</sup> with savoury patties and went on to the game without omitting a single dish or one of the wines.

These latter the butler thrust mysteriously forward wrapped in a napkin from behind the next man's shoulders and whispered: 'Dry Madeira' . . . 'Hungarian' . . . or 'Rhine-wine' as the case might be. Of the four crystal glasses engraved with the count's monogram that stood before his plate, Pierre held out one at random and drank with enjoyment, gazing with ever-increasing amiability at the other guests. Natasha, who sat opposite, was looking at Boris as girls of thirteen look at the boy they are in love with and have just kissed for the first time. Sometimes that same look fell on Pierre, and that funny lively little girl's look made him inclined to laugh without knowing why.

Nikolai sat at some distance from Sonya, beside Julie Karagin, to whom he was again talking with the same involuntary smile. Sonya wore a company smile but was evidently tormented by jealousy; now she turned pale, now blushed and strained every nerve to overhear what Nikolai and Julie were saying to one another. The governess kept looking round uneasily as if preparing to resent any slight that might be put upon the children. The German tutor was trying to remember all the dishes, wines, and kinds of dessert, in order to send a full description of the dinner to his people in Germany; and he felt greatly offended when the butler with a bottle wrapped in a napkin passed him by. He frowned, trying to appear as if he did not want any of that wine, but was mortified because no one would understand that it was not to quench his thirst or from greediness that he wanted it, but simply from a conscientious desire for knowledge.

## 16

AT the men's end of the table the talk grew more and more animated. The colonel told them that the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg and that a copy, which he had himself seen, had that day been forwarded by courier to the commander-in-chief.

'And why the deuce are we going to fight Bonaparte?' remarked

<sup>1</sup> turtle.

Shinshin. *'Il a déjà rabattu le caquet à l'Autriche. Je crains que cette fois ce ne soit notre tour.'*<sup>1</sup>

The colonel was a stout, tall, plethoric German, evidently devoted to the service and patriotically Russian. He resented Shinshin's remark.

'It is for the reasson, my goot sir,' said he, speaking with a German accent, 'for the reasson zat ze Emperor knows zat. He declares in ze manisfesto zat he cannot fiew wiz indifference ze danger sreatening Russia and zat ze safety and dignity of ze Empire as vell as ze sanctity of its *alliances* . . .', he spoke this last word with particular emphasis as if in it lay the gist of the matter.

Then with the unerring official memory that characterized him he repeated from the opening words of the manifesto:

*' . . . and the wish, which constitutes the Emperor's sole and absolute aim—to establish peace in Europe on firm foundations—has now decided him to despatch part of the army abroad and to create a new condition for the attainment of that purpose.'*

'Zat, my dear sir, is vy . . .' he concluded, drinking a tumbler of wine with dignity and looking to the count for approval.

'*Connaissez-vous le proverbe*: "Jerome, Jerome, do not roam, but turn spindles at home!"?' said Shinshin, puckering his brows and smiling, '*Cela nous convient à merveille*. Suvorov\* now—he knew what he was about; yet they beat him *à plate couture*, and where are we to find Suvorovs now? *Je vous demande un peu*,'<sup>2</sup> said he, continually changing from French to Russian.

'Ve must vight to the last tr-r-op of our plood!' said the colonel, thumping the table; 'and ve must tie for our Emperor, and zen all vill pe vell. And ve must discuss it as little as po-o-ossible' . . . he dwelt particularly on the word *possible* . . . 'as po-o-ossible,' he ended, again turning to the count. 'Zat is how ve old hussars look at it, and zere's an end of it! And how do you, a young man and a young hussar, how do you judge of it?' he added, addressing Nikolai, who when he heard that the war was being discussed had turned from his partner with eyes and ears intent on the colonel.

'I am quite of your opinion,' replied Nikolai, flaming up, turning his plate round and moving his wine glasses about with as much decision and desperation as though he were at that moment facing some great danger. 'I am convinced that we Russians must die or conquer,' he concluded, conscious—as were others—after the words were uttered

<sup>1</sup> 'He has stopped Austria's cackle and I fear it will be our turn next.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Do you know the proverb . . . This would seem amazing to us . . . to smithereens . . . I ask you . . .'

that his remarks were too enthusiastic and emphatic for the occasion and were therefore awkward.

*‘C’est bien beau ce que vous venez de dire,’*<sup>1</sup> said his partner Julie.

Sonya trembled all over and blushed to her ears and behind them and down to her neck and shoulders while Nikolai was speaking.

Pierre listened to the colonel’s speech and nodded approvingly.

‘That’s splendid,’ said he.

‘The young man’s a real hussar!’ shouted the colonel, again thumping the table.

‘What are you making such a noise about over there?’ Marya Dmitrievna’s deep voice suddenly inquired from the other end of the table. ‘What are you thumping the table for?’ she demanded of the hussar, ‘and why are you exciting yourself? Do you think the French are here?’

‘I am speaking ze trut,’ replied the hussar with a smile.

‘It’s all about the war,’ the count shouted down the table. ‘You know my son’s going, Marya Dmitrievna? My son is going.’

‘I have four sons in the army but still I don’t fret. It is all in God’s hands. You may die in your bed or God may spare you in a battle,’ replied Marya Dmitrievna’s deep voice, which easily carried the whole length of the table.

‘That’s true!’

Once more the conversations concentrated, the ladies’ at the one end and the men’s at the other.

‘I bet you won’t ask,’ Natasha’s little brother was saying; ‘I bet you won’t ask!’

‘I will,’ replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly flushed with reckless and joyous resolution. She half rose, by a glance inviting Pierre, who sat opposite, to listen to what was coming, and turning to her mother:

‘Mama!’ sang out Natasha in a childish chest-voice, audible the whole length of the table.

‘What is it?’ asked the countess, worriedly; but seeing by her daughter’s face that it was only mischief, she shook a finger at her sternly with a threatening and forbidding movement of her head.

The conversation was hushed.

‘Mama! What sweets are we going to have?’ and Natasha’s little voice sounded still more firm and resolute.

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

<sup>1</sup> ‘What you said just now was splendid!’

‘Cossack!’ she said threateningly.

Most of the guests, uncertain how to regard this sally, looked at the elders.

‘You . . . I’m going to . . . !’ said the countess.

‘Mama! What sweets are we going to have?’ Natasha again cried boldly, with whimsical gaiety, confident that her sally would be taken in good part.

Sonya and fat little Petya doubled up with laughter.

‘You see! I *have* asked,’ whispered Natasha to her little brother and to Pierre, glancing at him again.

‘Ice-pudding, but you won’t get any,’ said Marya Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw there was nothing to be afraid of and so she braved even Marya Dmitrievna.

‘Marya Dmitrievna! What kind of ice-pudding? I don’t like plum.’

‘Carrot-ices.’

‘No! What kind, Marya Dmitrievna? What kind?’ she almost screamed; ‘I want to know!’

Marya Dmitrievna and the countess burst out laughing, and all the guests joined in. Everyone laughed, not at Marya Dmitrievna’s answer but at the incredible boldness and ease of this little girl who had dared to treat Marya Dmitrievna in this fashion.

Natasha only desisted when she had been told that there would be pineapple ice. Before the ices champagne was served round. The band again struck up, the count and countess kissed, and the guests, leaving their seats, went up to ‘congratulate’ the countess, and reached across the table to clink glasses with the count, with the children, and with one another. Again the footmen rushed about, chairs scraped, and in the same order in which they had entered but with redder faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and to the count’s study.

## 17

THE card-tables were drawn out, sets made up for boston, and the count’s visitors settled themselves, some in the two drawing-rooms, some in the sitting-room, some in the library.

The count, holding his cards fanwise, kept himself with difficulty from dropping into his usual after-dinner nap, and laughed at everything. The young people, at the countess’s instigation, gathered round the clavichord and harp. Julie by general request played first. After she had played a little air with variations on the harp, she joined the other young ladies in begging Natasha and Nikolai, who were noted for their

musical talent, to sing something. Natasha, who was treated as though she were grown up, was evidently very proud of this but at the same time felt shy.

‘What shall we sing?’ she asked.

‘“The Brook”,’ suggested Nikolai.

‘Well then let’s be quick. Boris, come here,’ said Natasha. ‘But where is Sonya?’

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

Running into Sonya’s room and not finding her there, Natasha ran to the nursery, but Sonya was not there either. Natasha concluded that she must be on the chest in the passage. The chest in the passage was the place of mourning for the younger female generation in the Rostov household. And there in fact was Sonya lying face downward on nanny’s dirty feather-bed on the top of the chest, crumpling her gauzy pink dress under her, hiding her face with her slender fingers, and sobbing so convulsively that her bare little shoulders shook. Natasha’s face which had been so radiantly happy the whole of her name-day, suddenly changed: her eyes became fixed, and then a shiver passed down her broad neck and the corners of her mouth drooped.

‘Sonya! What is it? . . . What’s wrong? . . . Ooo . . . !’ And Natasha’s large mouth widened, making her look quite ugly, and she began to wail like a baby without knowing why, except that Sonya was crying. Sonya tried to lift her head to answer but could not, and hid her face still deeper in the bed. Natasha wept, sitting on the blue-striped feather-bed and hugging her friend. With an effort Sonya sat up and began wiping her eyes and explaining.

‘Nikolenka is going away in a week’s time, his . . . papers . . . have come . . . he told me himself . . . but still I should not cry,’ and she showed a paper she held in her hand—with the verses Nikolai had written, ‘still, I should not cry, but you can’t . . . no one can understand . . . what a soul he has!’

And she began to cry again because he had such a noble soul.

‘It’s all very well for you . . . I am not envious . . . I love you and Boris also,’ she went on, gaining a little strength; ‘he is nice . . . there are no difficulties in your way . . . But Nikolai is my *cousin* . . . one would have to . . . the Metropolitan himself\* . . . and even then it can’t be done. And besides, if Mamenka . . .’ (Sonya looked upon the countess as her mother and called her so) ‘she will say that I am spoiling Nikolai’s career and am heartless and ungrateful, while truly . . . God is my witness,’ and she made the sign of the cross, ‘I love her so much, and all of you, except for Vera . . . And what for? What have I done to her? I am so

grateful to you that I would willingly sacrifice everything, only I have nothing . . .’

Sonya could not continue, and again hid her face in her hands and in the feather-bed. Natasha began consoling her, but her face showed that she understood all the gravity of her friend’s grief.

‘Sonya,’ she suddenly exclaimed, as if she had guessed the true reason of her friend’s sorrow. ‘Tell me the truth, Vera said something to you after dinner? Yes?’

‘Yes, these verses Nikolai wrote himself and I copied some others, and she found them on my table and said she’d show them to Mama, and that I was ungrateful, and that Mama would never allow him to marry me, but that he’ll marry Julie. You see how he’s been with her all day . . . Natasha, why?’

And again she began to sob, more bitterly than before. Natasha lifted her up, hugged her, and smiling through her tears, began comforting her.

‘Sonya, don’t believe her, darling! Don’t believe her! Do you remember how we and Nikolenka, all three of us, talked in the sitting-room after supper? Why, we settled how everything was to be. I don’t remember exactly how, but don’t you remember that it could all be arranged and how nice it all was? There’s Uncle Shinshin’s brother has married his first cousin! And we are only second cousins, you know. And Boris says it is quite possible. I told him everything. And he is so intelligent and so nice!’ said Natasha. ‘You, Sonya, don’t you cry my darling, my dearest love, Sonya,’ and she kissed her and laughed. ‘Vera’s spiteful; heaven help her! And all will come right and she won’t say anything to Mama. Nikolenka will tell her himself, and he doesn’t care at all for Julie.’

Natasha kissed her on the hair.

Sonya sat up. The little kitten brightened, its eyes shone, and it seemed ready to lift its tail, jump down on its soft paws, and begin playing with the ball of worsted as a kitten should.

‘Do you think so? . . . Really? Honest to God?’ she said, quickly smoothing her frock and hair.

‘Really, honest to God!’ answered Natasha, pushing in a crisp lock that had strayed from under her friend’s braids.

And both of them burst out laughing.

‘Well, let’s go and sing “The Brook”.’

‘Come along!’

‘Do you know, that fat Pierre who sat opposite me is so funny!’ said Natasha, stopping suddenly. ‘I feel so happy!’

And she set off at a run along the passage.



Sonya, shaking off some down which clung to her and tucking away the verses in the bosom of her dress close to her bony little chest, ran after Natasha down the passage into the sitting-room with flushed face and light, joyous steps. At the visitors' request the young people sang the quartet 'The Brook', with which everyone was delighted. Then Nikolai sang a song he had just learnt.\*

At night time in the moon's fair glow,  
How sweet, as fancies wander free,  
To feel that *in this world there's one*  
*Who still is thinking but of thee!*

That while her fingers touch the harp  
Wafting sweet music o'er the lea,  
It is for thee thus swells her heart,  
Sighing its message out to thee . . .

A day or two, then bliss will never end,  
But oh! till that time I cannot live, my friend! . . .

He had hardly sung the last words before the young people began to get ready to dance in the large hall, and the sound of the feet and the coughing of the musicians were heard from the gallery.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room where Shinshin had engaged him, as a man recently returned from abroad, in a political conversation in which several others joined but which bored Pierre. When the music began Natasha came in and walking straight up to Pierre said, laughing and blushing:

'Mama told me to ask you to dance.'

'I am afraid of mixing the figures,' Pierre replied; 'but if you will be my teacher . . .' And lowering his big arm he offered it to the slender little girl.

While the couples were arranging themselves and the musicians tuning up, Pierre sat down with his little partner. Natasha was perfectly happy; she was dancing with a *grown-up* man, who had been *abroad*. She was sitting in a conspicuous place and talking to him like a grown-up lady. She had a fan in her hand that one of the ladies had given her to hold. Assuming quite the pose of a society woman (heaven knows when and where she had learnt it) she talked with her partner, fanning herself and smiling over the fan.

'What a character! What a character! Just look at her! Look at her!' exclaimed the countess as she crossed the ballroom, pointing to Natasha.

Natasha blushed and laughed.

‘Well, really, Mama! Why should you? What is there to be surprised at?’

In the midst of the third *écossaise* there was a clatter of chairs being pushed back in the sitting-room where the count and Marya Dmitrievna had been playing cards with the majority of the more distinguished and older visitors. They now, stretching themselves after sitting so long, and replacing their purses and pocket-books, entered the ballroom. First came Marya Dmitrievna and the count, both with merry countenances. The count, with playful ceremony somewhat in *ballet* style, offered his bent arm to Marya Dmitrievna. He drew himself up, a smile of debonaire gallantry lit up his face, and as soon as the last figure of the *écossaise* was ended, he clapped his hands to the musicians and shouted up to their gallery, addressing the first violin:

‘Semyon! Do you know the *Daniel Cooper*?’

This was the count’s favourite dance, which he had danced in his youth. (Strictly speaking, *Daniel Cooper* was one figure of the *anglaise*.)

‘Look at *Papá!*’ shouted Natasha to the whole company, and quite forgetting that she was dancing with a grown-up partner she bent her curly head to her knees and made the whole room ring with her laughter.

And indeed everybody in the room looked with a smile of pleasure at the jovial old gentleman, who standing beside his tall and stout partner, Marya Dmitrievna, curved his arms, beat time, straightened his shoulders, turned out his toes, tapped gently with his foot, and by a smile that broadened his round face more and more, prepared the onlookers for what was to follow. As soon as the provocatively gay strains of *Daniel Cooper* (somewhat resembling those of a merry folk dance) began to sound, all the doorways of the ballroom were suddenly filled by the domestic serfs—the men on one side and the women on the other—who with beaming faces had come to see their master making merry.

‘Just look at the master! A regular eagle he is!’ loudly remarked the nanny, as she stood in one of the doorways.

The count danced well and knew it. But his partner could not and did not want to dance well. Her enormous figure stood erect, her powerful arms hanging down (she had handed her reticule to the countess), and only her stern but handsome face really joined in the dance. What was expressed by the whole of the count’s plump figure, in Marya Dmitrievna found expression only in her more and more beaming face and quivering nose. But if the count, getting more and more into the swing of it, charmed the spectators by the unexpectedness of his adroit manoeuvres and the agility with which he capered about on his light feet, Marya Dmitrievna produced no less impression by slight exertions—the least effort to move her shoulders or bend her arms when turning, or stamp

her foot—which everyone appreciated in view of her size and habitual severity. The dance grew livelier and livelier. The other couples could not attract a moment's attention to their own evolutions and did not even try to do so. All were watching the count and Marya Dmitrievna. Natasha kept pulling everyone by sleeve or dress, urging them to 'look at *Papá!*' though as it was they never took their eyes off the couple. In the intervals of the dance the count, breathing deeply, waved and shouted to the musicians to play faster. Faster, faster and faster; lightly, more lightly and yet more lightly whirled the count, flying round Marya Dmitrievna, now on his toes, now on his heels; until, turning his partner round to her seat, he executed the final *pas*, raising his light foot backwards, bowing his perspiring head, smiling, and making a wide sweep with his arm, amid a thunder of applause and laughter especially from Natasha. Both partners stood still, breathing heavily and wiping their faces with their cambric handkerchiefs.

'That's how we used to dance in our time, *ma chère*,' said the count.

'That was a *Daniel Cooper!*' exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna, tucking up her sleeves and puffing heavily.

## 18

WHILE in the Rostovs' ballroom the sixth *anglaise* was being danced, to a tune in which the weary musicians blundered, and while tired footmen and cooks were getting the supper, Count Bezukhov had a sixth stroke. The doctors pronounced recovery impossible. After a mute confession, Communion was administered to the dying man, preparations made for the sacrament of Unction, and in his house there was the bustle and thrill of suspense usual at such moments. Outside the house, beyond the gates, a group of undertakers, who hid whenever a carriage drove up, waited in expectation of an important order for an expensive funeral. The Military Governor of Moscow, who had been assiduous in sending aides-de-camp to inquire after the count's health, came himself that evening to bid a last farewell to the celebrated grandee of Catherine the Great's court, Count Bezukhov.

The magnificent reception-room was crowded. Everyone stood up respectfully when the Military Governor, having stayed about half an hour alone with the dying man, passed out, slightly acknowledging their bows and trying to escape as quickly as possible from the glances fixed on him by the doctors, clergy, and relatives of the family. Prince Vasili, who had grown thinner and paler during the last few days, escorted him to the door, repeating something to him several times in low tones.

When the Military Governor had gone, Prince Vasili sat down all alone on a chair in the ballroom, crossing one leg high over the other, leaning his elbow on his knee and covering his face with his hand. After sitting so for a while he rose, and, looking about him with frightened eyes, went with unusually hurried steps down the long corridor leading to the back of the house, to the room of the eldest princess.

Those who were in the dimly-lit reception-room spoke in nervous whispers, and whenever anyone went into or came from the dying man's room, grew silent and gazed with eyes full of curiosity at his door, which creaked slightly when opened.

'The limits of human life . . . are fixed and may not be o'erpassed,' said an old priest to a lady who had taken a seat beside him and was listening naively to his words.

'I wonder, is it not too late to administer Unction?' asked the lady, adding the priest's clerical title, as if she had no opinion of her own on the subject.

'Ah madam, it is a great sacrament,' replied the priest, passing his hand over the thin grizzled strands of hair combed back across his bald head.

'Who was that? The Military Governor himself?' was being asked at the other side of the room. 'How young-looking he is!'

'Yes, and he is over sixty. I hear the count no longer recognizes anyone? They wished to administer the sacrament of Unction.'

'I knew someone who received that sacrament seven times.'

The second princess had just come from the sick room with her eyes full of tears and sat down beside Doctor Lorrain, who was sitting in a graceful pose under a portrait of Catherine the Great, leaning his elbow on a table.

'*Très beau*,' said the doctor in answer to a remark about the weather. '*Très beau, princesse, et puis à Moscou on se croit à la campagne.*'<sup>1</sup>

'*N'est-ce pas?*'<sup>2</sup> replied the princess with a sigh. 'So he may have something to drink?'

Lorrain considered.

'Has he taken his medicine?'

'Yes.'

The doctor glanced at his watch.

'Take a glass of boiled water and put *une pincée de cremortartari*,'<sup>3</sup> and he indicated with his delicate fingers what he meant by *une pincée*.

<sup>1</sup> 'Very beautiful . . . The weather is beautiful, Princess; and besides, in Moscow one feels as if one were in the country.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Yes, indeed.'

<sup>3</sup> 'a pinch of cream of tartar'.

‘Dere has neffer been a gase,’ a German doctor was saying to an aide-de-camp, ‘dat one liffs after de sird sdroke.’

‘And what a well-preserved man he was!’ remarked the aide-de-camp. ‘And who will inherit his wealth?’ he added in a whisper.

‘It von’t go beggink,’ replied the German with a smile.

Everyone again looked towards the door, which creaked as the second princess went in with the drink she had prepared according to Lorrain’s instructions. The German doctor went up to Lorrain.

‘Do you think he can last till morning?’ asked the German, addressing Lorrain in French which he pronounced badly.

Lorrain, pursing up his lips, waved a severely negative finger before his nose.

‘Tonight, not later,’ said he in a low voice, and he moved away with a decorous smile of self-satisfaction at being able clearly to understand and state the patient’s condition.

Meanwhile Prince Vasili had opened the door into the princess’s room.

In this room it was almost dark; only two tiny lamps were burning before the icons and there was a pleasant scent of flowers and incense. The room was crowded with small pieces of furniture, whatnots, cupboards, and little tables. The quilt of a high, white feather-bed was just visible behind a screen. A small dog began to bark.

‘Ah, is it you, *mon cousin*?’

She rose and smoothed her hair, which was as usual so extremely smooth that it seemed to be made of one piece with her head and covered with varnish.

‘Has anything happened?’ she asked. ‘I am so terrified.’

‘No, there is no change. I only came to have a talk about business, Katishe,’ muttered the prince, seating himself wearily on the chair she had just vacated. ‘You have made the place warm, I must say,’ he remarked. ‘Well, sit down: *causons*.’<sup>1</sup>

‘I thought perhaps something had happened,’ she said with her unchanging stonily severe expression; and, sitting down opposite the prince, she prepared to listen.

‘I wished to get a nap, *mon cousin*, but I can’t.’

‘Well, my dear?’ said Prince Vasili, taking her hand and bending it downwards as was his habit.

It was plain that this ‘well?’ referred to much that they both understood without naming.

The princess, who had a straight, rigid body, abnormally long for

<sup>1</sup> ‘let’s have a talk’.

her legs, looked directly at Prince Vasili with no sign of emotion in her prominent grey eyes. Then she shook her head and glanced up at the icons with a sigh. This might have been taken as an expression of sorrow and devotion, or of weariness and hope of resting before long. Prince Vasili understood it as an expression of weariness.

'And I?' he said; 'do you think it is easier for me? *Je suis éreinté comme un cheval de poste*,<sup>1</sup> but still I must have a talk with you, Katishe, a very serious talk.'

Prince Vasili said no more and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, now on one side now on the other, giving his face an unpleasant expression which was never to be seen on it in a drawing-room. His eyes too seemed strange: at one moment they looked impudently sly and at the next glanced round in alarm.

The princess, holding her little dog on her lap with her thin bony hands, looked attentively into Prince Vasili's eyes evidently resolved not to be the first to break silence, if she had to wait till morning.

'Well, you see, my dear Princess and cousin, Katerina Semyonovna,' continued Prince Vasili, returning to his theme, apparently not without an inner struggle; 'at such a moment as this one must think of everything. One must think of the future, of all of you . . . I love you all, like children of my own, as you know.'

The princess continued to look at him without moving, and with the same dull expression.

'And then of course my family has also to be considered,' Prince Vasili went on, testily pushing away a little table without looking at her. 'You know, Katishe, that we—you three sisters, Mamontov, and my wife—are the count's only direct heirs. I know, I know how hard it is for you to talk or think of such matters. It is no easier for me; but, my dear, I am getting on for sixty and must be prepared for anything. Do you know I have sent for Pierre? The count directly pointed at his portrait and definitely demanded to see him.'

Prince Vasili looked questioningly at the princess, but could not make out whether she was considering what he had just said or whether she was simply looking at him.

'There is one thing I constantly pray God to grant, *mon cousin*,' she replied, 'and it is that He would be merciful to him and would allow his noble soul peacefully to leave this . . .'

'Yes, yes, of course,' interrupted Prince Vasili impatiently, rubbing his bald head and angrily pulling back towards him the little table that he had pushed away. 'But . . . in short the fact is . . . you know yourself

<sup>1</sup> 'I am as worn out as a post-horse.'

that last winter the count made a will by which he left all his property, not to us his direct heirs, but to Pierre.'

'He has made wills enough!' quietly remarked the princess. 'But he cannot leave the estate to Pierre. Pierre is illegitimate.'

'*Ma chère,*' said Prince Vasili suddenly, clutching the little table and becoming more animated and talking more rapidly: 'what if a letter has been written to the Emperor in which the count asks for Pierre's legitimation? You do realize that in consideration of the count's services, his request would be granted . . .'

The princess smiled as people do who think they know more about the subject under discussion than those they are talking with.

'I can tell you more,' continued Prince Vasili, seizing her hand, 'that letter was written, though it was not sent, and the Emperor knew of it. The only question is has it been destroyed or not? If not, then as soon as *all is over,*' and Prince Vasili sighed to intimate what he meant by the words *all is over*, 'and the count's papers are opened, the will and letter will be delivered to the Emperor, and the petition will certainly be granted. Pierre will get everything as the legitimate son.'

'And our share?' asked the princess smiling ironically, as if anything might happen, only not that.

'*Mais ma pauvre Catiche, c'est clair comme le jour!*<sup>1</sup> He will then be the legal heir to everything and you won't get anything. You must know, my dear, whether the will and letter were written, and whether they have been destroyed or not. And if they have somehow been overlooked, you ought to know where they are, and must find them, because . . .'

'What next?' the princess interrupted, smiling sardonically and not changing the expression of her eyes. 'I am a woman, and you think we are all stupid; but I know this: an illegitimate son cannot inherit . . . *un bâtard!*'<sup>2</sup> she added, as if supposing that this translation of the word would effectively prove to Prince Vasili the invalidity of his contention.

'Well really, Katishe! Can't you understand! You are so intelligent, how is it you don't see that if the count has written a letter to the Emperor begging him to recognize Pierre as legitimate, it follows that Pierre will not be Pierre but will become Bezukhov, and will then inherit everything under the will? And if the will and letter are not destroyed, then you will have nothing but the consolation of having been dutiful *et tout ce qui s'en suit!*<sup>3</sup> That's certain.'

'I know the will was made, but I also know that it is invalid; and

<sup>1</sup> 'But, my poor Catiche, it is as clear as daylight!'

<sup>2</sup> 'a bastard'.

<sup>3</sup> 'and with all the consequences'.

you, *mon cousin*, seem to consider me a perfect fool,' said the princess with the expression women assume when they suppose they are saying something witty and stinging.

'My dear Princess Katerina Semyonovna,' began Prince Vasili impatiently, 'I came here not to wrangle with you, but to talk about your interests as with a kinswoman, a good, kind, true relation. And 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, then, my dear girl, you and your sisters are not heiresses! If you don't believe me, then believe an expert. I have just been talking to Dmitri Onufrich' (the family solicitor) 'and he says the same.'

At this a sudden change evidently took place in the princess's ideas; her thin lips grew white, though her eyes did not change, and her voice when she began to speak passed through such transitions as she herself evidently did not expect.

'That would be a fine thing!' said she. 'I never wanted anything and I don't now.'

She pushed the little dog off her lap and smoothed her dress.

'And this is gratitude—this is recognition for those who have sacrificed everything for his sake!' she cried. 'It's splendid! Fine! I don't want anything, Prince.'

'Yes, but you are not the only one. There are your sisters . . .' replied Prince Vasili.

But the princess did not listen to him.

'Yes, I knew it long ago but had forgotten. I knew that I could expect nothing but meanness, deceit, envy, intrigue, and ingratitude—the blackest ingratitude—in this house . . .'

'Do you or do you not know where that will is?' insisted Prince Vasili, his cheeks twitching more than ever.

'Yes, I was a fool! I still believed in people, loved them, and sacrificed myself. But only the base, the vile succeed! I know who has been intriguing!'

The princess wished to rise, but the prince held her by the hand. She had the air of one who has suddenly lost faith in the whole human race. She gave her companion an angry glance.

'There is still time, my dear. You must remember, Katishe, that it was all done casually in a moment of anger, of illness, and was afterwards forgotten. Our duty, my dear, is to rectify his mistake, to ease his last moments by not letting him commit this injustice, and not to let him die feeling that he is rendering unhappy those who . . .'

'Who sacrificed everything for him,' chimed in the princess, who would again have risen had not the prince still held her fast, 'though he



never could appreciate it. No, *mon cousin*,' she added with a sigh, 'I shall always remember that in this world one must expect no reward, that in this world there is neither honour nor justice. In this world one has to be cunning and cruel.'

'*Voyons!*<sup>1</sup> Be reasonable. I know your excellent heart.'

'No, I have a wicked heart.'

'I know your heart,' repeated the prince. 'I value your friendship and wish you to have as good an opinion of me. Don't upset yourself, and *parlons raison*<sup>2</sup> while there is still time, be it a day or be it but an hour . . . Tell me all you know about the will, and above all where it is. You must know. We will take it at once and show it to the count. He has no doubt forgotten it and will wish to destroy it. You understand that my sole desire is conscientiously to carry out his wishes; that is my only reason for being here. I came simply to help him and you.'

'Now I see it all! I know who has been intriguing—I know!' cried the princess.

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

'It's that protégée of yours, that sweet Princess Drubetskaya, that Anna Mikhailovna whom I would not take for a housemaid . . . the infamous vile woman!'

'*Ne pardons point de temps* . . .'<sup>3</sup>

'Ah, don't talk to me! Last winter she wheedled herself in here and told the count such vile, disgraceful things about us, especially about Sophie—I can't repeat them—that it made the count quite ill and he would not see us for a whole fortnight. I know it was then he wrote this vile, infamous paper, but I thought the thing was invalid.'

'*Nous y voilà*<sup>4</sup>—why did you not tell me about it sooner?'

'It's in the inlaid portfolio that he keeps under his pillow,' said the princess, ignoring his question. 'Now I know! Yes; if I have a sin, a great sin, it is hatred of that vile woman!' almost shrieked the princess, now quite changed. 'And what does she come worming herself in here for? But I will give her a piece of my mind. The time will come!'

<sup>1</sup> 'Now, come, come!'

<sup>2</sup> 'let us talk sensibly'.

<sup>3</sup> 'Do not let us lose any time . . .'

<sup>4</sup> 'We've got to it at last.'

## 19

WHILE these conversations were going on in the reception-room and the princess's room, a carriage containing Pierre (who had been sent for) and Anna Mikhailovna (who found it necessary to accompany him) was driving into the court of Count Bezukhov's house. As the wheels rolled softly over the straw beneath the windows, Anna Mikhailovna, having turned with words of comfort to her companion realized that he was asleep in his corner and woke him up. Rousing himself, Pierre followed Anna Mikhailovna out of the carriage, and only then began to think of the interview with his dying father which awaited him. He noticed that they had not come to the front entrance but to the back door. While he was getting down from the carriage steps two men, who looked like tradespeople, ran hurriedly from the entrance and hid in the shadow of the wall. Pausing for a moment, Pierre noticed several other men of the same kind hiding in the shadow of the house on both sides. But neither Anna Mikhailovna nor the footman nor the coachman, who could not help seeing these people, took any notice of them. 'It seems to be all right,' Pierre concluded, and followed Anna Mikhailovna. She hurriedly ascended the narrow dimly-lit stone staircase, calling to Pierre, who was lagging behind, to follow. Though he did not see why it was necessary for him to go to the count at all, still less why he had to go by the back stairs, yet judging by Anna Mikhailovna's air of assurance and haste, Pierre concluded that it was all absolutely necessary. Halfway up the stairs they were almost knocked over by some men who, carrying pails, came running downstairs, their boots clattering. These men pressed close to the wall to let Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna pass and did not evince the least surprise at seeing them there.

'Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?' asked Anna Mikhailovna of one of them.

'Yes,' replied a footman in a bold loud voice, as if anything were now permissible; 'the door to the left, ma'am.'

'Perhaps the count did not ask for me,' said Pierre when he reached the landing. 'I'd better go to my own room.'

Anna Mikhailovna paused and waited for him to come up.

'Ah, *mon ami!*' she said, touching his arm as she had done her son's when speaking to him that afternoon, '*croyez, que je souffre, autant que vous, mais soyez homme!*'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'believe me I suffer no less than you do, but be a man'.

‘But really, hadn’t I better go away?’ he asked, looking kindly at her over his spectacles.

‘Ah, *mon ami!* Oubliez les torts qu’on a pu voir envers vous. Pensez que c’est votre père . . . peut-être à l’agonie.’ She sighed. ‘Je vous ai tout de suite aimé comme mon fils. Fiez-vous à moi, Pierre. Je n’oublierai pas vos intérêts.’<sup>1</sup>

Pierre did not understand a word, but the conviction that all this had to be grew stronger, and he meekly followed Anna Mikhailovna who was already opening a door.

This door led into a back ante-room. An old man, a servant of the princesses, sat in a corner knitting a stocking. Pierre had never been in this part of the house and did not even know of the existence of these rooms. Anna Mikhailovna, addressing a maid who was hurrying past with a decanter on a tray as ‘my dear’ and ‘my sweet’, asked about the princesses’ health, and then led Pierre along a stone passage. The first door on the left led into the princesses’ apartments. The maid with the decanter in her haste had not closed the door (everything in the house was done in haste at that time), and Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna in passing instinctively glanced into the room, where Prince Vasili and the eldest princess were sitting close together talking. Seeing them pass, Prince Vasili drew back with obvious impatience, while the princess jumped up and with a gesture of desperation slammed the door with all her might.

This action was so unlike her usual composure and the fear depicted on Prince Vasili’s face so out of keeping with his dignity, that Pierre stopped and glanced inquiringly over his spectacles at his guide. Anna Mikhailovna evinced no surprise, she only smiled faintly and sighed, as if to say that this was no more than she had expected.

‘*Soyez homme, mon ami, c’est moi qui veillerai à vos intérêts,*’<sup>2</sup> said she in reply to his look, and went still faster along the passage.

Pierre could not make out what it was all about, and still less what ‘*veiller à vos intérêts*’<sup>3</sup> meant, but he decided that all these things had to be. From the passage they went into a large dimly-lit room adjoining the count’s reception-room. It was one of those sumptuous but cold apartments known to Pierre only from the front approach, but even in this room there now stood an empty bath, and water had been spilt on the carpet. They were met by a deacon with a censer and by a servant who passed out on tiptoe without heeding them. They went into the

<sup>1</sup> ‘my dear friend! Forget the wrongs that may have been done you. Think that he is your father . . . perhaps in the agony of death . . . I have loved you like a son from the first. Trust yourself to me, Pierre. I shall not forget your interests.’

<sup>2</sup> ‘Be a man, my friend. I will look after your interests.’

<sup>3</sup> ‘watching over his interests’.

reception-room familiar to Pierre, with two Italian windows opening into the conservatory with its large bust and full-length portrait of Catherine the Great. The same people were still sitting here in almost the same positions as before, whispering to one another. All became silent and turned to look at the pale tear-worn Anna Mikhailovna as she entered, and at the big stout figure of Pierre who, hanging his head, meekly followed her.

Anna Mikhailovna's face expressed a consciousness that the decisive moment had arrived. With the air of a practical Petersburg lady she now, keeping Pierre close beside her, entered the room even more boldly than that afternoon. She felt that as she brought with her the person the dying man wished to see her own admission was assured. Casting a rapid glance at all those in the room and noticing the count's confessor there, she glided up to him with a sort of amble, not exactly bowing, yet seeming to grow suddenly smaller, and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of another priest.

'God be thanked that you are in time,' said she to one of the priests; 'all we relatives have been in such anxiety. This young man is the count's son,' she added more softly. 'What a terrible moment!'

Having said this she went up to the doctor.

'*Cher docteur,*' said she, '*ce jeune homme est le fils du comte . . . y a-t-il de l'espoir?*'<sup>1</sup>

The doctor cast a rapid glance upwards and silently shrugged his shoulders. Anna Mikhailovna with just the same movement raised her shoulders and eyes, almost closing the latter, sighed, and moved away from the doctor to Pierre. To him, in a particularly respectful and tenderly sad voice, she said:

'*Ayez confiance en sa miséricorde!*'<sup>2</sup> and pointing out a small sofa for him to sit and wait for her, she went silently towards the door that everyone was watching and it creaked very slightly as she disappeared behind it.

Pierre having made up his mind to obey his mistress implicitly, moved towards the sofa she had indicated. As soon as Anna Mikhailovna had disappeared he noticed that the eyes of all in the room turned to him with something more than curiosity and sympathy. He noticed that they whispered to one another, casting significant looks at him with a kind of awe and even servility. A deference such as he had never before received was shown him. A strange lady, the one who had been talking to the priests, rose and offered him her seat; an adjutant picked up and returned a glove Pierre had dropped; the doctors became respectfully

<sup>1</sup> 'Dear doctor . . . this young man is the count's son. Is there any hope?'

<sup>2</sup> 'Trust in His mercy!'

silent as he passed by, and moved to make way for him. At first Pierre wished to take another seat so as not to trouble the lady, and also to pick up the glove himself and to pass round the doctors who were not even in his way; but all at once he felt that this would not do, and that tonight he was a person obliged to perform some sort of awful rite which everyone expected of him, and that he was therefore bound to accept their services. He took the glove in silence from the adjutant, and sat down in the lady's chair, placing his huge hands symmetrically on his knees in the naive attitude of an Egyptian statue, and decided in his own mind that all was as it should be, and that in order not to lose his head and do foolish things he must not act on his own ideas tonight, but must yield himself up entirely to the will of those who were guiding him.

Not two minutes had passed before Prince Vasili with head erect majestically entered the room. He was wearing his long coat with three stars on his breast. He seemed to have grown thinner since the morning; his eyes seemed larger than usual when he glanced round and noticed Pierre. He went up to him, took his hand (a thing he never used to do) and drew it downwards as if wishing to ascertain whether it was firmly fixed on.

*'Courage, courage, mon ami. Il a demandé à vous voir. C'est bien!'*<sup>1</sup> and he turned to go.

But Pierre thought it necessary to ask: 'How is . . .' and hesitated, not knowing whether it would be proper to call the dying man 'the count', yet ashamed to call him 'father'.

*'Il a eu encore un coup, il y a une demi-heure. Courage, mon âme . . .'*<sup>2</sup>

Pierre's mind was in such a confused state that the word 'stroke' suggested to him a blow from something. He looked at Prince Vasili in perplexity, and only later grasped that a stroke was an attack of illness. Prince Vasili said something to Lorrain in passing and went through the door on tiptoe. He could not walk well on tiptoe and his whole body jerked at each step. The eldest princess followed him, and the priests and deacons and some servants also went in at the door. Through that door was heard a noise of things being moved about, and at last Anna Mikhailovna, still with the same expression, pale but resolute in the discharge of duty, ran out and touching Pierre lightly on the arm said:

*'La bonté divine est inépuisable. C'est la cérémonie de l'extrême onction qui va commencer. Venez.'*<sup>3</sup>

Pierre went in at the door, stepping on the soft carpet, and noticed

<sup>1</sup> 'Courage, courage, my friend! He has asked to see you. That is well.'

<sup>2</sup> 'He had another stroke about half-an-hour ago. Courage, my friend.'

<sup>3</sup> 'The divine mercy is inexhaustible! Extreme Unction is about to be administered. Come.'

that the strange lady, the adjutant, and some of the servants, all followed him in, as if there were now no further need for permission to enter that room.

## 20

PIERRE well knew this large room divided by columns and an arch, its walls hung round with Persian carpets. The part of the room behind the columns, with a high silk-curtained mahogany bedstead on one side and on the other an immense case containing icons, was brightly illuminated with red light like a Russian church during evening service. Under the gleaming icons stood a long invalid chair, and in that chair on snowy white smooth pillows, evidently freshly changed, Pierre saw—covered to the waist by a bright green quilt—the familiar, majestic figure of his father, Count Bezukhov, with that grey mane of hair above his broad forehead which reminded one of a lion, and the deep characteristically noble wrinkles of his handsome, ruddy face. He lay just under the icons; his large thick hands outside the quilt. Into the right hand, which was lying palm downwards, a wax taper had been thrust between forefinger and thumb, and an old servant, bending over from behind the chair, held it in position. By the chair stood the priests, their long hair falling over their magnificent glittering vestments, with lighted tapers in their hands, slowly and solemnly conducting the service. A little behind them stood the two younger princesses holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, and just in front of them their eldest sister, Katishe, with a vicious and determined look steadily fixed on the icons, as though declaring to all that she could not answer for herself should she glance round. Anna Mikhailovna, with a meek, sorrowful, and all-forgiving expression on her face, stood by the door near the strange lady. Prince Vasili in front of the door, near the invalid chair, a wax taper in his left hand, was leaning his left arm on the carved back of a velvet chair he had turned round for the purpose, and was crossing himself with his right hand, turning his eyes upward each time he touched his forehead. His face wore a calm look of piety and resignation to the will of God. ‘If you do not understand these sentiments,’ he seemed to be saying, ‘so much the worse for you!’

Behind him stood the aide-de-camp, the doctors, and the men-servants; the men and women had separated as in church. All were silently crossing themselves, and the reading of the church service, the subdued chanting of deep bass voices, and in the intervals sighs and the shuffling of feet, were the only sounds that could be heard. Anna Mikhailovna,

with an air of importance that showed that she felt she quite knew what she was about, went across the room to where Pierre was standing and gave him a taper. He lit it and, distracted by observing those around him, began crossing himself with the hand that held the taper.

Sophie, the rosy, laughter-loving, youngest princess with the mole, watched him. She smiled, hid her face in her handkerchief, and remained with it hidden for a while; then looking up and seeing Pierre she again began to laugh. She evidently felt unable to look at him without laughing, but could not resist looking at him; so to be out of temptation she slipped quietly behind one of the columns. In the midst of the service the voices of the priests suddenly ceased, they whispered to one another, and the old servant who was holding the count's hand got up and said something to the ladies. Anna Mikhailovna stepped forward and, stooping over the dying man, beckoned to Lorrain from behind her back. The French doctor held no taper; he was leaning against one of the columns in a respectful attitude implying that he, a foreigner, in spite of all differences of faith, understood the full importance of the rite now being performed and even approved of it. He now approached the sick man with the noiseless step of one in full vigour of life, with his delicate white fingers raised from the green quilt the hand that was free, and turning sideways felt the pulse and reflected a moment. The sick man was given something to drink, there was a stir around him, then the people resumed their places and the service continued. During this interval Pierre noticed that Prince Vasili left the chair on which he had been leaning, and—with an air which intimated that he knew what he was about and if others did not understand him it was so much the worse for them—did not go up to the dying man, but passed by him, joined the eldest princess, and moved with her to the side of the room where stood the high bedstead with its silken hangings. On leaving the bed both Prince Vasili and the princess passed out by a back door, but returned to their places one after the other before the service was concluded. Pierre paid no more attention to this occurrence than to the rest of what went on, having made up his mind once for all that what he saw happening around him that evening was in some way essential.

The chanting of the service ceased, and the voice of the priest was heard respectfully congratulating the dying man on having received the sacrament. The dying man lay as lifeless and immovable as before. Around him everyone began to stir: steps were audible and whispers, among which Anna Mikhailovna's was the most distinct.

Pierre heard her say:

'Certainly he must be moved onto the bed; here it will be impossible . . .'

The sick man was so surrounded by doctors, princesses, and servants, that Pierre could no longer see the reddish-yellow face with its grey mane—which, though he saw other faces as well, he had not lost sight of for a single moment during the whole service. He judged by the cautious movements of those who crowded round the invalid chair that they had lifted the dying man and were moving him.

‘Catch hold of any arm or you’ll drop him!’ he heard one of the servants say in a frightened whisper. ‘Catch hold from underneath. Here!’ exclaimed different voices; and the heavy breathing of the bearers and the shuffling of their feet grew more hurried, as if the weight they were carrying were too much for them.

As the bearers, among whom was Anna Mikhailovna, passed the young man he caught a momentary glimpse between their heads and backs of the dying man’s high, stout, uncovered chest and powerful shoulders, raised by those who were holding him under the armpits, and of his grey, curly, leonine head. This head, with its remarkably broad brow and cheekbones, its handsome, sensual mouth, and its cold, majestic expression, was not disfigured by the approach of death. It was the same as Pierre remembered it three months before, when the count had sent him to Petersburg. But now this head was swaying helplessly with the uneven movements of the bearers, and the cold listless gaze fixed itself upon nothing.

After a few minutes’ bustle beside the high bedstead, those who had carried the sick man dispersed. Anna Mikhailovna touched Pierre’s hand and said ‘*Venez*’.<sup>1</sup> Pierre went with her to the bed on which the sick man had been laid in a stately pose in keeping with the ceremony just completed. He lay with his head propped high on the pillows. His hands were symmetrically placed on the green silk quilt, the palms downwards. When Pierre came up the count was gazing straight at him, but with a look the significance of which could not be understood by mortal man. Either this look meant nothing but that as long as one has eyes they must look somewhere, or it meant too much. Pierre hesitated, not knowing what to do, and glanced inquiringly at his guide. Anna Mikhailovna made a hurried sign with her eyes, glancing at the sick man’s hand and moving her lips as if to send it a kiss. Pierre, carefully stretching his neck so as not to touch the quilt, followed her suggestion and pressed his lips to the large-boned, fleshy hand. Neither the hand nor a single muscle of the count’s face stirred. Once more Pierre looked questioningly at Anna Mikhailovna to see what he was to do next. Anna Mikhailovna with her eyes indicated a chair that stood beside the bed.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Come.’



Pierre obediently sat down, his eyes asking if he were doing right. Anna Mikhailovna nodded approvingly. Again Pierre fell into the naively symmetrical pose of an Egyptian statue, evidently distressed that his stout and clumsy body took up so much room and doing his utmost to look as small as possible. He looked at the count, who still gazed at the spot where Pierre's face had been before he sat down. Anna Mikhailovna indicated by her attitude her consciousness of the pathetic importance of these last moments of meeting between the father and son. This lasted about two minutes, which to Pierre seemed an hour. Suddenly the broad muscles and lines of the count's face began to twitch. The twitching increased, the handsome mouth was drawn to one side (only now did Pierre realize how near death his father was), and from that distorted mouth issued an indistinct, hoarse sound. Anna Mikhailovna looked attentively at the sick man's eyes, trying to guess what he wanted; she pointed first to Pierre, then to some drink, then named Prince Vasili in an inquiring whisper, then pointed to the quilt. The eyes and face of the sick man showed impatience. He made an effort to look at the servant who stood constantly at the head of the bed.

'Wants to turn on the other side,' whispered the servant, and got up to turn the count's heavy body towards the wall.

Pierre rose to help him.

While the count was being turned over, one of his arms fell back helplessly and he made a fruitless effort to pull it forward. Whether he noticed the look of terror with which Pierre regarded that lifeless arm, or whether some other thought flitted across his dying brain, at any rate he glanced at the refractory arm, at Pierre's terror-stricken face, and again at the arm, and on his face a feeble, piteous smile appeared, quite out of keeping with his features, that seemed to deride his own helplessness. At sight of this smile Pierre felt an unexpected quivering in his breast and a tickling in his nose, and tears dimmed his eyes. The sick man was turned onto his side with his face to the wall. He sighed.

'*Il est assoupi,*' said Anna Mikhailovna, observing that one of the princesses was coming to take her turn at watching. '*Allons.*'<sup>1</sup>

Pierre went out.

<sup>1</sup> 'He is dozing . . . Let us go.'

## 21

THERE was now no one in the reception-room except Prince Vasili and the eldest princess, who were sitting under the portrait of Catherine the Great and talking eagerly. As soon as they saw Pierre and his companion they became silent, and Pierre thought he saw the princess hide something as she whispered:

‘I can’t bear the sight of that woman.’

‘*Catiché a fait donner du thé dans le petit salon,*’ said Prince Vasili to Anna Mikhailovna. ‘*Allez, ma pauvre Anna Mikhailovna, prenez quelque chose, autrement vous ne suffirez pas.*’<sup>1</sup>

To Pierre he said nothing, merely giving his arm a sympathetic squeeze below the shoulder. Pierre went with Anna Mikhailovna into the small drawing-room.

‘*Il n’y rien qui restaure, comme une tasse de cet excellent thé russe après une nuit blanche,*’<sup>2</sup> Lorrain was saying with an air of restrained animation as he stood sipping tea from a delicate Chinese handleless cup before a table on which tea and a cold supper were laid in the small circular room. Around the table all who were at Count Bezukhov’s house that night had gathered to fortify themselves. Pierre well remembered this small circular drawing-room with its mirrors and little tables. During balls given at the house, Pierre, who did not know how to dance, had liked sitting in this room to watch the ladies who as they passed through in their ball dresses with diamonds and pearls on their bare shoulders, looked at themselves in the brilliantly lighted mirrors which repeated their reflections several times. Now this same room was dimly lighted by two candles. On one small table tea-things and supper-dishes stood in disorder, and in the middle of the night a motley throng of people sat there, not merry-making, but sombrely whispering, and betraying by every word and movement that they none of them forgot what was happening and what was about to happen in the bedroom. Pierre did not eat anything though he would very much have liked to. He looked inquiringly at his monitress, and saw that she was again going on tiptoe to the reception-room where they had left Prince Vasili and the eldest princess. Pierre concluded that this also was essential, and after a short

<sup>1</sup> ‘Catiché has had tea served in the small drawing-room . . . Go and take something, my poor Anna Mikhailovna, or you will not hold out.’

<sup>2</sup> ‘There is nothing so refreshing after a sleepless night as a cup of this delicious Russian tea.’

interval followed her. Anna Mikhailovna was standing beside the princess, and they were both speaking in excited whispers.

'Permit me, Princess, to know what is necessary and what is not necessary,' said the younger of the two speakers, evidently in the same state of excitement as when she had slammed the door of her room.

'But, my dear Princess,' answered Anna Mikhailovna blandly but impressively, blocking the way to the bedroom and preventing the other from passing, 'won't this be too much for poor Uncle at a moment when he needs repose? Worldly conversation at a moment when his soul is already prepared . . .'

Prince Vasili was seated in an easy chair in his familiar attitude, with one leg crossed high above the other. His cheeks, which were so flabby that they looked heavier below, were twitching violently; but he wore the air of a man little concerned in what the two ladies were saying.

'*Voyons, ma bonne Anna Mikhailovna, laissez faire Catiche.*<sup>1</sup> You know how fond the count is of her.'

'I don't even know what is in this paper,' said the younger of the two ladies, addressing Prince Vasili and pointing to an inlaid portfolio she held in her hand. 'All I know is that his real will is in his writing-table, and this is a paper he has forgotten . . .'

She tried to pass Anna Mikhailovna, but the latter sprang so as to bar her path.

'I know, my dear, kind Princess,' said Anna Mikhailovna, seizing the portfolio so firmly that it was plain she would not let go easily. 'Dear Princess, I beg and implore you, have some pity on him! *Je vous en conjure* . . .'<sup>2</sup>

The princess did not reply. Their efforts in the struggle for the portfolio were the only sounds audible, but it was evident that if the princess did speak, her words would not be flattering to Anna Mikhailovna. Though the latter held on tenaciously, her voice lost none of its honeyed firmness and softness.

'Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be out of place in a family consultation; is it not so, Prince?'

'Why don't you speak, *mon cousin*?' suddenly shrieked the princess, so loud that those in the drawing-room heard her and were startled. 'Why do you remain silent when heaven knows who permits herself to interfere, making a scene on the very threshold of a dying man's room? Intriguer!' she hissed viciously, and tugged with all her might at the portfolio.

<sup>1</sup> 'Come, my dear Anna Mikhailovna, let Catiche do as she pleases.'

<sup>2</sup> 'I beg of you.'

But Anna Mikhailovna went forward a step or two to keep her hold on the portfolio, and changed her grip.

Prince Vasili rose. 'Oh!' said he with reproach and surprise, '*C'est ridicule. Voyons*, let go I tell you.'<sup>1</sup>

The princess let go.

'And you too!'

But Anna Mikhailovna did not obey him.

'Let go, I tell you! I will take the responsibility. I myself will go and ask him, I! . . . does that satisfy you?'

'*Mais mon prince*,' said Anna Mikhailovna, 'after such a solemn sacrament, allow him a moment's peace! Here, Pierre, tell them your opinion,' said she, turning to the young man who, having come quite close, was gazing with astonishment at the angry face of the princess which had lost all dignity, and at the twitching cheeks of Prince Vasili.

'Remember that you will answer for the consequences,' said Prince Vasili severely. 'You don't know what you are doing.'

'Vile woman!' shouted the princess, darting unexpectedly at Anna Mikhailovna and snatching the portfolio from her.

Prince Vasili bent his head and spread out his hands.

At this moment that terrible door, which Pierre had watched so long and which had always opened so quietly, burst noisily open and banged against the wall, and the second of the three sisters rushed out wringing her hands.

'What are you doing!' she cried vehemently. '*Il s'en va et vous me laissez seule!*'<sup>2</sup>

Her sister dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhailovna, stooping, quickly caught up the object of contention and ran into the bedroom. The eldest princess and Prince Vasili, recovering themselves, followed her. A few minutes later the eldest sister came out with a pale hard face, again biting her underlip. At sight of Pierre her expression showed an irrepressible hatred.

'Yes, now you may be glad!' said she; 'this is what you have been waiting for.' And bursting into tears she hid her face in her handkerchief and rushed from the room.

Prince Vasili came next. He staggered to the sofa on which Pierre was sitting and dropped onto it, covering his face with his hand. Pierre noticed that he was pale and that his jaw quivered and shook as if in an ague.

'Ah, my friend!' said he, taking Pierre by the elbow; and there was in his voice a sincerity and weakness Pierre had never observed in it

<sup>1</sup> 'This is absurd! Come.'

<sup>2</sup> 'He is dying and you leave me alone with him!'

before. 'How often we sin, how much we deceive, and all for what? I am near sixty, dear friend . . . I too . . . All will end in death, all! Death is awful . . .' and he burst into tears.

Anna Mikhailovna came out last. She approached Pierre with slow, quiet steps.

'Pierre!' she said.

Pierre gave her an inquiring look. She kissed the young man on his forehead, wetting him with her tears. Then after a pause she said:

*'Il n'en plus . . .'*<sup>1</sup>

Pierre looked at her over his spectacles.

*'Allons, je vous reconduirai. Tâchez de pleurer. Rien ne soulage, comme les larmes.'*<sup>2</sup>

She led him into the dark drawing-room and Pierre was glad no one could see his face. Anna Mikhailovna left him, and when she returned he was fast asleep with his head on his arm.

In the morning Anna Mikhailovna said to Pierre:

*'Oui, mon cher, c'est une grande perte pour nous tous. Je ne parle pas de vous. Mais Dieu vous soutiendra, vous êtes jeune et vous voilà à la tête d'une immense fortune, je l'espère. Le testament n'a pas été encore ouvert. Je vous connais assez pour savoir que cela ne vous tournera pas la tête, mais cela vous impose des devoirs, et il faut être homme.'*<sup>3</sup>

Pierre was silent.

*'Peut-être plus tard je vous dirai, mon cher, que si je n'avais pas été là, Dieu sait ce que serait arrivé. Vous savez mon oncle avant-hier encore me promettait de ne pas oublier Boris. Mais il n'a pas eu le temps. J'espère, mon cher ami, que vous remplirez le désir de votre père.'*<sup>4</sup>

Pierre understood nothing of all this and colouring shyly looked in silence at Princess Anna Mikhailovna. After her talk with Pierre, Anna Mikhailovna returned to the Rostovs' and went to bed. On waking in the morning she told the Rostovs and all her acquaintances the details of Count Bezukhov's death. She said the count had died as she would herself wish to die, that his end was not only touching but edifying.

<sup>1</sup> 'He is no more . . .'

<sup>2</sup> 'Come, I will go with you. Try to weep, nothing gives such relief as tears.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Yes, my dear, this is a great loss for us all, not to speak of you. But God will support you: you are young, and are now I hope in command of an immense fortune. The will has not yet been opened. I know you well enough to be sure that this will not turn your head, but it imposes duties on you, and you must be a man.'

<sup>4</sup> 'Perhaps later on I may tell you, my dear boy, that if I had not been there, God only knows what would have happened! You know, Uncle promised me only the day before yesterday not to forget Boris. But he had no time. I hope, my dear friend, you will carry out your father's wish.'

As to the last meeting between father and son, it was so touching that she could not think of it without tears, and did not know which had behaved better during those awful moments—the father who so remembered everything and everybody at the last and had spoken such pathetic words to the son, or Pierre, whom it had been pitiful to see, so stricken was he with grief, though he tried hard to hide it in order not to sadden his dying father. '*C'est pénible, mais cela fait du bien, ça élève l'âme de voir des hommes comme le vieux comte et son digne fils,*'<sup>1</sup> said she. Of the behaviour of the eldest princess and Prince Vasili she spoke disapprovingly, but in whispers and as a great secret.

## 22

AT Bald Hills, Prince Nikolai Andreevich Bolkonsky's estate, the arrival of young Prince Andrei and his wife was daily expected, but this expectation did not upset the regular routine of life in the old prince's household. General-in-Chief\* Prince Nikolai Andreevich (nicknamed in society *le roi de Prusse*,\* ever since the Emperor Paul had exiled him to his country estate had lived there continuously with his daughter, Princess Marya, and her companion Mademoiselle Bourienne. Though in the new reign he was free to return to the capitals he still continued to live in the country, remarking that anyone who wanted to see him could come the hundred miles from Moscow to Bald Hills, while he himself needed no one and nothing. He used to say that there are only two sources of human vice—idleness and superstition, and only two virtues—activity and intelligence. He himself undertook his daughter's education, and to develop these two cardinal virtues in her gave her lessons in algebra and geometry till she was twenty, and arranged her life so that her whole time was occupied. He was himself always occupied: writing his memoirs, solving problems in higher mathematics, turning snuff-boxes on a lathe, working in the garden, or superintending the building that was always going on at his estate. As regularity is a prime condition facilitating activity, regularity in his household was carried to the highest point of exactitude. He always came to table under precisely the same conditions, and not only at the same hour but at the same minute. With those about him, from his daughter to his serfs, the prince was sharp and invariably exacting, so that without being a hard-hearted man he inspired such fear and respect as few hard-hearted men would have aroused. Although he was in retirement and had now no

<sup>1</sup> 'It is painful, but it does one good. It uplifts the soul to see such men as the old count and his worthy son.'

influence in political affairs, every high official appointed to the province in which the prince's estate lay considered it his duty to visit him, and waited in the lofty antechamber just as the architect, gardener, or Princess Marya did, till the prince appeared punctually to the appointed hour. Everyone sitting in this antechamber experienced the same feeling of respect and even fear when the enormously high study door opened and showed the figure of a rather small old man, with powdered wig, small withered hands, and bushy grey eyebrows which, when he frowned, sometimes hid the gleam of his shrewd, youthfully glittering eyes.

On the morning of the day that the young couple were to arrive, Princess Marya entered the antechamber as usual at the time appointed for the morning greeting, crossing herself with trepidation and repeating a silent prayer. Every morning she came in like that, and every morning she prayed that the daily interview might pass off well.

An old powdered man-servant who was sitting in the antechamber rose quietly and said in a whisper: 'Please walk in.'

Through the door came the regular hum of a lathe. The princess timidly opened the door which moved noiselessly and easily. She paused at the entrance. The prince was working at the lathe and after glancing round continued his work.

The enormous study was full of things evidently in constant use. The large table covered with books and plans, the tall glass-fronted book-case with keys in the locks, the high desk for writing while standing up, on which lay an open exercise-book, and the lathe with tools laid ready to hand and shavings scattered around—all indicated continuous, varied, and orderly activity. The motion of the small foot shod in a Tartar boot embroidered with silver, and the firm pressure of the lean sinewy hand, showed that the prince still possessed the tenacious endurance and vigour of hardy old age. After a few more turns of the lathe he removed his foot from the pedal, wiped his chisel, dropped it into a leather pouch attached to the lathe, and approaching the table, summoned his daughter. He never gave his children a blessing, so he simply held out his bristly cheek (as yet unshaven) and regarding her tenderly and attentively, said severely:

'Quite well? All right then, sit down.' He took the exercise-book containing lessons in geometry written by himself, and drew up a chair with his foot.

'For tomorrow!' said he, quickly finding the page and making a scratch from one paragraph to another with his hard nail.

The princess bent over the exercise-book on the table.

'Wait a bit. here's a letter for you,' said the old man suddenly, taking

a letter addressed in a woman's hand from a bag hanging above the table, onto which he threw it.

At the sight of the letter red patches showed themselves on the princess's face. She took it quickly and bent her head over it.

'From Heloïse?\*' asked the prince with a cold smile that showed his still sound, yellowish teeth.

'Yes, it's from Julie,' replied the princess with a timid glance and a timid smile.

'I'll let two more letters pass, but the third I'll read,' said the prince sternly; 'I'm afraid you write much nonsense. I'll read the third!'

'Read this one if you like, *mon père*,' said the princess, blushing still more and holding out the letter.

'The third, I said the third!' cried the prince abruptly, pushing the letter away, and leaning his elbows on the table he drew towards him the exercise-book containing geometrical figures.

'Well, madam,' he began, stooping over the book close to his daughter and placing an arm on the back of the chair on which she sat, so that she felt herself surrounded on all sides by the acrid scent of old age and tobacco, which she had known so long. 'Now, madam, these triangles are equal; please note that the angle ABC . . .'

The princess looked in a scared way at her father's eyes glittering close to her; the red patches on her face came and went, and it was plain that she understood nothing and was so frightened that her fear would prevent her understanding any of her father's further explanations, however clear they might be. Whether it was the teacher's fault or the pupil's, this same thing happened every day: the princess's eyes drew dim, she could not see and could not hear anything, but was only conscious of her stern father's withered face close to her, of his breath and the smell of him, and could think only of how to get away quickly to her own room to make out the problem in peace. The old man was beside himself: moved the chair on which he was sitting noisily backwards and forwards, made efforts to control himself and not become vehement, but almost always did become vehement, scolded, and sometimes flung the exercise-book away.

The princess gave a wrong answer.

'Well now, isn't she a fool!' shouted the prince, pushing the book aside and turning sharply away; but rising immediately, he paced up and down, lightly touched his daughter's hair and sat down again.

He drew up his chair and continued to explain.

'This won't do, Princess; it won't do,' said he, when Princess Marya, having taken and closed the exercise-book with the next day's lesson, was about to leave: 'Mathematics are most important, madam! I don't



want to have you like our silly ladies. Get used to it and you'll like it,' and he patted her cheek. 'It will drive all the nonsense out of your head.'

She turned to go, but he stopped her with a gesture and took an uncut book from the high desk.

'Here is some sort of *Key to the Mysteries*\* that your Heloïse has sent you. Religious! I don't interfere with anyone's belief . . . I have looked at it. Take it. Well, now go. Go.'

He patted her on the shoulder and himself closed the door after her.

Princess Marya went back to her room with the sad, scared expression that rarely left her and which made her plain, sickly face yet plainer. She sat down at her writing-table, on which stood miniature portraits and which was littered with books and papers. The princess was as untidy as her father was tidy. She put down the geometry-book and eagerly broke the seal of her letter. It was from her most intimate friend from childhood; that same Julie Karagina who had been at the Rostovs' name-day party.

Julie wrote:

*Chère et excellente amie, qu'elle chose terrible et effrayante que l'absence! J'ai beau me dire que la moitié de mon existence et de mon bonheur est en vous, que malgré la distance qui nous sépare, nos coeurs sont unis par des liens indissolubles; le mien se révolte contre la destinée, et je ne puis, malgré les plaisirs et les distractions qui m'entourent, vaincre une certaine tristesse cachée que je ressens au fond du coeur depuis notre séparation. Pourquoi ne sommes-nous pas réunies, comme cet été dans votre grand cabinet sur le canapé bleu, le canapé à confidences? Pourquoi ne puis-je, comme il y a trois mois, puiser de nouvelles forces morales dans votre regard si doux, si calme et si pénétrant, regard que j'aimais tant et que je crois voir devant moi, quand je vous écris?*<sup>1</sup>

Having read thus far, Princess Marya sighed and glanced into the mirror which stood on her right. It reflected a weak, ungraceful figure and thin face. Her eyes, always sad, now looked with particular hopelessness at her reflection in the glass. 'She flatters me,' thought the princess, turning away and continuing to read. But Julie did not flatter her friend: the princess's eyes—large, deep, and luminous (it seemed as if at times there radiated from them shafts of warm light), were so

<sup>1</sup> Dear and precious Friend, How terrible and frightful a thing is separation! Though I tell myself that half my life and half my happiness are wrapped up in you, and that in spite of the distance separating us our hearts are united by indissoluble bonds, my heart rebels against fate and in spite of the pleasures and distractions around me I cannot overcome a certain secret sorrow that has been in my heart ever since we parted. Why are we not together as we were last summer, in your big study, on the blue sofa, the confidential sofa? Why cannot I now, as three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your look, so gentle, calm, and penetrating, a look I loved so well and seem to see before me as I write?

beautiful that very often in spite of the plainness of her face they gave her an attraction more powerful than that of beauty. But the princess never saw the beautiful expression of her own eyes—the look they had when she was not thinking of herself. As with everyone, her face assumed a forced unnatural expression as soon as she looked in a glass. She went on reading:

*Tout Moscou ne parle que guerre. L'un de mes deux frères est déjà à l'étranger, l'autre est avec la garde, qui se met en marche vers la frontière. Notre cher empereur a quitté Pétersbourg, et, à ce qu'on prétend, compte lui-même exposer sa précieuse existence aux chances de la guerre. Dieu veuille que le monstre corsicain, qui détruit le repos de l'Europe, soit terrassé par l'ange que le tout-puissant, dans sa miséricorde, nous a donné pour souverain. Sans parler de mes frères, cette guerre m'a privée d'une relation des plus chères à mon coeur. Je parle du jeune Nicolas Rostoff, qui avec son enthousiasme n'a pu supporter l'inaction et a quitté l'université pour aller s'enrôler dans l'armée. Eh bien, chère Marie, je vous avouerai, que, malgré son extrême jeunesse, son départ pour l'armée a été un grand chagrin pour moi. Le jeune homme, dont je vous parlais cet été, tant de noblesse, de véritable jeunesse qu'on rencontre si rarement dans le siècle où nous vivons parmi nos vieillards de vingt ans. Il a surtout tant de franchise et de coeur. Il est tellement pur et poétique, que mes relations avec lui, quelque passagères qu'elles fussent, ont été l'une des plus douces jouissances de mon pauvre coeur, qui a déjà tant souffert. Je vous raconterai un jour nos adieux et tout ce qui s'est dit en partant. Tout cela est encore trop frais. Ah! Chère amie, vous êtes heureuse de ne pas connaître ces jouissances et ces peines si poignantes. Vous êtes heureuse, puisque les dernières—sont ordinairement les plus fortes! Je sais fort bien, que le comte Nicolas est trop jeune pour pouvoir jamais devenir pour moi quelque chose de plus qu'un ami, mais cette douce amitié, ces relations si poétiques et si pures ont été un besoin pour mon coeur. Mais n'en parlons plus. La grande nouvelle du jour qui occupe tout Moscou est la mort du vieux comte Bezukhov et son héritage. Figurez-vous que les trois princesses n'ont reçu que très peu de chose, le prince Basile rien, et que c'est M. Pierre qui tout hérité, et qui par-dessus le marché a été reconnu pour fils légitime, par conséquent comte Bezukhov et possesseur de la plus belle fortune de la Russie. On prétend que le prince Basile a joué un très vilain rôle dans toute cette histoire et qu'il est reparti tout penaud pour Pétersbourg.*

*Je vous avoue, que je comprends très peu toutes ces affaires de legs et de testament; ce que je sais, c'est que depuis que le jeune homme que nous connaissions tous sous le nom de M. Pierre tout court est devenu comte Bezukhov et possesseur de l'une des plus grandes fortunes de la Russie. Je m'amuse fort à observer les changements de ton et des manières des mamans accablées de filles à marier et demoiselles elles-mêmes à l'égard de cet individu, qui, par parenthèse, m'a paru toujours être un pauvre sire. Comme on s'amuse depuis deux ans à me donner des promesses que je ne connais pas le plus souvent, la chronique matrimoniale de Moscou me fait comtesse Bezukhova. Mais vous sentez bien que je ne me soucie nullement de le devenir. A propos de mariage, savez-vous que tout dernièrement*

*'la tante en générale' Anna Mikhaïlovna m'a confié sous le sceau du plus grand secret un projet de mariage pour vous. Ce n'est ni plus ni moins, que le fils du prince Basile, Anatole, qu'on voudrait ranger en le mariant à une personne riche et distinguée, et c'est sur vous qu'est tombé le choix des parents. Je ne sais comment vous envisagerez la chose, mais j'ai cru de mon devoir de vous en avertir. On le dit très beau et très mauvais sujet; c'est tout ce que j'ai pu savoir sur son compte.*

*Mais assez de bavardage comme cela. Je finis mon second feuillet, et Maman me fit chercher pour aller dîner chez les Apraksines. Lisez le livre mystique que je vous envoie et qui fait fureur chez nous. Quoiqu'il y ait des choses dans ce livre difficiles à atteindre avec la faible conception humaine, c'est un livre admirable dont la lecture calme et élève l'âme. Adieu. Mes respects à monsieur votre père et mes compliments à Mlle Bourienne. Je vous embrasse comme je vous aime.*

Julie

*P.S. Donnez-moi des nouvelles de votre frère et de sa charmante petite femme.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> 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 their march to the frontier. Our dear Emperor has left Petersburg and it is thought intends to expose his precious person to the chances of war. God grant that the Corsican monster who is destroying the peace of Europe may be overthrown by the angel whom it has pleased the Almighty, in His goodness, to give us as sovereign! To say nothing of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one of the associations nearest my heart. I mean young Nikolai Rostov, who with his enthusiasm could not bear to remain inactive and has left the university to join the army. I will confess to you, dear Marya, that in spite of his extreme youth his departure for the army was a great grief to me. This young man, of whom I spoke to you last summer, is so noble-minded and full of that real youthfulness which one seldom finds nowadays among our old men of twenty and, particularly, he is so frank and has so much heart. He is so pure and poetic that my relations with him, transient as they were, have been one of the sweetest comforts to my poor heart, which has already suffered so much. Some day I will tell you about our parting and all that was said then. That is still too fresh. Ah, dear friend, you are happy not to know these poignant joys and sorrows. You are fortunate, for the latter are generally the stronger! I know very well that Count Nikolai is too young ever to be more to me than a friend, but this sweet friendship, this poetic and pure intimacy, were what my heart needed. But enough of this! The chief news, about which all Moscow gossips, is the death of old Count Bezukhov, and his inheritance. Imagine! The three princesses have received very little, Prince Vasili nothing, and it is Monsieur Pierre who has inherited all the property and has besides been recognized as legitimate; so that he is now Count Bezukhov and possessor of the finest fortune in Russia. It is rumoured that Prince Vasili played a very despicable part in this affair and that he returned to Petersburg quite crestfallen.

I confess I understand very little about all these matters of wills and inheritance; but I do know that since this young man, whom we all used to know as plain Monsieur Pierre, has become Count Bezukhov and the owner of one of the largest fortunes in Russia, I am much amused to watch the change in the tone and manners of the mamas burdened by marriageable daughters, and of the young ladies themselves, towards him, though, between you and me, he always seemed to

The princess pondered awhile with a thoughtful smile and her luminous eyes lit up so that her face was entirely transformed. Then she suddenly rose and with her heavy tread went up to the table. She took a sheet of paper and her hand moved rapidly over it. This is the reply she wrote:

*Chère et excellente amie. Votre lettre du 13 m'a causé une grande joie. Vous m'aimez donc toujours, ma poétique Julie. L'absence, dont vous dites tant de mal, n'a donc pas eu son influence habituelle sur vous. Vous vous plaignez de l'absence—que devrai-je dire moi si j'osais me plaindre, privée de tous ceux qui me sont chers? Ah! Si nous n'avions pas la religion pour nous consoler, la vie serait bien triste. Pourquoi me supposez-vous un regard sévère, quand vous me parlez de votre affection pour le jeune homme? Sous ce rapport je ne suis rigide que pour moi. Je comprends ces sentiments chez les autres et si je ne puis approuver ne les ayant jamais ressentis, je ne les condamne pas. Il me paraît seulement que l'amour chrétien, l'amour du prochain, l'amour pour ses ennemis est plus méritoire, plus doux et plus beau, que ne le sont les sentiments que peuvent inspirer les beaux yeux d'un jeune homme à une jeune fille poétique et aimante comme vous.*

*La nouvelle de la mort du comte Bezukhov nous est parvenue avant votre lettre, et mon père en a été très affecté. Il dit que c'était l'avant-dernier représentant du grand siècle, et qu'à présent c'est son tour; mais qu'il fera son possible pour que son tour vienne le plus tard possible. Que Dieu nous garde de ce terrible malheur! Je ne puis partager votre opinion sur Pierre que j'ai connu enfant. Il me paraissait toujours avoir un cœur excellent, et c'est la qualité que j'estime le plus dans les gens. Quant à son héritage et au rôle qu'y a joué le prince Basile, c'est bien triste pour tous les deux. Ah! Chère amie, la parole de notre divin Sauveur qu'il est plus aisé à un chameau de passer par le trou d'une aiguille, qu'il ne l'est à un riche d'entrer dans le royaume de Dieu, cette parole est terriblement vraie;*

me a poor sort of fellow. As for the past two years people have amused themselves by finding husbands for me (most of whom I don't even know), the matchmaking chronicles of Moscow now speak of me as the future Countess Bezukhova. But you will understand that I have no desire for the post. *A propos* of marriages: do you know that a while ago that *universal* auntie Anna Mikhailovna told me, under the seal of strict secrecy, of a plan of marriage for you. It is neither more nor less than with Prince Vasili's son Anatole, whom they wish to reform by marrying him to someone rich and *distinguée*, and it is on you that his relations' choice has fallen. I don't know what you will think of it, but I consider it my duty to let you know of it. He is said to be very handsome and a terrible scapegrace. That is all I have been able to find out about him.

But enough of gossip. I am at the end of my second sheet of paper, and Mama has sent for me to go and dine at the Apraksins'. Read the mystical book I am sending you; it has an enormous success here. Though there are things in it difficult for the feeble human mind to grasp, it is an admirable book which calms and elevates the soul. Adieu! Give my respects to monsieur your father and my compliments to Mademoiselle Bourienne. I embrace you as I love you.

Julie

P.S. Let me have news of your brother and his charming little wife.