



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

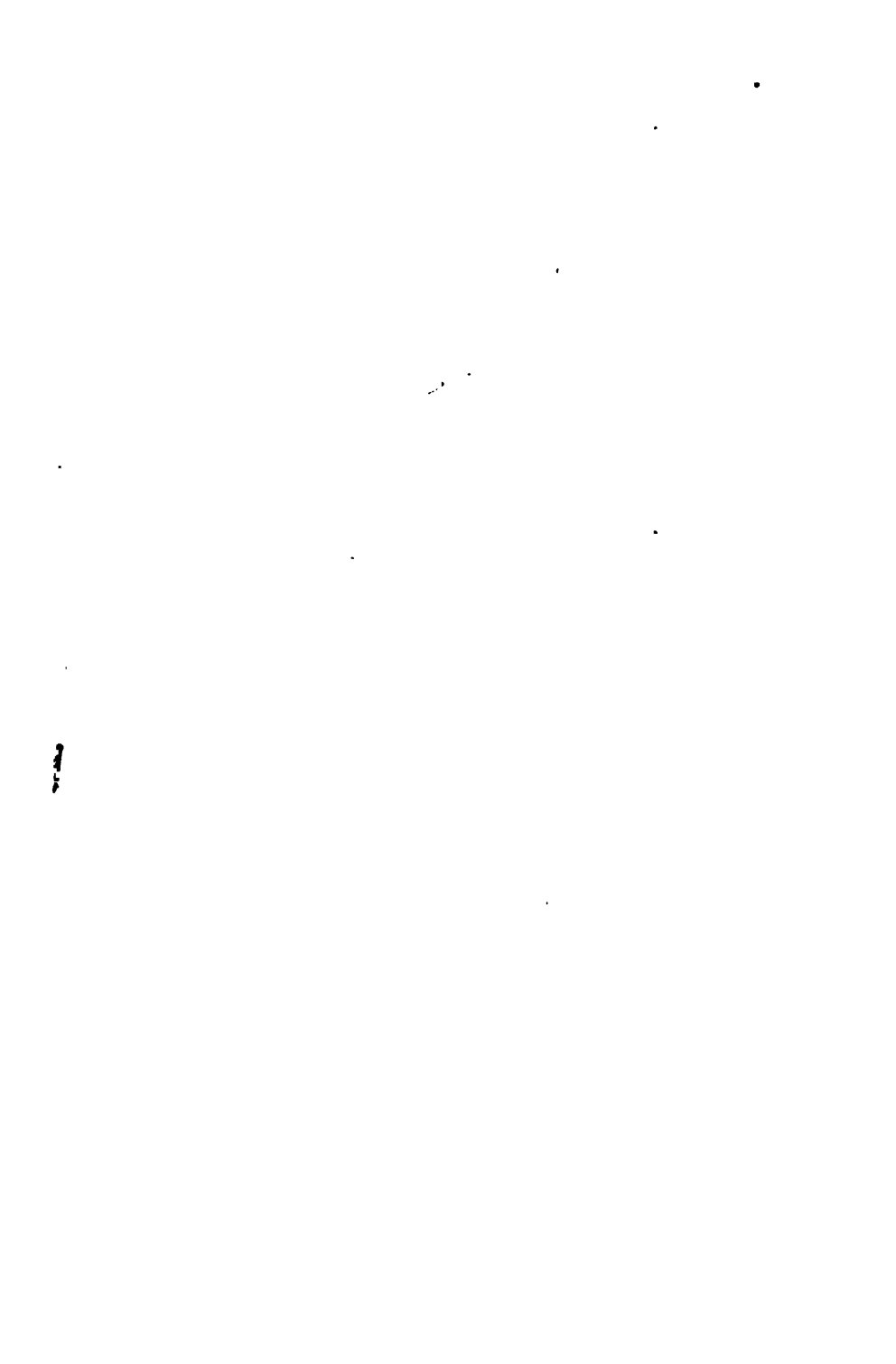
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

21 10 4354.2 1711.14

(1-2)



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY





WAR AND PEACE

BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. I

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
13 ASTOR PLACE

2604334.2.1.4.15
✓ (1-2) A

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY
T. Y. CROWELL & CO.

ELECTROTYPED BY
C. J. PETERS & SON, BOSTON.

1889
1889
1889

P R E F A C E.

AMONG the multitude of books which have been published during the present century, but comparatively few have attained a permanent place in literature or made an enduring impression upon the readers of our times.

It has been one of the intellectual occupations or amusements of the last few years, to make up lists of the ten great books, or the hundred great books, of the world. When it comes to selecting novels to fit such a classification, we have to pass beyond the limits of the English speaking race.

Few critics would contest the right of the two masterpieces of Count Tolstoi's pen to hold a place on such a list. Says Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson: "I should agree with Mr. Howells in placing Tolstoi, with all his faults, at the head of living novelists." Archdeacon Farrar says: "If Count Tolstoi's books have appeared in edition after edition, and translation after translation, the reason is because the world learns from him to see life as it is." And an enthusiastic writer in a recent number of the *Westminster Review* says, "Here is one of the great masters, before whom ordinary merit must be dumb, whom to criticise is vain, to admire alone is permitted."

Multitudes of similar encomiums might be selected; but it would be a work of supererogation. The world of readers has hailed Count Tolstoi with no uncertain homage, and it would not be hazardous to prophesy the permanent place of "Anna Karénina" and "War and Peace" in the Pantheon of letters.

"War and Peace" is a panoramic novel: it is its own justification, and perhaps needs no introduction. The author had intended to write a novel in which the characters should be, to a certain extent, surviving members of the famous December conspiracy of 1825, returning to the emancipated Russia of 1856. This novel, entitled the "Dekabrists," he began, but his mind was irresistibly drawn back to the conspiracy itself, and finally to the first causes of the conspiracy, which lay in the fateful epoch of the first quarter of this century. Thus originated "War and Peace."

It always reminds the translator of a broad and mighty river flowing onward with all the majesty of Fate. On its surface, float swiftly by logs and stumps, cakes of ice, perhaps drowned cattle or men from regions far above. But these floating straws, insignificant in themselves, tell the current. Once embark upon it, and it is impossible to escape the onward force that moves you so relentlessly. What landscapes you pass through, what populous towns, what gruesome defiles, what rapids, what cataracts!

The water may be turbid, or it may flow translucent and pure, — but still it rushes on.

Such to me is "War and Peace." The little details which cause admiration in the votaries of realism, or raise a sneer in its critics, seem to have in this their explanation and warrant. Nevertheless, I am inclined to rank Count Tolstói not among the realists or naturalists, but rather as an impressionist. He is often careless about accuracy. Numberless incongruities can be pointed out. He is as willing to adopt an anachronism as a mediæval painter. I would defy an historian to reconstruct the battle of Austerlitz from Count Tolstói's description. And yet what picture of a battle was ever more vivid! It is like a painting where the general impression is true, but a close analysis discovers nothing but contradictory lines!

What a succession — a kaleidoscopic succession of life-views, he gives in "War and Peace!" One follows the other without confusion, naturally, with entrancing interest. "The court and camp, town and country, nobles and peasants,—all are sketched in with the same broad and sure outline. We pass at a leap from a *soirée* to a battle-field, from a mud hovel to a palace, from an idyl to a saturnalia. As we summon our recollections of the prodigal outpouring of a careless genius, a troop of characters as lifelike as any in Scott or in Shakespeare, defile before our mental eye. Tolstói finds endless opportunities of inculcating his favorite themes: — the mastery of circumstance over will and desire, the weakness of man in the front of things, and the necessity for resignation."

But it is not alone as a novel that "War and Peace" is remarkable. It is the basis and illustration of a theory of Fate, which, if not new and original, is put in such a new and original way that it might be regarded as epoch-making. Life has often been regarded as a chess board, but while the pawns were moved by Fate, the kings and bishops and knights were conceived as free agents. Count Tolstói desires to show

that the great man is as much a puppet as the merest soldier: Napoleon or Kutuzof or Bagration, seeming to direct great movements, were, in reality, no more the efficient cause of them than the striking of the clock is the cause of a sunset.

In support of this theory — which is a theory simply taken for granted, rather than actually propounded — Count Tolstói introduces the great men of those famous Napoleonic days, and shows how they, as well as men unknown, were led, often with eyes wide open, into courses where destruction infallibly awaited them.

And, furthermore, "War and Peace," like all of Count Tolstói's works, is a mighty protest against war. There is no arguing in it about the waste, and the demoralization, and the cruelty, and the unmanliness of it, but, like all Russian argument, it is by vivid pictures such as no one can resist.

Not, therefore, merely as a work of art should we predict immortality for "War and Peace." It is above mere art: it is the sermon of a prophet, the undying word of a man who believes in his mission, and must give it to his fellow-men. Herein lies its true greatness.

The present translation has been made from the original Russian. Tolstói has been felicitously called "the Russian Rembrandt." It is not fair to reproduce Rembrandt as a Tenier. The French versions of Russian are apt to smooth and weaken the bluntness and vigor of the original. Count Tolstói says: "*On pashól.*" The French expands this, which simply means "He went out," into "*Après avoir exhalé sa colère, il s'en alla chez lui,*" ten words for two. One may be sometimes tempted to substitute the curved line of beauty for the straight line of duty, or soften a harsh silhouette, but beyond certain unavoidable issues of the sort necessary for reproducing the impression given by the original, the translator ought to be as faithful as possible. Here the old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, repudiated by Count Tolstói, ought to have a new application!

A list of the characters has been added for convenience of reference, and at the end of the work will be found a synopsis of the story. For the amusement or gratification of the cultured reader, some of the polyglot conversation so characteristic of the story, as it was characteristic of educated Russians two generations ago, has been relegated to foot notes.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

BOSTON, May 1, 1880.

7



7

WAR AND PEACE.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, prince, Genoa and Lucca are now nothing more than the apanages, than the private property of the Bonaparte family. I warn you that if you do not tell me we are going to have war, if you still allow yourself to condone all the infamies, all the atrocities of this Antichrist—on my word I believe he is Antichrist—that is the end of our acquaintance; you are no longer my friend, you are no longer my faithful slave, as you call yourself.* Now, be of good courage, I see I frighten you. Come, sit down and tell me all about it."

It was on a July evening, 1805, that the famous Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honor and confidant of the Empress Maria Feodorovna, thus greeted the influential statesman, Prince Vasili, who was the first to arrive at her reception.

Anna Pavlovna had been coughing for several days; she had the *grippe*, as she affected to call her influenza—*grippe* at that time being a new word only occasionally employed.

A number of little notes distributed that morning by a footman in red livery had been all couched in the same terms:—

"If you have nothing better to do, M. le Comte (or mon Prince), and if the prospect of spending the evening with a poor invalid is not too dismal, I shall be charmed to see you at my house between seven and ten.
ANNETTE SCHERER."

"Oh! what a savage attack!" rejoined the prince, as he came forward in his embroidered court uniform, stockings, and diamond-buckled shoes, and with an expression of seren-

* In the fifth edition of Count Tolstoi's works, this conversation is in a mixture of French and Russian. In the seventh (1887) the Russian entirely replaces the French—N. H. D.

ity on his insipid face, showing that he was not in the least disturbed by this reception.

He spoke that elegant French in which Russians formerly not only talked but also thought, and his voice was low and patronizing, as becomes a distinguished man who has spent a long life in society and at Court.

He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, bending down to it his perfumed and polished bald head, and then he seated himself comfortably on the sofa: —

“First tell me how you are, *chère amie*, calm your friend’s anxiety,” said he, speaking in Russian, but not altering the tone of his voice, which, in spite of the gallant and sympathetic nature of his remark, still betrayed indifference and even raillery.

“How can one be well — when one’s moral sensibilities are so tormented? Is it possible in these days for a person possessed of any feeling to remain calm?” exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. “You will spend the evening with us, I hope?”

“Ah! but the English ambassador’s *fête*? It is Wednesday, you know. I must show myself there,” said the prince. “My daughter is coming for me, to take me there.”

“I thought that had been postponed. I confess all these *fêtes* and fireworks are beginning to grow insipid!”

“If they had known that it was your desire, they would have postponed the *fête*,” said the prince, from habit, like a watch wound up, saying things which he had no expectation of being believed.

“Don’t tease me! — Well, what decision has been reached in regard to Novosiltsov’s despatch? You know everything.”

“How can I tell you,” said the prince, in a cold tone of annoyance, “what decision has been reached? This: that Bonaparte has burnt his ships, and I believe that we are about to burn ours.”

Prince Vasili always spoke indolently, like an actor rehearsing an old part. Anna Pavlovna, on the contrary, in spite of her forty years, was full of vivacity and impulses.

Being an enthusiast had given her a peculiar position in society, and sometimes, even when it was contrary to her own inclinations, she worked herself up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, so as not to disappoint her acquaintances. The suppressed smile constantly playing over her face, although incongruous with her faded features, expressed, just as in the case of spoiled children, the unflinching consciousness of a fail-

ing on the side of amiability, which she could not and would not correct, even if she thought it advisable.

They got deep in a conversation about political matters, and Anna Pavlovna became thoroughly heated,—

“Oh! don’t say anything to me about Austria. Perhaps I do not know anything about it, but Austria has never wished for war, and she does not now. She is betraying us. Russia alone must be the salvation of Europe. Our benefactor realizes his high calling, and will be faithful to it. That is one thing in which I have a firm belief. The grandest part in the world lies before our kind and splendid sovereign, and he is so benevolent and good that God will not abandon him, and he will fulfil his mission of crushing the hydra of revolution, which is now more monstrous than ever, in the face of this murderer and scoundrel. We alone are called upon to redeem the blood of the just. On whom can we rely, I ask you?—England with her commercial spirit does not understand, and cannot understand all the loftiness of soul of the Emperor Alexander. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She is anxious to find, she is seeking for some secret motive in our actions. What did they say to Novosiltsof?—nothing! They do not and they cannot understand the self-denial of our emperor, who wishes nothing for his own gain, but everything for the good of the world. And what have they promised? Nothing! Even what they have promised will not be performed. Prussia has already declared that Bonaparte is invincible, and that all Europe is powerless before him.—And I have not the slightest faith in Hardenberg or in Haugwitz. This famous Prussian neutrality is only a snare. I believe in God alone, and in the high destiny of our beloved emperor. He will save Europe!”—

She suddenly paused, with a smile of amusement at her own impetuosity.

“I think,” said the prince, smiling, “that if you had been sent instead of our dear Vintzengerode, you would have taken the King of Prussia’s consent by storm. You are so eloquent! Will you give me some tea?”

“Directly. *À propos*,” she added, becoming calm once more, “this evening I shall have two very interesting men: le Vicomte de Montemart, connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best families of France. He is one of the decent emigrants of the genuine sort. And then l’Abbé Morio; do you know that profound mind? He has been received by the sovereign. Do you know him?”

"Ah! I shall be most happy," said the prince. "But tell me," he went on to say, as though something just at that moment for the first time occurred to him, whereas in reality this question was the chief object of his visit, "is it true that *l'Impératrice Mère* wishes Baron Funke to be named as first secretary at Vienna? It seems to me that this baron is a poor specimen."*

Prince Vasili was anxious for his son to get the appointment to this place, which a party was trying to secure for the baron through the influence of the Empress Maria Feodorovna.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes, to signify that neither she nor any one else could tell what would satisfy or please the empress.

"Baron Funke was recommended to the Empress Dowager by her sister," said she in French, curtly, dryly, and in a melancholy tone. Whenever Anna Pavlovna spoke of the empress, her face suddenly assumed a deep and genuine expression of devotion and deference tinged with melancholy, and this was characteristic of her at all times when she was reminded of her august patroness. She said that her majesty had been pleased to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime*, and again the shade of melancholy passed over her face.

The prince preserved an indifferent silence. Anna Pavlovna, with a quickness and dexterity characteristic of a woman, and especially of one brought up at court, had taken pains to give the prince a rap because of his daring to speak in dispraise of a person who had been recommended to the empress, and at the same time she consoled him. "*Mais à propos de votre famille*," she added, "do you know that your daughter, since she came out, has roused the enthusiasm of all our best people. She is considered to be as lovely as the day."†

The prince bowed in token of his respect and gratitude.

"I often think," pursued Anna Pavlovna, after a moment's silence, drawing a little closer to the prince and giving him a flattering smile, as though to imply that she had nothing more to say about politics and society, but was ready to enter into a confidential chat: "I often think how unfairly happiness in life is distributed. Why should fate have given you two such splendid children (I don't count Anatol, your youngest, for I don't like him," she said decisively, in way of parenthesis, and raising her brows), two such lovely children, and really

* *C'est un pauvre Stre, ce Baron à ce qu'il parait.*

† *Fait les délices de tout le monde. On la trouve belle comme le jour.*

you do not appreciate them, and therefore do not deserve them."

And she smiled her enthusiastic smile.

"*Que voulez-vous?* Lavater would have said that I lack the bump of philoprogenitiveness," said the prince.

"Now stop joking. I wanted to have a serious talk with you. You must know, I am out of patience with your youngest son. Between you and me (here her face assumed its melancholy expression), they have been talking about him at her majesty's, and pitying you."

The prince made no reply, but she paused and looked at him significantly while waiting for his answer. Prince Vasili frowned.

"What do you wish me to do!" he exclaimed at last. "You know I have done everything for their education that is in a father's power, and both have turned out *des imbéciles*. Ippolit is nothing worse than an inoffensive idiot, but Anatol is one of quite an opposite stamp. There is that difference between them," said he, with a smile more natural and animated than usual, and at the same time allowing an unexpectedly coarse and disagreeable expression to be most distinctly manifest in the wrinkles around his mouth.

"And why is it that such men as you have children? If you were not a father, I should not be able to find fault with you about anything," said Anna Pavlovna, lifting her eyes pensively.

"I am your faithful slave, and I can confess it to you alone. My children are the stumbling-blocks of my existence.* This is my cross. That is the way that I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*" —

He paused, expressing with a gesture his submission to his cruel fate. Anna Pavlovna was lost in thought.

"Has it never occurred to you to find a wife for your prodigal son? they say old maids have a mania for match-making, I am not as yet conscious of this weakness, but I know a *petite personne*, who is very unhappy with her father, a relative of ours, *une Princesse Bolkonskaya*."

Prince Vasili made no reply, but the motion of his head showed that, with the swiftness of calculation and memory characteristic of men of the world, he was taking her suggestion into consideration.

"Did you know that this Anatol costs me forty thousand a year?" said he, evidently unable to restrain the painful current

* *Ce sont les entraves de mon existence.*

of his thoughts. He hesitated: "What will it be five years hence, if it goes at this rate. *Voilà l'avantage d'être père!* Is she rich, this princess of yours?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. You know, he is that famous Prince Bolkonsky, who retired during the lifetime of the late Emperor. He was nicknamed 'The King of Prussia.' He is a very clever man, but full of whims, and a trial. *La pauvre petite* is as unhappy as she can be.* She has a brother who recently married Lise Meinen. He is on Kutuzof's staff. He will be here" this evening."

"Listen, *chère Annette*," said the prince, suddenly taking his companion's hand and bending it down for some reason: "*Arrangez moi cette affaire* and I will be your faithful slave forever and ever. She is of good family and rich"—all that I require."

And with that easy and natural grace for which he was distinguished, he raised her hand, kissed it, and having kissed it still retained it in his, while he settled back in his arm-chair and looked to one side.

"*Attendez!*" said Anna Pavlovna, after a moment of consideration. "I will speak about it this very evening to Lise (young Bolkonsky's wife), and perhaps it can be arranged. In your family I shall begin my old maid's apprenticeship."

CHAPTER II.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S drawing-room gradually began to be filled. The highest aristocracy of Petersburg came; people most widely differing in age and in character, but alike in that they all belonged to the same class of society. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Ellen, came, in order to go with her father to the ambassador's reception. She was in ball toilet and wore the Imperial decoration. There came also the little, young Princess Bolkonskaya known as the most fascinating woman in Petersburg. She had been married during the past winter, and now, owing to her expectations, had ceased to appear at large entertainments, but still went to small receptions. Prince Ippolit, Prince Vasili's son, came with Montemart, whom he was introducing to society. The Abbé Morio and many others also came.

"Have you seen my aunt yet?" or "Do you know my

* *Malheureuse comme les pierres.*

aunt?" asked Anna Pavlovna of her guests, as they came in, and with perfect seriousness she would lead them up to a little old lady wearing tremendous bows, who had sailed out from the next room the moment the guests began to arrive, and she presented them by name, deliberately looking from guest to aunt, and then going back to her place again.

All the guests had to go through the formality of an introduction to this superfluous aunt, whom no one knew or cared to know. Anna Pavlovna, with a melancholy, rapturous expression of sympathetic approval, silently listened to their exchange of formalities.

"*Ma tante*," spoke to all new comers in precisely the same terms about their health, her own health, and the health of her majesty, "which was better to-day, thank God." All those who fell into her clutches, though from politeness they showed no undue haste, made their escape with the consciousness of relief at having accomplished a disagreeable duty, and took pains not to stay near the old lady or to come into her vicinity again during the evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya came, bringing some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, just shaded by an almost imperceptible down, was rather slight, but all the more fascinating when it displayed her teeth, and more fascinating still when she drew it down a little and closed it against the under lip. As is always the case with perfectly charming women, her defect of a short lip and a half-open mouth seemed like a peculiar distinction and an addition to her beauty.

It was a delight for all to look at this beautiful young woman so full of health and life, and so gracious with the promise of coming motherhood. Old men and surly young men, soured before their time, as they looked at her seemed to become like her, after being in her presence and talking with her for a little time. Whoever spoke with her and saw her bright smile, and her shining white teeth displayed at every word, was sure to go away with the impression that he had been unusually agreeable that day. And every one felt the same.

The young princess, with her workbag in her hand, making her way along with short quick steps, passed around the table and joyously disposing her dress, sat down on the sofa near the silver samovár, as though all that she did was *partie de plaisir* for herself and all around her.

"I have brought my work," she said, in French, opening

her reticule, and addressing the whole company. "Now see here, Annette, don't play a naughty trick upon me," she went on to say, turning to the hostess. "You wrote me that it was to be a little informal *soirée*; see, how unsuitably I am dressed!"

And she spread out her arms so as to display her elegant gray gown trimmed with lace and belted high with a wide ribbon.

"*Soyez tranquille, Lise,*" replied Anna Pavlovna, "you will always be the most beautiful of all."

"You know my husband is deserting me," continued the young princess, still in French, and addressing a general, "He is going to meet his death. — Tell me, why this wretched war?" she added, this time speaking to Prince Vasili, and without waiting for his rejoinder, she had some remark to make to Prince Vasili's daughter, the handsome Ellen.

"*Quelle délicieuse personne que cette petite princesse!*" whispered Prince Vasili to Anna Pavlovna.

Shortly after the young princess's arrival, a huge, stout young man came in. His head was close cropped, he had on eyeglasses, and wore stylish light trousers, an immense frill, and a cinnamon-colored coat. This stout young man was the illegitimate son of Count Bezukhoi, a famous grandee of Catherine's time, and now lying at the point of death in Moscow. He had not as yet entered any branch of the service, having just returned from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society.

Anna Pavlovna welcomed him with a nod reserved for men of the very least importance in the hierarchy of her salon. But notwithstanding this greeting, almost contemptuous in its way, Anna Pavlovna's face, as Pierre came toward her, expressed anxiety and dismay such as one experiences at the sight of anything too huge and out of place.

Pierre was indeed rather taller than any one else in the room, but the princess's dismay could have been caused only by the young man's intelligent, and at the same time diffident glance, so honest and keen that it distinguished him from every one else in the room.

"It is very kind of you, 'Monsieur Pierre,' to come and see a poor invalid," said Anna Pavlovna, looking up in alarm from her aunt, to whom she was conducting him.

Pierre blurted out some incoherent reply, and continued to let his eyes wander around the assembly. With a gay, rapturous smile he bowed to the little princess as though she were an intimate friend, and was led up to the aunt.

Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre did not wait for the old lady to finish her discourse about her majesty's health, but left her in the midst of it. Anna Pavlovna in dismay tried to detain him with the words, —

"Do you know the Abbé Morio?" she asked, "he is a very interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his plan for a perpetual peace, and it is very interesting, but hardly feasible."

"Do you think so?" said Anna Pavlovna, for the sake of saying something, and once more returning to her duties as hostess; but Pierre now was guilty of an incivility of an opposite nature. Before, he had left a lady without allowing her to finish speaking; now he detained another lady and made her listen to him though she wished to leave him.

Bending his head down, and spreading his long legs, he began to show Anna Pavlovna why he conceived that the abbé's plan was chimerical.

"We will talk about that by and by," said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile.

And having turned away from this young man who did not know the ways of polite society, she once more devoted herself to her duties as hostess, and continued to listen and look on, ready to lend her aid wherever conversation was beginning to flag. Just as the proprietor of a spinning establishment, who has stationed his workmen at their places, walks up and down on his tour of inspection, and when he notices any spindle that has stopped or that makes an unusually loud or creaking noise, hastens to it, and checks it or sets it going in its proper rote, even so Anna Pavlovna, as she walked up and down her drawing-room, came to some group that was silent, or that was talking too excitedly, and by a single word or a slight transposition, set the talking machine in regular decorous running order again.

But while she was occupied with these labors, it could be seen that she was all the time in especial dread of Pierre. She watched him anxiously while he went to listen to what was said in the circle around Montemart, and then joined another group, where the abbé was discoursing.

For Pierre, who had been educated abroad, this reception at Anna Pavlovna's was the first introduction to society in Russia. He knew that all the intellect of Petersburg was gathered here, and like a child in a toy-show, he kept his eyes open. He was all the time afraid of missing some clever conversation that might interest him. As he saw the assured

and refined expressions on the faces of those gathered here, he was ever on the look out for something especially intellectual.

He had finally come where Morio was. The conversation seemed to him interesting, and he stood there waiting a chance to air his opinions, as young men are fond of doing.

CHAPTER III.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S reception was in full swing. The spindles on all sides were buzzing smoothly and without halt. With the exception of *Ma Tante*, near whom sat only one elderly lady with a thin tear-worn face, a poor soul rather out of place in this brilliant society, the guests were divided into three circles. In one, for the most part composed of men, the Abbé Morio formed the centre; in the second there were young people grouped around the beautiful Princess Ellen, Prince Vasili's daughter, and the pretty little Princess Bolkon-skaya, fair and rosy, but too stout for her age.

In the third were Montemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The viscount was an attractive-looking young man, with delicate features and refined manners. He evidently regarded himself as a celebrity, but through his good breeding, modestly allowed the company with which he mingled to profit by his presence. It was plain to see that Anna Pavlovna served him as a treat for her guests, just as a good *maitre d'hôtel* offers as a supernaturally delicious dish, some piece of meat which no one would feel like eating were it seen in the unsavory kitchen; so this evening Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests first the viscount, then the abbé, as some sort of supernatural delicacy.

In Montemart's circle they immediately began to discuss the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. The viscount maintained that the duke had fallen a victim to his own magnanimity, and that there had been personal reasons for Bonaparte's ill will.

"Ah! *Voyons. Contez nous cela, vicomte,*" said Anna Pavlovna, ecstatically, with a consciousness that this phrase, "*contez nous cela vicomte*—tell us about it viscount," had a certain ring like Louis XV.

The viscount bowed in token of submission, and smiled urbanely. Anna Pavlovna made her circle close in around the viscount, and invited all to hear his account.

"The viscount knew the duke personally," whispered Anna Pavlovna in French, to one of her guests. "The viscount is

wonderfully clever at telling a story," she said to another, "How easy it is to tell a man used to good society," she exclaimed to a third, and the viscount was offered to the company in a halo most exquisite and flattering to himself, like roast beef garnished with parsley on a hot platter.

The viscount was just about beginning his narration, and a faint smile played over his lips.

"Come over here, *chère Hélène*," said Anna Pavlovna, to the lovely young princess, who was seated at some little distance, the centre of the second group.

The Princess Ellen smiled; she stood up with the smile on her face which is so natural to a perfectly beautiful woman, and which she had worn when she first came into the room. Lightly trailing her white ball dress, ornamented with smilax and moss, with shoulders gleaming white, with glossy hair and flashing gems, she made her way through the ranks of men who stood aside to let her pass, and not looking at any one in particular, but smiling on all, and as it were, amiably granting each one the privilege of viewing the beauty of her form, of her plump shoulders, of her beautiful bosom and back, exposed by the low cut of dresses then in vogue, seeming to personify the radiance of festivity, she crossed over to Anna Pavlovna's side.

Ellen was so lovely that not only there was not a shade of coquetry to be perceived in her, but on the contrary, she was, as it were, conscience-stricken at her unquestionable and all-conquering maidenly beauty. She seemed to have the will but not the power to diminish the effect of her loveliness.

"*Quelle belle personne*," was remarked by all who saw her.

The viscount, as though overwhelmed by something quite out of the ordinary, shrugged his shoulders and dropped his eyes at the moment she took her seat in front of him and turned upon him the radiance of that perpetual smile.

"Madame, I fear that my ability is not on a par with such an audience,"* said he, inclining his head with a smile.

The young princess rested her bare round arm on the table, and did not think it incumbent upon her to say anything in reply. She smiled and waited. All the time that he was telling his story she sat upright, glancing occasionally now at her beautiful plump arm, which by its pressure on the table altered its shape, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she adjusted her diamond necklace; once or twice she smoothed out the folds of her dress, and when the story was unusually

* *Je crains pour mes moyens devant un pareil auditoire.*

impressive, she would look at Anna Pavlovna and for an instant assume the very same expression that was on the *freilin's* face, and then again relapse into her calm, radiant smile.

The little Princess Bolkonskaya also left the tea table and followed Ellen.

"Wait a moment, I am going to bring my work!" she exclaimed. — "*Voyons à quoi pensez-vous,*" she added, turning to Prince Ippolit — "bring me my workbag."

The young wife, smiling, and having a word for every one, quickly effected her transmigration, and as she took her seat, merrily arranged herself.

"Now I am comfortable," she exclaimed, and begging the viscount to begin, she set herself to her work again. Prince Ippolit brought her the bag and, placing his chair near her, sat down.

Le charmant Hippolyte struck one by his extraordinary likeness to his sister, the beautiful Ellen, and still more by the fact that in spite of this likeness he was astonishingly ugly. His features were the same as his sister's, but in her case all was illumined by her radiantly joyous, self-contented, unfailing smile of life and youth, and the remarkable classic beauty of her form. In the case of the brother, on the contrary, the face, though the same, was befogged with an idiotic expression, and looked always self-conceited and sulky, and his body was lean and feeble. Eyes, nose, mouth, all were fixed, as it were, in a perpetual grimace vaguely indicative of his discontented state of mind, while his arms and legs always assumed some unnatural attitude.

"This is not a ghost story, is it?"* he asked, as he sat down near the princess and hastily put on his eyeglass, as though without this instrument it were impossible for him to say a word.

"Why no, my dear," replied the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I detest ghost stories," he added, and it was plain from his tone that only after he had spoken these words he realized their significance.

The self-assurance with which he spoke was so complete, no one could tell whether his remark was very witty or very stupid. He wore a dark green coat, pantaloons of a shade that he called *cuisse de nymphe effrayé*, and stockings and pumps.

* *Ce n'est pas une histoire de revenants ?*

The viscount gave a very clever rendering of an anecdote at that time going the rounds, to the effect that the Duke d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to see Mlle. George, and there met Bonaparte who also enjoyed the favors of the famous actress, and that Napoleon on meeting the duke there, happened to fall into one of the swoons to which he was subject, and thus came into the duke's power, but the duke refrained from taking advantage of it, while Bonaparte in return for this magnanimity revenged himself in the duke's death.

The story was very nice and interesting, especially at the place where the rivals suddenly recognize each other, and the ladies, it appeared, were moved.

"*Charmant!*" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, looking interrogatively at the little princess.

"*Charmant,*" whispered the little princess, looking for her needle in her work, as though to signify that the interest and charm of the tale had prevented her from going on with her sewing.

The viscount was flattered by this mute tribute of praise, and with a gratified smile was about to continue; but at this instant Anna Pavlovna who kept her eye constantly on the young man who seemed to her so dangerous, noticed that he and the abbé were talking altogether too loud and energetically, and she hastened to carry aid to the imperilled place.

In reality Pierre had succeeded in leading the abbé into a conversation on political equivoise; and the abbé, evidently interested by the young man's frank impetuosity, was giving him the full benefit of his pet idea. Both were talking and listening with too much natural ardor, and this was displeasing to Anna Pavlovna.

"By what means? — the balance of Europe and *droit des gens,*" the abbé was saying. "It is possible for one powerful empire like Russia, having the repute of being barbarous, to take her stand disinterestedly at the head of an alliance whose aim is the balance of Europe — and she would save the world!"

"How would you bring about this balance of power?" Pierre was beginning to ask; but just at this instant Anna Pavlovna joined them, and, giving Pierre a stern glance, asked the Italian how he bore the climate of Petersburg.

The Italian's face instantly changed and took on an offensively, affectedly soft expression, which was evidently habitual with him when he engaged in conversation with women.

"I am so enchanted by the charms of the wit and culture,

especially among the women of the society into which I have the honor of being received, that I have not had time as yet to think of the climate," said he.

Anna Pavlovna, making sure of Pierre and the abbé, brought them into the general circle, so that she might keep them under her observation.

At this moment, a new personage appeared in the drawing-room. This new personage was the young Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, the husband of the little princess. Prince Bolkonsky was a very handsome youth of medium height, with strongly marked and stern features. Everything about him, from the weary, bored expression of his eyes to the measured deliberation of his step, presented a striking contrast with his little lively wife. He was not only acquainted, it seemed, with every one in the room, but found them so tedious that even to look at them and hear their voices was too much for his equanimity. Of all those faces there, apparently, the face of his lovely little wife was the one that bored him the most. With a grimace that disfigured his handsome face, he turned away from her. He kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and with half-closed eyes looked round at the assembly.

"So you are getting ready for war, prince?"* asked Anna Pavlovna.

"General Kutuzof has been kind enough to desire me as his aide-de-camp."

He spoke in French and accented the last syllable of Kutuzof's name like a Frenchman.

"*Et Lise, votre femme?*"

"She will go into the country."

"Isn't it a sin for you to deprive us of your charming wife?"

"André," exclaimed the little princess, addressing her husband in the same coquettish tone that she employed toward strangers, "You should have heard the story the viscount has been telling us about Mlle. George and Bonaparte!"

Prince Andrei frowned and turned away; Pierre, who from the moment that Prince Andrei, entered the room had not taken his merry kindly eyes from him, now came to him and took him by the arm. Prince Andrei, without looking round, again contracted his face into a grimace expressing his annoyance that any one should touch his arm, but when he saw Pierre's smiling face, his face lighted up with an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

* *Vous-vous enrôlez pour la guerre, mon prince?*

"What is this!—you also in gay society?" said he to Pierre.

"I knew that you would be here," replied Pierre, "I will go home to supper with you," he added in a whisper, so as not to disturb the viscount, who was proceeding with his story, "Can I?"

"No, of course you can't," said Prince Andrei, laughing, and by a pressure of the hand giving Pierre to understand that he had no need of asking such a question.

He had something more on his tongue's end, but at this moment, Prince Vasili and his daughter arose and the two young men stood aside to give them room to pass.

"You will excuse me, my dear viscount," said Prince Vasili, courteously insisting that the Frenchman should keep his seat, "This unfortunate ball at the embassy deprives me of a pleasure, and compels us to interrupt you—I am very sorry to leave your delightful reception," said he to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, the Princess Ellen, gracefully holding the folds of her dress, made her way among the chairs, and the smile on her lovely face was more radiant than ever. Pierre looked with almost startled, though enthusiastic eyes at the beautiful creature as she passed by him.

"Very handsome," said Prince Andrei. "Very," said Pierre.

As he went by, Prince Vasili seized Pierre by the hand and turned to Anna Pavlovna.

"Train this bear for me," said he. "Here he has been living a month at my house, and this is the first time that I have seen him in society. Nothing is so advantageous for a young man as the society of clever women."

CHAPTER IV.

ANNA PAVLOVNA smiled and promised to look out for Pierre, who was, as she knew, on his father's side related to Prince Vasili.

The elderly lady who had been sitting near *Ma Tante* jumped up hastily and followed Prince Vasili into the entry. Her face lost all its former pretence of interest. Her kind, tear-worn face expressed only anxiety and alarm.

"What can you tell me, prince, about my Boris," she said, as she followed him (she pronounced the name Boris with the accent on the first syllable), "I cannot stay any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what tidings I can take to my poor boy."

Although Prince Vasili's manner in listening to the old lady was reluctant and almost uncivil, and even showed impatience, still she gave him a flattering and affectionate smile and took his arm to detain him.

"What would it cost you to say a word to the emperor and then he would be at once admitted to the Guards!" she added.

"Be assured that I will do all I can, princess," replied Prince Vasili; "but it is not easy for me to ask his majesty; I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsov through Prince Golitsin. That would be a wiser move."

The elderly lady bore the name of the Princess Drubetskaya, belonging to one of the best families in Russia, but as she was poor, and had long been living in retirement, she had lost her former social position. She was now in Petersburg in the hopes of securing the admittance of her only son into the Imperial Guards. Merely for the sake of meeting Prince Vasili, she had accepted Anna Pavlovna's invitation and come to the reception; merely for this she had listened to the viscount's story. She was dismayed at Prince Vasili's words; her handsome face expressed vexation, but this lasted only an instant. She smiled once more and clasped Prince Vasili's arm more firmly.

"Listen, prince," said she, "I have never asked anything of you, and I never shall ask anything of you again and I have never reminded you of the friendship that my father had for you. But now I beg of you, in God's name, do this for my son and I will look upon you as our benefactor." She added hastily, "No, don't be angry, but promise me this. I have asked Golitsin, he refused. *Soyez le bon enfant que vous avez été,*" she said, trying to smile, though the tears were in her eyes.

"Papa, we shall be late," said the Princess Ellen, who stood waiting at the door, and turned her lovely head on her classic shoulders.

Influence in society is a capital which has to be economized lest it be exhausted. Prince Vasili understood this, and having once come to the conclusion that if he asked favors for everybody who applied to him, it would soon be idle to ask anything for himself, he rarely exerted his influence. The Princess Drubetskaya's last appeal however, caused him to feel something like a pang of conscience. She had reminded him of the fact that he had owed to her father his early advancement in his career; moreover he saw by her actions that she was one of those women, notably mothers, who hav-

ing once conceived a notion, do not rest until they attain the object of their desires, and, if opposed are ready with fresh urgencies, and even scenes at any day or any moment. This last consideration turned the scale with him.

"*Chère Anna Mikhailovna,*" said he, with his usual familiarity and with a shade of ill humor in his voice: "It is almost impossible for me to do what you wish; but in order to show you how fond I am of you, and how much I honor your father's memory, I will do the impossible; your son shall be admitted to the Guards, here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?"

"My dear, you are our benefactor. I expected nothing less from you — I knew how kind you were. — He started to go, Wait, two words more — *une fois passé aux gardes*" — she hesitated. "You are good friends with Mikhail Ilarionovitch Kutuzof, do recommend Boris to him as aide-de-camp. Then I should be content, and then" —

Prince Vasili smiled.

"That I can't promise. You have no idea how Kutuzof has been besieged since he was appointed commander-in-chief. He himself told me that all the ladies of Moscow had offered him all their children as adjutants."

"No, but you must promise, I will not let you go, my dear friend, my benefactor," —

"Papa," again insisted the beautiful Ellen, in the same tone, "we shall be late."

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

"Then to-morrow you will speak to his majesty?"

"Without fail, but I cannot promise about Kutuzof."

"No, but promise, promise, Basile," insisted Anna Mikhailovna, with a coquettish smile, which perhaps in days long gone by, might have been becoming to her, but now ill suited her haggard face. She evidently forgot her age, and through habit, put her confidence in her former feminine resources. But as soon as he was gone, her face again assumed the same expression as before, of pretended cool complacency. She returned to the group where the viscount was still telling stories, and again she made believe listen, though she was anxiously waiting for the time to go, now that her purpose was accomplished.

"But what do you think of all this last comedy *du sacre de Milan*?" asked Anna Pavlovna, "and the new comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca coming to offer their homage to Monsieur Bonaparte sitting on a throne and accepting the

homage of nations. Oh, this is delicious! No, it is enough to make one beside one's self. You would think the whole world had gone mad."

Prince Andrei looked straight into her face and smiled.

"God has given me this crown; beware of touching it," he said (these were Bonaparte's words, *Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche*, at his coronation). "They say he was very handsome as he pronounced these words," he added, and again repeated them in Italian:—" *Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la toca.*"

"I hope," pursued Anna Pavlovna, "that this will at last be the drop too much. The sovereigns cannot longer endure this man who is a menace to each and every one of them."*

"The sovereigns?—I do not refer to Russia," said the viscount politely, but in a tone of despair:—"The sovereigns, madame? What have they done for Louis XVIII., for the Queen, for Madame Elizabeth. Nothing!" he added, becoming animated. "And, believe me, they are suffering their punishment for having betrayed the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns? They sent ambassadors to compliment the usurper!"

And with an exclamation of contempt, he again changed his position.

Prince Ippolit who had been long contemplating the viscount through his lorgnette, suddenly at these words turned completely round to the little princess, and asking her for a needle proceeded to show her what the escutcheon of Condé was, scratching it with the needle on the table. He interpreted this coat-of-arms for her benefit, with such a business-like expression that one would have supposed the princess had asked him to do it for her.

"*Bâton de gueules, engrêlé de gueules d'azur—maison Condé,*" he said. The princess listened with a smile.

"If Bonaparte remains a year longer on the throne of France, things will have gone quite too far," said the viscount, still pursuing the same line of conversation, like a man, who without regard to the opinions of others, and considering himself the best informed on any given subject, insists on following the lead of his own thoughts. By intrigue, violence, proscriptions and capital punishment, society, I mean good society, French society, will be utterly destroyed, and then"—

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

He shrugged his shoulders and spread open his hands. Pierre was about to put in a word, the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who was on the watch, broke in, —

“The Emperor Alexander,” said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference to the imperial family, “has declared that he will leave it to the French themselves to choose their own form of government. And it is my opinion that unquestionably the whole nation, when once freed from the usurper, will throw itself into the arms of its rightful King,” said she, striving to say something flattering for the *émigré* and Royalist.

“That is doubtful,” said Prince Andrei. “*Monsieur le vicomte* is perfectly right when he remarks that things have already gone too far. I think that there are many difficulties in the way of returning to the old.”

“I have recently heard” remarked Pierre, again, with a flushed face, venturing to take part in the conversation, “that almost all the nobility have gone over to Bonaparte.”

“That is what the Bonapartists say,” replied the viscount, not looking at Pierre. “It is hard nowadays to know what the public opinion of France really is.”

“Bonaparte said so,” sneered Prince Andrei. It was evident that the viscount did not please him, and also that the latter though without especially addressing him, directed all his remarks in his direction. “I have showed them the path of glory,” he went on, after a moment’s silence, again quoting Napoleon’s words, “and they would not enter it; I opened my antechambers to them, and they rushed in in throngs.* I know how far he was justified in saying that.”

“Not in the least,” said the viscount, “After the assassination of the duke, even the most partial ceased to look on him as a hero. Even if he has been a hero for certain people,” continued the viscount, turning to Anna Pavlovna, “since the assassination of the duke there is one martyr more in heaven, and one hero less on earth.”

Anna Pavlovna and the others had not time to reward the viscount with a smile of approval for his words, before Pierre again rushed into the conversation, and Anna Pavlovna, though she had a presentiment that he would say something indecorous, was unable to restrain him.

“The punishment of the Duke d’Enghien,” said Monsieur Pierre, “was a political necessity, and I for one regard it as mag-

* *Je leur ai montré le chemin de la gloire, ils n'en ont pas voulu; je leur ai ouvert mes antechambres, ils se sont précipités en foule.*

nanimity in Napoleon not hesitating to assume the sole responsibility of this act."

"*Dieu! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna in a whisper of dismay.

"What, Monsieur Pierre! you see magnanimity in assassination?"* said the little princess, smiling and moving her work nearer to her.

"Ah! Oh!" said a number of different voices.

"Capital," said Prince Ippolit, in English, and he began to slap his knee with his hand.

The viscount merely shrugged his shoulders.

Pierre looked triumphantly at the company over his spectacles, "I say this," he went on to explain, in a sort of desperation, "because the Bourbons fled from the revolution, leaving their people a prey to anarchy. And it was Napoleon alone who was able to understand the revolution, to conquer it, and consequently, when the good of all was in the balance, he could not hesitate before the life of a single individual."

"Don't you want to come over to this table?" suggested Anna Pavlovna. But Pierre, without heeding her, went on with his discourse.

"No," said he, growing more and more excited, "Napoleon is great because he stands superior to the revolution, because he has crushed out its abuses, preserving all that was good — the equality of citizens, and freedom of speech, and the press, and that was the only way that he gained the power."

"Yes, if, when he gained the power, instead of using it for assassination, he had restored it to the legitimate king," said the viscount, "then I should have called him a great man."

"But he could not do that. The power was granted him by the people, solely that he might deliver them from the Bourbons, and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a mighty fact," continued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and forced proposition, his extreme youth, and his propensity to speak out whatever was in his mind.

"Revolution and regicide mighty facts! — After this — but will you not come over to this table?" insisted Anna Pavlovna.

"Rousseau's *Contrat social*," suggested the viscount, with a benignant smile.

"I am not talking about regicide, I am talking about the idea."

* *Comment, M. Pierre, vous trouvez que l'assassinat est grandeur d'âme.*

"Yes, the idea of pillage, assassination, and regicide," suggested an ironical voice.

"Those are the extremes, of course, and the real significance is not in such things, but in the rights of man, in emancipation from prejudices, in equality of citizenship; and all these principles Napoleon has preserved in all their integrity."

"Liberty and equality!" exclaimed the viscount, scornfully, as though he had at last made up his mind seriously to prove to this young man all the foolishness of his arguments. "All high-sounding words, which long ago were shown to be dangerous. Who does not love liberty and equality? Our Saviour himself preached liberty and equality. But after the Revolution were men any better off? On the contrary. We wanted freedom, and Bonaparte has destroyed it."

Prince Andrei with a smile on his face, looked now at Pierre, now at the viscount, and now at the hostess. During the first instant of Pierre's outbreak, Anna Pavlovna was appalled, notwithstanding her experience in society: but when she saw that Pierre's sacrilegious utterances did not make the viscount lose his temper, and when she became convinced that it was impossible to check them, she collected her forces, and taking the viscount's side, she attacked the young orator.

"*Mais, mon cher Monsieur Pierre,*" said Anna Pavlovna, "how can you call a man great who can put to death a duke, simply a man, when you come to analyze it, without trial and without cause?"

"I should like to ask," said the viscount, "how monsieur explains the Eighteenth Brumaire. Was it not a fraud? It was a piece of trickery wholly unlike what a great man could have done."*

"And the prisoners in Africa, whom he killed?" suggested the little princess. "That was horrible!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"*C'est un roturier, vous aurez beau dire.*" †

Monsieur Pierre did not know which one to answer; he looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike other men's, falsely compounded of seriousness. Whenever a smile came on his face, then suddenly, like a flash, all the serious and even stern expression vanished, and in its place came another, genial, frank, and like that of a child asking forgiveness.

* *C'est un escamotage qui ne ressemble nullement à la manière d'agir d'un grand homme.*

† He is a low fellow, whatever you may say.

The viscount, who had never seen this young Jacobin before, recognized clearly that he was not nearly as terrible as his words.

All were silent.

"How can you expect him to answer all of you at once?" said Prince Andrei. "Besides, in the actions of a statesman, one must distinguish the actions of a private individual, a general, or an emperor. It seems to me so."

"Yes, yes, of course," put in Pierre, delighted at this ratification of his ideas.

"It is impossible not to acknowledge," pursued Prince Andrei, "that Napoleon was great as a man on the bridge at Arcola, or in the hospital at Jaffa, when he shook hands with the plague-stricken soldiers, but—but there are other actions of his which it is hard to justify."

Prince Andrei, who had evidently been desirous of smoothing over Pierre's awkwardness, got up, with the intention of leaving, and giving his wife the hint.

Suddenly, Prince Ippolit arose, and with a gesture of his hand detaining the company, and begging them to be seated, he went on on to say, —

*"Ah! aujourd'hui on m'a raconté une anecdote moscovite charmante; il faut que je vous en régale. Vous m'excuserez, vicomte, il faut que je raconte en Russe. Autrement, on ne sentera pas le sel de l'histoire."**

And Prince Ippolit began to speak in Russian, with much the same fluency as Frenchmen who have spent a year in Russia, usually attain. All stopped to listen, because Prince Ippolit had been so strenuously urgent in attracting their attention to his story.

"In Moscow there is a lady, *une dame*, and she is very miserly. She has to have two *valets de place* behind her carriage. And very tall ones. That was her hobby. And she had *une femme de chambre*, who was also very tall. She said" —

Here Prince Ippolit paused to think, evidently at a loss to collect his wits.

"She said, — yes, she said, 'Girl (*à la femme de chambre*) put on a livery and go with me, behind the carriage, *faire des visites*.'"

* Oh, I was told to-day such a charming Russian story. I must give you the benefit of it. You will excuse me, viscount, I must tell it in Russian. Otherwise, the flavor of the story will be lost.

Here Prince Ippolit burst out into a regular guffaw, and his laugh so completely failed to be echoed by his hearers that it produced a very disheartening effect upon the narrator. However a few, including the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, smiled.

"She drove off. Suddenly a strong wind blew up. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down."

Here he could not hold in any longer, but through his bursts of broken laughter he managed to say these words, —

"And every one knew about it."

That was the end of the anecdote. Although it was incomprehensible why he told it, and why he felt called upon to tell it in Russian rather than French, still Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Ippolit's cleverness in so agreeably putting an end to Monsieur Pierre's disagreeable and stupid freak.

The company, after the anecdote, broke up into little groups, busily engaged in the insignificant small talk about some ball that had been or some ball that was to be, or the theatre, or when and where they should meet again.

CHAPTER V.

CONGRATULATING Anna Pavlovna on what they called her *charmante soirée*, the guests began to take their departure.

Pierre, as has been already said, was awkward. Stout, of more than the average height, broad shouldered, with huge red hands, he had no idea of the proper way to enter a drawing-room, and still less the proper way of making his exit; in other words he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before taking his leave. Moreover he was absent-minded. He got up, and instead of taking his own cap, he seized the plumed three-cornered hat of some general, and held it, pulling at the feathers until the general came and asked him to surrender it. But all his absent-mindedness and clumsiness about entering a drawing-room, and his zeal in putting forward his own ideas were redeemed by his expression of genuine goodness, simplicity, and modesty.

Anna Pavlovna turned to him, and with Christian sweetness expressing her forgiveness for his behavior, nodded to him, and said, —

"I shall hope to see you again, but I shall hope also that

you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre," said she.

He could find no words to answer her; he only bowed, and again they all saw his smile, which really said nothing, except this: "opinions are opinions, and you can see what a good and noble young man I am." And all, Anna Pavlovna included, could not help feeling that this was so.

Prince Andrei went into the entry, allowed the lackey to throw his mantle over his shoulders, and with cool indifference listened to the chatter of his wife and Prince Ippolit, who had also come into the entry.

Prince Ippolit stood near the pretty little princess, and stared straight at her through his eyeglasses.

"Go back, Annette, you will take cold," said the little princess, by way of farewell to Anna Pavlovna. "It is all understood," she added, in an undertone.

Anna Pavlovna had already had a chance to speak a word with Lisa in regard to the suggested match between Anatol and the little princess's sister-in-law.

"I shall depend upon you, my dear," said Anna Pavlovna, also in an undertone. "You write to her and tell me *comment le père envisagera la chose*—how the father will look at it. *Au revoir.*" And she went back from the entry.

Prince Ippolit came to the little princess, and bending his face down close to her began to talk to her in a half-whisper.

Two lackeys, one the princess's, holding her shawl, the other his, with his overcoat, stood waiting until they should finish talking and listened to their chatter, which being in French was incomprehensible, but their faces seemed to say, "We understand, but we do not care to show it."

The princess, as always, smiled as she spoke, and listened, laughing gayly.

"I am very glad that I did not go to the ambassador's," said Prince Ippolit, "a bore"—we've had a lovely evening, haven't we, a lovely evening."

"They say it will be a very fine ball," replied the princess, curling her downy lip. "All the pretty women in society will be there."

"Not all, because you are not there, certainly not all," said Prince Ippolit, gayly laughing, and taking the shawl from the servant, he even pushed him away and began to wrap it round the princess. Either through awkwardness or intentionally, (no one could tell which), it was a long time before he took his arms away from her even after the shawl was well wrapped

round her, and he seemed almost to be embracing the young woman.

She gracefully, and with a smile on her lips, drew back a little, turned around and glanced at her husband. Prince Andrei's eyes were closed; he seemed so tired and sleepy!

"Are you ready?" he asked, giving his wife a hasty glance.

Prince Ippolit hastily put on his overcoat, which being in the latest style came to his heels, and stumbling along in it rushed to the steps after the princess, whom the lackey was assisting into the carriage.

"*Princesse, au revoir,*" he cried, his tongue as badly entangled as his feet.

The princess gathering up her dress, took her seat in the darkness of the carriage; her husband was arranging his sword; Prince Ippolit, in his efforts to be of assistance, was in everybody's way.

"Excuse me, sir," said Prince Andrei in Russian, in a cold, disagreeable tone, addressing Ippolit who stood in his way.

"I shall expect you, Pierre," said the same voice, but warmly and affectionately.

The postillion whipped up the horses and the carriage rolled noisily away.

Prince Ippolit laughed spasmodically, as he stood on the steps, waiting for the viscount whom he had promised to take home.

"*Eh bien, mon cher, votre petite princesse est très bien, très bien,*" said the viscount, as he took his seat in the carriage with Ippolit, "*Mais très bien.*" He kissed the tips of his fingers.

"*Et tout-à-fait française.*"

Ippolit roared with laughter.

"And do you know, you are terrible with your little innocent ways," continued the viscount. "I pity the poor husband, — that little officer who puts on the airs of a reigning prince."

Ippolit again went off into a burst of laughter, through which he managed to articulate, —

"And yet you were saying that the Russian ladies were not anywhere equal to the French ladies! One must be able to show a little skill."

Pierre, being the first to reach the house, went into Prince Andrei's own room, like one thoroughly at home, and imme-

diately stretching himself out on the sofa, as his habit was, took up the first book that he found on the shelf—it was Cæsar's Commentaries—and leaning on his elbow began to read in the middle of the volume.

“What have you been doing to Mlle. Scherer? She will be quite laid up now,” said Prince Andrei, coming into the room and rubbing his small white hands together.

Pierre turned over with his whole body, making the sofa creak, looked up at Prince Andrei with his eager face, smiled and waved his hand.

“No,” said he, “that abbé is very interesting, only he does not understand the matter aright. — In my opinion, permanent peace is possible, but I cannot tell how—certainly not through the balance of power.”

Prince Andrei was evidently not interested in these abstract questions.

“It is impossible, *mon cher*, always and everywhere to say what you think. But have you come to any final decision yet as to your career? Will you be a horse guardsman or a diplomat?” asked Prince Andrei, after a moment's silence.

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

“Can you imagine, I have not as yet the slightest idea. Neither the one, nor the other pleases me.”

“But see here, you must come to some decision. Your father is waiting.”

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad, with an abbé for a tutor, and had remained there till he was twenty. On his return to Moscow, his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man, —

“Now go to Petersburg, look about, and take your choice. I give my consent to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasili, and here is money for you. Write me about everything, and I will help you in any way.”

Pierre had been trying for three months to choose a career, and had not succeeded. It was in regard to this choice that Prince Andrei spoke. 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,” said Prince Andrei, again stopping him short, “Let us talk about your affairs. Have you been to the Horse Guards?”

“No, not yet, but here is an idea that occurred to me and I wanted to tell you; now there is war against Napoleon. If it had been a war for freedom, I should have taken part, I should

have been the first to enter the military service; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world, that is not good."

Prince Andrei merely shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish talk. He made believe that it was impossible to reply to such stupidities, but in reality it was difficult to answer this naive question in any other way than Prince Andrei did answer it.

"If all men made war only for their convictions, there wouldn't be any war," said he.

"That would be splendid," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei laughed.

"Very likely that would be splendid, but it will never be."

"Now, why are you going to war?" asked Pierre.

"Why? I'm sure I don't know. It must be so. Besides, I'm going"—He paused. "I am going because the life which I lead here, my life, is not to my mind."

CHAPTER VI.

THE rustle of a woman's dress was heard in the adjoining room. As though caught napping, Prince Andrei shook himself, and his face assumed the same expression which it had worn in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room.

Pierre set his feet down from the sofa.

The princess came in. She had already changed her dress for another, a wrapper to be sure, but equally fresh and elegant.

Prince Andrei got up and courteously pushed forward an easy-chair.

"Why is it, I often wonder," she remarked, speaking as always in French, and at the same time briskly and spryly sitting down in the easy-chair, "Why is it that Annette never married. How stupid you all are, messieurs, that you never married her. You will excuse me for saying so, but you have not the slightest comprehension of women. What an arguer you are, Monsieur Pierre."

"Your husband and I were just this moment arguing. I cannot understand why he wants to go to war," said Pierre, turning to the princess without any of the embarrassment so commonly shown in the relations of a young man toward a young woman.

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

"Ah, that is exactly what I say!" said she. "I do not understand, really I do not understand why men cannot live without war. Why is it that we women wish nothing and need nothing? Now you be the judge. I will tell him just as it is: here he is adjutant to uncle, a most brilliant position. Everybody knows him. Everybody esteems him. The other day at the Apraksin's I heard a lady asking: '*C'est ça la fameux Prince André?*' *Ma parole d'honneur*," — she began to laugh — "he is received so everywhere. He might very easily be even fligel-adjutant. You know his majesty talks very cordially with him. Annette and I have talked it all over; it might be very easily arranged. What do you think?"

Pierre glanced at Prince Andrei, and seeing that this conversation did not please his friend, made no reply to her.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"Ah! don't speak of going, don't speak of it. I do not wish to hear a word of it!"* exclaimed the princess, in the same capriciously vivacious tone in which she had spoken to Ippolit. It was obviously out of place in the family circle, in which Pierre was an adopted member.

"To-day when it came over me that I had to break off from all these pleasant relations — and then, you know, André" — She blinked her eyes significantly at her husband. "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur*," she whispered.

A shiver ran down her back.

Her husband looked at her with a surprised expression, as though for the first time he had noticed that any one besides himself and Pierre had come into the room. Then with a cool politeness he addressed his wife inquiringly, —

"What is it that you are afraid of, Lisa. I cannot understand," said he.

"Now how selfish all you men are, all, all selfish. Simply from his own whim, God knows why, he deserts me, shuts me up in the country alone."

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

"All alone, just the same, away from *my* friends — and he expects me not to be afraid."

Her tone grew querulous; her lip was lifted, making the ex-

* *Ah! ne me parlez pas de ce départ, ne m'en parlez pas. Je ne veux pas en entendre parler.*

pression of her face not mirthful but repulsive and like a squirrel's. She paused, as though she regarded it as indecorous to speak of her condition before Pierre, though this was the real secret of her fear.

"And still I do not understand why *vous avez peur*," drawled Prince Andrei, letting his eyes rest on his wife.

The princess blushed and spread open her hands with a gesture of despair.

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

"Your doctor bids you go to bed earlier," said Prince Andrei. "You had better retire."

The princess made no answer, and suddenly her short downy lip trembled; Prince Andrei, shrugging his shoulders, got up and began to walk up and down the room.

Pierre gazed through his glasses with naive curiosity, first at him then at the princess, and made a motion as though he also would get up, but then changed his mind.

"What difference does it make to me if Monsieur Pierre is here!" suddenly exclaimed the little princess, and her pretty face at the same time was contracted into a tearful grimace. "I have been wanting for a long time to ask you, André, why you have changed toward me so? What have I done to you? You are going to the army, you are not sorry for me at all. Why is it?"

"Lise!" exclaimed Prince Andrei, but this one word carried an entreaty, a threat, and above all a conviction that she herself would regret what she had said; but she went on hurriedly, —

"You treat me as though I were ill or a child, I see it all. You were not so six months ago."

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

Pierre, growing more and more stirred as this conversation proceeded, arose and went to the princess. He could not, it seemed, endure the sight of tears, and he himself was ready to weep.

"Calm yourself, princess. This is only your fancy, because, I assure you, I myself have experienced — and so — because. No, excuse me, a stranger is in the way. No, calm yourself, good-by."

Prince Andrei detained him, taking him by the arm, —

"No, stay Pierre. The princess is so kind that she will not have the heart to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you."

"Yes, he only thinks about his own pleasure!" exclaimed the princess, not restraining her angry tears.

"Lise," said Prince Andrei, dryly, raising his voice sufficiently to show that his patience was exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression on the princess's pretty little face changed to one of alarm, both fascinating and provocative of sympathy; her beautiful eyes looked from under her long lashes at her husband, and there came into her face that timid look of subjection such as a dog has when it wags its drooping tail quickly but doubtfully.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" muttered the princess, and gathering up the skirt of her dress with one hand, she went to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

"*Bon soir, Lise,*" said Prince Andrei, getting up and courteously kissing her hand as though she were a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither the one nor the other felt like being the first to speak. Pierre looked at Prince Andrei; Prince Andrei rubbed his forehead with his slender hand.

"Let us have some supper," said he, with a sigh, getting up and going to the door.

• They went into the elegant dining-room, newly furnished in the richest style. Everything, from the napkins to the silver, the faience, and the glassware, had that peculiar imprint of newness which is characteristic of the establishment of a young couple.

In the midst of supper, Prince Andrei leaned forward on his elbows, and, like a man who has for a long time had something on his heart and suddenly determines to confess it, he began to talk with an expression of nervous exasperation such as Pierre had never before beheld in his friend, —

"Never, never get married, my friend! This is my advice to you. Do not marry until you have come to the conclusion that you have done all that is in your power to do and until you have ceased to love the woman whom you have chosen. until you have seen clearly what she is; otherwise, you will make a sad and irreparable mistake. When you are old and good for nothing, then get married. — Otherwise, all that is good and noble in you will be thrown away. All will be wasted in trifles. Yes, yes, yes! Don't look at me in such amazement. If ever you have any hope of anything ahead of you, you will be made to feel at every step that, as far as you are concerned, all is at an end, all closed to you, except the drawing-room, where you will rank with court lackeys and idiots. — That's a fact!"

He made an energetic wave of his hand.

Pierre took off his spectacles, and this made his face, as he gazed in amazement at his friend, even more expressive than usual of his goodness of heart.

"My wife," continued Prince Andrei, "is a lovely woman. She is one of those few women to whom one can feel that his honor is safely entrusted; but, my God! what would I not give at this moment if I were not married! You are the first and only person to whom I have whispered this, and it is because I love you."

Prince Andrei, in saying this, was still less like the Bolkon-sky who, that same evening, had been comfortably ensconced in Anna Pavlovna's easy-chairs, and murmuring French phrases as he blinked his eyes. Every muscle in his spare face was quivering with nervous animation; his eyes, in which before the fire of life seemed to be extinguished, now gleamed with a fierce and intense brilliancy. It was evident that, however lacking in life he might appear in ordinary circumstances, he more than made up for it by his energy at moments of almost morbid excitability.

"You cannot understand why I say this to you," he went on. "Why, it is the whole history of a life. You talk about Bonaparte and his career," said he, although Pierre had not said a word about Bonaparte. "You talk about Bonaparte, but Bonaparte, when he was toiling, went step by step straight for his goal; he was free; he let nothing stand between him and his goal, and he reached it. But tie yourself to a woman and your whole freedom is destroyed, as though you were a prisoner in chains. And in proportion as you feel that you have ambition and powers, the more you will be weighed down and tormented with regrets. Drawing-rooms, tittle tattle, balls, vulgar show, meanness,—such is the charmed circle from which it is impossible for me to make my escape. I am now getting ready to take part in the war, in the greatest war that ever was, and yet I know nothing and am fit for nothing. *Je suis très aimable et très caustique*," continued Prince Andrei, "and at Anna Pavlovna's they hang upon my lips. And this stupid society, without which my wife cannot live, and these women.—If you could only know what *toutes les femmes distinguées* and women in general amount to! My father is right. Egotism, ostentation, stupidity, meanness in every respect—such are women when they show themselves in their real light. You see them in society and think that they amount to something, but they are naught, naught, naught! No, don't marry,

my dear heart, don't marry," said Prince Andrei in conclusion.

"It seems ridiculous to me," said Pierre, "that you should regard yourself as incapable and your life as spoiled. Everything is before you — everything. And you" —

He did not finish his sentence, but his very tone made it evident how highly he prized his friend and how much he expected from him in the future.

"How can he speak so!" thought Pierre, who considered Prince Andrei the model of all accomplishments, for the very reason that Prince Andrei united in himself to the highest degree, all those qualities that were lacking in Pierre, and which more nearly than aught else can express the concept : will-power.

Pierre always admired Prince Andrei's ability to meet with perfect ease all sorts of people, his extraordinary memory, his breadth of knowledge, — he had read everything, he knew about everything, he had ideas on every subject, — and, above all, his powers of work and study. And if Pierre was often struck by Andrei's lack of aptitude for speculative philosophy — which was his own specialty — he at least regarded it not as a fault but as a sign of strength.

In all the best relations, however friendly and simple, flattery or praise is indispensable, just as grease is indispensable for making wheels move easily.

"*Je suis un homme fini*," said Prince Andrei. "What is there to say about me! Let us talk about yourself," said he, after a short silence, and smiling at his consoling thoughts. This smile was instantly reflected on Pierre's face.

"But what is there to be said about me," asked Pierre, his lips parting in a careless, merry smile. "What am I, any way? *Je suis un bâtard!*"

And suddenly a purple flush dyed his cheeks. It was evident that he had exerted great effort to say that. "*Sans nom, sans fortune.* — And yet it is true." He did not say what was true. "I am free for the present, and I like it. Only I don't know what to take up next. I should like to have a serious talk with you on the subject."

Prince Andrei looked at him with kindly eyes. But in his glance, friendly and flattering as it was, there was betrayed the consciousness of his superiority.

"I am fond of you, especially for the reason that you are the only living man in all our circle. You are happy. Choose whatever you like, it is all the same. You will be happy any-

where; but there's one thing. Stop going to those Kuragins and leading their kind of life. That sort of thing does not become you: all those revels, that wild life, and all" —

"*Que voulez vous, mon cher,*" exclaimed Pierre, shrugging his shoulders, "*Les femmes, mon cher, les femmes!*"

"I don't understand it," replied Andrei. "*Les femmes comme il faut,* that is another thing, but such as have to do with Kuragin, *les femmes et le vin,* I can't understand it."

Pierre had been living at Prince Vasili Kuragin's, and had been taking part in the dissipated life of his son Anatol, the very same young man to whom it had been proposed to marry Prince Andrei's sister in order to reform him.

"Do you know," said Pierre, as though a happy thought had come unexpectedly into his mind, — "Seriously, I have been thinking about it for some time. Since I have been leading this sort of life, I have not been able to think or to come to any decision. My head aches; I have no money. This evening he invited me, but I did not go.

"Give me your word of honor that you will not go with him again."

"Here's my word on it!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was already two o'clock, when Pierre left his friend. It was a luminous June night, characteristic of Petersburg. Pierre took his seat in the hired carriage, with the intention of going home, but the farther he rode the more impossible he found it to think of sleeping on such a night, which was more like twilight or early morning. He could see far down through the empty streets. On the way it occurred to him that the gambling club were to meet as usual that evening at Anatoli Kuragin's, after which they were accustomed to have a drinking bout, topping off with one of Pierre's favorite entertainments.

"It would be good fun to go to Kuragin's," said he to himself, but instantly he remembered that he had given Prince Andrei his word of honor not to go there again.

But, as it happens to men of no strength of character, this was immediately followed by such a violent desire to have one more last taste of this dissipated life, so well known to him, that he determined to go. And, in excuse for it, the thought entered his mind that his promise was not binding, because, before he had given it to Prince Andrei, he had also

promised Anatol to be present at his house; moreover, he reasoned that all such pledges were merely conditional and had no definite meaning, especially, if it were taken into consideration that perhaps by the next day he might be dead, or something might happen to him so extraordinary that the distinctions of honorable and dishonorable would entirely vanish. Arguments of this nature often occurred to Pierre, entirely upsetting his plans and purposes.

He went to Kuragin's.

Driving up to the great house at the Horse-Guard barracks, where Anatol lived, he sprang upon the lighted porch, ran up the steps and entered the open door. There was no one in the entry; empty bottles, cloaks, and overshoes were scattered about; there was an odor of wine; in some distant room he could hear loud talking and shouts.

Play and supper were over, but the guests had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and went into the first room, where were the remains of the supper: a single waiter, thinking that no one could see him, was stealthily drinking up the wine in the half empty glasses. In a third room, were heard the sounds of scuffling, laughter, the shouts of well-known voices, and the growl of a bear. Eight young men were eagerly crowding around an open window. Three were training with the cub, which one of their number was dragging by a chain and trying to frighten the others with.

"I bet a hundred on Stevens," cried one.

"See that he doesn't hold on," cried a second.

"I bet on Dolokhof," cried a third, "Get those fellows away from the bear, Kuragin."

"There, let Mishka go, the wager is here."

"One pull, or he loses," cried a fourth.

"Yakof, bring the bottle, Yakof!" cried the host of the evening, a tall, handsome fellow, standing in the midst of the crowd, in a single thin shirt, thrown open at the chest.—"Hold on, gentlemen! Here he is, here is our dear friend, Petrushka," he cried, turning to Pierre.

A short man, with clear blue eyes, whose voice, among all those drunken voices, was noticeable for its tone of sobriety, shouted from the window, "Come here and hear about the wagers."

This was Dolokhof, an officer of the Semyenovskiy regiment, a well-known gambler and bully, whose home was with Anatol. Pierre smiled, as he gayly looked around him.

"I don't understand at all. What's up?"

"Hold on! He's not drunk. Bring a bottle," cried Anatol, and taking a glass from the table, went up to Pierre,—

"First of all, drink."

Pierre proceeded to drain glass after glass, at the same time closely observing and listening to his drunken companions, who had again crowded around the window. Anatol kept his glass filled with wine and told him how Dolokhof had laid a wager with Stevens, an English naval man who happened to be there, that he, Dolokhof, was to drink a bottle of rum, sitting in the third story window with his legs hanging out.

"There, now, drink it all," said Anatol, handing the last glass to Pierre, "I shan't let you off."

"No, I don't wish any more," replied Pierre, and pushing Anatol aside, he went to the window. Dolokhof was holding the Englishman by the arm, and was clearly and explicitly laying down the conditions of the wager, turning more particularly to Anatol and Pierre, as they approached.

Dolokhof was a man of medium height, with curly hair and bright blue eyes. He was twenty-five years old. Like all infantry officers, he wore no mustache, so that his mouth, which was the most striking feature of his face, was wholly revealed. The lines of the mouth were drawn with remarkable delicacy. The upper lip closed firmly over the strong lower one in a sharp curve at the centre, and in the corners hovered constantly something in the nature of two smiles — one in each corner! and all taken together and especially in conjunction with a straightforward, bold, intelligent look, made it impossible not to take notice of his face.

Dolokhof was not a rich man, and he had no influential connections. But although Anatol spent ten thousand rubles a year and it was known that Dolokhof lived with him, nevertheless, he had succeeded in winning such a position that Anatol and all who were acquainted with the two men, had a higher regard for him than for Anatol. Dolokhof played nearly every kind of a game and almost always won. However much he drank, he never was known to lose his head. Both Kuragin and Dolokhof were at this time notorious among the rakes and spendthrifts of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. Two lackeys, evidently made timid and nervous by the orders and shouts of the boon companions, tried to pull away the sash that hindered any one from sitting on the outer slope of the window seat.

Anatol, with his swaggering way, came up to the window. He wanted to smash something. He pushed the lackeys away

and tugged at the sash, but the sash would not yield, so he broke the window panes.

"Now you try it, you man of muscle," said he, turning to Pierre.

Pierre seized hold of the cross bar, gave a pull, and the oaken framework gave way with a crash.

"Take it all out, or they'll think I clung to it," said Dolokhof.

"The Englishman accepts it, does he? — All right?" asked Anatol.

"All right," said Pierre, glancing at Dolokhof, who took the bottle of rum and went to the window, through which could be seen the sky where the evening and morning light were beginning to mingle — He leaped upon the window sill with the bottle in his hand.

"Listen!" he cried, as he stood there and looked back into the room. All were silent. "I wager," — he spoke French so that the Englishman might understand him, and spoke it none too well either, — "I wager fifty imperials; or perhaps you prefer a hundred?" he added, addressing the Englishman.

"No, fifty," replied the Englishman.

"Very well, then, fifty it is, — that I will drink this whole bottle of rum without taking it once from my mouth; drink it sitting in this window, in that place there" (he bent over and pointed to the sloping projection of the wall outside the window), "and not holding on to anything. Is that understood?"

"Very good."

Anatol turned to the Englishman and, holding him by the button of his coat and looking down upon him, — for the Englishman was small of stature, — began to repeat the terms of the wager in English.

"Hold!" cried Dolokhof, thumping on the window with the bottle, in order to attract attention, — "Hold, Kuragin, listen! If any one else does the same thing, then I will pay down a hundred imperials. Do you understand?"

The Englishman nodded his head, though he did not make it apparent whether or no he were prepared to accept this new wager. Anatol still held him by the button, and, in spite of the nods that he made to signify that he understood all that was said, Anatol insisted on translating Dolokhof's words for him into English.

A lean young leib-hussar, who had been playing a losing game all the evening, climbed upon the window, leaned over, and gazed down, —

"Oo! Oo! Oo!" he exclaimed, as he looked down from the window to the flagstones below.

"Hush!" cried Dolokhof, and he pulled the officer back from the window, who, getting his feet entangled in his spurs, awkwardly leaped down into the room.

Placing the bottle on the window sill so as to be within reach, Dolokhof, warily and coolly climbed into the window. Letting down his legs and spreading out both hands, he measured the width of the window, sat down, let go his hands, moved to the right, then to the left, and took up the bottle. Anatol brought two candles and set them on the window seat, although it was now quite light. Dolokhof's back, in the white shirt, and his curly head were illuminated on both sides. All gathered around the window. The Englishman stood in the front row. Pierre smiled and said nothing. One of the older men present suddenly stepped forward, with a stern and frightened face, and attempted to seize Dolokhof by the shirt.

"Gentlemen, this is folly; he will kill himself," said this man, who was less foolhardy than the rest.

Anatol restrained him, —

"Don't touch him; you will startle him, and then he might fall. What if he should? Hey?"

Dolokhof turned around, straightening himself up, and again stretching out his hands.

"If any one touches me again," said he, hissing the words through his thin compressed lips, "I will send him flying down there! So now!" Thus having spoken, he resumed his former position, dropped his hands, and seizing the bottle he lifted it to his lips, bent his head back and raised his free arm as a balance. One of the lackeys, who had begun to clear away the broken glass, paused in his work, and, without straightening himself up, fixed his eyes on the window and Dolokhof's back. Anatol stood straight with staring eyes. The Englishman, thrusting out his lips, looked askance. The man who had tried to stop the proceeding repaired to one corner of the room and threw himself on a sofa, with his face to the wall. Pierre covered his eyes, and the feeble smile still hovering over his lips now expressed horror and apprehension.

All were silent. Pierre took his hand from his eyes. Dolokhof was still sitting in the same position, only his head was thrown farther back, so that the curly hair in the nape of his neck touched his shirt collar, and his hand hold-

ing the bottle was lifted higher and higher, trembling under the effort. The bottle was evidently nearly empty and consequently had to be held almost perpendicularly over his head.

"Why should it take so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him as though more than a half hour had elapsed. Suddenly Dolokhof's body made a backward motion and his arm trembled nervously; this tremor was sufficient to make him slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. In fact, he slipped, and his arm and head wavered more violently as he struggled to regain his balance. He stretched out one hand to clutch the window seat, but refrained from touching it.

Pierre again covered his eyes, and declared to himself that he would not open them again. Suddenly he was conscious that there was a commotion around him. He looked up. Dolokhof was standing on the window seat; his face was pale but radiant.

"Empty!"

He flung the bottle at the Englishman, who cleverly caught it on the fly. Dolokhof sprang down from the window. He exhaled a powerful odor of rum.

"Capital!" "Bravo!" "That's a wager worth having!" "The devil take you all," were the voices that rang from all sides.

The Englishman, taking out his purse, was counting out his money. Dolokhof was scowling, and had nothing to say. Pierre started for the window.

"Gentlemen! Who wants to make the bet with me; I will do the same thing," he cried. "But there's no need of any wager. Give us a bottle. I will do it any way. Bring a bottle."

"Hold on! Hold on!" said Dolokhof, smiling.

"What is the matter with you?" "Are you beside yourself?" "We won't let you!" "It makes you dizzy even on a staircase," were shouted from various sides.

"I will drink it; give me a bottle of rum," cried Pierre, pounding on the table with drunken resolution, and climbing into the window. He was seized by the arm, but his strength was so great that whoever approached him was sent flying across the room.

"No, you will never dissuade him that way," said Anatol. "Hold on; I will throw dust in his eyes. Listen, I will make the wager with you, but to-morrow; but now we are all going to —'s."

"Come on," cried Pierre, "Come on! And we will take Mishka with us." And seizing the bear, he began to gallop round the room with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRINCE VASILII fulfilled the promise which he had made to the Princess Drubetskaya, when she asked him on the evening of Anna Pavlovna's reception, to help her only son, Boris. The request had been preferred to the Emperor, and contrary to the experience of many others, he was allowed to enter the Semyenovskiy regiment of the Guard as ensign. But in spite of all Anna Mikhailovna's efforts and intrigues, Boris failed of his employment as adjutant or attaché to Kutuzof.

Shortly after Anna Pavlovna's reception, the princess returned to Moscow and went straight to her rich relations, the Rostofs, at whose house she always stayed when visiting in Moscow, and where her idolized Borenka had been educated from early childhood and had lived some years, waiting to be transferred from the Line to his position as ensign of the Guard. The Guard had already left Petersburg on the twenty-second of August, and the young man, delayed in Moscow by his uniform and outfit, was to join his regiment at Radzivilof.

The Rostofs were celebrating the *fête* day of the mother and the youngest daughter, both of whom were named Natalia. Since morning there had been an unceasing stream of carriages coming and going with guests, who brought their congratulations to the countess's great mansion on the Povarskaya, so well known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, were in the drawing-room receiving the guests, whose places were constantly filled by new comers.

The Countess Rostova was a woman of forty-five, of a thin oriental type of countenance, and evidently worn out by her cares as mother of a family of a dozen children. Her deliberateness of motion and speech, which arose from her lack of strength, gave her a certain appearance of dignity that commanded respect.

The Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya, in her capacity of friend of the family, was also in the drawing-room, helping to receive the company and join in the conversation.

The young people were in the rear rooms, not considering it incumbent upon them to take part in receiving the visitors. The count met the guests, and escorted them to the door again, urging them all to dine with him.

"Very, very much obliged to you, *ma chère* or *mon cher*" (*ma chère* or *mon cher* he said to all without exception, without the slightest shadow of difference whether his guests stood high or low in the social scale), "much obliged to you for myself and for my dear ones whose name day we are celebrating. See here, come back to dinner. You will affront me, if you do not, *mon cher*. Cordially I invite you, and my whole family join with me, *ma chère*."

These words he repeated to all, without exception or variation, with an unchanging expression on his round, jolly, and clean-shaven countenance, and with a monotonously firm grip of the hand, and with repeated short bows. Having escorted a guest to his carriage, the count would return to this, that, or the other visitor, still remaining in the drawing-room; dropping down on a chair, with the aspect of a man who understands and enjoys the secret of life, he would cross his legs in boyish fashion, lay his hands on his knees, and shaking his head significantly, would set forth his conjectures concerning the weather, or exchange confidences about health, sometimes speaking in Russian, sometimes in very execrable but self-confident French, and then again with the air of a weary man, who is nevertheless bound to fulfil all obligations, he would go to the door with still another departing guest, straightening the thin gray hairs on his bald head, and dutifully proffering the invitations to dinner.

Sometimes returning through the entry to the drawing-room, he would pass through the conservatory and butler's room to the great marble hall where covers were laid for eighty guests, and glancing at the butlers who were bringing the silver and china, setting the tables and unfolding the damask table linen, he would call to him Dimitri Vasilyevitch, a man of noble family, who had charge of all his affairs, and would say, —

"Well, well, Mitenka, see that everything is all right. That's good, that's good," he would say, glancing with satisfaction on the huge extension table. "The principal thing is the service. Very good, very good." And with a deep sigh of satisfaction, he would go back to the drawing-room once more.

"Marya Lvovna Karagin and her daughter," announced

the countess's footman, in a thundering bass voice, coming to the door. The countess was thoughtful for a moment, and took a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of her husband.

"I am tired to death of these callers," said she. "Well, this is the last one I shall receive. She is very affected. — Ask her to come in," said she, to the footman, in a mournful voice, as though her words had been: "If I must be killed, kill me now."

A tall, portly, haughty-looking lady, in a rustling train came into the drawing-room, followed by her round-faced, smiling young daughter.

"Dear Countess it has been such a long time — she has been ill in bed, *la pauvre enfant* — "*au bal des Razoumowsky*" — "*et la Comtesse Apraksine*" — "*j'ai été si heureuse*," — such were the phrases spoken by lively feminine voices, and mingling with the rustle of silks and the moving of chairs.

That sort of conversation had begun which is, by unanimous consent, manœuvred in such a way that at the first pause, the visitor is ready to get up, and with a rustling of garments, to murmur: "*Je suis bien charmé — la santé de maman — et la Comtesse Apraksine*," and again with rustling garments to beat a retreat into the entry, to throw on the shuba or the cloak, and to depart.

The conversation was turning on the chief item of city news at that time namely, the illness of the famous old Count Bezukhoi, one of the richest and handsomest men of Catherine's time, and also about his illegitimate son, Pierre, the same young man who had behaved in such an unseemly manner at Anna Pavlovna's reception.

"I am very sorry for the old count," said one of the ladies, "his health is so wretched, and now to have to suffer this mortification on account of his son — it will be the death of him."

"What is that," asked the countess, as though she were not aware of what the visitor was talking about, although she had heard fifty times already, the cause of Count Bezukhoi's mortification.

"It all comes from the present system of education. Sending them abroad!" pursued the lady. "This young man has been left to shift for himself, and, now they say that he has been carrying on so horribly in Petersburg, that the police had to interfere and send him out of the city."

"Pray, tell us about it," urged the countess.

"He made a bad choice of friends," remarked the Princess Anna Mikhailovna. "Prince Vasili's son, this Pierre, and a young man named Dolokhof, they say, have been doing — heaven only knows what. But all of them have had to suffer for it. Dolokhof has been reduced to the ranks, and Bezukhoi's son has been sent to Moscow, and Anatol Kuragin has been taken in charge by his father. At all events, he has been sent away from Petersburg."

"Yes, but what was it, pray, that they did?" asked the countess.

"They acted like perfect cut-throats, especially Dolokhof," said the visitor. "He is a son of Marya Ivanovna Dolokhova, — such an excellent woman, just think of it! Can you imagine it? the three of them somehow, got hold of a bear, took it with them into a carriage, and carried it to the house of some actresses. The police hastened to apprehend them. They seized the officer and tied him back to back to the bear, and then threw the bear into the Moskva: the bear started to swim with the police officer on his back!"

"Capital, *ma chère*, what a figure the officer must have cut!" cried the count, bursting with laughter.

"Oh, how terrible! what can you find to laugh at, count?" But the ladies had to laugh in spite of themselves.

"It was with difficulty that they rescued the unfortunate man," pursued the visitor. "And to think that a son of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi should find amusement in such intellectual pursuits," she added, sarcastically. "But they say that he is so well educated and so clever. That shows what educating young men abroad makes of them! I hope that no one will bring him here, though he is so rich. They wanted to give him an introduction to me. I most decidedly refused; I have daughters you know."

"What made you say that this young man was so rich," asked the countess, bending away from the younger ladies, who immediately pretended not to hear what she was saying. "You see, he has only illegitimate children. It appears — and Pierre is also illegitimate."

"The guest waved her hand: "I imagine he has a score of them."

The Princess Anna Mikhailovna took part in the conversation, with the evident desire of showing off her powerful connections and her acquaintance with all the details of high life.

"This is the truth of the matter," said she, significantly,

and also in a half whisper, "Count Kirill Vladimirovitch's reputation is notorious; as for his children, he has lost count of them, but this Pierre was his favorite."

"How handsome the old man," said the countess, "and only last year too! I never saw a handsomer man!"

"Now he is very much changed," said Anna Mikhailovna, "As I was going to say, on his wife's side, Prince Vasili, is the direct heir to all his property, but the old man is very fond of Pierre, has taken great pains with his education, and has written to the Emperor about him; so that no one knows, if he should die, — he is so weak, that it may happen any moment, and Dr. Lorrain has come up from Petersburg, — no one knows, I say, which will get his colossal fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasili. He has forty thousand souls and millions. I know all about this, because Prince Vasili himself told me. Yes, and besides, Kirill Vladimirovitch is my great uncle on my mother's side. And he is also Boris's godfather," she added, pretending that she attributed no significance to this circumstance.

"Prince Vasili came to Moscow, yesterday. He is on some official business, I was told," said the guest.

"Yes, but *entre nous*," said the princess, "it's a mere pretext; he has come principally on account of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch, because he knew that he was so sick."

"At all events, *ma chère*, that's a splendid joke," said the count, and perceiving that the elderly visitor did not hear him, he turned his attention to the young ladies. "Charming figure, that cut by the police officer, — I can imagine it!"

And as he waved his arms in imitation of the unfortunate police officer, he again burst out into a ringing bass laugh, which made his portly frame fairly shake, as is the way with men who always live well, and especially those who indulge in generous wines.

"So glad to have you dine with us," said he.

CHAPTER IX.

A SILENCE ensued. The countess looked at the guest, smiling pleasantly, but nevertheless making no pretence of the fact that she would not be sorry if she got up and took her departure. The daughter was already arranging her dress and looking inquiringly at her mother, when suddenly there was heard in the next room the noise of several persons

running towards the door, then the catching and upsetting of a chair, and instantly into the drawing-room darted a maiden of thirteen, holding something in her short muslin skirt. She halted in the middle of the room, and it was evident that her wild frolic had carried her farther than she had intended. At the same instant there appeared in the door a student with a crimson collar, a young officer of the Guard, a maiden of fifteen, and a plump, rosy-faced little boy in a frock.

The count jumped up, and swinging his arms, threw them around the little girl who had come running in.

"Ah! here she is" he cried, with a jolly laugh. "Her name day, *ma chère*, her name day!"

"*Ma chère, il y a un temps pour tout,*"* said the countess, feigning severity. "You are always spoiling her, Elie," she added, addressing her husband.

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

The little maiden, with her black eyes and her large mouth, was not pretty, but was full of life; her childish shoulders, still breathlessly rising and sinking from the effort of her excited running, were bare; her dark locks were thrown back in confusion; she had thin, bare arms, and wore pantalettes trimmed with lace, and low slippers on her dainty feet. She was at that charming age when the girl is no longer a child, but when the child is not yet a young lady.

Tearing herself away from her father, she ran to her mother, and giving no heed to her stern reproof, hid her blushing face in the lace folds of her mother's mantilla, and went into a fit of laughter. The cause of her laughter was the doll which she took out from under her skirt, trying to tell some fragmentary story about it.

"Do you see? — It's my doll — Mimi — You see" —

And Natasha was unable to say any more, it seemed to her so ludicrous. She leaned on her mother and laughed so merrily and infectiously, that all, even the conceited visitor, in spite of herself, joined in her amusement.

"Now, run away, run away with your monster," admonished the mother, pushing away her daughter, with pretended sternness. "She is my youngest," she added, turning to the visitor.

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

* My dear, there is a time for all things.

The visitor, compelled to admire this family scene, felt it incumbent upon her to take some part in it. "Tell me, my dear," said she, turning to Natasha, "what relation is this Mimi to you? She is your daughter, I suppose."

Natasha was offended by the condescending tone in which the lady addressed her. She made no reply, and looked solemnly at her.

Meantime, all the young people mentioned — the officer, who was none other than Boris, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhailovna, Nikolai, the student, the count's oldest son, Sonya, the count's fifteen-year-old niece, and the little Petrusha, his youngest boy, all crowded into the drawing-room, evidently doing their utmost to restrain within the bounds of propriety the excitement and merriment which convulsed their faces. It could be seen that there in the rear rooms, from which they had rushed so impetuously, they had been engaged in much more entertaining conversation than town gossip, the weather and Comtesse Apraksine.

Occasionally they would glance at one another and find it hard to refrain from bursting out laughing again.

The two young men, the student and the officer, who had been friends from childhood, were of the same age and were both good-looking, but totally unlike each other. Boris was tall and fair, with regular, delicate features and a placid expression. Nikolai was a short, curly-haired young man, with a frank, open countenance. On his upper lip the first dark down had already begun to appear, and his whole face was expressive of impetuosity and enthusiasm. Nikolai's face had flushed crimson the moment he entered the drawing-room. It was plain to see that he strove in vain to find something to say; Boris, on the contrary, immediately regained his self-possession, and began to relate, calmly and humorously, how he had been acquainted with this Mimi-kulka when she was a fine young lady, before her nose had lost its beauty; how since their acquaintance, begun five years before, she had grown aged and cracked as to the whole surface of her cranium!

As he said this he looked at Natasha, but she turned away from him and looked at her little brother, who was squeezing his eyes together and shaking with suppressed laughter, and finding that the effort was beyond her power, snickered out loud and darted from the room as fast as her nimble little feet would carry her. Boris managed to preserve his composure.

"*Maman*, do you not want to go out? Shall I not order the carriage," he asked, turning to his mother with a smile.

"Yes, yes, go and order it, please," said she, returning his smile.

Boris quietly left the room and went in pursuit of Natasha; the plump little boy trotted sturdily after them, as though he was vexed at heart at the disarrangement made in his plans.

CHAPTER X.

OF the young people, not reckoning Miss Kuragina and the count's oldest daughter, who was four years older than her sister and regarded herself as already grown up—only Nikolai and the niece Sonya remained in the drawing-room.

Sonya was a miniature little brunette, with a tawny-tinted complexion especially noticeable on her neck and bare arms, which were slender, but graceful and muscular. She had soft eyes shaded by long lashes, and she wore her black hair in a long braid twined twice about her head. By the easy grace of her movements, by the suppleness and softness of her slender limbs, and by a certain cunning and coyness of manner, she reminded one of a beautiful kitten which promises soon to grow into a lovely cat. She evidently considered it the right thing to manifest her interest in the general conversation by a smile; but her eyes against her will, shot glances of such passionate girlish adoration from under their long, thick, lashes at her cousin who was soon to join the army, that her smile could not for an instant deceive any one, and it was plain to see that the kitten had only crouched down in order to jump and play all the more merrily with her cousin, as soon as the two followed the example of Boris and Natasha, and left the drawing-room.

"Yes, *ma chère*," said the old count, turning to Mrs. Kuragina and pointing to Nikolai: "His friend Boris, here, has been appointed an officer in the guard, and they are such good friends that they cannot be separated, so he throws up the University and his old father, and is going into the military service, *ma chère*. And yet there was a place all ready for him in the department of the Archives, and all. That's what friendship is," concluded the count, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Yes, there's going to be war, they say," said the visitor.

"They have been saying so for a long time," replied the

count, "and they will say so again, and keep saying so and that will be the end of it. *Ma chère*, that's what friendship is," he repeated, "he is going to join the hussars."

The visitor, not knowing what reply to make, shook her head.

"It is not out of friendship at all," declared Nikolai, flushing up and spurning the accusation as though it were a shameful aspersion on his character. "It is not from friendship at all, but, simply because I feel drawn to a military life."

He glanced at his cousin and at the young lady visitor, both were looking at him with a smile of approbation.

"Colonel Schubert of the Pavlogradsky regiment of hussars is going to dine with us to-night. He has been home on leave of absence, and is going to take Nikolai back with him. What's to be done about it?" asked the count, shrugging his shoulders and affecting to treat as a jest what had evidently occasioned him much pain.

"I have already told you, papenka," said the lad, "that if you do not wish me to go, I will stay at home. But I know that I am not good for anything except the army; I cannot be a diplomatist or a chinovnik, I can't hide what I feel," and as he said this, he glanced, with a handsome young fellow's coquetry, at Sonya and the young lady visitor.

The kitten feasted her eyes on him and seemed ready at a second's notice to play and show all her kittenish nature.

"Well, well, let it go," said the old count. "He's all on fire? This Bonaparte has turned all their heads; they all think what an example he gave them in rising from a lieutenant to be an emperor. Well, good luck to them," he added, not noticing his visitor's sarcastic smile.

They began to talk about Napoleon. Julie Karagina turned to young Rostof, —

"How sorry I was that you didn't come last Thursday to the Arkharofs. It was lonesome there without you," said she, giving him an affectionate smile.

The young man, much flattered, drew his seat nearer to her and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation, entirely oblivious that this coquettish smile cut as with a knife the jealous heart of poor Sonya, who flushed and tried to force a smile.

In the midst of this conversation he happened to glance at her. She gave him a look of passionate anger and, scarcely able to hold back her tears, and with the pretended smile still on her lips, got up and left the room. All Nikolai's anima-

tion deserted him. He availed himself of the first break in the conversation, and with a disturbed countenance left the room in search of Sonya.

"How the secrets of these young folks are sewed with white threads!" exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna, nodding in the direction of the vanishing Nikolai, "*Cousinage dangereux voisinage!*" she added.

"Yes," replied the countess, when, as it were, the very light of the sun had departed from the room, together with these young people, and then, as though she were answering a question which no one had asked, but which was constantly in her mind: "How much suffering, how much unrest must be gone through with in order that at last we may have some joy in them! And even now! truly there's more sorrow than joy. You're always in apprehension, always in apprehension! This is the age when there are so many perils both for young girls and for boys."

"It all depends upon the education," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are right," continued the countess, "So far I have been, thank God, the confidant of my children, and enjoy their perfect confidence," declared the countess, repeating the error of many parents who cherish the illusion that their children have no secrets in which they do not share. "I know that I shall always be my daughter's chief *confidante*, and that Nikolinka, even, with his impetuous nature, if he does play some pranks, as all boys will, still, there's no danger of his being like those Petersburg young men!"

"Yes, they're splendid, splendid children," emphatically affirmed the count, who always settled every question too complicated for him by finding everything splendid. "But what's to be done! He wanted to go into the hussars! What would you have, *ma chère?*"

"What a charming creature your youngest girl is!" said the visitor. "Like powder!"

"Yes, like powder," said the count. "She resembles me! And what a voice she has! Although she is my daughter, yet I am not afraid to say that she is going to be a singer, a second Salomoni. We have engaged an Italian master to teach her."

"Isn't she too young yet? They say it is injurious for the voice to study at her age."

"Oh no! why do you consider it too early?" exclaimed the count. "Didn't our mothers get married when they were twelve or thirteen?"

"And she's already in love with Boris! Just think of it!" said the countess, looking at the princess with a sweet smile; then apparently answering a thought that constantly occupied her, she went on to say, —

"Well, now, you see if I were too strict with her, if I were to forbid her — God knows what they might be doing on the sly (she meant, they might exchange kisses)! but now I know everything they say. She comes to me herself every evening, and tells me all about it. Maybe, I spoil her, but indeed this seems to be the best plan. I kept a too-strict rein over my eldest daughter."

"Yes, I was brought up in an entirely different way," said the oldest daughter, the handsome Countess Viera, smiling. But the smile did not add to the beauty of her face, as often happens; on the contrary it lost its natural expression and therefore became unpleasant. She was handsome, intelligent, well bred, well educated, her voice was pleasant, what she said was right and proper enough, and yet, strange to say, her mother and all the others looked at her, as though surprised at her saying such a thing, and regarded it as one of the things that had better have been left unsaid.

"People always try to be very wise with their eldest children, — try to accomplish something extraordinary," said the visitor.

"How naughty to prevaricate, *ma chère!* The little countess tried to be very wise with Viera," said the count. "Well, on the whole, she has succeeded splendidly," he added, winking approvingly at his daughter.

The visitors got up and took their departure, promising to return to dinner.

"What manners! I thought they were going to stay forever," remarked the countess, after she had seen her visitors to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Natasha left the drawing-room, she ran only as far as the conservatory. There she paused, listening to the chatter in the drawing-room and expecting Boris to follow her. She was already beginning to grow impatient, and stamped her foot, on the very verge of crying because he did not follow her instantly, when she heard the noisy, deliberate steps of a young man. Natasha hastily sprang between some tubs full of flowers and concealed herself.

It was Boris, who paused in the centre of the room, looked around him, brushed the dust from the sleeve of his uniform, and then going to the mirror, contemplated his handsome face. Natasha, holding her breath, peered out from her hiding-place and waited to see what he would do. He stood for some moments in front of the mirror; then smiling with satisfaction, went toward the entrance door.

Natasha was just about to call to him, but then she thought better of it. "Let him find me," she said to herself. As soon as Boris had left the conservatory, Sonya came in from the other door, all flushed, and angrily muttering to herself. Natasha restrained her first impulse to run to her and kept in her hiding-place, as though under an invisible cap, looking at what was going on in the world. She was experiencing a new and peculiar enjoyment.

Sonya was still muttering something, and looked expectantly toward the drawing-room. Then Nikolai made his appearance.

"Sonya! what is the matter? How can you do so?" asked the lad, going up to her.

"No, no, leave me alone!" and Sonya began to sob.

"Well, I know what the trouble is."

"If you know, so much the better; go back to her, then."

"So—o—nya! one word! How can you torment me, and torment yourself for a mere fancy!" asked Nikolai, taking her hand. Sonya did not withdraw her hand and ceased weeping.

Natasha, not moving, and hardly breathing, peered from her concealment. "What will they do now, I wonder," she said to herself.

"Sonya! The whole world is nothing to me! Thou alone art all to me," said Nikolai, "I will prove it to thee!"

"I don't like it when you talk so with" —

"Well, I won't do so any more, only forgive me, Sonya!"

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah! how nice!" thought Natasha, and when Sonya and Nikolai had left the room, she followed them and called Boris to her.

"Boris! Come here," said she, with her face full of mischievous meaning. "I want to tell you something. Here, come here!" she said, and drew him into the conservatory, to the very place among the tubs where she had been in hiding. Boris smiling, followed her.

"What may this *something* be?" he inquired.

She grew confused, glanced around her, and espying the doll which she had thrown on one of the tubs, she took it up.

"Kiss the doll," said she.

Boris looked down into her eager face, with an inquiring, gracious look, and made no reply.

"Don't you care to? Well, then come here," said she, and made her way deeper among the flowers, at the same time throwing away the doll. "Nearer, nearer," she whispered. She seized the officer's coat by the cuff, and her flushed face expressed eagerness and apprehension. "Then, will you kiss me?" she whispered, so low as hardly to be heard, looking up at him and smiling, and almost crying with emotion.

Boris reddened. "How absurd you are!" he exclaimed, but he bent over to her, reddening still more violently, but not quite able to make up his mind whether to do it or not.

Natasha suddenly sprang on a tub, so that she was taller than he, threw both slender bare arms around his neck, and by a motion of her head, tossing back her curls, kissed him full in the lips. Then she slipped away between the flower-pots, and hanging her head, stood still on the other side.

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

"Are you in love with me," asked Natasha, interrupting him.

"Yes, I am, but please let us not do this again. — In four years, — then I will ask for your hand."

Natasha pondered.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," said she, reckoning on her delicate fingers. "Good! Then it is decided?" And a smile of joy and satisfaction lighted up her animated face.

"Yes, it is decided," said Boris.

"For ever and ever," said the girl. "Till death itself!" And taking his arm, she went with a happy face into the divan-room with him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE countess was now so tired of receiving, that she gave orders not to admit any more visitors, and the Swiss was told to invite any one else who came, to return to dinner.

The countess was anxious to have a confidential talk with the friend of her childhood, the Princess Anna Mikhailovna,

whom she had scarcely seen since her return from Petersburg. Anna Mikhailovna, with her rather sad, but pleasant face, drew her chair nearer to the countess.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," said she. "We have very few of our old friends left. And that's why I prize your friendship so highly!"

She glanced at Viera, and paused.

The countess pressed her hand; then, turning to her eldest daughter, who was evidently not her favorite, she said, —

"Viera, haven't you any perception at all? Cannot you see that you are in the way? Go to your sisters, or" —

The handsome Viera smiled scornfully, evidently not feeling the least offended.

"If you had only told me sooner, mamenka, I should have gone immediately," said she, and she left the room. But as she was going past the divan-room, she saw that two couples were snugly ensconced in the embrasures of the two windows. She paused and smiled satirically. Sonya was sitting close by Nikolai, who was copying some verses in her honor, — the first he had ever written. Boris and Natasha were sitting in the other window, and stopped talking as Viera passed. Both of the girls looked up at her with guilty and yet happy faces.

It was both amusing and touching to see these two girls, so head over ears in love, but the sight of them evidently, did not rouse pleasant thoughts in Viera's mind.

"How many times have I asked you not to touch my things," said she, "you have your own room."

And she took the inkstand away from her brother.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said he, dipping his pen.

"You always succeed in doing things at just the wrong time," exclaimed Viera. "There you came running into the drawing-room, so that every one was mortified on your account."

In spite of the fact, or perhaps because what she said was perfectly true, no one made her any reply, and all four only exchanged glances among themselves. Viera lingered in the room holding the inkstand in her hand.

"And how can such young things as Natasha and Boris and you two, have 'secrets', — it's all nonsense!"

"Well, what concern is it of yours, Viera?" asked Natasha, in a gentle voice, defending herself. She was evidently more than ordinarily sweet, and well-disposed to every one just at the time.

"It's very stupid," said Viera, "I blush for you. "What sort of 'secrets'?" —

"Every one has his own. We don't disturb you and Berg," said Natasha, hotly.

"I suppose you don't disturb me," said Viera, "and because you can't find anything improper in my behavior. But I am going to tell mamenka how you behave to Boris."

"Natalya Ilyinishna behaves very well to me," said Boris, "I cannot complain of it."

"Stop, Boris, you are such a diplomat (the word 'diplomat' was in great vogue among the young people, with a special meaning which they gave to it), "It's very annoying," said Natasha, in an offended, trembling voice. "Why should she worry me so? You will never understand such things," she added, turning to Viera, "because you never were in love with any one, you have no heart, you are only Madame de Genlis (this was a nickname considered very insulting, which had been first applied to Viera by Nikolai), and your chief pleasure is to cause other people annoyance. You may flirt with Berg as much as you please," she said, spitefully.

"Well, at all events, you don't find me running after a young man in the presence of visitors."

"There, now, you have done what you wanted," interrupted Nikolai, "you have said all sorts of unpleasant things, and disturbed us all. Let's go to the nursery."

All four, like a frightened bevy of birds, jumped up and flew out of the room.

"It's you who have been saying unpleasant things, but I haven't said anything to any one," cried Viera.

"Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!" shouted the merry voices from the other room, through the open door.

The handsome Viera, who found a sort of pleasure in doing these unpleasant and irritating things, smiled, evidently undisturbed by what was said of her, went to the mirror and rearranged her sash and hair. As she caught a glimpse of her pretty face, she became to all appearances, cooler and more self-satisfied.

Meantime, the ladies in the drawing-room, continued their talk:

"Ah, *chère*," said the countess, "in my life *tout n'est pas rose*. I cannot help seeing that at the rate we are going,* our property will not hold out much longer. And then his club, and his easy ways. Even if we live in the country, how much rest do we get? Theatricals, hunting, and heaven

* *Du train que nous allons.*

knows what all. But what's the use of my talking! — Now tell me how you manage to get along. I often marvel at you. Annette; how it is that you, at your time of life, fly about so in your carriage, alone, in Moscow, in Petersburg, to all the ministers, to all the notables, and succeed in getting around them all, I marvel at it! Now tell me how you do it? I cannot understand it at all."

"Ah! my dear heart," replied the Princess Anna Mikhailovna. "May God forbid that you ever learn by experience what it is to be left a widow, and without any protector, with a son whom you adore. You get schooled to everything," she went on to say, with some pride. "My lawsuit has given me a great experience. If I need to see any 'big wig', I write a note: '*Princesse une telle* desires to see such and such a person,' and I myself go in a hired carriage, twice, three times, four times, until I get what I need. It is a matter of indifference to me what they think of me."

"Well, now, how was it, — whom did you apply to for Borenka," asked the countess. "There he is already an officer of the Guard, and my Nikolushka is going merely as a junker. There was no one to work for him. Whom did you ask?"

"Prince Vasili. He was very kind. He immediately consented to do all in his power, and he laid the matter before the Emperor," said the Princess Anna Mikhailovna, entirely forgetting, in her enthusiasm, all the humiliation through which she had passed, for the attainment of her ends.

"Prince Vasili must have aged somewhat," queried the countess. "I have not seen him since our theatricals at the Rumyantsofs. I suppose he has entirely forgotten me. *Il me faisait la cour*," she added, with a smile.

"He is just the same as ever," replied Anna Mikhailovna, "Polite and full of compliments. His head hasn't been turned at all by all his elevation. 'I am grieved that it is such a small thing to do for you, my dear princess,' said he. 'You have only to command me.' No, he's a splendid man, and a lovely relative to have. But you know, Nathalie, my love for my boy. I don't know what I would not do for his happiness. But my means are so small for doing anything," continued the princess, in a melancholy tone, lowering her voice. "They are so small that I am really in a most terrible position. My unlucky lawsuit eats up all that I have, and is no nearer an end. I have nothing, you can imagine it *à la lettre*, I haven't a kopek, and I don't know how I shall get Boris his uniform."

She drew out her handkerchief and begun to weep, —

“I must have five hundred rubles, and all I have is a twenty-five ruble bill. That’s the position I am in. I have only one hope now, — in Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi. If he will not help out his godson — for you see he stood sponsor to Boris — and grant him something for his support, then all my pains will have been lost. I shall not have enough to pay for his uniform.”

The countess shed some sympathetic tears, and sat silently pondering.

“Maybe, it’s a sin,” said the princess, “but I often think: There is Count Kirill Bezukhoi, living alone — that enormous fortune — and why does he live on? Life is a burden for him, while Boris is only just beginning to live.”

“He will probably leave something to Boris,” said the countess.

“God only knows, *chère amie!* These rich men and grandees are so selfish! But, nevertheless, I am going right away to see him with Boris, and I am going to tell him plainly how things are. Let them think what they please of me, it is all the same to me, when my son’s fate depends upon it.” The princess got up. “It is now two o’clock and you dine at four. I shall have plenty of time to go there.”

And with the decision of the true Petersburg lady of business, who knows how to make the best use of her time, she called her son and went with him into the entry.

“Good by, dear heart,” said she to the countess, who accompanied her to the door. “Wish me good luck,” she added in a whisper, so that her son might not hear.

“So you are going to Count Kirill Vladimirovitch, *ma chère!*” said the count, coming out from the dining-room into the entry. “If he is better, ask Pierre to come and dine with me. You see he used to be here a great deal, and danced with the children. Now we shall see how splendidly Taras will do by us to-day. He declares that Count Orlof never had such a dinner as we are going to have!”

CHAPTER XIII.

“*Mon cher Boris,*” said the Princess Anna Mikhailovna to her son, as the Countess Rostova’s carriage, in which they were riding, rolled along the straw-covered street and entered the wide court of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi’s resi-

dence. "*Mon cher Boris*," said the mother, stretching out her hand from under her old mantle and laying it on her son's with a timid and affectionate gesture, "be amiable and considerate. Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is your godfather, and your prospects depend upon him. Remember this, *mon cher*, be nice as you can be."

"If I knew that anything would come from this except humiliation," replied the son, coldly. "But I have given you my promise, and I do it for your sake."

Though it was a respectable carriage that drove up to the steps, the Swiss, noticing the lady's well-worn mantle, looked askance at mother and son (who without sending the footman to announce them had walked straight into the mirror-lined vestibule, between two rows of statues standing in niches) and asked them whom they wished to see, the young princesses or the count, and when they said the count, he told them that his excellency was worse and could not receive any one to-day.

"Then let us go," said the son, in French.

"*Mon ami!*" exclaimed the mother, in an supplicating voice, again laying her hand on his arm, as though her touch had the effect of calming or encouraging him. Boris said no more, but without removing his cloak looked dubiously at his mother.

"My dear,"* said the princess, in a wheedling tone, turning to the Swiss. "I know that the Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is very ill; that's why I came. I am a relative of his. I do not wish to disturb him, my dear, I only wanted to know—see Prince Vasili Sergejevitch; I understand that he is here. Be so good as to announce us."

The Swiss gruffly pulled the bell cord and turned away.

"Princess Drubetskaya for Prince Vasili Sergejevitch," he called to the footman in smallclothes, pumps, and dress coat, who ran to the head of the stairs and looked over from above.

The princess straightened the folds of her dyed silk dress, glanced at the massive Venetian mirror on the wall, and firmly mounted the carpeted staircase in her old worn shoes.

"*Mon cher, vous m'avez promis*," said, she, turning round to her son and encouraging him with a touch of her hand. The young man, dropping his eyes, silently followed her.

They went into a hall which led into the suite of rooms occupied by Prince Vasili. Just as the mother and son started to walk through this room, and were about to ask the

* In the original she calls him the pet name *golubchik*.

way of an elderly footman, who had sprung to his feet on their approach, the bronze door-knob of one of the heavy doors turned, and Prince Vasili himself, dressed in a velvet fur-trimmed coat with a single star, as though he were at home, came in, escorting a handsome, black-bearded man. This man was the celebrated Petersburg Doctor Lorrain.

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

"*Mon prince, 'errare humanum est'; mais*" — replied the doctor, who swallowed his r's and spoke the Latin words, "To err is human," with a strong French accent.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien*" —

Perceiving Anna Mikhailovna, and her son, Prince Vasili dismissed the doctor with a bow, and advanced in silence and with an inquiring look toward them. The son noticed that his mother's eyes suddenly took on an expression of deep concern and grief, and he laughed in his sleeve.

"Under what melancholy circumstances we meet again, prince — well, how is our dear invalid," said she, as though she did not notice the cold, insulting glance fastened upon her. Prince Vasili looked questioningly at her and then at Boris, as though he were surprised to see them there.

Boris bowed civilly. Prince Vasili, entirely ignoring it, replied to Anna Mikhailovna's question by a significant motion of his head and lips, giving her to understand that there was very slim hope for the sick man.

"Is it possible?" cried Anna Mikhailovna, "Ah! this is terrible! Fearful to think. — This is my son," she added, pointing to Boris. "He was anxious to thank you in person," Boris again bowed politely.

"Be assured, prince, that a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us."

"I am glad if I have been able to be of service to you, my dear Anna Mikhailovna," said Prince Vasili, adjusting his frill, and manifesting both in tone and manner, here in Moscow before Anna Mikhailovna whom he had put under deep obligation, a far more consequential air than at Petersburg at Annette Scherer's reception.

"Do your best to serve with credit and prove yourself deserving," he added, turning to Boris. "I am glad. — Are you here on leave of absence?" he asked, in an apathetic tone.

"I am waiting for orders, your excellency, before setting out for my new position," replied Boris, manifesting not the slightest resentment of the prince's peremptory tone, nor any

inclination to pursue the conversation, but bearing himself with such dignity and deference that the prince gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"Do you live with your mother?"

"I live at the Countess Rostova's," said Boris, again, taking pains to add, "Your Excellency."

"It is that Ilya Rostof, who married Nathalie Shinshina," said Anna Mikhailovna.

"I know, I know," returned Prince Vasili, in his monotonous voice. "I never could understand how Nathalie made up her mind to marry that unlicked bear. A perfectly stupid and absurd creature, and a gambler besides, they say."*

"*Mais très brave homme, mon prince,*" remarked Anna Mikhailovna, smiling with a touching smile, as though she too, knew very well that Count Rostof deserved such an opinion of him, but did her best to say a good word for the poor old man.

"What do the doctors say," asked the princess, after a short silence, and again allowing an expression of deep grief to settle upon her careworn face.

"Very little hope," said the prince.

"I wanted so much to thank my *uncle* once more, for all his kindnesses to me and Boris — he's his godson," she added in French, in such a tone as though this piece of information must be highly delightful to the prince.

Prince Vasili sat pondering and knitting his brows. Anna Mikhailovna realized that he was apprehensive lest she were a rival for the count's inheritance. She hastened to reassure him.

"If it were not for my true love and devotion to my *uncle*," said she, uttering the words, *my uncle*, with remarkable effrontery and unconcern — "I know his noble, straightforward character; but you see, he has only the young princesses with him: they are both so inexperienced." She inclined her head and added, in a whisper: "Has he yet fulfilled the last duty, prince? How precious are these last moments! Things couldn't be worse, he should be prepared at once, if he is so ill. We women, prince," she smiled with self-importance, "always understand how to put these things. It's indispensable that I should see him, however hard it may be for me; but then, I am accustomed to sorrow."

* "*Je n'ai jamais pu concevoir comment Nathalie s'est décidée épouser cet ours mal-léché! Un personnage complètement stupide et ridicule. Et joueur à ce qu'on dit.*"

The prince evidently knew only too well, just as he had known at Annette Scherer's, that he would have no little difficulty in getting rid of Anna Mikhailovna.

"This interview might be very injurious for him, *chère* Anna Mikhailovna; better wait till evening; the doctors have been expecting a crisis."

"But it is impossible to wait, prince, at such moments. *Pensez, il y va du salut de son âme — Ah c'est terrible, les devoirs d'un Chrétien.*"*

A door opened, and from an inner chamber appeared one of the count's nieces, a young lady with a sour, cold face, and with a waist disproportionately long for her stature.

Prince Vasili went toward her: "Well, how is he?"

"Just about the same; but what could you expect — this noise," said the princess, staring at Anna Mikhailovna as though she were a stranger.

"*Ah, chère*, I did not recognize you," exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna, with a beaming smile and ambling lightly forward toward the count's niece. "I have just come, and I am at your service to help you take care of my uncle. I can imagine how much you have suffered," † she added, still in French, and sympathetically turning up her eyes.

The count's niece made no reply, nor did she even smile, but immediately left the room. Anna Mikhailovna took off her gloves and established herself in an arm-chair as though ready to endure a siege, and motioned to the prince to sit down near her.

"Boris," said she to her son, and with a smile, "I am going to see the count, my uncle; in the meantime, *mon ami*, you go and find Pierre, and don't forget to give him the invitation from the Rostofs. They ask him to dinner. I think very likely he may not wish to come," she suggested, turning to the prince.

"On the contrary," returned the prince, evidently very much annoyed, "I should be very glad to have him taken off my hands. He stays in his own room. The count has not asked for him once."

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted the young man downstairs and then up, by another flight, to Pierre's quarters.

* Just think, it concerns his soul's safety. — Ah, it is terrible, the duties of a Christian."

† "Je viens d'arriver, et je suis à vous pour vous aider à soigner mon oncle. J'imagine combien vous avez souffert."

CHAPTER XIV.

PIERRE had not succeeded in choosing a career for himself when he was sent to Moscow on account of his disorderly conduct. The story which had been related at Count Rostof's was correct: Pierre had been one of the young men who had tied the policeman on the bear's back.

He had arrived in Moscow a few days previous, and taken up his abode as usual in his father's house. Although he foresaw that the story would be noised abroad in Moscow, and that the ladies who formed his father's household and who were always hostile to him, would take advantage of this occurrence to irritate the count against him, he nevertheless, on the very day of his arrival started to go to his father's apartments.

As he went into the drawing-room, where the princesses usually sat, he stopped to pay his respects to the ladies, who were there busy with their embroidery-frame and in listening to a book which one of them was reading aloud.

There were three of them. The oldest, a severely prim old maid with a long waist — the very one who had made the descent upon Anna Mikhailovna, was the reader; the younger ones, both rosy-cheeked and rather pretty, and exactly alike, except that one of them had a little mole on her lip, decidedly adding to her beauty, were engaged at the embroidery-frame.

Pierre was received like a ghost or a leper. The oldest princess ceased reading and silently looked at him with eyes expressive of alarm. The one without the mole did the same. The third, who had the mole and some sense of the ludicrous, bent over the embroidery to conceal a smile, caused by what she thought promised to be an amusing scene. She drew the thread down and bent over, as though studying the pattern, but in reality to hide her laugh.

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

"I know you very well, altogether too well."

"How is the count? Can I see him?" asked Pierre, awkwardly as usual, but still not disconcerted.

"The count is suffering, both physically and mentally, and it seems you have taken pains to cause him the greater part of his moral suffering."

"Can I see the count?" repeated Pierre.

"Hm! If you desire to kill him, to kill him out and out,

then you can see him. Olga, go and see if the bouillon is ready for uncle, it is high time," she added, making Pierre see by this that they were wholly absorbed in caring for his father, while he, on the contrary, was palpably bent on annoying him.

Olga left the room. Pierre stood still, looking at the sisters and then said with a bow, —

"Then I will go back to my room. As soon as it is possible you will please tell me."

He went out and behind his back was heard the young princess's laugh, ringing but not loud.

On the next day came Prince Vasili and put up at the count's. He called Pierre to him and said, —

"*Mon chère, si vous vous conduisez ici comme à Pétersbourg, vous finirez très mal ; c'est tout ce que vous dis.** The count is very, very ill ; it is imperative that you should not see him."

From that time, Pierre had been left severely alone, and spent his days in solitude, upstairs in his own rooms.

At the moment that Boris appeared at the door, Pierre was walking up and down his room, occasionally pausing in the corners and making threatening gestures at the walls, as though trying to thrust through some unknown enemy, and looking savagely over his spectacles and then again beginning his promenade, muttering indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands.

"*L'Angleterre a vécu,*" he was declaiming, with a frown and pointing at some imaginary person with his finger. "*M. Pitt, comme traître à la nation et au droit des gens, est condamné à*" — †

But he had no time to complete his denunciation of Pitt spoken by himself, personating his hero Napoleon, in whose company he imagined himself crossing the perilous Dover Straits and already taking London by storm, before he caught sight of a handsome, well-built young officer coming towards him.

He stopped short.

Boris was a lad of fourteen when he had last seen him, and he did not recognize him at all ; but, nevertheless, he seized him by the hand in his impulsive, cordial way, and smiled affectionately.

* My dear fellow, if you carry on here as you have at Petersburg, you will come out very badly ; that's all I have to say to you.

† England has outlived its glory ; Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the law of nations, is condemned to" —

"Do you remember me?" asked Boris, calmly, with a pleasant smile. "I came with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is too ill to receive us."

"Yes, he is very ill. They keep him stirred up all the time," returned Pierre, striving to recollect who this young man was.

Boris was certain that Pierre did not recognize him, but he did not think it necessary to tell his name, and without manifesting the slightest awkwardness he looked him full in the face.

"Count Rostof invites you to dine with him this afternoon," said he, after a rather long silence that made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

"Ah! Count Rostof," exclaimed Pierre, joyfully. "Then you are his son Ilya. At the first instant I did not recognize you, as you can easily imagine. Do you remember how you and I and Madame Jaquot used to go out walking on the Sparrow Hills — years ago?"

"You are mistaken," said Boris deliberately, and with a bold and rather derisive smile; "I am Boris, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya. Rostof's father is named Ilya, and his name is Nikolai. And I never knew Madame Jaquot."

Pierre made a gesture with his hands and head, as though he were driving away mosquitoes.

"Ah! is that so indeed! I have mixed everything all up! I have so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris — yes. Well, you and I seem to have begun with a misunderstanding. Well, what do you think of the expedition to Boulogne? It will go pretty hard with the English if only Napoleon crosses the Channel, won't it? I think the expedition is feasible, if only Villeneuve doesn't fail him."

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he had not read the newspapers, and this was the first time he had ever heard of Villeneuve.

"We here in Moscow are more taken up with dinners and gossip than with politics," said he, in his calm, satirical tone. "I know nothing about such things. Moscow is given over especially to tittle-tattle," he went on to say. "Now you and the count are the talk."

Pierre smiled his good-natured smile, as though to deprecate anything unpleasant which his companion might be likely to say. But Boris spoke with due circumspection, clearly and dryly, looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"Moscow likes to do nothing better than talk gossip," he repeated. "All are solicitous about knowing to whom the count is going to leave his property; and yet, very possibly, he will outlive all of us. I hope so with all my heart."

"Yes, this is all very trying," interrupted Pierre, — "very trying." Pierre all the time was apprehensive lest this young officer should unexpectedly turn the conversation into some awkward channel.

"But it must seem to you," said Boris, flushing slightly, but not allowing his voice or his manner to vary, — "it must seem to you that all take an interest in this simply because they hope to get something from the estate."

"Here it comes," thought Pierre.

"I expressly wish to tell you, lest any misunderstanding should arise, that you are entirely mistaken if you consider me and my mother in the number of these people. We are very poor, but I at least say this on my own account for the very reason that your father is rich, that I do not consider myself a relative of his, and neither I nor my mother would ask or even be willing to receive anything from him."

Pierre for some time failed to comprehend, but when the idea dawned upon him, he leaped from the sofa, seized Boris under the arm with characteristic impetuosity and clumsiness, and while he reddened even more than the other, he began to speak with a mixed feeling of vexation and shame, —

"Now, this is strange! I then — indeed and who would have ever thought — I know very well" —

But Boris again interrupted him.

"I am glad that I have told you all. Perhaps it was disagreeable to you; you will pardon me," said he, soothing Pierre instead of letting himself be soothed by him. "I hope that I have not offended you. It is a principle with me to speak right to the point. What answer am I to give? Will you come to dinner to the Rostofs?"

And Boris, having acquitted himself of a difficult explanation, and got himself out of an awkward position by putting another into it, again became perfectly agreeable.

"Now, look here, listen," said Pierre, calming down. "You are a remarkable man. What you have just said is very good, very good. Of course you don't know me. We have not met for a long time — we were still children. You might have had all sorts of ideas about me. I understand you, understand you perfectly. I should not have done such a thing, I should not have had the courage, but it is excellent. I am

very glad to have made your acquaintance. Strange," he added, after a short silence and smiling, — "Strange that you should have had such an idea of me." He laughed. "Well, who knows? We shall get better acquainted, I beg of you."

He pressed Boris's hand. "Do you know, I have not seen the count yet? He has not asked for me. It is trying to me as a man, but what can I do about it?"

"And do you think that Napoleon will succeed in getting his army across?" asked Boris with a smile.

Pierre understood that Boris wanted to change the conversation, and taking his cue he began to expound the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came to summon Boris to his mother. The princess was ready to start. Pierre, looking affectionately through his spectacles, promised to come and dine with the Rostofs so as to get better acquainted with Boris, whose hand he pressed warmly as they parted.

After he was left alone, Pierre still paced for a long time up and down the room, no longer threatening an invisible enemy with the sword, but smiling at the thought of this likeable young man who was so intelligent and clever and decided. As often happens in early youth, and especially when a man is lonesome, he felt an inexplicable affection for the lad, and promised himself that they should become good friends.

Prince Vasili escorted the princess to the door. The good lady held her handkerchief to her eyes, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"This is terrible, terrible!" she exclaimed. "But, so far as in me lay, I fulfilled my duty. I will come back and spend the night. It is impossible to leave him in such a state. Every moment is precious. I cannot understand why the princesses have delayed about it. Perhaps God will enable me to find some means of preparing him. *Adieu, mon prince, que le bon Dieu vous soutienne.*"

"*Adieu, ma bonne,*" replied Prince Vasili, as he turned away from her.

"Ah, he is in a frightful state," said the princess to Boris, after they had again taken their seats in the carriage. "He scarcely knows any one."

"I cannot understand, mamenka, what his feelings are in regard to Pierre, can you?" asked the son.

"Everything will be made clear by his will, my dear; our fate also depends upon that."

"What makes you think that he is going to leave anything to us?"

"Ah! my dear, he is so rich and we are so poor."

"Well, that is a most inconclusive reason, mamenka."

"Ah, my God, my God, how ill he is," exclaimed the mother.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER Anna Mikhailovna and her son had gone to Count Bezukhoi's, the Countess Rostova sat for some time alone, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. At last she rang the bell.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she demanded severely of the maid, who had kept her waiting several minutes. "Don't you care to serve me? If not, I can find another place for you."

The countess was greatly affected by her old friend's grief and humiliation, and therefore she was out of sorts, as could be told by her speaking to the maid by the formal *vui*, "you," and *miliya*, "dear."

"Beg pardon," said the girl.

"Ask the count to come to me."

The count came waddling to his wife with a rather guilty look, as usual.

"Well, little countess,* what a *sauté au madère* of woodcock we are going to have, *ma chère*! I have been trying it. Taras is well worth the thousand rubles that I give for him. It was well spent."

He took a seat near his wife, with an affectation of bravery, leaning one hand on his knee and with the other rumpling up his gray hair: "What do you wish, little countess?"

"See there, my love; how did you get that spot on you," said she, pointing to his waistcoat. "It is evidently some of your *sauté*," she added, with a smile. "See here, count: I need some money."

His face grew mournful. "Ah! little countess!" And the count made a great ado in getting out his pocket-book.

"I want a good deal, count; I want five hundred rubles." And she took her cambric handkerchief and began to rub her husband's waistcoat.

"You shall have it at once. Hey, there!" cried the count, in a tone used only by men who are certain that those whom

* *Graphinyushka*.

they command will rush headlong at their call. "Send Mitenka to me!"

Mitenka, the nobleman's son whom the count had brought up and had now put in charge of all his affairs, came with soft noiseless steps into the room.

"See here, my dear," said the count to the deferential young man as he entered the door; "bring me,"—he hesitated,— "yes, bring me seven hundred rubles, yes. And see here, don't bring such torn and filthy ones as you do sometimes, but clean ones: they are for the countess."

"Yes, Mitenka, please see that they are clean," said the countess, with a sigh.

"Your excellency, when do you wish them," asked Mitenka; "you will deign to know that—however, don't allow yourself to be uneasy," he added, perceiving that the count was already beginning to breathe heavily and rapidly, which was always a sign of a burst of rage.—"I had forgotten. Will you please to have them this instant?"

"Yes, yes, instantly; bring them. Give them to the countess."

"What a treasure that Mitenka is!" he added with a smile, as the young man left the room. "He never finds anything impossible. That is a thing I cannot endure. All things are possible."

"Ah! money, count, money; how much sorrow it causes in the world!" exclaimed the countess. "But this money is very important for me."

"Little countess, you are a terrible spendthrift," declared the count, and kissing his wife's hand he disappeared again into his own apartment.

When Anna Mikhailovna returned from her visit to Bezukhoi, the money, all in new clean bank notes, was lying on a stand under a handkerchief in the countess's room. Anna Mikhailovna noticed that the countess was excited over something.

"Well, my dear?" asked the countess.

"Ah! he's in a terrible state! you would never know him, he is so ill, so ill! I stayed only a short minute and didn't say two words."

"Annette, for heaven's sake, don't refuse me," suddenly exclaimed the countess, taking out the money from under the handkerchief, while her old, thin, grave face flushed in a way that was strange to see.

Anna Mikhailovna instantly understood what she meant,

and was already bending over so as to embrace the countess gracefully at the right moment.

"It is from me to Boris, for his outfit."

Anna Mikhailovna interrupted her by throwing her arms around her and bursting into tears. The countess wept with her. They wept because they were friends and because they were kind-hearted, and because, having been friends from childhood, they were now occupied with such a sordid matter as money, and because their youth had past. But theirs were pleasant tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess Rostova, with her daughters and a considerable number of guests, was sitting in the drawing-room. The count had taken the men into his cabinet and was showing them his favorite collection of Turkish pipes. Occasionally, he would go out and ask: "Hasn't she come yet?"

They were waiting for Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, called in society *le terrible dragon*: a lady who was distinguished not for her wealth or her titles, but for the honesty of her character, and her frank, simple ways. The imperial family knew her, all Moscow knew her, and all Petersburg, and both cities, while they laughed at her on the sly and related anecdotes of her brusque manners, nevertheless, without exception, respected and feared her.

The conversation in the cabinet, which was full of smoke, turned on the war which had just been declared through a manifesto in regard to the recruiting. No one had, as yet, read the manifesto, but all were aware of its appearance.

The count was sitting on a low ottoman, between two of his friends, who were talking and smoking. He, himself, did not smoke and did not talk, but, inclining his head now to one side, now to the other, he looked with manifest satisfaction at those who did, and listened to the conversation of his two friends, whom he had already set by the ears.

One of the men was a civilian, with a wrinkled, sallow, lean and cleanly-shaven face; though he was approaching old age, he was dressed in the height of style, like a young man; he was sitting with his feet on the ottoman, like a man thoroughly at home, and holding the amber mouthpiece at one side of his mouth was sucking strenuously at the smoke, and frowning over the effort. This was the old bachelor, Shinshin, the countess's own cousin, a "venomous tongue," as it was said of

him in Moscow drawing-rooms. He talked as though it were an act of condescension toward his opponent.

The other, a fresh, ruddy young officer of the Guard, irreproachably belted, buttoned, and barbered, held the mouth-piece in the middle of his mouth, and gently sucked the smoke through his rosy lips, sending it out in rings from his handsome mouth. This was Lieutenant Berg, an officer of the Semyenovskiy regiment, with whom Boris was going to the army; the very person about whom Natasha had teased Viera by calling him her lover.

The count was sitting between these two and listening attentively. The occupation that the count enjoyed most, next to the game of Boston, of which he was very fond, was that of listener, especially when he had a chance to get two good talkers on the opposite sides of an argument.

"Well now, batyushka, my most honorable Alphonse Karlich," said Shinshin, with a sneer, and, as his custom was when he talked, mixing up the most colloquial Russian expressions with the most refined French idioms, "your idea is to make money out of the state? you expect to get a nice little income from your company, do you?"

"Not at all, Piotr Nikolaitch, I only wish to prove that the advantages of serving in the cavalry are far less than in the infantry. You can now imagine my position, Piotr Nikolaitch."

Berg always spoke very accurately, calmly, and politely. His conversation invariably had himself as its central point; he always preserved a discreet silence when people were talking about anything that did not directly concern himself, and he could sit that way silently for hours without feeling or causing others to feel the slightest sense of awkwardness. But as soon as the conversation touched any subject in which he was personally interested, he would begin to talk at length and with evident satisfaction.

"Consider my position, Piotr Nikolaitch: if I were in the cavalry I should not receive more than two hundred a quarter, even with the rank of lieutenant, but now I get two hundred and thirty," said he, with a pleasant, joyful smile, glancing at Shinshin and the count, as though it were plain for him that his success would always be an object of interest to everybody else.

"Moreover, Piotr Nikolaitch," continued Berg, "by being transferred to the Guard, I am in sight; vacancies in the infantry occur far more often. Then, you can see for yourself,

on two hundred and thirty rubles a quarter, how well I can live. I can lay up some and send some to my father, too," he went on to say, puffing out a spiral of smoke.

"That's where the difference lies, a German can grind corn on the but of his hatchet, as the proverb puts it," said Shinshin, shifting the mouthpiece of his pipe to the other side of his mouth and winking at the count.

The count laughed heartily. The other guests, seeing that Shinshin was engaged in a lively conversation, crowded round to listen. Berg, remarking neither the quizzical nor indifferent looks of the others, proceeded to explain how, by his transfer to the Guard, he would attain rank before his comrades of the Corpus; how, in time of war, the company commanders were apt to be killed; and he, if left the senior in the company, might very easily become a captain; and how everybody in the regiment liked him, and how proud of him his papenka was.

Berg evidently took great delight in telling all this, and he never seemed to suspect that other people had also their interests. But all that he said was so suavely serious, the naivete of his youthful egotism was so palpable, that he quite disarmed his auditors.

"Well, my lad,* whether you are in the infantry or in the guard, you will get on; that I can predict," said Shinshin, tapping him on the shoulder and setting his feet down from the ottoman. Berg smiled with self-satisfaction. The count, followed by his guests, passed into the drawing-room.

It was the time just before dinner is announced when the assembled guests, in expectation of being summoned to partake of the *zakuska*, are disinclined to entering any detailed conversation and, at the same time, feel that it is incumbent upon them to stir about and say something, in order to show that they are in no haste to sit down.

The host and hostess keep watching the dining door and exchange glances from time to time. The guests try to read in those glances for whom or for what they are waiting; some belated influential connection, or for some dish that is not done in time.

Pierre came in just before the dinner hour, and awkwardly sat down in the first chair that he saw, right in the middle of the drawing-room, so that he was in everybody's way. The countess tried to engage him in conversation, but he merely

* *Batyushka*, little father.

answered her questions in monosyllables and kept looking naively around him through his spectacles, as though in search of some one. It was exceedingly annoying, but he was the only person who did not notice it. The majority of the guests, knowing about his adventure with the bear, looked curiously at this big, tall, quiet-looking man, and found it difficult to believe that such a burly, unassuming creature could have played such a trick on a police officer.

"Have you only just come?" asked the countess.

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

"You have not seen my husband?"

"*Non, madame.*" And he smiled at absolutely the wrong time.

"You were in Paris lately, I believe. I think it is very interesting."

"Very interesting."

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhailovna, who perceived that she was wanted to take charge of this young man. She took a seat by his side and began to talk to him about his father, but he answered her, just as he had the countess, merely in monosyllables. The other guests were all engaged in little groups: "Les Razoumovsky,"—"That was charming,"—"You are very good,"—"La Comtesse Apraksine," were the broken phrases that were heard on all sides. The countess got up and went into the hall. "Is that you, Marya Dmitrievna?" rang her voice through the hall.

"My own self," was the answer in a harsh voice, and immediately after, Marya Dmitrievna entered the room. All the young ladies and even the married women, except those who were aged, rose. Marya Dmitrievna paused in the doorway. She was tall and erect, fifty years old, and wore her gray hair in ringlets. Under the pretext of turning back and adjusting the wide sleeves of her dress, she took a deliberate survey of all the guests. Marya Dmitrievna always spoke in Russian.

"Congratulations to the dear ones," said she, in her loud deep voice, which drowned all other sounds. "Well, you old sinner, how are you?" she said, addressing the count, who kissed her hand. "I suppose you are bored to death in Moscow? Hey? No chance to let out the dogs. Well, what's to be done, batyushka, when you have these birds already grown up?" She waved her hand toward the young ladies. "Whether you wish it or no, you have got to find husbands for them. Well, my Cossack," said she (Marya Dmitrievna always called Natasha the Cossack), smoothing Natasha's hair

as she came running up to kiss her hand gayly and without any fear. "I know that this little girl is a madcap, but I am fond of her all the same."

She took out of a monstrous reticule a pair of pear-shaped amethyst earrings, and gave them to the blushing Natasha in honor of her name day; then she turned immediately upon Pierre.

"Hé! hé! my dear! come here, right here!" she cried in a pretendedly gentle voice. "Come here, my dear fellow." And she threateningly pulled her sleeve still higher.

Pierre went to her, ingenuously looking at her through his spectacles.

"Come here, come, my dear fellow. I have been the only one who dared tell your father the whole truth when he required it, and now I shall do the same in your case. It's God's will."

She paused. All held their breath, waiting for what was to come, and feeling that this was but the prologue.

"He's a fine lad, I must say, a fine lad! His father lying on his death-bed, and this young man amuses himself by tying a policeman on a bear's back! For shame, batyushka, for shame. You would better have gone to the war."

She turned away from him and gave her hand to the count, who found it difficult to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, then, to dinner; it is ready, I believe," said Marya Dmitrievna.

The count led the way with Marya Dmitrievna followed by the countess escorted by the colonel of hussars, a man to be made much of, since Nikolai was to join his regiment. Anna Mikhailovna went with Shinshin. Berg gave his arm to Viera. The smiling Julie Karagina went with Nikolai to the table. Behind them followed the rest in couples, making a long line through the hall, and the rear was brought up by the tutors and governesses, each leading one of the children.

The waiters bustled about, chairs were noisily pushed back, an orchestra was playing in the gallery, and the guests took their places. The sounds of the count's private band were soon drowned in the clatter of knives and forks, the voices of the guests, and the hurrying steps of the waiters.

At the head of the table sat the countess, Marya Dmitrievna at her right, Anna Mikhailovna at her left; then the other ladies. At the other end of the table sat the count, with the colonel of hussars at his left, and Shinshin and the other men at his right.

At one side of the long table were the young gentlemen and ladies: Viera next to Berg, Pierre and Boris together, all facing the children and their guardians on the other side.

The count, through the long line of decanters and vases with fruits, looked across to his wife and her towering head-dress with its blue ribbons, and zealously helped his neighbors to wine, not forgetting himself. The countess also, not neglecting the duties of a hostess, cast significant glances at her husband over the tops of the pineapples, and it seemed to her that his bald forehead and face were all the more conspicuously rubicund from the contrast of his gray hair.

On the ladies' side there was an unceasing buzz of conversation. On the side of the men the voices grew louder and louder; and loudest of all talked the colonel of hussars, who ate and drank all that he could, his face growing more and more flushed, so that the count felt called upon to hold him up to the other guests as an example. Berg, with an affectionate smile, was talking with Viera on the theme of love being not an earthly but a heavenly feeling. Boris was enlightening his new friend Pierre as to the guests who were at the table, and occasionally exchanged glances with Natasha, whose seat was on the opposite side.

Pierre himself said little but he ate much, while he scanned the faces of the guests. Having been offered two kinds of soups he had chosen turtle, and from the fish-*kulebyaka* to the *sauté* of woodcock, he did not refuse a single dish, or any of the wines which the butler offered him; thrusting the bottle, mysteriously wrapped in a white napkin, over his neighbor's shoulder, murmuring: "dry Madeira," or "Hungarian," or "Rhine wine." He held up the first that he happened to lay his hand upon of the four wineglasses, engraved with the count's arms, that stood before each guest, and drank rapturously, and the face that he turned upon the guests grew constantly more and more friendly.

Natasha sitting opposite, gazed at Boris, as young girls of thirteen only can on the lad with whom they have just exchanged kisses, and are very much in love. Occasionally she let her eyes rest on Pierre, and this glance of the ridiculous little maiden, so lively in all her ways, almost made him feel like laughing, he could not tell why.

Nikolai was seated at some distance from Sonya, and next to Julie Karagina, and was again talking with her with the same involuntary smile. Sonya also had a smile on her lips, but it was not natural, and she was evidently tortured by jeal-

ously; first she turned pale, then red, and was trying with all her might to imagine what Nikolai and Julie were talking about.

The governess was looking around nervously, as though ready to make resistance should any one presume to injure her young charges. The German tutor was endeavoring to fix in his memory all the different courses, desserts, and wines, so as to give a full description of it when he wrote home to Germany; he felt sorely grieved because the butler who had the bottle wrapped in the napkin passed him by. He frowned, and tried to make it appear that he had no wish to taste that wine, and was only affronted because no one was willing to see that he needed the wine not for allaying his thirst, or from greediness, but from motives of mere curiosity.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the men's end of the table, the conversation was growing more and more animated. The colonel was telling that the manifesto in regard to the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg and that he had seen a copy of it which had been brought that day by a courier to the commander-in-chief.

"Why the deuce should it behoove us to fight with Bonaparte," exclaimed Shinshin; "he has already made Austria talk very mild. I fear that now it will be our turn."*

The colonel was a stout, tall German of a sanguine temperament, but a thorough soldier and a patriot, nevertheless. He felt affronted at what Shinshin said.

"But why, my dear sir," said he, mispronouncing every word, "inasmuch as de emperor knows dat? In his mahnest, he says dat he cahn not looke with indeference on de danjers treetening Russia, and dat de safety of de empire and de sanctity of de allies" — and he put a special emphasis on the word *allies*, as though it contained the whole essence of the matter.

And then with his infallible memory, trained by official life, he began to repeat the introductory clause of the manifesto: "And as the emperor's wish and constant and unalterable aim is to establish peace in Europe on lasting foundations, he has determined to move a portion of his army across the

* "Il a déjà rabattu le caquet à l'Autriche. Je crains que cette fois ce ne soit notre tour."

frontier, and to make every effort for the attainment of this design.' And dat is de reason, my dear sir," said he, in conclusion, edifyingly draining his glass of wine and glancing at the count for encouragement.

"Do you know the proverb, 'Yerema, Yerema, you'd better stay at home and twirl the spindle?'" said Shinshin, frowning and smiling. "That fits us to a T. Even Suvarof was cut all to pieces, and where shall we find a Suvarof nowadays? What do you think about it?" asked he, incessantly changing from Russian to French.

"Ve must fight to the last dr-r-rop of our blood," said the colonel, thumping on the table; "ve must be villing to per-r-rish for our emperor, and then all vill be vell. And argue as leedle as po-oo-sible, as leedle as po-ossible," he repeated, giving a strong stress to the word possible, and looking again at the count. "Dat's de vay ve old hussars look at it. And how do you look at it, young mahn and young hussar?" he added, turning to Nikolai, who, quite neglecting his fair companion, now that the talk turned on the war, was looking with all his eyes at the colonel and drinking in all that he had to say.

"I agree with you entirely," returned Nikolai, in a glow, and turning his plate round and rearranging his wineglasses with a resolute and desperate face, as though at that very instant he were going to be called upon to face a great peril. "I am convinced that we Russians must either conquer or die," said he, and then instantly felt just as the rest did, after the words were out of his mouth, that he had spoken more enthusiastically and bombastically than the occasion warranted, and had, therefore, been guilty of a solecism.

"What you just said was splendid," said Julie, with a sigh. Sonya was all of a tremble, and blushed to her ears and even to her shoulders, while Nikolai was speaking. Pierre listened to the colonel's speeches and nodded his head in approval.

"Here, that's splendid," said he.

"You're a real hussar, young mahn!" cried the colonel, again thumping on the table.

"What are you making such a noise about there," suddenly spoke up Marya Dmitrievna, her deep voice ringing across the table. "Why are you pounding on the table?" she demanded of the hussar. "What are you getting so heated about, pray? One would really think that the French were right here before you!"

"I am delling the druth," said the hussar, smiling.

"Always talking about the war," cried the count, across the table. "You see I have a son who is going. Marya Dmitrievna, my son is going."

"Well, I have four sons in the army, but I don't mourn over it. God's will rules all. You may die at home lying on your oven, or God may bring you safe out of battle," rang Marya Dmitrievna's loud voice without any effort, from the farther end of the table.

"That is so."

And the conversation again was confined among the ladies at their end of the table and among the men at theirs.

"You won't dare to ask it," said Natasha's little brother to her. "I tell you, you won't dare to!"

"Yes, I will, too," replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly kindled and expressed a desperate and mischievous resolution. She started up with a glance, causing Pierre who was sitting opposite to her to listen, and addressed her mother.

"Mamma," rang her childish chest voice across the table.

"What is it you wish?" asked the countess, alarmed; but seeing by her daughter's face that it was some prank, she shook her finger sternly at her and shook her head warningly.

There was a lull in the conversation.

"Mamma! what sort of pastry is coming?" cried the little voice even more clearly and without any hesitation.

The countess tried to look severe but could not. Marya Dmitrievna shook her stout finger at the girl. "Cossack!" said she. The majority of the guests looked at the old ladies and did not know what to make of this freak.

"You will see what I shall do to you," said the countess.

"Mamma! tell me what pastry are we going to have?" cried Natasha again, all in a giggle, and assured in her own merry little heart that her prank would not be taken amiss. Sonya and the stout little Petya were struggling with suppressed laughter.

"There, I did ask," whispered Natasha to her little brother and to Pierre, on whom she again fastened her eyes.

"Ices; but you are not to have any," said Marya Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw that there was nothing to be afraid of, and therefore she had no fear of Marya Dmitrievna.

"Marya Dmitrievna! what kind of ices? I don't like ice cream."

"Carrot."

"No! what kind? Marya Dmitrievna, tell me what kind," she almost screamed.

Marya Dmitrievna and the countess laughed, and the rest of the guests did the same. All laughed, not so much at Marya Dmitrievna's repartee, as at the incomprehensible bravery and cleverness of the little girl who could and dared treat Marya Dmitrievna so.

Natasha was made to hold her tongue only when she was told that they were to have pineapple sherbet. Before the ices were brought, champagne was handed around. Again the orchestra played, the count exchanged kisses with his "little countess," and the guests standing, drank a health to the hostess, clinking their glasses across the table with the count, with the children, and with each other. Again the waiters bustled about, there was the noise of moving chairs, and in the same order but with more flushed faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and to the count's cabinet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE card tables were brought out, partners were selected, and the count's guests scattered through the two drawing-rooms, the divan-room, and the library.

The count, having arranged his cards in a fan shape, found it difficult to keep from indulging in his usual after-dinner nap, and laughed heartily at everything. The young people at the countess's instigation gathered around the clavichord and the harp. Julie, first, by general request, played a piece with variations on the harp and then she joined with the rest of the girls in urging Natasha and Nikolai, whose musical talent was known to all, to sing something. Natasha was evidently very much flattered by this request and at the same time it filled her with trepidation.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

"The Fountain," suggested Nikolai.

"Well, give me the music, quick; Boris, come here," said Natasha. "But where is Sonya?" She looked around and seeing that her cousin was nowhere in the room, she started to find her.

She ran into Sonya's room and not finding her there, hastened to the nursery, but she was not there. Natasha then came to the conclusion that Sonya might be in the corridor on the great chest. The great chest in the corridor was the

place of mourning for all the young women of the house of Rostof. There in fact Sonya was found in her airy pink frock, all crumpled, lying flat on her face on a dirty striped pillow that belonged to the nurse, and, hiding her face in her hands, was crying as though her heart would break, while her poor, bare shoulders shook under her sobs.

Natasha's face which had been so radiant all through her name day, suddenly changed; her eyes grew fixed, then her throat contracted, and the corners of her mouth drew down.

"Sonya! what is the matter? Tell me what is it; what is the matter with you? Oo-oo-oo!" And Natasha, opening her large mouth and becoming perfectly ugly, cried like a child, without knowing any reason for it except that Sonya was crying. Sonya tried to lift up her head, tried to answer, but found it impossible and hid her face again. Natasha sat down on the blue cushion and threw her arms around her dear cousin. At length Sonya put forth an effort, sat up, and began to wipe away her tears, saying, —

"Nikolenka is going away in a week — his — papers — have come — he himself told me so. But I should not have wept. (She held out a piece of paper which she had been reading; it contained the verses which Nikolai had written for her.) — I should not have wept for that — but you cannot understand — No one can understand — what a noble heart he has."

And once more her tears began to flow at the thought of what a noble heart he had.

"You are happy — I do not envy you — I love you and Boris too," said she, composing herself by an effort. "He is good; for you there are no obstacles. But Nikolai is my cousin — we should have to — the archbishop himself — else it would be impossible. And then if maenka (Sonya always regarded the countess as her mother and called her so) — she will say that I am spoiling Nikolai's career, that I am heartless and ungrateful, and she would be right, too; but God is my witness (here she crossed herself), I love her so and all of you, except only Viera — and why is it? What have I done to her? — I am so grateful to you, that I would gladly make any sacrifice for you, — but it's no use" — Sonya could say no more, and again she buried her face in the cushion and her hands. Natasha tried to calm her, but it could be seen by her face that she understood all the depth of Sonya's woe.

"Sonya!" she exclaimed, suddenly, as though surmising the actual reason of her cousin's grief, "truly, didn't Viera say something to you after dinner? Tell me!"

"Nikolai wrote these verses himself, and I copied off some other ones; and she found them on my table and said that she was going to show them to mamenka, and she said too that I was ungrateful, that mamenka would never let him marry me, and that he was going to marry Julie. You saw how he was with her all the time, Natasha; why should it be so?"

And again she began to sob, more bitterly than before. Natasha tried to lift her up, threw her arms around her, and smiling through her tears, began to console her.

"Sonya, don't you believe her, dear heart; don't believe her. Don't you remember we three and Nikolenka talked together in the divan-room, after lunch? Why we thought it all out, how it should be. I don't exactly remember how it was, but you know it will be all right and everything can be arranged. There was Uncle Shinshin's brother married his *own* cousin, and we are only second cousins. And Boris said that that was perfectly possible. You know I tell him everything. For he is so clever and so kind," said Natasha. "Now, Sonya, don't cry any more, dear dove, sweetheart, Sonya," and she kissed her, and laughed merrily; "Viera is spiteful, I'm sorry for her! But all will be well, and she won't say anything to mamenka; Nikolenka himself will tell her, and then again, he doesn't care anything about Julie," and she kissed her on her hair. Sonya jumped up, and again the kitten became lively, its eyes danced, and it was ready, waving its tail, to spring down on its soft little paws and to play with the ball again, as was perfectly natural for it to do.

"Do you think so? Truly? Do you swear it?" said she quickly, smoothing out her crumpled dress and hair.

"Truly! I swear it!" replied Natasha, tucking an unruly tuft of curly hair back under her cousin's braid. "Well, now, let us go and sing 'The Fountain!'"

"Come on!"

"But do you know, that stout Pierre who sat opposite me is so amusing!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, stopping short. "Oh, it is such fun!" and the girl danced along the corridor.

Sonya, shaking off some down, and hiding the verses in her bosom, her face all aglow, followed Natasha with light merry steps along the corridor, into the divan-room. According to the request of the guests, the young people sang the quartet, entitled "The Fountain," which was universally acceptable; then Nikolai sang a new song which he had just learned, —

" *The night is bright, the moon is sinking,
 How sweet it is to tell one's heart
 That some one in the world is thinking,
 ' My own true only love thou art !'
 That she, her lovely hand is laying
 Upon the golden harp to-night,
 While passionate harmonies are swaying
 Her soul and thine to new delight ;
 One day, two days, then Paradise ! —
 Alas ! thy love on her death bed lies ! "*

He had hardly finished singing the last word, when preparations began to be made for dancing, and the musicians made their way into the gallery with a trampling of feet, and coughing.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room with Shinshin who, knowing that he had recently returned from abroad, was trying to induce a political conversation that was exceedingly tedious to the young man; several others had joined the group. When the music struck up, Natasha went into the drawing-room, and going straight up to Pierre, said, laughing and blushing, —

"Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers."

"I am afraid of spoiling the figures" said Pierre, "but if you will act as my teacher," and he offered his big arm to the dainty damsel, though he was obliged to put it down very low.

While the couples were getting their places, and the musicians were tuning up, Pierre sat down with his little lady. Natasha was perfectly delighted; she was going to dance with a *big man*, who had just come *from abroad*. She sat out in front of everybody, and talked with him, exactly as though she were grown up. In her hand she had a fan which some lady had given her to hold; and with all the self-possession of an accomplished lady of the world (God knows when and where she had learned it), she talked with her cavalier, flirting her fan and smiling behind it.

"Well, well! do look at her, do look at her," said the countess, as she passed through the ballroom, and caught sight of Natasha. The girl reddened and laughed.

"Now what is it, mamma? what would you like? What is there extraordinary about me?"

In the midst of the third "*Écossaise*," the chairs in the drawing-room, where the count and Marya Dmitrievna were

playing cards, were moved back, and a large number of the distinguished guests and the older people, stretching their cramped limbs after long sitting, and putting their portmonaies and wallets into their pockets, came into the ballroom.

First of all came the count and Marya Dmitrievna, both with radiant faces. The count with farcical politeness, as though in ballet fashion, offered the lady his bended arm. Then he straightened himself, and his face lighted with a peculiarly shrewd and youthful smile, and as soon as the last figure of the "*Écossaise*" was danced through, he clapped his hands at the musicians and called out to the first violin,—

"Semyon! Do you know 'Daniel Cooper'?"

This was the count's favorite dance, which he had danced when he was a young man (more particularly it was one of the figures of the *Anglaise*).

"Look at papa!" cried Natasha, loud enough to be heard all over the ballroom. (She forgot entirely that she was dancing with a grown-up man!) She bent her curly head over her knees, and let her merry laugh ring out unchecked. Indeed all who were in the hall gazed with a smile of pleasure at the jolly little man standing with the dignified Marya Dmitrievna, who was considerably taller than her partner, holding his arms in a bow, straightening his shoulders, and turning out his toes, slightly beating time with his foot, while a beaming smile spread more and more over his round face, and gave the spectators an inkling of what was to follow. As soon as the merry, fascinating sounds of "Daniel Cooper" were heard, reminding one of the national dance, the *trepaká*, all the doors to the ballroom were suddenly filled; on one side by the serving men belonging to the household, on the other with the women, all with smiling faces coming to look at their merry-hearted barin.

"Oh! our little father! an eagle!" exclaimed an old nurse, in a loud staccato, in one of the doors.

The count danced well, and he knew it, but his partner had absolutely no wish or ability to dance well. Her portentous form was erect, and her big hands hung down by her side; she had handed her reticule to the countess; only her stern but handsome face danced!

What was expressed in the whole rotund person of the count, was expressed in Marya Dmitrievna merely in her ever more and more radiantly smiling face and loftier lifted nose!

But while the count, growing ever more and more lively,

captivated the spectators by the unexpectedness of his graceful capers and the light gambols of his lissome legs, Marya Dmitrievna, by the slightest animation on her part, by the motion of her shoulders or the bending of her arms in turning about or beating time, produced the greatest impression; for the very reason that every one always felt a certain awe before her dignity of bearing and habitual severity.

The dance grew livelier and livelier. The other dancers could not for an instant attract attention to themselves and did not even try. All eyes were fastened on the count and Marya Dmitrievna. Natasha kept pulling at the sleeves and dresses of all who were near her to make them look at her papenka, but even without this reminder they would have found it hard to take their eyes off the two dancers.

The count, in the intervals of the dance, made desperate efforts to get breath, waved his hands, and cried to the musicians to play faster. Quicker, quicker and ever quicker, lighter, lighter and ever more lightly gambolled the count, now on his toes, now on his heels, pirouetting around Marya Dmitrievna, and, at last, having conducted the lady to her place, he made one last "*pas*," lifting his fat leg up from behind in a magnificent scrape, and bowing his perspiring head low, at the same time with a smiling face sweeping his arm round amid rapturous applause and laughter, especially on the part of Natasha.

Both of the dancers paused, breathing heavily, and wiping their heated faces with cambric handkerchiefs.

"That's the way we used to dance in our time, *ma chère*," said the count.

"Good for 'Daniel Cooper!'" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna, drawing a long breath and tucking back her sleeves.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the very time when in the Rostof's ballroom they were dancing the sixth "*Anglaise*," and the musicians from weariness were beginning to play out of tune, and the tired servants and cooks were preparing for the supper, Count Bezukhoi received his sixth stroke of apoplexy. The doctors declared that there was not the slightest hope of his rallying from it. The form of confession and communion was administered to the dying man and preparations were making for extreme unction, while the mansion was filled with the bustle and expectation usual in such circumstances.

Outside the house, around the doors, hidden by the throngs of carriages, gathered the undertakers, hoping to reap a rich harvest from the count's obsequies.

The military governor of Moscow, who had been assiduous in sending his adjutant to inquire for the count, this evening came himself to bid farewell to the famous grandee of Catherine's time.

The magnificent reception-room was crowded. All stood deferentially, when the governor, who had been closeted for half an hour with the sick man, came out, slightly bowing in reply to the salutations, and endeavoring to pass as rapidly as possible by the doctors, priests, and relatives who fixed their eyes upon him. Prince Vasili, grown a trifle thinner and paler under the strain, accompanied the military governor, and was repeating something in an undertone.

Having seen the distinguished caller to the door, Prince Vasili sat down alone in the hall, threw one leg over the other, resting his elbow on his knee and covering his eyes with his hand. Having sat that way for some little time, he got up and with hasty irregular steps, looking around with startled eyes, he passed through the long corridor that led to the rear portion of the house, to the room occupied by the oldest of the three princesses.

The visitors in the dimly lighted reception-room talked among themselves in low whispers and relapsed into silence, looking with eyes full of curiosity or expectation when the door that led into the death chamber opened to let any one pass in or out.

"The limit of his life," said a little old man, a priest, to a lady sitting near him and listening earnestly, "the limit is fixed, he will not live beyond it."

"It seems to me it is late for extreme unction, is it not?" asked the lady, adding the name of the priest. She affected to be unenlightened upon this point.

"It is a great mystery, gentle lady," replied the priest, passing his hand over his bald forehead, on which still lay a few carefully brushed locks of grayish hair.

"Who was that? The Governor of Moscow?" some one asked at the other end of the room. "What a young-looking man!"

"But he's seventy years old! They say, don't they, that the count doesn't recognize any one any longer? Are they going to give him extreme unction?"

"All I know is, he's had seven strokes."

The second niece just came out of the sick chamber with weeping eyes and sat down by Doctor Lorrain, who had assumed a graceful position under the portrait of the Empress Catherine, and sat with his elbow resting on the table.

"Beautiful weather, princess, and this being in Moscow is like being in the country," said the doctor, in French.

"It is, indeed," said the princess, with a sigh. "Can he have a drink?"

Lorrain pondered a moment.

"Has he taken his medicine?"

"Yes."

"Take a glass of boiled water, and add a pinch (he indicated with his slender fingers what he meant by a pinch) of cream of tartar."

"I neffer heard of a gase vere a mahn surfided more dan a dird stroke," said a German doctor to an adjutant.

"What a constitution the man must have had!" said the adjutant. "And who will get all his wealth?" he added, in a whisper.

"Some vun vill be fount to tek it," replied the German, with a smile.

Again they all looked at the door; it opened to let the young princess pass with the drink which Lorrain had suggested for the sick man. The German doctor went over to Lorrain; "Do you think he will last till to-morrow morning?" he asked, in atrocious French.

Lorrain thrust out his lips and made a motion of severe negation with his fingers, in front of his nose.

"To-night, at latest," said he in a low voice, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction at being able to understand and express the state of his patient; then he went out.

Meantime, Prince Vasili had opened the door into the princess's apartment.

It was almost dark in the room; two little lamps were burning before the holy pictures, and there was a pleasant odor of incense and flowers. The whole room was furnished with small articles of furniture, chiffonieres, cabinets and little tables. Behind a screen could be seen the white curtain of a high post bedstead. A little dog came running out, and barking.

"Ah, is it you, *mon cousin*?"

She got up and smoothed her hair which, as always, was so extraordinarily smooth that one would have thought it

made of one piece with her head and then covered with varnish.

"What is it? What has happened?" she asked. "You startled me so!"

"Nothing! There is no change, I only came to have a talk with you, Katish—about business," said the prince, wearily sitting down in the chair from which she had just risen. "How warm you are here," he exclaimed. "However, sit down there; let us talk."

"I thought something must have happened," said the princess, and she took a seat in front of him, with her face hard and stony as usual and prepared to hear what he had to say. "I was trying to get a nap, *mon cousin*, and I could not."

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasili, taking the princess's hand and doubling it over in a way peculiar to himself.

It was evident that this "well, my dear," referred to a number of things, which though unspoken, were understood by both of them.

The princess, with her long thin waist, so disproportionate to the rest of her body, looked at the prince full in the face from her prominent gray eyes. Then she shook her head, and, with a sigh, glanced at the holy pictures. This action might have been taken as an expression of grief and resignation, or as an expression of weariness and hope of a speedy respite. Prince Vasili explained this action as an expression of weariness.

"That's the way with me," said he. "Do you suppose it's any easier for me? I am as played out as a post horse,* but still, I must have a talk with you Katish, and a very serious one."

Prince Vasili became silent, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, first on one side then on the other, giving his face an unpleasant look such as it never had when he was in company. His eyes, also, were different from usual; at one moment they gleamed impudently malicious; at the next, a sort of fear lurked in them.

The princess, holding the little dog in her dry, thin hands in her lap, scrutinized the prince sharply, but it was plain to see that she did not intend to break the silence by asking any question, even though she sat till morning.

"Do you not see, my dear princess and cousin, Katerina Semyonovna," continued Prince Vasili, evidently bringing himself, not without an inward struggle, to attack the sub-

* "*Je suis éreinté comme un cheval de poste.*"

ject; "at such moments as this, we must think about all contingencies. We must think about the future, about yourselves. — I love all of you as though you were my own children; you know that."

The princess gazed at him immovably, betraying no sign of her feelings.

"In a word, it is necessary, also, to think of my family," continued Prince Vasili, testily giving the stand a push. "You know, Katish, that you three Mamontof sisters and my wife are the count's only direct heirs. I know, I know how hard it is for you to speak and think about such things. And it is no easier for me; but, my dear, I am sixty years old, I must be ready for anything. Do you know that I have had to send for Pierre? The count pointed directly at his portrait signifying that he wanted to see him."

Prince Vasili looked questioningly at the princess, but he could not make out whether she comprehended what he had said to her or was simply looking at him.

"I do not cease to pray God for him, *mon cousin*," she replied, "that He will pardon him and grant his noble soul a peaceful passage from this" —

"Yes, of course," hastily interposed Prince Vasili, rubbing his bald forehead and again testily drawing toward him the table that he had just pushed away, "but — but — to make a long story short, this is what I mean: you yourself know that last winter the count wrote a will by which all his property was left to Pierre, and all the rest of us were left out in the cold."

"But think how many wills he has made!" replied the princess, calmly. "Besides, he can't leave — make Pierre his heir. Pierre is illegitimate."

"*Ma chère*," said Prince Vasili, suddenly clutching the table in his excitement, and speaking more rapidly: "But supposing a letter has been written to the emperor, in which the count begs to have Pierre legitimized? Don't you understand that in view of the count's services his petition would be granted?"

The princess smiled that smile of superiority peculiar to people who think they know more about any matter than those with whom they are talking.

"I will tell you, moreover," pursued Prince Vasili, seizing her by the hand, "the letter has been written, but it has not been sent yet, but the emperor knows about it. The question is merely this; has it been destroyed or not. If not then, as

soon as *all is over*” — Prince Vasili sighed, giving to understand what he meant to convey by the words “*all is over*,” — “then the count’s papers will be opened, the will and the letter will be handed to the emperor, and the petition will be undoubtedly granted. Pierre, as the legitimate son, will inherit all!”

“But our share?” demanded the princess, smiling ironically, as though all things except this were possible.

“But, my poor Katish, it is as clear as day. Then he will be the only legal heir and will have the whole, and you will simply get nothing. You ought to know, my dear, whether the will and the letter have been written, or whether they have been destroyed. And if they have been forgotten, then you ought to know where they are and to find them, so that” —

“That’s the last feather!” interrupted the princess, smiling sardonically and not varying the expression of her eyes. “I am a woman, and according to your idea, all of us women are stupid, but I know well enough that an illegitimate son cannot inherit — *un bâtard!*” she added, with the intention of showing the prince, by this French term, conclusively how inconsistent he was.

“Why can’t you understand, Katish! You are so clever! Why can’t you understand that if the count has written a letter to the emperor begging him to legitimize his son, of course Pierre will not be Pierre any longer, but Count Bezukhoi, and then he will inherit the whole according to the will? And if the will and the letter are not destroyed, then you will get nothing except the consolation of knowing that you were dutiful *et tout ce qui s’en suit!* That is one sure thing!”

“I know that the will has been made, but I know also that it is not good for anything, and it seems to me that you take me for a perfect fool, *mon cousin*,” said the princess, with that expression that women assume when they think they have said something sharp and insulting.

“My dear Princess Katerina Semyonovna,” impatiently reiterated Prince Vasili, “I did not come with the intention of having a controversy with you, but to talk with you about your own interests as with a relative, a kind, good, true relative. I tell you for the tenth time that if this letter to the emperor and the will in Pierre’s favor are among the count’s papers, then you, my dear little friend, will not inherit anything, nor your sisters either. If you don’t believe me, then ask somebody who does know. I have just been talking with

Dmitri Onufriyitch (that was the count's lawyer), and he says the same thing."

A change evidently came over the countess's thoughts; her thin lips grew white (her eyes remained the same) and her voice when she spoke evidently surprised even herself by the violence of its gusty outburst.

"That would be fine," said she. "I have never desired anything, and I would not now." She brushed the dog from her lap and straightened the folds of her dress. "Here is gratitude, here's recognition for all the sacrifices that people have made for him!" cried she. "Excellent! Very fine! I don't need anything, prince."

"Yes, but it is not you alone; you have sisters," replied Prince Vasili. The princess, however, did not heed him.

"Yes, I have known for a long time, but I had not realized it, that I had nothing to expect in this house except baseness, deception, envy, intrigue; except ingratitude, the blackest ingratitude."

"Do you know or do you not know where that will is?" asked Prince Vasili, his cheeks twitching even more than before.

"Yes, I was stupid; I have always had faith in people, and loved them, and sacrificed myself. But those only are successful who are base and low. I know through whose intrigues this came about."

The princess wanted to get up, but the prince detained her by the arm. The princess's face suddenly took on the expression of one who has become soured against the whole human race; she looked angrily at her relative.

"There is still time enough, my dear Katish, that all this may be ha- You must know, my dear Katish, that all this may be ha- ble. "He hastily, in a moment of pique, of illness, and then . . . gotten. Our duty, my dear, is to correct his mistake, to soothe his last moments, so that he cannot in decency commit this injustice; we must not let him die with the idea that he was making unhappy those who" —

"Those who have sacrificed everything for him," interrupted the princess, taking the words out of his mouth. Again she tried to get up, but still the prince would not allow her. "And he has never had the sense to perceive it. No, *mon cousin*," she added with a sigh, "I shall yet live to learn that in this world it is idle to expect one's reward; that in this world there is no such thing as honor or justice; in this world one must be shrewd and wicked."

"Well, *voyons*, calm yourself; I know your good heart."

"No; I have a heart full of wickedness."

"I know your heart," repeated the prince, "I prize your friendship, and I could wish that you had as high an opinion of me. Now calm yourself and *parlons raison*. Now is the golden time—a few hours at most, perhaps a few moments; now tell me all you know about this will, and above all where it is; you must know. He has probably forgotten all about it. Now we must take it and show it to the count. Probably he has forgotten all about it, and would wish it to be destroyed. You understand that my sole desire is sacredly to carry out his wishes, and that is why I came here. I am here only to help him and you."

"Now I understand all. I know whose intrigues it was. I know," said the princess.

"That is not to the point, my dear heart."

"It is your *protégé*, your dear Princess Drubetskaya, Anna Mikhailovna, whom I would not take for my chambermaid; that filthy, vile woman!"

"Let us not lose time," said the prince, in French.

"Ah! don't speak to me. Last winter she sneaked in here, and she told the count such vile things, such foul things about all of us, especially about Sophie,—I cannot repeat them,—so that the count was taken ill, and for two weeks would not see any of us. It was at that time, I know, that he wrote that nasty, vile paper, but I supposed that it did not mean anything."

"That is just the point; why haven't you told me before?"

"In the mosaic portfolio which he keeps under his pillow. Now I know," again ^{on suit!} ~~went~~ on the princess. "Yes, if I have any sins on my ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} greatest sin is my hatred of that horrid woman," almost cried the princess, her face all convulsed. "And why did she sneak in here? But I will tell her my whole mind, that I will. The time will come!"

CHAPTER XX.

At the time that these various conversations were going on in the reception-room and in the princess's apartment, the carriage with Pierre (who had been sent for) and with Anna Mikhailovna (who found it essential to accompany him) drove into Count Bezukhoi's courtyard. When the carriage wheels

rolled noiselessly upon the straw scattered under the windows, Anna Mikhailovna turned to her companion with consoling words, but was surprised to find him asleep in the corner of the carriage. She wakened him, and, as he followed her from the carriage, it dawned upon him for the first time that a meeting with his dying father was before him.

He noticed that they had drawn up not at the state entrance but at the rear door. Just as he left the carriage two men in merchant garb skulked down from the doorway and hid in the shadow of the wall. Stopping a moment to look around, he saw several other similar figures on both sides in the shadow. But neither Anna Mikhailovna nor the lackey nor the coachman, though they could not have helped seeing these men, paid any attention to them. "Why of course it must be all right," said Pierre to himself, and followed Anna Mikhailovna.

Anna Mikhailovna with hurried steps tripped up the dimly-lighted narrow stone stairway, and beckoned to Pierre, who loitered behind her. He could not seem to realize why it was necessary for him to go to the count, and still less why they had to enter by the rear door, but concluding by Anna Mikhailovna's assurance and haste that it was absolutely necessary, he decided to follow her.

Half way up the stairs they almost ran into some men with buckets, who came clattering down and pressed up close to the wall to let them pass, but showed not the slightest surprise to see them there.

"Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?" she inquired of one of them.

"Yes," replied the lackey, in a loud, insolent voice, as though now anything were permissible. "The door at the left, *matushka*."

"Perhaps the count did not call for me," said Pierre, when they reached the landing. "I would better go to my room."

Anna Mikhailovna waited till Pierre overtook her, —

"Ah, *mon ami*," said she, laying her hand on his arm, just as she had done that morning to her son, "believe that I suffer as much as you, but be a man!"

"Really, hadn't I better go?" asked Pierre, looking affectionately at Anna Mikhailovna through his spectacles.

"Ah, *mon ami*," said she, still in French, "forget the wrongs that may have been done you; remember he is your father — perhaps even now dying," she sighed. "I have loved

you from the very first, like my own son. Trust in me, Pierre. I will not forget your interests."*

Pierre did not in the least comprehend, but again with even more force it came over him that all this must necessarily be so, and he submissively followed Anna Mikhailovna, who had already opened the door.

The door led into the entry of the rear apartments. In one corner sat an old man servant of the princesses, knitting a stocking. Pierre had never before been in this part of the house, he was not even aware of the existence of such rooms.

Anna Mikhailovna hailed a maid whom she saw hurrying along with a carafe on a tray, and calling her by various familiar terms of endearment, asked how the princesses were, and at the same time beckoned Pierre to follow her along the stone corridor.

The first door on the left led into the princesses' private rooms. The chambermaid with the carafe, in her haste (everything was done in haste at this time in this mansion) failed to close the door, and as Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna passed by, they involuntarily glanced into the room where sat the oldest of the nieces in close conference with Prince Vasili. Seeing them passing, Prince Vasili made a hasty movement and drew himself up; the princess sprang to her feet, and in her vexation slammed the door to with all her might.

This action was so unlike the princess's habitual serenity, the apprehension pictured on the prince's face was so contrary to his ordinary expression of self-importance, that Pierre paused and looked inquiringly at his guide through his spectacles. Anna Mikhailovna manifested no surprise; she merely smiled slightly and sighed, as though to signify that all this was to be expected.

"*Soyez homme, mon ami!* I will watch over your interests," said she, in answer to his glance, and tripped along the corridor even more hastily than before.

Pierre did not comprehend what the trouble was and still less her words: "watch over your interests," † but he came to the conclusion that all this must be so. They went from the corridor into a dimly lighted hall which adjoined the count's reception-room. It was one of those cold and magnificent apartments in the front of the house which Pierre knew so

* *Oubliez les torts qu'on a pu avoir envers vous; pensez que c'est votre père — peut-être à l'agonie. Je vous ai tout de suite aimé comme mon fils. Fiez vous à moi, Pierre. Je n'oublierai pas vos intérêts."*

† *Veiller à vos intérêts.*

well. But even in this room, right in the middle stood a forgotten bath tub, from which the water was leaking into the carpet. A servant, and a clergyman carrying a censer came toward them on their tiptoes but paid no attention to them. Then they entered the reception-room, with its two Italian windows, its door leading into the "winter garden," and adorned with a colossal bust and a full-length portrait of the Empress Catherine.

The room was filled with the same people in almost the same attitudes, sitting and whispering together. They all stopped talking and stared at Anna Mikhailovna as she entered with her pale, tear-stained face, followed by the stout, burly Pierre, submissively hanging his head.

Anna Mikhailovna's face expressed the consciousness that a decisive moment was at hand; and with the bearing of a genuine Petersburg woman of affairs, she marched into the room, not allowing Pierre to leave her, and showing even more boldness than in the morning. She knew that as she was bringing the person whom the dying count desired to see, her reception was assured. With a quick glance she surveyed all who were in the room and perceiving the count's priest, she without exactly bowing but suddenly diminishing her stature, sailed with a mincing gait up to the confessor and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of the other priest.

"Thank God! we are in time," said she to the priest, "we are his relatives and were so much alarmed lest we should be too late. This young man here is the count's son." She added, in a lower tone, — "A terrible moment."

After speaking these words, she went over to the doctor, —

"*Cher docteur,*" said she to him, "*Ce jeune homme est le fils du comte. Y-a-t-il de l'espoir?* — Is there any hope?"

The doctor, silently, with a quick movement shrugged his shoulders and cast his eyes upward. Anna Mikhailovna exactly imitating him, also raised hers, almost closing them, and drew a deep sigh; then she turned from the doctor to Pierre. Her manner was respectful and affectionate, with a shade of sadness.

"Have confidence in His mercy," said she in French, pointing him to a small sofa where he should sit and wait for her while she noiselessly directed her steps toward the door which was the attraction for all eyes, and noiselessly opening it disappeared from sight.

Pierre, making up his mind in all things to obey his guide,

went to the little sofa which she pointed out to him. As soon as Anna Mikhailovna was out of sight, he noticed that the eyes of all who were in the room were fastened upon him with more curiosity than sympathy. He noticed that all were whispering together, nodding toward him with a sort of aversion and even servility. He was shown a degree of respect which he had never been shown before: a lady whom he did not know, the one who had been talking with the two priests, got up from her place and motioned to him to sit down: the adjutant picked up a glove which he had dropped and gave it to him; the doctors preserved a respectful silence as he passed by them and fell back to make way for him.

At first, Pierre was inclined to sit down in another place so as not to disturb the lady, was inclined to pick up his own glove, and to turn out for the doctors, though they were not at all in his way; but, on second thought, it suddenly occurred to him that this would not be becoming; he felt that this night he was a person expected to fulfil some terrible and obligatory ceremony, and therefore he was in duty bound to accept the services of all these people.

He silently received the glove from the adjutant, took the lady's place, laying his huge hands on his evenly-planted knees in the naive poise of an Egyptian statue, and saying to himself that all this was just as it was meant to be, and that, lest he should lose his presence of mind and commit some absurdity, it behooved him this evening above all to give up all idea of self-guidance, but commit himself wholly to the will of those who assumed the direction of him.

Not two minutes had passed, when Prince Vasili in his kofan, with three stars on his breast, carrying his head majestically, came into the room. He seemed thinner than when Pierre had last seen him; his eyes opened larger than usual when he glanced about the room and caught sight of Pierre. He went straight up to him, took his hand, (a thing which he had never done before) and bent it down as though trying by experiment whether it had any power of resistance. "Courage, courage, *mon ami!* he has asked to see you. That is good," and he started to go away. But Pierre felt that it was suitable to ask, —

"How is he," he stammered, not knowing exactly how to call the dying count; he was ashamed to call him father.

"He had another stroke half an hour ago. Courage, *mon ami.*"

Pierre was in such a dazed condition of mind that at the

word *coup* he imagined that some one had hit him. He looked at Prince Vasili in perplexity, and it was only after some time that he was able to gather that "*coup*" meant an attack of apoplexy.

Prince Vasili, as he went by, said a few words to Lorraine and went into the bedroom on his tiptoes. He was not used to walking on his tiptoes and his whole body jumped as he walked. He was immediately followed by the oldest princess; then came the confessor and priests; some of the house servants also joined in the procession and passed into the sleeping-room. There was heard some stir, and finally Anna Mikhailovna, with the same pale countenance, firmly bent on the fulfilment of her duties came running out and touching Pierre on the arm said: "The goodness of God is inexhaustible; the ceremony is about to begin. Come!"*

Pierre passed into the room, treading on the soft carpet, and noticed that the adjutant and the strange lady and one of the servants all followed him, as though now it were no longer necessary to ask permission to go in.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE well knew this great room, divided by columns and an arcade, and all hung with Persian tapestries. The part of the chamber behind the columns, where on one side stood a high mahogany bedstead with silken curtains, and on the other a monstrous *kiot* or shrine with images — was all brightly and beautifully lighted, just as churches are usually lighted for evening service.

Under the glittering decorations of this shrine stood a long Voltaire reclining chair, and in the chair, supported by snowy white, unruffled cushions, apparently only just changed, lay the majestic form of Pierre's father, Count Bezukhoi, with his hair heaped up on his lofty forehead like a lion's mane, as Pierre remembered it so well, and the same strong, deep wrinkles on his handsome, aristocratic face, reddish yellow in color. He was wrapped to the waist in a bright green quilt, and lay directly under the holy pictures; both of his great stout arms were uncovered and lay on the quilt. In his right hand, which lay palm down, a wax taper was placed between

* "*La bonté divine est inépuisable. C'est la cérémonie de l'extreme onction qui va commencer. Venez!*"

the thumb and forefinger, and an old servant bending over the chair held it upright.

Around the chair stood the clergy in their magnificent glittering robes, with their long locks streaming down over their shoulders, with lighted tapers in their hands, performing their functions with slow solemnity.

A little back of them stood the two younger princesses with handkerchiefs in their hands, pressed to their eyes, and just in front of them was the oldest sister, Katish, with a spiteful, resolute face, not for a moment letting her eyes wander from the ikon, as though she were saying to all that she would not be responsible for her actions if she looked around.

Anna Mikhailovna, with an expression of sanctified grief and universal forgiveness on her face, stood near the door with the strange lady. Prince Vasili on the other side of the door, nearer the count, stood behind a carved chair, upholstered in velvet, which he had turned back to and was leaning on it his left hand with a taper, and crossing himself with his right hand, raising his eyes each time that his fingers touched his forehead. His face expressed calm devoutness and submission to the will of God. "If you cannot comprehend these feelings, so much the worse for you," his countenance seemed to say.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the men servants; just as in church, the men and women took opposite sides. No one spoke; all kept crossing themselves; the only sound was the reading of the service, the low, subdued chanting of the priests' deep bass, and during the intervals of silence, the restless movement of feet and deep sighs.

Anna Mikhailovna with that significant expression of countenance that showed she knew what she was doing, crossed the whole width of the chamber to where Pierre was and gave him a taper. He lighted it, and then, growing confused under the glances of those around him, began to cross himself with the hand which held the taper.

The youngest of the sisters, the rosy and fun-loving princess Sophie, the one with the mole, was looking at him. She smiled and hid her face in her handkerchief, and did not expose it for some time; when she caught sight of Pierre again, her amusement again overcame her. Then evidently feeling that she had not the self-control sufficient to allow her to look at him without smiling, and that she could not keep from looking at him, she quietly fled from temptation by retreating behind a column.

In the midst of the service the voices of the clergy suddenly ceased, the priests whispered something to each other; the old waiting-man who held the candle in the count's hand, straightened up and went over to the ladies' side. Anna Mikhailovna stepped forward, and bending over the sick man, beckoned to Doctor Lorraine without turning round. The French doctor had been standing without a lighted taper, leaning against one of the pillars, in that reverent attitude by which one who, though a stranger and belonging to a different creed, shows that he appreciates all the solemnity of the ceremony and even assents to it. With the noiseless steps of a man possessed of perfect vigor he answered Anna Mikhailovna's call, went over to the sick man, lifted in his white, slender fingers the hand that lay on the green quilt, and bending over, began to count the pulse and grew grave.

Something was given to the invalid to drink, there was a slight stir about him; then once more they all took their places and the service proceeded.

At the time of this interruption, Pierre noticed that Prince Vasili left his position behind the carved chair and with an expression of countenance that seemed to say that he knew what he was doing, and that it was so much the worse for others if they did not understand him, went, not to the sick man but past him, and being joined by the oldest of the princesses, retired with her into the depths of the alcove, to the high bedstead under the silken hangings. From there both the prince and the princess disappeared through a rear door, but before the end of the service both resumed their places, one after the other. Pierre gave this strange action no more thought than to anything else, having once for all made up his mind that all that took place that evening was absolutely essential.

The sounds of the church chant ceased, and the voice of the priest was heard respectfully congratulating the sick man on his having received the mystery. The count lay as before, motionless, and as though lifeless. Around him there was a stir; footsteps and a whispering were heard: Anna Mikhailovna's voice could be distinguished above the rest. Pierre listened, and heard her say, —

"He must be carried instantly to bed; it will never do in the world for him here to" —

The doctors, princesses and servants, crowded around the invalid so that Pierre could no longer see that reddish-yellow face with the gray mane of hair, which ever since the service

began had constantly filled his vision to the exclusion of everything else. He surmised by the guarded movements of those who crowded around the arm chair that they were lifting and carrying the dying man.

"Hold by my arm! You'll drop him so," said one of the servants in a frightened whisper. "Take him lower down!" "One more," said different voices, and the labored breathing, and shuffling of feet growing more hurried, seemed to indicate that the load that the men were carrying was beyond their strength.

As the bearers, among their number Anna Mikhailovna, came opposite the young man he caught a momentary glimpse over their heads and backs, of his father's strong, full chest uncovered, his stout shoulders, lifted above the people carrying him under their arms, and his leonine head with its curly mane. The face, with its extraordinary high forehead and cheek bones, handsome, sensitive mouth, and majestic, cold eyes, was undisfigured by the nearness of death. It was just the same as when Pierre had seen it three months previously when the count sent him to Petersburg. But the head rolled helplessly under the uneven steps of the bearers and the cold, indifferent eyes gave no sign of recognition.

There followed a few moments of bustle around the high bedstead; those who had been carrying the sick man withdrew. Anna Mikhailovna touched Pierre on the arm and said, "*Venez.*"

Pierre went with her to the bed whereon the sick man had been placed in solemn attitude, evidently in some manner connected with the sacrament just accomplished. He lay with his head propped high on pillows. His hands were placed side by side, palm downward, on the green silk quilt. As Pierre went to him, the count was looking straight at him, but his look had that meaning and significance which it is impossible for a man to read. Either that look had simply nothing to say and merely fastened upon him because those eyes must needs look at something, or they had too much to say.

Pierre paused, not knowing what was expected of him, and glanced inquiringly at his guide. Anna Mikhailovna made him a hasty motion with her eyes toward the sick man's hand, and with her lips signified that he should kiss it. Pierre bent over carefully so as not to disturb the quilt, and in accordance with her advice touched his lips to the broad, brawny hand. Neither the hand nor a muscle of the count's

face moved. Pierre again looked questioningly at Anna Mikhailovna to find what he should do next. She signed to him with her eyes, to sit down in an arm-chair which stood near the bed. Pierre submissively sat down, his eyes mutely asking if he were doing the right thing. Anna Mikhailovna approvingly nodded her head. Pierre again assumed the symmetrically simple attitude of the Egyptian statue, and evidently really suffered because his awkward, huge frame took up so much space, though he strove with all his might to make it seem as small as possible.

He looked at the count. The count was staring at the spot where Pierre had just been standing. Anna Mikhailovna showed by her actions that she realized the pathetic importance of this final meeting of father and son. This lasted two minutes, which seemed an hour to Pierre. Suddenly a tremor appeared in the deep, powerful muscles and lines of the count's face. It grew more pronounced; the handsome mouth was drawn to one side (this caused Pierre for the first time to realize how near to death his father was) and from the drawn mouth proceeded an indistinguishable hoarse sound.

Anna Mikhailovna looked anxiously into the sick man's eyes and tried to make out what he wanted, pointing first at Pierre, then at the tumbler; then she asked in a whisper if she should call Prince Vasili, then pointed at the quilt. The sick man's face and eyes expressed impatience. He mustered force enough to look at the man servant who never left his master's bedside.

"He wants to be turned over on the other side," whispered the servant, and proceeded to lift and turn the count's heavy body, face to the wall.

Pierre got up to help the servant.

Just as they were turning the count over, one of his arms fell back helplessly, and he made a futile effort to raise it. Did the count notice the look of terror in Pierre's face at the sight of that lifeless arm? or did some other thought flash across his dying brain at that moment? At all events, he looked at his disobedient hand, then at Pierre's terror-stricken face and back to his hand again, and over his lips played a martyr's weak smile out of character with his powerful features, and seeming to express a feeling of scorn for his own lack of strength.

At the sight of this smile, Pierre unexpectedly felt an oppression around the heart, a strange pinching in his nose, and the tears dimmed his eyes.

The sick man lay on his side toward the wall. He drew a long sigh.

"He is going to sleep," said Anna Mikhailovna, to one of the nieces who returned to watch. — "*Allons.*"

Pierre left the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE was no one in the reception-room except Prince Vasili and the oldest princess, and these two were sitting under the empress's portrait, talking eagerly about something. As soon as they caught sight of Pierre and his guide, they stopped, and it seemed to the young man that the princess hid something and whispered, —

"I cannot abide the sight of that woman."

"Katish has had tea made in the little drawing-room," said Prince Vasili in French, addressing Anna Mikhailovna. "Come, *ma pauvre* Anna Mikhailovna, you had better take something to eat; else you might be the worse for it."

He said nothing to Pierre, but gave his arm a sympathetic pressure just below the shoulder. Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna went into what he called *le petit salon*.

"There is nothing so refreshing as a cup of this excellent Russian tea, after a sleepless night,"* said Doctor Lorraine, with an expression of restrained liveliness, as he stood in the small, circular drawing-room, sipping his tea from a delicate porcelain cup. Just back of him was a table with the tea service and a cold supper. Around the table were gathered for refreshments all those who were spending this night in Count Bezukhoi's mansion.

Pierre well remembered this little circular drawing-room, with its mirrors and small tables. In days gone by, when the count gave balls, Pierre, who did not know how to dance, liked to sit in this little room of mirrors and watch the ladies in their ball toilets, with diamonds and pearls on their bare necks, as they passed through, glance at themselves in the brightly illuminated mirrors, which reflected back their beauties.

Now, the room was dimly lighted by a pair of candles, and at this midnight hour there stood on one of the small tables a disorderly array of tea things, while a motley throng of people in anything but ball dresses were scattered about in it talk-

* "*Il n'y a rien qui restaure comme une tasse de cet excellent thé russe après une nuit blanche.*"

ing in whispers, by every motion, every word, evincing how little they could forget what was now taking place or going to take place in that chamber of death.

Pierre did not care to eat, though he was very hungry. He glanced inquiringly at his guide, and saw that she was tiptoeing back to the reception-room, where they had left Prince Vasili and the oldest niece. Pierre took it for granted that this also was as it should be, and after waiting a little while, he followed her.

Anna Mikhailovna was standing in front of the young lady, and both were talking at once in angry undertones, —

“Permit me, princess, to decide what is necessary and what is not necessary,” the Princess Katish was saying, evidently still in the same angry frame of mind that she had been when she slammed the door of her room.

“But, my dear young princess,” said Anna Mikhailovna, in a sweet but conclusive manner, barring the way to the count’s chamber and not allowing the young lady to pass, “Will this not be too great an effort for your uncle at this time when he so much needs rest? At this time any conversation about worldly matters, when his soul has already been prepared” —

Prince Vasili still sat in the arm-chair in his familiar posture, with one leg thrown over the other. His cheeks twitched violently and seemed to grow flabbier than usual, but he preserved the attitude of a man to whom the altercation of the two women was of no consequence.

“*Voyons, ma bonne Anna Mikhailovna*, let Katish have her way. You know how fond the count is of her.”

“I don’t even know what is in this paper,” said the young princess, turning to Prince Vasili and pointing to the mosaic portfolio which she had in her hand, “I only know that his last will is in his bureau, but this is a paper which he has forgotten.”

She tried to pass by Anna Mikhailovna, but Anna Mikhailovna springing forward again barred her way.

“I know, my dear, good princess,” said Anna Mikhailovna, grabbing the portfolio, and so firmly that it was evident she would not let go in a hurry; “My dear princess, I beg of you, I beseech you, have pity upon him. *Je vous en conjure.*”

The young princess said not a word. All that was heard was the noise of the struggle for the possession of the portfolio.

It was plain to see that if she had opened her mouth to speak, what she said would not have been flattering for Anna Mikhailovna. The latter clung to the portfolio unflinchingly, but, nevertheless, her voice was as soft, sweet, and gentle as ever.

"Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be in the way in this family council, will he prince?"

"Why don't you speak, *mon cousin*," suddenly cried the young princess, so loud that those in the little drawing-room heard it and were startled. "Why don't you speak, when here God knows who permits herself to meddle in matters that don't concern her, and make scenes on the very threshold of the death chamber! *Intrigantka!*" she hissed in a loud whisper, and snatched at the portfolio with all her force; but Anna Mikhailovna took two or three steps forward so as not to let go her hold of it, and succeeded in keeping it in her hand.

"Oh!" cried Prince Vasili reproachfully, and rising in surprise: "*C'est ridicule! Voyons!* Let go, I tell you!"

The Princess Katish obeyed. "You also!"

Anna Mikhailovna paid no attention to him.

"Drop it, I tell you. I will assume the whole responsibility. I will go and ask him. I will. That ought to satisfy you."

"*Mais, mon prince*," said Anna Mikhailovna, "After this great mystery allow him a moment of rest. Here, Pierre, give us your opinion," said she, turning to the young man, who, coming close to them, looked in amazement at the princess's angry face, from which all dignity had departed, and at Prince Vasili's twitching cheeks.

"Remember that you will answer for all the consequences," said Prince Vasili, angrily: "you don't know what you are doing."

"You vile woman," screamed the young princess, unexpectedly darting at Anna Mikhailovna, and snatching away the portfolio. Prince Vasili hung his head and spread open his hands.

At this juncture, that terrible door at which Pierre had been looking so long, and which was usually opened so gently, was hastily and noisily flung back, so that it struck against the wall, and the second sister rushed out wringing her hands.

"What are you doing?" she cried in despair, "He is dying, and you leave me alone." *

The Princess Katerina dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhailovna hastily bent over and picking up the precious object, hastened into the death-chamber. The Princess Katerina and Prince Vasili, coming to their senses, followed her. In a few moments, Princess Katerina came out again, the first of all, with a pale, stern face, and biting her lower lip. At the sight of Pierre, her face expressed uncontrollable hatred.

* "*Il s'en va, et vous me laissez seule.*"

"Yes, now you can swell round," said she, "You have been waiting for this," and beginning to sob, she hid her face in her handkerchief and ran from the room.

The princess was followed by Prince Vasili. Reeling a little he went to the sofa on which Pierre was sitting and flung himself on it, covering his face with his hands. Pierre noticed that he was pale, and that his lower jaw trembled and shook as though he had an ague attack.

"Ah, my friend," said he, taking Pierre by the elbow, and there was in his voice a sincerity and gentleness which Pierre had never before noticed in it. "How we sin and how we cheat and all for what? I am sixty years old, my dear. — Look at me. — Death is the end of all, all! Death is horrible!" and he burst into tears.

Anna Mikhailovna came out last of all. She went straight up to Pierre, with slow, quiet steps: "Pierre!" said she.

Pierre looked at her inquiringly. She kissed the young man on the forehead, which she wet with her tears. Then after a silence she added, —

"*Il n'est plus*, he is dead."

Pierre looked at her through his glasses.

"Come, I will lead you away. Try to weep. Nothing is so consoling as tears."*

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was relieved that no one was there to see his face. Anna Mikhailovna left him there, and when she returned he was sound asleep, with his head resting on his arm.

The next morning, Anna Mikhailovna said to Pierre in French, —

"Yes, my dear, it is a great loss for all of us. I am not speaking of you. But God will give you support; you are young, and at the head of an immense fortune, I hope. The will has not been opened yet. I know you well enough to believe that this will not turn your head, but new duties will devolve upon you, and you must be a man."

Pierre made no reply.

"Perhaps later I will tell you, *mon cher*, that if I had not been here, — God knows what might have happened. You know, *mon oncle*, only the day before, promised me that he would not forget Boris. But he did not have the time; I hope, *mon cher ami*, that you will fulfil your father's desire."

Pierre entirely failed to see what she was driving at, and

* "*Allons, je vous reconduirai. Tâchez de pleurer. Rien ne soulage comme les larmes.*"

without saying anything and reddening with mortification, looked at Anna Mikhailovna. Having thus spoken with Pierre, she drove back to the Rostofs and lay down to rest. After her nap, that same morning, she began to tell the Rostofs and all her acquaintances the particulars of the death of Count Bezukhoi.

She declared that the count had died as she herself would wish to die, that his end had been not only pathetic but even edifying; the last meeting of father and son had been so touching that she could not think of it without tears, and that she could not tell which had borne himself with the more composure during these dreadful moments, the father who had had a thought for everything and every one during those last hours, and had spoken such affectionate and touching words to his son, or Pierre, whom it was pitiful to see, he was so overcome and yet in spite of it, struggled so manfully to hide his grief, so as not to pain his dying father.

"Such scenes are painful, but they do one good, it is elevating to the soul to see such men as the old count and his noble son."*

As to the actions of the Princess Katerina and Prince Vasili she spoke of them also; but in terms of reprobation, and under the promise of the strictest secrecy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE arrival of the young Prince Andrei and his wife at Luisiya Gorui, (Bald Hills) Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkonsky's estate, was daily expected. But this did not make any break at all in the strenuous routine according to which life in the old prince's mansion was regulated. Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, a former general-in-chief, popularly called *le roi de Prusse*, had been banished to his estates during the reign of the Emperor Paul, and had lived like a hermit there ever since with his daughter, the Princess Mariya, and her hired companion, Mlle. Bourienne.

Even after the death of Paul, although he was free to go wherever he pleased, he still continued to live exclusively in the country, saying that if any one wanted him, it was only half a hundred versts from Moscow to Luisiya Gorui, while as far as he was concerned he wanted nothing and nobody.

* "*C'est pénible, mais cela fait du bien; ça élève l'âme de voir des hommes le vieux comte et son digne fils.*"

He declared that there were only two sources of human vice, idleness and superstition; and only two virtues, activity and intelligence.

He himself undertook his daughter's education, and in order to inculcate both these virtues he had given her lessons up to the age of twenty in algebra and geometry, and had apportioned her life into an uninterrupted system of occupations.

He himself was constantly engaged in writing his memoirs, or in solving problems in the higher mathematics, or in turning snuff-boxes on a lathe, or in working in his garden and superintending the erection of buildings which were always going up on his estate. As the chief condition of activity is order, therefore order in his scheme of life was carried to the last degree of minuteness. His appearance at meals invariably took place under the same circumstances, and at not only the same hour but the same moment each day.

The prince was sharp and scrupulously exacting with the people around him, from his daughter to the humblest menial, and therefore, while he was not cruel, he inspired an awe and deference such as it would have been difficult for even the cruelest man to exact.

Although he was living in seclusion, and had now no influence in matters of state, every *nachalnik* of the government in which he lived considered it his duty to pay his respects to him, and, precisely the same as the architect or the gardener or the Princess Mariya, waited the designated hour for the prince's appearance in the lofty hall. And each one of those waiting in this hall experienced the same feeling of awe and fear as soon as the massive door of his cabinet swung open, and the form of the little old man appeared, in his powdered wig, with his small, dry hands and pendulous gray eyebrows, which sometimes when he frowned concealed the gleam of his keen and youthfully glittering eyes.

On the morning of the day when the young couple were expected, the Princess Mariya as usual, at the regular hour, came down into the hall to wish her father good morning, and with fear and trembling crossed herself and repeated an inward prayer. Each morning she came the same way, and each morning she prayed that their daily meeting might be propitious.

The old servant in a powdered wig, who was sitting in the hall, got up quietly and addressed her in a respectful whisper.

Beyond the door could be heard the monotonous hum of the

lathe. The princess timidly opened the door, which moved easily and noiselessly on its hinges, and stood at the entrance. The prince was working at his lathe. He looked round and then went on with his work.

The great cabinet was full of things, apparently in constant use: a huge table, whereon lay books and plans; the lofty bookcases, with keys in the mirror-lined doors; a high reading desk; a cabinet-maker's lathe, with various kinds of tools and shavings and chips scattered around;—all this indicated a constant, varied, and regular activity.

By the motion of his small foot, shod Tatar fashion in a silver-embroidered boot, by the firm pressure of his sinewy, thin hand, it could be seen that the prince had still the tenacious and not easily impaired strength of a green old age.

Having made a few more turns, he took his foot from the treadle of the lathe, wiped his chisel, put it in a leather pocket attached to the lathe, and going to the table called his daughter to him. He never wasted blessings on his children, and therefore, merely offering his bristly cheek, which had not as yet been shaven for the day, he said, with a severe and at the same time keenly affectionate look,—

“Are you well? — Now then, sit down.”

He took a copy book of geometrical work written out in his own hand, and pushed his chair along with his foot.

“For to-morrow,” said he, briskly, turning to the page, and marking the paragraphs with his stiff nail. The princess leaned over the table toward the note-book. “Wait, a letter for you,” said the old man abruptly, taking an envelope addressed in a feminine hand from the pocket fastened to the table and tossing it to her.

The princess's face colored in blotches at the sight of the letter. She hastily picked it up and examined it intently.

“From your Heloise?” asked the prince, with a chilling smile that showed his teeth that were still sound though yellow.

“Yes, from Julie,” said the princess, timidly glancing up and timidly smiling.

“I shall allow two more letters to pass, but I shall read the third,” said the prince, severely. “I fear you pen much nonsense. I shall read the third.”

“You may read this, *mon père*,” replied the princess, with a still deeper flush, and holding the letter toward him.

“The third, I said, the third,” rejoined the prince, laconically, pushing away the letter; then, leaning his elbow on the

table, he laid the note-book with the geometrical designs before her.

"Well, young lady,"* began the old man, bending over toward his daughter and laying one arm on the back of her chair, so that the young princess felt herself surrounded by that peculiar acrid odor of tobacco and old age which she had so long learned to associate with her father. "Well, young lady, these triangles are equal; if you will observe the angle ABC ."—The princess gazed in dismay at her father's glittering eyes so near to her; the red patches again overspread her face, and it was evident that she had not the slightest comprehension of what he said, and was so overcome with fear that it really prevented her from comprehending any of her father's instructions, no matter how clearly they were expressed.

The teacher may have been at fault, or the pupil may have been, but each day the same thing recurred; the princess's eyes pained her; she could not see anything or hear anything; all that she felt was the consciousness of her stern father's withered face, the consciousness of his breath and peculiar odor, and her single thought was to escape as soon as possible from the cabinet and solve the problem by herself in peace. The old man would lose all patience; noisily push back the chair in which he was sitting and then draw it forward again; then he would exert his self-control so as not to break out into a fury, but rarely succeed, and sometimes he would fling the note-book upon the floor.

The princess made a mistake in her answer.

"Now, how can you be so stupid!" stormed the prince, throwing aside the note-book and hastily turning away; then he rose to his feet, walked up and down, laid his hand on her hair, and again sitting down, drew close to her and proceeded with his instructions.

"No use, princess, no use," said he, as the young lady took the lesson-book, and closing it started to leave the room: "mathematics is a great thing, my girl, and I don't wish you to be like our stupid, silly women. By dint of perseverance one learns to like it," he patted her on the cheek "the dulness will vanish from your brain."

She started to go; he detained her by a gesture, and took down from the high table a new book with uncut leaves. "Here, your Heloise has sent you something else; some 'Key to the Mystery,' a religious work. I don't interfere with any one's belief. I looked it over. Take it. Now, be off; be off."

* *Nu suddruinya*.

He patted her on the shoulder and closed the door himself, after she had gone out.

The young Princess Mariya, returned to her chamber with the pensive, scared expression which rarely left her, and which rendered her plain, sickly face still more unattractive. She sat down at her writing-table covered with miniature portraits and cluttered with note-books and volumes. The princess was just as disorderly as her father was systematic: she threw down her book of problems and hastily broke the seal of the letter, which was from the most intimate friend of her childhood: this was no other than the Julie Karagina who was at the Rostof's on the day of the *fête*.

Julie read as follows,—*

“Chère et excellente amie : — What a terrible and frightful thing is distance! It is in vain that I tell myself that half of my existence and happiness is in you, that, in spite of the distance which lies between us, our hearts are bound to each other by indissoluble ties; mine rebels against my fate, and, notwithstanding all the pleasures and attractions that surround me, I cannot overcome a certain lurking sadness which I have felt in the depths of my heart ever since our separation. Why are we not together as we were this past summer in your great cabinet, on the blue sofa, — *le canapé à confidences?* Why can I not now, as I did three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your eyes, so sweet, so calm, so penetrating, the eyes which I loved so much and which I imagine I see before me as I write.”

Having read to this point, the Princess Mariya sighed and glanced at the pier-glass that stood over against her, reflecting her slight, homely form and thin face. Her eyes, which were generally melancholy, just now looked with a peculiarly hopeless expression at her image in the glass.

“She is flattering me,” said the princess to herself, turning away and continuing her reading of the letter. Julie, however, had not flattered her friend: in reality, the princess's eyes were large, deep, and luminous, sometimes whole sheaves, as it were, of soft light seemed to gleam forth from them; and then they were so beautiful that they transformed her whole face, notwithstanding the plainness of her features, and gave her a charm that was more attractive than mere beauty.

But the young princess had never seen the beautiful expression of her own eyes, the expression which they had at times when she was not thinking of herself. Like most people, her

* The letters in this chapter are in French in the original.

face assumed an affectedly unnatural and ill-favored expression as soon as she looked into the glass.

She went on with the letter,—

“All Moscow is talking of nothing but the war. One of my two brothers has already gone abroad; the other is with the Guard, which is just about to set out for the frontier. Our beloved emperor has left Petersburg, and, according to what they say is intending to expose his precious life to the perils of war. God grant that the Corsican monster, who is destroying the peace of Europe, may be laid low by the angel whom the Almighty, in his mercy, has sent to rule over us.

“Not to speak of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one who is nearest and dearest to my heart: I mean the young Nikolai Rostof, who was so enthusiastic that he was unable to endure inactivity, and has left the university to join the army. *Eh bien, ma chère Marie*, I will confess to you, that, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his departure for the army is a great grief to me. The young man, — I told you about him last summer — has so much nobility, so much of that genuine youthfulness, which we meet with so rarely in this age of ours, among our old men of twenty! He has really so much candor and heart! he is so pure and poetic, that my acquaintance with him, slight as it has been, must be counted as one of the sweetest enjoyments of my poor heart, which has already suffered so keenly. Some day I will tell you of our parting and what passed between us. As yet, it is still too fresh in my memory.

“Ah! *chère amie!* how happy you are not to experience these joys and these pangs so keen! You are fortunate, because the latter are usually the keenest. I know very well that Count Nikolai is too young ever to be anything to me more than a friend, but this sweet friendship, these relations, so poetic and so pure, have become one of the necessities of my heart. But enough of this!

“The chief news of the day, which all Moscow is engaged in talking about, is the death of the old Count Bezukhoi and his inheritance. Just imagine: the three princesses get very little, Prince Vasili, nothing, and it is Monsieur Pierre who has inherited everything. He has, moreover, been declared legitimate, and is, therefore, Count Bezukhoi, and the possessor of the finest fortune in Russia. It is claimed that Prince Vasili has played a very poor part in this whole business, and that he has gone back to Petersburg very much crestfallen.

“I confess I have very little understanding of this mat-

ter of the bequests and the will; all I know is, that since this young man whom we knew under the name of Monsieur Pierre, pure and simple, has become Count Bezukhoi and master of one of the greatest fortunes of Russia, I am greatly amused to notice the changed tone and behavior of mammas burdened with marriageable daughters, and even the young ladies themselves, toward this individual, who, parenthetically, has always seemed to me to be a poor specimen. As it has been the amusement of many people for the past few years to marry me off, and generally to men whom I do not even know, *la Chronique matrimoniale* of Moscow now makes me out Countess Bezukhova. You know perfectly well that I have no desire of acquiring that position!

"*Apropos de mariage*, do you know that quite recently *la tante en général*, Anna Mikhailovna, has confided to me, under the seal of the strictest secrecy, a marriage project for you: this is neither more nor less than Prince Vasili's son, Anatol, whom it is proposed to bring to order by marrying him to a young lady of wealth and distinction, and you are the one upon whom the choice of the relatives has fallen. I know not how you will look upon the matter, but I felt that it was my duty to inform you. They say he is very handsome and a great scapegrace; that is all that I have been able to find out about him.

"But a truce to gossip like this. I am at the end of my second sheet, and mamma is calling me to go to dine at the Apraksins. Read the mystic book which I send you, and which is all the rage with us. Although there are things in this book difficult for the feeble mind of man to fathom, it is an admirable work, the reading of which soothes and elevates the mind. Adieu. My respects to your father, and my compliments to Mlle. Bourienne. I embrace you with all my heart.

"JULIE.

"P. S. Tell me the news about your brother and his charming little wife."

The princess sat thinking, a pensive smile playing over her lips; her face, lighted up by her luminous eyes, was perfectly transfigured; then suddenly jumping up she walked briskly across the room to her table. She got out some paper and her hand began to fly rapidly over it. This was what she wrote in reply.

"*Chère et excellente amie*:—Your letter of the thirteenth caused me great delight. So, then, you still love me, my poetic Julie. And absence, of which you say such hard things, has

not had its usual effect upon you. You complain of absence — what should I have to say if I *dared* complain, bereft as I am of all those who are dearest to me? Ah! if we had not religion to console us, life would be very sad.

“Why should you suspect me of looking stern, when you speak to me of your affection for the young man? In this respect, I am lenient to all except myself. I appreciate these sentiments in others, and if I cannot approve of them (never having myself experienced them), I do not condemn them. It only seemed to me that Christian love, love for our neighbor, love for our enemies, is more meritorious, and, therefore, sweeter and more beautiful than those sentiments inspired in a poetic and loving young girl like you by a young man’s handsome eyes.

“The news of Count Bezukhoi’s death reached us in advance of your letter, and my father was very much moved by it. He says that he was the last representative but one of the ‘*grand siècle*,’ and that now it is his turn; but that he shall do his best to put it off as long as possible. God preserve us from such a terrible misfortune!

“I cannot agree with you in your judgment of Pierre, whom I knew as a boy. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart and that is the quality which I most value in people. As to his inheritance and the *rôle* played by Prince Vasili, it is very sad for both of them. Ah, dear friend! our divine Saviour’s saying, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God is terribly true; I pity Prince Vasili and I am still more sorry for Pierre. So young, and to be loaded down with this wealth; what temptations will he not have to undergo! If I were asked what I should desire most in this world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest of beggars.

“A thousand thanks, *chère amie*, for the work which you send me and which is so much the rage with you in Moscow. However, as you say that while there are many good things in it, there are others which the feeble mind of man cannot fathom, it seems to me quite idle to waste one’s time in reading what is unintelligible, and which, therefore, can be productive of no good fruit. I have never been able to understand the passion which some people have for disturbing their minds by devoting themselves to mystical books that only arouse doubts, kindling their imaginations, and giving them a love for exaggeration utterly contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospels. Let us give up trying to pene-

trate the mysteries they contain, for how should we, miserable sinners that we are, presume to investigate the terrible secrets of Providence, while we carry with us this garment of flesh which forms an impenetrable veil between us and the Eternal? Then let us confine ourselves to a studying of the sublime principles which our divine Saviour has left for our guidance here below; let us seek to conform to them and follow them, being persuaded that the less rein we give to our feeble human minds, the more pleasing it is to God, Who repudiates all knowledge not proceeding from Him; that the less we seek to explore what it has seen best to Him to hide from our comprehension, the sooner He will grant us to discover it by His divine spirit.

“My father has not said anything to me of a suitor; he has merely told me of having received a letter and of expecting a visit from Prince Vasili. As far as the project of marriage concerns me, I will tell you *chère et excellente amie*, that in my opinion, marriage is a divine institution to which it is necessary to conform. However painful it might be to me, if the Almighty should ever impose upon me the duties of a wife and mother, I shall endeavor to fill them as faithfully as I can, without disturbing myself by inquiring into the nature of my feelings toward him whom He shall give me as a husband.

“I have had a letter from my brother, announcing his speedy arrival at Luisiya Gorui with his wife. This will be a joy of short duration, for he will leave us to take part in this unhappy war, into which we are dragged God knows why and how. Not alone with you, at the centre of business and society, is the war the only topic of conversation, but here amid the labors of the fields, and that calm of nature which the inhabitants of cities ordinarily imagine to be peculiar to the country, the rumors of the war make themselves painfully heard and felt. My father can talk of nothing else but marches and countermarches, things of which I have no comprehension, and day before yesterday, while taking my usual walk down the village street, I witnessed a heartrending scene: it was a party of recruits, enlisted on our estate and on their way to the army. You ought to have seen the state in which were the mothers, wives and children of the men who were off, and to have heard their sobs. You should think that humanity had forgotten the precepts of their divine Saviour, Who taught love, and the forgiveness of offences; one would think that they imputed their greatest merit to the art of killing each other.

"Adieu, *chère et bonne amie!* May our divine Saviour and His Holy Mother keep you in their holy and powerful keeping.
"MARIE."

"Ah, you are despatching a courier, princess; I have already sent mine; I have written to my poor mother,"* said the smiling Mlle. Bourriene, speaking rapidly and swallowing her R's, and altogether bringing into the Princess Mariya's concentrated and melancholy atmosphere what seemed like the breath of another world, where reigned gayety, light-heartedness, and complacency.

"Princess, I must warn you," she added, lowering her voice, "the prince has had a quarrel with Mikhail Ivanof. He is in a very bad humor; very morose. I warn you,—you know."

"Ah, *chère amie,*" replied the Princess Mariya, "I have asked of you never to speak to me of the humor in which my father happens to be. I do not allow myself to make remarks about him and I do not wish others to."

The princess glanced at her watch and noticing that she was already five minutes behind the time when it was required of her to practise on the harpsichord, she hurried from the room with dismay pictured on her face. Between twelve o'clock and two the prince took his nap, and it was the immutable rule of the house that the princess then should practise.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE gray-haired man-servant was sitting in the cabinet, dozing and listening to the prince's snoring. From a distant part of the house, through the closed doors, came the notes of a difficult phrase of a Dussek sonata, repeated for the twentieth time.

At this time, a coach and a britchka drove up to the entrance door and from the coach descended Prince Andrei, who handed his little wife down and allowed her to pass ahead of him. The gray-haired Tikhon, in a wig, thrust his head out of the hall door and informed them in a whisper that the prince was asleep and then softly closed the door. Tikhon was well aware that not even the arrival of the son, nor any other event, however uncommon, should be allowed to interrupt the order of the day. Prince Andrei knew this as well as Tikhon; he looked at his

* "Ah, vous expédiez ce courier, princesse; moi, j'ai déjà expédié le mien. J'ai écrit à ma pauvre mère."

watch, as though to convince himself that there had been no change in his father's habits since he had seen him, and having satisfied himself on that score, turned to his wife.

"He will be awake in twenty minutes. Let us go to the Princess Mariya," said he.

The little princess had grown stouter, but her eyes and her short, downy lip, and her sweet smile were just the same as ever.

"*Mais c'est un palais!*" she exclaimed, glancing around with an expression such as people have in congratulating a host on a ball. "Come along quick, quick!" and she glanced with a smile at Tikhon and her husband and the footman who was leading the way. "It's Marie practising: let us go softly, so as to surprise her."

Prince Andrei followed her, with a polite but bored expression.

"You have grown older, Tikhon," said he to the old manservant, who, as he passed by, kissed his hand.

Just as they reached the room where the harpsichord was heard, the pretty, fair-haired Frenchwoman came tripping out. Mlle. Bourienne seemed overjoyed to see them.

"*Ah, quel bonheur pour la princesse!*" she cried, "you are here at last. I must go and tell her."

"*Non, non*, I beg of you! You are Mlle Bourienne; I know you already from the friendship which my sister-in-law has for you," said the princess, kissing her; "she is not expecting us?"

They went to the door of the sitting-room, where the phrase was being repeated again and again. Prince Andrei paused and frowned, as though he were expecting a disagreeable scene.

The princess went in. The phrase was broken off in the middle; a cry was heard, followed by the sound of hasty footsteps and kisses. When Prince Andrei went in, the two sisters-in-law, who had only met once for a short time, at Prince Andrei's wedding, were still locked in a fond embrace, just as at the first moment of their meeting. Mlle. Bourienne was standing near them, with her hand on her heart and a beatific smile on her lips, evidently as ready to cry as to laugh. Prince Andrei shrugged his shoulders and frowned, just as lovers of music frown when they hear a discord. Both the women stood apart; then once again, as though time were precious, they seized each other's hand and began to kiss them; and not satisfied with kissing their hands, they began to kiss each other in the face, and to Prince Andrei's unqualified surprise, they both burst

into tears and again began to kiss each other. Mlle. Bourienne was also melted; it was awkward enough for Prince Andrei, but to the women it seemed perfectly natural to weep; indeed, they could never have dreamed of a meeting without such an accompaniment.

"Ah, *chère!*" "Ah, Marie!" they kept exclaiming, amid laughter and tears. "I dreamed about you last night." "Ah, Marie, you have grown thin." "And you have grown so stout!"

"*J'ai tout de suite reconnu madame la princesse,*" put in Mlle. Bourienne.

"And here was I not thinking of such a thing!"* cried the Princess Mariya. "Ah, Andrei, I did not see you!"

Prince Andrei kissed his sister's hand, and told her that she was as great a cry-baby as ever. The Princess Mariya turned to her brother, and through her tears, her eyes, now large and beautiful and luminous, rested on him with a fond, gentle, and sweet expression.

The young wife chattered incessantly. Her short, downy upper lip every instant drew down and touched the rosy under lip, and then curled again with the brilliant smile that made her eyes and her teeth shine. She related about an accident that happened at Spáskaya Gorá which threatened to be seriously dangerous in her condition, and then she apprised them that she had left all her dresses in Petersburg and God knew what she should have to wear while here, and that Andrei had greatly changed, and that Kitty Oduintsova had married an old man, and that she had a husband for Marie *pour tout de bon*, but that they would talk about that afterwards.

The Princess Mariya stood looking silently at her brother, and her lovely eyes beamed with affection and melancholy. It was evident that she was now following her own course of thought, quite independent of her sister-in-law's prattle. Right in the midst of a description of the last *fête* at Petersburg, she turned to her brother,—

"And are you really going to the war, André," she asked with a sigh. Lise also sighed. "Yes, and I must be off by to-morrow," replied her brother.

"He leaves me, and God knows why, when he might have been promoted." †

The Princess Mariya paid no attention to this remark, but

* "*Et moi, qui ne me doutais pas.*"

† "*Il m'abandonne ici, et Dieu sait pourquoi, quand il aurait pu avoir de l'avancement.*"

following the thread of her thoughts, gave her sister-in-law a significant glance from her affectionate eyes.

"You are sure of it."

The young wife's face changed. She sighed again.

"Certainly I am," said she. "Ah, it is terrible."

Her lip went down. She brought her face near to the young princess's, and again unexpectedly burst into tears.

"She needs to rest," said Prince Andrei, scowling, "Don't you Lisa? Take her to her room and I will go to my bat-yushka. How is he? Just the same as ever?"

"Just the same; but perhaps your eyes will see some change in him," replied the princess, cheerfully.

"The same regular hours, the same promenades in the garden, the lathe?" asked Prince Andrei, with a barely perceptible smile, which proved that notwithstanding all his love and reverence for his father, he was not blind to his weaknesses.

"Yes, just the same hours, and the lathe, and the mathematics, and my geometry lessons," replied the princess merrily, as though her geometry lessons were among the most delightful reminiscences of her life.

When the twenty minutes which remained for the prince's nap were over, Tikhon came to summon the young man to see his father. The old man allowed a variation in his mode of life in honor of his son; he commanded to have him come to him in his own room, while he was dressing, before dinner. The prince dressed in the old-time costume of a kaftan and powdered wig. When Prince Andrei — not with the peevish face and manners which he assumed in society, but with a lively expression, such as he had when he was talking with Pierre — went into his father's room, the old man was at his toilet, sitting in a wide morocco-upholstered arm-chair in a wrapper, while Tikhon was putting the last touches to his head.

"Ah, my soldier! so you are going to conquer Bonaparte?" cried the old prince, and he shook his powdered head, so far as he was allowed by the pig tail which Tikhon was busy plaiting. "You do well to go against him; otherwise, he would soon be calling us his subjects! Are you well?" and he offered his son his cheek.

The old man awoke from his noon nap in an excellent frame of mind (he was accustomed to say that a nap after dinner was silver, but one before dinner was golden). He squinted cheerily at his son from under his thick, beetling brows. Prince Andrei went and kissed his father on the spot designated. He made

no reply to his father's favorite topic of conversation and his sarcasms on the military men of the present time and especially on Napoleon.

"Yes, I have come to you, *batyushka*, and with my wife, who soon expects to be a mother," said Prince Andrei, watching with eager and reverent eyes all the play of his father's features. "How is your health?"

"Only fools and rakes ever need to be unwell, my boy, and you know me: busy from morning till night, and temperate, and of course I'm well."

"Thank God for that," said the son, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with it. Well," continued the old man, returning to his favorite hobby, "tell us how the Germans and Bonaparte have taught us to fight, according to this new science of yours, that you call 'strategy'?"

Prince Andrei smiled.

"Let me have time to collect my wits, *batyushka*," said he, and his expression showed that his father's foibles did not prevent him from reverencing and loving him. "Why, you see I have not even been to my room yet."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man, pulling at his little pigtail to assure himself that it was firmly plaited, and grasping his son by the arm. "The quarters for your wife are all ready. The Princess Mariya will take her there and show them to her and they will chatter their three basketsful! that's their woman's way. I'm glad to have her here. Sit down and talk. I understand Michelson's army and Tolstoi's, too. It's a simultaneous descent. But what's the Southern army going to do? Prussia remains neutral, I know that; but how about Austria?" he asked, as he got up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room, with Tikhon running after him to give him the various parts of his attire. "What's Sweden going to do? How will they get across Pomerania?"

Prince Andrei, perceiving the urgency of his father's inquiries, began, at first unwillingly, but gradually warming up more and more, to explain the plan of operations determined upon for the campaign. As he spoke, he involuntarily, from very force of habit, kept dropping from Russian into French. He explained how an army of ninety thousand was to threaten Prussia and force her to abandon her neutrality and take part in the war; how a portion of this army was to go to Stralsund and unite with the Swedish forces; how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians, with a hundred thousand Russians, were to engage in active operations in Italy and on the

Rhine; and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English were to disembark at Naples, and how this army, with a total of five hundred thousand men, was to make an attack simultaneously from different sides upon the French.

The old prince did not manifest the least interest in the description, any more than if he had not heard it, and continued to dress himself as he walked up and down; though three times he unexpectedly interrupted him. Once he stopped him by crying, "The white one! the white one!"

That meant that Tikhon had not given him the waistcoat that he wished. The second time he stopped and asked, "And is the baby expected soon?" and reproachfully shaking his head, said, "That's too bad, — go on, go on!"

The third time, when Prince Andrei had finished his description, the old man sang in a high falsetto, with the cracked voice of age, —

*"Malbroug s'en va-t-en guerre.
Dieu sait quand reviendra."**

The son merely smiled.

"I don't say that I approve of this plan," said he, "I am only telling you what it is. Napoleon, of course, has his plan, which is probably as good as ours."

"Well, you haven't told me anything that is in the least new," and the old man thoughtfully continued to hum the refrain: "*Dieu sait quand il reviendra.*" "Go into the dining room."

CHAPTER XXV.

At the appointed hour, the prince, powdered and shaved, went to the dining-room, where his daughter-in-law, the Princess Mariya, and Mlle. Bourienne and the architect were waiting for him. The latter was allowed at the table through an old caprice of the prince, though his insignificance of position would naturally have precluded him from being shown such an honor. The prince, who was a great stickler for differences of rank, and rarely admitted to his table even the important functionaries of the province, suddenly selected Mikhail Ivanovitch (who blew his nose in the corner on a checked handkerchief) as a living example of the theory that all men were equal, and more than once assured his daughter that the archi-

* Marlborough is going to the war. God knows when he'll come back again.

tect was as good as they were. At the table the prince was very apt to address his conversation mainly to the speechless Mikhail Ivanovitch.

In the dining-room, tremendously lofty, like all the rest of the rooms in the mansion, the prince's butlers and serving-men, each standing behind a chair, were waiting his coming. The major-domo, with a napkin over his arm, glanced to see that the table was properly set, beckoned to the waiters, and constantly let his troubled eyes wander from the clock to the door where the prince was expected to enter.

Prince Andrei was looking at a huge gilded frame, which he had never before seen, containing a representation of the genealogical tree of the Bolkonskys, which hung opposite a similar frame with a badly executed painting, evidently perpetrated by some domestic artist, and meant to be a portrait of a reigning prince, in a crown, showing that he was descended from Rurik, and was the originator of the house of Bolkonsky. Prince Andrei was studying this genealogical tree, and shaking his head and laughing, as though the portrait struck him as something ludicrous.

"How like him this all is!" he was saying to the Princess Mariya, as she came up to him.

The Princess Mariya looked at her brother in amazement. She could not understand what he could find to amuse him. All that her father did inspired in her a reverence that removed it beyond criticism.

"Every man has his Achilles' heel," continued Prince Andrei. "With his tremendous intellect, the idea of going into this absurdity — *donner dans ce ridicule!*"

The Princess Mariya could not approve of this audacious judgment of her brother's, and was just about to reprove him, when the steps which they were awaiting were heard coming from the cabinet. The prince came in briskly, even gayly, as was his universal custom, as though he meant by his lively ways to make a contrast with the stern routine of the house.

Just at the instant that the great clock struck two, and was answered by the feebler tone of another in the reception-room, the prince made his appearance. He paused. From under his thick, overhanging brows, his keen, flashing, stern eyes surveyed all who were present, and then rested on his son's young wife. The young princess instantly experienced that feeling of fear and reverence which this old man inspired in all those around him, — a feeling akin to that experienced by courtiers at the coming of the Tsar.

He smoothed the princess's head, and then, with a clumsy motion, patted her on the back of the neck.

"I am glad to see you, glad to see you," said he; and, after looking into her face steadily once more, he turned away and sat down in his place.

"Sit down, sit down! Mikhail Ivanovitch, sit down."

He assigned his daughter-in-law the place next him: the waiter pushed the chair up for her. "Ho! ho!" said the old man, looking at her critically, "your time is coming! too bad!"

He smiled dryly, coldly, disagreeably, with his lips alone, as usual, and not with his eyes. "You must walk, walk, as much as possible; as much as possible," said he.

The little princess did not hear, and did not wish to hear his words. She said nothing, and seemed dispirited. The prince asked after her father, and she replied and smiled. He asked about common acquaintances: the princess grew more animated, and began to deliver messages, and tell the prince the gossip of the town. "The Countess Apraksina, poor woman, has lost her husband, and quite cried her eyes out," * said she, growing still more lively.

The livelier she became, the more sternly the prince looked at her, and suddenly, as though he had studied her enough, and had formed a sufficiently clear idea of her mental calibre, he turned abruptly away and began to talk with Mikhail Ivanovitch.

"Well, now, Mikhaila Ivanovitch, it is going to go hard with our Bonaparte. As Prince Andrei has been telling me (he always spoke of his son in the third person), great forces are collecting against him. But then you and I have always considered him to be a wind-bag."

Mikhail Ivanovitch really did not know when he and the prince had ever said any such things about Bonaparte, but perceiving that this was necessary as a preliminary for the prince's favorite subject of conversation, looked in surprise at the young prince, and wondered what would be the outcome of it.

"He is great at tactics," said the old prince to his son, referring to the architect, and again the conversation turned on the war, on Bonaparte, and the generals of the present day and the great men of the reign. The old prince, it seemed, was persuaded in his own mind that all the men at the head

* "*La Comtesse Apraksine, la pauvre, a perdu son mari et elle a pleuré les larmes de ses yeux.*"

of affairs at the present day were mere schoolboys, who did not know even the a b c's of war and civil administration, and that Bonaparte was an insignificant Frenchman, who had been successful simply from the fact that there were no Potemkins or Suvarofs to meet him; but he was persuaded, also, that no political complications, of any account, existed in Europe; that the war did not amount to anything, but was a sort of puppet-show, at which the men of the present day were playing, while pretending to do something great.

Prince Andrei took his father's sarcasms at the "new men" in good part, and with apparent pleasure led him on, and heard what he had to say.

"The past always seems better than the present," said the young man; "yet didn't that same Suvarof fall into the trap which Moreau laid for him, — fell in, and hadn't the wit to get himself out of it?"

"Who told you that? who told you?" cried the prince. "Suvarof!" and he flung away his plate, which Tikhon was quick enough to catch. "Suvarof! — Consider, Prince Andrei! Friedrich and Suvarof were a pair; — Moreau! Moreau would have been taken prisoner if Suvarof's hands had been free; but he had on his hands a *Hofskriegswurstschnapsrath*.* The devil himself could not have done anything. Now if you go on you will find out what these *Hofskriegswurstschnapsraths* are like. Suvarof was no match for them: what chance do you suppose Mikhail Kutuzof will have? No, my dear young friend," he went on to say; "there's no chance for you and your generals against Bonaparte; you must needs take Frenchmen, so that birds of a feather may fight together. You have sent the German Pahlen, to New York, to America, after the Frenchman Moreau," said he, referring to the overtures that had been made that same year to Moreau to enter the Russian service. "It's marvellous! Were the Potemkins, Suvarofs, Orlofs, Germans, pray? No, brother, either all of you have lost your wits, or I have gone into my second childhood. God give you good luck! but we shall see. Bonaparte a great general, on their side! hm!"

"I don't say, at all, that all our arrangements are wise," returned Prince Andrei, "only I can't understand how you have such a low opinion of Bonaparte. Laugh as much as you please, but Bonaparte is, nevertheless, a great general."

"Mikhaila Ivanovitch," cried the old prince to the architect, who was giving his attention to the roast, and devoutly hoping

* Court-War-Sausage-Schnaps-Council.

that he was quite forgotten, "I have told you, have I not, that Bonaparte was a great tactician? And he says so, too."

"How, your Illustriousness?" replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his chilling laugh.

"Bonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.* His soldiers are excellent. And then, again, he had the good luck to fight with the Germans first. Only a lazy man would fail to whip the Germans. Ever since the world began, the Germans have always been whipped. And they have never whipped any one. Oh, yes, each other! He made his reputation by fighting them."

And the prince began to expatiate on all the blunders that Napoleon, in his opinion, had made in all his wars, and even in his act of administration. His son did not dispute what he said, but it was evident that whatever arguments were employed against him, he was just as little inclined to alter his opinion as the old prince himself. Prince Andrei listened, refraining from engaging in any discussion, and only smiling as he involuntarily wondered how it was possible for this old man, who had lived for so many years like a hermit in the country, to know so thoroughly and accurately all the military and political occurrences that had taken place in Europe during the last years, and was able to form such an opinion of them.

"You think, do you, that I am too old to understand the present state of affairs? Well, this is all there is of it: I can't sleep o'nights. Now, wherein is this general of yours so great? Where has he ever shown it?"

"It would take too long to tell," replied the son.

"Well, then, go off to your Bonaparte! Mlle. Bourienne, here is another admirer of your clodhopper of an emperor," † he cried, in excellent French.

"You know that I am not a Bonapartist, prince."

"*Dieu sait quand il reviendra,*" hummed the prince, in his falsetto, and with a smile that was still more falsetto, he got up and left the table.

The little princess, during the whole time of the discussion and the rest of the meal, sat in silence, looking in alarm, now at her husband's father, now at the Princess Mariya. After they left the table, she took her sister-in-law's arm and drew her into the next room.

"How bright your father is," said she, "that's probably the reason that he makes me afraid of him."

"Ah, he is so good!" exclaimed the princess.

* Russ: "Was born in his shirt."

† "*Voilà encore un admirateur de votre goujat d'empereur.*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next evening, Prince Andrei was about to take his departure. The old prince, not making any change in his routine, had gone to his room immediately after dinner. The young wife was with the Princess Mariya. Prince Andrei, having put on a travelling-coat without epaulets, was engaged in his room, with his valet, in packing up. He himself had personally looked after the carriage, and the arrangement of his luggage, and ordered the horses to be put in. In the chamber remained only those things which Prince Andrei always took with him: his dressing-case, a huge silver bottle-holder, two turkish pistols, and a sabre which his father had captured at Oehakof and presented to him. All these appurtenances had been put in the most perfect order; all were bright and clean, in woolen bags, carefully strapped.

If men are ever inclined to think about their actions, the moment when they are about to go away and enter upon some new course of life, is certain to induce a serious frame of mind. Generally, at such moments, the past comes up for review and plans are made for the future.

Prince Andrei's face was very thoughtful and tender. With his hands behind his back, he was walking briskly, from corner to corner, up and down the room, with his eyes fixed and occasionally shaking his head. Was it terrible for him to be going to the war, or was he a little saddened at the thought of leaving his wife? Perhaps there was a trifle of each feeling. However, hearing steps in the entry, and evidently not wishing to be seen in any such state, he hurriedly dropped his hands and paused by the table, as though engaged in fastening the cover of his dressing-case, and his face became as usual, serene and impenetrable. The steps that he heard were those of the Princess Mariya.

"I was told that you had ordered the horses put in," said she, panting (she had evidently been running), "and I did so want to have a little talk with you, all alone. God knows how long it will be before we see each other again. You are not angry with me for coming? You have changed very much, Andryusha," she added, as though in explanation of such a question.

She smiled as she called him by the pet diminutive, "Andryusha." Evidently, it was strange for her to think that this

stern, handsome man was the same Andryusha, the slender, frolicsome lad who had been the playmate of her childhood.

"Where is Lise," he asked, merely replying to her question with a smile.

"She was so tired that she fell asleep on the sofa in my room! Oh, André, what a treasure of a wife, you have," she said, as she sat down on the sofa, facing her brother. "She is a perfect child, such a sweet, merry-hearted child. I have learned to love her dearly!"

Prince Andrei made no reply, but the princess noticed the ironical and scornful expression which her words called forth on his face.

"But you must be indulgent to her little weaknesses; who is there that is without them, André? You must not forget that she was educated and brought up in society. And besides, her position is now not all roses. We ought always to put ourselves in the place of another. To understand is to forgive.* Just think how hard it is on the poor little woman, after the gay life to which she is accustomed, to be parted from her husband, and to be left alone in the country, and in her condition! It is very hard!"

Prince Andrei smiled and looked at his sister, as we smile when we look at people whose motives are perfectly transparent to us.

"You live in the country and don't find this life so horrible, do you?"

"I? — but that's another thing. Why should you speak about me? I have no desire for any other life, because I have never known any other life. But you think, André, what it is for a healthy young woman to be buried for the best years of her life in the country, alone, too, — for papenka is always busy, and I, — you know what poor company I am for a woman who has been accustomed to the best society. There's only Mlle. Bourienne."

"Your Bourienne does not please me very much," said Prince Andrei.

"Oh how can you say so? She is very kind and good, and, what is more, is greatly to be pitied. She has no one, no one at all. To tell you the truth, she is not at all necessary, but if anything she's in my way. You know that I have always been somewhat of a misanthrope, and now more than ever I love to be alone. *Mon père* is very fond of her. She and Mikhail Ivanitch are two people for — to whom he is always

* "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner."

polite and kind, because both of them are under obligations to him; as Sterne says 'We do not love men so much for the good that they do us, as for the good that we do them.' *Mon père* took her in as an orphan from the street, and she is very good, and *mon père* loves her way of reading. She always reads aloud to him in the evening. She reads beautifully."

"Now tell the truth, Marie; I am afraid my father's temper must be very trying to you sometimes, — isn't it so?" suddenly demanded Prince Andrei. The Princess Mariya was at first dumbfounded, then terrified, at this question.

"To me — me — trying?" she stammered.

"He has always been harsh, but now he has become desperately trying, I should think," said Prince Andrei, speaking lightly of his father, apparently, for the sake of perplexing or testing his sister.

"You're good to every one, André, but you have such pride of intellect," said the princess, following the trend of her own thoughts rather than the course of the conversation. "And that is a great sin. Have we any right to judge our father? And even if we had, what other feeling beside *vénération* could such a man as *mon père* inspire? And I am so happy and content to live with him. I only wish that all were as happy as I am."

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

"There is only one thing that is hard for me — I will tell you the truth about it, André — it is father's ways of thinking of religious things. I cannot understand how a man with such a tremendous intellect can fail to see what is as clear as day, and can go so far astray. This is the one thing that makes me unhappy. But even in this I have noticed lately a shade of improvement. Lately his sarcasms have not been quite so pronounced, and there is a monk whom he allowed to come in and have a long talk with him."

"Well, my dear, I am afraid that you and the monk wasted your powder," said Prince Andrei, in a jesting but affectionate way.

"Ah! *mon ami!* All I can do is to pray to God and hope that he will hear me. André," said she timidly, after a moment's silence, "I have one great favor to ask of you."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Promise me that you will not refuse me. It won't be any trouble to you at all, and nothing unworthy of you in doing it; but it will be a great comfort to me. Promise me, Andryusha," said she, thrusting her hand into her reticule

and holding something in it but not yet showing it, as though what she held constituted the object of her request, and she were unwilling to take this *something* from the reticule, until she were assured of his promise to do what she desired. She looked at her brother with a timid, beseeching glance.

"Even if it required great trouble, I would," replied Prince Andrei, evidently foreseeing what the request was.

"Think whatever you please, — I know that you are exactly like *mon père*, — think whatever you please, but do this for my sake. Please do! My father's father, our grandfather, wore it in all his battles." Not even now did she take from the reticule what she held in her hand. "So, will you promise me?"

"But what is it?"

"André, I give you this little picture with my blessing, and you must promise me that you will never take it off. Will you promise?"

"If it does not weigh two poods* and won't break my neck, I will do it if it will give you any pleasure," but at that instant, noticing the pained expression which passed over his sister's face at this jest, he regretted it. "With pleasure, really with pleasure, my dear," he added.

"He will save and pardon you in spite of your hardness of heart; he will bring you to Himself, because in Him alone is truth and peace," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, and with a gesture of solemnity held up before her brother an ancient oval medallion of the Saviour, with a black face in a silver frame, attached to a silver chain of delicate workmanship.

She made the sign of the cross, kissed the medallion, and held it out to Andrei.

"Please, André, for my sake." Her large eyes were kindled by the rays of a soft and kindly light which transfigured her thin, sickly face and made it beautiful. Her brother was about to take the medallion, but she stopped him. He understood what she meant, and crossed himself and kissed the image. His face was both tender (for he was touched) and, at the same time, ironical.

"Thanks, my dear."

She kissed him on the brow and again sat down on the sofa. Both were silent.

"As I was saying to you, André, be kind and magnanimous as you always used to be. Don't judge Lise harshly," she

* A pood is thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

began after a little. "She is so sweet, so good! and her position is very hard just now."

"Why, Masha, I have not said that I found any fault with my wife, or been vexed with her. Why do you say such things to me?"

The Princess Mariya flushed, and she was silent as though she felt guilty.

"I have not said anything to you, but some one has been talking to you. And I am sorry for that."

The red patches flamed still more noticeably on the Princess Mariya's forehead, neck, and cheeks. She tried to say something, but speech failed her. Her brother had guessed right; his little wife after dinner had wept, and confessed her forebodings about the birth of her baby, and how she dreaded it, and poured out her complaints against her father-in-law and her husband. And after she had cried, she fell asleep.

Prince Andrei was sorry for his sister.

"I wish you to know this, Masha, that I find no fault with my wife, I never have found fault with her and never shall, and there is nothing for which I can reproach myself; and this shall always be so, no matter in what circumstances I find myself. But if you wish to know the truth, if you wish to know whether I am happy, I tell you No. Is she happy? No! Why is it? I don't know."

As he said this, he got up, went over to his sister, and bending down, kissed her on the forehead. His handsome eyes showed an unwonted gleam of sentiment and kindness, though he looked not at his sister, but over her head at the dark opening of the door.

"Let us go to her, it is time to say good-by. Or, rather, you go ahead and wake her, and I will follow you. Petrushka," he cried to the valet, "Come here; pick up those things. This goes under the seat; this, at the right."

The Princess Mariya got up and directed her steps toward the door, then she paused,—

"André," said she, in French, "if you had faith, you would have implored God to give you the love which you do not feel, and your prayer would have been heard."*

"Yes, perhaps so," said Prince Andrei. "Go on, Masha, I will follow immediately."

On the way to his sister's room, in the gallery which connected one part of the house with the other, Prince Andrei met

* "*André, si vous avez la foi, vous vous seriez adressé à Dieu, pour qu'il vous donne l'amour, que vous ne sentez pas, et votre prière aurait été exaucée.*"

the sweetly smiling Mlle. Bourienne; it was the third time that she had crossed his path that day in the corridor, and with the same enthusiastic and naive smile.

"Ah, I thought you were in your own room," said she, blushing a little, and dropping her eyes.

Prince Andrei looked at her sternly. His face suddenly grew wrathful. He gave her no answer, but looked at her with such a scornful expression that the little Frenchwoman flushed scarlet and turned away without another word.

When he reached his sister's room, the princess, his wife, was already awake, and her blithe voice was heard through the open door. She was chattering as fast as her tongue would let her, as though she were anxious to make up for lost time, after long repression: — "No, Marie, but just imagine the old Countess Zubova, with her false curls and a mouth full of false teeth, as though she were trying to cheat old age! ha! ha! ha!"

Prince Andrei had heard his wife get off exactly the same phrase about the Countess Zubova, and the same joke,* at least five times. He went quietly into the room. The princess, plump and rosy, was sitting in an easy-chair, with her work in her hands, and was talking an incessant stream, repeating her Petersburg reminiscences, and even the familiar Petersburg phrases. Prince Andrei went up to her, smoothed her hair, and asked if she felt rested. She answered him and went on with her story.

A coach with a six-in-hand was waiting at the front entrance. It was a dark, autumn night. The coachman could not see the pole of the carriage. Men with lanterns were standing on the door steps. The great mansion was alive with lights, shining through the lofty windows. The domestics were gathered in the entry to say good-by to the young prince; all the household were collected in the hall: Mikhail Ivanovitch, Mlle. Bourienne, the Princess Mariya, and her sister-in-law. Prince Andrei had been summoned to his father's cabinet, where the old prince wanted to bid him good-by privately. All were waiting for their coming.

When Prince Andrei went into the cabinet, the old prince, with spectacles on his nose and in his white dressing-gown, in which he never received any one except his son, was sitting at the table and writing. He looked around.

"Are you off?" and he went on with his writing.

* *Zub*, from which the name Zubova is derived, means tooth.

"I have come to bid you good-by."

"Kiss me here." He indicated his cheek. "Thank you, thank you."

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you don't dilly-dally, because you don't hang on to your wife's petticoats. Service before all! Thank you! thank you!"

And he went on with his writing so vigorously that the ink flew from his sputtering pen. "If you have anything to say, speak. I can attend to these two things at once," he added.

"About my wife—I am so sorry to be obliged to leave her on your hands."

"What nonsense is that? Tell me what you want."

"When it is time for my wife to be confined, send to Moscow for an *accoucheur*. Get him here."

The old prince paused, and pretending not to understand, fixed his eyes on his son.

"I know that no one can help, if nature does not do her work," said Prince Andrei, evidently confused, "I am aware that out of millions of cases only one goes amiss; but this is her whim and mine. They have been talking to her, she had a dream, and she is afraid."

"Hm! hm!" growled the old prince, taking up his pen again. "I will do so." He wrote a few more lines, suddenly turned upon his son, and said with a sneer: "Bad business, hey?"

"What is bad, batyushka?"

"Wife!" said the old prince, with laconic significance.

"I don't understand you," said Prince Andrei.

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it, my young friend," said the prince; "they're all alike, there's no way of getting unmarried. Don't be disturbed, I won't tell any one, but you know 'tis so."

He seized his son's hand in his small, bony fingers and shook it, looking him straight in the face with his keen eyes, which seemed to look through a man, and then once more laughed his cold laugh.

The son sighed, thereby signifying that his father read him correctly. The old man continued to fold and seal his letters with his usual rapidity, and when he had finished he caught up and put away the wax, the seal, and the paper.

"What can you do? She's a beauty! I will see that everything is done. Be easy on that score," said he abruptly, as he sealed the last letter.

Andrei made no reply: it was both pleasant and disagreeable to have his father understand him so well. The old man stood up and handed a letter to his son.

"Listen," said he, "don't worry about your wife. Whatever can be done, shall be done. Now listen: give this letter to Mikhail Ilarionovitch* I have written him to employ you in the good places, and not keep you too long as adjutant, — it's a nasty position. Tell him I remember him with affection, and write me how he receives you. If all goes well, stay and serve him. Nikolai Andreyitch Bolkonsky's son must not serve any one from mere favoritism. Now, come here."

He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half of his words, but his son understood him; he led him to a desk, threw back a lid, opened a little box and took out a note-book, written in his own large, angular, but close hand.

"I shall probably die before you do. Remember, these are my memoirs, they are to be given to the emperor, after my death. Now, see here, take this bank note and this letter: this is a prize for the one who shall write a history of the wars of Suvarof; send it to the Academy. Here are my remarks; after I am gone you may read them; you will find them worth your while."

Andrei did not tell his father that he would probably live a long time yet. He felt that it was not necessary to say that.

"I will do it all, batyushka," said he.

"Well, then, good-by." He offered him his hand to kiss, and then gave him an embrace. "Remember one thing, Prince Andrei; if you are killed it will be hard for me to bear; I am an old man" — He unexpectedly paused, and then as suddenly proceeded, in a tempestuous voice: "But if I should hear that you had behaved unworthy of a son of Nikolai Bolkonsky, I should be — ashamed," he hissed.

"You should not have said that to me, batyushka," replied the son, with a smile.

The old man was silent.

"I have still another request to make of you," Prince Andrei went on to say. "If I should be killed, and if a son should be born to me, don't let him go from you, as I was saying last evening. Let him grow up under your roof, please?"

"Not let your wife have him?" asked the old man, and tried to laugh. Both stood in silence for some moments, facing each other. The old man's keen eyes gazed straight into his

* Kutuzof.

son's. There was a slight tremor in the lower part of the old prince's face.

"We have said good by, now go!" said he, suddenly. "Go!" he cried, in a stern, loud voice, opening his cabinet door.

"What is it? what's the matter?" asked Prince Andrei's wife and sister, as the young man came out, and they caught a momentary glimpse of the old prince, in his white dressing-gown, and without his wig, and in his spectacles, as he appeared at the door, screaming at his son.

Prince Andrei sighed, and made no answer.

"Well?" said he, turning to his wife, and this "well (*nu*)" sounded chillingly sarcastic, as though he had said, "Now begin your little comedy."

"André, already?" said the little wife, turning pale, and fixing her terror-stricken eyes on her husband. He took her in his arms: she gave a cry, and fell fainting on his shoulder.

He carefully disengaged himself of her form, looked into her face, and tenderly laid her in an arm chair.

"Adieu, Marie," said he, gently, to his sister, kissed her hand, and hastened out of the room.

The fainting princess lay in the chair; Mlle. Bourienne chafed her temples. The Princess Mariya, holding her up, was still looking, with her lovely eyes dim with tears, at the door through which Prince Andrei had disappeared, and her blessing followed him.

In the cabinet the old prince was heard repeatedly blowing his nose, with sharp, angry reports, like pistol shots. Prince Andrei had hardly left the room when the cabinet door was hurriedly flung open, and the prince's stern figure appeared in the white dressing-gown.

"Has he gone?" he asked; "well, it is just as well," said he. Then, looking angrily at the unconscious little princess, he shook his head reproachfully, and clapped the door to after him.

Andrei made no reply: it was both pleasurable to have his father understand him so and to stand up and handed a letter to his son.

"Listen," said he, "don't worry about what ever can be done, shall be done. Now go to Mikhail Ilarionovitch. I have written in the good places, and not keep you and write me how he receives you. I shall serve him. Nikolai Andreyitch I serve any one from mere favoritism."

He spoke so rapidly that he did not but his son understood him; he took a lid, opened a little box and took his own large, angular, but closed.

"I shall probably die before my memoirs, they are to be published. Now, see here, take this is a prize for the one who wins the wars of Suvarof; send it to them worth your while."

Andrei did not tell his father long time yet. He felt that he would do it all, but he

"Well, then, good-bye," then gave him an envelope and Andrei; if you are looking for an old man" — and suddenly proceeded, in a low voice, to hear that you had heard Bolkonsky, I should like to

"You should read the son, with a

The old man said: "I have still to go. Andrei went on saying should be to saying last please?"

"Not let me try to let each other

in the lower part of the old
 "Go!" said he, suddenly,
 voice, opening his cabinet

asked Prince Andrei's
 out, and they caught
 in his white dressing-
 spectacles, as he appeared

made no answer.
 to his wife, and this "well (no)"
 as though he had said, "Now

the little wife, turning pale, and
 eyes on her husband. He took her
 and fell fainting on his shoulder.
 laid her in an arm chair, looked into
 and he, gently, to his sister, kissed her

out of the room.
 princess lay in the chair; Mlle. Bourienne
 The Princess Mariya, holding her up, was
 her lovely eyes dim with tears, and her blessing

Prince Andrei had disappeared, and the old prince was heard repeatedly blowing
 angry reports, like pistol shots. Prince
 left the room when the cabinet door was
 open, and the prince's stern figure appeared in
 he asked; "well, it is just as well," said
 angrily at the unconscious little princess,
 reproachfully, and clapped the door to

napsack
 —awl an

to which
 re shoes
 at this I
 , since, I
 y goods
 t, and, m

general,
 whiske
 ack was
 d-new
 een fol
 ick ra

of a
 tant
 the
 ber
 nma
 idee
 nev
 od
 roc
 x.
 t
 a

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

IN October, 1805, the Russian army were cantoned in certain villages and towns in the archduchy of Austria, making a heavy burden for the inhabitants, and still new regiments were on the way from Russia, and concentrating around the fortress of Braunau, where Kutuzof, the commander-in-chief, had his headquarters.

On the twenty-third of October, one of the many regiments of infantry that had just arrived, stopped about half a mile from the city, waiting to be reviewed by the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding the un-Russian landscape — orchards, stone walls, tiled roofs, and mountains on the horizon — and the un-Russian aspect of the people, who gathered to look with curiosity at the soldiers, this regiment presented exactly the same appearance as every other Russian regiment getting ready for inspection anywhere in the centre of Russia.

The evening before, during their last march, word had been received that the commander-in-chief would review the regiment. The words of the order had not seemed altogether clear to the regimental commander, and the question having arisen, how it was to be taken, — were they to be in marching order or not? — he called a council of officers, at which it was decided that the regiment should be presented in parade dress, on the principle that it is always better to go beyond than not to come up to the requirements. And the soldiers, after a march of three hundred versts, during which they had not once closed their eyes, were kept all night mending and cleaning up; the aids and captains classified and enrolled their men, and by morning the regiment, instead of a straggling, disorderly mob, such as it had been during the last stage of their march, presented a compact mass of two thousand men, each one of whom knew his place and his duty; every button and every strap were in order, and shining with neatness.

Not only were all the externals put into perfect order, but if the commander-in-chief should take it into his head to look under the uniforms, then he would have found that each man

had on a clean shirt, and that in each knapsack were the required number of things, "*shiltse i miltse*" — awl and soap — as the soldiers express it.

There was only one particular in regard to which no one could be satisfied; this was foot wear. The shoes of more than half of the men were in tatters. But this lack was not the fault of the regimental commander, since, notwithstanding his repeated demands, the necessary goods had not been furnished by the Austrian commissariat, and, moreover, the regiment had marched a thousand versts.

The regimental commander was an elderly general, of sanguine complexion, with gray brows and side whiskers, stout and broad; the distance from his chest to his back was greater than across his shoulders. He wore a brand-new uniform, which showed the creases caused by having been folded, and on his shoulders were heavy gold epaulets, which raised his fat shoulders still higher.

The regimental commander had the aspect of a man who had happily accomplished one of the most important functions of life. He marched up and down in front of the line, and as he marched he shook at every step, slightly bending his back. It could be seen that the regimental commander was very fond of his regiment, and felt happy at the idea that all his mental faculties were absorbed in it. But, nevertheless, his pompous gait seemed to insinuate that over and above his military interests there was still left no small room in his heart for the affairs of society and the feminine sex.

"Well, batyushka, Mikhailo Mitritch," said he turning to one of the majors, who stepped forward with a smile (it was evident that they were all happy): "We had a pretty tough tussle last night, didn't we? However, according to my idea our regiment isn't one of the worst, hey?"

The major appreciated the jocund irony and laughed.

"No, we should not be driven off from the Empress's Field."*

"What is it?" asked the commander, catching sight of two horsemen galloping along the road to the city, lined with signal men. It was an adjutant, with a Cossack riding behind him.

The adjutant had been sent from headquarters to explain what had been enigmatical in the last evening's order, and especially to insist upon it that the commander-in-chief wished to review the regiment in exactly the condition in which it had

* *Tsaritsuin Lug*, a famous parade ground near St. Petersburg. — Tr.

arrived — in cloaks, gun covers, and without any preparations whatever.

The evening before, it had happened that a member of the Hofkriegsrath had arrived from Vienna, asking and urging that Kutuzof should make all haste to join the allied armies under the Archduke Ferdinand and General Mack; and Kutuzof, considering that this junction was not advantageous, desired to exhibit in support of his own theories, and to have the Austrian general see for himself, the pitiable state in which the army from Russia had arrived. With this end in view he was anxious to find the regiment in marching order, and therefore the worse the situation of the men the more agreeable it would be to him. The adjutant knew nothing about these reasons, but he transmitted to the regimental commander the general-in-chief's urgent desire that the men should be in marching order, and added that if it were otherwise the commander-in-chief would be very much offended.

On hearing these words, the regimental commander hung his head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and spread his hands with a despairing gesture.

"This is great doings!" he cried, "It's what I told you, Mikhailo Mitritch — in marching order, in cloaks" said he, turning reproachfully to the major. "Akh! my God," he exclaimed and stepped resolutely forward. "Gentlemen! Captains!" he cried, in a voice accustomed to command. "Sergeants! — Will they be here soon?" he asked, turning to the adjutant with an expression of deferential politeness evidently proportioned to the dignity of the personage of whom he was speaking.

"Within an hour, I think."

"Shall we have time to make the change?"

"I don't know, general."

The regimental commander, hastening into the ranks, made the dispositions for changing back into marching costume again. The captains ran to their companies, the sergeants bustled about (the cloaks were not altogether in order) and in an instant the solid squares which had just been standing silently and orderly, stirred, stretched out, and began to buzz with busy voices. Soldiers were running this way and that, getting their knapsacks on their shoulders and over their heads, taking down their cloaks and lifting their arms high in the air, trying to get them into their sleeves.

Within half an hour the whole regiment was in the same order as before; only the squares were transformed from black

to grey. The regimental commander was again walking up and down in front of the regiment with the same tottering gait, and inspecting it from a distance.

"What does that mean? What is that?" he cried suddenly halting. "Captain of the third company!"

"The general wants the captain of the third company"—

"The general wants the third captain!"—"The general wants the third company!" cried various voices along the ranks, and an aid hastened to discover the missing officer.

Even while the sounds of gruff voices commingling, and some even crying the "company wants the general" rang along the lines, the missing officer appeared from behind his company and although he was well on in years and not used to running, he came toward the general at an awkward dog trot on his tip-toes.

The captain's face expressed such anxiety as a schoolboy feels when he is called upon to recite a lesson that has not been learned. His nose was red and covered with blotches (evidently caused by intemperance) and his mouth twitched nervously. The regimental commander surveyed the delinquent captain from head to foot, as he came up panting, and slackening his pace as he approached.

"Do you let your men wear women's sarafans? What does that mean?" cried the regimental commander, thrusting out his lower jaw and pointing to a soldier in the ranks of the third company who wore a colored capote of broadcloth in violent contrast with the cloaks of the other soldiers. "Where have you been? The commander-in-chief is expected, and here you are out of your place!—Hey?—I will teach you to dress your men in Cossack coats for review!—Hey!"

The captain, not taking his eyes from his chief, kept his two fingers at his visor, as though he found his salvation now in this one position alone.

"Well, why don't you speak? Whom have you there, in that Hungarian costume?" sternly demanded the regimental commander, with grim facetiousness.

"Your excellency"—

"Well what of *your excellency*? 'Your excellency!' and 'your excellency!' But what does—do you mean by 'your excellency'? * Nobody knows what you mean!"

"Your excellency, that is Dolokhof, cashiered," stammered the captain.

"Well, was he cashiered to be a field-marshal, or a private?"

* *Wáshe prevaskhodítelstvo.*

If as a private, then he ought to be dressed like the others, in uniform!"

"Your excellency, you yourself allowed him to dress so on the march."

"Allowed him? Allowed him? That's always the way with you young men," said the general, cooling down a little. "Allowed him? We tell you one thing and you"—The general paused. "We tell you one thing and you—well!" said he, with a fresh access of temper, "Be good enough to have your men dressed decently"—

And the regimental commander glanced at the adjutant and proceeded along the line with his faltering gait. It could be seen that his outburst of temper had given him great satisfaction, and that as he passed along the line he wanted to find some excuse for further violence. Berating one officer for not having a clean gorget, and another for having his company "dressed" unevenly, he proceeded to company three. "H-o-o-o-ow are you standing? Where is your leg? Your leg! where is it?" screamed the regimental commander, with a suggestion of keen suffering in his voice, passing by half a dozen men to come to Dolokhof, who was dressed in a bluish capote.

Dolokhof slowly straightened his bended leg, and, with his keen, bold eyes, stared into the general's face.

"Why that blue capote? Off with it! Sergeant! strip him. The blun"—He did not have time to finish.

"General, I am bound to fulfil orders, but I am not bound to put up"—began Dolokhof, hastily.

"No talking in the ranks! No talking, no talking!"

"I am not bound to put up with insults," cried Dolokhof, in a loud, ringing voice. The eyes of the general and the private met.

The general said no more, but angrily pulled down his tight belt.

"Have the goodness to change your coat, I beg of you," said he, as he turned away.

CHAPTER II.

"He is coming," cried one of the signal men.

The regimental commander, flushing scarlet, ran to his horse, seized the stirrup with trembling hands, threw himself into the saddle, straightened himself up, drew his sabre, and with a radiant, resolute face, drew his mouth to one side, ready to

shout his order. A shiver ran through the regiment, as though it were a great bird about to spread its wings; then it became motionless.

"Eyes fr-r-r-ront!" cried the regimental commander, in a voice trembling with emotion; pleasant as it sounded to himself, it was peremptory toward the regiment, and suggestive of welcome to the approaching chief.

Along the broad highway, unpaved, shaded with trees, came a high Viennese calash, painted blue, and swinging easily on its springs, as its six horses trotted briskly along. Behind it, galloped the suite and an escort of Kroatians. Next Kutuzof sat the Austrian general, in a white uniform, which made a peculiar contrast with the dark Russian ones. The calash drew up near the regiment. Kutuzof and the Austrian general were engaged in conversation in low tones, and Kutuzof smiled slightly, as he slowly and heavily stepped down from the carriage, exactly as though the two thousand men who were breathlessly gazing at him and the regimental commander, did not exist.

The word of command rang out, again the regiment stirred into life, and presented arms. In the dead silence the undertone of the commander-in-chief was heard.

The regiment shouted, "Long life to your hi-i-ighness!" and again all was still.

At first Kutuzof stood where he was and watched the regiment go through this evolution, then side by side with the general in the white uniform, and accompanied by his suite, he started to walk down the line.

By the way in which the regimental commander had saluted his chief, and kept his eyes fastened upon him, and now followed behind the two generals as they walked down the lines, and as he drew himself up and bent forward to listen to every word that fell from their lips, it was evident that he fulfilled his duties as a subordinate with even greater satisfaction than he did those of a commander. The regiment, thanks to the commander's stern discipline and strenuous endeavors, was in excellent condition compared to the others which had come to Braunau at the same time; there were only two hundred and seventeen sick and stragglers; and all things were in excellent order, with the exception of the shoes.

Kutuzof proceeded down the ranks, occasionally stopping to say a few friendly words to officers or even privates whom he had known during the war with Turkey. Glancing at their shoes, he more than once shook his head mournfully and

directed the Austrian general's attention to them with an expression that meant to imply that no one was to blame for it, but it was a pity, all the same, to see such a state of things.

The regimental commander, each time that he did so, pushed forward, fearing to lose a single word that his chief might speak regarding his regiment.

Behind Kutuzof, just near enough to be able to catch every word, however lightly spoken, that might fall from his lips, followed the twenty men of his suite, talking among themselves and occasionally laughing. Nearest to the commander-in-chief walked a handsome adjutant: this was Prince Bolkonsky. Next him went his messmate, Nesvitsky, a tall and remarkably stalwart staff-officer, with a kindly, smiling, handsome face and liquid eyes. Nesvitsky could hardly refrain from laughing at the antics of a dark-complexioned officer of Hussars who was walking near him. The Hussar officer, without smiling, and not changing the serious expression of his eyes, gazed at the regimental commander's back and was mimicking his every motion. Every time that the general tottered and pushed forward, the young Hussar officer would, in almost precisely the same way, totter and push forward. Nesvitsky was amused, and nudged the others to look at the mimic.

Kutuzof walked slowly and lazily in front of the thousands of eyes that were starting from their sockets to follow the motions of the chief. As he came along to company three, he suddenly halted. The suite, not anticipating this halt, involuntarily crowded up close to him.

"Ah, Timokhin!" cried the commander-in-chief, recognizing the red-nosed captain, — the one who had been obliged to suffer on account of the blue capote.

It would seem as though it were impossible for him to draw himself up higher than he had done during the scolding administered by the regimental commander. But now that the commander-in-chief stopped to speak to him, the captain put such a strain upon himself, that it seemed as though he could not stand it should the commander-in-chief stay a moment longer; and, accordingly, Kutuzof, evidently appreciating his position and being anxious to show every kindness to the captain, hastened to turn away, a scarcely perceptible smile flitting over his plump, scarred face.

"Another comrade of Izmailo!" said he. "A brave officer! Are you satisfied with him?" asked Kutuzof of the regimental commander.

The regimental commander, who, unknown to himself was

mimicked as in a mirror by the officer of hussars, started as if stung, sprang forward and replied, —

‘Very well satisfied, your high excellency.’*

‘We all of us have our weaknesses,’ continued Kutuzof, smiling and turning away. ‘His used to be his devotion to Bacchus.’

The regimental commander was alarmed lest he were to blame for this and found no words to reply. The Hussar at this instant caught sight of the captain with the red nose and rounded belly and perpetrated such an exact imitation of his face and pose that Nesvitsky laughed outright. Kutuzof turned around. It was evident that the young officer had perfect command of his features: for at the instant that Kutuzof turned round the officer’s face had assumed the most serious, deferential, and innocent of expressions.

The third company was the last and Kutuzof paused, evidently trying to recollect something. Prince Andrei stepped out from the suite and said in French in an undertone, —

‘You ordered me to remind you of Dolokhof, who was cashiered to this regiment’ —

‘Where is this Dolokhof?’

Dolokhof who now wore the gray military capote, did not wait to be summoned. Kutuzof saw a well-built soldier with light curly hair and bright blue eyes come forth from the ranks and present arms.

‘A grievance?’ asked Kutuzof, slightly frowning.

‘That is Dolokhof,’ said Prince Andrei.

‘Ah?’ exclaimed Kutuzof, ‘I hope that you will profit by this lesson. Do your duty. The emperor is merciful. And I will not forget you, if you deserve well.’

The clear blue eyes looked into the chief’s face with the same boldness as at the regimental commander’s, their expression seeming to rend the veil of rank that so widely separated the commander-in-chief from the private soldier.

‘I should like to ask one favor, your high excellency,’ said he deliberately, in a firm, ringing voice; ‘I beg that you give me a chance to wipe out my fault and show my devotion to his Majesty the Emperor, and to Russia.’

Kutuzof turned away. The same sort of smile flashed over his face and through his eyes as at the time when he turned away from Captain Timokhin. He turned away and frowned, as though he wished to express by this that all that Dolokhof had said to him and all that he could possibly say to him

* *Vdshe vuisokoprevashoditelstvo.*

he had known long, long ago, and that it was all a bore to him and that it was so much wasted breath. He turned away and went back to the calash.

The regiment broke up into companies and marched to the quarters assigned them not far from Braunau, where they hoped to get shoes and clothes and rest after their long marches.

"You will not complain of me, will you, Prokhor Ignatyitch," asked the regimental commander, galloping after the third company and overtaking Captain Timokhin, who rode at their head. The general's face shone with unrestrained delight at the successful outcome of the review. — "The service of the Tsar. — Can't help — one flies off — I am the first to apologize. You know me — Thank you very much!" And he held out his hand to the captain.

"I beg of you, general! how could I think of such a thing," replied the captain: his nose grew scarlet and he smiled, the smile betraying the lack of two front teeth which had been knocked out by the but end of a gun, under Izmailo.

"And assure Mr. Dolokhof that I shall not forget him — to rest easy on that score. And tell me please, I have been wanting for some time to ask you, how does he behave? And always" —

"He is very regular in his duty, your excellency — but his temper" — said Timokhin.

"Well, what of his temper?" demanded the regimental commander.

"Some days, your excellency, he goes it," said the captain, "but otherwise he is intelligent and well informed and quiet. And then again he is a wild beast. In Poland he almost killed a Jew, you will have the grace to know."

"Yes, yes," said the regimental commander. "We must always be easy on a young man in misfortune. You see he has influential connections — so you had better" —

"I understand, your excellency" rejoined Timokhin, with a smile that showed that he understood his chief's desires.

"Yes, yes, just so!"

The regimental commander sought out Dolokhof in the ranks and reined in his horse.

"Epaulets at the first engagement!" said he.

Dolokhof looked up, but made no answer and did not alter the expression of the ironical smile that curled his lips.

"Well, this is very good," continued the regimental commander, "A glass of vodka to the men from me," he added,

loud enough to be heard by the soldiers. "I thank you all! Slava Bohu — glory to God!" And he rode on and overtook the next company.

"Well, it's a fact, he's a good man and not hard to serve under," said Timokhin to a subaltern riding next him.

"In a word, very hearty," said the subaltern officer, laughing at his own joke. The regimental commander was nicknamed, "The King of Hearts."

The cheerful frame of mind felt by the officers after the review was shared also by the men. The regiment marched along merrily. On all sides were heard the voices of the soldiers talking.

"How is it? They say Kutuzof is blind of one eye?"

"Well so he is; quite blind."

"Nay, brother, he can see better than you can, He inspected our boots and leg-wrappers and everything."

"My! when he looked at my legs I didn't know what I was standing on."

"And that other one, the *Avstriak* who was with him! I should think he was whitewashed! White as flour! Think what a job to clean that uniform!"

"Say, Fedeshou, did he say when we should begin to be on our guard? You were in front! I was told that *Bunaparte* himself was at *Brunova*."

"*Bunaparte* here! what a lie you fool! Don't you know anything? Now the *Prusak* is up in arms; and the *Avstriak* of course, have got to put him down. And when he's put down then there'll be war with *Bunaparte*. And yet they say *Bunaparte* is here at *Brunova*! Anybody could see you was a fool! Keep your ears peeled, you idiot!"

"The devil! what sort of quartermasters these are! see! there's the fifth company turning off into the village; they'll have their *kasha*-pots boiling before we get in."

"Give me a biscuit, you devil!"

"Didn't I gie you some tobacky, last evening? Too thin, brother! Well, then, God be with you!"

"Oh! I wish they'd call a halt! the idea of marching five versts more on an empty stomach!"

"What you'd like'd be for those Germans to give us a lift in their carriages. Then you'd go easy enough; that would be fine!"

"But here, brother, see all these beggarly people come out! The *Polyaks*, back there, belonged to the Russian crown, but here, brother, there's nothing but Germans come out."

"Singers to the front!" cried the captain.

A score of men from the different companies ran to their places at the head of the column. The drummer who led the singing faced the singers and waved his arm and struck up the drawling soldier's song beginning with the words,—

"Is it the dawn, and has the red sun risen?"

and ending,—

"Well, boys, what glory we shall win with Father Kamensky."

This song had been composed in Turkey, and was now sung in Austria, with simply this variation, that in place of "Father Kamensky," Father Kutuzof was substituted.

The drummer, a stalwart, handsome fellow, forty years old, having sung these last words in staccato, soldier style, made a gesture with his hands as though he were throwing something to the ground, looked sternly at his singers, and frowned. Then feeling the consciousness of all eyes being fastened upon him, he lifted his arms high above his head, as though he were carrying with the greatest care some invisible and precious object, and holding them so for several moments, he suddenly flung it down with a despairing gesture, singing,—

"*Akh vui seni, moi seni.*"*

while twenty voices took up the refrain, and a spoonmaker, disregarding the weight of his equipment, friskily danced ahead and walked backwards before the company, shrugging his shoulders and making gestures of defiance with his spoons.

The soldiers, clapping their hands in time with the measure of the song, marched on in step.

Behind them were heard the rattle of wheels, the creaking of springs, and the trampling of horses' feet. It was Kutuzof and his suite, on their way back to the city. The commander-in-chief signified that the men should keep on as they were, and he and all his suite showed by their faces how much they enjoyed the music of the songs, the sight of the dancing soldier, and the bold and buoyant appearance of the company.

Conspicuous in the second file of the right flank, near which the calash passed, was Dolokhof, the blue-eyed private, as he marched along with an extraordinarily bold and graceful gait, keeping time to the song and looking into the faces of

* Ah, my cottage, my cottage.

the passing officers with an expression that seemed to smack of pity for all who did not march with his company. The cornet of Hussars in Kutuzof's suite, who had mimicked the regimental commander, fell behind the calash and drew up alongside of Dolokhof.

Zherkof, this cornet of hussars, had at one time belonged to the same wild set in Petersburg of which Dolokhof was the leader. Here, abroad, Zherkof met Dolokhof in the ranks, but did not find it expedient to recognize him at first. Now, however, since Kutuzof had set the example by talking with the degraded officer, he went to him with all the cordiality of an old friend.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said he, right in the midst of the song, as he walked his horse abreast of the company.

"How am I?" repeated Dolokhof, "As you see."

The military song gave a special significance to the tone of easy good fellowship in which Zherkof spoke, and the pronounced coolness of Dolokhof's answer.

"And how do you get along with your chiefs?" asked Zherkof.

"All right; good fellows. How did you manage to get on the staff?"

"I am attached — on duty."

Neither spoke.

*"Vuipuskála sokold
Da iz právava rukavá"**

rang out the song, involuntarily inspiring a bold, blithe feeling. Their talk would probably have been different, if they had not spoken while the singing was in progress.

"Is it true that the Austrians are beaten?" asked Dolokhof.

"The devil only knows; so they say."

"I am glad of it," exclaimed Dolokhof, curtly, as though the song demanded it of him.

"Say, come to us this evening. You'll have a chance at faro," said Zherkof.

"Did you bring a good deal of money with you?"

"Come."

"Can't. I've sworn off. I neither drink nor play till I'm promoted."

"Well, that'll come the first engagement."

"We shall see."

* She unleashed the falcon, and from the right sleeve.

Again they relapsed into silence.

"Look in, anyway; if you need anything, the staff will help you."

Dolokhof laughed.

"Don't make yourself uneasy. If I need anything, I shall not ask for it: I'll take it."

"Well, I mean"—

"Well, and so do I mean."

"Good-by."

"Farewell."

*"I vuisokó i dalekó,
Na rodómu storaní."**

Zherkof put spurs to his horse, which pranced and danced not knowing with which foot to start, and then, with a spring, galloped off, leaving the company far behind, and overtook the calash, while still the rhythm of the song seemed to wing its feet.

CHAPTER III.

ON his return from the review, Kutuzof, accompanied by the Austrian general, went into his private room and calling his adjutant bade him bring certain papers relating to the state of the troops, and some letters received from the Archduke Ferdinand, the commander of the army of the van. Prince Andrei Bolkonsky came into the commander-in-chief's office with the desired papers. Kutuzof and the member of the Hof-kriegsrath were sitting at a table on which was spread a map.

"Ah," said Kutuzof, with a glance at Bolkonsky, signifying by this exclamation that the adjutant was to wait, while at the same time he went on in French with the conversation that he had begun.

"I have only one thing to say, general," proceeded Kutuzof, with a pleasing elegance of diction and accent which constrained one to listen to each deliberately spoken word.

It was evident that Kutuzof took pleasure in hearing himself.

"I have only one thing to say, general; if the matter depended solely on me, then the desire of his majesty the Emperor Franz would long ago have been fulfilled. I should long ago have joined the archduke. And I assure you, on my honor, that for me personally, I should have been rejoiced to give over the supreme command of the armies to a general

* "High and far in our fatherland."

so much more learned and more experienced than myself, — and such men abound in Austria, — and to be relieved of the heavy responsibility; but circumstances are often beyond our control, general.”

And Kutuzof smiled, with an expression that seemed to say: You are at perfect liberty not to put any confidence in what I say, and it is absolutely of no consequence to me whether you believe me or not, but you have no need to tell me so. And that's all there is of it.

The Austrian general looked dissatisfied, but could not do otherwise than reply in the same tone.

“On the contrary,” said he, in a querulous and angry tone, that put the lie to the flattering intention of his words; “on the contrary, his majesty highly appreciates the part that you have taken in the common cause, but we think that the present delay will rob the brave Russian army and their generals of those laurels which they are in the habit of winning in war,” he rejoined, in a phrase evidently prepared beforehand.

Kutuzof bowed but still continued to smile.

“Well, such is my idea of it, and relying upon the last letter which his highness the Archduke Ferdinand has done me the honor of writing me, I have no doubt that the Austrian army, under the command of such an experienced coadjutor as General Mack, has already won a decisive victory and no longer needs our aid,” said Kutuzof.

The general frowned. There was indeed no accurate information about the condition of the Austrians, yet there was a preponderating weight of circumstantial evidence in favor of the unfavorable rumors that were in circulation, and therefore Kutuzof's assumption of an Austrian victory, seemed very much like a jest. But Kutuzof smiled blandly, with an expression that seemed to affirm his right to make this assumption. In fact, the last letter that he had received from Mack's army informed him of a probable victory, and of the very advantageous strategical position of his army.

“Give me that letter,” said Kutuzof, addressing Prince Andrei. “Have the goodness to listen to this,” and Kutuzof, with an ironical smile hovering on his lips, read in German to the Austrian general the following passage from the Archduke Ferdinand's letter: —

“We have our forces perfectly concentrated — nearly seventy thousand strong — so that we can attack and defeat the enemy should he attempt to cross the Lech. Since we are masters of Ulm, we cannot lose the advantage of having con-

trol of both banks of the Danube; moreover, should the enemy not cross the Lech, we can at any moment take the other side of the Danube, attack his line of communication, and, by recrossing the Danube lower down, instantly nullify his plans, if he should think of turning the main body of his forces against our faithful allies. Thus we can confidently wait the moment when the Imperial Russian army is ready to join us, and then easily find an opportunity in common to inflict upon the enemy the fate that he deserves."*

Kutuzof drew a long breath, when he had finished this passage, and looked with a sympathetic and kindly expression at the member of the Hofkriegsrath.

"But you know, your excellency, that the law of courage advises to be prepared for the worst," said the Austrian general, evidently anxious to have done with jokes and take up serious business. He involuntarily glanced at the adjutant.

"Excuse me, general" exclaimed Kutuzof, interrupting him and also turning to Prince Andrei. "See here, my dear fellow, get from Kozlovsky all the reports from our spies. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz, and here's a letter from the Archduke Ferdinand, — another still," said he, handing him a quantity of papers. "Have an abstract of these made out neatly in French, as a memorandum, so that we can see at a glance all the facts that we have in regard to the doings of the Austrian army. Now then, when it is done you will hand it to his excellency."

Prince Andrei inclined his head as a sign that he comprehended from the very first word not only all that Kutuzof had said, but all that he meant to say to him. He gathered up the papers and with a general salutation went into the reception-room, stepping noiselessly over the soft carpet.

Notwithstanding the fact that not much time had elapsed since Prince Andrei had left Russia, he had greatly changed. In the expression of his face, in his motions, in his gait, there was almost nothing to be recognized of his former affectation, lassitude, and laziness. He had the appearance of a man who had no time to think about the impression that he produced upon others, but who was occupied with pleasant and interesting work. His face showed more of contentment with himself and his surroundings; his smile and glance were more cheerful and attractive.

Kutuzof, whom he joined in Poland, had received him very warmly and promised not to forget him; treated him with

* In German in the original.

more distinction than his other adjutants, and had taken him to Vienna with him and intrusted him with the most important duties. From Vienna, Kutuzof sent a letter to his old comrade, Prince Andrei's father, —

"Your son," he wrote, "bids fair to become an officer who will be distinguished for his quickness of perception, his firmness, and his faithfulness. I count myself fortunate in having such a helpmeet."

Among the officers of Kutuzof's staff and in the army generally, Prince Andrei bore two diametrically opposite reputations, just the same as in Petersburg society. One party, the minority, regarded Prince Andrei as in some way different from themselves and all other people, and expected him to achieve the most brilliant success; they listened to him, praised him, and imitated him, and Prince Andrei was on pleasant and easy terms with these men. The other party, the majority, were not fond of Prince Andrei; they considered him haughty, cold, and disagreeable. But Prince Andrei had succeeded in winning their respect and even their fear.

Coming into the reception-room from Kutuzof's cabinet, Prince Andrei took his papers to one of his colleagues, the adjutant Kozlovsky who was on duty and was sitting with a book at the window.

"Well, what is it, prince?" asked Kozlovsky.

"You are ordered to draw up a memorandum, to account for our not advancing."

"But why?"

Prince Andrei shrugged his shoulders.

"Any news of Mack?"

"No."

"If it were true that he is defeated, we should have heard of it by this time."

"Probably," rejoined Prince Andrei, and started for the outer door; but at that very instant the door was flung almost into his face, and a tall Austrian general, in an overcoat, and with his head swathed in a dark handkerchief, and with the order of Maria Theresa around his neck, hurried into the room, having evidently just arrived from a journey.

Prince Andrei paused.

"General-in-chief Kutuzof?" hurriedly demanded the newly arrived general, with a strong German accent, and looking anxiously on all sides, started without delay for the door of the general's private room.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," said Kozlovsky, hasten-

ing toward the unknown general and barring the way to the cabinet.

"Whom shall I announce?"

The unknown general looked scornfully down on the diminutive Kozlovsky, and seemed to be amazed that he was not recognized.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," repeated Kozlovsky calmly.

The general's face contracted, his lips drew together and trembled.

He drew out a note-book, quickly wrote something in pencil, tore out the leaf, and handed it to the adjutant; then, with quick steps, he walked over to the window, threw himself into a chair, and surveyed those in the room, as though asking why they stared at him so? Then the general lifted his head, stretched out his neck, as though he were about to say something, and then, affecting to hum to himself, produced a strange sound, instantly swallowed. The office door opened, and Kutuzof himself appeared on the threshold. The general with the bandaged head, who had apparently escaped from some peril, bowed, and hastened, with long, swift strides across the room, toward Kutuzof.

"*Vous voyez le malheureux Mack!*"* said he, in a broken voice.

Kutuzof's face, as he stood at his office door, remained perfectly unchangeable for several moments. Then a frown ran like a wave across his brow, and passed off, leaving his face as serene as before. He respectfully bent his head, shut his eyes, silently allowed Mack to pass in front of him into the office, and then closed the door behind him.

The rumor, already spread abroad, as to the defeat of the Austrians and the surrender of the whole army at Ulm, was thus proved to be correct. Within half an hour, adjutants were flying about in all directions with orders for the Russian army, till now inactive, to prepare immediately to meet the enemy.

Prince Andrei was one of those uncommon staff officers whose interest is concentrated on the general operations of the war. On seeing Mack, and learning the particulars of his defeat, he realized that half of the campaign was lost, and appreciated the painfully difficult situation of the Russian army, while his imagination vividly pictured the fate that was awaiting the army, and the part which he was about to play

* "You see the unfortunate Mack!"

in it. In spite of himself he experienced a strong feeling of delight at the thought of the shame that Austria had brought upon herself, and that perhaps within a week he would have a chance to witness and take part in an encounter between the Russians and the French, the first since the time of Suvarof.

But he feared lest Bonaparte's genius should show itself superior to the valor of the Russian troops, and at the same time he could not bear the thought of his hero suffering disgrace.

Agitated and stirred by these thoughts, Prince Andrei started for his room to write his father, to whom he sent a daily letter. In the corridor he fell in with his roommate, Nesvitsky, and the buffoon Zherkof; as usual, they were laughing and joking.

"Why are you so down in the mouth?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing Prince Andrei's pale face and flashing eyes.

"There's nothing to be gay about," replied Bolkonsky.

Just as Prince Andrei joined Nesvitsky and Zherkof, there came toward them from the other end of the corridor the Austrian general, Strauch, who was attached to Kutuzof's staff, to look after the commissariat of the Russian army. He was with the member of the Hofkriegsrath, who had arrived the evening before.

There was plenty of room in the wide corridor for the generals to pass without incommoding the three officers; but Zherkof, giving Nesvitsky a push, exclaimed, in a hurried voice, —

"They are coming! they are coming! Stand aside, please! Please make room!"

The generals came along, evidently desiring to avoid embarrassing etiquette. A stupid smile spread over the buffoon Zherkof's face.

"Your excellency," said he, in German, as he stepped forward and addressed the Austrian general, "I have the honor of congratulating you." He made a low bow, and, awkwardly, like a child learning to dance, began to scrape first with one foot then with the other.

The member of the Hofkriegsrath gave him a stern look; but concluding, by his idiotic smile that he was in earnest, he was constrained to listen for a moment. He frowned, to show that he was listening.

"I have the honor of congratulating you! General Mack has come; he's perfectly well, save for a slight wound here," said he, with a radiant smile, pointing to his forehead.

The general frowned, and turned away, — and went on his way.

“Heavens, what simplicity!”* said he, angrily, after he had gone a few steps.

Nesvitsky, with a laugh, threw his arms around Prince Andrei; but the latter, paler than ever, and with a wrathful look on his face, pushed him aside, and turned to Zherkof. The nervous excitement induced by the sight of Mack, by the news of his defeat, and the thoughts of what was awaiting the Russian army, found its outlet in wrath at this ill-timed jest of Zherkof's.

“If you, my dear sir,” he exclaimed, scornfully, while his lower jaw twitched a little, “choose to be a buffoon, why I cannot hinder you; but I assure you that if you *dare* a second time to act like a fool in my presence, I will teach you how to behave.”

Nesvitsky and Zherkof were so amazed at this outburst that all they could do was to look in silence at Bolkonsky, with wide open eyes.

“Why, I only congratulated them!” said Zherkof.

“I am not jesting with you; be good enough to hold your tongue!” cried Bolkonsky, and taking Nesvitsky by the arm he drew him away from Zherkof, who found nothing to say.

“Well, now, what's the matter, brother,?” asked Nesvitsky, in a soothing tone.

“What's the matter?” repeated Prince Andrei, pausing in his excitement. “Why you know well enough, either we are officers in the service of our Tsar and our country, rejoicing at our common success and grieving over our common failure, or we are ‘lackeys,’ who have no interest in our master's concerns. Forty thousand men massacred and the army of our allies destroyed, and still you find it something to laugh at!” said he, as though these last sentences, which were spoken in French, added to the effect of what he was saying. “It is well enough for a trifle, *un garçon de rien*, like that fellow whom you have made your friend. Only street arabs could find amusement in such things,” said Prince Andrei, suddenly changing to Russian again, but pronouncing the Russian word for street arab with a French accent. Noticing that Zherkof was still within hearing, he waited to see if the cornet had any answer to make. But Zherkof turned away and left the corridor.

* *Gott! wie naiv!*

CHAPTER IV.

THE Pavlograd regiment of hussars was encamped two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nikolai Rostof served as yunker, was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The squadron commander, Captain Denisof, who was known to the entire cavalry division as Vaska Denisof, had been assigned to the best house in the village. Yunker Rostof had shared the captain's quarters ever since he joined the regiment in Poland.

On the very same October day, when at headquarters all had been thrown into excitement by the news of Mack's defeat, the camp life of the squadron was going on in its usual tranquil course. Denisof, who had been playing a losing game of cards all night long, had not yet returned to his rooms, when Rostof, early in the morning rode up on horseback from his foraging tour. He was in his yunker uniform, and, as he galloped up to the doorstep and threw over his leg with the agile dexterity of youth, he paused a moment in the stirrup, as though sorry to dismount, but at last sprung lightly from the horse and called the orderly.

"Hey! Bondarenko, my dear fellow," he shouted to the hussar who hurried forward to attend to the horse. "Lead him about a little, my friend," said he, with that fraternal geniality with which handsome young men are apt to treat everybody when they are happy.

"I will, your illustriousness," replied the little Russian, * gayly shaking his head.

"See that you walk him about well."

Another hussar also hastened up to attend to the horse, but Bondarenko had already taken the bridle. It was evident that the yunker gave handsome fees and that it was a pleasure to serve him. Rostof smoothed the horse's neck, then his flank, and turned and looked back from the step.

"Excellent! He'll be a horse worth having!" said he to himself, and then smiling and picking up his sabre he mounted the steps with clinking spurs.

The German who owned the house, glanced up as he worked in his shirt-sleeves and nightcap, pitching over manure in the cowhouse. The German's face always lighted at the sight of Rostof. He gayly smiled and winked: "Good morning, good

* *Khokhla*, literally Topknot, a nickname of the Malo-Russians.

morning!"* he reiterated, evidently taking great satisfaction in giving the young man his morning greeting.

"Busy already, *schon fleissig*?" asked Rostof, with the same good-natured, friendly smile, which so well became his animated face. "Hurrah for the Austrians! hurrah for the Russians! hurrah for the Kaiser Alexander!"† he shouted, repeating the words which his German host was fond of saying. The German laughed, came out from the door of the cowhouse, took off his nightcap, and waving it over his head, cried: "Hurrah for the whole world— *Und die ganze Welt hoch!*"

Rostof, following the German's example, waved his forage cap around his head, and with a merry laugh shouted, "*Und vivat die ganze Welt!* — Long live the whole world!"

Although there was no special reason for rejoicing, either on the part of the German who was engaged in pitching manure, or for Rostof, who had been on a long ride with his men after hay, nevertheless both men looked at each other with joyous enthusiasm and brotherly love, nodded their heads to show that they understood each other, and then separated with a smile, the German to his cowhouse, and Rostof to the cottage which he and Denisof shared together.

"Where's the barin?" he asked of Lavrushka, Denisof's rascally valet, who was known to the whole regiment.

"He hasn't been in since evening. Probably been losing at cards," replied Lavrushka. "I have learned that if he has good luck, he comes in early and in high spirits, but if he does not get in before morning, it means he's been losing, and he'll come in mad enough. Will you have coffee?"

"Yes, give me some."

In less than ten minutes, Lavrushka brought the coffee. "He's coming," said he, "Now we'll get it!"

Rostof glanced out of the window and saw Denisof meandering home. He was a little man, with a red face, brilliant black eyes, and dark mustache, and hair all in disorder. He wore a hussar's pelisse unbuttoned, wide, sagging pantaloons, and a hussar's cap on the back of his head. He came up the steps in a gloomy mood, with hanging head.

"Lav'ushka," he cried in a loud, surly voice, "Here, you blockhead — take this off!"

"Don't you see I am taking it off," replied Lavrushka's voice.

* "*Schoen, gut morgen! Schoen, gut morgen!*"

† "*Hoch Oestreicher! hoch Russen! Kaiser Alexander, hoch!*"

"Ah, you are up already?" asked Denisof, as he came into the cottage.

"Long ago!" replied Rostof, "I have been after hay and I saw Fraulein Mathilde!"

"So ho! and there I have been, bwother, losing howibly all night, like a son of a dog!" cried Denisof, slurring over his R's. "Such howid bad luck! Peffectly howid! The moment you left, luck changed. Hey! 'Tea!"

Denisof snarled with a sort of smile, that showed his short, sound teeth, and began to run the short fingers of both hands through his thick, black hair, that stood up like a forest.

"The devil himself dwove me to that W'at" (the officer's nickname was the Rat), said he, rubbing his forehead and face with both hands. "Just imagine! Didn't have a single cahd, not one, not a single one!" Denisof took out the pipe which he had been smoking, knocked the ashes into his palm, and scattering the fire, laid it upon the floor and went on shouting.

"Simple stakes, lose the doubles, simple stakes, lose the doubles." After he had scattered the fire, he broke his pipe in two and flung it away. Then, after a silence, he suddenly looked up at Rostof with his bright, black eyes full of merriment,—

"If there were only some women here. But here there's nothing to do but dwink. If we could only have a wound of fighting! — Hé! who's there?" he cried, going to the door, on hearing the sound of heavy boots and the jingling of spurs in the next room.

"The quartermaster," announced Lavrushka. Denisof frowned still more portentously.

"Dwat it," he exclaimed, flinging his friend a purse containing a few gold pieces. "Wostof, count it, chicken! see how much is left, then hide it under my pillow," said he, and went out to see the quartermaster.

Rostof took the money, and mechanically making little heaps of the new and old coins, according to their denominations, began to count them.

"Ah! Telyanin! How d'e? Got done up last night!" Denisof was heard saying in the next room.

"Where? At Buikof's — at the Rat's — I heard about it," said a second, thin voice, and immediately after, Lieutenant Telyanin, a young officer of the same squadron, came into the room.

Rostof thrust the purse under the pillow and pressed the little moist hand that was held out to him. Telyanin had been removed

from the Guards, shortly before the campaign, for some reason or other. He now conducted himself very decently in the regiment, but he was not liked, and Rostof, especially, could not conquer, or even conceal, his unreasonable antipathy to this officer.

"Well, young cavalier, how does my Grachik suit you?" (Grachik, or Young Rook, was a saddle horse that Telyanin had sold Rostof). The lieutenant never looked the man with whom he was talking straight in the eye; his eyes were constantly wandering from one object to another. "I saw you riding him this morning."

"First rate, he's a good horse," said Rostof, in spite of the fact that the animal for which he had given seven hundred rubles, was worth half the price he had paid. "He's begun to go lame of the left foreleg."

"Hoof cracked! That's nothing. I will teach you or show you what kind of a rivet to put on."

"Yes, show me please," said Rostof.

"I will show you, certainly I will; it's no secret. And you will thank me for the horse."

"I'll have him brought right round," said Rostof, anxious to get rid of Telyanin, and went out to give his orders.

In the entry, Denisof, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting cross-legged on the threshold in front of the quartermaster, who was making his report. When he saw Rostof, Denisof made up a face and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder into the room where Telyanin was, scowled still more darkly, and shuddered with aversion.

"Okh! I don't like that young fellow," said he, undeterred by the quartermaster's presence.

Rostof shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: Nor I, either, but what is to be done about it, and having given his orders, returned to Telyanin.

The latter was still sitting in the same indolent position in which Rostof had left him, rubbing his small, white hands.

"What repugnant people one has to meet," said Rostof to himself, as he went into the room.

"Well, did you order the horse brought round?" asked Telyanin, getting up and carelessly looking around.

"I did."

"Come on, then. I just ran over to ask Denisof about today's orders; that was all. Have they come yet, Denisof?"

"Not yet. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am just going to show this young man how to shoe his horse," replied Telyanin.

They went out down the front steps to the stable. The lieutenant showed Rostof how to make a rivet, and then went home.

When Rostof returned, he found Denisof sitting at the table with a bottle of vodka and a sausage before him, and writing with a sputtering pen. He looked gloomily into Rostof's face.

"I'm w'iting to her," said he. He leaned his elbow on the table, with the pen in his hand, and told to his friend what his letter was to be, evidently taking real delight in the chance of saying faster than he could write all that he had in his mind to put on the paper.

"Do you see, my fw'iend," said he "We are asleep when we are not in love. We are childw'en of the dust; but when you are in love, then you are like God, you are as pure as on the first day of kweation. — Who is there? Send him to the devil. I have no time!" he cried to Lavrushka, who came up to him, not in the least abashed,

"What can I do? It's your own order. It's the quartermaster come back for the money."

Denisof scowled, opened his mouth to shout something, but made no sound.

"Nasty job," he muttered to himself. "How much money was there left in that purse?" he asked of Rostof.

"Seven new pieces and three old ones."

"Akh, d'wat it! — Well, what are you standing there for like a booby, fetch in the quartermaster," cried Denisof to Lavrushka.

"Please, Denisof, take some of my money; you see I have plenty," said Rostof, reddening.

"I don't like to bo'wow of my fw'iends, I don't like it," declared Denisof.

"But if you don't let me lend you money, comrade fashion, I shall be offended!" insisted Rostof. "Truly, I have plenty."

"No indeed, I shan't," and Denisof went to the bed to get the purse from under the pillow.

"Where did you put it, W'ostof?"

"Under the bottom pillow."

"It isn't here." Denisof flung both pillows on the floor. There was no purse there. "That's stwange."

"Hold on, didn't you throw it out?" asked Rostof, picking up the pillows and shaking them, and then hauling off the bed-clothes and shaking them. But there was no purse.

"I could not have forgotten it, could I? No, I remember

very well thinking how you kept it like a treasure trove, under your pillow. — Where is it?" he demanded, turning to Lavrushka.

"I haven't been into the room. It must be where you put it."

"But it isn't."

"That is always the way with you. You throw it down and then forget all about it. Look in your pockets."

"No, if I had not thought about the treasure trove" — said Rostof, "and I remember putting it there."

Lavrushka tore the whole bed apart, looked under it, under the table, searched everywhere in the room and then stood still in the middle of the room. Denisof silently followed all his motions and when Lavrushka in amazement spread open his hands, he glanced at Rostof. "W'ostof, stop your schoolboy twicks" —

Rostof, conscious of Denisof's gaze fixed upon him, raised his eyes and instantly dropped them again. The blood, till then contained somewhere below his throat, rushed in an overwhelming flood into his face and eyes. He could not get a breath.

"There has been no one in the room except the lieutenant and yourselves. It's nowhere to be found," said Lavrushka.

"Now you devil's puppet, fly around, hunt for it," suddenly cried Denisof, growing livid, and starting toward the valet with a threatening gesture. "Find me that purse or I'll horse-whip you! I'll horse-whip you all!"

Rostof, avoiding Denisof's glance began to button up his jacket, adjusted his sabre and put on his cap.

"I tell you, give me that purse," cried Denisof, shaking his man by the shoulders and pushing him against the wall.

"Denisof, let him go, I know who took it," said Rostof, going toward the door and not lifting his eyes.

Denisof paused, considered a moment and evidently perceiving whom Rostof meant, he seized him by the arm. "Wub-bish!" he cried, the veins on his face and neck standing out like cords. "I tell you, you are beside yourself and I won't have it. The purse is here, I'll take the hide off this waskel and I'll get it."

"I know who took it," repeated Rostof, in a trembling voice, and went to the door.

"But I tell you, don't you dare to do it!" cried Denisof, throwing himself on the yunker, to hold him back. But Rostof freed his arm, and with as much anger as though Denisof were

his worst enemy gave him a direct and heavy blow right between the eyes.

"Do you realize what you are saying," he cried, in a trembling voice. "He is the only person beside myself who has been in the room. Of course if it was not he, then" —

He could not finish and rushed from the room.

"Akh! the devil take you and all the w'est," were the last words that Rostof caught.

He went straight to Telyanin's rooms.

"My barin's not at home; he went to headquarters," said Telyanin's man. "Why, has anything happened?" he added, surprised at the yunker's distorted face.

"No, nothing!"

"You just missed him" said the man.

Headquarters were three versts* from Salzeneck. Rostof, without returning home, took a horse and galloped off to headquarters. In the village occupied by the staff was a tavern where the officers resorted. Rostof went to this tavern; at the doorsteps he saw Talyanin's horse.

The lieutenant himself was sitting in the second room of the tavern with a plate of sausages and a bottle of wine.

"Aha! so you have come too, young man" said he smiling and lifting his brows.

"Yes" said Rostof, though it required the greatest effort to speak this monosyllable, and he took his seat at the next table.

Neither said more; two Germans and a Russian officer were the other occupants of the room. No one was talking and the only sounds were the rattle of knives and forks and the lieutenant's munching.

When Telyanin had finished his breakfast, he pulled out of his pocket a double purse, and with his delicate white fingers which turned up at the ends, slipped up the ring, took out a gold piece, and lifting his brows, gave it to the waiter.

"Please make haste," said he.

The gold piece was new. Rostof got up and went to Telyanin.

"Allow me to look at your purse," said he, in a quiet, almost inaudible voice.

With wandering eyes and still lifted brows, Telyanin handed him the purse.

"Yes, it's a handsome little purse, isn't it? — Yes" — said he and suddenly turned pale. "Look at it, youngster," he added.

* A verst is 3,500 feet, 1,067 kilometers.

Rostof took the purse into his hand and looked at it and at the money that was in it and at Telyanin. The lieutenant glanced around in his usual way, and apparently became suddenly very merry.

"If we ever get to Vienna I shall leave all this there, but there's nothing to get with it in these filthy little towns" said he. "Well, give it back to me, youngster, I must be going."

Rostof said nothing.

"And you? Aren't you going to have some breakfast. Pretty good fare," continued Telyanin. "Give it to me."

He stretched out his hand and took hold of the purse. Rostof let it go. Telyanin took the purse and began to let it slip into the pocket of his riding trousers and his brows went up higher than usual, and his mouth slightly parted as much as to say: "Yes, yes, I will put my purse in my pocket, and it is a very simple matter, and it is no one's business at all."

"Well, what is it, youngster," said he, sighing and glancing into Rostof's eyes from under his raised brows. Something like a swift electric flash darted from Telyanin's eyes into Rostof's and was darted back again and again and again all in a single instant.

"Come here with me," said Rostof, taking Telyanin by the arm. He drew him almost to the window. "This money is Denisof's! You took it" he whispered in his ear.

"What?—What?—How do you dare?—What?" exclaimed Telyanin. But his words sounded like a mournful cry of despair and a prayer for forgiveness. As soon as Rostof heard this note in his voice it seemed as though a great stone of doubt had fallen from his heart. He was rejoiced and at the same time felt sincere pity for the unhappy man standing before him, but he was obliged to carry the matter to the end. "There are men here; God knows what they will think," stammered Telyanin, seizing his cap and starting for a small unoccupied room. "We must have an explanation"—

"I know this and can prove it," said Rostof.

"I"—

All the muscles of Telyanin's scared pale face began to tremble, his eyes kept wandering, though they were fixed on the floor, and never once raised to Rostof's, and something like a sob was heard.

"Count!—Don't ruin a young fellow. Here's that wretched money, take it." He threw it on the table. "I have a father who's an old man; I have a mother!"

Rostof took the money, avoiding Telyanin's gaze and, not saying a word, started to leave the room. But at the door he paused and turned back, "My God!" said he, with tears in his eyes; "how could you have done it?"

"Count!" said Telyanin, coming towards the yunker.

"Don't touch me," cried Rostof, drawing himself up. "If you need this money, take it." He tossed him the purse, and hurried out of the tavern.

CHAPTER V.

On the evening of the same day, a lively discussion took place in Denisof's rooms between some of the officers of the squadron.

"But I tell you, Rostof, that it's your business to apologize to the regimental commander," said the second captain, a tall man, with grayish hair, enormous mustache, and powerful wrinkled features.

Captain Kirsten had twice been reduced to the ranks for "affairs of honor," and twice promoted again.

"I will not allow any one to call me a liar," cried Rostof, who flushed crimson and was in a great state of excitement. "He told me that I lied, and I told him that he lied. And there the matter rests. He may keep me on duty every day; he may put me under arrest, but neither he nor any one else can force me to apologize. If he, as regimental commander, considers it improper to give me satisfaction, then" —

"Yes, yes, calm yourself, batyushka, listen to me," interrupted Captain Kirsten, in his deep, bass voice, calmly twirling his mustaches. "You told the regimental commander, in the *presence of other officers*, that an officer had stolen" —

"It wasn't my fault that the conversation took place before other officers. Maybe, it was not best to have spoken before them, but I am not a diplomat. That's why I joined the Husars; I thought that here, at least, such fine distinctions were not necessary, and he told me that I lied: let him give me satisfaction, then."

"That's all very good; no one thinks that you are a coward, but that isn't the point. Ask Denisof — put it to any one — if a yunker can demand satisfaction of his regimental commander?"

Denisof, chewing his mustache, was listening to the discussion with a gloomy expression of countenance, evidently not

wishing to take any part in it. In reply to the captain's question, he shook his head.

"In the presence of other officers, you spoke to the regimental commander about this rascality," continued the second captain. "Bogdanuitch * (so the regimental commander was called), Bogadannitch shut you up."

"He did not shut me up: he told me that I was lying."

"Well, have it so, but you were saying foolish things to him and you ought to apologize."

"Not for the world!" cried Rostof.

"I did not think that of you," said the captain, seriously and sternly. "You are unwilling to apologize, and yet, batyushka, you are in fault, not only towards him but towards the whole regiment, towards all of us. This is the way of it: if you had only thought, if you had only taken advice as to how to move in this matter, but no; you out with it, — right before other officers, too. Well, then, what can the regimental commander do? Must he bring the officer before a court-martial and disgrace the whole regiment? Insult the whole regiment on account of a single rogue? Is that your idea of it? Well, it isn't ours! And Bogdanuitch was a brave fellow: he told you that you were not telling the truth. Disagreeable, but what else could he do? You found your match. And now, when we want to hush it up, you — out of sheer obstinacy and pride — aren't willing to apologize, but want to have everybody know about it. You are offended because you are put on extra duty, because you are required to apologize to an old and honored officer! Even if it were not Bogdanuitch, our honorable and brave old colonel, even then you would be offended and would be willing to insult the whole regiment, would you?" The captain's voice began to tremble. "Yes, batyushka, you, who will perhaps not be in the regiment a year from now, to-day here, to-morrow transferred somewhere as adjutant, you don't care a fig if it is said: *thieves* in the Pavlograd regiment. But it isn't all the same to us. What do you say, Denisof? It isn't a matter of indifference, is it?"

Denisof had kept silent all the time, and did not move, though he occasionally glanced at Rostof from his brilliant black eyes.

"Your pride is so dear to you that you aren't willing to apologize," continued the captain. "We old men who have

* Karl Bogdanovitch Schubert, sportively called in imitation of peasant usage, by the diminished form of the patronymic, Bogdanuitch, son of Bogdan (Deodat or Theodore).

grown up and are going to die, if God grant, in the regiment, guard its honor dearly, and Bogdanutch knows it. Oh! how we love it, batyushka! And this is not good of you, not good at all! Get mad if you please, but I shall always stick to mother truth. You're all wrong."

And the captain got up and turned his back on Rostof.

"W'ight! Devil take it!" screamed Denisof, jumping up, "Now then, W'ostof, now then!"

Rostof, flushing and turning pale, looked first at one and then at the other officer.

"No, gentlemen; no, you do not think. — I see that you are perfectly mistaken in your opinion of me; I, — for my own sake, for the honor of the regiment — what am I saying? And I will prove it; yes, for my own sake and the honor of the regiment. — Well, it's all the same, you're right, I was to blame!" Tears stood in his eyes. "I was to blame, to blame all round. Now what more do you want?"

"That's the way to do it," cried the captain, turning round and slapping him on the shoulder with his big hand.

"I tell you!" cried Denisof, "he's a glow'ious young fellow!"

"That's the best way, count," repeated the captain, as though the giving him his title made his words more emphatic. "Go and apologize, your illustriousness, that's it."

"Gentlemen, I will do anything. No one shall ever hear another word from me," declared Rostof, in a low, supplicating voice, "but I cannot apologize, by heavens, I cannot! how can you expect it? How can I apologize like a little school-boy, begging forgiveness?"

Denisof laughed.

"So much the worse for you. Bogdanutch is spiteful. You will pay for your stubbornness," said Kirsten.

"By God! 'tis not stubbornness! I cannot describe every feeling for you, I assure you, I cannot."

"Well, do just as you please," said the captain. "By the way, where is this worthless scamp?" asked he, of Denisof.

"He w'eported himself ill. He's to be stw'uck off the list in to-mowow's orders," replied Denisof.

"Well, it's a kind of illness, there's no other way of explaining it," said the captain.

"Whether illness or not, he'd better not come into my sight, I'd kill him," cried Denisof, in a most bloodthirsty manner.

At this instant, Zherkof came into the room.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the officer, turning to the new comer.

"An expedition, gentlemen. Mack and his army have surrendered: it's all up with them."

"What a story!"

"I saw him myself."

"What! you saw Mack alive — with his hands and his feet?"

"An expedition! an expedition! give him a bottle, for bringing such news! — But how came you here?"

"I am sent back to my regiment on account of that devil of a Mack! The Austrian general complained of me. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival. How are you, Rostof? just out of a bath?"

"My dear boy, we've been having such a stew here, these two days!"

The regimental adjutant came in and confirmed the news brought by Zherkof. The regiment was ordered to break camp the next day.

"An expedition, gentlemen."

"Well, glory to God for that, no more inaction."

CHAPTER VI.

KUTUZOF was retreating toward Vienna, destroying the bridges behind him over the river Inn (at Braunau), and over the river Traun at Linz. On the fourth of November, the Russian army were crossing the river Enns. At noon, the baggage-wagons, the artillery, and the columns of the army, stretched through the city of Enns, on both sides of the river. It was a mild autumnal day, but showery. The wide prospect, commanded by the height where stood the Russian batteries protecting the bridge, was now suddenly veiled by a muslin-like curtain of slanting rain, then again was suddenly still further broadened so that distant objects stood out distinctly, gleaming in the sunlight as though they were varnished.

At their feet lay the little city, with its white houses and red roofs, its cathedral, and the bridge, on both ends of which the Russian troops could be seen, pouring along in dense masses. Down the bend of the Danube, where it was joined by the waters of the Enns, could be seen boats and an island with a castle and park; farther still, was the left bank of the river, with bold rocks and overgrown with evergreens, while in the mysterious dis-

tance arose green mountains with deep ravines. The turrets of a monastery stood out above the wild and apparently impenetrable pine forest, and far away, on a height in front, on the same side of the river Enns, the enemy's scouts could be discerned.

On the brow of the hill, among the field-pieces, stood the general in command of the rearguard, with an officer of his suite, making observations of the landscape with a glass. A little behind them, astride of a gun carriage, sat Nesvitsky, who had been sent to the rearguard by the commander-in-chief. The Cossack who accompanied him was handing out a lunch-bag and flask, and Nesvitsky was inviting the officers to share his little pies and genuine doppel-kümmel. The officers gayly crowded around him, some on their knees, some sitting Turkish fashion, on the wet grass.

"Certainly that Austrian prince was no fool in building his castle there. Glorious place! — You are not eating anything, gentlemen," said Nesvitsky.

"Thank you cordially, prince," returned one of the officers, glad of the chance to exchange a word with such an important member of Kutuzof's suite. "Yes, it's a splendid place. We went by that very park, saw a couple of deer — and it's a magnificent house!"

"Look, prince," said another, who would very gladly have accepted another pie, but was ashamed to do so, and was, therefore, pretending to examine the landscape. "Look yonder, our infantry have got in already. Look there, on that meadow, behind the village, three men are dragging something along. They'll clear out that little place, quick enough!" said he, with evident approval.

"Yes, that's so," said Nesvitsky. "Ah! but what I should like," he added, stuffing a pie into his handsome moist mouth, "I should like to get in yonder!"

He pointed to the turreted convent which could be seen on the mountain-side. He smiled, and his eyes contracted and flashed. "That would be some fun, gentlemen!" — the officers laughed — "How I should like to frighten those little nuns! Italians, they say, and some of them young and pretty. Truly, I would give five years of my life!"

"And they say they find it a bore," said an officer, bolder than the rest, with a laugh.

Meantime, the officer of the suite, standing on the brow of the hill, was pointing out something to the general, who scrutinized it with his fieldglass.

"Yes, that is so, that is so," said the general, gravely, taking the glass from his eye and shrugging his shoulders, "You are right, they are going to fire at them as they cross the river. Why do they dawdle so?"

In that direction, even with the naked eye, could be seen the enemy and his battery, from which arose a milk-white puff of smoke, immediately followed by the distant report, and it could be seen how the Russian troops were hastening to get across the river.

Nesvitsky dismounted from the cannon and, with a smile, went up to the general: "Wouldn't your excellency like to have a bite of luncheon?" he asked.

"It's all wrong," said the general, not answering him, "Our men are so slow."

"Shall I not go down to them, your excellency?" asked Nesvitsky.

"Yes, do go down, please," replied the general, reiterating the orders that he had already given. "And tell the hussars to cross last and burn the bridge, as I ordered, and see to it that no combustible materials are left in it."

"Very good," said Nesvitsky.

He called the Cossack to bring up the horses, bade him pack up the bag and flask, and lightly swung his heavy body into the saddle.

"Truly, I'm going to that nunnery," said he to the officers who were looking at him with a smile, and then galloped off down the path that skirted the hill.

"Now, then, try if you can reach them — take good aim, captain," said the general, turning to the officer. "You'll relieve the monotony by a little fun."

"Serve the guns," commanded the officer, and in a minute the gunners were running with a will from their bivouac fires, and beginning to load.

"Number one" rang the command.

"Number one" rushed spitefully away. With a deafening metallic ring, the cannon resounded and the whizzing shell flew far away over the head of the Russians in the valley, and then a spurt of smoke showed where it had fallen and burst long before it reached the enemy.

The faces of officers and men grew radiant at this report; all leaped to their feet and watched with intense curiosity the motions of their troops in the valley below them, and the approach of the enemy, all spread out before them "as on the palm of the hand."

At the moment the gun had been fired, the sun came out entirely from under the clouds, and the report of the cannon and the brilliancy of the sun mingled in one single martial and joyous impression.

CHAPTER VII.

Two of the enemy's shots had already been fired at the men as they crossed the river, and on the bridge there was a jam. Half way across stood Prince Nesvitsky, who had dismounted from his horse and was leaning with his stout body against the parapet. Laughing, he looked back at his Cossack, who stood a short distance behind him holding the bridles of their two horses. As soon as Prince Nesvitsky tried to force his way forward, the throng of soldiers and baggage wagons crowded him and forced him up against the parapet, and nothing was left for him but to wait.

"Look out there, my boy!" cried the Cossack to a soldier who was driving a baggage wagon and forcing his way right into the infantry, as they thronged under the horses' feet and among the wheels. "Look out there! Have a little patience, don't you see the general wants to pass?" But the driver, paying no heed to the title of general, only cried to the soldiers who blocked his way: "Hey there; boys! keep to the left, hold on!"

But the boys, crowding shoulder to shoulder, and locking bayonets, moved on across the bridge in one unbroken mass.

As Nesvitsky looked down over the parapet, he could see the swift babbling ripples of the Enns chase each other along as they bubbled, curled, and foamed around the piers of the bridge. Looking at the bridge he saw the almost incessant living waves of soldiery, tassels, shakos with covers, knapsacks, bayonets, and muskets, and under the shakos, faces with high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, and careless, weary eyes, and legs trampling through the mud which covered the planks of the bridge.

Sometimes among the monotonous waves of the infantry, like a spurt of white foam on the ripples of the river, an officer in riding cloak would force his way through, his face noticeable for its refinement in contrast to the men. Then again like a chip borne along on the river, a hussar on foot, an officer, a *denshchik*, or a civilian, would be carried across the bridge by the tide of troops, and sometimes, like a log floating down

stream, an officer's company, or baggage wagon loaded to the top and covered with leather, would roll across the bridge, submerged in the throng.

"See, it's like a freshet breaking through a dyke" said the Cossack, hopelessly blocked. "Say! are there many more of you to come?"

"A million, minus one," replied a jolly soldier in a torn overcoat, winking as he passed. In an instant he was carried by; behind him came an old soldier:—"When *he* (*he*, that is the enemy) takes to making it hot for us on the bridge," said the old soldier glumly, in his Tambof dialect, addressing a comrade, "we shan't stop to scratch ourselves." And the Tambof soldier and his comrade passed beyond.

Following them, came a soldier riding on a baggage wagon.

"Where the devil did I put my leg wrappers?" exclaimed a *denshchik*, hurrying behind the wagon and rummaging into the rear of it. And he in turn was borne past with the wagon.

Behind them came a jovial band of soldiers, who had evidently been drinking. "My dear fellow, he hit him with the but end of his gun, right in the teeth," gayly said one of the soldiers, who wore the collar of his overcoat turned up and was eagerly gesticulating.

"Good for him, a regular milksop!"* said the other with a loud laugh. And they too passed by. So that Nesvitsky did not find out who was struck in the teeth and to whom the epithet applied.

"Bah! they're in such a hurry! Because he fired a blank cartridge one would think they were all in danger of being killed," said a non-commissioned officer, in an angry, reproachful tone.

"When it flew by me—that round shot," said a young soldier with a monstrous mouth, "I thought I was dead. Fact! I was that frightened, by God," added the soldier, scarcely restraining himself from laughing outright with pleasure at the thought of being so frightened. And he too passed on.

Behind him came a vehicle unlike any that had passed so far. This was a German *Vorspann*, loaded apparently with the effects of a whole household; behind the cart, which was drawn by a pair of horses driven by a German, was a handsome brindled cow, with an enormous udder. On a pile of feather beds sat a woman with a baby at the breast, an old granny, and a young healthy-looking German girl, with flaming red

* Russ: the sweet ham!

cheeks. Evidently, these natives were availing themselves of the general permission to remove with all their possessions. The eyes of the soldiers were fixed upon the women, and as the cart moved forward at a slow pace, step by step, all sorts of remarks were directed at the two young women. Almost all the faces wore the peculiar smile suggested by unseemly thoughts concerning them.

"Look ye, that sausage there! she's moving too!"

"Sell me the little woman" cried another soldier to the German who with downcast eyes walked with long strides, frightened and solemn.

"Eh! ain't she gay! They're fine little devils!"

"There's a chance for you to make up to 'em, Fyedotof!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, old fellow?"

"Where are you going?" asked an infantry officer, who as he munched an apple looked up at the pretty German girl with a half smile.

The German shut his eyes, signifying that he did not understand.

"If you'd like it, take it" said the officer, giving the girl an apple. She took it and thanked him with a smile.

Nesvitsky, like all the rest who were on the bridge, kept his eyes on the women till they vanished from sight. After they had passed beyond, came the same manner of soldiers with the same interchange of repartee and then at length the train came to a halt. As often happens, the horses attached to some company's baggage wagon became entangled at the end of the bridge, and the whole line were obliged to halt.

"What are they waiting for? There's no order," said the soldiers. "Don't crowd! The devil! Why can't you have patience!" "It will be worse than this when he sets the bridge on fire." "You're crushing that officer!"

Such were the remarks made on all sides among the halting columns, as the men looked at each other and still kept trying to push forward toward the outlet.

As Nesvitsky looked under the bridge at the water of the Enns, he suddenly heard a sound that was new in his ears — of something swiftly approaching him, of something huge, and something that splashed into the water.

"Did you see where that flew to?" gravely asked a soldier who was standing near and trying to follow the sound.

"They are encouraging us to move a little faster," said another uneasily. Again the throng began to move along. Nesvitsky realized that it had been a cannon ball.

"Hé! Cossack! bring me my horse!" he said. "You there! make way, get out of the way! Clear the road!"

By main force he managed to swing himself upon his horse. By shouting constantly, he succeeded in forcing his way forward. The soldiers crowded together so as to let him pass, but immediately after, pressed on his heels so that they squeezed his leg, and those who were nearest could not help themselves because they were pushed on from behind.

"Nesvitsky! Nesvitsky! Is it you, you old fwight," cried a hoarse voice just behind him. Nesvitsky turned round and saw twenty paces away, but separated from him by this living mass of hurrying infantry the handsome Vaska Denisof, shaggy as ever, with his cap on the back of his head, and with his hussar's pelisse jauntily flung back over his shoulder.

"Tell these devils, these fiends, to give us woom," cried Denisof, going into a paroxysm of rage, his coal-black eyes, with their bloodshot whites, rolling and flashing while he brandished his unsheathed sabre, in his bare little hand, as red as his face.

"Hé! Vasya," replied Nesvitsky, delighted, "Is that you?"

"Can't get thwough the sqwad'won," cried Vaska Denisof angrily, showing his shining teeth and spurring on his handsome coal-black Bedouin, which pricked back his ears at the touch of the bayonets, and snorting and scattering around him the froth from his bit was pawing impatiently the planks of the bridge, apparently ready to leap over the parapet, if only his rider gave the permission. "What does this mean? Like sheep! Just like sheep! Out of the way!—give us woom to pass! Hold on there, you man dwiving that wagon! dwat it! I'll cut you into mincemeat," he cried, actually drawing his sabre and beginning to flourish it.

The soldiers, with frightened faces, crowded closer together, and Denisof managed to reach Nesvitsky.

"So you aren't drunk to-day?" said Nesvitsky, as Denisof joined him.

"They don't give us time to get dwunk," replied Vaska. "The wegiment has been wunning this way and that way all day long. If we're going to fight, then let us fight. But the devil knows what all this means."

"How fine you are these days!" said Nesvitsky, glancing at his new pelisse and housings.

Denisof smiled, took his scented handkerchief from his sabretache and held it to Nesvitsky's nose.

"Can't help it! I'm going into action, pe'haps! and so I shaved, bwushed my teeth, and perfumed myself!"

Nesvitsky's imposing figure, with his Cossack in attendance, and Denisof's determination, as he flourished his sabre and shouted at the top of his voice, enabled them to get to the farther end of the bridge and halt the infantry. Nesvitsky there found the colonel to whom he was obliged to deliver the message, and having accomplished his errand he rode back.

After the way was cleared, Denisof reined up his horse at the exit of the bridge. Carelessly holding in his stallion, that stood pawing with one hoof anxious to join his fellows, he gazed at the squadrons that were moving in his direction. The hoof beats of the eager horses sounded hollow on the flooring of the bridge, and the squadrons with the officers riding in advance, hastened across the bridge, four men abreast, and began to pour off from the other end.

The infantry, which had halted in the mud and were packed together, gazed at the neat jaunty hussars riding by in good order, with that peculiar malevolent feeling of jealousy and scorn with which different branches of the service are apt to regard each other.

"Very tidy lads! but only fit for the Podnovinskoye."

"What's the use of them. They're merely for show," said another.

"You infantry-men, don't kick up such a dust!" jestingly shouted a hussar, whose horse playfully splattered the foot soldier with mud.

"If you'd been forced to march two stages with a knapsack, your gold lace would be tarnished," said the infantry man, wiping the mud from his face with his sleeve. "You're not a man but a bird, on that horse!"

"Well now, Zikin, if they should put you on a horse, you'd have an easy time of it; you'd make a graceful rider," jestingly remarked the corporal aiming his jest at the lean little soldier who was bent almost double under the weight of his knapsack.

"Take a broomstick between your legs; that would be a good enough horse for you," retorted the hussar.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE rest of the infantry hurriedly marched across the bridge, though they were crowded in the tunnel-like passage at the end. At last all the baggage wagons had crossed, the crush became less, and the last battalion marched upon the bridge.

Only the hussars of Denisof's command were left on the end

of the bridge toward the enemy. The enemy, though plainly visible from the heights opposite, could not as yet be seen, from the level of the bridge, since from the valley, through which flows the river Enns, the horizon is bounded by an eminence lying about half a verst distant.

Directly in front was a plot of waste land, over which here and there moved bands of Cossack patrols.

Suddenly, on the height opposite the road, appeared troops in blue capotes and accompanied by artillery.

It was the French!

The Cossack patrol came galloping down the road. All the officers and men of Denisof's squadron, although they tried hard to talk of different things and to look in other directions, nevertheless were unable to keep out of their thoughts what was there before them on the hill, and their eyes constantly turned to those patches which were moving against the horizon, and which they knew were the troops of the enemy.

It was now afternoon, and the weather had cleared; the sun was sinking brilliantly over the Danube, and the forest-clad mountains that walled him in. There was no wind, and occasionally from that hilltop came the sounds of bugles and the shouts of the enemy. Between the squadron and the enemy, there was now no one except the Cossack patrols. The space between them was only a little more than two thousand feet. The enemy had ceased to fire, and all the more distinctly was felt that solemn, ominous gap, unapproachable and inexorable, that divides two hostile armies.

"One step beyond that line, which is like the bourn that divides the living from the dead, and there is the Unknown of suffering and of death. And what is there? Who is there? there, beyond that field, beyond that tree, and that roof, glittering in the sun? No one knows, and no one wishes to know, and it is terrible to pass across that line, and I know that sooner or later I shall have to cross it, and shall then know what is there on that side of the line, just as inevitably as I shall know what is on the other side of death. And yet I am strong, full of life, joy, and exuberant spirits, and surrounded by other men, just as full of health and exuberant spirits."

Thus every man feels, even if he does not formulate it in his thought, when he comes in sight of the enemy, and this feeling lends a peculiar vividness and distinctness of impression to everything that occurs at such moments.

On the hill where the enemy were, arose a puff of smoke,

and a cannon ball, whistling, flew over the heads of the squadron of hussars. The officers, who had been standing together, scattered to their posts; the hussars began to get their horses into regular line. No one spoke in the ranks. All looked intently at the enemy and at the commander, and awaited the word of command.

A second, a third shot flew over them. Evidently, the enemy were firing at the hussars, but the cannon balls, whistling, as they flew swiftly by, went far over their heads and fell somewhere in the rear.

The hussars did not look up, but each time that they heard the whizz of the ball, the whole squadron, as though by orders, holding their breaths until the cannon shot had passed over, with their monotonously diverse faces, raised themselves in their stirrups, and then settled back again. The soldiers, not turning their heads, looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes, each curious to know what impression was produced upon his neighbor. Every face, from Denisof's to the quartermaster's, showed, around the lips and chin, a line denoting normal struggle, excitement, and agitation. The quartermaster frowned, and looked at the men as though he meditated inflicting punishment upon them. The yunker, Mironof, ducked his head each time that the ball flew over. Rostof, posted on the left flank, on his prancing Grachik, had the delighted look of a schoolboy called out before a great audience to pass his examination, in which he believes that he is going to distinguish himself. He looked at every one with a face unclouded and bright, as though asking them to bear him witness that he was perfectly calm under fire. But even in his face, the same line, indicative of something new and solemn, showed itself around his mouth, against his will.

"Who's that making a bow, there? Yunker Mi'wonof, you? It isn't wight, look at me!" cried Denisof, who could not keep still, but kept riding up and down in front of the squadron.

Vaska Denisof, with his flat nose and black hair, his little bent figure, his sinewy hand with short, hairy fingers, grasping the hilt of his drawn sword, was just the same as usual, or rather, just the same as he was apt to be in the evening, after he had been drinking a couple of bottles. Only he was a trifle ruddier than ordinary, and, carrying his head very high, like a bird when it is drinking, he pitilessly plunged the spurs into the flanks of his good Bedouin, and galloped back to the other flank of the squadron, and cried out in a hoarse voice his orders that they should examine their pistols.

Then he rode off toward Kirsten, the second captain, who came up to meet Denisof, walking his broad and steady-going mare. The captain, with his long mustaches, was as grave as usual, but his eyes flashed with brilliant brilliancy.

"Well, how is it?" said he to Denisof. "It won't come to a fight. You'll see, we shall be ordered back."

"The deuce only knows what they'll do," replied Denisof.

"Ah! W'ostof!" he cried to Denisof, noticing his radiant face. "Well now's your chance," and he smiled approvingly, evidently feeling proud of the officer. Rostof felt perfectly happy. At this moment a platoon appeared on the bridge. Denisof spurred off to meet them.

"Your excellency, let us attack 'em!" cried the officer. "We'll be 'em back!"

"Attack them!" cried the officer, showing his face in his voice, and frowning as though at a person. "Why are you delaying here? Don't you see the enemy withdrawing. Order your squadron back."

The squadron crossed the bridge and retired beyond the shots, not having lost a single man. Behind them the second squadron which had been forming the rearguard. Last of all, the Cossacks crossed to the farther side.

The two squadrons of the Pavlograd regiment, crossing the bridge, one after the other, galloped up the road. The regimental commander, Karl Bogdanovitch Schubert, overtook Denisof's squadron, and walked his horse along, not far from Rostof, but without giving him the slightest notice, although it was the first time that they had met since their quarrel about Telyagin.

Rostof, who, now that he was in line, realized that he was in the power of the man toward whom he felt guilty, did not take his eyes from the colonel's athletic back, the light hair at the back of his head, and his red neck. Sometimes, it seemed to Rostof that Bogdanovitch was merely pretending not to notice him, and that his whole aim now was to try the yunker's courage and he straightened himself up and looked around him gayly; then, again, it seemed to him that Bogdanovitch rode close to him to display his own courage. Now, it occurred to him that his opponent was going to send the squadron into some forlorn hope, in order to punish him. And then again, it occurred to him that after the affray he would come to him and magnanimously extend to him the hand of reconciliation, in honor of the wound which he should receive.

The high-shouldered Zherkof, well-known to the Pavlograd

boys, having, not long since been in their regiment, came riding up to the regimental commander. Zherkof, after his dismissal from the general's staff, had not remained in the regiment, saying that he was not such a fool as to put on the "tugging-collar" in the ranks, when, by serving on the staff and having nothing to do, he could gain greater rewards, and so he had succeeded in getting himself appointed as special orderly to Prince Bagration. He now came up to his former chief with a message from the commander of the rearguard.

"Colonel," said he, with his most melancholy assumption of gravity, turning to Rostof's opponent, and glancing at his comrades, "you are ordered to halt and burn the bridge."

"Who orders it?" asked the colonel testily.

"Well, I don't know, colonel, who orders it," replied the cornet, gravely, "but the prince said to me: 'Go and tell the colonel that the hussars are to return as quickly as possible and burn the bridge.'"

Immediately after Zherkof, an officer of the suite rode up to the colonel of hussars, with the same order. And immediately after the officer of the suite, came the stout Nesvitsky, galloping up with all his might, on his Cossack's horse, which could hardly carry him. "How is it, colonel," he cried, while still at a distance, "I told you to burn the bridge, but now some one has mistaken the order; everybody here has lost his wits, and there's nothing done right."

The colonel took his time in halting the regiment, and turned to Nesvitsky,—

"You told me to burn up the combustibles," said he, "but as to burning that, you did not say a word."

"What's that, batyushka," exclaimed Nesvitsky, reining in his horse, taking off his cap, and with his fat hand brushing back his hair, dripping with perspiration. "How's that? Didn't I say that the bridge was to be burned, when you burned all the combustibles?"

"I won't be called batyushka by you, Mister Staff Officer, and you did not tell me to burn the bridge. I know my duties, and I am accustomed faithfully to carry out what I am commanded to do. You said the bridge was to be burned, but who was to do it, the Holy Ghost could not tell me."

"Well, that's always the way," cried Nesvitsky, with a wave of the hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, turning to Zherkof.

"Exactly the same thing as you are! but how wet you are! let me wring you out!"

"You said, Mister Staff Officer," — proceeded the colonel in an offended tone.

"Colonel," interrupted the officer from the suite, "You must make haste, or else the enemy will be pouring grapeshot into us."

The colonel silently looked at the officer from the suite, at stout Prince Nesvitsky, and at Zherkof, and frowned.

"I will burn the bridge," said he in a solemn voice, as though to express by it that in spite of all the disagreeable things that happened to him, he was always prepared to do his duty.

Spurring his horse with his long, muscular legs, as though the animal were to blame for everything, the colonel started forward, and ordered the second squadron, in which Rostof served, to return, under the command of Denisof, and burn the bridge.

"Well, that's the way it is," said Rostof to himself. "He wants to try me." His heart beat and the blood rushed to his face. "Let him see if I am a coward," he thought.

Once more, over all the happy faces of the men in the squadron, appeared that same serious line which they had worn at the time that they were under fire. Rostof, not taking his eyes from his opponent, the regimental commander, tried to discover in his face a confirmation of his suspicions; but the colonel did not once look at Rostof, but as usual gazed sternly and solemnly along the line. The word of command was heard.

"Lively! lively!" cried voices around him. With their sabres catching in the reins, with rattling spurs, the hussars dismounted in all haste, not knowing what they were to do. They crossed themselves. Rostof now looked no more at the colonel: he had no time. He was afraid, afraid with a real sinking of the heart, that he should be left behind. His hand trembled as he turned his horse over to the groom, and he felt how the blood was rushing back to his heart. Denisof, on his way back shouted something to him as he passed. Rostof saw nothing except the hussars running by his side, impeded by their spurs and with rattling sabres.

"The stretchers!" cried some voice behind him, but Rostof did not stop to think what that demand for stretchers meant; he ran on, striving only to be in advance of the others, but at the very bridge he failed to look where he was going, and slipping in the slimy, sheeted mud, stumbled, and fell upon his hands. The others dashed ahead of him.

"At both sides, captain," shouted the colonel, who having ridden ahead, had reined in his horse not far from the bridge, and sat looking on with a triumphant and radiant expression.

Rostof, wiping his soiled hands on his riding-trousers, glanced at his opponent and determined to go on, thinking that the farther forward he went, the better it would be. But Bogdanuitch, without looking at him, or even noticing that it was Rostof, cried to him,—

“Who is that in the middle of the bridge. Take the right side! Yunker, come back!” he shouted testily, and then turned to Denisof, who, making a show of his foolhardiness, was riding upon the bridge.

“Why run such risks, captain, you’d better dismount,” cried the captain.

“Hé! he always finds some one in fault,” replied Vaska Denisof, turning in his saddle.

Meantime, Nesvitsky, Zherkof, and the staff officer, stood in a little group, out of range, and watched now the little band of hussars, in yellow shakos, dark green roundabouts, embroidered with gold lace, and blue trousers, who were swarming over the bridge, and now, in the other direction, looked at the blue capotes marching down from the distant hill, and the groups with horses, which could easily be recognized as field-pieces.

“Will they get the bridge burnt, or not? Who is ahead? Will they have time to set the bridge on fire before the French turn grape on them and drive them back?”

Such questions as these, every man in the great band of soldiers that were stationed near the bridge involuntarily asked himself, as he looked that bright afternoon, at the bridge, and at the hussars, and then again, on the other side, at the blue-coats approaching with bayonets and field-pieces.

“Okh! the hussars will catch it!” exclaimed Nesvitsky, “They’re within range of grape now.”

“It was useless to send so many men,” said the staff officer.

“That’s a fact,” returned Nesvitsky, “If he’d only sent two smart young fellows, it would have been just as well.”

“Akh! your illustriousness,” remarked Zherkof, not taking his eyes from the hussars, but still speaking in his own peculiar fashion, which left it in doubt whether he were serious or in earnest, “akh! your illustriousness, how can you think so! The idea of sending two men! How then would we get the Vladimir and the ribbon? Supposing they do have a little thrashing, then there’ll be a chance for the colonel to report the squadron and get a ribbon for himself. Our Bogdanuitch knows a thing or two.”

“Now there,” said the staff officer, “that means grape!”

"Inform the prince that I burned the bridge," said the colonel, with a gay and triumphant expression.

"But suppose it is asked about our loss?"

"A mere trifle," said the colonel, in his deepest tones: "Two hussars wounded and one finished," said he with apparent joy, and scarcely refraining from a contented smile, as he brought out with ringing emphasis the happy phrase, *finished*.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE Russian army of thirty-five thousand men, under command of Kutuzof, pursued by the French, a hundred thousand strong, under Bonaparte himself, meeting with unfriendly disposed natives, no longer having confidence in their allies, suffering from a lack of provisions, and obliged to act in a manner opposed to all preconceived conditions of war, was in hasty retreat down the Danube, halting when the enemy overtook them, and fighting them off by skirmishes at the rearguard, but fighting no more than was necessary to ensure their retreat without losing any of their baggage.

Actions had taken place at Lambach, Amstetten and Melck, but, notwithstanding the bravery and fortitude displayed by the Russians, as even their enemy acknowledged, these actions did not prevent their movement from being a retreat, conducted with all possible celerity.

The Austrians, who had escaped from the surrender at Ulm, and had joined Kutuzof at Braunau, had now separated from the Russians, and Kutuzof was left only with his weakened, famished forces.

It was impossible any longer to think of defending Vienna. In place of the offensive warfare so craftily elaborated in accordance with the laws of the new science of strategy, the plan of which had been communicated to Kutuzof by the Hofkriegsrath while he was in Vienna, the only thing that was left him now, unless he were to sacrifice his army, as Mack had done at Ulm, was to effect a juncture with the troops on their way from Russia, and even this was almost an impossibility.

On the ninth of November, Kutuzof and his army crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and, for the first time, halted, having now put the river between himself and the main body of the French. On the eleventh, he attacked and defeated the division under Mortier, which was stationed on the left bank

* *Na-poval*, literally: without exception, totally. •

of the Danube. In this engagement, for the first time, some trophies were captured: a stand of colors, cannon, and two of the enemy's generals. For the first time, after a fortnight's retreat, the Russian army halted, and at the end of the battle, not only held the field of battle, but had driven off the French.

Although the army was exhausted and in rags, and reduced a third by the killed, wounded, sick, and stragglers; although the sick and wounded had been left on the other side of the Danube, with a letter from Kutuzof commending them to the magnanimity of the enemy, although the regular hospitals and the houses of Krems which had been turned into lazarettos, were unable to receive all the sick and wounded remaining;—still, in spite of all this, the halt at Krems and the victory over Mortier signally raised the spirits of the army.

The most gratifying but improbable reports were in circulation throughout the troops and even at headquarters, concerning imaginary reinforcements from Russia being at hand, concerning some great victory won by the Austrians, and the retreat and panic of Bonaparte.

During the battle, Prince Andrei had been near the Austrian general, Schmidt, when he was killed. His own horse had been wounded under him, and he himself had been slightly grazed by a bullet on the hand. As a sign of special favor from the commander-in-chief, he was sent to carry the news of this victory to the Austrian Court, which had left Vienna, now threatened by the French, and was established at Brünn. On the evening of the victory, Prince Andrei, excited, but not weary, for in spite of his apparently delicate constitution, he could endure physical fatigue far better than much stronger men, having brought Dokhturof's report to Kutuzof, was despatched that same evening as a special courier to Brünn. Such an errand ensured the courier not only a decoration, but pointed infallibly to promotion.

The night was dark, but starry; the road made a black line across the snow which had been falling during the engagement. Now recalling the impressions of the battle through which he had passed, now joyfully imagining the impression which he should cause by the news of the victory, recollecting the parting words of the commander-in-chief and his comrades, Prince Andrei drove on at a furious pace in his post-carriage, experiencing the feelings of a man who has long waited and at last is about to attain his wished-for joy. As soon as he closed his eyes, his ears were filled with the roar of musketry and cannon,

mingling with the rumble of the wheels and the details of the victory.

Now it seemed to him that the Russians were flying, and that he himself was killed. But he would awake with a start, feeling a strange delight in the realization that nothing of the sort had taken place, and that, on the contrary, it was the French who had been defeated. Then, again, he would recall all the details of the victory, his own serene manliness during the engagement, and his recollections would lull him to sleep again.

The dark, starry night was followed by a bright, joyous day. The snow gleamed in the sunshine, the horses sped swiftly along, and in monotonous variety on both sides flew by new woods, fields, and villages.

At one of the post-houses, he overtook a train of Russian wounded. A Russian officer in charge of the convoy was stretched out in the foremost cart, and shouting at the top of his voice, and scolding the soldiers in coarse language.

The long German vorspanns, each containing six or more wounded, pale and bandaged and dirty, jolted heavily along over the rough, paved road. Some of them were talking (Prince Andrei overheard their Russian speech), others were munching bread, while those who were most seriously hurt gazed with the good-natured and childish curiosity of sickness at the courier hurrying by them.

Prince Andrei ordered the driver to stop, and asked one of the soldiers where they had been wounded. "Day before yesterday, on the Danube," replied the soldier. Prince Andrei took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

"For them all," he added, turning to the officer in command. "Get well as fast as you can, boys," said he to the soldiers, "there's still much to be done."

"Well, Mr. Adjutant, what's the news?" asked the old officer, evidently taking a fancy to have a talk.

"Good news! — Forward," he cried to his driver, and he was borne swiftly on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrei reached Brünn and found himself surrounded by lofty houses, lighted shops, and street lamps, handsome carriages rumbling over the wooden pavements, and by all that atmosphere of a large, lively city which is always so fascinating to a soldier after camp life.

Prince Andrei, notwithstanding the swiftness of his journey and his sleepless night, felt as he drove up to the palace, even more excited than he had the evening before. His eyes

gleamed with a feverish light, and his thoughts rushed through his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Vividly, all the details of the battle came into his mind, not with any confusion but in due sequence, word for word, as he imagined he should render his account to the Emperor Franz.

Vividly he imagined the circumstantial questions which might be asked him and the answers which he should make to them. He supposed that he should be immediately summoned before the emperor. But at the principal entrance of the palace, he was met by an official who, discovering that he was only a courier, sent him round to another entrance.

"Take the corridor at the right, *Euer Hochgeboren*, there you will find the Flügel-adjutant, who is on duty," said the official, "He will take you to the minister of war."

The Flügel-adjutant, coming to meet Prince Andrei asked him to wait, while he went to the minister. In five minutes he returned and bowing with unusual deference, and allowing Prince Andrei to pass in front of him, directed him through a corridor into a private office occupied by the minister of war. The Flügel-adjutant, by his extravagant politeness seemed to be trying to defend himself from any attempt at familiarity on the part of the Russian courier. Prince Andrei's exultant feeling was decidedly cooled down the moment he entered the door into the minister's private office. He felt humiliated, and this feeling of wounded pride changed instantly but imperceptibly into a feeling of contempt which had no reasonable cause. His fertile mind at the same moment began to search for a point of view according to which he might be justified in scorning both the Flügel-adjutant and the minister of war. "It's probably very easy for them to show how to gain victories, though they have never smelt gunpowder," he said to himself. His eyes contracted contemptuously; he walked into the war minister's private office with all the deliberation in the world. This feeling was still further intensified when he caught sight of that dignitary sitting between two candles at a great table, and not deigning to give his visitor even a glance for the first two minutes.

The war minister's bald head, with its fringe of gray hair, was bent over some papers which he was reading and marking with a lead pencil. He finished reading them, not even lifting his head when the door opened to admit his visitor, though he must have heard the steps. "Take this and deliver it at once," said the minister of war to his secretary, handing him some

papers and not even yet recognizing the existence of the courier.

Prince Andrei came to the conclusion that out of all the affairs that preoccupied the minister of war, the feats of Kutuzof's army either interested him the least or else he felt obliged to give this impression to the Russian courier. "Well, it's all the same to me," said he to himself.

The minister of war assorted the rest of his papers, placing them in regular order and then at last lifted his head. He had an intelligent and determined face, but at the instant that he turned to Prince Andrei, this intelligent and firm expression seemed to change as if by purpose and consciously, and in its place came a dull, hypocritical smile, in which there was no pretence even of hiding its hypocrisy, — the habitual smile of a man accustomed to receiving many petitioners one after the other.

"From General Field Marshal Kutuzof?" he asked, "I hope it is good news. So he's had an encounter with Mortier? A victory? It was time!"

He took the despatch which was directed to him and began to read it with a melancholy expression.

"Ach mein Gott! mein Gott! Schmidt!" said he, in German. "What a misfortune! what a misfortune!" Having run through the paper he laid it on the table and glanced at Prince Andrei, evidently weighing something in his mind. "Ach! what a misfortune! The affair you say, was decisive? But Mortier was not taken." He pondered. "I'm very glad that you have brought this good news, although the death of Schmidt is a costly price to pay for the victory. His majesty will probably desire to see you, but not this evening. I thank you; go and get rested. To-morrow be at the levee after the parade. However, I will give you due notice."

The dull smile which had disappeared during this conversation again appeared on the war minister's face.

"Good by. *Auf wiedersehen* — I thank you very much. His majesty the emperor will no doubt wish to see you," he repeated, and inclined his head.

When Prince Andrei had left the palace he felt that all the interest and happiness which the victory had brought him, had deserted him and had been left behind in the indifferent hands of the war minister and of the polite Flügel-adjutant. The whole course of his thoughts had instantly changed; the battle seemed to him like the recollection of something that happened long before.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE ANDREI put up at Brünn, at the residence of his friend, the diplomat Bilibin.

"Ah! my dear prince, no one could be more welcome," said Bilibin, coming down to greet him. "Franz, take the prince's luggage into my sleeping-room," he added, turning to the valet who had admitted the visitor. "So you're bringing news of a victory. Excellent! But I'm under the weather, as you can see."

Prince Andrei having washed and changed his dress, joined the diplomat in his luxurious study, and sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for him. Bilibin drew up comfortably before the fire.

After his hurried journey and indeed after this whole campaign, during which he had been deprived of all the comforts and elegancies of life, Prince Andrei experienced a pleasant feeling of repose amid these luxurious conditions of existence, to which he had been accustomed since childhood. Moreover, it was pleasant after his reception by the Austrians to talk, not indeed in Russian, for they spoke in French, but with a Russian who, as he supposed, shared the general Russian aversion, now felt with especial keenness, for the Austrians.

Bilibin was a man of thirty-five, unmarried, and belonging to the same set as Prince Andrei. They had been acquaintances long before in Petersburg, and had become more intimate during Prince Andrei's last visit to Vienna, in company with Kutuzof. Just as Prince Andrei was a young man who promised to make a brilliant career in the military profession, so Bilibin, with even greater probability, was on the road to success in diplomacy. He was still a young man, but he was not a young diplomat, since he had begun his career at the age of sixteen, had been in Paris and in Copenhagen, and now held a very responsible post in Vienna. Both the chancellor and the Russian ambassador at the court of Vienna knew him and prized him highly. He was not one of those diplomats who are considered to be very good, because they have merely negative qualities, do nothing but their perfunctory duties, and are able to speak French. He was rather one of those who work *con amore*, and with intelligence; notwithstanding his natural indolence, he sometimes spent the whole night at his writing-table. He put in good work, no matter what was the nature of the work in

hand. It was the question "how," not the question "why," that interested him.

It was a matter of indifference to him what the diplomatic business was about, but he took the greatest satisfaction in artistically, accurately, and elegantly composing circulars, memorials, or reports.

Bilibin's services were prized, not only because of his skill in inditing letters, but still more because of his faculty for shining in society and carrying on conversation in the highest spheres.

Bilibin liked to talk just as he liked to work, but it was essential that the topic should let him display his delicately polished wit. In society, he was constantly on the watch for a chance to say something remarkable, and he never mingled in conversation except under such conditions. His talk was plentifully begemmed with keen and polished phrases, original with himself, and yet having an interest for all. These phrases were prepared in Bilibin's internal laboratory, as a sort of portable property, which even the dullest members of society might easily remember and carry from party to party. And, in fact, Bilibin's witticism's made the rounds of Viennese drawing-rooms — *les mots de Bilibin se colportaient dans les salons de Vienne* — and often had an effect on so-called important events.

His thin, weary-looking sallow face was covered with deep wrinkles, which always seemed clean and parboiled, like the ends of the fingers after a bath. The motions of these wrinkles constituted the principal play of his physiognomy.

Now, it was his forehead that was furrowed with broad lines and his eyebrows were lifted high, again his brows were contracted and deep lines marked his cheeks. His deep-set little eyes looked always frank and cheerful.

"Now, then, tell us your exploits," said he.

Bolkonsky, in the most modest manner, without once referring to himself, told him of the combat and of the ministers' behavior. "They received me and the news that I brought like a dog in a game of ninepins." * he said, in conclusion.

Bilibin smiled, and the wrinkles in his face relaxed. "However, *mon cher*," said he, "in spite of the high *estime* which I profess for the Orthodox Russian army, I confess that your victory is not one of the most victorious." †

* "*Ils m'ont reçu avec ma nouvelle, comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles.*"

† "*J'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses.*"

Thus he went on, all the time speaking in French, and introducing Russian words only when he wished to give them a scornful emphasis. "It was this way, wasn't it? You fell with all your overwhelming numbers upon that unhappy Mortier, and yet Mortier slipped between your hands? Where was the victory in that?"

"Well, speaking seriously," replied Prince Andrei, "we can, at least, say without boasting, that it was rather better than Ulm."

"Why didn't you take one, at least one marshal prisoner?"

"Because things aren't always done as they are forecast, nor can they be arranged with all the regularity of a parade. We expected, as I told you, to turn their flank at seven o'clock in the morning, and we did not succeed till five in the evening."

"Why didn't you succeed by seven in the morning? You ought to have outflanked them by seven in the morning," said Bilibin, smiling, "you ought to have done it at seven in the morning."

"Why didn't you suggest to Bonaparte, through diplomatic agency, that he'd better abandon Genoa," asked Prince Andrei, in the same tone.

"I know," interrupted Bilibin, "as you sit on your sofa before the fire you think that it is very easy to capture marshals. It is, indeed, but why didn't you capture him? And don't be surprised that neither the minister of war, nor his most august majesty, the emperor, nor King Franz is very grateful for your victory, and I myself, the unfortunate secretary of the Russian legation, feel no special impulse to express my delight by giving my Franz a thaler and letting him take his Liebchen for a walk in the prater. To be sure, there's no prater here!" He looked straight at Prince Andrei, and suddenly smoothed out the wrinkled skin upon his forehead.

"Now, my dear, it is my turn to ask you why," said Bolkon-sky, "I assure you, I cannot understand, — perhaps there are diplomatic subtleties here that are above my feeble mind, but I cannot understand: Mack has destroyed a whole army, the Archduke Ferdinand and the Archduke Karl are giving no signs of life, and are making one blunder after another; finally, Kutuzof alone really gains a victory, destroys the spell of the French, — *le charme des Français* — and the minister of war isn't interested enough to inquire after the details!"

"This is the very reason, my dear. *Voyez vous, mon cher!*

hurrah for the Tsar! for Russia, the faith! *Tout ça est bel et bon!* all that's very well and good! but what do we, I mean the Austrian Court, care for your victories! Only bring them your fine news about a victory won by the Archduke Karl, or Ferdinand — *un archiduc vaut l'autré* — one is as good as another, as you know well, a victory, even though it were only over a squad of Bonaparte's firemen, and that would be another thing, we should proclaim it with the thunder of cannon. But this, as a matter of course, can only vex us. The Archduke Karl is doing nothing, the Archduke Ferdinand covers himself with disgrace? You desert Vienna, you no longer defend it, as though you said, 'God is with us, may God be with you and your capital.' One general, whom we all loved, Schmidt, you allowed to be killed by a bullet, and you congratulate us on the victory! Confess that nothing could be imagined more exasperating than this news which you bring. *C'est comme un fait exprès, comme un fait exprès.* Moreover, even if you had won the most brilliant victory, even if the Archduke Karl should, what change would that make in the course of events? It's too late now, for Vienna has been occupied by the French army."

"What! occupied, Vienna occupied!"

"Not only occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn, and the count, our dear friend, Count Vrba, has gone there to him for orders."

Bolkonsky, after his fatigue and the impressions of his journey, and his reception, and especially since his dinner, felt that he did not grasp the full meaning of the words which he heard.

"This morning, Count Lichtenfels was here," continued Bilibin, "and showed me a letter containing a circumstantial account of the parade of the French in Vienna. *Le Prince Murat et tout le tremblement* — You can see that your victory is not such an immense delight, and you can hardly be regarded as our saviours."

"Truly, as far as I am concerned, it is a matter of indifference, absolute indifference," said Prince Andrei, beginning to comprehend that his tidings about the engagement at Krems was of really little importance compared with such an event as the occupation of the Austrian capital. "How came Vienna to be occupied? How about the bridge and that famous *tête de pont*, and Prince Auersperg? It was reported among us that Prince Auersperg was defending Vienna," said he.

"Prince Auersperg is on this side, on our side of the Danube, and will defend us, defend us very wretchedly, I think,

but still, he will defend us. And Vienna is on the other side. No, the bridge is not taken yet, and I hope it will not be. It has been mined, and the order is to blow it up. If it were not for that, we should have been long ago in the mountains of Bohemia, and you and your army would have spent a wretched quarter of an hour between two fires."

"But still this does not mean that the campaign is at an end, does it?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Well, it's my impression that it is. And so think the big-wigs here, but they dare not say so. What I said at the beginning of the campaign will come true: that your skirmish near Dürenstein* will not settle the affair, nor gunpowder, in any case, but those who invented it," said Bilibin, repeating one of his *mots*, while he puckered his forehead and paused a moment. "The question simply depends on this: what is to be the outcome of the Berlin meeting of the Emperor with the Prussian king. If Prussia joins the alliance, *on forcera la main de l'Autriche* — Austria's hand is forced — and there will be war. But if not, then all they have to do is arrange for the preliminaries of a second Campo Formio."

"But what an extraordinary genius," suddenly cried Prince Andrei, doubling his small fist and pounding the table with it. "And what luck that man has!"

"Who? Buonaparte?" queried Bilibin, knitting his brow, and thereby signifying that he was going to get off a witticism. "Buonaparte," he repeated, laying a special emphasis on the u, "I certainly think that now when he is laying down the laws for Austria from Schoenbrunn, he must be spared that u — *il faut lui faire grâce de l'u*. I am firmly resolved to make the innovation, and I shall call him Bonaparte *tout court*."

"No, but joking aside," said Prince Andrei, "Is it possible that you think the campaign is finished?"

"This is what I think: Austria has been made a fool of and she is not used to that. And she will take her revenge. And she has been made a fool of because in the first place her provinces have been pillaged (it is said the Orthodox *est terrible pour le pillage*), her army is beaten, her capital is taken, and all this *pour les beaux yeux* of the King of Sardinia. And in the second place, *entre nous, mon cher*, I suspect that we are being duped, I suspect dealings with France, and a project of peace, a secret peace, separately concluded."

"That cannot be," said Prince Andrei, "That would be too base."

* "Echauffourée de Dürenstein."

"*Qui vivra, verra*, you will see," said Bilibin, scowling, this time in a way that signified that the conversation was at an end.

When Prince Andrei went to the chamber that had been prepared for him, and stretched himself between clean sheets on a soft down mattress, and on warm perfumed pillows, he began to feel that the battle, the report of which he had brought, was far, far away. The Prussian alliance, the treachery of Austria, Bonaparte's new triumph, the parade and levee, and his reception by the Emperor Franz the next day, filled his mind.

He closed his eyes, but instantly his ears were deafened by the cannonading, the musketry, the rumble of the carriage wheels, and now once more the musketeers came marching in scattered lines down the hillside, and the Frenchmen were firing, and he felt how his heart thrilled, and he galloped on ahead, with Schmidt at his side, and the bullets whistled merrily around him, and he experienced such a feeling of intensified delight in life as he had not felt since childhood. He awoke with a start.

"Yes, it was all so!" said he, smiling to himself, a happy, childlike smile, and he fell asleep with the sound sleep of youth.

CHAPTER XI.

He awoke the next morning, late. Recalling the impressions of the previous day, he remembered, first of all, that he was to be presented that day to the Emperor Franz, he remembered the minister of war, the officiously polite Flügel-adjutant, Bilibin, and the conversation of the evening before.

Putting on his full-dress uniform, which he had not worn for a long time, to go to Court, he went down to Bilibin's study, with his hand bandaged, but fresh, full of spirits, and handsome. Four young gentlemen connected with the diplomatic corps were gathered in the study. Bolkonsky was already acquainted with Prince Ippolit Kuragin, one of the secretaries of the legation; Bilibin introduced him to the others.

The gentlemen at Bilibin's were gay, rich young men of fashion, who formed, both in Vienna and here in Brünn, an exclusive circle, which Bilibin, the leader of it, called "ours," *les nôtres*. This *coterie*, composed almost exclusively of diplomats, were occupied with the doings of society, their relations to certain women, and their duties as secretaries, so that the

interests of war and diplomacy were a sealed book to them. The gentlemen apparently took to Prince Andrei, and adopted him as one of themselves — an honor which they did not confer upon every one.

From politeness, and as a topic for beginning conversation, they asked him a few questions about the army and the battle, and then conversation quickly drifted into inconsequential but jovial sallies of wit and gossip.

"But this is specially good," said one, relating the misfortunes of a colleague. "Especially good, when the chancellor himself told him to his face that his transfer to London was a promotion, and that he was so to regard it. Can you imagine his looks at hearing that?"

"But what is worse than all, gentlemen, I must expose Kuragin: a man is in trouble, and this Don Juan, this terrible man, must needs take advantage of it!"

Prince Ippolit was stretched out in a Voltaire chair, with his legs thrown over the arm. He laughed, —

"*Parlez-moi de ça* — tell me about it," said he.

"O, you Don Juan!" "O, you snake!" said various voices.

"You don't know, Bolkonsky," said Bilibin, turning to Prince Andrei, "that all the atrocities committed by the French army (I almost said the Russian army) are nothing in comparison with what this man has been doing among the ladies!"

"*La femme est la compagne de l'homme* — woman is man's helpmeet," said Prince Ippolit sententiously, and he began to stare through his lorgnette at his elevated feet.

Bilibin and "our fellows" roared, as they looked at Prince Ippolit. Prince Andrei saw that this young man of whom (it must be confessed) he had almost been jealous was the butt for this circle.

"I must give you a little sport with Kuragin," whispered Bilibin to Bolkonsky. "It's rich to hear him talk about politics! You must see what an important air he assumes."

He took a seat near Ippolit and wrinkling his brows portentously, began to draw him into a conversation on political affairs.

Prince Andrei and the others gathered around the two.

"The cabinet cannot express any thought of an alliance," began Ippolit, letting his eyes wander significantly from one to the other, "without expressing — as in its last note — *vous comprenez* — *vous comprenez* — and then if his majesty the Emperor does not go back on his principles, our alliance — *Attendez*, I have not finished," said he to Prince Andrei, seiz-

ing him by the arm, "I suppose that intervention will be stronger than non-intervention, and" — He was silent for a moment, — "the non-receipt of our despatch of the twenty-eighth of November cannot be charged as intentional. That will be the end of it."

And he let go of Bolkonsky's arm, signifying that now he was entirely done.

"Demosthenes I recognize thee by the pebble which thou hast concealed in this golden mouth," * said Bilibin, his cap of hair moving on his head with satisfaction.

All laughed. Ippolit laughed louder than the rest. He was evidently not at his ease and could not get his breath, but he was unable to refrain from the forced laugh that distorted his usually impassive face.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Bilibin, "Bolkonsky is a guest at my house here in Brünn, and I am anxious to treat him well and give him a taste of all of our pleasures here so far as possible. If we were in Vienna this would be easy, but here — in this beastly Moravian hole — *ce vilain trou morave*, it will be harder and I beg you all to lend me your aid. *Il faut lui faire les honneurs de Brünn*. You undertake the theatres; I will introduce him to society; you, Ippolit, of course, the ladies."

"I must show him Amélie, she's a beauty!" said one of the circle, kissing the ends of his fingers.

"All in all, this bloodthirsty soldier," said Bilibin, "must be brought to more humane views."

"It is doubtful if I can profit by your hospitality, gentlemen, for now it is time for me to go out," said Bolkonsky, looking at his watch.

"Where?"

"To the emperor."

"Oh! — oh! — oh!"

"Well, *au revoir*, Bolkonsky. Good-by prince; come back to dinner as early as you can," shouted several voices. "We will look out for you."

"Try to say as much as you can in praise of the commissariat and the roads, when you speak to the emperor," said Bilibin, as he accompanied Bolkonsky into the entry.

"I wish I could say flattering things, but I cannot," said Bolkonsky with a smile.

"Well, then, do just as much of the talking as you can. His passion is for audiences, but he does not like to talk, and he does not know how, as you will see for yourself."

* *Démotènes, je te reconnais au caillou que tu as caché dans ta bouche d'or.*

CHAPTER XII.

At the levee, Prince Andrei, who stood in the place appointed among the Austrian officers, merely received a long fixed stare from the Emperor Franz, and a slight inclination of his long head. But after the levee, the Flügel-adjutant of the evening before, politely communicated to Bolkonsky the emperor's desire to give him an audience. The Emperor Franz received him standing in the middle of his room. Before beginning the conversation, Prince Andrei was struck by the evident confusion of the emperor, who reddened and did not know what to say.

"Tell me when the action began," he asked hurriedly.

Prince Andrei told him. This question was followed by others, no less simple: "Is Kutuzof well? How long ago did he leave Krems?" and so on. The emperor spoke as though his whole aim were to ask a certain number of questions. The answers to these questions, as he made only too evident, did not interest him.

"At what hour did the engagement begin?" asked the emperor.

"I cannot tell, your majesty, at what hour the fighting began on the front, but at Dürenstein, where I happened to be, the army made the first attack at six o'clock in the evening," said Bolkonsky eagerly, for he supposed that now he had a chance to enter into the carefully prepared and accurate description of all that he had seen and knew. But the emperor smiled and interrupted him, —

"How many miles is it?"

"From where and to where, your majesty?"

"From Dürenstein to Krems?"

"Three miles and a half, your majesty."

"Have the French abandoned the left bank?"

"According to the reports of our scouts, the last of them crossed that same night on rafts."

"Plenty of provender at Krems?"

"Provender was not furnished in that abundance which" —

But the emperor interrupted him: "At what hour was General Schmidt killed?"

"At seven o'clock, I should think."

"At seven o'clock! Very sad! very sad!"

Then the emperor thanked him and made him a bow. Prince Andrei left the audience chamber and was immediately

surrounded by courtiers coming from all sides. From all sides flattering glances rested on him and flattering words were heard around him. The Flügel-adjutant reproached him for not having put up at the palace and offered him the use of his rooms. The minister of war came and congratulated him on having received the order of Maria Theresa of the third degree, which the emperor had conferred upon him. The empress's chamberlain invited him to wait upon her majesty. The grand duchess also desired to see him. He did not know whom to answer first, and it took him several seconds to collect his wits. The Russian ambassador put his hand on his shoulder, drew him into a window, and began to talk with him.

In spite of Bilibin's prognostications, the news brought by Bolkonsky was joyfully hailed. A thanksgiving *Te Deum* was ordained, Kutuzof was decorated with the grand cross of Maria Theresa, and all the army was rewarded. Bolkonsky was overwhelmed with invitations, and was obliged to spend the whole morning in making calls upon the principal dignitaries of Austria.

Having finished his calls, about five o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andrei, mentally composing a letter to his father about the engagement and his visit to Brünn, returned to Bilibin's lodgings. At the door of the house occupied by Bilibin stood a britzska half full of luggage, and Franz, Bilibin's valet, was just coming out, laboriously dragging another trunk.

On his way back to Bilibin's, Prince Andrei had stepped into a bookstall, to lay in a store of books for his campaign, and had spent some time there.

"What does this mean?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Alas! your excellency!" said Franz, with difficulty tumbling the trunk into the britzska: "We're going farther off. The rascal is after us again."*

"But what is it? What does it mean?" demanded Prince Andrei. Bilibin came out to meet Bolkonsky. His usually tranquil face showed traces of excitement.

"Well, well, confess that it's delightful," said he, "this story of the Thabor bridge [the bridge at Vienna]. They crossed it without striking a blow."†

Prince Andrei still failed to understand. "Where have you been that you don't know what every coachman in the city has heard long since."

* *Ach! Erlaucht! Wir ziehen noch weiter. Der Bösewicht ist schon wieder hinter uns her.*

† *Non, non, avouez que c'est charmant que cette histoire du pont de Thabor. Ils l'ont passé sans coup férir.*

"I have just come from the grand duchess's. I heard nothing of it there."

"And haven't you noticed that everywhere they're packing up?"

"No, I haven't.—But what is the trouble?" asked Prince Andrei impatiently.

"What is the trouble? The trouble is that the French have crossed the bridge which Auersperg was defending, and the bridge was not blown up, so that Murat is now hastening down the road to Brünn, and they will be here to-day or to-morrow."

"Be here? But why was the bridge not blown up, when it was mined?"

"Well, that's what I ask you. No one, not even Bonaparte knows that."

Bolkonsky shrugged his shoulders. "But if the bridge is crossed, the army is destroyed; of course it will be cut off," said he.

"That's the joke of the thing," rejoined Bilibin. "Listen! The French enter Vienna, just as I told you. All very good. On the next day,—that is yesterday,—Messrs. Marshals Murat, Lannes and Belliard mount their horses and ride down to the bridge (notice, all three of them are Gascons). 'Gentlemen,' says one of them, 'you know that the Thabor bridge is mined and countermined and that in front of it is a terrible *tête de pont* and fifteen thousand men, who are commanded to blow up the bridge and not allow us to pass. But our master, the Emperor Napoleon, would be pleased if we took that bridge. Let us three go therefore and take that bridge.' 'Yes, let us go,' said the other, and they go to it and take it and cross it, and now they are on this side of the Danube with their whole army, and are in full march against us and against your communications."

"A truce to jesting," said Prince Andrei, becoming melancholy and serious. This news was sad, and at the same time pleasant to him. As soon as he knew that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation, it occurred to him that he himself was the one called upon to rescue it from this situation,—that this was his Toulon, destined to lift him from the throng of insignificant officers and open to him the straight path of glory! Even while he was listening to Bililbin, he was picturing himself going back to the army, and there, in a council of war, proposing a plan which alone might save them, and that to him alone it was granted to accomplish this plan.

"A truce to jesting," said he.

"I am not jesting," insisted Bilibin, "Nothing is more veracious or more melancholy. These gentlemen ride upon the bridge without escort, displaying their white handkerchiefs; they assert that there is an armistice, and that they, the marshals, have come over to talk with Prince Auersperg. The officer on guard lets them into the *tête de pont*. They give him a thousand choice specimens of gasconade; they say that the war is ended, that the Emperor Franz has decided upon a conference with Bonaparte, that they wanted to see Prince Auersperg, and a thousand other trumpery lies. The officer sends for Auersperg; these gentlemen embrace the officers, jest, sit astride the cannon, and meantime a French battalion quietly crosses the bridge and flings the bags with the combustibles into the water and enters the *tête de pont*. At last the lieutenant-general, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself, appears on the scene. 'Our dear enemy! Flower of the Austrian army, hero of the Turkish wars! Our enmity is at an end, we can shake hands. The Emperor Napoleon is dying with anxiety to make the acquaintance of Prince Auersperg!'

"In one word, these gentlemen, who are not Gascons for nothing, so bejuggle Auersperg with fine words, he is so ravished by this rapidly instituted intimacy with the French marshals, so dazzled by the sight of Murat's mantle and ostrich feathers, that he doesn't see the point, and quite forgets that he himself ought to be pointing at the enemy."*

Notwithstanding the vehemence of his remarks, Bilibin did not fail to pause after this *mot*, so as to allow Bolkonsky time to appreciate it.

"The French battalions run on the bridge, spike the cannon, and capture the bridge! the bridge is theirs! But this is best of all," he went on to say, allowing the fascination of his narrative to keep his excitement within bounds, "this, — that the sergeant, who had charge of the cannon, the discharge of which was to explode the mines and blow up the bridge, this sergeant, I say, seeing the French soldiers running over the bridge, was just going to fire his gun, but Lannes pulled away his hand. The sergeant who was evidently more intelligent than his general, hastens to Auersperg and says: 'Prince, you are imposed upon, the French are here!'

"Murat sees that their game is played if the sergeant is allowed to speak further. With pretended surprise (true Gascon

* *Qu'il n'y voit que du feu, et oublie celui qu'il devait faire faire sur l'ennemi."*

that he is) he turns to Auersperg, 'I don't see in this anything of your world-renowned Austrian discipline,' says he. 'Do you allow a man of inferior rank to speak to you so?' It was a stroke of genius. Prince Auersperg prides himself on punctilio and has the sergeant put under arrest. But you must confess that all this story of the Thabor bridge is perfectly delightful. It was neither stupidity nor cowardice.*

"*C'est trahison peut-être* — Perhaps it is treason, though," said Prince Andrei, his imagination vividly bringing up before him the gray capotes, the wounds, the gunpowder smoke, the sounds of battle, and the glory which was awaiting him.

"Not at all. This puts the Court in the most stupid position," continued Bilibin, "it is neither treason nor cowardice, nor stupidity, it's just the same as at Ulm." He paused, as though trying to find a suitable expression: "*C'est — c'est du Mack. Nous sommes Mackés* — we are Macked!" he said, at last satisfied that he had coined *un mot*, and a brilliant *mot*, such an one as would be repeated. The wrinkles that had been deeply gathering on his forehead quickly smoothed themselves out, in token of his contentment, and with a slight smile on his lips, he began to contemplate his finger nails.

"Where are you going?" he asked, suddenly turning to Prince Andrei, who had got up and was starting for his chamber.

"I'm off."

"Where?"

"To the army!"

"But you intended to stop two days longer, didn't you?"

"Yes, but now I'm going immediately." And Prince Andrei, having given his orders for the carriage, went to his room.

"Do you know, my dear fellow?" said Bilibin, coming into his room, "do you know, I have been thinking about you. — Why are you going?" And in testimony of the irrefragibility of his argument against it, all the wrinkles vanished from his face.

Prince Andrei looked inquiringly at his friend, and made no reply.

"Why are you going? — I know; you think that it is your duty to hurry back to the army, now, when it is in danger. I understand it, *mon cher; c'est de l'héroïsme.*"

"Not at all," said Prince Andrei."

* *C'est génial. Le prince d'Auersperg se pique d'honneur et fait mettre le sergent aux arrêts. Non, mais avouez vous que c'est charmant toute cette histoire du pont de Thabor. C'est ni bêtise, ni lâcheté.*

"But you are *un philosophe*; be one absolutely; look at things from the other side, and you will see that your duty, on the contrary, is to preserve yourself. Leave this to others who are not fit for anything else. You have had no orders to return, and you won't be allowed to go from here, so of course you can stay, and go with us wherever our unhappy lot carries us. They say we are going to Olmütz. And Olmütz is a very nice little city. And you and I can make the journey very comfortably in my calash."

"Cease your jesting, Bilibin," said Bolkonsky.

"I am speaking to you sincerely, and as your friend. Judge for yourself. Where, and for what purpose, are you going now, when you can remain here? One of two things will happen to you (here he managed to gather a fold of wrinkles under his left temple): either peace will be concluded before you reach the army, or else defeat and disgrace await you with the rest of Kutuzof's army." And Bilibin smoothed the skin again, feeling that the dilemma was unavoidable.

"Of that I am not in a position to judge," said Prince Andrei, coldly; but he thought in his own mind, "I am going to save the army."

"*Mon cher, vous êtes un héros!*" said Bilibin.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT same night, having taken his leave of the minister of war, Bolkonsky set out for the army, though he did not himself know where he should find it, and had some apprehensions lest on the road to Krems he should be captured by the French.

At Brünn, all the Court were engaged in packing, and the heavy luggage had already been despatched to Olmütz.

Near Etzelsdorf, Prince Andrei struck the highway over which the Russian army was moving in the greatest haste and the greatest disorder. The road was so encumbered with teams, that it was impossible for a carriage to make its way along. Having secured from the head of the Cossack division a horse and Cossack, Prince Andrei, hungry and tired, managed to get past the teams, and at last drove on in search of the commander-in-chief, and his own train. The most ominous reports of the condition of the army had reached him on his way, and these reports were more than confirmed by the sight of the army hurrying on in disorder.

"This Russian army, which English gold has brought together from the ends of the universe, we shall make it suffer the same fate (the fate of Ulm)." *

Bolkonsky remembered these words from Bonaparte's general orders to his army at the beginning of the campaign, and these words inspired in him an admiration for the genius of his hero, together with a sense of wounded pride and a hope of glory.

"But suppose nothing be left me but to die?" he said to himself. "Well then, be it so, if it is necessary. I shall not die more shamefully than others."

Prince Andrei looked contemptuously at the endless confusion of detachments, baggage wagons, field-pieces and gun carriages, and again, baggage wagons, baggage wagons, baggage wagons, of every possible description, trying to outstrip each other, and getting in each other's way, as they toiled along over the muddy road, three and four abreast. In all directions, in front as well as behind, wherever the ear listened, were heard the creaking of wheels, the rumble of vehicles, carts and gun carriages, the trampling of horses' feet, the cracking of whips, the shouts of drivers, the cursing of soldiers, denschiks and officers.

Along the borders of the highway were everywhere seen the carcasses of horses that had fallen, and been flayed, either flayed or not flayed, as the case might be; then broken-down wagons, by which solitary soldiers sat waiting for something; then, again, he saw little detachments of troops straying from the main column and hastening to scattered villages, or coming back from them, with hens, sheep, hay, or bags filled with various objects.

On the slopes and rises, the groups crowded together still more densely, and an uninterrupted tumult of noises arose. Soldiers plodding through mud up to their knees helped to drag by main force, the field-pieces and wagons. Whips cracked, hoofs slipped, traces strained, and throats were split with shouting. The officers, who directed the retreat, galloped back and forth among the wagons. Their voices were hardly distinguishable above the general uproar, and it could be seen by their faces that they were in despair at the possibility of reducing this chaos into order.

"*Voilà le cher Orthodox army,*" said Bolkonsky to himself, quoting Bilibin's words.

*"*Cette armée russe que l'or de l'Angleterre a transporté des extrêmes de l'univers, nous allons faire éprouver le même sort.*"

Wishing to inquire of some of these men where the commander-in-chief was to be found, he galloped up to the train. Directly opposite to him was an odd equipage, a sort of cross between a cart, a cabriolet, and a calash, drawn by one horse, and evidently constructed out of some soldier's domestic belongings. This vehicle was driven by a soldier, and under the leather cover, behind the apron, sat a woman all wrapped up in shawls.

Prince Andrei rode up and was just going to question the soldier, when his attention was attracted by the despairing shrieks of the woman sitting in the vehicle. An officer, who had charge of the train, had set to beating her driver because he attempted to pass ahead of the others, and the blows of the whip fell on the apron. The woman was screaming desperately. Seeing Prince Andrei, she thrust her head out from under the hood, and waving her thin arms, freed from the shawls, she cried,—

“Adjutant! Mr. Adjutant! for God's sake, protect me! What is going to happen? I am the doctor's wife, of the Seventh Jägers. They won't let us pass, we are left behind, and have lost our friends.”

“I will knock you flatter than a pancake! turn back!” cried the officer, angrily, to the soldier, “back with you, and take your jade!”

“Mr. Adjutant, help me! What can I do?” cried the doctor's wife.

“Please let this team pass. Don't you see that it is a woman?” said Prince Andrei, riding up to the officer.

The officer glanced at him, and without saying a word, turned to the soldier again. “I'll teach you. Back!”

“Let them pass, I tell you,” repeated Prince Andrei, compressing his lips.

“Who are you, anyway?” suddenly cried the officer, turning to Prince Andrei, in a drunken fury. “Who are you? (he addressed him insolently, with a special emphasis on the pronoun.) Are you commander here? I'm the commander here, and not you! Back with you, I'll knock you flatter'n a pancake.” This expression had evidently pleased the officer.

“He gave the little adjutant a capital rating,” said a voice behind.

Prince Andrei saw that the officer had got into one of those paroxysms of drunken fury in which a man is not responsible for what he says. He saw that his interference in the troubles of the doctor's wife was attended with what he feared more than aught else in the world, — being made ridiculous, but in-

stinct immediately came to his aid. The officer had not time to finish what he was saying, before Prince Andrei, his face distorted by rage, rode up to him and threw up his whip: "Have the goodness to let them pass!"

The officer made an angry gesture and hastily rode off. "It all comes from them, from these staff officers, all this disorder does," he muttered. "Do as you please."

Prince Andrei hastily rode away, without looking up or heeding the thanks of the doctor's wife, who called him her preserver, and, recalling with disgust the particulars of this humiliating scene, he galloped toward the village where he had been told that the commander-in-chief was to be found.

When he reached this village, he dismounted and started for the first house, intending to rest, if only for a minute, and get something to eat and try to banish all the humiliating thoughts that tortured him. "This is a troop of footpads and not an army," he was saying to himself, when, just as he happened to look up at the window of the first house, a well-known voice called him by name.

He looked up and saw Nesvitsky's handsome face thrust out of the little window. Nesvitsky, vigorously chewing something in his moist mouth, was waving his hand and calling him to come in.

"Bolkonsky! Bolkonsky! Don't you hear me? Come quick!" he cried.

Entering the house, Prince Andrei found Nesvitsky and another adjutant having some lunch. They turned eagerly to Bolkonsky, with the question whether he had brought anything new? Prince Andrei read in their familiar faces an expression of alarm and uneasiness. This expression was especially noticeable on Nesvitsky's usually jolly face.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Here, in this very house," replied the adjutant.

"Tell us, is it true there is peace and a capitulation?" demanded Nesvitsky.

"I should have to ask you that! I know nothing, except that I had great trouble in finding you."

"And what sort of a plight do you find us in! It's horrible, my dear fellow; I plead guilty for having laughed at Mack, but here we are in a far worse position, brother," said Nesvitsky. "But sit down, and have something to eat."

"Now, prince, you won't find your luggage, or anything, and only God knows where your man, Piotr, is," said the other adjutant.

"Where's the headquarters?"

"We are to spend the night at Znaim."

"And I had everything that I needed packed on two horses," said Nesvitsky, "and they made me some splendid pack-saddles. Even though we should have to worry through the mountains of Bohemia. It's a bad state of things, brother. What's the matter? Aren't you well, you shake so?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing that a sudden tremor ran over Prince Andrei, as though from the discharge of a Leyden jar.

"Nothing is the matter," replied Prince Andrei. He happened at that instant to remember his recent encounter with the doctor's wife and the officer of the baggage train.

"What's the commander-in-chief doing here?" he went on to ask. "I haven't the least idea," replied Nesvitsky.

"All I know is that it is all a nasty, nasty, nasty business," said Prince Andrei, and he started for the house where the commander-in-chief was.

Passing by Kutuzof's carriage, the jaded saddle-horses of his suite, and the vociferating Cossacks, he went into the cottage. Kutuzof himself, as Prince Andrei had been told, was in the cottage with Prince Bagration and Weirother. Weirother was the Austrian general who had succeeded to the place of the Schmidt who had been killed.

In the entry, the little Kozlovsky was squatting on his heels before a clerk. The clerk, with his cuffs rolled up, was hastily writing, with a tub turned over for a desk. Kozlovsky's face looked pinched and wan; he had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced up as Prince Andrei came in, but he did not even nod to him.

"Second line. Have you written it?" said he, proceeding with what he was dictating to the clerk: "The Kief grenadiers, the Podolian"—

"Don't go so fast, your honor,"* said the clerk in a disrespectful and surly manner, looking up at Kozlovsky.

Kutuzof's animated and impatient voice was at this moment heard in the room beyond, answered by another which Prince Andrei did not recognize. By the sound of these two voices, by the preoccupied way in which Kozlovsky glanced up at him, by the surly disrespect shown by the clerk, by the fact that the clerk and Kozlovsky were sitting on the floor by a tub, and so handy to the commander-in-chief, and finally, because the Cossacks holding the saddle-horses were laughing so noisily in front of the windows, — by all of this, Prince Andrei was

* *Vashe vuisokoblagorodie: high-well-born, Hochwohlgeboren.*

impressed with the idea that something grave and disagreeable must have occurred.

Prince Andrei, with urgency, turned to Kozlovsky with questions.

"In a moment, prince," said Kozlovsky, "These are the dispositions for Bagration."

"But the capitulation?"

"There's no such thing. Preparations are making for a battle."

Prince Andrei started for the room where he heard the talking. But just as he was going to open the door, the voices in the room became silent, the door was flung open, and Kutuzof, with his eagle nose and puffy face, appeared on the threshold. Prince Andrei stood directly in front of him; but from the expression of the commander-in-chief's one available eye it could be seen that he was so absolutely absorbed by his work and idea that he did not see anything at all. He looked straight into his aide's face and yet did not recognize him.

"How now! Finished?" he inquired of Kozlovsky.

"In one second, excellency."

Bagration, a short, slender man, still in the prime of life, and with a firm and impassive face of the oriental type, followed the commander-in-chief.

"I have the honor of presenting myself," said Prince Andrei, in a pretty loud tone, and at the same time extending an envelope.

"Ah? From Vienna? Good! Wait a little, wait a little!"

Kutuzof and Bagration went out on the step.

"Well, prince, good-by," said he to Bagration! "Christ be with you! I give you my best wishes for the great emprise."

Kutuzof's face unexpectedly softened, and the tears came into his eyes. With his left hand he drew Bagration to him, and with his right, on which flashed a ring, he made the sign of the cross over him in a manner peculiar to himself, and offered him his puffy cheek to kiss, instead of which Bagration kissed him on the neck.

"Christ be with you," repeated Kutuzof, and got into the calash. "Come with me," said he to Bolkonsky.

"Your high excellency, I should like to be employed in this movement. Let me stay in Prince Bagration's division."

"Come with me," again said Kutuzof, and noticing that Bolkonsky hesitated, he added: "I myself need good officers, I need them myself."

They took their seats in the calash and drove in silence for some minutes.

"There is still much, very much before us," said he, with an old man's keenness of perception, as though he clearly read all that was passing in Bolkonsky's mind. "If a tenth part of his division returns to-morrow, I shall thank God," added Kutuzof, as though talking to himself.

Prince Andrei looked at Kutuzof, and his eyes were involuntarily attracted by the deep scar on Kutuzof's temple, where the Turkish bullet had crashed through his head at Izmailo, and his extravasated eye.

"Yes, he has a right to speak thus calmly of the destruction of these men," thought Prince Bolkonsky. "That was the very reason why I ask you to let me go with that division," said he aloud.

Kutuzof made no reply. It seemed as though he had already forgotten what he had just said, and he sat absorbed in thought. Five minutes later, Kutuzof comfortably rocking on the easy springs of the calash, turned to Prince Andrei. His face showed not a sign of emotion. With gentle irony he began to ask Prince Andrei after the details of his interview with the emperor, the court gossip concerning the Krems engagement, and concerning certain women with whom both of them were acquainted.

CHAPTER XIV.

KUTUZOF had learned on the thirteenth of November, through one of his scouts, that the army under his command was in an almost helpless position. The scout had brought word that the French, in overwhelming numbers, had crossed the bridge at Vienna and were marching to cut off the communication between Kutuzof and the reinforcements coming to him from Russia.

If Kutuzof decided to remain at Krems, then Napoleon's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off from all his communications, would outflank his exhausted army of forty thousand, and then he would be in the same position as Mack at Ulm.

If Kutuzof decided to abandon the road leading to his point of communication with his reinforcements, then he would be obliged to penetrate into the unknown and pathless region of the Bohemian mountains, defending his rear from the constant attacks of the enemy on his trail, and giving up all hope of effecting a junction with Buxhövdén.

If Kutuzof determined to take the highway from Krems to Olmütz, so as to meet the reinforcement from Russia, then he ran the risk of being anticipated on this route by the French, who had crossed the Danube at Vienna and would be likely to force him to fight in the middle of the march, burdened with all the luggage and heavy baggage, and to deal with an enemy double his own number, and surrounding him on every side.

Kutuzof had decided on this last alternative.

The French, according to the report of the scout, had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and were in full march upon Znaim which lay in the line of Kutuzof's projected retreat, more than a hundred versts — about sixty miles — ahead of him. If they could reach Znaim before the French, they were in a fair hope of saving the army; but if the French were given a chance of getting to Znaim first, it meant the disgrace of a surrender, like that at Ulm, or else the general destruction of the army. It was certainly impossible to anticipate the French with all the troops. The road which the French would traverse from Vienna to Znaim was both shorter and better than the road which the Russians had from Krems to Znaim.

On the night after receiving this information, Kutuzof sent four thousand men of Bagration's vanguard over the mountains to occupy the road from Vienna to Znaim. Bagration was ordered to make this short cut without pausing to rest; he was to face Vienna and turn his back on Znaim, and if he succeeded in anticipating the French he was to do his best to hold them in check. Kutuzof himself, with all the baggage, would hasten on toward Znaim.

Bagration, crossing the mountains marching without a road, forty-five versts on a stormy night, losing a third part of his forces in stragglers, came out with his famished, shoeless men at Hollabrunn, on the road from Vienna to Znaim, a few hours before the French reached it from Vienna. It was necessary for Kutuzof to travel a whole day and night with his baggage wagons before reaching Znaim, and, therefore, in order to save the army, Bagration, with only four thousand soldiers, hungry and tired out, was obliged to engage the entire force of the enemy during the course of the twenty-four hours: this was manifestly impossible.

But a strange chance made the impossible possible.

Having been successful in the piece of finesse which had given the French the bridge at Vienna without a blow, Murat thought that it would be fine to try a similar deception on Kutuzof. Meeting Bagration's feeble contingent on the road

to Znaim, he supposed that it was Kutuzof's whole army. In order that there might be no question of his crushing this army, he determined to wait the arrival of all the forces that had started out from Vienna, and with this end in view, he proposed an armistice for three days, with the condition that both armies should not change their positions, or move from their places.

Murat asserted that negotiations for peace were already in progress, and that, therefore, in order to avoid the useless shedding of blood, he had proposed the armistice. The Austrian general, Count Nostitz, who was posted in the van, credited the words of Murat's emissary, and retired, exposing Bagration. Another emissary came to the Russian line to make the same assurances about negotiations of peace, and to propose three days' armistice. Bagration answered that he was not authorized either to refuse or accept an armistice, and he sent his adjutant back to Kutuzof, to carry the proposition that had been made to him.

The armistice was, for Kutuzof, the only means of gaining time, of giving Bagration's toil-worn division a chance to rest, and of sending the baggage wagons and other things (the movements of which were concealed from the French), by a roundabout way to Znaim. The proposal for an armistice offered the only possibility, and one most unexpected, of saving the army.

On the receipt of this news, Kutuzof promptly sent his adjutant-general, Winzengerode, who happened to be present, over to the hostile camp. Winzengerode was not only to accept the armistice, but also even to propose terms of capitulation, while, in the meantime, Kutuzof sent his aides back to expedite the movements of the baggage train of the whole army along the road from Krems to Znaim. The weary, famished contingent under Bagration was to cover this operation of the baggage train and of the whole army, and to maintain a firm front against an enemy eight times as strong.

Kutuzof saw that by discussing terms of capitulation, which did not bind him to anything, time would be gained for sending around at least a portion of the heavy baggage, but he also saw that Murat's blunder would be quickly detected. Both of these anticipations were realized.

As soon as Bonaparte, who was at Schönbrunn, twenty-five versts from Hollabrunn, read Murat's report and his scheme for an armistice and capitulation, he saw through the hoax, and wrote the following letter to him, —

SCHOENBRUNN, Nov. 16, 1805, 8 o'clock, A. M.

TO PRINCE MURAT: I cannot find words to express my displeasure. You merely command my van, and have no right to conclude an armistice without orders from me. You are making me lose the advantage of a campaign. End the armistice instantly, and march on the enemy. Explain to him that the general who signed this capitulation, had no right to do so, — that only the Emperor of Russia has this right.

However, if the Russian emperor should ratify the proposed agreement, I also would ratify it. But it is only a trick. March! Destroy the Russian army! You are in a position to capture their baggage and artillery.

The Russian emperor's adjutant-general is a —. Officers are of no account when they are not endowed with any powers: this one had none. The Austrians let themselves be duped about the crossing of the Vienna bridge; you have allowed yourself to be duped by the Russians.

NAPOLÉON.*

Bonaparte's aid galloped off at headlong speed, to carry this angry letter to Murat. Bonaparte himself, not feeling confidence in his generals, moved toward the field of battle with all his guards, fearing lest he should be cheated of his prey, and the four thousand men under Bagration, gayly building bivouac fires, dried and warmed themselves, and for the first time in three days cooked their kasha-gruel, and not one of the detachment knew or dreamed of what was threatening them.

CHAPTER XV.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when Prince Andrei, having through his urgency been granted his request by Kutuzof, reached Gründ, and reported to Bagration. Bonaparte's aide had not yet reached Murat's division, and the battle had not begun. Nothing was known in Bagration's detachment about the general course of events: they talked about a peace, but did not believe in its possibility. They talked also about

* SCHOENBRUNN, 25 Brumaire, en 1805, à huit heure du matin.

AU PRINCE MURAT: — Il m'est impossible de trouver des termes pour vous exprimer mon mécontentement. Vous ne commandez que mon avant-garde, et vous n'avez pas le droit de faire d'armistice sans mon ordre. Vous me faites perdre le fruit d'une campagne. Rompez l'armistice sur le champ, et marchez sur ennemi. Vous lui ferez déclarer que le général qui a signé cette capitulation, n'avait pas le droit de le faire, qu'il n'y a que l'empereur de Russie qui ait ce droit.

Toutes les fois cependant que l'Empereur de Russie ratifierait la dite convention, je la ratifierai; mais ce n'est qu'une ruse. Marchez, détruisez l'armée russe. Vous êtes un position de prendre son bagage et son artillerie.

L'aide de camp de l'Empereur de Russie est un —: les officiers ne sont rien quand ils n'ont pas de pouvoirs: celui-ci n'en avait point. Les Autrichiens se sont laissés jouer pour le passage du pont de Vienne, vous-vous laissez jouer par un aide-de-camp de l'empereur.

NAPOLÉON.

an engagement, but neither did they believe in the imminence of any engagement. Bagration, knowing that Bolkonsky was the commander-in-chief's favorite and trusted adjutant, received him with all the marks of respect and condescension possible to a commander, assured him that either that day or the next an engagement would probably take place, and granted him free choice to be present with him during the battle, or to remain in the rear and superintend the retreat, "which," he said, "would be a very important position."

"However, it is most likely that nothing will be done to-day," said Prince Bagration, as if to relieve Prince Andrei's anxieties.

At the same time, he thought: "If this is only one of the ordinary jack-a-dandies of the staff, sent out to win a cross, he will get it just as well by staying in the rear, but if he desires to be with me, let him; he will be useful if he is a brave officer."

Prince Andrei gave no decided answer, but asked the prince's permission to reconnoitre the position and learn the disposition of the forces, so that in case of necessity he might know where he was. An officer on duty, a handsome man, faultlessly attired and with a diamond ring on his index finger, who spoke French badly but fluently, offered to be Prince Andrei's guide.

On all sides were to be seen wet and melancholy-looking officers, apparently searching for something, and soldiers lugging from the village doors, benches and fences.

"Here, prince, we cannot get rid of such men as these," said the staff officer, pointing to the soldiers. "The officers let them leave their places. And here again!" the officer, pointed to a sutler's tent pitched near them, "they gather around and loaf and loaf. This morning I drove them all out, and look! it's all full again. I must go and disperse them. One minute!"

"Let us go and I will get some cheese and a loaf of bread of him," said Prince Andrei, who had not yet had anything to eat.

"Why didn't you tell me, prince? I should have been delighted to have shared my bread and salt with you."

They dismounted and went into the sutler's tent, where a few men and a number of officers with flushed and weary faces were sitting around a table, eating and drinking.

"Now what does this mean, gentlemen," said the staff officer in a tone of vexation, like a man who has been iterating the

same thing again and again, "You know it is forbidden to absent yourselves from your posts in this way. The prince has forbidden any such thing.—And here you are, Mr. Captain!" said he turning to a little lean, dirty artillery officer, who without boots (he had given them to the sutler to dry) in his stocking feet, stood up as the others entered, and greeted them with a not altogether natural smile. "Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself, Captain Tushin," continued the staff officer, "one would think that as an officer you would set a good example, and here you are with your boots off! If an alarm were sounded you would make a fine show without boots!" The staff officer smiled satirically. "Please go to your places, gentlemen, all, all of you," he added, in a tone of command.

Prince Andrei could not help smiling, as he looked at Captain Tushin who, silent and smiling, stood first on one bare foot and then on the other, and looked inquiringly with his large, intelligent, and good-natured eyes, from Prince Andrei to the officer of the day.

"The soldiers say: 'it's easier to go barefooted,'" said Captain Tushin, timid and still smiling, evidently anxious to escape from his awkward predicament by assuming a jesting tone: but he did not say anything further, as though he felt that his joke was not appreciated and was not a success. He grew confused.

"Please go to your places," repeated the staff officer, trying to preserve his gravity.

Prince Andrei once more glanced at the diminutive form of the artillery officer. There was something about it peculiar, utterly unmilitary and rather comical, but still extraordinarily attractive.

The officer of the day and Prince Andrei remounted their horses and rode on.

Having passed beyond the village, constantly overtaking or meeting soldiers and officers of different divisions, they came in sight of the new entrenchments at their left, made of reddish clay freshly dug up. Several battalions of soldiers in their shirt sleeves, in spite of the cold wind, and looking like white ants, were busy digging at these fortifications. Behind the breastworks, shovelfuls of red clay were constantly tossed up by men hidden from sight. They rode up to the earthworks, examined them, and riding on, mounted the opposite slope. From the top of it, they could see the French. Prince Andrei reined in his horse and began to look around.

“There’s where our battery is stationed,” said the staff officer, indicating the highest point, — “under command of that droll fellow whom we saw without his boots. From the top there, you can get a bird’s-eye view of everything: let us go to it, prince.”

“I thank you cordially, but now I can make my way alone,” said Prince Andrei, wishing to get rid of the staff officer. “Do not trouble yourself, I beg of you.”

The staff officer turned back, and Prince Andrei rode on alone.

The farther toward the front he rode, and the nearer to the enemy he came, the more orderly and admirably disposed seemed to be the army. The greatest disorder and despondency were in that division of the baggage train before Znamia which Prince Andrei had overtaken that morning and which was at least ten versts from the French. In Grund also there was a certain atmosphere of apprehension and fear of something.

But the nearer Prince Andrei came to the French outposts, the more satisfactory seemed to be the condition of the Russian forces. The soldiers in their capotes stood drawn up in line and a sergeant and a captain were counting the men, laying a finger on the breast of the last soldier of each division and directing him to lift his hand. Others, scattered over the whole space, were dragging sticks and brushwood and constructing rude huts, while they gayly laughed and chatted: around the bivouac fires some dressed and others stripped, were drying their shirts and leg-wrappers, mending their boots and capotes, crowding around the kettles and kasha boilers. In one company, dinner was ready and the soldiers with eager faces gazed at the steaming kettle and waited while the *Kaptenarmus* or sergeant carried a wooden cupful to be tasted by the officer who was sitting on a log in front of his hut.

In another company, more fortunate, since not all were provided with vodka, the soldiers stood in a throng around a pock-marked broad-shouldered sergeant, who, tilting the keg, filled in turn the covers of the cans which eager hands extended toward him. The soldiers with reverent faces, lifted the can-covers to their lips, drained them and rinsing the vodka in their mouths and wiping them on their coat sleeves, went off with contented faces. All the faces were as free from care as though the enemy were miles away, and there were no probability of a battle in which at least half their division might be left on the field, — as though indeed they were somewhere in their native land anticipating undisturbed repose.

Having ridden past the regiment of jägers, Prince Andrei reached the Kief grenadiers, gallant young fellows, occupied all with the same peaceful pursuits; but not far from the regimental commander's hut, distinguished only by its height from the others, he saw a platoon of the grenadiers, in front of whom lay a man, stripped. Two soldiers held him down, and two, flourishing supple rods, were giving him measured strokes on his naked back.

The man who was undergoing the punishment screamed unnaturally. A stout major walked up and down in front of the line, and without heeding the man's shrieks, kept saying,—

"It's scandalous for a soldier to steal; a soldier ought to be honest, noble, and brave, and if he steals from his comrade, he has no honor in him; he's a mean fellow. More! more!"

And still resounded the swishing of the rods and the despairing but pretendedly piteous cries. "More! more!" repeated the major. A young officer, who was just turning away from the scene of the punishment with a mixed expression of incredulity and compassion, looked up questioningly at the adjutant, as he rode by.

Prince Andrei, penetrating to the extreme front, rode along by the outposts. The Russian pickets and those of the French were separated by a considerable distance at each flank, but at the centre, on that space where the emissaries had crossed in the morning, the lines were so close that they could see each other's faces, and exchange remarks. Besides the soldiers, who were stationed as pickets in this place, there stood on both sides many sightseers, who, laughing and jesting, stared at the hostile troops as though they were strange and foreign curiosities.

Ever since early morning, notwithstanding the orders to stay away, the officers had been unable to rid themselves of these inquisitive individuals. The soldiers, standing in the lines, like men who had come out to see something rare, no longer paid any attention to the French, but made observations on the new-comers, or, bored to death, waited to be relieved. Prince Andrei reined in his horse to reconnoitre the French.

"Look you, look!" said one soldier to his comrade, pointing to a musketeer, who, in company with an officer, had gone up to the line of sentries, and was talking earnestly and hotly with a French grenadier. "See, how glib he jabbars! The Frenchman * can't begin to keep up with him. That beats you, Sid-
orof!"

* *Khrantsus* instead of *Frantsus*, a Frenchman.

"Wait! listen. He's clever!" replied Sidorof, who considered himself a master in the art of speaking French.

The soldier whom the jesters were remarking was Dolokhof. Prince Andrei recognized him, and listened to what he was saying. Dolokhof, with his captain, had gone up to the sentry on the left flank, where their regiment was stationed.

"There, once more, once more," urged the captain, leaning forward and trying not to miss a word, albeit it was perfectly unintelligible to him! "Please make haste! What does he say?"

Dolokhof did not answer his captain; he had got drawn in to a heated discussion with the French grenadier. Naturally, they were talking about the campaign. The Frenchman, confusing the Austrians with the Russians, contended that it was the Russians who had surrendered and run away from Ulm. Dolokhof contended that the Russians had not surrendered but had beaten the French. "And here, if they tell us to clear you out, we will do it," said Dolokhof.

"You look out that we don't take you and all your Cossacks with us," retorted the Frenchman.

The spectators and the Frenchmen, who were listening, laughed.

"We'll teach you to dance Russian fashion, as we did in the time of Suvarof," said Dolokhof.

"What's that tune he's giving us?" asked another Frenchman.

"Ancient history," said another, perceiving that the reference was to some past war. "The emperor will teach your *Souvara*, the same as he has taught others."*

"Bonaparte," began Dolokhof, but the Frenchman interrupted him,—

"We have no Bonaparte. We have the emperor! *Sacré nom!*" cried the other excitedly.

"The devil skin your emperor!"

And Dolokhof began to pour out a string of oaths, in Russian, soldier fashion, and shouldering his musket, walked off. "Let us be going, Ivan Lukitch," said he to his captain.

"He's stopped talking French," cried the soldiers in the line, "Now it's your turn, Sidorof!"

Sidorof winked, and addressing the Frenchmen, began to jabber a perfect stream of meaningless words:— "*Kari, mala,*

* "*Qu'est-ce qu'il chante?*" "*De l'histoire ancienne. L'empereur va lui faire voir à votre Souvara, comme aux autres.*"

tafa, safi, muter, kaská," he jabbered, trying to give great expression to the inflexions of his voice.

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ukh! ukh!" rang among the soldiers with such a hearty and jovial laughter, that the Frenchmen across the line were irresistibly infected, and one would have thought, after this, that all that was necessary was for them all to fire off their muskets, explode their cartridges, and scatter to their homes as soon as possible; but the guns remained loaded, the barbicans in the huts and earthworks looked out just as threateningly as ever, and the unlimbered cannon remained as before, pointing at each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER riding along the entire line, from the right flank to the left, Prince Andrei made his way to the battery, from which, according to the staff officer, the whole field was visible. Here he dismounted and leaned against the last one of four unlimbered field-pieces.

A sentry, who was pacing up and down in front of the guns, started to give Prince Andrei the military salute, but at a sign from the officer, desisted, and once more began his monotonous, tedious march.

Behind the guns were the gun carriages; still farther back, the horses were picketed, and the bivouac fires of the gunners were burning. At the left, at a little distance from the outermost gun, was a new, wattled hut, in which could be heard the lively voices of officers, talking together.

It was true: from the battery a view was disclosed of almost all the disposition of the Russian forces, and of a large part of the enemy's. Directly in front of the battery, on the slope of another hill, lay the village of Schöngraben. Farther, both to the left and to the right, could be distinguished in three places, through the smoke of their bivouac fires, the masses of the French troops, the greater part of which were evidently stationed in the village itself, and behind the hill.

At the left of the village, in the smoke, something that resembled a battery could be made out, but by the naked eye, it was impossible to distinguish it clearly. The Russian right flank was distributed along a rather steep elevation, which commanded the position of the French. Here were stationed the Russian infantry, and at the very end could be seen the dragoons.

In the centre, where Tushin's battery was posted, and where Prince Andrei was studying the lay of the land, there was a very steep and direct descent and approach to a brook separating the Russians from Schöngraben.

At the left of the Russian position, the infantry were engaged in cutting wood in the forest, and there also arose the smoke of their bivouac fires.

The French lines were much more extended than ours, and it was plain that the French could outflank us easily, on both sides. Back of our position was a steep and deep ravine, along which it would be difficult for artillery or cavalry to retreat.

Prince Andrei, leaning on the cannon, took out a notebook and drew a plan of the disposition of the armies. At two places he indicated with a pencil certain observations to which he should draw Bagration's attention. In the first place, it was his idea that the artillery should be concentrated in the centre, and in the second place, to transfer all the cavalry to the other side of the ravine.

Prince Andrei, having been constantly thrown with the commander-in-chief, and occupied with the movements of masses and general arrangements, and having diligently studied descriptions of historical engagements, found himself involuntarily trying to forecast the course of the action, but only in its general features. He imagined that the engagement would probably occur somewhat as follows:—

"If the enemy attack the right flank," said he to himself, "The Kief grenadiers and the Podolian jägers will be obliged to hold their position until the reserves from the centre are sent to their aid. In this case, the dragoons may attack the flank and cut them to pieces. In case the attack is made on the centre, we must place on this elevation our central battery, and under its protection we can draw back the left flank, and let them retreat down the ravine *en echelon*."

Thus he reflected.

All the time that he was in the battery by the cannon, he had constantly heard the voices of the officers, talking in the hut, but, as often happens, he had not noticed a single word that they said. Suddenly he was so struck by the tone of sincerity in the tone of their voices, that he involuntarily began to listen.

"No, my dear,"* said a pleasant voice, that somehow seemed very familiar to Prince Andrei. "I say that if it were possible to know what was to be after death, then none of us would have any fear of death. That's so, my dear."

* *Golubchik*.

Another voice, evidently that of a younger man, interrupted him,—

“Well, whether we’re afraid of it or not, it’s all the same, there’s no escaping it.”

“But all men are afraid of it.”

“Yes, you know so much,” said a third lusty voice, breaking in upon the others. “You artillery men know so much because you can take with you, everywhere you go, your tipples of vodka and your rations.” And the possessor of the lusty voice, evidently an infantry officer, laughed.

“Yes, all men are afraid of it,” continued the first familiar voice. “We are afraid of the unknown; that’s it. It’s no use saying the soul goes up to heaven; why, we know very well that up yonder there’s no heaven, but only the atmosphere.”

Again, the lusty voice interrupted the artilleryman,—

“Come, now, Tushin, let us have some of your *travnik*.”*

“So that is the very same captain who was at the sutler’s tent, in his stocking feet,” said Prince Andrei to himself, glad to recognize the pleasant voice of the philosopher.

“The *travnik* you can have,” said Tushin, “but still, as to comprehending the life to come”—

He did not finish his sentence.

At that instant a whiz was heard in the air; nearer and nearer; swifter and louder, swifter and louder, and a cannon-ball, as though unable to say all that it wanted to say, plunged into the earth not far from the hut, tearing up the ground with superhuman violence.

The ground seemed to groan with the terrible shock.

In a moment the little Tushin came running out of the hut ahead of the others, with his after-dinner pipe at the side of his mouth; his kind, intelligent face was rather pale. He was followed by the possessor of the lusty voice, a young infantry officer, who hurried off to his company, buttoning his coat as he ran.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCE ANDREI mounted his horse, but remained in the battery, trying to distinguish by the smoke, the cannon that had sent the projectile. His eyes wandered over the whole landscape. All that he could make out was, that the till now motionless masses of the French were beginning to stir, and that there really was a battery at the left. The smoke above

* A strong beer made of herbs (*travui*).

it had not yet dispersed. Two French riders, apparently aides, were spurring down the hill. At the foot of the hill, a small, but clearly distinguishable column of the enemy were moving, evidently for the purpose of strengthening the lines. The smoke of the first gun had not blown away when another puff arose, followed by the report.

The action had begun.

Prince Andrei turned his horse and galloped back to Grund, to find Prince Bagration. Behind him he heard the cannonade, growing more frequent and louder. It was plain that our side had begun to reply. Below, in the space where the envoys had met, musket shots were heard.

Lemarrois, with Bonaparte's angry letter, had just dashed up to Murat, and Murat, ashamed of himself, and anxious to retrieve his blunder, had immediately begun to move his army against the centre, and at the same time around both flanks, hoping before night, and the arrival of the emperor, to demolish the insignificant division that opposed him.

"It has begun! Here it is!" said Prince Andrei to himself, feeling his heart beat more violently. "But where — how shall I find my Toulon?"

Riding among the companies which had been eating their kasha gruel and drinking vodka only a quarter of an hour before, he everywhere found the soldiers hastily moving about, getting into line, and examining their guns; on all faces there was the same feeling of expectancy which he had in his heart.

The face of every soldier seemed to say, *It has begun! Here it is! How terrible! How glorious!*

Before he reached the unfinished earthworks, he saw in the twilight of the gloomy autumn day, some horsemen riding toward him. The foremost, in a felt burka and a lamb's-wool cap, rode a white horse. This was Prince Bagration. Prince Andrei stopped and waited for them. Prince Bagration reined in his horse and, recognizing Prince Andrei, nodded to him. He kept his eyes straight ahead all the time, while Prince Andrei was reporting to him what he had seen. The thought, *it has begun; here it is!* could also be read on Bagration's strong, brown face with the half-closed, dull eyes, that seemed to show the lack of sleep. Prince Andrei, with uneasy curiosity looked into his impassive face, and tried to read whether he had any thoughts or feelings, and if so, what the thoughts and feelings of this man were at this moment. "Is there anything remarkable behind that impassive face?"

Prince Bagration nodded his head in approval of what

Prince Andrei reported, and said, "Good!" as though all that had taken place and all that he heard was exactly what he had already anticipated. Prince Andrei, all out of breath from his swift gallop, spoke hurriedly. Prince Bagration pronounced his words with his eastern accent, and with especial deliberation, as though to give the impression that there was no haste. However he put his horse to the trot in the direction of Tushin's battery:

Prince Andrei and his suite followed him. His suite consisted of an attaché, of Zherkof, the prince's personal adjutant, an orderly, the staff officer of the day on a handsome English cob, and a civil chinovnik serving as auditor, who, out of curiosity, had asked permission to come out to the battle. The auditor, a fat man with a fat face, with a naive smile of delight, glanced around, as he jolted on his horse, presenting a strange figure, in his camelot cloak on a pack saddle, among the hussars, Cossacks, and adjutants.

"This man here wanted to see a battle," said Zherkof to Bolkonsky, pointing to the auditor. "Why, he's got a pain in the pit of his stomach already!"

"Come now, that'll do," exclaimed the auditor with a radiant, naive and at the same time shrewd smile, as though he enjoyed being made the butt of Zherkof's jokes, and as though he purposely made himself out to be duller than he really was.

"*Très drôle, mon monsieur prince,*" said the staff officer of the day. He remembered that in French there was some peculiar way of speaking the title of prince, but he could not get it quite right.

By this time they had all reached Tushin's battery; a cannon ball fell a short distance in front of them.

"What was that fell?" asked the auditor, with his naive smile.

"French pancakes," replied Zherkof.

"Such things kill I suppose?" mused the auditor, "How shocking!" And it was evident that he took great delight in witnessing the whole scene.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when again unexpectedly came the same terrible whistle, interrupted suddenly by striking into something alive, and swish-sh-sh-sh a Cossack, riding only a few steps behind, and at the right, plunged off his horse to the ground. Zherkof and the staff officer of the day crouched down in their saddles, and drew their horses to one side. The auditor reined up near the Cos-

sack, and looked at him with eager curiosity. The Cossack was dead, the horse was still struggling.

Prince Bagration, blinking his eyes, glanced around and seeing the cause of the confusion turned his head again indifferently, as much as to say: "It isn't worth while to bother with trifles." He reined in his horse with the skill of a good rider, bent over a trifle, and adjusted his sword, which had got entangled in his burka. The sword was an old one, unlike those worn at the present time. Prince Andrei remembered having heard it said, that Suvarof had given his sword to Bagration in Italy, and this recollection was peculiarly agreeable to him at this time.

They reached the very same battery where Bolkonsky had been when he made his reconnoissance of the battle-field.

"Whose company?" asked Prince Bagration of the gunner who was standing by the caissons.

He asked "Whose company," but his question seemed really to imply: "Aren't you all frightened, you men here?" And the gunner understood it so.

"Captain Tushin's, your excellency," cried the freckled, red-headed gunner, in a jocund voice and saluting.

"So, so," exclaimed Bagration absent-mindedly, and he passed by the limbers toward the last gun. Just as he reached it, this cannon rang out, with a report that deafened Bagration and his suite, and in the smoke that spread round could be seen the gunners, seizing the cannon and slowly bringing it back to its first place. Gunner number one, a huge soldier with broad shoulders, holding the sponge, leaped back with a long stride to the wheel, and number two, with trembling hand, forced the charge down the muzzle. A little round-shouldered man, the officer Tushin, stumbling over the tail of the carriage, hastened forward, without heeding the general, and gazed into the distance from under his small hand.

"Raise it two lines more, there, there! that'll do," he cried in his little, thin voice, to which he tried to impart a vigor ill-suiting his stature. "Number two!" he whined. "Let 'em have it, Medvyedef!"

Bagration beckoned to the officer, and Tushin, with an awkward and timid gesture, absolutely unlike those used by military men, and more like a priest when giving a blessing, raised three fingers to his visor and went to the general. Although it had been intended for Tushin's field-pieces to sweep the valley, he had begun to send red-hot balls at the village of Schöngraben, in front of which heavy masses of the French could be seen concentrating.

No one had directed Tushin where and how to fire, and so, having consulted with his sergeant Zakharchenko, in whom he had great confidence, he decided that it would be a good plan to set the village on fire.

"Good," said Bagration, in reply to the officer's scheme, and then began to scan the field of battle before him, and seemed to be lost in thought.

On the right, in the foreground, the French were advancing. Below the height on which the Kief regiment was stationed, in the ravine through which flowed the brook, could be heard the soul-stirring roll and rattle of musketry, and just at the right, the attaché pointed out to the prince the column of the French trying to outflank our wing. At the left, the horizon ended in dense forest.

Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the centre to strengthen the right wing. The attaché ventured to remark to the prince that if these battalions were withdrawn, the artillery would be uncovered. Prince Bagration turned to the attaché and without replying looked at him through his lifeless eyes. It seemed to Prince Andrei that the attaché's criticism was correct and that in fact no reply could be made to it. But at this instant an adjutant came galloping up from the regimental commander who was in the valley, with the report that overwhelming masses of the French were marching down upon them, and that his regiment was demoralized, and was falling back upon the Kief grenadiers. Prince Bagration inclined his head in token of assent and approval. He walked slowly toward the right, and then sent the adjutant to order the dragoons to charge the French. But after the adjutant had been gone half an hour with this order, he returned with the report that the commander of the dragoon regiment had retired to the other side of the ravine, so as to escape the destructive fire brought to bear upon him and to avoid useless loss of life, and therefore he had despatched sharpshooters into the woods. "Good," said Bagration.

Just as he was leaving the battery, at the left also, the reports of rifles in the forest began to be heard, and as it was too far for him to reach the left wing in time, Prince Bagration sent Zherkof thither to tell the old general—the very one who had exhibited his regiment before Kutuzof at Braunau—to retreat as soon as possible to the other side of the ravine; since, probably, the right wing would not be strong enough to withstand the enemy any length of time. Tushin and the battalion covering him were quite forgotten.

Prince Andrei listened attentively to Prince Bagration's conversation with his subordinates, and to the orders that he issued, and to his amazement discovered that in reality he did not give any orders at all, but that the prince only tried to give the impression that all that was done by his various officers either through necessity, chance, or volition, was done if not exactly by his orders, at all events in accordance with his design. Prince Andrei noticed that owing to the tact displayed by Prince Bagration, in spite of the fortuitousness of events and their absolute independence of the general's will, his presence was of great importance. The subordinates, with distracted faces, who kept galloping up to the prince, instantly became calm; soldiers and officers received him with enthusiasm, and were animated by his presence and evidently took pride in displaying their courage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRINCE BAGRATION, having ridden up to the highest point of our right flank, began to make the descent, toward the spot where a continual rattle of musketry was heard and nothing could be seen through the gunpowder smoke. The nearer they approached the valley, the less they could see what was going on, but the more evident it became that they were near an actual battlefield. They began to meet with wounded. One man, with a bleeding head, and without his cap, was being dragged along in the arms of two soldiers. He was gurgling and spitting. The bullet had apparently entered his mouth or throat. Another whom they met was stoutly marching off by himself, without his musket, groaning loudly and shaking his injured hand with the keenness of the smart, while the blood was slowly dripping down on his capote. His face appeared more frightened than hurt. He had only just been wounded. Crossing the road, they rode down a steep incline and on the slope they saw a number of men lying; then they met a crowd of soldiers, none of whom were wounded. These soldiers were hurrying up the slope, breathing heavily and in spite of the general's presence they were talking in loud voices and gesticulating.

Farther forward in the smoke could now be seen the ranks of gray capotes, and an officer recognizing Bagration, dashed after the retreating throng of men, shouting to them to return. Bagration rode up to the lines, along which, here and there

could be heard the swift cracking of musket shots, suppressed remarks, and the shouts of command. The whole atmosphere was dense with gunpowder smoke. The faces of all the soldiers were blackened with powder, and full of animation. Some were ramming the charge home, others putting powder in the pan, or taking wads from their pouches; still others were firing. But it was impossible to make out what they were aiming at through the dense cloud of smoke which hung in the motionless air. Quite often could be heard the pleasant sounds of buzzing and whistling bullets.

"What does this mean," Prince Andrei asked himself, as he rode up to this throng of soldiers. "It cannot be a charge, because they are not moving; it cannot be a square, for that is not the way they form."

The regimental commander, a rather spare, slender, old man, with eyelids that more than half concealed his aged-looking eyes, giving him a benignant aspect, rode up toward Prince Bagration with a pleasant smile, and received him as a host receives a welcome guest. He explained to Prince Bagration that the French had made a cavalry charge against his regiment; but that, though the charge had been repelled, it had cost him half of his men. The regimental commander declared that the charge had been repulsed, meaning to express by this military term, what had happened to his forces; but in reality he himself did not know what had taken place during the preceding half hour, in the army entrusted to his command, and was unable to say with absolute certainty whether the charge had been repulsed or whether his regiment had been worsted in the attack. At the beginning of the engagement he simply knew this: that along his whole line, cannon balls and shells began to fly and to kill his men, that next, some one had cried "the cavalry," and our men had begun to fire. And they had been firing till that time, not at the cavalry, which was out of sight, but at the French infantry showing themselves in the valley and shooting down our men.

Prince Bagration inclined his head, to signify that this was just as he had wished and anticipated. Turning to his adjutant, he ordered him to bring down from the hill the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, by which they had just been riding. At this moment Prince Andrei was struck by the change which had taken place in Bagration's face. It expressed that concentrated and joyful resolution such as is shown by a man ready on a hot day to leap into the water, and who is taking the final run. That impression of dulness and lethargy covering a pre-

tence of deep thoughts, had vanished quite away. His hawk's eyes, round and determined, looked straight ahead with an enthusiastic and rather contemptuous expression, and wandered restlessly from one object to another, although his motions were as slow and deliberate as before.

The regimental commander turned to Prince Bagration, and begged him to retire to the rear, on the ground that it was very perilous where they were, "Please, your illustriousness, for God's sake," said he, looking for confirmation to the attaché, who was turning away from him. "Be kind enough to notice."

He called his attention to the bullets which were constantly whizzing, singing, and whistling around them. He spoke in a questioning, reproachful tone, such as a joiner might use to a gentleman trying to use an axe: "This is our work and we're used to it, but you will callous your dainty hands." He spoke as though there were no possibility of these bullets killing him, and his half-closed eyes gave his words a still more persuasive effect.

The staff officer joined his entreaties to those of the regimental commander, but Prince Bagration did not deign to answer him, and merely gave his orders to have the men cease firing and to open the ranks so as to give room for the two battalions that were on their way to join them. Just as he issued his command, a breeze springing up lifted the canopy of smoke which covered the valley. It was as though an invisible hand stretched across the sky from right to left, and the opposite height, with the French marching down, was brought into full view. All eyes were involuntarily fixed upon this column of the enemy moving toward us, and winding like a serpent down the escarpment of the hill. Already, the soldiers' bearskin shakos could be seen; already, the officers could be distinguished from the ranks, and their banner, as it clung around the staff. "They march superbly," said some one in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column was now just entering the valley. The collision would necessarily take place on this side of the ravine.

The remains of the regiment that had been in the action before, hastily reformed and went toward the right; behind them, driving in the stragglers, came the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, in good order. They had not yet reached the position where Bagration was, but their heavy, measured step could be heard, as the whole body kept perfect time. On the left wing, nearest of all to Bagration, marched the company commander,

a round-faced, stately man, with a stupid, happy expression of face. He was the very man who had been in Tushin's hut. It was evident that his only thought at this moment was that he was marching bravely past his superiors.

With the self-satisfaction of one attracting notice, he marched by lightly on his muscular legs; he almost seemed to fly, without the slightest effort keeping his back straight, and distinguishing himself by his grace from the heavy march of the men who pressed on after him.

He carried down by his side a slender, delicate sword, unsheathed, a sort of curving scimitar, not like a weapon, and looking now at the commander, now back at his men, not once losing step, he gallantly hastened on, with all the energy of his gigantic frame. It seemed as though all the strength of his mind were directed toward going past his commander in the best possible form; being conscious that he was doing this, he was happy. *Left! left! left!* It seemed as if he said this inwardly at every step, and taking this same time, the wall of soldiers marched by with heavy knapsacks and equipment, as though each one of these hundreds of different soldiers, with their grave faces, said to himself in thought, *left! left! left!*

A stout major, puffing, and losing step, as he had to turn out of his way for a bush; a straggler, gasping for breath, his face expressing terror at his neglect, came at the double-quick to overtake his company; a cannon ball, condensing the air before it, flew over the heads of Bagration and his suite, and accenting the beat, *left! left!* plunged through the column.

"Close up the ranks!" rang the intrepid voice of the company commander. The soldiers made a bend around the place where the shot had made the gap; an old cavalryman, a non-commissioned officer, who had remained behind to care for the wounded, regained the ranks, with a hop and skip fell into step, and looked around sternly. *Left! left! left!* seemed to resound from the threatening silence, and from the monotonous trampling of feet beating simultaneously on the ground.

"Brave fellows, boys!" said Prince Bagration.

"Glad-ad-ad,"* ran the reply down the line. A morose-looking soldier, as he passed at the left, shouting at the top of his voice, turned his eyes on Bagration, his expression seeming to say, "You yourself know"; another, not looking up, and evidently afraid of having his attention distracted, with wide open mouth, shouted and went by. The command was given to halt and unstrap knapsacks.

* Glad of the trouble.

Bagration rode up to the ranks that had just marched past him, and got down from his horse. He gave the bridle to a Cossack, took off his burka and handed it to him, stretched his legs, adjusted his leather cap on his head. The head of the French column, with officers at the front, now appeared at the foot of the hill.

"*S Bogom!* — God be with you!" shouted Bagration, in a firm, loud, ringing voice, and instantly taking the lead, and lightly waving his arm, led them himself, with the awkward and apparently laborious gait of a cavalryman, across the first half of the field. Prince Andrei felt as though some irresistible impulse dragged him forward, and he experienced a great sense of happiness.*

Already the French were near at hand, already Prince Andrei, rushing on side by side with Bagration, saw the belts, the red epaulets, even the faces of the French. (He clearly distinguished one elderly French officer, who, with feet turned out and wearing gaiters, was struggling up the hill.)

Prince Bagration gave no new orders, and marched on in silence at the head of his forces. Suddenly, from among the French, rang out one discharge, then a second, a third! and along the whole extent of the enemy's lines spread smoke and the rattle of musketry. A few of our men fell; in the number, that round-faced officer who had marched by so gallantly and in such good form. But at the very instant that the first discharge had taken place, Bagration turned round and shouted "hurrah."

"Hurrah-ah-ah," rang in a protracted yell down our line, and outstripping Bagration and each other, in a broken but joyous and animated line, our men dashed down the slope after the enemy, who had given way.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE charge of the Sixth Jägers secured the retreat of the right wing. In the centre, the action of Tushin's forgotten battery, which had succeeded in setting the village of Schöngraben on fire, retarded the advance of the French. They

* Here followed that charge of which Taine says: "The Russians behaved gallantly, and, a rare thing in war, two masses of infantry were seen marching resolutely against each other, neither giving way before they came within reach of each other. (*Les Russes se conduisèrent vaillamment, et chose rare à la guerre on vit deux masses d'infanterie marcher résolument l'une contre l'autre sans qu'aucune des deux ceda avant d'être abordé.*)" And Napoleon said at Saint Helena: "*Quelques bataillons russes montrèrent de l'intrepidité.*" — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

stopped to put out the conflagration, which the wind was spreading, and thus gave time to retreat. The retirement of the centre through the ravine was accomplished hastily and noisily, but there was no sign of demoralization.

But the left wing, consisting of the infantry of the Azof and Podolian regiments, and the Pavlograd hussars, which was attacked simultaneously, and outflanked by overwhelming numbers of the French, under the command of Lannes, was defeated

Bagratiou had sent Zherkof to the general in command of the left wing, with orders to retreat slowly. Zherkof, raising his hand to his cap, struck spurs into his horse and swiftly dashed off. But he had not more than got out of Bagratiou's sight than his courage began to fail him. Irresistible fear came over him, and he could not make up his mind to go where it seemed to him so perilous.

He rode over to the army of the left wing, but he did not dare press forward to the front, where there was firing, and he began to search for the general and the officers where there was no possibility of finding them, and therefore the order was not delivered.

The command of the left wing fell by order of seniority to the regimental commander of that same brigade which had been reviewed at Braunau by Kutuzof, and in which Dolokhof served as a private. The command of the extreme left wing was entrusted to the colonel of the Pavlograd regiment, in which Rostof served. This led to a serious misunderstanding. The two commanders had become involved in a violent quarrel, and at the very time when the right wing was in the thick of the battle, and the French had already begun to retreat, the two commanders were absorbed in a dispute, each doing his best to affront the other.

The troops, both infantry and cavalry, were very far from being prepared for the work before them. The men, from private to general, were not expecting an engagement, and were calmly occupying themselves with the ordinary pursuits of peace; the cavalrymen engaged in feeding their horses, the infantry in collecting firewood.

"He's my senior, however, in rank," the German colonel of hussars was saying, flushing and addressing the aide who had just ridden up to him, "so let him do as he pleases. I cannot sacrifice my hussars. Bugler, sound the retreat!"

But the battle came upon them in hot haste. Cannonade and musketry, all in confusion, thundered and rattled at their

right and centre, and the capotes of Lannes's sharpshooters were already crossing the milldam and forming on this side, two gunshots away. The infantry general, with his tottering gait, went to his horse, and mounting and drawing himself up very straight and tall, rode off to the Pavlograd commander. The two men met with polite bows, and with concealed hatred in their hearts.

"Once for all, colonel," said the general, "I cannot leave half of my men in the woods. I beg of you, I really beg of you," he repeated the word, "to draw up in position, and meet the charge."

"I beg of you not to meddle with my affairs," replied the colonel, angrily, "If you were a cavalryman" —

"I am not a cavalryman, colonel, but I am a Russian general. and if you don't know this" —

"I know it very well, your excellency," cried the colonel, suddenly starting up his horse and turning purple with rage. "Wouldn't you like to come to the line, and then you can see that this position is as bad as it could be. I do not care to destroy my regiment for your gratification."

"You forget yourself, colonel. I am not seeking my own gratification, and I will not permit this to be said."

The general, accepting the colonel's invitation as a challenge of courage, swelled out his chest and, frowning, rode forward with him in the direction of the outposts, as though all their dispute were to be settled there, at the front, under the fire of the enemy. They reached the outposts; a few bullets flew over them and they paused and were silent. There was no reason for inspecting the outposts, since from the place where they had been before, it was perfectly evident that there was no chance for cavalry to manoeuvre among the bushes and gullies, and that the French were outflanking the left wing.

The general and colonel looked at each other with fierce and significant eyes, like two game-cocks all ready for battle, and each waited vainly for the other to show sign of cowardice. Both stood the test. As there was nothing for them to say, and as neither wished to give the other a chance to assert that he had been the first to retire from exposure to the enemy's fire, they would have stood there a long time, each manifesting his bravado, if at this time they had not heard in the forest, almost directly behind them, the crackling of musketry and a dull, confused yell.

The French had fallen on the soldiery scattered through the forest gathering firewood. It was now impossible for the hus-

sars to retreat at the same time with the infantry. They were already cut off by the French line at the left. Now, although the locality was most unpropitious, it was absolutely necessary to fight their way through to reach the road beyond.

The squadron in which Rostof served had barely time to mount their horses, before they found themselves face to face with the enemy. Again, as at the bridge over the Enns, between the squadron and the line of the enemy there was no one, and between them lay that terrible gap of the unknown and the dreadful, like the bourne that divides the living from the dead. All the men felt conscious of that gap, and were occupied by the question whether they should pass beyond it or not, and how they should cross it.

The colonel came galloping along the front; and angrily replied to the questions of his officers, and like a man who in despair insists on his own way, thundered out some command. No one said anything definitely, but something had given the squadron an idea that there was to be a charge. The command to fall in was given, then sabres were drawn with a clash. But as yet no one stirred. The army of the left wing and the infantry and the hussars felt that their leaders did not know what to do, and the indecision of the commanders communicated itself to the soldiers.

"If they would only hurry, hurry," thought Rostof, feeling that at last the time was at hand for participating in the intoxication of a charge of which he had heard so much from his comrades, the hussars.

"*S Bogom!* Fohwahd, childwen," rang out Denisof's voice, "twot!"

In the front rank, the haunches of the horses began to rise and fall. Grachik began to pull on the reins, and dashed ahead. At the right, Rostof could see the forward ranks of his hussars, but farther in front there was a dark streak, which he could not make out distinctly but supposed to be the enemy. Reports were heard, but in the distance.

"Charge!" rang the command, and Rostof felt how his Grachik broke into a gallop and seemed to strain every nerve. He realized that his division was dashing forward and it became more and more exciting to him. He noticed a solitary tree just abreast of him. At first this tree had been in front of him, in the very centre of that line which seemed so terrible. But now he had passed beyond it and there was not only nothing terrible about it, but it seemed ever more and more jolly and lively.

"Okh! how I will slash at them!" thought Rostof, as he grasped the handle of his sabre. "Hurrah-ah-ah-ah!" rang the cheers in the distance. "Now let us be at them if ever," thought Rostof, striking the spurs into Grachik, and overtaking the others, he urged him to the top of his speed. The enemy were already in sight before him. Suddenly, something like an enormous lash cracked all along the squadron. Rostof raised his sabre, in readiness to strike, but just at that instant Nikitenko, a hussar galloping in front of him, swerved aside from him, and Rostof felt, as in a dream, that he was being carried with unnatural swiftness forward, and yet was not moving from the spot. A hussar whom he recognized as Bandarchuk was galloping behind him and looked at him gravely. Bandarchuk's horse shied and he dashed by him.

"What does it mean? Am I not moving? Have I fallen? Am I dead?" these questions Rostof asked and answered in a breath. He was alone in the middle of the field. In place of the galloping horses and backs of the hussars, he saw all around him the solid earth and stubble. Warm blood was under him. "No, I am wounded and my horse is killed."

Grachik raised himself on his fore legs, but fell back, pinning down his rider's foot. From the horse's head a stream of blood was flowing. The horse struggled but could not rise. Rostof tried to get to his feet, but likewise fell back. His sabretasche had caught on the saddle. Where our men were, where the French were, he could not tell. There was no one around him.

Freeing his leg, he got up.

"Where, in which direction, is now that line which so clearly separated the two armies?" he asked himself, and could find no answer. "Has something bad happened to me? Is this the way things take place, and what must be done in such circumstances?" he asked himself again, as he got to his feet; and at this time he began to feel as though something extra were hanging to his benumbed left arm. His wrist seemed to belong to another person. He looked at his hand, but could find no trace of blood on it. "There now, here are our fellows," he exclaimed mentally, with joy, perceiving a few running toward him. "They will help me."

In front of these men ran one in a foreign-looking shako and in a blue capote. He was dark and sunburnt, and had a hooked nose. Two or three others were running at his heels.

One of them said something in a language that was strange and un-Russian. Surrounded by a similar set of men, in the

same sort of shakos, stood a Russian hussar. His hands were held; just behind him, they were holding his horse.

"Is our man really taken prisoner? Yes! And will they take me too? Who are these men?" Rostof kept asking himself, not crediting his own eyes. "Can they be the French?"

He gazed at the on-coming strangers, and in spite of the fact that only a second before he had been dashing forward solely for the purpose of overtaking and hacking down these same Frenchmen, their proximity now seemed to him so terrible that he could not trust his own eyes!

"Who are they? Why are they running? Are they running at me? And why? Is it to kill me? *Me*, whom every one loves so?"

He recollected how he was beloved by his mother, his family, his friends, and the purpose of his enemies to kill him seemed incredible.

"But perhaps — they may." For more than ten seconds he stood, not moving from the spot and not realizing his situation.

The foremost Frenchman with the hooked nose, had now come up so close to him, that he could see the expression of his face. And the heated foreign-looking features of this man, who was coming so swiftly down upon him with fixed bayonet and bated breath, filled Rostof with horror. He grasped his pistol, but instead of discharging it, flung it at the Frenchmen, and fled into the thicket with all his might. He ran not with any of that feeling of doubt and struggle which had possessed him on the bridge at Enns, but rather with the impulse of a hare trying to escape from the dogs. One single fear of losing his happy young life took possession of his whole being. Swiftly gliding among the heather, with all the intensity with which he had ever run when playing *gorelki*,* he flew across the field, occasionally turning round his pale, kindly young face, while a chill of horror ran down his back.

"No, I'd better not look round," he said to himself, but as he reached the shelter of the bushes, he glanced round once more. The Frenchmen had slackened their pace, and at the very minute that he glanced round, the foremost runner had just come to a stop and was starting to walk back, shouting something in a loud voice to his comrade behind him. Rostof paused. "It cannot be so," he said to himself. "It cannot be that they wish to kill me." But meantime his left arm became as heavy as though a hundredweight were sus-

* A kind of Russian popular game, something like tag.

pended to it. He could not run another step. The Frenchman also paused, and aimed. Rostof shut his eyes and ducked his head. One bullet, then another, flew humming by him. He collected his last remaining energies, took his left arm in his right hand, and hurried into the thicket. Here in the bushes were the Russian rangers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE infantry regiments, taken unawares in the forest, had rushed out, and the companies, becoming confused with one another, had formed a demoralized mob. One soldier, in his panic, had shouted the senseless words so terrible in war: "Cut off!" and these words, with the accompanying panic, had spread through the whole troop. "Surrounded!" — "cut off!" — "lost!" cried the voices of the fugitives.

The regimental commander, the moment that he heard the musketry and the shouting behind him, comprehended that something awful had happened to his regiment, and the thought that he, who had been during many years of service an exemplary officer, never guilty of any breach, might now be accused of negligence or faulty arrangements, came on him so keenly, that, for the moment entirely forgetting the recalcitrant colonel of cavalry and his own importance as a general, and, above all, forgetting the peril and the impulse of self-preservation, he seized his saddle-bow, and spurring on his horse, dashed back toward the regiment under a shower of bullets falling all around him, but fortunately sparing him. He had only one desire: to find out what had occurred, to bring aid, and to repair the blunder, if it were in any way to be attributed to him, and to escape all censure after his twenty-two years' service, in which his record as an officer had been blameless.

Having fortunately spurred through the line of the French unharmed, he came upon his regiment on the other side of the same forest through which our men had been running and scattering down the ravine, not heeding the word of command.

That moment of moral vacillation had arrived which decides the fate of a battle: would these scattered throngs of soldiers heed their commander's voice, or would they merely look at him and pursue their way?

Notwithstanding the despairing shouts of their general, which had hitherto been so terrible to them, notwithstanding his infuriated, purple face, so unlike its ordinary appearance,

and notwithstanding his brandished sword, the soldiers still persisted in their flight, shouted, fired their guns into the air, and paid no heed to the command. The moral balance, which decides the destiny of battles, had evidently kicked the beam on the side of panic.

The general coughed, choking with the violence of his shouts and the gunpowder smoke, and reined in his horse in despair. All seemed lost.

But at this moment, the French, who had fallen upon our lines, suddenly, without any apparent reason, fell back and vanished behind the edge of the forest, and the Russian sharpshooters made their appearance. This was Timokhin's company, the only one in the woods which had preserved any semblance of order; entrenching themselves in the ditch near the forest, they had unexpectedly attacked the French. Timokhin had thrown himself upon the enemy with such a desperate cry, and flourishing his rapier, had dashed after them with such frantic and rash energy, that the French, before they had time to collect their wits, flung away their muskets and fled.

Dolokhof, dashing on abreast of Timokhin, killed one Frenchman point blank, and was the first to seize the officer by the collar and make his surrender. The fugitives turned back, the battalions formed again, and the French, who had cut the left wing into two, were driven back in a trice. The reserves succeeded in uniting their forces; the fugitives were brought to a halt.

The regimental commander was standing with Major Ekonomof by the bridge, watching the retreating companies file past him, when a soldier approached him, seized his stirrup, and almost leaned against him. This soldier wore a blue cloak of broadcloth, without knapsack or shako; his head was bound up and over his shoulder he carried a French cartridge pouch. In his hand, he held an officer's sword. This soldier was pale; his blue eyes looked boldly into the general's face, and a smile parted his lips. Although the general was engaged in giving directions to Major Ekonomof, he could not help noticing this soldier.

"Your excellency, here are two trophies," said Dolokhof, showing the French cartridge-pouch and sword. "I took an officer prisoner with my own hand. I stopped the company."

Dolokhof was all out of breath with fatigue. He spoke in broken sentences. "The whole company can bear me witness — I beg of you to remember it, your excellency!"

"Very good, very good," said the regimental commander, and

he turned to Major Ekonomof. But Dolokhof did not pass on. He untied his handkerchief, pulled him by the sleeve, and called his attention to the clotted blood on his hair,—

“A bayonet wound; I was in the front. Remember, your excellency!”

Tushin's battery had been entirely forgotten, and only at the very end of the engagement, Prince Bagration, still hearing cannonading at the centre, sent thither the first staff officer of the day, and then Prince Andrei, to order the battery to retire as speedily as possible.

The covering forces, which had been stationed near Tushin's cannon, had been withdrawn during the heat of the engagement by some one's orders; but the battery still continued to blaze away, and had not been taken by the French, simply because the enemy could not comprehend the audacity of four guns continuing to fire, after the supporting columns had been withdrawn. On the contrary, they supposed, from the energetic activity of this battery, that the principal forces of the Russians were here concentrated in the centre, and twice they attempted to storm this point, and both times they were driven back by discharges of grape from these four cannon, standing alone on the hill.

Shortly after Prince Bagration's departure, Tushin had succeeded in setting Schöngraben on fire.

“See, see them scatter!” — “It burns! see the smoke!” — “Cleverly done!” — “Splendid!” — “The smoke! the smoke!” cried the gunners, growing excited.

All the cannon had been directed, without special orders, in the direction of the fire. As though by one impulse the soldiers would cry out after every shot, “Cleverly done!” — “That's the way to do it!” — “See! see there! admirable!”

The fire, fanned by the wind, quickly spread. The French columns, retreating behind the village, fell back, but as though for a punishment for this misfortune, the enemy established a battery of ten guns a little to the right of the village and began to reply to Tushin's fire.

In their childish delight at setting the village on fire, and at their successful onslaught upon the French, our gunners did not notice this battery until two cannon balls, followed by four at once, fell among the guns; one of them knocked over two horses, and the other carried away the leg of the powder-magazine. The animation of the men, once aroused, was not dampened, however, but only changed in character. The horses

were replaced by two others from the reserve; the wounded were removed, and the four cannon were turned against the ten-gun battery.

An officer, Tushin's comrade, had been killed at the beginning of the action, and during the course of the hour, out of forty men serving the guns, seventeen were disabled, but still the gunners were jolly and full of energy. Twice they noticed that below and not far away from them the French were beginning to appear, and they had loaded with grape.

The little captain, with his weak, awkward gestures, kept calling upon his *denshchik* for "just one more little pipe," which he called *tribotchka*, instead of *tribotchka*, and then, knocking the ashes out, he would leap forward and look from under his little hand at the enemy.

"Let 'em have it boys!" he would exclaim, and himself seizing the cannon by the wheel, he would bring it back into position, or he would clean out the bore. In the smoke, stunned by the incessant firing, though he jumped every time a gun went off, Tushin, keeping his "nose-warmer" between his teeth, ran from one gun to another, now aiming, now counting the charges left, now making arrangements for the change or removal of the killed or wounded horses, and shouting his orders in his weak, delicate, irresolute voice. His face kept growing more and more animated. Only when his men were killed or wounded did he frown, and, turning away from the unfortunate, shout sternly to the others, who, as usual, pressed forward, ordering them to carry away the wounded or the dead.

The soldiers, for the most part, handsome young heroes, — as always happens in the artillery, a couple of heads taller than their officer, and twice as broadly built, — looked at their commander with the inquiring look of children in trouble, and the expression which happened to be in his face was immediately reflected in theirs.

As a consequence of the terrible din and roar, and the necessity for oversight and activity, Tushin felt not the least unpleasant qualm of fear, nor did the thought that he might be killed or painfully wounded enter his head. On the contrary, he kept growing happier and happier. It seemed to him that it was very long ago, not even that same afternoon, since the moment when he first caught sight of the advancing enemy, and had fired the first gun, and that the little scrap of ground where he stood had been long, long known and familiar to him. Although he remembered everything, took everything into consideration, did everything that the best of officers could have

done in his position, still he was in a state bordering on the delirium of fever, or the condition of a drunken man.

In the midst of the stunning sounds of his own guns roaring on every side of him, in the midst of the enemy's shells, whistling and striking around him, seeing his sweating, flushed men serving the guns, seeing the blood of men and horses, seeing the puffs of smoke in the direction of the enemy, followed always by the swift flight of the cannon ball, striking into the ground, on a human being, on the guns, or among the horses — seeing all these various sights, still his mind was filled with a fantastic world of his own, which at this moment constituted a peculiar delight to him. The enemy's guns were in his imagination, not guns but pipes, from which, from time to time, a viewless smoker puffs out wreaths of smoke.

"See there, he gave another puff!" said Tushin, in a half whisper, to himself, just as a wreath of smoke leaped away from the hill and was borne to the left in a ribbon by the wind.

"Now let us catch the little ball and send it back!"

"What is your order, your honor?" asked a gunner who stood near him, and noticed that he muttered something.

"Nothing, send a shell," he replied.

"Now then, our Matvéyevna!" said he to himself. It was the great, old-fashioned howitzer that Tushin personified under the name of Matvéyevna, *Daughter of Matthew*.

The French around their guns reminded him of ants. Gunner "Number one," of the second field-piece, a handsome fellow, too much given to drink, was *dyadya*, uncle, in his world: Tushin looked at him oftener than at the others, and delighted in all his movements. The sound of the musketry in the valley, now dying away and then increasing in violence, seemed to him like some one drawing long breaths. He listened to the intermittent rising and falling of these sounds.

"Hark! she's breathing again, breathing hard!" he said to himself.

He imagined himself a mighty giant of monstrous size, seizing the cannon balls with both hands and hurling them at the French.

"Well, Matvéyevna, — *Mátushka!* — little mother! don't betray us," he was just saying, and starting away from the cannon, when back of him was heard a voice which he did not know, —

"Captain Tushin! Captain!"

Tushin looked around in alarm. It was the same staff officer

who had sent him out of Grund. In a quavering voice, the officer cried,—

“Are you beside yourself? Twice you have been ordered to retire, and you” —

“Now why do they bother me?” exclaimed Tushin to himself, looking with dread at the officer. “I — I’m all right,” he returned, raising two fingers to his visor. “I” —

But the colonel did not say all that he meant to say. A cannon ball flying close to him cut him short, and made him cower down close to his horse. He paused, and was just going to repeat his order, when still another cannon ball silenced him. He wheeled his horse round and galloped away.

“Retire! all of you, retire!” he cried from the distance.

The soldiers laughed. In a minute an adjutant came with the same order.

This was Prince Andrei. The first thing he saw as he reached the little space occupied by Tushin’s cannon, was an unharnessed horse, with a broken leg, neighing near his mates. From his leg the blood was spurting as from a fountain. Among the limbers lay a number of the killed. One cannon ball after another flew over him as he galloped up, and he was conscious of a nervous tremor running down his back. But the mere thought that he was afraid, again roused his courage. “I cannot be afraid,” he said to himself, and he deliberately dismounted among the field-pieces. He delivered his message and still lingered in the battery. He resolved that the guns should be removed from their position and brought in under his direction. He and Tushin, stepping among the dead bodies, made the arrangements for limbering the cannon, even while the French were pouring a murderous fire upon them.

“An officer just dashed up here, but he made himself scarce in no time,” remarked a gunner to Prince Andrei. “He wasn’t like your honor.”

Prince Andrei exchanged no words with Tushin. They were both so occupied that it seemed as though they did not see each other. When at last they succeeded in getting two of the four field-pieces limbered, they started to descend the hill, leaving one field-piece dismounted, together with the howitzer. Prince Andrei turned to Tushin. “Well, good-by,” said he, offering him his hand.

“Good-by, my dear,” returned Tushin, “dear heart, farewell, my dear fellow!”* exclaimed Tushin, the tears springing to his eyes though he knew not why.

* *Do svidanya, golubchik! prashchajte, golubchik!*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE breeze had died down; dark clouds hung low over the battlefield, mingling on the horizon with the smoke of gunpowder. It had grown dark, and therefore with all the more clearness the blaze of two burning villages stood out against the sky. The cannonade had slackened, but still the rattle of musketry at the rear, and at the right was heard with ever-increasing frequency and distinctness.

As soon as Tushin and his field-pieces, jolting and constantly meeting wounded men, got out of range and descended into the ravine, he was met by the commander and his aides, among whom were both the staff officer and Zherkof, who had been twice sent but had not once succeeded in reaching Tushin's battery. All of them gave him confused orders and counter-orders, as to how and where to go, and overwhelmed him with reproaches and criticisms.

Tushin made no arrangements, but rode toward the rear on his artillery jade, not saying a word for fear he should burst into tears, which without his knowing why, were ready to gush from his eyes. Although the order was to abandon the wounded, many dragged themselves after the troops and begged for a ride on the gun carriages. That very same gallant infantry officer who before the beginning of the engagement, had darted so energetically from Tushin's hut, was stretched out on the carriage of the Matvéyevna, with a bullet in his belly. At the foot of the hill, a pale yunker of hussars, holding one arm in his hand, came to Tushin and asked for a seat!

"Captain, for God's sake, my arm is crushed," said he, timidly, "For God's sake, I can't walk any longer. For God's sake!"

It was evident that this yunker had more than once repeated this request and been everywhere refused. He asked in an irresolute and piteous voice. "Give me a place, for God's sake!"

"Climb on, climb on!" said Tushin. "Spread out a cloak, uncle," he added, turning to his favourite gunner. "But where is the wounded officer?"

"We took him off; he died," replied some one.

"Climb on! Sit there, sit down, my dear fellow, sit there! Spread out the cloak, Antonof!"

The yunker was Rostof. He held his left arm in his right

hand; his face was pale, and his teeth chattered with fever. He was assisted to climb on the *Matvéyevna*, to the very same spot from which they had removed the dead officer. There was blood on the cloak which Antonof spread out, and it stained Rostof's riding trousers and hands.

"What! are you wounded, my dear?" * asked Tushin, approaching the gun on which Rostof was riding.

"No, only a bruise."

"But where did that blood come from, on the gun cheek?" asked the other.

"That is the officer's, your honor," replied a gunner, wiping away the blood with the sleeve of his capote, as though he were apologizing for the stain on the gun.

By main force and with the help of the infantry, the guns were dragged up the slope, and when they reached the village of Gunthersdorf, they halted. By this time it was quite dark, so that it was impossible at ten paces to distinguish the uniforms of the soldiers; the musketry fire was beginning to slacken.

Suddenly shouts and the rattle of shots were heard again near by at the right. The darkness was lighted up by the flashes of the guns. This was the last attack of the French, and the soldiers replied to it as they entrenched themselves in the houses of the village. Once more all hands rushed out from the village, but Tushin's field-pieces were hopelessly fast, and the gunners and Tushin and the yunker, silently exchanging glances, awaited their fate. Then the firing began to die away once more and out from a side street came a party of soldiers, engaged in lively conversation.

"Safe and sound, Petrof?" asked one.

"We gave it to them hot and heavy, brother. They won't meddle with us again." returned the other.

"Can't see a thing. How was it? Warmed 'em up a little, hey? Can't see a thing, it's so dark, fellows! Anything to drink?"

The French had been driven back for the last time. And once more, through the impenetrable darkness, Tushin's field pieces moved forward, surrounded by the rumbling infantry as by a frame.

Something seemed to be flowing on through the darkness, like an invisible, gloomy river, ever pushing forward in one direction, with a murmur of voices, and the clinking of bayonets, and the rumble of wheels.

* *Golubchik.*

And above the general turmoil, clear and distinguishable above all other sounds arose the groans and cries of the wounded in the blackness of the night. Their groans seemed to coincide with the pitchy blackness which surrounded the army. Their groans and this darkness of the night seemed to be one and the same thing. After a while, a wave of excitement ran through this onward struggling mass. Some one had come from headquarters on a white horse and shouted something as he rode along by.

“What’s that he says?”—“Where now?”—“Is it to halt?”—“Did he express any gratitude?” such were the eager questions heard on all sides and then the whole moving mass as it moved forward, recoiled on itself. Evidently, the van had halted, and the report spread that orders were to bivouac there. All hands settled down where they were in the middle of the muddy road.

Fires were lighted, and voices began to grow animated. Captain Tushin, having made his arrangements for his company, sent one of his men to find the temporary hospital, or at least a surgeon for the yunker, and sat down in front of the fire which his soldiers had built by the roadside.

Rostof also dragged himself up to the fire. The fever, caused by his pain, the cold, and the dampness, shook his whole frame. An irresistible inclination to drowsiness overcame him, but still he could not sleep, owing to the tormenting pain which he felt in his arm; it ached, and he found no position that relieved it. Sometimes he closed his eyes, then, again, he gazed into the fire, which seemed to him angrily red; then again at the round-shouldered, slender figure of Tushin, sitting Turkish fashion near him. Tushin’s large, intelligent, kindly eyes were fastened upon him with sympathy and compassion. He saw that Tushin with all his soul desired, and yet was totally unable, to help him.

On all sides, were heard the steps and voices of the infantry passing by, coming up, and settling down around them. The sounds of voices, of steps, and trampling of horses, stamping their hoofs in the mud, the echo of axes far and near, all mingled in one pulsating uproar.

Now, it was no longer like a viewless river rolling onward through the darkness, but rather like a gloomy sea, roaring and breaking, after a storm. Rostof, half-dazed, looked and listened to what was going on around him, and before him.

A foot soldier came up to the bivouac fire, squatted down on his heels, rubbed his hands over the fire, and turned his face around.

"Any harm, your honor?"* he asked, turning to Tushin with an inquiring expression. "Here, I've lost my company, your honor, I don't know where it is! Hard luck."

At the same time with the soldier, an infantry officer with a bandaged cheek came to the fire, and begged Tushin to order his field-pieces to be moved a trifle, so as to allow the baggage train to pass. The company commander was followed by two soldiers. They were quarrelling desperately, reviling each other, and almost fighting over a boot.

"You lie! You didn't pick it up! Oh! you villain!" one of them was crying, in a hoarse voice.

Then came a lean, pale, soldier, with his neck done up in blood-stained bandages, and, in an irascible voice, asked the artillery men for a drink of water.

"What, must I die like a dog?" he grumbled.

Tushin ordered the men to give him a drink. Then came a jolly soldier, asking for some fire for the infantry.

"A little fire, from a red-hot man, for the infantry! Good luck to you, fellow countrymen! Thank you for the fire; we'll return it with interest," said he, as he disappeared into the darkness, with a flaming brand.

After this soldier came four, carrying something heavy wrapped up in a cloak, and went past the fire. One of them stumbled. "Oh, bah! the devils! they've been spilling fire-wood," cried one of them.

"He's dead! what's the use of lugging him?" exclaimed another.

"Well, I tell you" —

And they vanished in the darkness with their burden.

"Say, does it hurt?" asked Tushin, in a whisper.

"Yes, it hurts."

"Your honor, the general wants you. He's at the cottage, yonder," said one of the gunners, coming up to Tushin.

"In a moment, my boy." †

Tushin got up, and buttoning his cloak, and straightening himself up, he left the fireside.

In a cottage which had been made ready for him, not far from the artillerist's fire, Prince Bagration was still sitting at the dinner table, talking with a number of high officers, who had called in for consultation.

*"Nítchevo, vdshe blagoródie?" Nítchevo, literally nothing, is in every Russian's mouth, and means everything and anything, according to the context.

† Golubchik.

There was the little, old man, with half-closed eyes, piteously gnawing a mutton bone; and the general of twenty-two years' blameless service, his face flushed from his vodka and his dinner; and the staff officer with the birthday ring; and Zherkof, uneasily looking at the others; and Prince Andrei, with compressed lips and feverishly shining eyes.

In the corner of the cottage, leaned the standard taken from the French, and the auditor, with his innocent face, was fingering the stuff of which the standard was made, shaking his head doubtfully, perhaps because he was really interested in the standard, and possibly, because being hungry, it was hard to see the dinner table, at which no place had been set for him.

In the next cottage, was a captured colonel of dragoons, with our officers crowding around him, with curiosity in their eyes.

Prince Bagration thanked the officers of the various divisions, and made inquiries about the details of the engagement, and the losses.

The regimental commander, who had commanded the review at Braunau, explained to the prince, that as soon as the action began, he had withdrawn from the woods, collected the men engaged in gathering firewood, and, sending them back, had charged with two battalions, and simply carried the French at the point of the bayonet.

"When I saw that the first battalion was giving way, your illustriousness, I stood on the road and said to myself, 'I will let them get by first, and then order a running fire,' and that was the way I did."

The regimental commander had been so anxious to do this, and so sorry that he had not been successful in doing it, that it now seemed to him that he actually had done so. Indeed, may it not have been so? How was it possible to decide, in the general confusion, what had happened and what had not happened?

"By the way, I ought to observe, your illustriousness," he went on to say, remembering Dolokhof's conversation with Kutuzof, and his last meeting with the young man, "that the cashiered private, Dolokhof, took a French officer prisoner, under my very eyes, and distinguished himself notably."

"It was there I saw the charge of the Pavlograd hussars, your illustriousness," remarked Zherkof, looking around uneasily, for he had not that day seen a single hussar, and had only heard about them from an infantry officer! "They broke two squares, your illustriousness."

A few, hearing Zherkof's words, smiled, because a joke was

always expected from him; but, perceiving that what he said also redounded to the glory of our arms, and of the day's doings, they grew serious again, though they knew very well that what Zherkof said was a lie without even a semblance of foundation. Prince Bagration turned to the elderly colonel.

"I thank you all, gentlemen; all parties have worked like heroes: infantry, cavalry, and artillery. But how was it two field-pieces were abandoned in the centre?" he demanded, looking round for some one. (Prince Bagration made no inquiries for the cannon of the left wing; he knew by this time that all the cannon there had been abandoned at the very beginning of the action.) "I believe I asked you about them?" he said, turning to the staff officer of the day.

"One was dismounted," replied the staff officer; "but the other—as to that I myself cannot understand; I was there all the time and gave orders for it to be retired, and immediately I was called away. It was hot there, to be sure," he added modestly.

Some one remarked that Captain Tushin was right here in the village, and that he had already been sent for.

"Ah, but you were there, were you not?" asked Prince Bagration, of Prince Andrei.

"Certainly, we almost met there," said the staff officer, giving Prince Andrei an affable smile.

"I did not have the pleasure of seeing you," declared Prince Andrei, coolly and curtly. All were silent.

Tushin now appeared on the threshold, modestly making his way behind the backs of the generals. Passing around the generals, in the narrow room, and confused, as always, in the presence of his superiors, Tushin did not see the flagstaff, and stumbled over it. Several laughed.

"How is it the guns were abandoned?" asked Bagration, frowning, but not so much at the captain as at those who were rude enough to laugh, among whom Zherkof's voice was distinguished above the rest. Tushin now for the first time, at the sight of the stern commander, realized with horror his crime and disgrace at having lost two guns, while he himself was left alive.

He had been so agitated, that, till this moment, he had not had time to think of this incident. The laughter of the officers still more threw him off his balance. He stood in front of Bagration with his lower jaw trembling, and could hardly stammer,—

"I—I—don't know—your illustriousness—I had no men, your illustriousness"—

"You might have had them from the forces that covered you."

Tushin did not reply that there were not forces covering him, though this would have been the unvarnished truth. He was afraid he might compromise some of his superior officers, and so in silence, with staring eyes, he gazed into Bagration's face, as a schoolboy looks in confusion into his master's.

A rather long silence ensued. Prince Bagration, evidently not wishing to be too severe, knew not what to say; the others did not venture to interfere in the conversation. Prince Andrei looked askance at Tushin and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your illustriousness," said Prince Andrei, breaking the silence, in his clear voice: "You were pleased to send me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two-thirds of his men and horses disabled, two of his guns dismantled, and no forces to cover him!"

Prince Bagration and Tushin kept their eyes fixed on Bolkonsky, who was speaking under the influence of restrained excitement.

"And if your illustriousness will permit me to express my opinion," he went on to say, "we are indebted more than all for the success of this day, to the action of this battery, and the heroic steadfastness of Captain Tushin and his company," said Prince Andrei, and without waiting for any reply, he got up and left the table.

Prince Bagration looked at Tushin, and evidently not wishing to show any disbelief in Prince Bolkonsky's stiff judgment, and at the same time, not feeling himself prepared to acquiesce entirely with it, he inclined his head and told Tushin that he might go. Prince Andrei followed him.

"Thank you, my boy,* you have saved me," said Tushin to him.

Prince Andrei looked at Tushin, and without saying anything, turned away from him. His heart was heavy and full of melancholy. It was all so strange, so unlike what he had anticipated.

"Who are they? Why do they come here? What do they want? and when will all this end?" Rostof asked himself, as he gazed at the shadows which unceasingly passed before him. The pain in his arm grew worse and worse. Unconquerable drowsiness oppressed him. Red circles danced before his eyes, and the impression of these voices and these faces, and the

* Golubchik.

sense of his loneliness mingled with the sense of his agony. These soldiers, wounded and not wounded, they all did the same thing — they all pressed upon him, crushed him, tore his muscles, and roasted the flesh in his broken arm and shoulder.

To rid himself of them, he closed his eyes.

He lost himself for one moment, but during that brief interval of forgetfulness, he saw in his dream a countless collection of objects. He saw his mother, with her large, white hand; he saw Sonya's thin shoulders, Natasha's eyes and smiling lips, and Denisof, with his queer voice and long mustache, and Telyanin, and his whole encounter with Telyanin and Bogdan-uitch. All this story was one and the same thing with what this soldier with the shrill voice said, and all this story and this soldier so cruelly, so constantly crushed, twitched, and pulled his arm in one direction! He struggled to escape from them, but they would not for a single second let go of his shoulder, or in the least relax their hold. It would not have hurt, it would have been all right, if they would cease pulling him; but it was impossible to get rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked up. A black strip of the night, an arshin wide, hung over the glowing coals. Across this strip of light flew the powdery snow as it fell. Tushin did not return; the surgeon had not come. He was alone; a little soldier now sat on the other side of the fire, stripped, and warming his thin, fallow body.

"I'm of no use to any one!" thought Rostof. "No one helps me or takes pity on me! But if I were only at home, strong, happy, beloved!"

He sighed, and his sigh involuntarily changed into a groan.

"Ah! does it hurt?" asked the little soldier, shaking his shirt over the fire, and without awaiting his answer, quacking like a duck, he added: "Good many men knocked to pieces this day! terrible!"

Rostof did not heed the soldier. He gazed at the snowflakes fluttering down into the fire, and he recalled what winter would be at home in Russia, his warm, bright home, with his downy furs, swift sledges, his strong, healthy body, and the love and care of his family.

"And why did I come here?" he asked himself.

On the following day the French did not renew their attack, and the remains of Bagration's division effected a conjunction with Kutuzof's army.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE VASILI was not in the habit of forecasting his plans. Still less did he ever think of doing people harm for the sake of his own advantage. He was merely a man of the world, who had been successful in the world, so that success had become a sort of second nature to him. He was always accustomed to allow circumstances and his relations to other men to modify his various plans and projects; but he rarely gave himself a very scrupulous account of them, though they constituted his chief interest in life. He managed to have several such plans and projects on the docket at one and the same time, and thus while a dozen formulated themselves, some came to something, while others fell through.

He never said to himself, for example: "This man is now in power, I ought to gain his confidence and friendship, and thereby secure myself the advantage of his assistance;" or this: "Here, Pierre is rich, I ought to induce him to marry my daughter, and thus get the forty thousand rubles that I need." But, if by chance he met the man in power, instinct immediately whispered to him that this man might be profitable to him, and Prince Vasili struck up a friendship with him, and at the first opportunity, led by instinct, flattered him, treated him with easy familiarity, and finally brought about the crucial conversation.

Pierre was under his tutelage at Moscow, and Prince Vasili procured for him an appointment as gentleman-in-waiting, which at that time conferred the same rank as Councillor of State, and he insisted on the young man accompanying him to Petersburg and taking up his residence in his own mansion.

Without making any exertion, and at the same time taking it absolutely for granted that he was on the right track, Prince Vasili was doing all in his power to marry Pierre to his daughter.

If Prince Vasili had formulated his plans beforehand, he could not have been so natural in his conversation, so simple

and unaffected in his relations with all men, not only those above him, but those who stood below him. There was something that ever attracted him to men richer or more powerful than himself, and he was endowed with the rare art of seizing exactly the right moment for profiting by people.

Pierre who had unexpectedly succeeded to Count Bezukhoi's wealth and title, found himself, after his late life of loneliness and inaction, surrounded and occupied to such a degree that only when he was in bed could he have a moment entirely to himself. He was obliged to sign letters, to show himself at the court-house in regard to matters of which he had no clear comprehension, to ask questions about this and that, of his chief overseer, to ride out to his estate in the suburbs of Moscow, and to receive many people who hitherto had ignored his very existence, but who would be offended and insulted if he refused to see them.

All these various individuals — business men, relations, acquaintances — were all with one accord, disposed to treat the young heir in the most friendly and flattering manner; they were all indubitably persuaded of Pierre's distinguished merits. He was constantly hearing such phrases as: "With your extraordinary goodness;" or, "Considering your kind heart;" or, "You are so upright, count;" or, "If he were as clever as you are;" and so on, until he actually began to believe in his extraordinary goodness and his extraordinary intelligence, all the more because always, in the depths of his heart, it had seemed to him that he was really very good and very clever.

Even people who before had been cross to him and showed him undisguised hatred, now became sweet and affectionate toward him.

For example, the sharp-tempered elder sister, the princess with the long waist and the phenomenally smooth hair, like a doll's, came into Pierre's room after the funeral.

Dropping her eyes and flushing deeply, she assured him how sincerely she regretted the misunderstandings that had arisen between them, and asked him as a special favor, though she felt that she had no right to do so, that she might be allowed, after the blow that had befallen her, to remain for a few weeks longer in the house which she had loved so well, and where she had borne so many sacrifices. She could not restrain her tears, and wept freely at these words.

Touched by the change that the statuesque princess had undergone, Pierre took her by the hand and begged her for-

giveness, though he could not have told for what. From that day the princess began to knit Pierre a striped scarf, and became entirely different to him.

"Do this for her, my dear fellow, for she had much to put up with on account of the late count's whims," said Prince Vasili, giving him a paper to sign for the princess's benefit. Prince Vasili had made up his mind that he must cast this die and get this check of thirty thousand rubles for the poor princess, in order that it might not enter her head to talk about the part which he had taken in the matter of the mosaic portfolio.

Pierre signed the check, and from that time forth the princess became still more affectionate to him. The younger sisters also were very flattering in their behavior to him; especially the youngest one—the beauty with the mole—who often embarrassed Pierre with her smiles and her own embarrassment at the sight of him.

It seemed to Pierre so natural that everybody should like him, it seemed to him so unnatural that any one should not like him, that he could not help believing in the sincerity of those who surrounded him. In the first place, he had no time to question the sincerity or lack of sincerity. He had no time for anything, but was constantly in a state of delicious intoxication, as it were. He was conscious that he was the centre of an important social mechanism, felt that something was constantly expected of him, that if he failed to accomplish this he would offend many, and disappoint their expectations. But if he did this thing and that, all would be well, and he did whatever was asked of him, and always imagined that better things lay in store for him.

During this first part of the time, Prince Vasili, more than any one else, undertook the management of Pierre and his affairs. After Count Bezukhoi's death, he scarcely let Pierre out of his sight. Prince Vasili acted like a man, who though overburdened with business, wearied, and careworn, was so filled with sympathy that he found it impossible to leave this hapless young man, the son of an old friend, and the possessor of such an enormous fortune, to the play of fate and the designs of knaves.

During the few days which he spent in Moscow after Count Bezukhoi's death, he kept calling Pierre to him or going himself to Pierre and instructed him on his duties in a tone of such weariness and assurance that he seemed to say each time: 'You know that I am overwhelmed with business; but it

would be heartless in me to leave you now; and you know that what I tell you is the only thing feasible." *

"Well, my dear fellow, to-morrow we will start at last," said he one day, closing his eyes and touching Pierre's elbow with his fingers, while his voice had a tone that seemed to imply that this had long, long ago been decided upon and was now perfectly beyond question.

"To-morrow we start; I will give you a place in my carriage. I am glad. We have done everything necessary here, and I ought to have been at home long ago. Here's what I got from the chancellor. I asked him for it for you: you have a place in the diplomatic corps, and are appointed gentleman-in-waiting. The diplomatic career is now open to you."

Notwithstanding the tone of weariness and assurance in which these words were spoken, Pierre, who for some time had been thinking about his future, began to make an objection. But Prince Vasili interrupted him and spoke on in that low, persuasive tone which effectually prevents any one from breaking into a man's discourse, and which he employed in case it were absolutely necessary to meet a final objection.

"But, my dear fellow, I did this for my own sake, to satisfy my own conscience, and there is nothing to thank me for. No one ever complained of being too well loved; but then you are free; you can leave to-morrow. Then you can see for yourself in Petersburg. It is high time that you left these scenes of painful recollections." Prince Vasili sighed. "Well, well, my dear. And let my valet follow in your carriage. Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten," added Prince Vasili. "You know, my friend, we had some accounts with the late lamented, and so I have collected and kept the money from your Riazan property: you don't need it. We will settle it up afterwards."

What Prince Vasili called "from the Riazan" property was a few thousand rubles of obrok, or peasant's quit-rent, which he had appropriated for his own use.

In Petersburg, just the same as in Moscow, Pierre found himself surrounded by an atmosphere of affection and love. He could not decline the office, or rather sinecure, — for he had nothing to do, — which Prince Vasili had procured for him, but he was so engrossed with acquaintances, invitations,

* *Vous savez que je suis acablé d' affaires, et que ce n'est que pure charité que je m' occupe de vous; et puis vous savez bien que ce je vous propose est la seule chose faisable.*

and social duties, that he felt, even more than in Moscow, the sense of confusion, hurry, and of happiness ever beckoning but never becoming realized.

Many of the set of gay young bachelors with whom he had formerly been intimate were now absent from Petersburg. The guard were away on the campaign; Dolokhof was serving in the ranks; Anatol had joined the army, and had been sent into the province; Prince Andrei was abroad, and therefore Pierre had no chance to spend his nights as he had once liked to do, or in occasionally engaging in confidential talks with some old and treasured friend. All his time was spent in dinners and balls, and pre-eminently in the society of Prince Vasili, the portly princess, his wife, and the beautiful Ellen.

Anna Pavlovna Scherer, like everybody else, made Pierre feel the change which had come over society in regard to him.

Hitherto, Pierre, in Anna Pavlovna's presence, had constantly felt that whatever he said was unbecoming, wanting in tact, unsuitable; that his speeches, however sensible they might seem while he was getting them ready in his mind, were idiotic as soon as he spoke them aloud; while, on the other hand, Ippolit's most stupid utterances were regarded as wise and witty. Now, however, everything that he said was greeted with the epithet 'splendid.' Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say this, still he was made to see that she meant it, and that she refrained from saying it only out of regard for his modesty.

At the beginning of the winter of the years 1805, 1806, Pierre received from Anna Pavlovna the usual pink note of invitation, and with this postscript: "The beautiful Ellen will be with us, whom one is never tired of looking at." *

On reading this sentence, Pierre for the first time realized that a peculiar bond had sprung up between him and Ellen, recognized by other people, and this thought alarmed him because it seemed to place him under some sort of an obligation which he could not fulfil, and at the same time it pleased him as an amusing situation.

Anna Pavlovna's reception was exactly like the former one, except that the dessert with which she regaled her guests was not Montemart as before, but a diplomat who had just arrived from Berlin, bringing the freshest details about the visit of the Emperor Alexander at Potsdam, and how the two most august friends had there sworn an oath of eternal alliance to

* *Vous trouverez chez moi la belle Hélène qu' on ne se lasse jamais de voir.*

the enemy of the human

Pavlovna with a shade of melancholy to the recent loss which the death of Count Bezukhoi, — their duty to assure Pierre that he was his father's taking off, although he had never have known him, — and in Anna Pavlovna's melancholy was almost equal to that high which she always manifested at the presence of the august Empress Maria Feodorovna. Pierre was quite overwhelmed by this.

With her usual art, arranged the circles of guests. The largest, in which Prince Vasili and Count Rostov were conspicuous, was enjoying the diplomat's dinner. Still another group was gathered about the Countess, where Pierre was anxious to join the former, but Anna Pavlovna was in the excitable state of a great captain on the eve of battle, when a thousand new and brilliant ideas were passing through almost hopelessly for a successful accomplishment. Anna Pavlovna, seeing Pierre's motion, laid her finger on his arm.

"I have designs on you for this evening."

Pierre glanced at Ellen, and gave her a smile.

"My dear Ellen, you must be good to my poor aunt, who has conceived a perfect adoration for you. Go and spend ten minutes with her.* And lest it should be very tiresome to you, here is our dear count, who certainly will not fail to follow you."

The beauty went over to *ma tante*, but Anna Pavlovna detained the young man, pretending that she had still some indispensable arrangement to complete.

"Charming! isn't she?" said she to Pierre, referring to the stately beauty who was sailing away. "And so self-possessed, and so much tact for a young girl, such wonderful capability and dignity. It all comes natural to her. Fortunately will be the man who secures her! With her a man, even of the humblest position in society, could not fail to attain the most brilliant position. Isn't that so? I only wanted to know your opinion." And Anna Pavlovna released Pierre.

Pierre had honestly replied in the affirmative to her question about Ellen's art of self-reliance. Whenever he thought

* *Ma bonne Hélène, il faut que vous soyez charitable pour ma pauvre tante, qui a une adoration pour vous. Allez lui tenir compagnie pour*

of Ellen, he thought of her beauty, and of her extraordinary ability at appearing grave and dignified in society.

Ma tante received the two young people in her corner, but it seemed as though she were trying to hide her adoration for Ellen, and make rather a show of awe for Anna Pavlovna. She glanced at her niece as though asking how she should behave toward these people. As Anna Pavlovna turned away, she again touched Pierre's sleeve with her finger, and said:—

"I hope that you won't say another time that you are bored at my house,"* and she glanced at Ellen. Ellen smiled back with a look that seemed to say, that she could not admit the possibility of any one seeing her, and not being delighted. The aunt coughed, swallowed down the phlegm, and said in French that she was very glad to see Ellen; then she turned to Pierre with the same compliment and the same look. During their tedious and desultory conversation, Ellen glanced at Pierre, and smiled upon him with the same bright and radiant smile that she bestowed upon all people. Pierre was so accustomed to this smile, that it made little impression upon him, and he gave it no special attention. The aunt happened at that moment to be speaking about a collection of snuff-boxes, which had belonged to Pierre's late father, Count Bezukhoi, and she showed him her own snuff-box. The Princess Ellen asked to see the portrait of her husband painted in miniature on the cover.

"That is apparently the work of Vinnes," remarked Pierre, mentioning the name of a distinguished miniature painter. He leaned over the table to take up the snuff-box, but all the time he was listening to the conversation at the other table. He got up, intending to pass around; but the aunt handed him the snuff-box, passing it directly behind Ellen. Ellen moved aside to give room, and, as she looked up she smiled. In accordance with the custom of the day, she wore a dress cut very low both in front and behind. Her bust, which always reminded Pierre of marble, was so near to him that even with his near-sighted eyes he could not help seeing the exquisite beauty of her neck and shoulders, and if he had stooped but a little, his lips would have touched her neck. He was conscious of the warmth of her body, the faint breath of some perfume, and the rustle of her corset as she moved. He saw not the statuesque beauty which agreed so well with the color of her dress, he saw and felt the whole charm of her form, concealed as it was, only by her drapery. And having

* *J'espère que vous ne direz plus qu' on s'ennuie chez moi.*

once seen this, his eyes refused to see her in any other way, just as it is impossible for us to recall an illusion that has once been explained.

"And so you have not noticed before how charming I am?" Ellen seemed to say, "have you not noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman, whom any man might win,—even you," her look seemed to say. And at that instant, Pierre was conscious that Ellen not only might be, but that she must be his wife, that it could not be otherwise.

He knew this at this instant just as surely as he would have known it had he been standing with her under the bridal crown.

How would this be? and when would it be?

He could not tell, he was not sure that it would be the best thing for him; he even had a dim consciousness that somehow it would not be for the best, but still he knew that it would be. Pierre dropped his eyes, then raised them and tried once more to see that beauty so far off and foreign to him, as it were, which he had seen every day before; but he found it impossible. He no more could recall his former thought of her than a man, who having seen a blade of steppe grass in the mist and mistaken it for a tree, could ever be deceived into taking the blade of grass for a tree again. She was terribly near to him; already, she had begun to wield her power over him. And between him and her there was no longer any impediment except the impediment of his own will.

"Excellent! I leave you in your quiet corner. I see you are getting along very well there,"* said Anna Pavlovna's voice. And Pierre coming to his senses with a start of terror lest he had been guilty of something reprehensible, reddened and glanced around. It seemed to him that all knew as well as he himself did, what had happened to him.

After a little while, when he had joined the large circle, Anna Pavlovna said to him, "I hear that you are refitting your Petersburg house." This was true; the architect had told him that it was needful to be done, and Pierre, though he did not know why, allowed the huge mansion to be improved. "That's a good plan, but I wouldn't give up your quarters at Prince Vasili's. It is a good thing to have a friend like the prince," said she, smiling at Prince Vasili. "I know something about it, do I not?† And you are still so young. You need

* *Bon, je vous laisse dans votre petit coin. Je vois que vous y êtes très bien.*

† *On dit que vous embellissez votre maison de Pétersbourg. C'est bien; mais ne demandez pas de chez le Prince Basile. Il est bon d'avoir un ami comme le prince; j'en sais quelque chose. N'est ce pas?*

some one to advise you. You are not angry with me for exercising the prerogative of an old woman, I hope?" She added this in Russian, and paused as women always pause, expecting something complimentary, when they have been mentioning their age. "If you marry, that would be a different thing." And she united them in one significant glance. Pierre did not look at Ellen, but she looked at him. But all the time she was terribly close to him. He stammered something and reddened.

After he returned home, Pierre was long unable to sleep, for thinking of what had happened to him.

What had happened to him?

Nothing!

All he knew was that a woman, whom he had known as a child, of whom he had often heedlessly said, "Yes, she's pretty," when he was told that Ellen was a beauty, might be his.

"But she is stupid; she acknowledges that she is stupid," he said to himself. "There is something revolting in the idea of her exciting my love, — something repulsive. I have been told that her own brother Anatol was in love with her, and that she loved him in return; that there was quite a scandal about it, and that was the reason why Anatol was sent away. Ippolit is her brother. Her father — Prince Vasili — it's all ugly," he went on thinking, and even while he came to this decision, — such considerations are endless, — he found himself to his surprise indulging in a smile, and acknowledged that another series of considerations were arising in his mind; that while he was thinking of her faults he was at the same time dreaming how she would be his wife, how she might be in love with him, how she might be quite different, and how all that he had heard and thought about her might be untrue. And again he saw her, not as Prince Vasili's daughter, but as a woman, her form concealed merely by her grayish garment.

"But no, why has this idea never entered my mind before?" And again he assured himself that it was impossible, that there would be something shameful, contrary to nature, something, as it seemed, dishonorable to him in this marriage. He recalled her words and glances, and the words and glances of those who had seen them together. He remembered Anna Pavlovna's words and looks when she spoke to him about his house; he remembered a thousand similar insinuations on the part of Prince Vasili and others, and a sense of horror came

over him, lest he had bound himself by the very undertaking of such a project, a project which was evidently wrong, and which he ought not to have undertaken. But at the very time that he came to this decision, in the other half of his mind arose her form in all its womanly beauty.

CHAPTER II.

IN November, 1805, Prince Vasili was obliged to go to four governments on a tour of inspection.* He had secured this commission for himself so as to visit one of his ruined estates, and it was his intention, having picked up his son Anatol, who was with his regiment at one of the places on his route, to go with him on a visit to Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkonsky, so as to marry this same son to the daughter of this wealthy old man.

But before starting on this journey and undertaking these new duties, Prince Vasili felt called upon to bring Pierre's little affair to a crisis. The truth was, Pierre, during these latter days of his visit at Prince Vasili's, had shown himself absurd, agitated, and moping in Ellen's presence, — the proper condition of a man in love, — but still he had not made his declaration. "*Tout ça est bel et bon, mais il faut que ça finisse* — it must be decided," said Prince Vasili one morning, with a melancholy sigh, confessing to himself that Pierre, considering under what obligations he was to him ("though Christ be with him")! was not behaving very nicely in this matter. "Youth — fickleness. Well, God bless him!" said Prince Vasili, with a feeling of satisfaction at his own benevolence; "*mais il faut que ça finisse*. Day after to-morrow is Lyólina's birthday; I will have a little party for her, and if he does not come up to the point in seeing what his duty is, then it will be my affair. Yes, my affair. I am her father."

A fortnight after Anna Pavlovna's reception, and the sleepless, agitated night that followed it, when he had made up his mind that to marry Ellen would lead to unhappiness, and that it was his duty to flee from her, and go away, Pierre, in spite of this decision, was still at Prince Vasili's, and felt with a sort of horror that each day he was becoming, in the eyes of the world, more and more attached to her; that he could not return to his former way of looking upon her; could not tear himself

* Russia is divided into *gubernie* or governments; those again, into districts.

from her; that it was abominable, but still he must link his fate with hers. Perhaps he might have abstained, but scarcely a day passed that Prince Vasili — who formerly had so rarely given receptions — did not have company, and Pierre was obliged to be present, unless he were willing to disturb the general contentment and disappoint the expectation of all.

Prince Vasili, during those rare moments when he was at home, as he passed by Pierre, would draw his head down, carelessly offer him his shaven, wrinkled cheek to kiss, and say: "Till to-morrow," or "We'll meet at dinner, or else I shall not see you," or, "I stay at home for your sake," or the like.

But notwithstanding the fact that Prince Vasili, according to his own account, stayed at home for Pierre's sake, he did not exchange two words with him, and yet, Pierre did not feel himself strong enough to disappoint him. Each day he said to himself ever the same thing: "I must in the end understand her and explain her — what is she? Was I mistaken in her before, or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid. No, she is a beautiful girl," he said to himself from time to time. Never did she make a single error; never, by any chance, did she say anything stupid. She spoke little, but what she said was always simple and clear. So she could not be stupid. Never was she agitated or confused. She could not be a vile woman!

Often it chanced that he began to discuss with her, or to utter his thoughts in her hearing, but every time she replied in some brief but appropriately worded remark, showing that she was not interested, or else with a silent smile and look, which more palpably than anything else proved to Pierre her superiority. She was in the right, for she made it evident that all arguments and reasonings were rubbish in comparison with this smile.

She always treated him with a radiant, confiding, and confidential smile, which was meant for himself alone, as though there were in it something more significant than there was in that smile which she wore for the world in general. Pierre knew that all were waiting for him to at last speak the one word needful, to step over the certain line, and he knew that sooner or later, he should cross it; a strange and invincible horror seized him at the mere thought of this momentous step. A thousand times in the course of this fortnight, during which he felt himself all the time drawn deeper and deeper into the terrible gulf, he said to himself: "What does it mean? What I need is decision! Why do I lack it?"

He was anxious to come to a decision, but felt with horror that, in this matter, he was not displaying the strength of will which he knew he had, and which he really had.

Pierre belonged to the number of those who are strong only when they have the consciousness of being perfectly pure. But ever since he had begun to be overmastered by the feeling of sensual desire that came upon him at Anna Pavlovna's, during the scene with the snuff-box, an undefined sense of guilt had paralyzed his will-power.

On the evening of Ellen's name-day, a small party of friends and relatives, — "Our nearest and dearest," as the princess expressed it, — took supper at Prince Vasili's. All these friends and relatives were given to understand that, on this day, the young lady's fate was to be decided. The guests were seated in the dining-room. The Princess Kuragina, a portly, imposing woman, who had once been famous for her beauty, sat at the head of the table. On each side of her were placed the more important guests, — an old general, his wife, and Anna Pavlovna Scherer; at the other end of the table were the younger and less honored guests; and there, also, sat the various members of the household — Pierre and Ellen side by side.

Prince Vasili did not sit down with the rest; he walked around the table, in a jocund mood, stopping to chat now with one, now with another of his guests, speaking some light and pleasant word to all, except Pierre and Ellen, whose presence he seemed entirely to ignore.

Prince Vasili was the very life of the company.

The wax candles burned brightly, the silver and cut glass gleamed, the jewels of the ladies, and the gold and silver epaulets of the officers glistened. The clatter of knives and plates and glasses, and the hum of lively conversation was heard around the table. An aged chamberlain, at one end, was heard assuring an aged baroness of his passionate love for her, while her laugh in reply rang out. At the other end, some one was telling of the misfortune that had befallen a certain Marya Viktorovna. Near the centre of the table, Prince Vasili was standing, with a little circle of auditors, while he told the ladies, with a facetious smile on his face, of the last meeting, on Wednesday, of the Imperial Council, at which Sergyei Kuzmitch Vyazmitinof, the new military governor-general of Petersburg, received and read the then famous rescript addressed to him from the army headquarters, by the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch.

The emperor declared that he was receiving from all sides proofs of the devotion of the people, and that the demonstration of Petersburg was particularly delightful to him, that he was proud of being the head of such a nation, and would do all in his power to prove himself worthy of the honor. This rescript began with these words: "*Sergyei Kuzmitch: From all sides, reports reach me,*" —

"And so he could not get further than '*Sergyei Kuzmitch*'?" asked a lady.

"No, not a hair's breadth," replied Prince Vasili, laughing. "*Sergyei Kuzmitch: from all sides — Sergyei Kuzmitch! from all sides.*" Poor Vyazmitinof could not get any further. Several times he began the letter over again, but could only say, '*Sergyei,*' — then sobs, — '*Ku — zmi — tch,*' — tears, and then the words, — '*from all sides*' were drowned in sobs, and he could not get any further. And again his handkerchief, and again, '*Sergyei Kuzmitch, from all sides*' and more tears, until at last he had to get some one else to read it for him."

"'*Kuzmitch — from all sides*' — and tears," repeated some one with a laugh.

"Don't be naughty," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, from the other end of the table, and raising her finger threateningly, "Our good Viazmitinof is such a dear, excellent man."*

This greatly amused the company. At the upper end of the table where sat the honorary guests, all were apparently in jovial spirits, and under the influence of the most varied and lively emotions; but Pierre and Ellen sat silent, side by side, at the lower end of the table; on the faces of each hovered a radiant smile, not evoked by the story about Sergyei Kuzmitch, but rather a smile of bashfulness at their own thoughts. The others might chatter and laugh and jest, they might with good appetite enjoy the Rhine wine and the *sauté* and the ice creams, they might let their eyes avoid resting on that couple, they might seem to be quite indifferent and even to ignore their existence; nevertheless, there was something in the very atmosphere that made it evident by the furtive glances bent upon them, that the anecdote about Sergyei Kuzmitch and the laugh that it evoked, and the dinner and everything were but merely pretence; and that the energies of the whole company were, in reality, devoted to this young couple, Pierre and Ellen, even while Prince Vasili was imitating the lacrymose Sergyei Kuzmitch. All the time his glance sought his daughter, and even when he was laughing his heartiest, the expression of his face

* *C'est un si brave et excellent homme, notre bon Viazmitinoff.*

seemed to say: "Yes, yes; it is going all right; it will be decided this evening."

Anna Pavlovna when she threatened him with *notre bon Viasmitinoff*, let Prince Vasili read in her eyes as they flashed for a moment in Pierre's direction, a congratulation for his daughter's coming marriage and good fortune.

The old princess, as she offered a glass of wine to her neighbor with a melancholy sigh, and glanced gravely toward her daughter, seemed to say by this sigh: "Yes, my dear, now there is nothing left for us but to sip sweet wine; now it is the young people's turn to be so insolently, defiantly happy."

"And what melancholy rubbish, all that I have to say is! As though it meant anything!" thought the old diplomat, as he gazed at the happy faces of the lovers: "yonder is true happiness!"

Amid these mean, petty and artificial interests uniting this company, there arose the natural feeling of attraction felt for each other by a handsome and healthful young man and woman. And this human feeling put to naught and soared above all their artificial babble. The jests were not amusing, the news was not interesting, the liveliness was only counterfeited. Not only they, but also the servants, waiting on the table, seemed to feel the same thing, and forget the proprieties of the service, as they gazed on beautiful Ellen, with her radiant face, and on Pierre's comely, stout face, so happy and so uneasy. It even seemed as if the light from the candles were all concentrated on these two happy faces. Pierre was conscious that he was the centre of everything, and this position both pleased him and made him uncomfortable. He found himself in the position of a man plunged in some sort of absorbing occupation. He saw nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing clearly. Only occasionally, through his consciousness flashed fragmentary thoughts and expressions of the reality.

"And so it is all over," he said to himself. "How in the world did it ever happen? It was so sudden! Now I know that not for her sake alone, nor for my own sake alone, but for the sake of all, *this* must be accomplished without fail. They all expect *this* so confidently; they are so certain that it will take place, that I cannot, I cannot disappoint them. But how will it take place? I know not; but it will be, it infallibly must be!" thought Pierre, as he glanced at those shoulders gleaming so near him.

Then suddenly a feeling of humiliation mingled in his

thoughts. He felt embarrassed to be the object of general attention, to be "a lucky man" in the eyes of all others, to be another, though homely Paris, possessing his Helen of Troy.

"But, to be sure this has always been, and therefore it must be so," he said, trying to comfort himself. "And, besides, what have I done to bring it about? When did it begin? I came from Moscow with Prince Vasili. There was certainly nothing in that. Then what harm was there in my staying at his house? And so I played cards with her, and picked up her reticule, and went to drive with her. When did it begin, when did it all begin?"

And now here he is sitting by her in the quality of accepted suitor, hearing, seeing, feeling her presence, her breathing, her every motion, her beauty. Then suddenly it seemed to him that it was not she who was the beauty, but he himself, and to such an extraordinary degree that all had to look at him, and that he, delighting in this universal admiration, swelled out his chest, raised his head high, and rejoiced in his own happiness. Suddenly he heard a voice, a well-known voice, speaking and saying something for the second time. But Pierre was so absorbed, that he did not comprehend what was said to him.

"I asked you when you heard last from Bolkonsky," said Prince Vasili for the third time. "How absent-minded you are, my dear fellow!"

Prince Vasili smiled. And Pierre saw that all, all were smiling at him and at Ellen. "Well, suppose you all do know!" said Pierre to himself. "What then? It is true," and he himself smiled his sweet, childlike smile, and Ellen also smiled.

"When did you get the letter? Was it from Olmütz?" repeated Prince Vasili, who pretended that he wished to know in order to decide a dispute.

"How can one talk and think about such trifles?" was Pierre's mental exclamation. "Yes, from Olmütz," he replied, with a sigh.

After supper Pierre gave his arm to Ellen, and led her to the drawing-room in the wake of the others. The guests began to disperse, and some went away without bidding Ellen farewell. Others, as though unwilling to tear her away from serious concerns, went up to her for a minute and then hurried away, without allowing her to accompany them to the door. The diplomat preserved a mournful silence as he left the drawing-room. The utter futility of his diplomatic career presented itself in comparison with Pierre's good fortune.

The old general growled out a surly reply to his wife when she asked him about the gout in his foot. "Eka! the old fool!" he said to himself, "Here's Elena Vasilyevna; and she'll be just as much of a beauty at fifty!"

"It seems as though I might congratulate you," said Anna Pavlovna in a whisper to the old princess, and gave her a resounding kiss. "If I hadn't a sick headache, I would stay a little longer."

The princess made no answer; she was tormented by jealousy at her daughter's good fortune.

While the guests were taking their departure, Pierre was left for some time alone with Ellen in the little sitting-room where they often sat. During the past fortnight, he had been often alone with Ellen, but he had never said a word to her about love. Now he felt that this was indispensable, but still he found it impossible to make up his mind to undertake this last step. He felt abashed; it seemed that here in Ellen's presence he occupied a place that belonged to some one else. "Not for thee is this good fortune," some internal voice seemed to whisper, "This happiness is for those who have not what thou hast."

But it was essential to say something, and he tried to talk. He asked her if she had enjoyed the evening. She replied with her usual simplicity, that this name-day had been one of the pleasant events of her life.

One or two of the nearest relatives still remained. They were gathered in the great drawing-room. Prince Vasili with leisurely steps came to Pierre. Pierre got up and remarked that it was already late. Prince Vasili looked at him with a gravely questioning face, as much as to imply that what he said was too strange to be heard. But instantly this expression of sternness vanished, and Prince Vasili laid his hand on Pierre's sleeve, made him sit down again, and gave him a flattering smile. "Well, Lyolya," he asked, turning instantly to his daughter, in that easy-going tone of habitual affection peculiar to parents who have lived on terms of especial affection with their children ever since their childhood, but which in Prince Vasili's case had been acquired only through having observed other parents. And then he turned again to Pierre: "*Sergyei Kuzmitch, from all sides,*" he repeated, nervously unbuttoning the upper button of his waistcoat.

Pierre smiled, but his smile made it evident how well he understood that Prince Vasili was not interested now in this anecdote about Sergyei Kuzmitch, and Prince Vasili under-

stood that Pierre understood this. Prince Vasili suddenly muttered some excuse and left the room. It seemed to Pierre that even Prince Vasili was embarrassed. The appearance of embarrassment in this old society man deeply affected Pierre. He glanced at Ellen, and she, it seemed, was also embarrassed, and her glance said: "Well, it is all your fault!"

"It is absolutely indispensable for me to take this step, but I cannot, I cannot!" said Pierre to himself, and once more he began to talk about irrelevant things, about "Sergyei Kuzmitch," asking what was the point of this anecdote, as he had not caught it. Ellen with a smile confessed that she also knew nothing about it.

When Prince Vasili returned to the drawing-room, the princess was engaged in talking in low tones with an elderly lady about Pierre. "Of course it is a very brilliant match, but happiness, my dear,"* said she, in the usual mixture of French and Russian.

"Marriages are made in heaven — *les mariages se font dans les cieux*," returned the old lady. Prince Vasili, pretending not to hear what she said, went to the farthest table and sat down on the sofa. He closed his eyes and appeared to be dozing. His head sank forward and then he woke with a start. "Alina," said he to his wife, "go and see what they are doing."

The princess went to the door, passed by it with a significant but indifferent look, and glanced in. Pierre and Ellen were still sitting and talking.

"Just the same," she said, in reply to her husband. Prince Vasili scowled, and screwed his mouth to one side, and his cheeks began to twitch with that unpleasant coarse expression so characteristic of him; then with a sudden impulse he sprang to his feet, threw his head back, and with decided steps, strode past the ladies into the little sitting-room. Swiftly, and with a great assumption of delight he went straight up to Pierre. His face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre, in seeing him, rose to his feet in dismay.

"Slava Bohu! glory to God!" he cried, "my wife has told me all." He threw one arm round Pierre, the other round his daughter. "My dear boy! Lyolya! I am very, very glad," his voice trembled. "I loved your father — and she will make you a good wife — God bless you." He embraced his daughter, then Pierre again, and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. Tears actually moistened his cheeks. "Princess, come here!" he cried.

* *C'est un parti très brillant, mais le bonheur, ma chère.*

The princess came and wept. The elderly lady also wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. They kissed Pierre, and he kissed the lovely Ellen's hand several times. After a little they were left alone again.

"All this had to be so, and could not be otherwise," thought Pierre, "and there is no need to ask if it be good or evil. Good at least in that it is decided, and I am no longer tortured by suspense." Pierre silently held the hand of his betrothed, and looked at her fair bosom as it rose and fell.

"Ellen!" said he aloud, and then paused. He was aware that something of this sort must be said under such circumstances, but he could not for the life of him remember what was the proper thing to say. He looked into her face, she came nearer to him. Her face grew a deep crimson.

"Akh! take them off. How they" — she pointed to his glasses.

Pierre took them off, and his eyes had a scared and entreat- ing look in addition to that strange expression which people's eyes assume when they remove their glasses suddenly. He was about to bend over her hand, and kiss it, but she with a quick and abrupt motion of her head intercepted the motion, and pressed her lips to his. Her face disturbed Pierre by its changed and unpleasantly passionate expression.

"Now it is too late, it is all decided; yes, and I love her," thought Pierre.

"*Je vous aime*," he said, at last remembering what was necessary in these circumstances; but these words sounded so meagre that he was ashamed of himself.

At the end of a fortnight he was married, the fortunate possessor, as they say, of a beautiful wife and of millions, and settled in the enormous Petersburg mansion of the Counts Bezukhoi, newly refitted for them.

CHAPTER III.

THE old Prince Nikolai Andreitch Bolkonsky in December, 1805, received a letter from Prince Vasili, announcing his coming with his son on a visit. "I am making a tour of inspection, and of course the hundred versts distance across the country shall not keep me from coming to see you, venerated benefactor," he wrote, "and my Anatol accompanies me; he is on his way to the army, and I hope you will permit

him to show you the deep respect which he, in emulation of his father, has conceived for you."

"Well, there's no need of bringing Marie out, if suitors come to us of their own accord," said the little princess indiscreetly, when this was mentioned to her. Prince Nikolai Andreitch frowned, and made no reply. Two weeks after the receipt of the letter, Prince Vasili's servants made their appearance in advance of him, and on the next day, he and his son arrived.

The old Prince Bolkonsky had a low opinion of Prince Vasili's character, and this had been intensified of late by the great advances which he had made in rank and honors under the Emperors Paul and Alexander. Now especially, from the letter, and the insinuations made by the little princess, he saw what was in the wind, and his low opinion of Prince Vasili was transmuted in his heart into a feeling of really malevolent contempt. He snorted whenever he mentioned his name. On the day that Prince Vasili was expected, Prince Nikolai Andreitch was especially surly, and out of sorts. Whether he were out of sorts because Prince Vasili was coming, or whether he was dissatisfied with Prince Vasili's visit because he was out of sorts, it did not alter the fact that he was out of sorts, and Tikhon early in the morning advised the architect not to come near the prince unless he was summoned.

"Listen! Hear him walking up and down," remarked Tikhon, calling the architect's attention to the sounds of the prince's tramp. "He stamps his heels, and we all know what that means." However, at the usual hour of nine o'clock, the prince came out for his morning walk, dressed in his velvet shubka with its sable collar, and in a cap of the same fur. The night before there had been a snowstorm. The path along which the prince walked to the orangery had been swept; traces of the broom were still to be seen on the snow, and the shovel was driven into a light embankment of snow, heaped high on both sides of the path. The prince went the round of the greenhouses, the yard, and the various buildings, frowning and silent.

"Can sleighs come up," he asked of his overseer, a man who was his image in face and actions, and was accompanying him with great deference back to the house.

"The snow is deep, your illustriousness, I have already given orders to have the snow shovelled away from the *preshepekt*." The prince bent his head, and started to go up the steps.

"Glory to thee, oh Lord," was the overseer's mental exclamation, "the cloud has past."

"It was hard to approach, your illustriousness," added the superintendent, "when I heard, your illustriousness, that your illustriousness was expecting a minister" — The prince turned round toward his overseer, and fastened his gloomy eyes upon him.

"What? A minister. What minister? Who commanded you?" he exclaimed, in his shrill, harsh voice. "The road is cleared, not for the princess, my daughter, but for a minister! We have no ministers at my house"

"Your illustriousness, I supposed" —

"You supposed," screamed the prince, uttering the words more and more hastily and incoherently. "You supposed — cut-throats, blackguards! — I will teach ye to suppose," and raising his cane, flourished it over Alpatuitch, and would have struck him had not the overseer instinctively dodged the blow. "You supposed — blackguard!" screamed the prince, but notwithstanding the fact that Alpatuitch, alarmed at his audacity in avoiding the blow, hastened up to the prince, and humbly bent before him his bald pate, or possibly for this very reason, the prince continued to scream "Blackguards! have the road shovelled back again," but did not raise the cane a second time, and hastened into his room.

The Princess Marie and Mlle. Bourienne, knowing that he was in a bad humor, stood waiting for him to come to dinner. Mlle. Bourienne with a beaming face, which said, "Oh! I know nothing about it; as for me, I am always the same." And the princess pale and scared with downcast eyes. Hardest of all was it for the Princess Marie to know that in these circumstances she ought to imitate Mlle. Bourienne, but she could not do so. It seemed to her, "If I should pretend not to pay any attention, he would think that I had no sympathy for him; and if I show him that I am melancholy and out of sorts myself, he will say (as he always does), that I'm in the blues."

The prince looked at his daughter's scared face and snorted.

"Goo — or fool!" he muttered. "And the other one not here? Can they have been tattling to her?" he wondered, when he saw that the little princess was not in the dining-room.

"Where is the princess?" he asked. "Is she hiding herself?"

"She is not feeling very well," said Mlle. Bourienne, with a

radiant smile, "she won't come down. That is natural in her condition."

"Hm! Hm! kh! kh!" grumbled the prince, and took his seat at the table. His plate seemed to him not quite clean; he pointed to a spot, and flung it away. Tikhon caught it and handed it to the butler.

The little princess was not ill, but she was so invincibly afraid of the old prince that when she learned that he was in a bad humor she resolved not to leave her room. "I am afraid for my baby," said she to Mlle. Bourienne; "God knows what might happen if I were frightened."

The little princess lived at Luisiya Gorui, the most of the time, with a sense of fear and antipathy for her father-in-law, whom she did not understand because her terror so overmastered her that she could not. The prince reciprocated this antipathy for his daughter-in-law, but it was not so strong as his contempt for her. The princess, since her residence at Luisiya Gorui, had taken a special fancy to Mlle. Bourienne, spent whole days with her, often begged her to sleep with her, and talked about the old prince with her and criticised him.

"So some visitors are coming to see us, prince," said Mlle. Bourienne, as she unfolded her white napkin with her rosy fingers. "His excellency, Prince Kuragin, I understand?"* she said, with a questioning inflexion.

"Hm — this 'excellency,' as you call him, is a puppy. I got him appointed to the college," said the prince disdainfully, "but why his son is coming is more than I know. The Princess Lizavieta Karlovna and the Princess Mariya, possibly, they know, but I don't know what he's bringing his son here for; I don't want him." And he looked at his blushing daughter. "So she isn't very well to-day? From fear of the 'minister,' I suppose, as that blockhead of an Alpatutch called him to-day."

"No, *mon père!*"

Though Mlle. Bourienne had been particularly unfortunate in her choice of a subject of conversation, she was not at all put out of countenance, but rattled on about the greenhouses, and about the beauty of some new flower that had just blossomed, and the prince, after his soup, melted and became more genial.

After dinner he went to see his daughter-in law. The little

* *Il nous arrive du monde; son excellence le Prince Kouraguine, à ce de j'ai entendu dire.*

princess was sitting by a stand and chatting with Masha, her maid. She turned pale at the sight of her father-in-law. The little princess had very much altered. One would now much sooner call her ugly than pretty. Her cheeks were sunken, her lip was raised, her eyes had a drawn look.

"Yes, a little headache," she replied to the prince's question how she felt.

"Do you need anything?"

"*Non, merci, mon père.*"

"Well, then, very good, very good."

He left the room and went to the office. Alpatuitch, with drooping head, was waiting for him there.

"Is the snow shovelled back?"

"It is, your illustriousness; forgive me, for God's sake, this one piece of stupidity.

The prince interrupted him and smiled his unnatural smile. "Well, then, very good, very good." He stretched out his hand for Alpatuitch to kiss, and then he went to his cabinet.

Prince Vasili arrived in the evening. He was met on the *preshept* (as they called the *prospekt* or high road) by the coachmen and stable hands, who with loud shouts dragged his covered *vozok* and sledge up to the entrance, over snow which had been purposely heaped upon the driveway. Separate chambers had been prepared for Prince Vasili and Anatol.

Anatol, in his shirt-sleeves, and with his arms akimbo, was sitting before a table on one corner of which he stared absent-mindedly with his large handsome eyes, while a smile played over his lips. He looked upon his life as one unbroken round of gayety which it was fated should be prepared for his amusement. And even now he looked in the same way on this visit to a churlish old man and a rich and monstrously ugly heiress. According to his theory, all this might lead to something very good and amusing. And why should he not marry her, if she were so very rich? "That never comes amiss," thought Anatol.

He shaved, perfumed himself carefully and coquettishly, and with an expression of indifference that was innate in him, and holding his head high, like a young conqueror, he went to his father's chamber. Two valets were engaged in getting Prince Vasili dressed; he himself looked around him with much animation, and gave a nod to his son as he came in, as much as to say, "Good, that's the way I want you to look!"

"No, but tell me, *batyushka*, without joking, is she monstrously ugly? — say," he asked, as though continuing a conversation that had been more than once broached during the course of their journey.

"Oh, that'll do! It's all nonsense. The main thing is to try to be respectful and prudent towards the old prince."

"If he's going to say unpleasant things to me, I shall go right away," said Anatol. "I can't abide these old men. Hey?"

"Remember, your whole future depends upon this."

Meantime, in the maidservant's room, not only was it known that the minister and his son had arrived, but every detail of their personal appearance had been circumstantially discussed. But the princess Mariya sat alone in her room, and vainly struggled to conquer her inward agitation.

"Why did they write me? Why has Liza spoken to me about this? Why, of course it cannot take place!" she said to herself, looking into her mirror. "How can I go down to the drawing-room? Even if he pleased me, I could not now be sure of myself in his presence."

The mere thought of her father's eyes renewed her dismay. The little princess and Mlle. Bourienne had, by this time, received all necessary information from the maid, Masha, who told them what a handsome young man, with rosy cheeks and dark eyebrows, the minister's son was; and how, when his *papenka* had been scarcely able to drag his feet up the stairs, he had flown up like an eagle, three steps at a time. After hearing this news, the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne hastened to the Princess Mariya's room, filling the corridor with the lively sound of their voices as they went.

"*Ils sont arrivés*, Marie; did you know it?" said the little princess, waddling along, and dropping heavily into an arm-chair. She was no longer in the dressing sack, which she had worn in the morning, but had put on one of her best gowns. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was full of animation, which, however, did not atone for her sunken and livid features. In the finery in which she was accustomed to appear in Petersburg society, it was still more noticeable that her beauty had sadly faded. Mlle. Bourienne had also taken pains to make some improvement in her dress, and this made her pretty, fresh face still more attractive.

"What? and you intend to appear as you are, dear princess?" she exclaimed. "They will be here in a moment to bring word that the gentlemen are in the drawing-room; we

must go down; so won't you make just a little change in your toilette?"*

The little princess got up out of the arm-chair, rang for the maid, and hastily and merrily began to devise some adornment for her sister-in-law, and get it materialized. The Princess Mariya felt humiliated, in her own sense of dignity, by the excitement which the coming of her suitor stirred in her, and still more humiliated because both of her friends did not seem to imagine that it was possible to be otherwise. To tell them how ashamed she was for herself, and for them would have been to betray her agitation; moreover, to have refused to put on the adornment which they were getting ready for her, would have entailed endless jests and reproaches. She grew red, her lovely eyes lost their brilliancy, her face became covered with patches, and with the unlovely expression, as of a victim, coming more and more frequently in her face, she surrendered herself into the power of Mlle. Bourienne and Liza. Both the ladies labored in perfectly good faith to render her handsome. She was so homely, that neither of them could ever dream of entering into rivalry with her; therefore, being perfectly sincere in that naive and firm conviction peculiar to women, that ornaments can make a face beautiful, they busied themselves with her adornment.

"No, it's a fact, *ma bonne amie*, that dress isn't becoming," said Liza, looking critically at her sister-in-law from some little distance. "Try that dark-red *masaká* that you have. Truly! you know your whole fate, perhaps, depends upon this matter. This one is too light; it won't do! no, oh, no! it won't do!"

It was not that the dress was not becoming, but the princess's face and whole figure were at fault; but neither Mlle. Bourienne or the little princess realized this. It seemed to them that if they put a blue ribbon in her hair, and combed it up properly, and then added a blue scarf to her cinnamon-colored dress, and made some other such additions, all would be well. They forgot that her scared face and her figure could not be altered, and, therefore, no matter how much they might vary the frame and adornment, the face itself would remain pitiful and unattractive. At last, after two or three experiments, to which the Princess Mariya patiently submitted, when her hair had been combed up high from her forehead (a mode

* "Eh, bien, et vous restez comme vous êtes, chère princesse? On va venir annoncer que ces messieurs sont au salon: il faudra descendre et vous ne faites un petit brin de toilette?"

of dressing the hair that absolutely changed her face, and that for the worse), and she was dressed in the *masaká* dress with the blue scarf, the little princess walked around her twice in succession, adjusted with her dainty fingers some of the folds in the skirt, pulled out the scarf, looked at her with her head bent now on this side, now on that,—

“No, that is impossible,” said she, decidedly, clasping her hands. “No, Marie, decidedly, this does not do at all. I like you better in your little, everyday, gray dress. Now, please do this for me. * Katya,” she said to the maid, “bring the princess her grayish dress, and — see, Mlle. Bourienne, how I am going to fix it,” she added, with a thrill of anticipation in her artistic pleasure. But when Katya brought the desired garment, the Princess Mariya sat motionless before the mirror, looking at her face, and the mirror gave back the reflection of eyes full of tears, and a mouth trembling with the premonition of a storm of sobbing.

“*Voyons, chère princess,*” said Mlle. Bourienne, “*encore un petit effort!*”

The little princess, taking the dress from the maid, went to the Princess Marie.

“Well, now we will try something that is simple and becoming,” said she. The three voices, her’s, Mlle. Bourienne’s, and Katya’s, who was laughing, mingled into one merry chatter, like the chirping of birds.

“*Non, laissez moi!* — let me be,” said the princess, and her voice sounded so serious and sorrowful that the chirping of the birds ceased instantly. They looked at her large, beautiful eyes, full of tears, and of melancholy, and they knew from their wide and beseeching expression, that it was useless, and even cruel, to insist.

“*Au moins changez de coiffure,*” said the little princess. “I told you so!” said she reproachfully, to Mlle. Bourienne. “Marie has one of those faces which can’t stand this way of dressing the hair. Not at all, not at all. Change it, please do.” †

“*Laissez moi, laissez moi;* it’s all absolutely the same to me,” replied the young princess in a weary voice, and scarcely refraining from tears.

Mlle. Bourienne and the little princess were obliged to

* “*Non, Marie, décidément, ça ne vous va pas. Je vous aime mieux dans votre petite robe grise de tous les jours. Non, de grâce faites cela pour moi.*”

† “*Marie a une de ces figures auxquelles ce genre de coiffure ne vas pas du tout. Mais du tout, du tout. Changez de grâce.*”

acknowledge to themselves that the Princess Mariya, as they had dressed her, was very homely, more so than usual; but now it was too late. She looked at them with that expression which they had learned to know so well,—an expression of deep thought and melancholy. It did not inspire them with any sense of awe of her (for that feeling she never could inspire), but they knew that when her face had this expression, she was silent and immovable in her resolutions.

"*Vous changerez, n'est-ce pas?*" asked Liza, but when the Princess Mariya made no reply, Liza left the room.

The Princess Mariya was left alone. She would not grant Liza's request, and not only she did not change the style of her hair, but did not even look at herself in the glass. Dropping her eyes, and letting her hands fall nervelessly, she sat and pondered. She saw in her imagination her husband: a man, a strong, commanding, and strangely attractive being, who should suddenly carry her off into his own world, so different from hers, so full of happiness. She imagined herself pressing to her bosom her own child, just such a baby as she had seen the evening before at her old nurse's daughter's. Her husband stands looking affectionately at her and at their baby; "But no, this is impossible, I am too homely," she said to herself.

"Please come to tea. The prince will be down in a moment," said the voice of the chambermaid outside the door. She started up from her day-dream, and was horror-struck at her own thoughts. And before she went downstairs she got up, went into the oratory, and pausing before the blackened face of the great "image" of the Saviour, lighted by the beams of the tapers, she stood there for several moments with folded hands. Her heart was filled with painful forebodings. Could it be that for her there was the possibility of the joy of love, of earthly love for a husband? In her imaginings concerning marriage, the Princess Mariya dreamed of family happiness and children, but her principal dream, predominating over all others, though unknown to herself, was that of earthly love. The feeling was all the stronger, the more she tried to hide it from others, and even from herself.

"My God," she cried, "how can I crush out in my heart these thoughts of the evil one? How can I escape once and for all from evil imaginings, and calmly fulfil thy will?"

And she had hardly offered this prayer ere God gave an answer in her own heart.

"Desire nothing for thyself, seek not, disturb not thyself,

be not envious. The future and thy fate must needs be hidden from thee; but live so as to be ready for anything. If it please God to try thee in the responsibilities of marriage, be ready to fulfil his will."

With this consoling thought — but still with a secret hope that her forbidden, earthly dream might be realized — the Princess Mariya with a sigh, crossed herself, and went down stairs, thinking not of her dress, or of her hair, or of how she should make entrance, or of what she should say. What did all that signify in comparison with the preordination of God, without whose will not a hair can fall from a man's head.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the Princess Mariya came down, Prince Vasili and his son were already in the drawing-room, talking with the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne. When she came in with her heavy gait, treading on her heels, the gentlemen and Mlle. Bourienne stood up, and the little princess exclaimed, "*Foilà Marie!*" The Princess Mariya saw them all, and saw them distinctly. She saw Prince Vasili's face becoming for an instant serious at the sight of her, instantly resume its smiling expression, and the little princess watching curiously the impression which her entrance would produce upon their guests. She saw also Mlle. Bourienne, with her ribbon and her pretty face, and her eyes more sparkling than usual, fixed on *him*; but she could not bring herself to see *him*; all she could see was something tall, brilliant, and magnificent coming toward her as she entered the room.

Prince Vasili was the first to greet her, and she kissed the bald forehead, bending over her hand, and answered his question by assuring him "That, on the contrary, she remembered him very well." Then Anatol came to her. She could not see him as yet at all. She was only conscious of a soft hand holding hers, while she lightly touched with her lips a white brow adorned with handsome brown hair. When she looked at him his beauty dazzled her.

Anatol, hooking his right thumb behind one button of his uniform, stood with his chest thrust out, and his back bent in, resting his weight on one leg, and slightly inclining his head, and looked at the princess cheerily, but without speaking. He was evidently not thinking of her at all. Anatol was not quick witted or a ready talker, but on the other hand, he had

that gift of composure which is so invaluable in society, and a self-confidence that nothing could disturb. If a man lacking self-confidence is silent at a first introduction, and betrays a consciousness of the impropriety of such a silence, and attempts to escape from it, it makes a bad matter worse; but Anatol, swaying a little on one leg, had nothing to say, and gazed with an amused look at the princess's hair. It was evident that such ease of manner would enable him to preserve silence any length of time. His look seemed to say: "If this silence is awkward for any one, then speak; but as for me, I have no desire to say anything.

Moreover, Anatol had in his behavior toward women that manner which strongly piques curiosity, and excites fear, and even love in them,—a sort of scornful consciousness of his own superiority. His look seemed to say to them: I know you, I know what is disturbing you. Ah how happy you would be if"—possibly he did not think any such thing when he met women (and there is considerable ground for such a supposition, because he thought very little), but this was what was expressed by his look and manner. The princess felt it, and apparently wishing to show him that she did not venture to do such a thing as engage his attention, she turned to his father.

The conversation became general, and rather lively, thanks to the merry voice of the little princess, whose downy lip was constantly showing her white teeth.

She met Prince Vasili with that peculiarly vivacious manner which is often employed by people of merrily loquacious mood, and consists in the interchange between you and your acquaintance of the regular stock witticisms of the day, and of pleasant and amusing reminiscences which it is taken for granted are not understood by all people, but which really do not exist at all, any more than they did in the case of the little Princess and Prince Vasili.

Prince Vasili willingly adapted himself to this spirit; the little princess managed to include Anatol as well, though she scarcely knew him, and soon found herself sharing with him in recollections of events that in some cases had never happened at all. Mlle. Bourienne also took part in these general recollections, and even the Princess Mariya had a sort of satisfaction in feeling herself drawn into this light gossip.

"Here at least we shall have the benefit of your company all to ourselves, dear prince," said the little princess—in French of course—to Prince Vasili. "It won't be as it used

to be at our receptions at Annette's, where you always made your escape, you know — *cette chère Annette!*”

“Ah, but of course you won't oblige me to talk about politics as Annette does!”

“But our tea table?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Why were you never at Annette's?” asked the little princess, of Anatol. “Oh! but I know, I know,” said he, with a sly expression. “Your brother Ippolit told me all about your doings — oh!” she exclaimed, threatening him with her finger. “And then again in Paris, I know about your pranks!”

“And hasn't Ippolit told you?” asked Prince Vasili, addressing his son and seizing Princess Liza by the arm, as though there were danger of her running away, and he wished to prevent it while yet there was time, “hasn't he ever told you how he himself was dead in love with our dear princess here, and how she wouldn't have anything to say to him?”*

“Oh, she is a pearl among women, princess!” † said he, addressing the Princess Mariya.

Mlle. Bourienne on her part, when she heard the word “Paris,” did not lose the opportunity of also adding her recollections to the general conversation. She allowed herself to inquire of Anatol if he had been long in Paris, and how that city pleased him.

Anatol took evident pleasure in answering the Frenchwoman's questions, and with a smile talked with her about her native land. Seeing how pretty la Bourienne was, Anatol decided that, after all, it would not be so very stupid here at Luisiya Gorui. “Not at all bad looking,” he said to himself, as he looked at her; “very far from it. I hope that when she marries me she will take this *demoiselle de compagnie* with her, *la petite est gentille!*”

The old prince took his own time about dressing, and as he thought what course was best for him to take, he frowned. The coming of these guests annoyed him.

“What are Prince Vasili and his son to me? Prince Vasili is an empty swaggerer, and his son must be a fine specimen.” he grumbled to himself. He was annoyed because the coming of these guests aroused in the depths of his soul an unsettled and constantly avoided question, a question in regard to which the old prince was always deceiving himself. The question

* *Le mettait à la porte.*

† *Oh, c'est la perle des femmes, princesse.*

was this: whether he could make up his mind to part with his daughter and let her marry. The old prince could never bring himself to ask the question directly, knowing beforehand that if he should answer it honestly, his honesty would come into open antagonism, not merely with his feelings, but with the whole order and system of his life. For Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, life without his daughter, little as he outwardly seemed to appreciate her, was out of the question.

"And why should she get married?" he asked himself. "Probably to be unhappy. Here is Liza — certainly it would be hard to find a better husband than Andrei — and yet is she contented with her lot? And who would take her from mere love? She is homely, awkward! They would marry her for her connections, for her wealth! And can't girls live unmarried? They'd be much happier!"

Thus thought Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, as he performed his toilet in his cabinet, and still at the same time the ever-procrastinated question now demanded an immediate solution. Prince Vasili had brought his son, evidently with the intention of making a proposal, and therefore this very day or the next he should have to give a direct answer. His name, his position in the world was excellent.

"Well, I've no objection," said the prince to himself. "But let him prove himself worthy of her. Well, we shall see. Yes, we shall see!" he exclaimed aloud, "yes, we shall see how it is," and with his usual firm tread he went into the drawing-room, took in all present with a sweeping glance, noticed even the change that the little princess had made in her dress, and la Bourienne's ribbon, and the Princess Mariya's monstrous headdress, and her isolation in the general conversation, and not least, Bourienne and Anatol's exchange of smiles.

"She is dressed up like a fool," he thought, giving his daughter a wrathful glance. "She has no sense of shame, and he — he does not care anything about making her acquaintance." He went straight to Prince Vasili: "Well, how are you, how are you? Glad to see you!"

"Friendship laughs at distance,"* exclaimed Prince Vasili, quoting the familiar proverb with ready wit, and with his usual self-confident familiarity. "Here is my second son; grant him your friendship, I beg of you."

Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch surveyed Anatol.

"Fine young fellow! Fine young fellow," said he. "Now

* Literally: For a dear old friend even seven versts is not a roundabout.

come, give me a kiss," and he offered him his cheek. Anatol kissed the old man and looked at him curiously, but with perfect composure, expecting soon to hear one of those droll remarks of which his father had told him. Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch sat down in his usual place at one end of the sofa, drew up an arm-chair for Prince Vasili, pointed him to it, and began to ask him about the news in the political world. He listened with apparent attention to what Prince Vasili had to say, but he kept glancing at the Princess Mariya.

"So that's what they write from Potsdam, is it?" said he, repeating Prince Vasili's last words, and then suddenly getting up, he went over to his daughter. "So this is how you dress before company, hey?" exclaimed he. "Excellent, admirable! You appear before folks with your hair done up in this new-fangled way, and I tell you, in the presence of these same folks, never again, without my leave, to rig yourself up in such a fashion!"

"It was my fault, *mon père*," said the little princess, blushing, and coming to her sister-in-law's rescue.

"You can do as you please," said Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, making a low bow before his son's wife. "But she has no right to disfigure herself; she's ugly enough without that." And he once more resumed his place, paying no further heed to his daughter, who was ready to weep.

"On the contrary, that way of dressing her hair is very becoming to the princess," said Prince Vasili.

"Well, *batyushka* — my young prince — what is his name?" said Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, turning to Anatol, "come here. Let us have a little talk, and get acquainted."

"Now the sport begins," thought Anatol, and with a smile he took a seat by the old prince.

"Well now, my dear, you have been educated abroad, somewhat different from your father and me, who had the parish *dyachók* teach us our abc's. Tell me, my dear, you serve in the Horse Guards, don't you?" asked the old prince, scrutinizing Anatol closely and keenly.

"No, I have been transferred to the line," replied Anatol, scarcely able to keep from laughing.

"Ah, excellent thing! So that you can serve the tsar and your country. It's war time. Such fine young men as you ought to be in the service. At the front, I suppose?"

"No, prince; our regiment has gone, but I was detached. What was I detached for, papa?" asked Anatol, turning to his father with a laugh.

"Famous way of serving, I must confess. 'What am I detached for?' ha! ha! ha!" roared Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, and Anatol joined in still more vociferously. Suddenly Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch began to scowl. "Well, get you gone," said he to Anatol. Anatol with a smile went and rejoined the ladies.

"And so you have had him educated abroad, hey, Prince Vasili?" asked the old prince, of Kuragin.

"I did the best I could for him, and I must say that the schools there are far better than ours."

"Well, everything is changed, all new-fangled notions. He's a fine young man, a fine lad. Now let's go into my room." He took Prince Vasili by the arm, and carried him off to his cabinet.

Prince Vasili finding himself alone with the old prince, immediately began to unfold to him his wishes and hopes.

"What kind of an idea have you?" exclaimed the old prince, savagely, "that I keep her tied, and cannot part with her? What notions they have!" he exclaimed angrily. "To-morrow, as far as I'm concerned, — I merely tell you that I want to know my daughter's husband better. You know my principles: *all above board*. To-morrow I will ask her in your presence if she will have him; if she will, then let him stay. Let him stay, I will study him." The prince snorted, "Or let him go, it's all the same to me," he cried, in the same piercing tone in which he had uttered his farewell when his son took his departure.

"I will tell you frankly," said Prince Vasili, in the tone of a cunning man who is convinced of the uselessness of trying to be shrewd toward such a sharp-eyed opponent. "You see, your eyes read through men. Anatol is no genius, but he is an honorable, kind-hearted boy, and an excellent son."

"Very good, we shall see."

As usually happens in the case of women, who have been longed deprived of the society of men, all three of the women at Prince Andreyevitch's, now that they had Anatol in their midst, felt that hitherto life had not been life for them. The powers of thinking, feeling, loving, were instantly multiplied tenfold in each one of them, so that their existence, which had been till now as it were, spent in darkness, was suddenly filled by a new light, full of rich significance.

The Princess Mariya no longer gave a thought to her looks, or the dressing of her hair. Her whole attention was ab-

sorbed by the handsome open face of the man who perhaps would be her husband. He seemed to her good, brave, resolute, manly, and noble. She was quite convinced of this. A thousand dreams of the family life which she should enjoy in the future persisted in rising in her mind. She tried to banish them, and keep them out of her imagination.

"But was I too cool toward him?" queried the Princess Mariya. "I try to be reserved, because I feel in the depths of my soul that he is already too near to me; but of course, he cannot know all that I think about him, and he may imagine that I do not like him."

And the young princess strove, and yet was unable to be amiable to her new guest.

"*La pauvre fille! Elle est diablement laide!*" — Devilishly ugly! Such was Anatol's uncomplimentary thought of her.

Mlle. Bourienne, whom Anatol's arrival had brought into a high state of excitement, allowed herself to have quite different thoughts. Of course, being a pretty young girl, without any stated position in society, without relatives, and friends, and far from her native land, she had no intention of devoting her whole life to the service of Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, reading books to him, and playing the part of companion to the Princess Mariya. Mlle. Bourienne had been long waiting for the Russian prince, who should immediately have wit enough to appreciate her superiority to these homely, unbecomingly dressed, and awkward Russian princesses, should fall in love with her, and elope with her; now at last the Russian prince had come.

Mlle. Bourienne knew a story which her aunt had once told her, and which in imagination she liked to repeat to the end, with herself in the heroine's place. The story was about a young girl who had been seduced, and whose poor mother — *sa pauvre mère* — finding where she was, came and covered her with reproaches because she had gone to live with a man to whom she was not married. Mlle. Bourienne was often melted to tears by imagining herself telling *him*, her seducer, this story. And now this *he*, this genuine Russian prince, had made his appearance. He would elope with her, then *sa pauvre mère* would appear, and he would marry her.

Thus in Mlle. Bourienne's fertile brain the whole romance evolved itself, from the moment that she began to talk with him about Paris. Not that Mlle. Bourienne conceived of all the details — what she was going to do, did not once occur to her — but still all the materials were long ago ready in her, and now

they merely grouped themselves around Anatol, whom she was anxious and determined to please as much as possible.

The little princess (forgetting her situation instinctively), and like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, made ready to flirt at headlong speed, without meaning anything by it, but with her usual naive and light-hearted spirit of fun.

In spite of the fact that Anatol in the society of women generally affected the position of a man who considers it a bore to have them running after him, still he felt a consciousness of gratified vanity to see his power over these three women. Moreover, he began to feel for the pretty and enticing Bourienne a real animal passion, such as sometimes overcame him with extraordinary rapidity, and impelled him to commit the coarsest and most audacious actions.

After tea, they all went into the divan-room, and the Princess Mariya was invited to play on the harpischord. Anatol leaned on his elbows, in front of her, near Mlle. Bourienne, and, with eyes full of mirth and gayety, looked at the young princess, who with a painful, and at the same time joyous emotion, felt his gaze resting on her. Her favorite sonata bore her away into a most genuinely poetic world, and the consciousness of that glance endowed this world with even more poetry. In reality, however, Anatol, though he looked in her direction, was not thinking of her, but was occupied with the motion of Mlle. Bourienne's foot, which he was at this moment pressing with his under the piano. Mlle. Bourienne was also looking at the princess, but her beautiful eyes had an expression of frightened happiness and hope.

"How fond she is of me," thought the Princess Mariya. "How happy I am now, and how happy I might be with such a friend and such a husband! Husband! Can it be possible?" she asked herself, not daring to look at him, but, nevertheless, feeling his gaze fixed on her face.

In the evening, when after supper they were about to separate for the night, Anatol kissed the young princess's hand, she herself knew not how she dared to do such a thing, but she looked straight into his handsome face as it approached her shortsighted eyes.

Turning from the princess, he went and kissed Mlle. Bourienne's hand. This was contrary to etiquette, but he did everything with such confidence and simplicity! Mlle. Bourienne flushed, and glanced in dismay at the princess.

"*Quelle délicatesse!* how considerate of him," thought the princess. "Can it be that Amélie (so she called Mlle. Bourienne)

enne) thinks that I should be jealous of her, and do not appreciate her affection and devotion to me?"

She went straight over to Mlle. Bourienne, and gave her an affectionate kiss. Anatol was about to kiss the little princess's hand also.

"*Non! non! non!* when your father writes me that you are behaving beautifully, then I will let you kiss my hand. Not before."*

And, shaking her finger at him, she left the room, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

ALL had gone to their rooms, but, with the exception of Anatol, who went to sleep as soon as he got into bed, it was long before any one could close an eye that night.

"Is he really to be my husband, this handsome stranger, who seems so good; ah, yes, above all, so good!" thought the Princess Mariya, and a feeling of fear, such as she had scarcely ever experienced before, came upon her. She was afraid to look round; it seemed to her as though some one were standing there behind the screen in the dark corner. And this some one was *he* — the devil — and *he* was this man with the white forehead, the black eyebrows, and the rosy lips. She called her maid, and begged her to sleep in her room.

Mlle. Bourienne, that same evening, walked for a long time up and down the winter garden, vainly expecting some one, now smiling at her own thought, now stirred to tears by imagining the words which *sa pauvre mère* would say in reproaching her after her fall.

The little princess scolded her maid because her bed was not comfortable. It was impossible for her to lie on her side, or on her face. Any position was awkward and uncomfortable. She felt more than ever tried to-day, especially because Anatol's presence brought back so vividly the days before she was married, when she was light-hearted and merry. She reclined in her easy-chair, in her dressing jacket and night-cap. Katya, half asleep, and with her hair hanging down in a braid, was turning for the third time and shaking up the heavy mattress, muttering to herself.

"I told you that it was all humps and hollows," insisted the little princess, "I should like to go to sleep myself; I'm sure

* "*Quand votre père m'écrira que vous vous conduisez bien, je vous donnerai ma main à baiser! Pas avant!*"

it isn't my fault," and her voice trembled as though she were a child, getting ready to cry.

The old prince, also, could not sleep. Tikhon, as he napped, heard him stamping wrathfully up and down, and snorting. It seemed to the old prince that he had been insulted through his daughter. The insult was painful, because it was directed not to himself but to another, to his daughter, whom he loved better than himself. He kept telling himself that he would calmly think the whole matter over, and decide how in justice to himself he must act; but instead of so doing, he grew more and more vexed with himself.

"Let the first young man come along, and she forgets father and all! and she runs upstairs, combs up her hair and prinks, and is no longer like herself. Glad to throw her father over. And she knew that I—that I noticed it. Fr!—fr!—fr! and then, haven't I eyes to see that that simpleton has no eyes for any one except *Burienska* (must get rid of her!). And how is it she hasn't enough pride to see it herself? If not for her own sake, she might at least show some for mine. I must show her that this booby doesn't think of her at all, but only stares at Bourienne. She has no pride, but I'll prove this for her."

The old prince knew that if he told his daughter that she was laboring under a delusion, that Anatol was bent on flirting with Bourienne, he would in this way touch his daughter's pride, and his game would be played; for he was anxious not to part with his daughter. This consideration served to quiet him. He summoned Tikhon, and began to undress.

"The devil take 'em!" he said to himself, as Tikhon slipped the night-shirt over his master's thin, old body, the chest overgrown with gray hairs.

"I did not invite 'em. They have come to upset my whole life. And my life will soon be come to an end. To the devil with 'em!" he muttered, while his head was still hidden by the shirt. Tikhon knew the prince's habit of sometimes thinking aloud, and therefore he met with unflinching eyes the prince's wrathfully scrutinizing gaze, as his head came out from the night-shirt.

"Have they gone to bed?" asked the prince.

Tikhon, after the manner of all well-trained valets, knew by intuition what his barin was thinking about. He judged that the question referred to Prince Vasili and his son.

"They have deigned to go to bed, and their lights are out, your illustriousness."

"No reason why they shouldn't," briskly exclaimed the

prince, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, and his arms into his dressing-gown, he went to the sofa where he usually slept.

Although but few words had been exchanged by Anatol and Mlle. Bourienne, they thoroughly understood one another as to the first chapters of the romance, up to the appearance of *pauvre mère*: they understood that they had much to say to each other in secret, and therefore early in the morning they both sought an opportunity for a private interview. While the young princess was going at the usual hour to meet her father, Mlle. Bourienne and Anatol met in the winter garden.

The Princess Mariya on this particular day, went with more than her usual trepidation to the door of her father's cabinet. It seemed to her that every one knew that this day her fate was to be decided, but also knew what she herself felt about it. She read this expression on Tikhon's face, and on the face of Prince Vasili's valet, as he met her in the corridor on his way with hot water for the prince, and made her a low bow. The old prince this morning was thoroughly affectionate and kind in his behavior to his daughter. The Princess Mariya well knew this expression of kindness. It was the expression which his face generally wore when his nervous hands doubled up with vexation because she did not understand her arithmetical examples, and he would spring to his feet, walk away from her and then repeat the same words in a low gentle voice.

He immediately addressed himself to the business in hand, and began to explain it to her, all the time using the formal *vui*, you.

"I have received an offer for your hand in marriage," said he, with an unnatural smile. "I suppose you did not imagine," he went on to say, "that he came here and brought his pupil" — for some inexplicable reason, Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch called Anatol *vospitannik*, pupil — "for the sake of 'my handsome eyes.' Last evening he proposed for your hand. And, as you know my principles, I refer it to you."

"How am I to understand you, *mon père*?" she exclaimed, turning pale and then blushing.

"How understand me!" cried her father, wrathfully, "Prince Vasili is satisfied with you for a daughter-in-law, and has proposed for your hand in behalf of his pupil. That's what it means. 'How understand it?' That I ask you."

"I do not know so well as you, *mon père*," whispered the princess.

"I? I? what have I to do with it? Consider me out of the question. *I'm* not the one who is going to be married. What's *your* opinion? That is what must be known."

The princess saw that her father did not regard the matter very favorably, but at the same time the thought occurred to her that now or never the whole destiny of her life hung in the balance. She dropped her eyes, so as not to see his face, because she knew that she could not think if she were under its dominion, but even then she could only be subject to him, and she said, —

"I desire only one thing, to fulfil your will; but if it be necessary for me to express my desire" —

She had no time to finish her sentence. The prince interrupted her.

"That's admirable," he cried. "He will take you for your fortune, and by the way, hook on Mlle. Bourienne! She will be his wife, and you" — the prince paused. He noticed the effect produced on his daughter by his words. She hung her head and was ready to burst into tears.

"Well, well, I was only jesting," said he. "Remember this one thing, princess; I stick to my principles that a girl has a perfect right to choose for herself. I give you your freedom. Remember this, though, the happiness of your whole life depends upon your decision. Leave me out of the consideration."

"But I do not know, *mon père*."

"There's nothing to be said. He will marry as he is bid, whether it be you or somebody else, but *you* are free to choose. Go to your room; think it over, and at the end of an hour come to me and tell me in his presence what your decision is, yea, or no. You know that you'll have to pray over it. Well, pray, if you please. Only you'd better use your reason. Get you gone. Yea or no, yea or no, yea or no!" cried he, as the princess, still in a mist, left the room with tottering step.

Her fate was already decided, and happily decided. But what her father said about Mlle. Bourienne, — that insinuation was horrible. False, let us hope, but still it was horrible, and she could not keep it out of her thoughts. She started directly to her room through the winter garden, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, when suddenly Mlle. Bourienne's well-known chatter struck her ear and woke her from her dreaming. She raised her eyes and, two paces away, saw Anatol with the Frenchwoman in his arms, and whispering something in her ear. With a terrible expression on his handsome face, he

looked at the Princess Mariya, and at first did not release Mlle. Bourienne, who had not seen the princess at all.

"Who is here? what is the trouble? Just wait a little." Anatol's face seemed to say. The Princess Mariya silently gazed at them. She could not comprehend it. Then Mlle. Bourienne uttered a cry and fled. Anatol with an amused smile gave the princess a bow, as though asking her to look on the ridiculous side of this strange behavior, and shrugging his shoulders, disappeared through the door that led to his own quarters.

At the end of an hour, Tikhon came to summon the Princess Mariya. He conducted her to her father's room and told her that Prince Vasili was also there. When Tikhon came for her the princess was sitting on a sofa in her room, with her arm around Mlle. Bourienne. The latter was weeping, and the princess softly stroked her hair. The princess's beautiful eyes, with all their usual calmness and brilliancy, gazed with affectionate love and sympathy into Mlle. Bourienne's pretty face.

"No, princess, my place is forever gone from your heart,"* said Mlle. Bourienne.

"Why I love you more than ever," replied the Princess Mariya, "and I will try to do all that is in my power for your happiness."

"But you despise me! You, who are so pure, will never understand this frenzy of passion. Ah! my poor mother!" †

"I understand it all," replied the princess, with a melancholy smile. "Compose yourself, my friend, I am going to see my father," said she, and left the room.

Prince Vasili—with one leg thrown across his knee, and holding his snuff-box in his hand—was greatly excited, and evidently realized that he was in a precarious condition, and yet he tried to conquer his own nervousness. He was sitting with an imploring smile on his face as the Princess Mariya entered the room. He hastily applied a pinch of snuff to his nose.

"Ah! *ma bonne, ma bonne!*" he exclaimed, rising and seizing her by both hands. He sighed, and added, "my son's fate is in your hands. *Décidez, ma bonne, ma chère, ma douce Marie!* I have always loved you as though you were my own daughter." He turned away. Genuine tears stood in his eyes.

* *Non, princesse, je suis perdue pour toujours dans votre cœur.*

† *Mais vous me méprisez, vous si pure, vous ne comprendrez jamais cet égarement de la passion! Ah! ce n'est que ma pauvre mère.*

"Fr! — fr!" — snorted Prince Nikolai Andreyitch. "The prince in the name of his pupil — I mean his son — makes you an offer. Will you or will you not be the wife of Prince Anatol Kuragin? Speak: yea or no," cried he. "And then I reserve to myself the right of giving my opinion also. Yes, my opinion, and only my opinion," added Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, in reply to Prince Vasili's beseeching expression — "Yea or no?"

"My desire, *mon père*, is never to leave you, never to part from you as long as we live. I do not wish to marry," said she with firm deliberation, fixing her beautiful eyes on Prince Vasili and on her father.

"Folly! nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!" cried Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, frowning; he drew his daughter to him, yet he did not kiss her, but merely brought his forehead close to hers, and squeezed her hand which he held in his so that she screamed out with pain. Prince Vasili arose, —

"My dear, I will tell you that this is a moment that I shall never forget, never! but, my dear, can't you give us a little hope of ever touching your kind and generous heart? Say that perhaps — the future is so long. Only say 'perhaps.'"^{*}

"Prince, what I have told you is all that my heart can say. I thank you for the honor, but I can never be your son's wife."

"Well, that ends it, my dear fellow. Very glad to have seen you. Very glad to have seen you. Go to your room, princess, go to your room," said the old prince. "Very, very glad to have seen you," he reiterated, embracing Prince Vasili.

"My vocation is different," said the Princess Mariya to herself, "my vocation is to be happy in the happiness of others; a different sort of happiness, the happiness of love and self-sacrifice. And so far as within me lies, I will bring about the happiness of poor Amélie. She loves him so passionately. She repents her conduct so bitterly. I will do everything to bring about a marriage between them. If he is not rich, I will give her the means, I will petition my father, I will ask Andrei. And I shall be so happy when she becomes his wife. She is so unfortunate, lonely, and helpless in a strange land. And *Bózhe moi!* how passionately she must love him, if she can so far forget herself. Maybe, I myself should have done the same thing!" thought the Princess Mariya.

^{*} *Ma chère, je vous dirai que c'est un moment que je n'oublierai jamais, jamais: mais ma bonne, est-ce que vous ne nous donnerez pas un peu d'espérance de toucher ce cœur si bon, si généreux. Dites que peut-être. . . L'avenir est si grand. Dites: peut-être.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE Rostofs had not heard for a long time from their Nikolushka, and it was near the middle of winter when a letter was handed to the count, on the envelope of which he recognized his son's handwriting. On receipt of the letter, the count hastily and anxiously stole off to his own cabinet, walking on his tiptoes, so as to escape observation, and shut himself in, and began to read it. Anna Mikhailovna learning about the arrival of the letter — for she knew everything that took place in the house — quietly followed the count, and found him with the letter in his hands, sobbing and laughing at the same time.

Anna Mikhailovna, notwithstanding the improvement in her affairs, still continued to live at the Rostofs.

"*Mon bon ami*," exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna, with a tone of pathetic inquiry in her voice, and prepared to give him sympathy to any extent.

The count sobbed still more violently: "Nikolushka — a letter — wounded — he wa-wa-was w-wounded — *ma chère* — wounded, my darling boy* — the little countess — been — made an officer — glory to God, *sláva Bóhu!* How can I tell the little — countess?"

Anna Mikhailovna sat down by him, wiped the tears from his eyes with her handkerchief, and from the letter, for they were dropping on it, and then from her own eyes, read the letter herself, soothed the count, and decided that she would use the time till dinner, and even tea, for preparing the countess, and then after tea, she would break the news to her, if God would only aid her.

During dinner time, Anna Mikhailovna talked about the events of the war and about Nikolushka, and asked twice when they had received the last letter from him (though she herself knew perfectly well), and remarked that very likely they might have a letter from him, perhaps that day. Every time when, at such insinuations, the countess began to grow uneasy, and glance anxiously first at the count and then at Anna Mikhailovna, Anna Mikhailovna most adroitly led the conversation to insignificant topics.

Natasha more than the rest of the family was endowed with peculiar sensitiveness to shades of intonation, to the

* *Golubchik.*

looks and expressions of faces, and as soon as dinner began, she pricked up her ears, and came to the conclusion that there was some secret between her father and Anna Mikhailovna, and that it was something referring to her brother, and that Anna Mikhailovna was trying to "prepare" some one. Notwithstanding all her audacity, she dared not ask any questions during dinner time, for she knew too well how sensitive her mother was in regard to all that related to her son; but her curiosity was so great that she ate nothing, and kept turning and twisting in her chair, in spite of the reproaches of her governess. After dinner, she rushed precipitately after Anna Mikhailovna, and threw herself into her arms. "Aunty darling,* tell what it is?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"Yes, there is, dearest, sweet one, you old pet,† and I shan't let you go till you tell me, for I know that you know."

Anna Mikhailovna shook her head: "You're a little witch — *une fine mouche, mon enfant!*" said she.

"A letter from Nikolenka? Truly, isn't that it?" cried Natasha, reading an affirmative answer in Anna Mikhailovna's face.

"Yes, but for heaven's sake be more cautious; you know how this might trouble your *maman*."

"I will, I will, but tell me all about it! — You won't tell me? Well then, I'm going right to tell her!"

Anna Mikhailovna in few words told Natasha the contents of the letter, under the conditions of secrecy.

"My true, true word of honor," said Natasha crossing herself, "I won't tell any one," and she immediately went to Sonya.

"Nikolenka — wounded — a letter," she exclaimed, triumphantly and joyously.

"Nicolas!" cried Sonya, turning pale.

Natasha, seeing the impression produced on Sonya by the news that her brother was wounded, realized for the first time all the sorrowful side of this news.

She ran to Sonya, threw her arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

"He is not badly wounded, and has been promoted to be an officer; he's all well again, for he wrote the letter himself," cried she, through her tears.

"That's the way! All you women are milksops!" exclaimed Petya, marching with long, gallant strides up and down the

* *Tyoténka, golú bushka.*

† *Dúshénka (little soul) golú bchik, mláya (dear), pérsik (peach).*

room. "I am very glad, more glad than I can tell, that my brother has distinguished himself so! You are all cry-babies. You haven't any sense at all."

Natasha smiled through her tears,—

"You haven't read the letter, have you?"

"No, I haven't read it, but she said the worst was over, and that he was already an officer."

"Glory to God!" cried Sonya, crossing herself. "But maybe she was deceiving you. Let us go to *maman!*"

Petya walked silently up and down the room.

"If I had been in Nikolushka's place, I should have killed still more of those Frenchmen," said he, after a little; "what nasty brutes they are! I would have killed such a lot of them that it would have made a pile so high," continued Petya.

"Hush, Petya! what a goose you are!"

"I am not a goose, but you are geese to cry over mere trifles!" said he.

"Do you remember him?" suddenly asked Natasha, after a moment's silence.

Sonya smiled: "Do I remember Nicolas?"

"No, Sonya. Do you remember him perfectly, so that you can recall everything about him?" asked Natasha, with an emphatic gesture, evidently wishing to give her words the most serious meaning.

"Well, now, I remember Nikolenka, I remember him well; but I don't remember Boris. I don't remember him at all."

"What? You don't remember Boris!" exclaimed Sonya, in amazement.

"No, I don't really remember him. I have a general idea how he looked, but I can't bring him up before me, as I can Nikolenka. If I shut my eyes I can see, but it is not so with Boris." She shut her eyes. "That way, no, not at all."

"Oh, Natasha," said Sonya, looking at her friend, with enraptured earnestness, as though she considered her unworthy to hear what she had in mind to say, and as though she were saying it to some one else, with whom it was impossible to jest. "I love your brother, and whatever might happen to him or to me, I should never cease to love him as long as I live!"

Natasha looked at Sonya with wondering inquisitive eyes, and made no answer. She felt convinced that what Sonya had said was true; that what Sonya talked about was real love; but Natasha had never experienced anything like it. She believed that it was in the realm of the possible, but she could not understand it.

"Shall you write him?" she asked.

Sonya deliberated.

The question how to write to Nicolas, and whether it were her duty to write to him, and what she should write to him, tormented her. Now that he were already an officer, and a wounded hero, it was a question of doubt in her mind, whether it would be right for her to remind him of herself, and of the promise which he had made her.

"I do not know. I think if he writes to me, then I will answer it," she replied, blushing.

"And sha'n't you feel ashamed to write him?"

Sonya smiled,—

"No."

"Well, I should feel ashamed to write to Boris, and I am not going to."

"Why should one feel ashamed?"

"There now, I'm sure I don't know. It's awkward, anyway. I should be"—

"Well, I know why she would be ashamed," said Petya, affronted at Natasha's first remark: "Because she fell in love with that fat fellow with the glasses (he meant by this his namesake Pierre, the new Count Bezukhoi), and now she's in love with that singer (Petya now referred to an Italian, who was giving Natasha singing lessons), and that's why she would be ashamed!"

"Petya, you're too silly."

"I'm no sillier than you are, *mátushka!*" said the ten-year old lad, exactly as though he were an elderly brigadier.

The countess had been "prepared" during dinner time by means of Anna Mikhailovna's hints. Going to her own room, she sat down on her sofa, not taking her eyes from a miniature picture of her son, painted on her snuff-box, and her eyes quickly filled with tears. Anna Mikhailovna, with the letter, came into the countess's room on her tiptoes and remained standing. "Don't you come in," said she to the old count, who was following her. She closed the door behind her. The count applied his ear to the keyhole and tried to listen.

At first all that he heard was a monotonous sound of voices; then Anna Mikhailovna, making a long speech without interruption; then a shriek; then silence; then, again, both voices speaking together with joyful inflections, and then steps, and Anna Mikhailovna opened the door. Anna Mikhailovna's face wore the proud expression of a surgical operator, who has just

accomplished a difficult amputation and allows the public to enter and appreciate his skill.

"*C'est fait* — it's all right," said she to the count, pointing with an enthusiastic gesture to the countess, who held in one hand the snuff-box with the portrait, in the other the letter, and was pressing her lips first to the one and then to the other. Seeing the count, she stretched out her hand toward him, embraced his bald head, and over his bald head looked at the letter and the portrait, and then, in order to press them to her lips again, gently pushed the bald head away.

Viera, Natasha, Sonya, and Petya came into the room, and the reading of the letter began. It contained a brief description of the campaign, and the two engagements in which Nikolushka had taken part; he announced his promotion, and said that he kissed *maman* and papa's hands, asking for their blessing, and kissed Viera, Natasha, and Petya. Moreover, he made his respects to Mr. Schelling and Madame Chausse, and his old nurse, and then he begged them to kiss his dear Sonya, whom he had always loved so, and whom he had remembered so affectionately.

When Sonya heard this, she blushed so that the tears came into her eyes. And, not able to endure the glances fastened on her, she ran into the drawing parlor, whirled around it at full speed, her dress flying out like a balloon, and then plumped down on the floor, all flushed and smiling. The countess melted into tears "What makes you cry, *maman*?" asked Viera. "Everything that he writes seems to me a cause for rejoicing, and not for weeping!"

This was perfectly true, but, nevertheless, the count and the countess, and Natasha, all looked at her reproachfully.

"Whom is she like, I wonder!" said the countess, to herself.

Nikolushka's letter was re-read a hundred times, and those who felt themselves entitled to hear it had to go to the countess, who would not let it out of her hands. The tutors came, and the nurses, and Mitenka, and ever so many acquaintances, and the countess read the letter to them each time with new delight, each time discovering new virtues in her Nikolushka. How strange, marvellous, and beautiful it was to her that her son — that son, the almost imperceptible motions of whose tiny limbs she had felt twenty years before, that son over whom she had quarrelled with the count for spoiling him, that son who had learned to say *grusha* first and then *baba* — that this same son was now far away in a foreign land, in for-

sign surroundings, a heroic soldier, alone without help or guidance, performing there his part in the deeds of heroes. The universal experience of the world in all ages, going to show that children by imperceptible steps march from the cradle into manhood, was not realized by the countess. The attainment of manhood by her son was at every step as extraordinary as though there had not been millions upon millions of men who had gone through exactly the same process. Just as twenty years before it had been almost impossible for her to believe that the mysterious little being that was living and moving somewhere under her heart would ever wail and nurse and learn to talk, so now, it was incredible that this same being had become a strong, gallant man, the paragon of sons and of men, such as he was now, judging by his letter.

"What a style he has! How elegantly he expresses himself," said she, as she read over the descriptive portions of the letter. "And how much soul! Nothing about himself, nothing at all! Something about that Denisof, but he himself must have been braver than all the rest! He writes nothing at all about his sufferings! How much heart he has! How well I know him! And how kindly he remembers all the household! He did not forget a single one! But I always said it of him, even when he was ever so little—I always said it."

For more than a week rough drafts of letters to Nikolushka were prepared and written and copied out on white paper by the whole family under the superintendence of the countess and the zealous care of the count, all sorts of necessary articles were made into a parcel, together with money for the new uniform, and the installation of the newly-appointed officer.

Anna Mikhailovna, a practical woman, had been shrewd enough to secure for her son a protector in the army, even for the better forwarding of correspondence. She had managed to find the opportunity of sending her letters in care of the Grand Duke Konstantine Pavlovitch, who commanded the guards. The Rostofs had supposed that *Russkaya Gardiya za Granitsej*—the Russian guard on service abroad—was a sufficiently definite address, and that if a letter reached the grand duke commanding the guards, then there was no reason why it should not reach the Pavlograd regiment, which must be somewhere near, and therefore it was decided to be best to send the packet and the money by the grand duke's courier to Boris, and Boris would see to it that it was put in Niko-

lushka's hands. There were letters from the old count, from the countess, from Petya, from Viera, from Natasha, from Sonya, and finally six thousand rubles for his outfit, and various things which the count wished to send him.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the twenty-fourth of November, Kutuzof's fighting army, bivouacked near Olmütz, made ready to be reviewed on the following day by the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria. The Imperial Guards which had just arrived from Russia encamped about fifteen versts from Olmütz, and on the next day were to proceed directly to the review, which would take place about ten o'clock in the morning, on the parade ground at Olmütz. Nikolai Rostof on that day had received a note from Boris informing him that the Izmailovsky regiment was going to encamp about fifteen versts away, and that he wanted to see him to give him some letters and some money. The money came particularly handy to Rostof just now, when, after the toils of the campaign, the army had settled down at Olmütz, and well-provided sutlers and Austrian Jews, offering all sorts of enticements, infested the camp. The Pavlograd warriors enjoyed banquet after banquet, celebrated in honor of promotions won during the campaign, as well as excursions into town where Karolina, called *Vengerka*, or the Hungarian, had recently opened a tavern, at which all the waiters were girls.

Rostof had just celebrated his promotion from yunker to cornet, had bought Denisof's horse Beduin, and was in debt to his comrades and the sutlers on every side. On receipt of the note from Boris, Rostof rode into Olmütz with some comrades, dined there, drank a bottle of wine, and rode off alone to the Guards' camp to find the friend and companion of his youth.

Rostof had not as yet had a chance to procure his new uniform. He wore a soiled yunker's jacket, with a private's cross, his ordinary well-worn leather-seated riding trousers, and an officer's sabre with the sword knot; the horse which he rode, was a Don pony which he had bought during the campaign, of a Cossack; his crumpled cap was rakishly set sidewise on the back of his head.

When he reached the camp of the Izmailovsky regiment, he thought how much he should surprise Boris and all his

comrades of the Guard by appearing before them like a veteran who had been under fire.

The Guard had made the whole campaign, as though it were a picnic, making a great display of their neatness and discipline. Their marches had been short, their knapsacks had been transported on the baggage wagons, and the officers had been given splendid entertainments at every halting-place by the Austrian authorities. The regiments entered and left the cities with music playing, and during the whole campaign, much to the pride of the Guard, the men had marched in serried ranks, keeping step, while the officers, mounted, rode in their places of assignment.

Boris during the whole campaign had marched and halted with Berg who had now risen to be *rótnui komandír* or captain. Berg having been given a company, had succeeded by his promptness and punctuality in winning the good will of his superiors, and his financial affairs were now in very good shape. Boris had made many acquaintances with men who might be of service to him, and by means of a letter of introduction given him by Pierre, had become acquainted with Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, through whom he hoped to obtain a place on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

Berg and Boris, neatly and elegantly dressed, were resting after their day's journey, and seated in a neat room that had been made ready for them, were playing checkers at a small round table. Berg held between his knees the pipe, which he was smoking. Boris with the carefulness characteristic of him, had piled up the checkers in pyramidal form with his delicate white fingers, and was waiting for Berg's move, and looking at his opponent's face, evidently thinking only of the game, just as he always thought only of what occupied him at the moment.

"There now, how will you get out of that?" he asked.

"We'll do our best," replied Berg, touching a king, and then dropping his hand again.

At this moment the door opened.

"Ah, there he is at last," cried Rostof. "And Berg here, too! Ah you *petizanzan ale kushe dormir!*" he cried, quoting the words of their old nurse, in which he and Boris always found great amusement.

"Batyushki! How you have changed!"

Boris arose to meet Rostof, but as he did so he took pains to pick up and replace the checkers that had fallen, and he was about to embrace his friend, but Nikolai slipped out of

his grasp. With that feeling peculiar to youth, which suggests the avoidance of beaten paths, and the expression of feelings like every one else, and especially that often hypocritical fashion which obtains with our elders, Nikolai wanted to do something unusual and original, on the occasion of meeting his friends; he wanted to give Boris a pinch or a push, anything except kiss him, as was universally done.

Boris, on the contrary, threw his arms around Rostof in a composed and friendly fashion, and kissed him three times. They had not met for almost six months, and in such an interval when young men have been taking their first steps on the pathway of life, each finds in the other tremendous changes, due to surroundings so entirely different from those in which they had taken the first steps of life. Both had changed greatly since they had last met, and each was equally anxious to show the other the changes that they had undergone.

"Oh! you cursed dandies! Spruce and shiny, just in from a promenade! Not much like us poor sinners of the Line!" exclaimed Rostof, with baritone notes in his voice, and with brusque army manners, quite new to Boris, and he exhibited his own dirty and bespattered trousers. On hearing Rostof's loud voice, the German mistress of the house put her head in through the door.

"Rather pretty, hey?" cried Nikolai, with a wink.

"What makes you shout so? You will scare them!" said Boris. "I wasn't expecting you to-day," he added. "It was only this afternoon that I sent my note to you through an acquaintance of mine, Kutuzof's adjutant, Bolkonsky. I didn't think of its reaching you so soon. Well, how are you? Been under fire already, have you?" asked Boris.

Rostof said nothing in reply, but shook the Georgievsky cross on the lace of his coat, and pointing to his arm which he carried in a sling, looked at Berg with a smile.

"As you see," said he.

"Well, well, so you have!" returned Boris with a smile, "and we also have had a glorious campaign. You know his imperial highness was most of the time near our regiment, so that we had all sorts of privileges and advantages. What receptions we had in Poland, what dinners and balls! I can't begin to tell you! And the Tsesarevitch* was very courteous to all of us officers."

Then the two friends related their experiences; the one telling of the jolly good times with the hussars, and his campaign

* The crown prince.

life; the other of the pleasures and advantages of serving under the direct command of men high in authority and so on.

"Oh, you guardsmen!" cried Rostof. "But come now, send out for some wine."

Boris scowled; "Certainly, if you really wish it," and going to his couch he took out from under the clean pillow a purse, and ordered his man to bring wine. "Oh, yes, and I will deliver over to you some letters and your money," he added.

Rostof took his packet and flinging the money on the sofa, leaned both elbows on the table and began to read. He read a few lines and then gave Berg a wrathful glance. Berg's eyes fastened upon him annoyed him, and he shielded his face with the letter.

"Well, they've sent you a good lot of money," exclaimed Berg, glancing at the heavy purse, half buried in the sofa. "And here we have to live on our salaries, count! now I will tell you about myself."

"Look here, Berg, my dear fellow," said Rostof, "When I find you with a letter just received from home, and with a man with whom you want to talk about all sorts of things, I will instantly leave you, so as not to disturb you. Hear what I say, get you gone anywhere, anywhere; to the devil," he cried, and then seizing him by the shoulder and giving him an affectionate look full in the face, evidently for the purpose of modifying the rudeness of his words, he added, "Now see here, don't be angry with me, my dear heart,* I speak frankly because you are an old acquaintance."

"Akh! for heaven's sake, count! I understand perfectly," said Berg, getting up and swallowing down his throaty voice.

"Go and see our hosts; they have invited you," suggested Boris.

Berg put on his immaculate, neat, and dustless coat, went to the mirror, brushed the hair up from his temples, after the style of the emperor, Alexander Pavlovitch, and, being persuaded by Rostof's looks that his coat was noticeable, left the room with a smile of satisfaction.

"Akh! what a brute I am, though!" exclaimed Rostof, reading the letter.

"What now?"

"Akh! what a pig I am, that I did not write them sooner, and frightened them so! Akh! what a pig I am!" he repeated, suddenly reddening. "Well, you've sent Gavriilo for wine, have you? Very good, we'll have a drink!" said he.

* *Golubchik.*

Among the home letters, there was inclosed a note of recommendation to Prince Bagration, which the old countess at Anna Mikhailovna's suggestion obtained from some acquaintance, and sent to her son, urging him to present it and get all the advantage that he could from it.

"What nonsense! Much I need this!" said Rostof, flinging the letter on the table.

"Why did you throw it down?" asked Boris.

"Oh! it was a letter of suggestion; what the deuce do I want of such a letter!"

"Why do you say that?" asked Boris, picking up the letter and reading the inscription; "this letter might be very useful to you."

"I don't need anything, and I don't care to become any one's adjutant!"

"Why not, pray?" asked Boris.

"It's a lackey's place!"

"You still have the same queer notions, I see," rejoined Boris, shaking his head.

"And you're the same old diplomat. However, that's not to the point. How are you?" asked Rostof.

"Just exactly as you see! So far, all has gone well with me. But I confess I should very much like to be made an adjutant, and not stick to the line."

"Why?"

"Because, having once entered upon the profession of arms, it is best to make one's career as brilliant as possible."

"Yes, that's true," said Rostof, evidently thinking of something else. He gave his friend a steady, inquiring look, evidently trying in vain to find in his eyes the answer to some puzzling question.

Old Gavriilo brought the wine.

"Hadn't we better send now for Alphonse Karluitch?" asked Boris. "He will drink with you, for I can't."

"Yes, do send for him! But who is this Dutchman?" asked Rostof, with a scornful smile.

"He's a very, very nice, honorable and pleasant man," explained Boris.

Rostof once more looked steadily into Boris's eyes and sighed. Berg came back, and over the bottle of wine, the conversation between the three officers grew more lively. The two guardsmen told Rostof of their march, and how they had been honored in Russia, Poland, and abroad. They told about the sayings and doings of their commander, the grand duke, together with anecdotes about his goodness and irascibility.

Berg, as usual, kept silent when there was nothing that specially concerned himself, but when they began to speak about the goodness and irascibility of the grand duke, he told with great gusto, how in Galicia, he happened to have a talk with the grand duke. The grand duke was making the tour of the regiment, and became very angry at the disorderly state of the division. With a smile of complacency on his face, Berg told how the grand duke, in a great state of vexation, came up to it and shouted: "*Arnautui*, *villains," being a favorite term of abuse when he was vexed, and called the company commander.

"Would you believe it, count, I was not in the least scared, because I knew that I was all right. And, count, I may say without boasting, that I knew all the regulations by heart, and the standing orders as well; knew them just as well as 'Our Father in Heaven.' And so, count, in my company, there was no complaint to be made of negligence. And that was the reason of my being so composed and having such an untroubled conscience. I stepped forward," here Berg stood up and represented in pantomime how he had raised his hand to his visor as he stepped forward. Really, it would have been hard to imagine a face more expressive of deference and self-sufficiency. "Oh how he scolded me, rated me, you might say, rated and rated and rated mortally—'not for life, but for death,' as the Russians say, and called me an Arnaut and a devil, and threatened me with Siberia," proceeded Berg, with a shrewd smile. "But I knew that I was in the right, and so I made no reply; wasn't that best, count? 'What! are you dumb?' he cried. Still I hold my tongue. What do you think of that, count? On the next day, there was nothing at all about it in the general orders: that's what comes of not losing one's wits. Isn't that so, count?" demanded Berg, lighting his pipe, and sending out rings of smoke.

"Yes, that's splendid," said Rostof, with a smile; but Boris, perceiving that Rostof was all ready to poke fun at Berg, adroitly changed the conversation. He asked Rostof to tell them how and where he had been wounded.

This quite suited the young man, and he began to give a circumstantial account of it, growing more and more animated all the time.

He described his action at Schöngraben exactly in the way

* *Arnautka* is the South Russian name for a kind of hard wheat, probably derived from an Albanian tribe, *Arnaut*, which is also the name of a portion of the army in Turkey, composed of Christians; hence a term of reproach; "abortion," "a savage," "a bursurinan (mussalman, unbeliever)."

that those who take part in battles always describe them; that is, in the way that they would be glad to have had them happen, so that his story agreed with all the other accounts of the participants, but was very far from being the exact truth.

Rostof was a truthful young man; not for anything in the world would he have deliberately told a falsehood. He began with the intention of telling it exactly as it happened, but imperceptibly, involuntarily, and unavoidably, as far as he was concerned, he fell into falsehood. If he had told the truth to these listeners of his, who had already heard from others, just as he himself had many times, the story of the charge, and had formed a definite idea of how the charge was made, and expected a substantially similar account of it from him, either they would not have believed him, or, what would have been worse, they would have come to the conclusion that Rostof was himself to blame for it, and that he had not undergone what he claimed to have undergone, since it did not agree with what is usually related of cavalry charges.

He could not tell them in so many words, that they had all started on the trot, that he had fallen from his horse, sprained his arm, and run away from the Frenchmen with all his might and main, into the forest. Moreover, in order to tell the story in its grim reality, he would have been obliged to exercise much self-control to tell only what had occurred. To tell the truth is very hard, and young men are rarely capable of it. It was expected of him to tell how he grew excited under the fire, and, forgetting everything, had dashed like a whirlwind against the square, how he had cut and slashed with his sabre right and left, as a knife cuts cheese, and how at length he had fallen from exhaustion, and the like. And that was what he told them.

In the midst of his tale, just as he was saying the words, "You can't imagine what a strange sensation of frenzy you experience during a charge," Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, whom Boris had been expecting, came into the room.

Prince Andrei, who liked to bear a patronizing relationship toward young men, was flattered by having Boris consigned to his protection, and was very well disposed toward him. Boris had succeeded in making a pleasant impression upon him, and he had made up his mind to have the young man's desire gratified. Being sent with despatches from Kutuzof to the Tsesarevitch, he had looked up his young *protégé*, expecting to find him alone. When he came in and found there a hussar of the Line, relating his military experiences, a sort of individual whom

the prince could not endure, he gave Boris an affectionate smile, scowled at Rostof, half closing his eyes, and with a stiff little bow, took his seat wearily and indifferently, on the sofa.

He was disgusted at finding himself in uncongenial society.

Rostof, feeling this instinctively, instantly took fire. But it was all the same to the prince: this was a stranger.

He looked at Boris, and saw that he seemed to be ashamed of being in company with a hussar of the Line. Notwithstanding Prince Andrei's disagreeable, mocking tone, notwithstanding the general scorn, which, from his point of view, as a hussar of the Line, Rostof shared for staff adjutants, to which number evidently belonged the gentleman who had just entered, Rostof felt overwhelmed with confusion, reddened, and grew silent. Boris asked what was the news at headquarters, and whether it were indiscretion for him to inquire about our future movements.

"Probably shall advance," replied Bolkonsky, evidently not wishing to commit himself further in the presence of strangers. Berg took advantage of his opportunity to ask with his usual politeness, whether it were true, as he had heard, that double rations of forage were to be supplied to captains of the line.

At this Prince Andrei smiled, and replied that he could not give an opinion in regard to such important questions of state, and Berg laughed heartily with delight.

"In regard to that matter of yours," said Prince Andrei, turning to Boris, again, "we will talk about it by and by," and he glanced at Rostof. "You come to me after the review; we will do all that is in our power." And glancing around the room, he addressed himself to Rostof, pretending not to notice his state of childish confusion, which was rapidly assuming the form of ill-temper. Said he,—

"I suppose you were telling about the affair at Schöngraben? Were you there?"

"Certainly, I was there," spitefully replied Rostof, as though desiring by his tone to insult the adjutant. Bolkonsky noticed the hussar's state of mind, and it seemed to him amusing. A scornful smile played lightly over his lips.

"Yes, there are many stories afloat now about that affair!"

"Stories, indeed!" exclaimed Rostof, in a loud voice, turning his angry eyes on Boris and Bolkonsky. "Yes, many stories; but the stories we tell are the accounts of those who were under the hottest fire of the enemy. Our accounts have some weight, and are very different from the stories of those

staff officers, milk suckers, who win rewards by doing nothing."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I am one of them?" demanded Prince Andrei, with a calm and very pleasant smile.

A strange feeling of anger and at the same time of respect for the dignity of this stranger were at this moment united in Rostof's mind.

"I was not speaking of you," said he. "I do not know you, and I confess I have no desire to know you. I merely made a general remark concerning staff officers."

"And I will say this much to you," said Prince Andrei, interrupting him, a tone of calm superiority ringing in his voice. "You wish to insult me, and I am ready to have a settlement with you, it being very easy to bring about, if you have not sufficient self-respect; but you must agree with me that the time and place are exceedingly unpropitious for any such settlement. We are all soon to take part in a great and far more serious duel, and moreover, Drubetskoi here, who says that he is an old friend of yours, cannot be held accountable for the fact that my face was unfortunate enough to displease you. However," he went on to say, as he got up, "You know my name, and you know where to find me; but don't forget," he added, "that I consider that neither I nor you have any ground for feeling insulted, and my advice, as a man older than you, is not to let this matter go any further. Well, Drubetskoi, on Friday, after the review, I shall expect you; *au revoir!*" cried Prince Andrei, and he went out with a bow to both of them.

It was only after Prince Andrei had left the room, that Rostof remembered what reply he should have made. And he was still more out of temper because he had not had the wit to say it. He immediately ordered his horse brought round, and bidding Boris farewell rather dryly, rode off to his own camp. "Should he go next day to headquarters and challenge this captious adjutant, or should he follow his advice and leave things as they were?" That was the question that tormented him all the way. At one moment, he angrily imagined how frightened this little, feeble, bumptious man would look when covered by his pistol; the next, he confessed with amazement, that of all the men whom he knew, there was none whom he should be more glad to have as his friend, than this same detestable adjutant.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the day following the meeting of Boris and Rostof, occurred the review of the Austrian and Russian troops, including those who had just arrived from Russia, as well as those who had made the campaign with Kutuzof. Both the Emperor of Russia, with the tsesarevitch, and the Emperor of Austria, with the archduke, reviewed this army, aggregating eighty thousand men.

Early in the morning, the soldiers, elegantly spruced and attired, began to move, falling into line in front of the fortress. Here thousands of legs and bayonets moved along with streaming banners, and at the command of their officers, halted or wheeled, or formed into detachments, passing by other similar bodies of infantry, in other uniforms.

There, with measured hoof beats and jingling of trappings came the cavalry gayly dressed in blue, red, and green embroidered uniforms with gayly-dressed musicians ahead, riding coal-black, chestnut, and gray horses.

Yonder, stretching out in a long line, with their polished shining cannon, jolting with a brazen din on their carriages, and with the smell of linstocks, came the artillery between the infantry and cavalry, and drew up in the places assigned them. Not only the generals in full dress uniform, with slender waists or stout waists, tightened in to the last degree, and with red necks tightly clasped by their collars, and wearing their scarfs and all their orders; not only the officers, pomaded and decked with all their glories, but all the soldiers, with shining, clean-washed and freshly shaven faces, and with all their appurtenances polished up to the highest lustre, and all the horses gayly caparisoned and groomed so that their coats were as glossy as satin, and every individual hair in their manes in exactly its proper place, had the consciousness that something grave, significant, and solemn was taking place. Every general and every soldier felt his own insignificance, counting himself as merely a grain of sand in this sea of humanity, and at the same time felt his power, when regarded as a part of this mighty whole.

By means of strenuous efforts and devoted energy, the preparations which had begun early in the morning were completed by ten o'clock, and everything was in proper order. The ranks were drawn up across the broad parade ground.

The whole army was arranged in three columns; in front the cavalry, then the artillery, and, in the rear the infantry.

Between each division of the army was a space like a street. The three divisions of this army were sharply contrasted with each other; Kutuzof's war-worn veterans — among whom on the right flank in the front row stood the Pavlogradsky hussars — the troops of the Line that had just arrived from Russia, and the regiments of the Guard and the Austrian army. But all stood in one line under one commander, and in identical order.

Like the wind rustling the leaves, a murmur agitated the lines: "They are coming! They are coming!" Vivacious shouts of command were heard, and throughout the whole army, like a wave, ran the bustle of the final preparations.

Far away in front of them, near Olmütz, appeared a group coming toward them. And at this moment, though the day was calm, a gentle breeze, as it were, stirred the army, and seemed to shake the pennoned pikes, and the loosened standards clinging to their staffs. It seemed as though the army itself by this slight tremor expressed its gladness at the approach of the emperors. The word of command was heard uttered by one voice, — *smirno*, eyes front! Then like the answering of cocks at daybreak, many voices repeated this command from point to point, and all grew still.

In the death-like silence, the only sound heard was the trampling of horses' feet. This was the suite of the emperors. The two monarchs rode along the left wing, and the bugles of the First Cavalry Regiment burst forth with the *general-marsch*. It seemed as if it were not the bugles that played this march, but as if the army itself, in its delight at the approach of the emperors, emitted these sounds. Their echoes had not died away, when the Emperor Alexander's affable young voice was distinctly heard addressing the men. He uttered the usual welcome, and the First Regiment gave forth one huzza so deafening, so long drawn out and expressive of joy, that the men themselves were amazed and awestruck at the magnitude and strength of the mass which they constituted: "Hurrah!"

Rostof standing in the front rank of Kutuzof's army, which the emperor first approached, shared the feeling experienced by every man in that army, a feeling of self-forgetfulness, a proud consciousness of invincibility and of passionate attachment to him on whose account all this solemn parade was prepared. He felt that the mere word of this man was only

needed for this mighty mass, including himself as an insignificant grain of sand, to dash through fire and water, to commit crime, to face death or perform the mightiest deeds of heroism, and therefore he could not help trembling, could not help his heart melting within him at the sight of this approaching Word.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" was roared on all sides, and one regiment after another welcomed the sovereigns with the music of the *general-marsch*, then renewed huzzas, the *general-marsch* and huzzas on huzzas, which growing louder and louder, mingled in one overpowering deafening tumult.

Until the sovereign came quite close, every regiment in its silence and rigidity seemed like a lifeless body, but as soon as the sovereign came abreast of it, the regiment woke to life and broke out into acclamations which mingled with the roar extending down the whole line past which the sovereign rode. Amid the tremendous deafening tumult of these thousands of voices, through the midst of the armies, standing in their squares as motionless as though they had been carved out of granite, moved easily, carelessly, but symmetrically, and above all with freedom and grace, the hundreds of riders constituting the suites, and in front of all — two men, the emperors! Upon them, and upon them alone, were concentrated the suppressed but eager attention of all that mass of warriors.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander in his Horse-guards' uniform and three-cornered hat worn point forward, with his pleasant face and clear but not loud voice, was the cynosure of all eyes.

Rostof stood not far from the buglers, and his keen glance recognized the emperor while he was still far off, and followed him as he drew near. When the Sovereign had approached to a distance of twenty paces, and Nikolai could clearly distinguish every feature of his handsome and radiant young face, he experienced a sense of affection and enthusiasm such as he had never before felt. Everything, every feature, every motion seemed to him bewitching in his sovereign.

Pausing in front of the Pavlograd regiment, the monarch said something in French to the Emperor of Austria and smiled.

Seeing this smile, Rostof himself involuntarily smiled also, and felt a still more powerful impulse of love toward his sovereign. He felt a burning desire to display this love in some way. He knew that this was impossible, and he felt like weeping.

The sovereign summoned the regimental commander and said a few words to him.

"*Bózhe moi!* what would happen to me, if the sovereign were to address me!" thought Rostof. "I should die of happiness!"

The emperor also addressed the officers,—

"Gentlemen," said he, and Rostof listened as to a voice from heaven. How happy would he have been now could he only die for his Tsar! "I thank you all from my heart! You have won the standards of the George, prove yourselves worthy of them!"

"Only to die, to die for him!" thought Rostof.

The sovereign said a few words more, which Rostof did not catch, and the soldiers, straining their throats, cried "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Rostof also joined with them, leaning forward in his saddle and shouting with all his might, willing to burst his lungs in his efforts to express the full extent of his enthusiasm for his sovereign.

The emperor stood a few seconds in front of the hussars as though he were undecided.

"How can the sovereign be undecided?" mused Rostof; but immediately even this indecision seemed to him a new proof of majesty and charm, like everything else that the sovereign did.

The emperor's indecision lasted only a moment. His foot, shod in a narrow, sharp-pointed boot, such as were worn at that time, pressed against the flank of the English-groomed bay mare on which he sat. The sovereign's hand, in a white glove, gathered up the reins, and he rode off, accompanied by a disorderly, tossing sea of adjutants.

As he kept riding farther and farther down the line, he kept halting in front of the different regiments, and at last only his white plume could be seen by Rostof, distinguishing him from the suite that accompanied the emperors.

In the number of those who accompanied the emperor, he noticed Bolkonsky, lazily and indifferently bestriding his steed. The yesterday evening's quarrel with him came into his mind, and the question arose whether or no he ought to challenge him. "Of course it is out of the question now," thought Rostof. "Is it worth while to think or to talk about such a thing at such a moment as this? At a time when one feels such impulses of love, enthusiasm, and self-renunciation, what consequence are our petty quarrels and prov-

ocations ? I love the whole world, I forgive every one now !” said Rostof to himself.

After the sovereign had ridden past almost all the regiments, the troops began to move in front of him in the “ceremonial march,” and Rostof, on his Bedouin, which he had recently bought of Denisof, rode at the end of his squadron, that is, alone, and in a most conspicuous position before his sovereign.

Just before he came up to where the emperor was, Rostof, who was an admirable horseman, plunged the spurs in Bedouin’s flanks, and urged him into that mad, frenzied gallop which Bedouin always took when he was excited. Pressing his foaming mouth back to his breast, arching his tail, and seeming to fly through the air, and spurning the earth, gracefully tossing and interweaving his legs, Bedouin, also conscious that the emperor’s eyes were fastened on him, dashed gallantly by.

Rostof himself, keeping his feet back, and sitting straight in his saddle, feeling himself one with his horse, rode by his sovereign with disturbed but beatific face ; “a very devil,” as Denisof expressed it.

“Bravo ! Pavlogradsui !” exclaimed the emperor.

“*Bözhe möi !* how happy I should be if he would only bid me to dash instantly into the fire !” thought Rostof.

When the review was ended, the officers who had just come from Russia and those of Kutuzof’s division, began to gather in groups and talk about the rewards of the campaign, about the Austrians and their uniforms, about their line of battle, about Bonaparte, and what a desperate position he had got himself into now, especially if Essen’s corps should join them, and Prussia should take their side.

But more than all else in each of these circles, the conversation ran on the Sovereign Alexander, and every word that he had spoken was repeated, and everything that he had done was praised, and all were enthusiastic over him.

All had but one single expectation : under the personal direction of the sovereign, to go with all speed against the enemy. Under the command of the emperor himself, it would be an impossibility not to win the victory over any one in the world : so thought Rostof and the majority of the officers.

After this review, all were more assured of victory than they could have been after the gaining of two battles.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the day following the review, Boris, dressed in his best uniform, and accompanied by the wishes of his comrade, Berg, for his success, rode off to Olmütz to find Bolkonsky, anxious to take advantage of his good will and secure a most brilliant position, especially the position of adjutant to some important personage, as this seemed to him the most attractive branch of the service.

"It's fine for Rostof, whose father sends him ten thousand at a time, to argue that he would not accept favors of any one, or be any one's lackey; but I, who have nothing except my brains, must pursue my career and not miss opportunities, but take advantage of them."

He did not find Prince Andrei in Olmütz that day. But the sight of the town where the imperial headquarters were situated, where the diplomatic corps were established, and both emperors were quartered with their suites, and courtiers, and intimates, only inspired the more desire in the young man's heart to belong to this exalted world.

He had no acquaintances, and, notwithstanding his elegant uniform of the Guards, all these superior people crowding the streets in handsome equipages, plumes, ribbons, and orders, these courtiers and warriors seemed to stand so immeasurably above him that not only they would not but they could not recognize the existence of such an insignificant officer of the Guards as he was. At the establishment of the commander-in-chief, Kutuzof, where he inquired for Bolkonsky, all the adjutants, and even the servants, looked at him as though it were their wish to inspire him with the idea that there was a great abundance of officers like him there and that all were very much annoyed by their presence.

In spite of this, or rather in direct consequence of this, on the very next day, the twenty-seventh, immediately after dinner, he went to Olmütz again, and going to the house occupied by Kutuzof, inquired for Bolkonsky.

Prince Andrei was at home, and Boris was ushered into a great drawing-room where probably in times gone by balls had been given, but which was now occupied by five beds, and a heterogenous medley of furniture; tables, chairs, and a harpsichord. One adjutant, in a Persian smoking jacket, was sitting at a table near the door and writing. Another, the stout

handsome Nevitsky, lay on his bed with his hands supporting his head, and laughing and talking with an officer who was sitting near him. A third was at the harpsichord playing a Viennese waltz; a fourth leaned on the harpsichord and was humming the air.

Bolkonsky was not in the room. Not one of these gentlemen, though they glanced at Boris, paid him the slightest attention. The one who was writing and whom Boris ventured to address, turned round with an air of annoyance and told him that Bolkonsky was on duty, and that he would find him by passing through the door on the left, and going to the reception-room if he wanted to see him. Boris thanked him and went to the reception-room. He found there ten or a dozen generals and other officers.

At the moment that Boris came in, Prince Andrei, with a contemptuous frown on his face and that peculiar look of well-bred weariness which says louder than words that "if it were not my duty, I should not think of wasting any more time talking with you," was listening to an old Russian general with orders on his breast, who was standing upright, almost on his tiptoes, and, with the servile expression characteristic of the military on his purple face, was laying his case before Prince Andrei.

"Very good, be kind enough to have patience," he was saying to the general in Russian, but with that French accent which he affected when he wished to speak rather scornfully; then, catching sight of Boris, and making no further reply to the general, who hastened after him with his petition, begging him to let him say just one thing more, Prince Andrei with a radiant smile and waving his hand to him, went to meet Boris.

Boris at this instant clearly understood what he had suspected before, that in the army there was, above and beyond the fact of subordination and discipline as laid down in the code, and which they in the regiments knew by heart, and which he knew as well as any one else, — there was another still more essential form of subordination, one which compelled this anxious general with the purple face to bide his time respectfully, while Captain Prince Andrei, for his own satisfaction, found it more interesting to talk with Ensign Drubetskoi. More than ever Boris decided henceforth not to act in accordance with the written law, but with this unwritten code. He now felt that merely through the fact of having been sent to Prince Andrei with a letter of recommendation he was allowed

to take precedence of this old general, who in other circumstances, at the front, for instance, might utterly humiliate him — a mere ensign of the Guards.

Prince Andrei came to meet him and gave him his hand.

"Very sorry that you missed me yesterday. I spent the whole day with the Germans. Went with Weirother to inspect the disposition of the troops. What fellows these Germans are for accuracy; there's no end to it!"

Boris smiled exactly as though he understood to what Prince Andrei referred. He affected to see in it a piece of generally known information, but really this was the first time that he had heard Weirother's name, and even the word *dispozitsiya*.

"Well, now, my dear, so you would still like to become an adjutant, would you? I was just thinking about you."

"Yes," replied Boris, in spite of himself, reddening at the very thought, "I was thinking of calling upon the commander-in-chief; he has had a letter in regard to me from Prince Kuragin; I wanted to ask it," he added, as though by way of apology, "because I was afraid the Guards would not take part in any action."

"Very good, very good! We will talk it all over," said Prince Andrei. "Only let me finish up this gentleman's business and I will be at your service."

While Prince Andrei went to report on the business of the purple-faced general, this general, evidently not sharing Boris's comprehension in regard to the advantages of the unwritten code, glared so fiercely at the audacious young ensign who had interrupted his conversation with the adjutant, that Boris grew uncomfortable. He turned away and waited impatiently for Prince Andrei's return from the commander-in-chief's private room.

"Well, my dear fellow, as I said, I was just thinking of you," said Prince Andrei, as they went into the big room where the harpsichord was. "There is no use in your going to call on the commander-in-chief," he went on to say; "he will make you pleasant enough speeches, he will have you invited to dinner." ("That would not be so bad according to this other code," thought Boris, in his own mind), "but nothing more would come of it; if it did, there would soon be a whole battalion of us adjutants and orderlies. But I tell you what we'll do; I have a good friend who is general adjutant, and a splendid man, Prince Dolgorukof, — and perhaps you may not know this, but it is a fact, that just now Kutuzof and his

staff and all of us, are of mighty little consequence; everything at the present time is centred on the emperor, — so let us go to Dolgorukof; I have an errand to him anyway, and I have already spoken to him of you, so we will see whether he can't find the means of giving you a place on his own staff, or somewhere even nearer to the sun."

Prince Andrei always showed great energy when he had the chance to lend a young man a hand and help him to worldly success. Under cover of the assistance granted another, and which he would have been too proud to accept for himself, he came within the charmed circle which was the source of success, and in reality a powerful attraction for him. He very readily took Boris under his wing and went with him to Prince Dolgorukof.

It was already quite late in the afternoon when they reached the palace of Olmütz, occupied by the emperors and their immediate followers.

On this very day there had been a council of war in which all the members of the Hofkriegsrath and the two emperors had taken part. In the council it had been decided, contrary to the advice of the old generals, Kutuzof and Schwartzenberg, to act immediately on the offensive and offer Bonaparte general battle.

The council had only just adjourned when Prince Andrei, accompanied by Boris, entered the palace in search of Prince Dolgorukof. Already the magic impression of this war council, which had resulted in victory for the younger party, could be seen in the faces of all whom they met at headquarters. The voices of the temporizers who advised further postponement of the attack had been so unanimously drowned out and their arguments confuted by such indubitable proofs of the advantage of immediate attack, that the subject of their deliberations — that is, the impending engagement and the victory which would doubtless result from it, — seemed to be a thing of the past rather than of the future.

All the advantages were on our side. The enormous forces, of the allies, doubtless far outnumbering Napoleon's forces, were concentrated at one point; the armies were inspired by the presence of the emperors, and eager for action; the "strategical point" where the battle was to be fought, was known in its minutest details, to the Austrian General Weirother who would take the direction of the army; it happened also, by a fortunate coincidence, that the Austrian army had manœuvred the previous year on these very plans where now it

was proposed that they should meet the French in battle; all the features of the ground were well known, and accurately delineated on the maps, and Bonaparte, evidently weakened, was making no preparations to meet them.

Dolgorukof, one of the most fiery partisans in favor of immediate attack, had only just returned from the council, weary and jaded, but full of excitement and proud of the victory won. Prince Andrei introduced the young officer, whom he had taken under his protection, but Prince Dolgorukof, though he politely and even warmly pressed his hand, said nothing to him, and being evidently unable to refrain from expressing the thoughts that occupied him at this time to the exclusion of everything else, turned to Prince Andrei and said in French, "Well, my dear fellow, what a struggle we've been having! May God only grant that the one which will result from it will be no less victorious! One thing, my dear fellow," said he, speaking eagerly and brusquely, "I must confess my injustice to these Austrians, and especially to Weirother! What exactness and care for details! what accurate knowledge of the localities! what foresight for contingencies! what thoughts for all the minutest details! No, my friend, nothing more advantageous than the condition in which we find ourselves could possibly be imagined. Austrian accuracy and Russian valor combined! what more could you desire?"

"So an engagement has been actually determined upon?" asked Bolkonsky.

"And do you know, my dear, it seems to me that really Bonaparte 'has lost his Latin.' Did you know a letter was received from him to-day addressed to the emperor?"

Dolgorukof smiled significantly.

"What's that? What did he write?" asked Bolkonsky.

"What could he write? Tradiridira and so forth, merely for the sake of gaining time; that's all. I tell you, he's right in our hands; that's certain! But the most amusing thing of all," said he, with a good-natured smile, "was this, that no one could think how it was best to address the reply to him! Not as 'consul,' and still less as emperor of course; I supposed it would be to General Bonaparte."

"But there is considerable difference between not recognizing him as emperor and addressing him as General Bonaparte," said Bolkonsky.

"That's the very point," said Dolgorukof, interrupting him with a laugh, and speaking rapidly. "You know Bilibin — he's

a very clever man — he proposed to address him as ‘Usurper and Enemy of the Human Race.’” Dolgorukof broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

“Was that all?” remarked Bolkonsky.

“But in the end it was Bilibin who invented a serious title for the address. He’s a shrewd and clever man!”

“What was it?”

“‘Head of the French Government,’— *au chef du gouvernement français*,” replied Prince Dolgorukof gravely, and with satisfaction. “Say, now, wasn’t that good?”

“Very good, but it won’t please him much,” replied Bolkonsky.

“Oh not at all! My brother knows him; he’s dined with him more than once, — with the present emperor at Paris, and told me that he never saw a more refined and cunning diplomat! French *finesse* combined with Italian astuteness, you know! You’ve heard the anecdotes about him and Count Markof, haven’t you? Count Markof was the only man who could meet him on his own ground. You know the story of the handkerchief? It’s charming!” And the loquacious Dolgorukof, turning now to Boris, now to Prince Andrei, told how Bonaparte, wishing to test Markof, our ambassador, purposely dropped his handkerchief in front of him and stood looking at him apparently expecting Markof to hand it to him, and how Markof instantly dropped his handkerchief beside Bonaparte’s, and stooping down picked it up, leaving Bonaparte’s where it lay.

“*Charmant!*” exclaimed Bolkonsky. “But prince, I have come as a petitioner in behalf of this young man here. Do you know whether” — but before Prince Andrei had time to finish, an adjutant came into the room with a summons for Prince Dolgorukof to go to the emperor.

“Ah! what a nuisance!” exclaimed Dolgorukof, hurriedly rising and pressing Prince Andrei and Boris’s hands, “You know I should be very glad to do all in my power either for you or for this charming young man.” Once more he pressed Boris’s hand with an expression of good-natured frankness and mercurial heedlessness. “But we’ll see about it. See you another time!”

Boris was greatly excited by the thought of being so near to such exalted powers. He felt that here he was almost in contact with the springs which set in motion all these enormous masses of which he and his regiment appeared to be a small, humble, and insignificant part.

They followed Prince Dolgorukof into the corridor. Just then, from out the door leading into the sovereign's apartments, through which Dolgorukof was going, came a short individual in civil attire, with an intellectual face and a strongly pronounced and prominent lower jaw, which without disfiguring him lent especial energy and mobility to his expression. This short man nodded to Dolgorukof as to a friend, and came along straight toward Prince Andrei with a fixed cold stare, evidently expecting him to make a bow, or to stand out of the way for him. Prince Andrei did neither; a wrathful expression came into his face, and the young man, turning about went down the corridor in the other direction.

"Who was that?" asked Boris.

"That is one of the most remarkable, and to me, most detestable of men,—the minister of foreign affairs, Prince Adam Czartorisky. Those are the men," said Bolkonsky, with a sigh which he could not stifle, as they left the palace, "those are the men who decide the fate of nations."

On the next day the armies were set in motion, and Boris had no opportunities, until the battle of Austerlitz itself, to meet either Prince Bolkonsky or Dolgorukof, and remained for the time being in his regiment.

CHAPTER X.

At dawn, on the twenty-eighth, Denisof's squadron, in which Nikolai Rostof served, and which belonged to Prince Bagration's division, marched out from its bivouac to battle, as it was said, and after proceeding about a verst, behind the other columns, was halted on the highway.

Rostof saw the Cossacks riding forward past them, then the first and second squadron of hussars, and battalions of infantry and artillery; and then the generals, Bagration and Dolgorukof, and their adjutants also rode by.

All the fear which, just as at the previous battles, he had experienced before the action, all the internal conflict, by means of which he had overcome this fear, all his dreams of how he would distinguish himself, hussar fashion, in this action were wasted. Their squadron were stationed in the reserve, and Nikolai Rostof spent that day bored and anxious.

About nine o'clock in the morning, he heard at the front the sounds of musketry firing, huzzas, and shouting; he saw some wounded men carried to the rear (there were not many

of them), and at last he beheld a whole division of French cavalymen conducted by in charge of a *sotnya* of Cossacks. Evidently, the action was at an end, and though it appeared to be of small magnitude, it was attended with success. The soldiers and the officers, as they returned, narrated the story of their brilliant victory, resulting in the occupation of the city of Wischau, and the capture of a whole squadron of the French.

The day was clear and sunny, after the nipping frost of the night before, and the joyful brilliancy of an autumn day seemed to harmonize with the news of the victory, which was confirmed not only by the narratives of those who had taken part in it, but still more by the enthusiastic faces of the soldiers, officers, generals, and adjutants, passing this way and that before Rostof. Nikolai's heart was the heavier for having suffered to no purpose all the pangs of fear anticipatory of the battle, and then being obliged to spend this glorious day in inaction.

"Wostof, come here! Let us ddown our sow'ow in dwink!" cried Denisof, seated on the edge of the road, with a flask and lunch spread before him. The officers gathered in a circle around Denisof's bottle-case, eating their lunch and chatting.

"Here they come, bringing another!" exclaimed one of the officers, pointing to a French dragoon who had been made prisoner, and was walking along under guard of two Cossacks. One of them was leading by the bridle a large, handsome French horse that had been taken from the prisoner.

"Sell us the horse?" cried Denisof to the Cossack.

"Certainly, your nobility."

The officers sprang up and crowded around the Cossacks and the prisoner. The French dragoon was a young Alsatian, speaking French with a German accent. He was quite out of breath with emotion; his face was crimson. Hearing the officers talking French, he began to speak with them eagerly, turning to one and another of them. He told them that he ought not to have been taken, and that it was not his fault he was taken, but the fault of *le caporal*, who had sent him to get some caparisons, and that he told him the Russians were already there. And at the end of every sentence, he added: "*Mais qu'on ne fasse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!* — don't let them harm my little horse!" at the same time patting his coat.

It was evident that he didn't understand very well what had happened to him. Now he apologized for having been

captured, then, as though he imagined himself in the presence of his own superiors, he vaunted his strict attention to the duties of a soldier and his zeal in the service. He brought with him to our rearguard in all its freshness the very atmosphere of the French army, which was so foreign to our men.

The Cossacks sold the horse for two ducats, and Rostof, who was just now possessed of money in plenty, and was the richest of the officers, bought it.

"*Mais qu'on ne fuisse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!*" said the Alsatian good naturedly to Rostof, when the horse was handed over to the hussar.

Rostof, with a smile, reassured the dragoon, and gave him some money.

"*Alyo! Alyo!*" said the Cossack, attempting to speak in French, and touching the prisoner's arm to make him move on.

"*Gosudár! gosudár!* — the emperor! the emperor!" was suddenly heard among the hussars. All was hurry and confusion as the officers scattered, and Rostof distinguished down the road a number of horsemen with white plumes in their hats riding toward them. In a moment's time, all were in their places and waiting.

Rostof did not remember and had no consciousness of how he got to his place and mounted his horse. Instantly his disappointment at not being present at the skirmish, the mutinous frame of mind that he had felt during the hours of inaction, passed away; every thought about himself instantly vanished; he was perfectly absorbed in the sense of happiness arising from the proximity of his sovereign! He felt himself compensated by the mere fact of his presence for all the loss of the day. He was as happy as a lover, in expectation of the wished-for meeting! Not daring to look down the line, and not glancing around, he felt his approach by his enthusiastic sense. And he felt this not alone by the mere trampling of the horse's hoofs as the cavalcade rode along, but he felt it because in proportion as they drew near, all around him grew brighter, more radiant with joy, more impressive and festive. Nearer and nearer came what was the sun for Rostof, scattering around him rays of blissful and majestic light, and now at last he realized that he was enveloped by these rays; he heard his voice, that affable, serene, majestic, and at the same time utterly unaffected voice. A dead silence ensued, just as Rostof felt ought to be the case, and this silence was broken by the sound of his sovereign's voice, —

"*Les huzards de Pavlograd?*" he asked.

"*La réserve, sire,*" replied some other voice, a merely human voice, after the superhuman voice which had asked if they were the Pavlograd hussars.

The emperor came up near where Rostof was and reined in his horse. Alexander's face was still more beautiful than it had been three days before at the time of the parade. It fairly beamed with delight and youthful spirits,—such innocently youthful spirits that it reminded one of the sportiveness of a fourteen year old lad; and yet, nevertheless, it was the face of a majestic emperor! Chancing to glance down the squadron, the sovereign's eyes met Rostof's, and for upwards of two seconds gazed into them. May be the sovereign read what was passing in Rostof's soul; it certainly seemed to Rostof that he must know it; at all events, he fixed his blue eyes for the space of two seconds on Rostof's face. (A sweet and gentle light seemed to emanate from them.) Then suddenly his eyebrows contracted, and with a brusque movement of his left foot he spurred his horse and galloped forward.

The young emperor could not restrain his desire to be present at the battle, and in spite of all the objections of his courtiers, he managed about twelve o'clock to leave the third column, under whose escort he had been moving, and spurred off to the front. But before he reached the hussars he was met by adjutants with the report of the happy issue of the skirmish.

The engagement, which was merely the capture of a squadron of the French, was represented as a brilliant victory, and consequently the sovereign, and the whole army, after this, and especially before the smoke had cleared away from the field of battle, were firmly convinced that the French were conquered and were in full retreat.

A few minutes after the passing of the sovereign, the division of the Pavlograd hussars were ordered to advance. In the little German town of Wischau, Rostof saw the emperor yet a second time. In the town square, where, just before the sovereign's arrival, there had been a pretty lively interchange of shots, still lay a number of men, killed and wounded, whom it had not been possible as yet to remove.

The sovereign, surrounded by his suite of military and civil attendants, and riding a chestnut mare, groomed in English style, though not the same one which he had ridden in the parade, leaning over and gracefully holding a gold *lorgnette* to his eye, was looking at a soldier stretched out on the ground, without his shako, and with his head all covered with blood.

The soldier was so filthy, rough, and disgusting, that Rostof was quite affronted that he should be so near his majesty. Rostof saw how the sovereign's stooping shoulders contracted, as though a chill ran down his back, and how his left heel convulsively pressed the spur into the horse's side, and how the admirably trained animal looked around good-naturedly and did not stir from his place.

An adjutant dismounted, and taking the soldier under the arm, assisted to lift him to a stretcher which had just been brought.

The soldier groaned.

"Gently, gently! can't you lift him more gently!" exclaimed the sovereign, apparently suffering more keenly than the dying soldier, and he rode away.

Rostof saw the tears that filled his monarch's eyes, and heard him say in French to Czartorisky as he rode away,—

"What a terrible thing war is, what a terrible thing!—*Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!*"

The vanguard had been stationed in front of Wischau, in sight of the enemy's pickets, who had left us the place after desultory firing that had lasted all day. The vanguard had been personally congratulated and thanked by the emperor, rewards had been promised, and a double portion of vodka had been dealt out to the men. The bivouac fires crackled even more merrily than the night before, and the soldiers' songs rang out with still greater gusto.

Denisof that night, gave a supper in honor of his promotion as major, and Rostof, who had already taken his share of wine, at the end of the merrymaking proposed a toast to the sovereign's health: "Not the sovereign emperor, the *gosudár-imperátor*, as he is called in official circles," said he, "but the health of the sovereign, as a kind-hearted, lovable, and great man,—let us drink to his health, and to our probable victory over the French. If we fought well before," he went on to say, "and gave no quarter to the French at Schöngraben, will not this be the case now when he himself leads us? We will all die, gladly die for him! Isn't that so, gentlemen? Perhaps I do not express myself very well, for I have been drinking a good deal, but that's what I feel, and so do you all! To the health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" rang the hearty voices of the officers. And the old Captain Kirsten shouted just as heartily and no less sincerely than the twenty-year-old Rostof.

When the officers had drunken the toast and broken their

glasses, Kirsten got a fresh one and filled it, and in his shirt-sleeves and riding-trousers, with the glass in his hand, went to the camp-fire of some of the soldiers, and assuming a majestic pose, waving his hand over his head, stood with his long, grey mustache and white chest visible under his unbuttoned shirt, in the firelight,—

“Children! to the health of the sovereign emperor, to victory over our enemies! Hurrah!” he cried in his youthful-old hussar’s baritone.

The hussars crowded around, and answered in friendly wise with a tremendous shout.

Late that night, when all had separated, Denisof laid his stubby hand on his favorite Rostof’s shoulder,—

“In the field, no woom for love affairs, when one’s so much in love with the tsar!” said he.

“Denisof! Don’t jest on this subject!” cried Rostof. “This is such an exalted, such a noble feeling, that”—

“I agwee with you, I agwee with you, my fwiend, I understand, I appwove”—

“No, you can’t understand it!” and Rostof got up and began to wander among the watch-fires, and dreamed of what bliss it would be to die—as to losing his life, he did not dare to think of that!—but simply to die in the presence of his sovereign. He was really in love, not only with the tsar, but also with the glory of the Russian arms, and the hope of impending victory. And he was not the only one who experienced this feeling on the memorable days that preceded the battle of Austerlitz: nine-tenths of the men composing the Russian army were at that time in love, though perhaps less ecstatically, with their tsar and the glory of the Russian arms.

CHAPTER XI.

On the following day, the sovereign remained in Wischau. His body physician Villiers was several times called to see him, and not only at headquarters, but in the various corps, the report was spread abroad that the emperor was ill. He had eaten nothing that day, and had slept badly the night before, so those who were in his counsels reported. This indisposition proceeded from the powerful impression produced upon his sensitive soul by the sight of the wounded and the killed.

At daybreak, on the twenty-ninth, a French officer with a

flag of truce passed the sentinels, and was brought into Wischau, demanding a personal interview with the Russian Emperor.

This officer was Savary.

The sovereign had just fallen asleep, and therefore Savary was obliged to wait. At noon he was admitted into the emperor's presence, and at the end of an hour came out and rode, accompanied by Prince Dolgorukof, back to the pickets of the French army.

It was soon reported that the purpose of Savary's mission was a proposal for a meeting of the emperor with Napoleon. This personal meeting was refused, much to the gratification and delight of the whole army, and in the sovereign's place Prince Dolgorukof, the conqueror of Wischau was delegated to confer with Napoleon, if contrary to anticipation he should express a genuine desire for peace.

In the evening Dolgorukof returned, went directly to the sovereign and was closeted a long time with him alone.

On the thirtieth of November and the first of December, the armies moved forward two more stages, and the advanced pickets of the enemy, after slight skirmishes, retired. Before noon of December first, there began in the upper circles of the army a vigorous stirring, and exciting movement, which continued until the morning of the second of December, when was fought the world-renowned battle of Austerlitz.

Up till the afternoon of the first, the movement, the excited conversations, the galloping about and carrying of messages was confined to the headquarters of the two emperors; in the afternoon of the same day, the excitement was communicated to Kutuzof's headquarters, and to the staffs of the division commanders. By evening this movement had spread by means of the adjutants to all the remotest portions of the army, and during the night that followed the first of December, the enormous mass of eighty thousand men comprising the allied armies, arose from their bivouacs with a hum of voices, and stirred and wavered like a mighty fabric ten versts in length.

The concentrated movement, beginning in the morning at the headquarters of the emperors and finally giving its impulse to the whole, even to the remotest parts, was analogous to the first movement of the central wheel of a great tower clock. The one wheel moves slowly, it starts another, — a third; and ever more and more swiftly the wheels, pulleys, pinions, begin to revolve, the chimes of bells to play, the figures to go

through their evolutions, the hands to move in measured time, showing the results of the motions.

As in the mechanism of the clock, so in the mechanism of this military movement; no less irresistibly they move even to the last resultant, when once the impulse is given and just as impassively immovable, up to the moment when the movement is started, are the parts of the mechanisms as yet unstirred by their work. The wheels whizz on their axles, the cogs catch, the revolving sheaves hiss in their rapid motion, but the next wheel is as yet as calm and immovable as though it had before it a century to remain in immobility; and then its moment comes, the cog has caught, and becoming subject to the motion the wheel begins to whirr as it revolves and takes part in an activity, the results and aim of which are incomprehensible to it.

Just as in the clock the result of the complicated motions of numberless and different wheels and pulleys is merely to move the hands slowly and in measured rhythm so as to tell the time, so the result of all the complicated human motions of these one hundred and sixty thousand Russians and French — all the passions, desires, regrets, humiliations, sufferings, transports of pride, panic, enthusiasm of all these men was merely the loss of the battle of Austerlitz, called the Battle of the Three Emperors; in other words, the measured forward motion of the hand of universal history on the dial of humanity.

Prince Andrei was on duty this day, and constantly by the side of the commander-in-chief.

About six o'clock in the evening, Kutuzof came to the headquarters of the emperors, and after a short audience with his sovereign, went to see Count Tolstoi, the Ober-hofmarshal, master of supplies.

Bolkonsky took advantage of this time to run into Dolgorukof's to find out about the impending engagement. Prince Andrei felt that Kutuzof was dissatisfied and out of sorts for some reason or other, and that he was out of favor at headquarters, and that all whom he met at the emperor's headquarters behaved toward him like men who know more than others know, and it was for this reason that he was anxious for a talk with Dolgorukof.

"Well, how you, *mon cher*?" exclaimed Dolgorukof, who was drinking tea with Bilibin. "The celebration comes tomorrow! — What's the matter with your old man? He seems out of sorts?"

"I should not say that he was out of sorts, but I think that he would like to have been listened to."

"Well, he was listened to at the council of war, and he will be when he is willing to talk business, but to be temporizing and waiting for something now that Bonaparte fears a general engagement more than anything else, is impossible."

"And so you've seen him, have you?" asked Prince Andrei. "Well, what sort of a man is this Bonaparte? What impression did he produce upon you?"

"Yes, I have seen him, and I am convinced that he is more afraid of a general engagement than of anything else in the world," replied Dolgorukof, evidently laying great store by this general conclusion drawn from his interview with Napoleon. "If he were not afraid of a general battle, why should he have demanded this interview, and entered into negotiations, and above all retreated, when retreating is contrary to his entire method of carrying on war? Believe me, he is afraid — afraid of a general engagement; his hour is at hand! Mark my words!"

"But tell me, about him, what kind of a man is he?" asked Prince Andrei.

"He is a man in a gray overcoat, very anxious for me to address him as 'your majesty,' and very much affronted because I gave him no title at all. That's the kind of a man he is, and that's all I can say!" replied Dolgorukof, looking at Bilibin with a smile. "In spite of my perfect confidence in old Kutuzof," he went on to say, "we should all be in a fine state if we kept on waiting for something to happen, and thereby giving him the chance to outflank us or play some trick upon us, now when he's right in our hands evidently. No, it's not a good thing to forget Suvarof and his rule: 'it's a better policy to attack than to be attacked.' I assure you, in war the energy of young men often points out the way more wisely than all the experience of old tacticians."

"But in what position are we going to attack him? I was at the advanced posts to-day, and it is impossible to make out where his main force is stationed," said Prince Andrei. He was anxious to explain to Dolgorukof a plan of attack of his own that he had devised.

"Oh, it is of absolutely no consequence," replied Dolgorukof, hastily getting up and spreading a map on the table. "All contingencies are foreseen. If he is posted at Brtnn." —

And Prince Dolgorukof rapidly and not very clearly unfolded Weirother's plan for a flank movement.

Prince Andrei hastened to raise objections and to expound his own plan. Perhaps it was fully as good as Weirother's, but it had one serious fault — that Weirother's had been approved instead. As soon as Prince Andrei began to point out the disadvantages of Weirother's, and the excellencies of his own plan, Prince Dolgorukof ceased listening to him and looked absently not at the map, but at Prince Andrei's face.

"Well, there is to be a council of war this evening at Kutuzof's; there you will have a chance to deliver your views," said Dolgorukof.

"I certainly shall," said Prince Andrei, pushing the map aside.

"And what are you struggling over, gentlemen?" asked Bilibin, who until now had been listening to their discussion with a gay smile, and had at last made up his mind to get some sport out of it. "Whether we have a victory or a defeat to-morrow, the glory of the Russian arms is assured. Except our Kutuzof, there isn't a single Russian division commander. The heads are Herr Général Wimpfen, le Comte de Langeron, le Prince de Lichtenstein, le Prince de Hohenlohe et enfin Prscz — Prscz — and all the rest of the alphabet, like all Polish names."

"Hush, *mauvaise langue!*" said Dolgorukof, — "It isn't so, for here are two others, Russians, Miloradovitch and Dokhturof, and we might count Count Arakcheyef as a third, but he has weak nerves."

"Well, I think Mikhail Iliaronovitch must have come out," said Prince Andrei, "I wish you all happiness and success, gentlemen," he added, and after shaking hands with Dolgorukof and Bilibin, went in search of Kutuzof.

On the way back to their quarters, Prince Andrei could not refrain from asking Kutuzof who sat in moody silence beside him, what he thought of the approaching engagement.

Kutuzof looked sternly at his adjutant, and after a moment of silence replied, "I think that the battle will be lost, and so I told Count Tolstoi, and begged him to repeat it to the sovereign, and what do you think was the answer he gave me? 'Ah, my dear general, rice and cutlets occupy me; you attend to the affairs of war!'"* Yes, that's the way they answer me!"

* *Eh, mon cher général, je me mêle de riz et des cotelettes, mêlez vous des affaires de la guerre.*

CHAPTER XII.

AT ten o'clock that evening Weirother came with his plans to Kutuzof's headquarters, where the council of war was to be convened. All the division commanders had been summoned to meet at the commander-in-chief's, and with the exception of Prince Bagration, who excused himself, all appeared at the appointed hour.

Weirother, who was the chief promoter of the proposed engagement, presented by his eagerness and vehemence a sharp contrast to the dissatisfied and sleepy-looking Kutuzof, who in spite of himself was obliged to preside as chairman over the council of war.

Weirother evidently felt that he was the head centre of the movement which had already become irresistible. He was like a horse harnessed into a loaded team and going down hill. He knows not whether he is pulling it or whether it is forcing him onward; but he is borne down with all possible rapidity, and has no time to deliberate on the outcome of this downward motion.

Weirother twice that afternoon had been out personally to inspect the enemy's pickets, and had twice called on the Russian and Austrian Emperors with his reports and explanations, and had been to his own chancery where he had dictated his dispositions in German. And now, all worn out, he came to Kutuzof's.

He was evidently so full of his own ideas that he forgot to be civil to the commander-in-chief; he interrupted him, spoke rapidly and incoherently, not looking into the face of his colleague, not replying to the questions asked him, and he was spattered with mud and had a woebegone haggard, distracted, but at the same time self-conceited and haughty appearance.

Kutuzof occupied a small manor house near Austerlitz. In the large drawing-room, which had been converted into a cabinet for the commander-in-chief, were gathered all the members of the council of war, including Kutuzof himself and Weirother. They were drinking tea. They were only waiting for Bagration in order to open the council session. Shortly after ten o'clock, Bagration's orderly rode over with the message that the prince was unable to be present. Prince Andrei came in to report this to the commander-in-chief, and

improving the permission previously granted by Kutuzof to be present at the council, remained in the room.

"Well, then, as Prince Bagration is not to be here, we may as well begin," exclaimed Weirother, hastily jumping up from his seat and going over to the table whereon was spread a large map of the environs of Brünn.

Kutuzof with his uniform unbuttoned, apparently to give greater freedom to his stout neck clasped by his collar, was sitting in a Voltaire chair, with his plump, aged-looking hands symmetrically placed on the arms, and was almost asleep. At the sound of Weirother's voice he with difficulty opened his one eye.

"Yes, yes, please, else it will be late," said he, nodding his head, he let it sink, and again closed his eye.

If, at first, the members of the council supposed that Kutuzof was only pretending to sleep, this time the sounds that proceeded from his nose during the course of the subsequent reading were sufficient proof that what occupied the commander-in-chief was vastly more serious to him than his desire to express scorn for the plan of battle, or anything else: what concerned him at that moment was the invincible requirement of human nature, sleep. He was actually napping!

Weirother, with the action of a man too much occupied to waste a moment of time, glanced at Kutuzof, and though he perceived that he was asleep, took his paper, and in a loud, monotonous tone began to read his plan for the disposition of forces for the impending engagement, under the heading, which he also read, "Distribution of the forces for the attack on the enemy's position behind Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, November 30, 1805."

The "disposition" was very complicated and difficult to comprehend. In the original German, it was to the following effect,*—

"Since the enemy rests his left wing on the wooded mountains, and his right wing stretches along by Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, behind the ponds that are there; while we, on the other hand, far outnumber his right wing with our left—it is, therefore, for our advantage to attack the

* *Da der Feind mit seinem linken Flügel an die mit Wald bedeckten Berge lehnt, und sich mit seinen rechten Flügel längs Kobelnitz und Sokolnitz hinter die dort befindlichen Teiche zieht, wir im Gegentheil mit unserem linken Flügel seinen rechten sehr debordiren, so ist es vortheilhaft letzeren Flügel des Feindes zu attackiren, besonders wenn wir die Dörfer Sokolnitz und Kobelnitz im Besitze haben wodurch wir dem Feind zugleich in die Flanke fallen und ihn auf der Fläche zwischen Schlapanitz und dem Thürassa Walde verfolgen können indem wir die Deflees von Schlapanitz und Bellowitz ausweichen, welche die feindliche Front decken. Zu diesem Endzwecke ist es nöthig:— Die erste Kolonne marschirt— die zweite Kolonne marschirt— die dritte Kolonne marschirt— u. s. w.*

enemy's right wing, especially if we are in possession of the villages of Sokolnitz and Kobelnitz, because we should immediately fall upon the enemy's flanks, and be able to drive him across the plain between Schlapanitz and the Thuerass forest, and avoid the defiles of Schlapanitz and Bellowitz, which protect the enemy's front. To this end it is necessary: the first column must march — the second column must march — the third column must march" — and so on.

Thus read Weirother. The generals found it hard to listen to the tedious details of the scheme. The tall, fair-haired, General Buxhövdén stood leaning against the wall, and, resting his eyes on one of the lighted candles, seemed neither to listen nor wish it to be supposed that he was listening. Directly opposite Weirother sat Miloradovitch, with his brilliant, wide-open eyes, ruddy face, and elevated mustache and shoulders. In soldierly attitude, resting his hands on his knees, with the elbows turned out, he preserved a stubborn silence, gazing directly into Weirother's face, and taking his eyes from him only when the Austrian commander paused. Then, Miloradovitch looked significantly at the other generals. But it was utterly impossible to tell by this significant look whether he agreed or disagreed, whether he were satisfied or dissatisfied with the proposed plan.

Nearest of all to Weirother, sat the Count de Langeron, and with a shrewd smile, which did not once during the reading vanish from his Southern French countenance, he gazed at his slender fingers, rapidly twirling by the corners his gold snuff-box adorned with a miniature portrait. In the midst of one of the longest sentences, he stopped this whirling of his snuff-box, raised his head, and, with a disagreeable show of politeness, carried to extremes, he interrupted him, and started to make some remark; but the Austrian general, not pausing in his task, frowned angrily, and made a gesture with his elbows, as much as to say; "Wait, wait, you shall tell me your ideas by and by; now be good enough to look at the map and follow me!"

Langeron threw up his eyes with an expression of perplexity, glanced at Miloradovitch, as though seeking for an explanation; but meeting Miloradovitch's significant but enigmatical glance, he looked away gloomily, and began once more to twirl his snuff-box.

"*Une leçon de géographie!*" he exclaimed, as if to himself, but loud enough to be heard by the others.

Prszebiszewsky, with respectful but dignified politeness, held one hand to the ear nearest Weirother, and had the appearance of a man whose attention is perfectly absorbed.

Dokhturof, small in stature, sat opposite Weirother with attentive and modest mien, and leaned over the map unrolled before him, and conscientiously followed the scheme as it was evolved, studying the places which he did not know. Several times he begged Weirother to repeat some word that he had failed to understand, or the names of villages that were hard for him to catch. Weirother complied with his request, and Dokhturof wrote them down in his notebook.

When the reading, which had lasted upwards of an hour, was completed, Langeron, again laying down his snuff-box, and without looking at Weirother, or any one in particular, began to discourse on the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan of battle, even where the position of the enemy was known, and particularly when the position of the enemy could not be known, owing to their constant changing from one place to another.

Langeron's objections were well taken, but it was evident that their *animus* came from a desire to show General Weirother, who had been reading his plan of attack in the most conceited manner, as though to a pack of schoolboys, that he was dealing not with dunces but with men who were able to give even him lessons in the art of waging war.

When Weirother's monotonous voice ceased, Kutuzof opened his eyes, like a miller who wakes the moment the soporific sounds of his mill wheels are interrupted; he listened to what Langeron said, and then, as much as to say, "Well, what nonsense you all are capable of uttering," hurriedly closed his eyes again, and let his head sink even lower on his breast.

Langeron, endeavoring to wound Weirother as cruelly as possible in his self-love as an author and soldier, went on to show that Bonaparte might easily attack instead of waiting to be attacked, and, consequently, make all this elaborate plan of battle perfectly nugatory. Weirother replied to all these objections with a steady, scornful smile, that was evidently prepared beforehand against everything that might be said to him,—

"If he had been able to attack us, he would have done so to-day," said he.

"You think that he is weak, do you?" asked Langeron.

"He is well off if he has forty thousand men," replied Weirother, with the smile of a regular practitioner to whom a woman doctor wishes to suggest some remedy.

"In that case, he is rushing on his own ruin by waiting for us to attack him," said Langeron, with a slight, ironical

smile, looking to Miloradovitch again for confirmation. But Miloradovitch was apparently thinking least of all of what the generals were contending about,—

“*Ma foi!*” said he, “to-morrow we shall find out all about it on the battle-field!”

Weirother again indulged in that smile which said that to *him* it was absurd and strange to meet the objections of the Russian generals toward what not only he himself, but the sovereign emperors had had faith in.

“The enemy have quenched their fires, and a constant rumble has been heard in his camp,” said he. “What does that signify? Either he is retreating, which is the only thing that we have to fear, or he is changing his position.” He smiled. But even if he should take up his position in Thrassa he is merely saving us great trouble, and all our arrangements, even to the minutest details, would remain the same.”

“How so?” asked Prince Andrei who had been watching for some time for an opportunity to express his doubts. Kutuzof here woke up, coughed severely and looked around on the generals.

“Gentlemen, the arrangements for to-morrow — or rather for to-day — for it’s already one o’clock — cannot be changed,” said he. “You have heard them, and we will all perform our duty. But before a battle there is nothing more important” — he paused a moment — “than to have a good night’s rest.”

He made a motion to arise. The generals bowed and separated. It was already after midnight. Prince Andrei went to his quarters.

The council of war at which Prince Andrei was not given a chance to express his opinion as he had hoped, left a dubious and disturbing impression on his mind. He did not know who was right, Dolgorukof and Weirother, or Kutuzof and Langeron, and the others who did not approve of the plan of attack. “But is it possible that Kutuzof cannot communicate his ideas directly with the emperor? Can’t this be done even now? Can it be that for mere court or private considerations thousands of lives must be imperilled — and mine, *mine?*” he asked himself.

“Yes, it is very possible,” he thought, “that I may be killed to-morrow.” And suddenly at this thought of death, a whole series of most remote and most sincere recollections began to arise in his mind; he recalled his last parting with his father and his wife; he remembered the early days of his love

toward her! He remembered the baby that she was to bear him, and he began to feel sorry for her and for himself, and so in a nervously tender and agitated frame of mind he left the cottage where he lodged with Nesvitsky, and began to walk up and down in front of the house.

The night was cloudy, but the moonbeams mysteriously gleamed through the clouds. "Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow!" he thought. "To-morrow, perhaps all will be ended as far as I am concerned, all these recollections will have vanished, all these recollections will be for me as a mere nothing. To-morrow perhaps, indeed most probably, — to-morrow — I am convinced of it I shall have an opportunity for the first time at last of showing all that I can do."

And he began to picture to himself the battle, the loss of it, the concentration of the fighting at one single point, and the confusion and bewilderment of all the leaders. And now comes the blessed moment, that Toulon, for which he had been waiting so long, offering itself to him! He resolutely and clearly tells his opinion to Kutuzof and Weirother, and the emperors. All his plans are honored with their approval, but no one offers to carry them out, and so he selects a regiment, a division, imposes the condition that no one shall interfere in his arrangements, and he leads his division to the decisive point, and alone wins the victory!

"But death and suffering?" says another voice.

Prince Andrei, however, paid no heed to this voice, and continued to dream of his triumphs. The arrangements of the next battle are entrusted to him alone. He is still nothing but an officer of the day in Kutuzof's army, but still he does everything by his own unaided efforts. The next battle is gained by him alone. Kutuzof is removed, he is called to fill his place.

"Well, but what then," whispered the other voices; "what then? supposing you are not wounded ten times, killed, or overreached, well, then, and what next?"

"I am sure I know not," replied Prince Andrei to himself, "I know not what will come next, I cannot know and I have no wish to know. But if I wish this, if I wish to win glory, if I wish to be a famous man, if I wish to be loved by men, then I am not to blame because I desire it, because this is the only thing that I desire, the only thing for which I live. Yes the only thing. I never will confess this to any one! But my God! what can I do, if I love nothing except glory only, and devotion to humanity. Death, wounds, loss of family,

nothing is terrible to me. And yet dear to me, precious to me as many people are, — father, sister, wife, the dearest of all, — yet strange and unnatural as it may seem, I would instantly sacrifice them all for one minute of glory, of triumph, for the affection of men whom I do not know and never shall know, even for the love of those men there," said he to himself, as he listened to the sounds of voices talking in Kutuzof's courtyard.

In Kutuzof's courtyard the *denshchiks* were busy packing up and talking; one voice, apparently that of the coachman, who was teasing Kutuzof's old cook, whom Prince Andrei knew, and whom they called Tit, kept saying, "Tit, I say, Tit!"

"There, now," replied the old man.

"Tit, Tit, grind the wheat."*

"Tfu! go to the devil," rang the voice, which was drowned by the shouts of laughter of the *denshchiks* and servants.

"And yet I love and prize the victory over them all, I prize this mysterious strength and glory which seems here to hover above my head in yonder clouds."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rostov went that same night with his platoon to serve as outposts stationed in front of Bagration's division. His hussars were posted two and two along the line; he himself kept riding his horse the whole length of the line, struggling to overcome his irresistible inclination to drowsiness.

Behind him he could see the enormous extent of space filled with the watch-fires of our army dimly gleaming through the fog; in front of him was the misty darkness. Though he strained his eyes to penetrate this misty distance, he could see nothing; now it seemed to brighten up a little, then there seemed to be some black object; then he imagined that he saw a light which he thought must be the watch-fires where the enemy were, and then again he told himself that his eyes had deceived him.

He closed his eyes and his imagination presented now his sovereign, now Denisof, now his recollections of Moscow, and again he would open his eyes and see right before his face the head and ears of his horse, and here and there the dark forms of hussars as he came within six paces of them, while everywhere there was the same misty darkness veiling the distance.

* "Tit, stupai molotil!"

"Why not? It might very possibly come to pass," thought Rostof, "the emperor might meet me and give me an order, just as to any other officer; might say: 'Ride off yonder and find out what is there.' I have heard many stories about his finding just merely by chance an officer like me, and taking him into his personal service. What if he should take me into his personal service! oh! how I should watch over him, how I should tell him the whole truth, how I should unmask his deceivers!" and Rostof, in order to give greater color to the love and devotion which he felt for his sovereign, imagined that he had before him an enemy whom he was killing, or a German traitor, whose ears he was roundly boxing, in presence of his sovereign.

Suddenly, a distant shout startled him. He awoke and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Oh, yes, at the outposts. Countersign and pass word are 'cart-pole' and 'Olmütz.' What a shame that our squadron is going to be held in reserve to-morrow," he said to himself. "I will beg to take part. That is probably the only chance I shall have of seeing the emperor. It won't be long before I am relieved. I will ride up and down once more, and then I will go and ask the general."

He straightened himself up in the saddle, and turned his horse, once more to inspect his hussars. It seemed to him that it had grown lighter. Toward his left, he could see a slope, the gleam of a declivity, and, lying opposite to him, a dark knoll which seemed as steep as a wall. On the top of this knoll was a white spot. Rostof could not clearly make out whether it was a clearing in the woods, lighted by the moon, or a patch of snow, or white houses. It even seemed to him that there was something moving on that white spot.

"It must be snow, that spot; spot — *une tache*," said Rostof, first in Russian, then in French. "How absurd; it's no *tache* — Natasha, my sister, has black eyes. Na — tashka (how amazed she will be when I tell her I have seen the emperor!). Na — tasha. My *sabre-tasche* — take it."

"Farther to the right, your nobility, there are bushes there!" said the voice of the hussar, by whom Rostof was passing, half asleep. Rostof raised his head, which had fallen over almost down to the horse's mane; he drew up near the hussar. The sleep of youth, of childhood, irresistibly overcame him.

"Oh, dear me, what was I thinking of? I must not forget. How shall I speak to the emperor? No, that's not it; that's for to-morrow. Oh, yes, yes! that spot — *cette tache*! they'll

be attacking us! Us? who? The hussars! But the hussars and — and a pair of mustaches. — Along the Tverskaya, this hussar was riding, and I was thinking about him, — right opposite Hurief's house — the old man Hurief — Ekh! splendid little Denisof! Ah! this is all nonsense. The main thing: the emperor is here now! How he looked at me and wanted to say something to me, but he did not venture. No, it was I who did not venture! This is all mixed up! but the main thing is that I must not forget that I had something important on my mind; so I had! Natashka — Na — tasha — *la tache* — yes, that's a good joke!" and again his head sank forward on the horse's mane.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that the enemy were firing at him.

"What? What, what's that; speak! what is it?" cried Rostof, waking.

At the instant Rostof opened his eyes, he heard in front of him, in the direction of the enemy, the prolonged shouts of thousands of voices. His horse, and the hussars' stationed near him, pricked up their ears at these sounds. On the spot from which the cries proceeded, one point of fire after another flashed and died, and along the whole line of the French army, stretching up the hills, gleamed those fires, while the shouts grew louder and louder. Rostof made out that it was French, but could not distinguish the words. There was too great a roar of voices. All that it sounded like was a confused a-a-a! and rrrrrr!

"What's that? What do you think it is?" asked Rostof, turning to his neighbor, the hussar. "It's from the enemy, isn't it?"

The hussar made no reply.

"What! didn't you hear anything?" asked Rostof, after waiting for some time for the hussar to speak.

"How can anybody tell, your nobility," replied the hussar, in a non-committal way.

"Judging from the direction, it must be the enemy, mustn't it?" inquired Rostof.

"Maybe 'tis, and maybe t'isn't," exclaimed the hussar. "You see it's night. There now, steady," he cried to his horse, who was growing restive. Rostof's horse also became excited, and pawed the frozen ground, as he listened to the shouting, and glanced at the flashing fires.

The shouts of the voices constantly increased in volume, and mingled in a general roar, such as could have been pro-

duced only by an army of many thousand men. The fires stretched out more and more, until at last they seemed to extend throughout the French camp. Rostof had now lost all inclination to sleep. The joyful, enthusiastic huzzas in the enemy's army had a most stimulating effect upon him. *Vive l'empereur! l'empereur!* were the words that Rostof could now clearly distinguish.

"Well, they can't be far away; must be just beyond the brook," said he to the hussar by his side.

The hussar only sighed, without vouchsafing any answer, and coughed sullenly.

Along the line of the hussars was heard the sound of a horseman, coming at full gallop, and out of the darkness of the night suddenly loomed up a shape apparently larger than a colossal elephant: it was a non-commissioned officer of hussars.

"The generals, your nobility!" cried the subaltern, riding up to Rostof. Rostof, still looking in the direction of the shouting and the light, joined the subaltern and rode back to meet several horsemen, who were riding along the line. One was on a white horse. It was Bagration, who, together with Prince Dolgorukof and several aides, came down to see what they could make out of the strange phenomenon of the fires and shouting in the enemy's army. Rostof rode up to Bagration, reported, and took his place among the adjutants, who were listening to what the generals might say.

"Believe me," said Prince Dolgorukof, addressing Bagration, "This is nothing but a ruse; he is retreating, and has ordered the rearguard to light fires and make a noise, so as to deceive us."

"It is not likely," said Bagration. "Last evening I saw them on that knoll; if they were retreating they would have abandoned it. Mr. Officer," turning to Rostof, "are his scouts still there?"

"They were there last evening, but I can't tell now, your illustriousness. If you would like, I will take some of the hussars and find out," replied Rostof.

Bagration hesitated, and making no answer, tried to peer into Rostof's face. "Well, all right, go and reconnoitre," said he, after a short pause.

"I will do so."

Rostof applied spurs to his horse, called subaltern Fadchenko and two other hussars, ordered them to follow him and galloped off down the slope in the direction of the prolonged shouts. Rostof felt both sad and glad to be riding

thus alone with three hussars yonder into that mysterious and terrible misty distance where no one had preceded him. Bagration called to him from the crest not to go farther than the brook, but Rostof pretended not to hear what he said, and without pausing they rode farther and farther, constantly finding himself subject to illusions, mistaking bushes for trees, gulleys for men, and constantly rectifying his impressions.

After they had reached the bottom at a rapid trot, they no longer saw any fires either on our side or on the enemy's, but the shouts of the French began to sound louder and clearer. In the ravine he saw before him what he took to be a river, but when he approached it, he recognized that it was a highway over which he had once ridden. When he reached the highway, he reined in his horse in some uncertainty; should he ride along the road, or cross it, or strike into the dark field on the other side? To ride along the road which shone through the fog was less perilous, because he could distinguish men at a greater distance.

"Follow me," he cried, crossing the road, and he began to gallop up the hill toward that place where a French picket had been standing the afternoon before.

"Your nobility, there he is!" exclaimed one of the hussars, and before Rostof had a chance to look at what was beginning to loom up black in the fog, there came a flash of fire, the report rang out, and the bullet, as though regretting something, buzzed* high over their heads through the fog, and sped out of hearing. There was no second report, the powder merely flashed in the priming pan. Rostof turned his horse about and rode back at a gallop. Again from different points four musket shots rang out, and the bullets with various tones whistled by and buried themselves in the darkness. Rostof reined in his horse, which like himself, felt a thrill of joy at the firing, and proceeded at a walk. "Well, there it is again, there it is again," whispered some inspiriting voice in his heart. But there were no more shots.

As soon as he neared Bagration, Rostof again urged his horse to a gallop, and held his hand to his visor as he approached.

Dolgorukof still clung to his opinion that the French were retreating, and had kindled the fires merely for the sake of deceiving us. "What does this signify?" he asked, as Rostof rode up to them. "They might retreat and still leave pickets."

"It is evident they have not all gone, prince," said Bagra-

* *Zazhuzhdla.*

tion. "To-morrow morning, to-morrow, we shall know for a certainty."

"There is a picket, your illustriousness, in just the same place as yesterday," reported Rostof, bending forward, still holding his hand at his visor, and unable to refrain from a smile of delight at his ride, and especially at the sound of the bullets.

"Very good, very good," replied Bagration. "Thank you, Mr. Officer."

"Your illustriousness," said Rostof, "allow me to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"To-morrow our squadron is to be left in reserve; allow me to be transferred to the first squadron."

"What's your name?"

"Count Rostof."

"Ah, good. Stay with me as orderly."

"Son of Ilya Andreyitch?" asked Dolgorukof. But Rostof made him no answer.

"So I may expect it, your illustriousness?"

"I will see to it."

"To-morrow, very likely, I may be sent with some message to the sovereign," said Rostof to himself. "Glory to God!"

The shouts and cries in the enemy's army arose from the circumstance that at the time Napoleon's general order was being read throughout the army, the emperor himself came on horseback to inspect the bivouacs. The soldiers seeing the emperor, lighted trusses of straw and followed him with cries of *vive l'empereur!*

Napoleon's order was as follows, —

"Soldiers! The Russian army has come against us in order to avenge the Austrian army of Ulm. These are the same battalions which we defeated at Hollabrunn, and which, since that time, we have been constantly following up.

The position which we occupy is paramount, and as soon as they attempt to outflank my right they will expose their own flank.

Soldiers! I myself will direct your battalions. I will keep out of range of the firing if you, with your usual gallantry, carry confusion and consternation into the ranks of the enemy; but if the combat becomes for one instant doubtful, you will see your emperor exposing himself at the front to the blows of the enemy, since there can be no hesitation in the victory, especially to-day when the honor of the French infantry, in whose hands lies the honor of the nation, is at stake. Do not break the ranks under pretext of carrying away the wounded. Let each man be animated by the thought that we must conquer these mercenaries of England, filled

with such hatred against our nation. This victory will bring the campaign to an end, and we can retire to winter quarters where we shall be joined by the fresh troops which are mobilizing in France. And then the peace which I shall conclude will be memorable for my people, for you and for me.

NAPOLÉON.

CHAPTER XIV.

At five o'clock in the morning it was still perfectly dark. The troops of the centre, of the reserves, and the right wing, under Bagration, were as yet motionless; but on the left wing, the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, ordered to be the first to descend from the heights and attack the enemy's right flank, and drive him back into the mountains of Bohemia, according to the "disposition," were already stirring and beginning to rise from their couches. The smoke from the fires, into which they were throwing everything superfluous, made their eyes smart. It was cold and dark. The officers were hastily drinking their tea and breakfasting; the soldiers were munching their biscuits, kicking the round shot to warm their feet, and crowding about in front of the fires, throwing in the remains of their huts, chairs, tables, wheels, buckets, and everything that could not be taken with them.

The Austrian guides came between the Russian lines, and gave the signal for the start. As soon as the Austrian officer made his appearance near the quarters of a regimental commander, the regiment began to stir: the soldiers hastened from the fires, thrust their pipes into their boot legs, their bags into the baggage wagons, put their guns in order, and fell into line.

The officers buttoned themselves up, put on their swords and pouches, and inspected the lines, now and then venting their displeasure.

The adjutants, battalion commanders, and colonels mounted their horses, crossed themselves, and issued their last instructions, orders, and commissions to the train hands left in charge of the baggage; then was heard the monotonous trampling of thousands of feet.

The columns were set in motion, but they knew not whither they were going, and owing to the throngs that surrounded them, and the smoke, and the thickening fog, they could not see either the place that they were leaving, or that to which they were sent.

The soldier in a military movement is as much surrounded,

limited, and fettered by his regiment, as a sailor is by the ship on which he sails. However far he goes, into whatever strange, unknown, and terrible distances he is sent, around him are always and everywhere the same comrades, the same ranks, the same sergeant, Ivan Mitrich, the same company dog, Zhutchka, the same officers; just as for the sailor, there are the same decks, the same masts, the same cables.

The sailor rarely cares to know what distances over which his ship has sailed; but on the day of a military movement, God knows how, or whence, or in what world of mystery, the soldiers hear a stern note, which is the same for all, and which signifies the nearness of something decisive and solemn, and invites them to dream of what they are not usually wont to think about. The soldiers on the day of a military movement are excited, and strive to get beyond the petty interests of their own regiment; they are all ears and eyes, and greedily ask questions about what is going to take place before them.

The fog was so dense that, though it had grown lighter, it was impossible to see ten paces ahead. Bushes seemed like huge trees, level places gave the impression of being precipices and slopes. Anywhere, at any moment, they might fall upon the enemy, who would be utterly invisible within ten paces. But the columns marched for a long time in the same fog, up hill and down dale, skirting gardens and orchards, along by places where none of them had ever been before, and still they found no enemy. On the other hand, in front of them, behind them, on all sides of them, the soldiers were made conscious that our Russian columns were all marching in the same direction. Each soldier felt a thrill at the heart at the knowledge that many, many others of our men were going where he was going: that is, he knew not whither.

"See there! The Kursk men have started," said various voices in the ranks.

"Terrible lot of our troops collected here, messmates! Last evenin' I looked around when the fires were lit; couldn't see the end of 'em! Like Moscow, in one word!"

Although not one of the division nachalniks came near the ranks or had anything to say to the soldiers — the division nachalniks, as we saw in the council of war, were out of sorts and dissatisfied with the work in hand, and, consequently, merely carried out the general orders and did nothing to inspire the men — still the soldiers marched on cheerfully, as is usually the case when they are going into action, and particularly into offensive action.

But after they had been marching for about an hour, all the time in thick fog, they were ordered to halt, and an unpleasant consciousness of disorder and confusion in the operations spread through the ranks. It would be very difficult to explain how such a consciousness got abroad; but there was no doubt that it was transmitted and spread with extraordinary rapidity: the uncertainty became certainty; gaining with irresistible force, as water rushes down a ravine. If the Russian army had been alone by itself, without allies, then possibly it would have taken much longer time for this consciousness of confusion to grow into a general certainty; but, as it was, all took a natural satisfaction in attributing the cause of the disorder to the stupid Germans, and were convinced that the pernicious snarl was due to the sausage-makers!

"Why are we halting? What? Have we got blocked? We can't have come afoul of the French, can we?"

"No! We should have heard from them. They'd have begun to fire at us."

"They hurried us off so, and now here we are, all in muddle in the middle of the field; that's the way with those cursed German's; they muddle everything all up!"

"What stupid devils! If I'd had anything to do with them, I'd have put 'em to the front. But instead, you may be sure of that, they press us from behind. And here we are without having anything to eat!"

"Well, I wonder if we shall be planted here all day? The cavalry, they say, is what is blocking the road," exclaimed an officer.

"Ekh! these damned Germans don't know their own country," said another.

"What division are you?" cried an adjutant, riding up to them.

"The Eighteenth."

"Then why are you here? You should have been at the front long since; you won't get there now before afternoon."

"Here's a stupid piece of confusion; they themselves don't know what they're up to," said the officer, and he rode off.

Then a general passed and angrily shouted some order in a language that wasn't Russian.

"Tafa-lafa! what sort of stuff is he jabbering! can't make out a thing he says," remarked a soldier mimicking the general as he rode off. "I'd have had them all shot down, the scoundrels!"

"We were ordered to be in position by nine o'clock, and now

we have not got half way there! What stupid arrangements!" And this was heard on all sides, and the feeling of energetic ardor with which the army had started out, began to be wasted in vexation and anger against the arrangements and the Germans.

The cause of the confusion was this:—after the Austrian cavalry on the left wing had set forward, those who had charge of it came to the conclusion that the Russian centre was too widely separated from the right, and all the cavalry was commanded to cross over to the right side. Several thousands of cavalymen rode across in front of the columns of infantry, and the infantry had to wait till they passed.

At the front a dispute had risen between the Austrian guide and a Russian general. The Russian general shouted angrily, demanding that the cavalry should stop. The Austrian insisted that he was not to blame, but his superior officers. Meantime the army was obliged to halt, and was growing impatient and losing spirit. After an hour's delay, the troops at last began to move forward once more, and found themselves descending into the valley. The fog which had been scattering on the heights, was as thick as ever on the lower lands where they were now marching. In front of them in the fog one shot, then a second was fired, incoherently and at different points, *tratta tut*; and then the firing became more regular and rapid, and the engagement fairly began over the brook called Holdbach.

As the troops had no expectation of falling in with the enemy so far down in the valley as the brook, and then met them unexpectedly in the fog; as they had no words of encouragement from their commanding officers, and the idea was widespread among them that it was too late, and moreover as they could not see any one either in front of them or anywhere near them, owing to the density of the fog, they apathetically and lazily exchanged shots with the enemy, slowly moved forward, and then came to a halt again, failing to receive in time the word of command from their officers or the adjutants who wandered at haphazard through the fog in places with which they were unacquainted, and in search of their own divisions.

That was the way that affairs occurred to the first, second, and third columns which had been ordered to march down into the valley. The fourth column which Kutuzof himself had under his own command, was stationed on the heights of the Pratzer.

In the lowlands, where the battle had already begun, the fog seemed thicker than ever, but on the heights it was clear; still nothing could be seen of what was going on at the front. Until nine o'clock no one could tell whether the enemy was in his full strength, as we supposed, ten versts in advance, or was down there in that impenetrable fog.

It was now nine o'clock. The fog like a fathomless sea spread over the valley, but on the height in front of the village of Schlapanitz on the height, where Napoleon stood surrounded by his marshals, it was perfectly bright. Over them was the blue bright heaven and the mighty sun, like a gigantic, hollow ball of fire just rose above the milk-white sea of fog. The French troops and Napoleon himself with his staff were not on the farther side of the brooks, and the hollows of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz behind which we had expected to take up our position and begin the engagement, but they had all come over to the hither side and were so near our troops that Napoleon with his naked eye could distinguish in our army a horseman from an infantry soldier.

Napoleon mounted on his little gray Arab, and wearing the same blue cloak in which he had made the whole Italian campaign, stood a little in advance of his marshals. He silently gazed at the summits of the hills seeming to emerge from the fog and watched the Russian troops moving along in the distance, and listened to the sounds of firing in the valley. Not a muscle of his face — it was still thin — moved, his glittering eyes were steadfastly fixed on one spot. His anticipations seemed to be justified.

The Russian troops had already in part defiled down into the ravine toward the ponds and lakes, and part of them were evacuating the heights of the Pratzen which he considered the key of the situation and intended to attack. He could see amid the fog how down into the hollow formed by the two high hills near the village of Pratzen, the Russian columns with glittering bayonets were steadily moving in one direction toward the valley, and disappearing one after another into the sea of fog. By the reports which had been brought him the evening before, by the sounds of wheels and footsteps that had been heard during the night along the vanguard, by the disorderly movements of the Russian columns, by all the indications, he clearly saw in fact that the allied armies supposed him to be posted a long distance from them, that the columns moving near in the vicinity of Pratzen constituted the centre of the Russian army, and that this centre was weak enough to justify him in giving it attack.

But still he did not begin the battle.

That was a solemn day for him, the anniversary of his coronation. Just before morning he had taken a nap for a few hours, and then waking, healthy, jovial, fresh, and in that happy frame of mind in which everything seems possible, success certain, he mounted his horse and rode out into the field. He stood motionless, gazing at the hills becoming visible through the fog, and into his cold face there came that peculiar shade of self-confident, well-deserved happiness, such as is sometimes seen on the face of a young lad who is happy and in love.

His marshals were grouped behind him and did not venture to distract his attention. He gazed now at the heights of the Pratzer, now at the sun swimming out from the fog.

When the sun had risen clear above the fog, and his dazzling radiance gushed over the fields and the fog, as though this were the signal for which he was waiting to begin the affair, he drew off his glove from his handsome white hand, beckoned his marshals, and gave the order for beginning the battle. The marshals, accompanied by their aides, galloped off in different directions, and within a few minutes the chief forces of the French army were in rapid motion toward those same heights of the Pratzer which the Russian troops were abandoning more and more as they filed to the left and into the vale.

CHAPTER XV.

At eight o'clock that morning, Kutuzof had ridden up toward the Pratzer, at the head of the fourth division — Miloradovitch's — which was to take the place of the columns of Prsczebiszhewsky and de Langeron, which were now on their way down into the valley. He greeted the men of the foremost regiment, and gave the word of command, thereby signifying that he intended to lead that column in person. When he reached the village of Pratzen, he halted. Prince Andrei, forming one of his large staff, stood just behind him. Prince Andrei felt stirred and excited, and at the same time self-confident and calm, as is apt to be the case with a man at the arrival of the moment which he has been anxiously awaiting. He was firmly convinced that this day was to be his Toulon, or his bridge of Arcola.*

* The desperate battle by which Napoleon became master of Italy. Nov. 14-17, 1796.

How it would come about he had not the faintest idea, but he was firmly convinced that it would be. The lay of the land, and the position of our forces were well known to him, so far as they could be known to any one in our army. His own strategical plan, which now seemed to be doomed never to be carried into effect, had been forgotten. Having made himself master of Weirother's scheme, Prince Andrei wondered what possibilities might rise before him, and began to make new combinations according to which his presence of mind and firmness might be called into request.

Toward the left, in the valley below, where the fog lay, could be heard the musket fires of the unseen opponents. There, so it seemed to Prince Andrei, the fighting would be hottest, there the obstacles would be met with; "and there I shall be sent," he said to himself, "with a brigade or division, and with the standard in my hand, I shall rush on and conquer everything before me."

Prince Andrei could not look at the standards of the battalions passing before him without a thrill. As he looked at one he kept saying to himself: "Maybe that is the very standard that I shall seize when I lead the army to the front!"

The nocturnal fog now remained on the heights only in the form of hoar frost, which was rapidly changing into dew; in the hollows, however, it still spread out like a milk-white sea. Nothing could be discerned in that fog toward the left, where our troops were descending, and where the musketry firing was heard. Over the heights stretched the clear, bright sky, and at the right hung the monstrous ball of the sun. Far away, toward the front, on the other shore of the sea of fog, the wooded hills could be seen rising. There the enemy must be stationed, and there some object could be distinguished.

At the right, the Guards, with echoing tramp, and rattling wheels, and occasionally the glint of bayonets, were passing down into the dominion of the fog. At the left, beyond the village, similar masses of cavalry were filing down and disappearing from view in the sea of fog.

In front, and behind, the infantry were debouching.

The commander-in-chief stationed himself at the entrance of the village, and allowed the troops to file past him. Kutuzof that morning appeared fatigued and irritated. The infantry, filing by him, came to a halt without any orders, apparently because they had come in contact with some obstacle ahead of them.

"Go and tell them to form into battalions and get outside

the village," said Kutuzof to a general who came riding along. "How is it, you do not understand, your excellency, my dear sir,* that it's impossible to open ranks so, along a village street, when we are moving against the enemy."

"I proposed to form behind the village, your eminence," replied the general.

Kutuzof gave him a saturnine smile, "You'd be in a fine condition, deploying your front in presence of the enemy; very fine idea!"

"The enemy are still a long way off, your eminence. According to the plan" —

"The plan!" cried Kutuzof, bitterly, "And who told you that? Be good enough to do as I bid you."

"I obey."

"*Mon cher*," whispered Nesvitsky to Prince Andrei, "the old man is as surly as a dog." †

An Austrian officer, in a white uniform, with a green plume in his hat, galloped up to Kutuzof, and asked him in the name of the emperor, whether the fourth column were taking part in the action.

Kutuzof, without answering him, turned around, and his glance fell accidentally on Prince Andrei who was stationed near him. When he noticed Bolkonsky, the vicious and acrimonious expression of his face softened, as though to acknowledge that he was not to blame for what was taking place. And still without answering the Austrian adjutant, he turned to Bolkonsky, and said in French: "Go and see, my dear, if the third division has passed the village yet: command them to halt and await my orders."

As soon as Prince Andrei started, he called him back, —

"And ask if the skirmishers are posted, and what they are doing. What they are doing," ‡ he repeated to himself, still paying no attention to the Austrian.

Prince Andrei galloped off to execute this order.

Outstripping the battalions, which were all the time pressing forward, he halted the third division, and convinced himself that no skirmishers had been thrown out in front of our columns. The general in command of the foremost regiment was greatly amazed at the order from the commander-in-chief to throw out sharpshooters. The regimental commander was

* "*Váshe privoskhoditelstvo mlostvni gosúdr.*"

† "*Le vieux est d'une humeur de chien.*"

‡ "*Allez voir, mon cher, si la troisième division a dépassé le village. Dites lui de s'arrêter et d'attendre mes ordres. Et demandez lui si les tirailleurs sont postés; ce qu'il font, ce qu'il font.*"

firmly assured in his own mind that other troops were in front of him and that the enemy could not be less than ten versts distant. In reality, nothing could be discerned in front of them except waste ground which sloped down, and was shrouded in fog. After giving him the commander-in-chief's orders to repair his negligence, Prince Andrei galloped back. Kutuzof was still in the same place, and with his fat body sitting in a dumpy position in his saddle, was yawning heavily, with his eyes closed. The troops had not yet moved, but stood with grounded arms.

"Good, very good," said he to Prince Andrei, and turned to the general, who, holding his watch in his hand, said that it must be time to move, since all the columns had already gone down from the left wing.

"Time enough, your excellency," said Kutuzof.

"We shall have time enough," he repeated.

At this time, behind Kutuzof, were heard the sounds of the regiments in the distance, cheering, and these voices quickly ran along the whole extent of the line of the Russian columns under march.

It was evident that the one whom they were greeting, was approaching rapidly. When the soldiers of the regiment at whose head Kutuzof was stationed, began to cheer, he rode a little to one side and glanced around with a frown. Along the road from Prätzen came what appeared to be a squadron of gay-colored horsemen. Two of them at a round gallop rode side by side ahead of the others. One was in a black uniform with a white plume, on a chestnut horse groomed in the English style; the other in a white uniform on a coal black steed. These were the two emperors with their suite.

Kutuzof, with an affectation of "the thorough soldier" found at his post, shouted "*smirno*," "eyes front," to the soldiers halting near him, and saluting rode toward the emperor. His whole figure and manner had suddenly undergone a change. He had assumed the mien of a subordinate, of a man ready to surrender his own will. With an affectation of deference, which evidently was not pleasing to the Emperor Alexander, he came to meet him and saluted him.

This impression crossed the young and happy face of the emperor, and disappeared like the mist wreaths in the clear sky. After his indisposition he was a trifle thinner that day than he had been on the field of Olmütz where Bolkonsky had for the first time seen him abroad. There was the same enchanting union of majesty and sweetness in his beautiful gray

eyes, and on his thin lips the same possibility of varied feelings, and the same predominating expression of beneficent, innocent youth.

At the review at Olmütz he had been more majestic; here he was happier and more full of energy. His face was a trifle flushed after his gallop of three versts, and as he reined in his horse he drew a long breath and glanced around into the faces of his suite, all young men like himself, and like himself all full of life. Czartorisky and Novosiltsof and Prince Volkonsky and Stroganof and many others, all richly dressed, jovial young men on handsome, well-groomed, fresh-looking and slightly sweating horses, chatting and laughing together, formed a group behind the sovereign.

The Emperor Franz, a florid young man, with a long face, sat bolt upright in his saddle on his handsome black stallion, and slowly glanced around him with an anxious expression. He beckoned to one of his white-uniformed aides and asked him some question. "Probably he asked at what hour they had come," thought Prince Andrei, gazing at his old acquaintance with a smile which he could not repress at the thought of his audience. The emperors' suite was composed of young orderlies, Austrian and Russian, selected from the regiments of the Guards and of the Line. Grooms had brought with them handsome reserve horses in embroidered caparisons for the emperors.

Just as when a fresh breeze from the fields breathes through an open window into a stuffy chamber, so these brilliant young men brought with them to Kutuzof's dispirited staff the sense of youth and energy and confidence in victory.

"Why don't you begin, Mikhail Larionovitch?" impatiently demanded the Emperor Alexander, turning to Kutuzof, at the same time looking courteously toward the Emperor Franz.

"I was waiting, your majesty," replied Kutuzof, deferentially bowing low. The emperor leaned toward him, frowning slightly, and giving him to understand that he did not hear.

"I was waiting, your majesty," repeated Kutuzof, and Prince Andrei noticed that Kutuzof's upper lip curled unnaturally when he repeated the words, "I was waiting." "The columns have not all assembled, your majesty."

The sovereign heard, but the answer evidently displeased him; he shrugged his drooping shoulders, glanced at Novosiltsof who was standing near him, and his glance seemed to imply a certain compassion for Kutuzof.

"We are not on the Empress's Field, Mikhail Larionovitch,

where the review is not begun until all the regiments are present," said the emperor, again glancing into the Emperor Franz's eyes, as if to ask him if he would not take part so that he might listen to what he might say; but the Emperor Franz who was still gazing about did not heed him.

"That's the very reason I do not begin, sire," said Kutuzof, in a ringing voice, seeming to anticipate the possibility that the emperor might not see fit to hear him, and again a peculiar look passed over his face. "That's the very reason that I do not begin, sire, because we are not on parade and not on the Empress's Field," he repeated, clearly and distinctly.

The faces of all those composing the emperor's suite expressed annoyance and reproach, as they hastily exchanged glances on hearing these words. "No matter if he is old, he ought not, he never ought to speak in that way," the faces seemed to say.

"However, if you give the order, your majesty," said Kutuzof, raising his head and again assuming that former tone of a general ready to listen to orders and to obey. He turned his horse, beckoning to Division-Commander Miloradovitch, he gave him the order to attack.

The troops were again set in motion, and two battalions of the Novgorodsky regiment and one battalion of the Apsheron regiment filed forward past the emperor. While this Apsheron battalion was passing, the florid Miloradovitch, without his cloak and with his uniform covered with orders, and his hat decorated with an immense plume and set on one side with the point forward, galloped forward and gallantly saluting, reined in his horse in front of the sovereign.

"S Bogom, God be with you general," exclaimed the emperor.

"We will do our best, sire," replied the other cheerily;* nevertheless the gentlemen of the suite could not refrain from smiling contemptuously at the execrable way in which he pronounced his French.

Miloradovitch turned his horse sharply round and remained a short distance behind the emperor. The Apsheron boys, inspired by the presence of their sovereign, marched by the emperors and their suite with lively, gallant strides, keeping perfect time.

"Children!" cried Miloradovitch in a loud, self-confident, and cheering voice, evidently roused by the sounds of the firing, the expectation of the battle, and the sight of the Ap-

* *Ma foi sire ! nous ferons ce que qui sera dans notre possibilité.*

sheron boys, who had been his comrades in the campaigns with Suvarof, and were now briskly marching past the emperors, and roused to such a pitch that he forgot that the sovereign was present: "Children! this is not the first village that you have had to take," he cried.

"Do our best," cried the soldiers. The emperor's mare started at the unexpected shout. This mare which the emperor had ridden before during other reviews in Russia, here on the battlefield of Austerlitz carried her rider, not noticing the captious thrusts of his left heel, pricking up her ears at the sounds of the musketry firing, just as she did on the Field of Mars,* not realizing the significance of those re-echoing volleys, nor of the neighborhood of the Emperor Franz's black stallion, nor of what the man who on that day sat upon her back said, thought, felt.

The sovereign with a smile turned to one of his immediate suite and pointing to the Apsheron lads made some remark.

• CHAPTER XVI.

KUTUZOF, accompanied by his aids, rode slowly after the carabinieri. After riding half a verst, he caught up with the rear end of the column, and halted at a single deserted house — it had apparently been a drinking house — near the junction of two roads. Both roads led down into the valley, and both were crowded with troops.

The fog began to disperse and already, two versts away, could be seen, though as yet indistinctly, the ranks of the enemy on the heights opposite. Down in the valley at the left, the firing was growing more violent. Kutuzof halted, discussing some point with the Austrian general. Prince Andrei, sitting on his horse a little distance behind, gazed at them, and then, wishing to obtain the use of a field-glass, turned to one of the aids who had one.

"Look! look!" exclaimed this adjutant, turning his glass not at the distant host, but to the hill nearly in front of them, "Look, there are the French!"

The two generals and the adjutants reached after the glass, one taking it from the other. All the faces suddenly changed, and an expression of dismay came into them.

* *The Tsaritsuin Lug, Tsaritsa or Empress's Field is also called Marsovoye pole.*

They expected to find the French two versts away, and there they were unexpectedly appearing right at hand.

"Is that the enemy?"—"It can't be!"—"Yes, look, they"—"Certainly it is."—"What does it mean?" exclaimed various voices.

Prince Andrei with his naked eye could see a dense mass of the French moving up at the right to meet the Apsheron boys, not more than five hundred paces from the very spot where Kutuzof was standing.

"Here it is! the decisive moment is at hand! my chance has come!" said Prince Andrei, and starting up his horse he approached Kutuzof. "The Apsheron men ought to be halted, your eminence," he cried.

But at that very instant all became veiled in smoke; the rattle of musketry sounded near them, and a naively terrified voice only two steps from Prince Andrei cried, "Well brothers, it's all up with us!" and this voice seemed to be a command. At this voice all started to run.

Confused but still constantly increasing throngs ran back by the very same place where five minutes before, the troops had filed so proudly past the emperors. Not only was it hard to arrest these fugitives, but it was even impossible not to be borne back by the mob. Bolkonsky could only struggle not to let them pass him, and he gazed around finding it quite out of the question to understand what was taking place at the front. Nesvitsky with angry face, flushed and quite unlike himself, cried to Kutuzof that if he did not instantly come away, he would be probably taken prisoner. Kutuzof still stayed in the same place and without answering, took out his handkerchief. A stream of blood was trickling from his face. Prince Andrei forced his way through to where he was.

"You are wounded?" he asked, scarcely controlling the trembling of his lower jaw.

"The wound is not here but yonder," said Kutuzof, pressing his handkerchief to his wounded cheek, and pointing to the fugitives. "Halt them!" he cried, and at the same time, evidently convinced that it was an impossibility to bring them to a halt, he gave spurs to his horse and rode off to the right. New masses of fugitives came pouring along like a torrent, engulfed him, and bore him along with them.

The troops were pouring back in such a dense throng, that when one was once entangled in the midst of it, there was great difficulty in extricating one's self. Some shouted: "He's coming, why don't you let him pass?" Others turned

around and fired their muskets into the air; others struck the horse on which Kutuzof rode, but by the exercise of supreme force, Kutuzof — accompanied by his staff, diminished by more than half — struggled through to the left and rode off in the direction of cannonading heard not far away.

Prince Andrei, also forcing his way through the throng of fugitives and endeavoring not to become separated from Kutuzof, could make out through the reek of gunpowder smoke, a Russian battery on the side of the hill, still blazing away vigorously, while the French were just marching against it. A little higher up stood the Russian infantry, neither moving forward to the aid of the battery, nor back in the same direction with the fugitives. A general spurred down from this brigade of infantry, and approached Kutuzof. Out of Kutuzof's staff only four men were left, and all were pale and silently exchanged glances.

"Stop those poltroons!" cried Kutuzof, all out of breath, as the regimental commander came up to him, and pointing to the fugitives; but at that very second, as though for a punishment for those words, like a bevy of birds a number of bullets flew buzzing over the heads of the regiment and of Kutuzof's staff. The French were charging the battery, and when they caught sight of Kutuzof they aimed at him.

At this volley, the regimental commander suddenly clapped his hand to his leg; a few soldiers fell and an ensign standing with the flag dropped it from his hand; the flag reeled and fell, catching on the bayonets of the soldiers near him. The men began to load and fire without orders.

"O-o-o-ohh!" groaned Kutuzof, with an expression of despair, and glanced around. "Bolkonsky," he whispered, his weak old man's voice trembling with emotion, "Bolkonsky!" he whispered, pointing to the demoralized battalion and at the enemy, "What does this mean?"

But before he had uttered these words, Prince Andrei, conscious of the tears of shame and anger choking him, had already leaped from his horse and rushed toward the standard.

"Children, follow me!" he cried in his youthfully penetrating voice. "Here it is," thought Prince Andrei as he seized the flagstaff; and he listened with rapture to the whizz of the bullets, that were evidently directed straight at him. A number of the soldiers fell.

"Hurrah!" cried Prince Andrei, instantly seizing the flag and rushing forward with unflinching confidence that the whole battalion would follow him.

In fact he ran on only a few steps alone. Then one soldier was stirred, and then another, and the whole battalion with huzzas dashed forward and overtook him. A non-commissioned officer of the battalion grasped the standard, which from its weight shook in Prince Andrei's hand, but he was instantly shot down. Prince Andrei again grasped the flag and, dragging it along by the staff, followed after the battalion.

In front of him, he saw our artillerymen, some fighting, others abandoning the guns and running toward him; he also saw the French infantry, who had seized the artillery horses and were reversing the field-pieces.

Prince Andrei and the battalion were now only twenty paces distant from the battery. He heard the incessant whizzing of the bullets over his head, and the soldiers constantly groaning and falling at his left hand and at his right. But he did not look at them; his eyes were fastened only on what was going on in front of him, where the battery was. He now saw distinctly a red-headed artilleryman, with his shako knocked in and on one side, struggling with a French soldier for the possession of a ramrod. Prince Andrei distinguished clearly the distorted and angry faces of these two men, who evidently were not aware of what they were doing.

"What are they up to?" queried Prince Andrei, as he looked at them. "Why doesn't the sandy artillerist run, if he has no weapons, and why doesn't the Frenchman finish him? He wouldn't have time to get any distance though, before the Frenchman would recollect his musket and put an end to him."

In point of fact, another Frenchman, with pointed bayonet, ran up to the combatants, and the fate of the red-headed artillerist, who had no idea of what was coming upon him, and had just triumphantly made himself master of the ramrod, must have been sealed. But Prince Andrei did not witness the end of the struggle. It seemed to him as though one of the approaching soldiers struck him in the head with the full weight of a cudgel. It was rather painful, but his chief sensation was that of displeasure because it distracted his attention, and prevented him from seeing what he had been looking at.

"What does this mean? Am I falling? Surely my legs are giving way," he said to himself, and he fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the struggle between the artilleryman and the Frenchman ended, and anxious to know whether or not the red-headed artillerist was killed or not, and

the cannon saved or captured. But he could see nothing of it. Over him, he could see nothing except the sky, the lofty sky; no longer clear, but still immeasurably lofty, and with light gray clouds slowly wandering over it.

"How still, calm, and solemn! How entirely different from when I was running," said Prince Andrei to himself. "It was not so when we were all running, and shouting, and fighting; how entirely different it is from when the Frenchman and the artilleryman, with vindictive and frightened faces, were struggling for possession of the ramrod; it wasn't so that the clouds then floated over those infinite depths of sky. How is it that I never before saw this lofty sky? and how glad I am that I have learned to know it at last! Yes! all is empty, all is deception, except these infinite heavens. Nothing, nothing at all, beside! And even that is nothing but silence and peace! And thank God!"—

CHAPTER XVII.

At nine o'clock, the right wing, under Bagration, had not as yet begun to fight. Unwilling to acquiesce in Dolgorukhof's urgency to begin the battle, and anxious to escape the responsibility, Prince Bagration proposed to the latter to send and make inquiries of the commander-in-chief. Bagration knew that as the distance separating the two wings was almost ten versts, the messenger, if he were not killed, which was very probable, and even if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be extremely difficult, would not have time to return till late in the afternoon.

Bagration glanced over his staff, with his great, expressionless, sleepy eyes, and was involuntarily attracted by Rostof's boyish face, full of excitement and hope. He chose him for the messenger.

"And if I should meet his majesty first, before I found the commander-in-chief, your illustriousness?" asked Rostof, touching his cap visor.

"You can give the message to his majesty," said Dolgorukhof, taking the words out of Bagration's mouth.

After he was relieved at the outposts, Rostof had been able to catch a few hours' sleep before morning, and felt happy, full of daring and resolution, and brimming over with elasticity of motion and confidence in his own good fortune. In such a state of mind, everything seems easy, bright, and possible.

All his desires had been fulfilled that morning: a general engagement was to be fought; he was to take part in it; moreover, he had been made orderly on the staff of one of the bravest generals; nay, more, he was intrusted with a message to Kutuzof, and might have to deliver it to the sovereign himself!

The morning was clear and bright; the horse that he rode was excellent. His heart was full of joy and courage. Having received his instructions, he struck in the spurs and galloped off along the line. At first, he passed in front of Bagration's forces, which had not as yet engaged, and were ranged in motionless ranks. Then he rode into the space occupied by Uvarof's cavalry, and here he began to remark some excitement and indications of readiness for battle; after passing Uvarof's cavalry, he began to distinguish clearly the sounds of cannonading and musketry in front of him. The firing kept growing more violent.

The morning air was fresh and clear, and it was no longer firing at irregular intervals, two or three shots at a time, and then one or two cannon shots; but along the declivities of the hills in front of Pratzen was heard the thunder of musketry, dominated by such frequent reports from the heavy guns, that often a number of them could not be distinguished apart, but mingled in one general rumble.

It could be seen how over the mountain side, the puffs of smoke from the muskets seemed to run along, chasing each other, and how the great clouds of smoke from the cannon rolled whirling up, spread and mingled in the air. By the glint of bayonets through the smoke, the masses of infantry could be seen moving along, and the narrow ribbons of artillery, with their green caissons.

Rostof reined in his horse on a hilltop for a moment, in order to watch what was going on; but in spite of the closeness of his scrutiny, he could not make out or decide for himself from what he saw: what men were moving in the smoke, or what bodies of the troops were hurrying this way and that, back and forth.

"But why? Who are they? Where are they going?" It was impossible to tell.

This spectacle did not arouse in him any melancholy or timid feelings; on the contrary they filled him with new energy and zeal.

"Well, then, give it to them again!" said he, mentally replying to these sounds, and again he started on a gallop along

the lines, making his way farther and farther within the domain of the troops already now entering into the action.

"How this is going to turn out yonder I do not know, but it will be all right!" thought Rostof.

Having passed by some of the troops of the Austrian army, Rostof noticed that the portion of the Line next — they were the Guards — were already moving to the attack.

"So much the better, I can see it close at hand!" he said to himself.

He was now riding along almost at the very front. A number of horsemen were galloping in his direction. These were our Leib-Uhlans who, with broken and disorderly ranks were returning from the charge. Rostof passed them and could not help noticing that one of them was covered with blood, but he galloped on.

"That's of no consequence to me," he said to himself. He had ridden only a few hundred paces farther, when he perceived at his left, coming down upon him, an immense body of cavalry extending the whole length of the field and likely to cross his path. They were on coal-black horses, and dressed in brilliant white uniforms.

Rostof spurred his horse at full speed, so as to get out of the way of these cavalry men, and he would easily have done so had they kept on at the same pace all the time, but they rode faster and faster, and some of the horses were almost upon him. Rostof distinguished more and more clearly the trampling of their feet and the jingling of their arms, and could see more and more distinctly their horses, their figures, and their faces. These were our "Cavalier-guards" on their way to charge the French cavalry who were deploying to meet them.

The Cavalier-guards came galloping along, still keeping their horses under restraint. Rostof could already see their faces, and hear the word of command spoken by the officer — *Marsch! marsch!* — who was urging on his blooded charger.

Rostof, afraid of being crushed or carried away into the charge against the French, spurred along the front with all the speed that he could get out of his horse, and still it seemed as though he were going to fail of it. The last rider in the Line, a pock-marked man of giant frame, frowned angrily when he saw Rostof in front of him, knowing that they must infallibly come into collision. This Guardsman would surely have overthrown Rostof, — for Rostof himself could not help seeing how small and slight he and Bedouin

All his desires had been fulfilled that morning engagement was to be fought; he was to take over, he had been made orderly on the bravest generals; nay, more, he was made sage to Kutuzof, and might have done for himself!

The morning was clear and bright, the day was excellent. His heart was full, he received his instructions, he galloped off along the line. Bagration's forces, which had been ranged in motionless ranks, were surprised by Uvarof's cavalry, and the excitement and indication of Uvarof's cavalry, he heard the sound of cannonading and music growing more violent.

The morning air was fresh, and he galloped at irregular intervals.

One or two cannon shots were heard in front of Pratz's regiment, which was so much admired. It was terminated by such a volley as he had never heard afterward, that out of all that number of the young giants, out of all those brilliant officers and yunkers mounted on splendid horses, in one general charge, only eighteen were left alive.

It could not be seen, but he galloped past him, only eighteen were left alive. The smoke from the other, and he should I envy them? My turn will come, and per- rolled over, and he should see the sovereign very soon now," thought Rostof, glint of light on his helmet.

He could not see, but he came up to the infantry of the Guards, his attention was called to the fact that shot and shell were flying all round them and around them, not so much because he heard the sounds of the missiles, as because he saw dismay on the faces of the soldiers and an unnatural martial solemnity on the faces of the officers.

As he was riding behind one of the infantry regiments of the Guard, he heard a voice calling him by name.

"Rostof!"

"What is it?" he replied, not seeing that it was Boris.

"What do you think of this? We were put in the front line. Our regiment has been in a charge," said Boris, smiling with the happy smile such as young men wear when they have been for the first time under fire. Rostof drew up.

"Have you indeed!" said he, "and how was it?"

"Repulsed," said Boris eagerly, and becoming talkative.

And Boris began to relate how the
 their places and seeing troops in front
 for Austrians, and then suddenly by
 over from these same troops, recog-
 front line, and unexpectedly en-
 not stopping to hear Boris to
 horse.

”

supposed that Rostof
 majesty, and therefore
 standing not a hun-
 and a Cavalier-guard
 and frowning face,
 Austrian officer in a

... but my errand is to the com-
 the emperor,” said Rostof, and was just
 under way.

Count!” cried Berg, who, no less excited than
 at been, came running out from the other side,
 Count, I have been wounded in my right arm” said he,
 pointing to his wrist, which was bloody and wrapped up in a
 handkerchief, “and I stayed at the front. Count, I had to
 hold my sword in my left hand. In our family all the von
 Bergs have been knighted.”

Berg went on to say something more, but Rostof, not stop-
 ping to listen to him, was already far away.

Passing by the Guards and across a vacant space, Rostof in-
 order not to get into the front again, as he had been, when he
 was caught by the charge of the Cavalier-guards, rode along the
 line of the reserves, making a considerable detour of the place
 where the most violent cannonade and musketry firing was
 heard. Suddenly he heard loud volleys of musketry before
 him and behind our troops, in a place where he would never
 have suspected the presence of the enemy.

“What can that mean,” wondered Rostof. “Can the enemy
 have outflanked us? It cannot be,” said he to himself, and a
 horror of fear for himself and for the success of the battle
 suddenly came over him. “Whatever it is, however,” he
 thought, “now there’s no avoiding it. I must find the com-
 mander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, then it is my place to
 perish with the rest.

The gloomy presentiment which had suddenly come over

were in comparison with these tremendous men and horses,— if he had not had the presence of mind to shake his riding whip in the eyes of the Guardsman's horse.

The charger, black as a coal, heavy and high, shied, cropping back his ears, but the pock-marked rider plunged his huge spurs into his side with all his might, and the charger, arching his tail and stretching out his neck, rushed onward faster than ever. Rostof was hardly out of the way of the Guardsmen, when he heard their huzzahs, and glancing around saw that their front ranks were already mingling with strange horsemen with red epaulets, apparently the French. Farther away it was impossible to see anything, because immediately after this on the other side, the cannon began to belch forth smoke, and everything was shrouded.

At the moment that the Guardsmen dashed past him and were lost to view in the smoke, Rostof was undecided in his own mind, whether he should gallop after them or go where his duty called him.

This was that brilliant charge of the "Cavalier-guards," which the French themselves so much admired. It was terrible for Rostof when he heard afterward, that out of all that throng of handsome young giants, out of all those brilliant, rich young men, officers and yunkers mounted on splendid chargers who galloped past him, only eighteen were left alive after the charge.

"Why should I envy them? My turn will come, and perhaps I shall see the sovereign very soon now," thought Rostof, and he galloped on.

When he came up to the infantry of the Guards, his attentions was called to the fact that shot and shell were flying over them and around them, not so much because he heard the sounds of the missiles, as because he saw dismay on the faces of the soldiers and an unnatural martial solemnity on the faces of the officers.

As he was riding behind one of the infantry regiments of the Guard, he heard a voice calling him by name.

"Rostof!"

"What is it?" he replied, not seeing that it was Boris.

"What do you think of this? We were put in the front line. Our regiment has been in a charge," said Boris, smiling with the happy smile such as young men wear when they have been for the first time under fire. Rostof drew up.

"Have you indeed!" said he, "and how was it?"

"Repulsed," said Boris eagerly, and becoming talkative.

"You can imagine." And Boris began to relate how the Guards as they stood in their places and seeing troops in front of them, mistook them for Austrians, and then suddenly by the shots that came flying over from these same troops, recognized that they were in the front line, and unexpectedly engaged in the conflict. Rostof, not stopping to hear Boris to the end of his story, started his horse.

"Where are you bound?"

"To his majesty, with a message."

"There he is" said Boris, who supposed that Rostof wanted his highness instead of his majesty, and therefore pointed him to the grand duke, who was standing not a hundred paces away. Dressed in a helmet and a Cavalier-guard *kolet* or jacket, with elevated shoulders and frowning face, he was shouting something to a pale Austrian officer in a white uniform.

"No! that's the grand duke, but my errand is to the commander-in-chief or to the emperor," said Rostof, and was just getting his horse under way.

"Count! Count!" cried Berg, who, no less excited than Boris had been, came running out from the other side, "Count, I have been wounded in my right arm" said he, pointing to his wrist, which was bloody and wrapped up in a handkerchief, "and I stayed at the front. Count, I had to hold my sword in my left hand. In our family all the von Bergs have been knighted."

Berg went on to say something more, but Rostof, not stopping to listen to him, was already far away.

Passing by the Guards and across a vacant space, Rostof in order not to get into the front again, as he had been, when he was caught by the charge of the Cavalier-guards, rode along the line of the reserves, making a considerable detour of the place where the most violent cannonade and musketry firing was heard. Suddenly he heard loud volleys of musketry before him and behind our troops, in a place where he would never have suspected the presence of the enemy.

"What can that mean," wondered Rostof. "Can the enemy have outflanked us? It cannot be," said he to himself, and a horror of fear for himself and for the success of the battle suddenly came over him. "Whatever it is, however," he thought, "now there's no avoiding it. I must find the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, then it is my place to perish with the rest."

The gloomy presentiment which had suddenly come over

him was more and more made certain the farther he rode into the fields behind the village of Pratzen, which were occupied by throngs of demoralized troops.

"What does this mean? What can this mean? At whom are they firing? Who is firing?" he inquired, as he overtook Russian and Austrian soldiers running in confused throngs across his path.

"The devil only knows! He has beaten us all. All is lost," answered the throngs of the fugitives in Russian, in German, and in Bohemian, and they could tell no better than he himself could what was going on there. *

"Hang the Germans!" cried one.

"The devil take 'em, the traitors!"

"*Zum Henker diese Russen* — to the devil with these Russians," stammered some German.

A number of wounded were wandering down the road. Curses, cries, groans, mingled in one general uproar. The firing ceased; as Rostof afterwards heard, Russian and Austrian soldiers had fired at each other.

"*Bozhe moi!* — My God what does this mean?" thought Rostof. "And here where any minute the emperor might see them. But no! these were apparently only a few cowards. This is only transient, this is nothing! it cannot be," he said to himself, "I must get by them as soon as possible."

The idea of a defeat and of a total defeat could not enter Rostof's head. Although he could see the French cannon and troops on the Pratzen, on the very place where he had been commanded to find the commander-in-chief, he could not and would not believe this.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rostof had been told that he should find Kutuzof and the emperor somewhere in the vicinity of the village of Pratzen. But they were not to be found there, nor was a single *nachalnik* in sight, but everywhere throngs of fleeing troops of all nationalities.

He spurred on his horse, which was already growing fagged, so as to pass by these fugitives as quickly as possible, but the farther he went, the more demoralized he found the forces. Along the high road where he was riding, carriages and equipages of all sorts were crowded together, Russian and Austrian soldiers of all the different branches of the service,

wounded and not wounded. All this mass hummed and confusedly swarmed under the dispiriting sounds of the shells fired from French batteries posted on the heights overlooking Prutzen.

"Where is the emperor? Where is Kutuzof?" asked Rostof of all whom he could bring to a stop, but not one could vouchsafe him any answer.

At last seizing a soldier by the collar, he obliged him to reply.

"Eh! brother! They've all been yonder this long time — all cut sticks!" said the soldier laughing for some reason, and breaking away. Releasing this soldier, who was evidently drunk, Rostof managed to stop the denshchik or the groom of some person of consequence, and began to ply him with questions. The denshchik told Rostof that the emperor had been driven by an hour before at full speed in a carriage along this same road, and that the emperor had been wounded.

"It cannot be," said Rostof, "It must have been some one else."

"I myself saw him," said the denshchik, with a self-satisfied laugh, "I ought to know the sovereign by sight; I should like to know how many times I have seen him in Petersburg! He leaned back in the carriage and was pale, very pale. Heavens! what a rate those four black horses thundered by us here; I should think I might know the Tsar's horses, and Ilya Ivanitch! I guess Ilya, the coachman, wouldn't be very likely to drive by with any one less than the Tsar!"

Rostof gave his horse the spur and started to ride farther. A wounded officer passing by, turned to him.

"Who was it you wanted," asked the officer; "the commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannon ball; hit him in the chest, right at the head of our regiment."

"Not killed! only wounded," said another officer.

"Who? Kutuzof?" asked Rostof.

"No, not Kutuzof, but what do you call him — ah well, it's all the same. Not many are left alive. If you go down yonder, yonder to that village, you'll find all the commanders gathered," said this officer, pointing to the village of Gostieradeck, and he passed on.

Rostof walked his horse, not knowing now where to go or whom to seek. The sovereign wounded! the battle lost! It was impossible to believe that, even now. Rostof rode away in the direction indicated by the officer; in the distance could be seen towers and a church. What was the need of

him to hurry. What had he now to say to the sovereign or to Kutuzof? even if they were alive and not wounded.

"That road; take that road, your nobility, else they'll shoot you down, yonder!" cried a soldier to him. "They'll shoot you!"

"O what are you talking about?" cried another. "That's the nearest way to where he is going."

Rostof considered a moment and then rode in exactly the direction where they said that he would be killed.

"Now it's all the same to me; if the sovereign is wounded, why should I try to save my life?" he asked himself. He rode out on the open space where there had been the heaviest slaughter of the men escaping from Pratzen. The French had not yet occupied this place, and the Russians — that is those who were alive or only slightly wounded had long before abandoned it. On the ground, like shocks of corn on a fertile field, lay ten men, fifteen men, killed or wounded, on every rood of the place.

The wounded had crawled together, two or three at a time, and their cries and groans could be heard most gruesomely though it seemed to Rostof that they were often simulated. He put his horse at a trot, so as not to see all these suffering men and a great horror came over him. He was not afraid for his own life, but lest he should lose the manliness which he felt was essential to him; he knew that he could not endure the spectacle of those unfortunate wretches.

The French had ceased to fire on this field strewn with dead and wounded, because there was no longer any sign of life on it; but when they caught sight of the adjutant riding across, they turned one of their cannon on it, and sent a few balls after him. The sensation caused by these terrific whistling sounds, and the spectacle of the dead around him, aroused in Rostof's mind, an impression of horror and self-commiseration. He recalled his mother's last letter. "How would she feel" he asked himself, "if she should see me now, here in this field, with those cannon pointed at me?"

At the village of Gostieradeck the Russian troops were retiring from the field of battle in good order, though the regiments were mixed together. This was out of range of the French cannon-balls, and the sounds of the firing seemed more distant. Here all clearly saw and openly confessed that the battle was lost. No one to whom Rostof applied for information could tell him where the emperor was, or where Kutuzof was. Some declared that the report about the sover-

eign being wounded was correct, others denied it and explained this false though widespread rumor by the fact that the Ober-hofmarshal, Count Tolstoi, who had gone out in company of others of the suite to see the battle, had dashed away pale and frightened, from the field of battle in the emperor's carriage.

One officer told Rostof that in the rear of a village over toward the left, he had seen some officials of high rank, and Rostof started in that direction, not indeed with the expectation of finding any one, but merely for the sake of clearing his conscience.

After riding three versts and passing beyond the last of the Russian troops, Rostof reached an orchard protected by a ditch, and saw two riders standing near the ditch. One with a white plume in his hat, had a familiar look; the other rider, he whom he did not know, was mounted on a handsome chestnut charger — this charger somehow seemed familiar to Rostof, — and rode up to the ditch, put spurs to his horse, and giving him his head, easily leaped the ditch into the orchard. The earth merely crumbled away a little from the embankment under the horse's hind hoofs. Turning his horse short, he leaped back over the ditch again, and addressed himself respectfully to the rider with the white plume, apparently urging him to do the same thing. The rider whose figure Rostof seemed to recognize, and had therefore involuntarily attracted his attention, shook his head and made a gesture of refusal with his hand, and Rostof immediately by this gesture, knew that it was his idolized, lamented sovereign.

"But it cannot be that he is left alone in this bare field!" thought Rostof. Just then Alexander turned his head, so that he had a good view of those beloved features so sharply graven on his memory. The sovereign was pale, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes cavernous, but there was all the more charm, all the more sweetness in his features. Rostof was delighted to be convinced that the rumor of the sovereign's wound was false. He was happy to have seen him. He knew that he might, nay that he ought to, go straight up to him and deliver the message that had been entrusted to him by Dolgorukof.

But just as a young man in love trembles and loses his presence of mind, not daring to say what he has been dreaming about night after night, and timidly looks around, in search of help or the possibility of postponing it, when the wished-for moment has at last arrived and he stands alone

with her; so also with Rostof, now that he had attained what he had yearned for more than all else in the world; he did not know how to approach his sovereign, and devised a thousand excuses for finding it untimely, improper, and impossible.

"What! I might seem to be taking advantage of his being alone and dejected. An unknown face at this moment of sorrow, might seem unpleasant and troublesome; besides what could I say to him now, when one glance from him makes my heart swell within me and seem to leap into my mouth."

Not one of those innumerable speeches which he had so carefully prepared in case he should meet the emperor, now recurred to his mind. Those speeches were for the most part indicted under different conditions; they were to be spoken at the moment of victory and triumph; above all on his death-bed, when as he sank under the wounds that he had received, his sovereign would come to see him, and thank him for his heroic conduct; thus he would show him his love sealed by his death.

"Besides what now could I ask the emperor in regard to his commands to the left wing when now already it is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle is lost. No, really I ought not to trouble him. I ought not to break in upon his reflections. It would be better to die a thousand times, than to receive an angry look or an angry word from him."

Such was Rostof's decision, and melancholy, and with despair in his heart, he rode away, constantly glancing back at the emperor, still remaining in the same undecided attitude. While Rostof was making these reflections and sadly rode away from his sovereign, Captain von Toll galloped up to the same place, and seeing the emperor, went straight up to him, offered him his services and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. The emperor, wishing to rest, and feeling ill, sat down under an apple tree, and Toll stood near him. Rostof looked from afar, and saw with jealousy and regret how von Toll talked long and eagerly to the sovereign, and how the sovereign, apparently weeping, covered his eyes with one hand, and with the other pressed von Toll's.

"And I might have done that in his place," thought Rostof, and with difficulty restraining the tears of sympathy for his sovereign, he rode away in utter despair, not knowing now where he should go or for what reason.

His despair was all the more bitter, because he felt that his own weakness was the cause of his misfortune.

He might — not only might, but he ought to have ridden

up to the emperor. And this was his only chance of exhibiting to the sovereign his devotion. And he did not take advantage of it. "Why did I do so?" he asked himself, and he turned his horse about, and galloped back to the same place where the emperor had been sitting, but there was no one any longer on the other side of the ditch. A train of baggage wagons and carriages was winding along.

From one of the wagoners, Rostof learned that Kutuzof's staff were not very far away, at the village where the wagons were bound. Rostof followed them.

The foremost in the train, Kutuzof's groom, leading a horse with his trappings. The wagons followed behind the groom, and behind the wagon walked an old man, a household serf with bandy legs, wearing a cap and a half shuba.

"Tit! ah! Tit!" cried the groom.

"What is it," asked the old man heedlessly.

"Tit! Tit! grind the wheat!"

"E! durak! tfu! said the old man, angrily spitting. Some time passed in silence, as they moved onward, and then the same joking rhyme was repeated.

By five o'clock in the evening, the battle was lost at every point. More than a hundred cannon had already fallen into the hands of the French. Prsczebiszewsky and his battalion had laid down their arms. The other columns, having lost more than half their efficient, were retreating in disorderly demoralized throngs.

The relics of Langeron and Dokhturof's forces, all in confusion, were crowded together around the ponds, on the dykes and banks of the village of August.

By six o'clock the only cannonading that was any longer heard, was directed at the dyke of August by some of the French, who had established a large battery on the slopes of the Pratzer, and were trying to cut down our men as they retreated. At the rear, Dokhturof and some others, having collected their battalions, made a stand against the French, who were pursuing our troops.

It had begun to be entirely dark. On the narrow dyke of August, where so many years the little old miller had peacefully sat with his hook and line, while his grandson with shirt-sleeves rolled up, played in the water-can with the palpitating silver fish; on that dyke, over which the Moravians, in shaggy caps and blue blouses, had driven their two-horse teams loaded down with spring wheat, and returned dusted with flour and

with whitened teams; along this same dyke, this narrow dyke, among vans and field-pieces, under the feet of horses, and between the wheels, crowded a throng of men, their faces distorted with fear of death, pushing each other, expiring, trampling on the dying and dead, and crushing each other, only to be themselves killed a few steps farther on.

Every ten seconds a cannon ball, compressing the air, flew by, or a shell came bursting amid this dense throng, dealing death, and spattering with blood those who stood near by. Dolokhof, wounded, in the arm, on foot, with ten men of his company — he was now an officer again — and his regimental commander, on horseback, constituted the sole survivors of the whole regiment. Carried along in the throng, they were crowded together at the very entrance of the dyke, and, pressed on all sides, were obliged to halt, because a horse attached to a field-piece had fallen, and the throng were trying to drag it along.

One cannon ball struck some one behind them, another struck just in front, and spattered Dolokhof with blood. The crowd moved on in desperation, squeezing together, and then halted again.

"If we could only make those hundred paces, and safety is sure; if we stay here two minutes longer our destruction is certain!" said each one to himself.

Dolokhof, standing in the midst of the throng, forced his way through to the edge of the dyke, knocking down two soldiers, and sprang out on the glare ice that covered the pond.

"Turn out this way!" he cried, sliding along on the ice, which bent under his weight. "Turn out," he cried to the gunner, "it will hold! it will hold!"

The ice held him, but it yielded and cracked, and it was evident that it would immediately give way, if not under his weight alone, certainly under that of the field-piece, or the throng of men. They looked at him, and crowded along the shore, not venturing to step upon the ice. The commander of the regiment, sitting on horseback at the entrance, was just raising his hand and opening his mouth to speak to Dolokhof, when suddenly a cannon ball flew so close over the men that they all ducked their heads. There was a dull thud as though something soft were struck, and the general fell in a pool of blood. No one looked at the general or thought of picking him up.

"Come on the ice!" — "Cross the ice!" — "Come on!" — "Move on! Don't you hear? Come!" was heard suddenly

from innumerable voices, after the cannon ball had struck the general; though the men knew not what or why they were crying.

One of the last field-pieces, that was just entering on the dyke, ventured on the ice. A throng of soldiers hastened down from the ground upon the frozen pond. One of the rearmost soldiers broke through, one leg slumping down into the water. He tried to save himself and sank up to his belt. The men who stood nearest, held back; the driver of the field-piece drew in his horses, but still behind them were heard the shouts, —

“Take to the ice!” — “What are you stopping for?” — “Take to the ice!” — “Take to the ice!” and cries of horror were heard among the throng. The soldiers surrounding the gun gesticulated over their horses, and beat them to make them turn and go on. The horses struck out from the shore. The ice, which might have held the foot-soldiers, gave way in one immense sheet, and forty men who were on it threw themselves some forward and some back, trampling on each other.

All the time the cannon balls kept regularly whistling by and falling on the ice, into the water, and, more frequently than all, into the mass of men that covered the dyke, the ponds, and the banks.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the Pratzter hill, in the same spot where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand, lay Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, his life-blood oozing away, and unconsciously groaning, with light, pitiful groans, like an ailing child.

By evening, he ceased to groan, and lay absolutely still. He did not know how long his unconsciousness continued. Suddenly, he felt that he was alive and suffering from a burning and tormenting pain in his head.

“Where is that lofty heaven which I had never seen before, and which I saw to-day?” That was his first thought. “And I never knew such pain as this, either,” he said to himself. “Yes, I have never known anything, anything at all, till now. But where am I?”

He tried to listen, and heard the trampling hoofs of several horses approaching, and the sounds of voices, talking French. He opened his eyes. Over him still stretched the same lofty heavens, with clouds sailing over it in still loftier heights, and

beyond them he could see the depths of endless blue. He did not turn his head or look at those who, to judge from the hoof beats of the horses and the sounds of the voices, rode up to him and paused.

These horsemen were Napoleon, accompanied by two aides. Bonaparte, who had been riding over the field of battle, had given orders to strengthen the battery that was cannonading the dyke of August, and was now looking after the killed and wounded left on the battlefield.

"*De beaux hommes!* — handsome men!" said Napoleon, gazing at a Russian grenadier, who lay on his belly with his face half buried in the soil, and his neck turning black, and one arm flung out and stiffened in death.

"The ammunition for the field-guns is exhausted, sire!"

"Have that of the reserves brought,"* said Napoleon, and then a step or two nearer, he paused over Prince Andrei, who lay on his back with the flagstaff clutched in his hands (the flag had been carried off by the French as a trophy).

"*Voilà, une belle mort,*" said Napoleon, gazing at Bolkonsky. Prince Andrei realized that this was said of him, and that it was spoken by Napoleon. He heard them address the speaker as "sire." But he heard these words as though they had been the buzzing of a fly. He was not only not interested in them, but they made no impression upon him, and he immediately forgot them. His head throbbed as with fire: he felt that his life-blood was ebbing, and he still saw far above him the distant, eternal heavens. He knew that this was Napoleon, his hero; but at this moment, Napoleon seemed to him merely a small, insignificant man in comparison with that lofty, infinite heaven, with the clouds flying over it. It was a matter of utter indifference to him who stood looking down upon him, or what was said about him at that moment. He was merely conscious of a feeling of joy that people had come to him, and of a desire for these people to give him assistance and bring him back to life which seemed to him so beautiful: because he understood it so differently now. He collected all his strength to move and make some sound. He managed to move his leg slightly and uttered a weak, feeble, sickly moan that stirred pity even in himself.

"Ah! he is alive!" said Napoleon. "Take up this young man — *ce jeune homme* — and take him to the temporary hospital." Having given this order, Napoleon rode on to meet

* "*Les munitions des pièces de position sont épuisées, sire!*" "*Faites avancer celles de la réserve.*"

Marshal Lannes, who, removing his hat and smiling, rode up and congratulated him on the victory.

Prince Andrei recollected nothing further; he lost consciousness of the terrible pain caused by those who placed him on the stretcher, and by the jolting as he was carried along, and the probing of the wound. He recovered it again only at the very end of the day, as he was carried to the hospital together with other Russians wounded, and taken prisoner. At this time, he felt a little fresher and was able to glance around and even to speak.

The first words which he heard after he came to were spoken by a French officer in charge of the convoy, who said, —

“We must stop here; the emperor is coming by immediately; it will give him pleasure to see these prisoners.”

“There are so many prisoners to-day; almost the whole Russian army, I should think it would have become an old story,” said another officer.

“Well, at all events, this man here, they say, was the commander of all the Emperor Alexander’s Guards,” said the first speaker, indicating a wounded Russian officer in a white Cavalier-Guards uniform. Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnin whom he had met in Petersburg society. Next him was a youth of nineteen, an officer of the cavalier guard also wounded.

Bonaparte coming up at a gallop reined in his horse.

“Who is the chief officer here?” he asked, looking at the wounded.

They pointed to Colonel Prince Repnin.

“Were you the commander of the Emperor Alexander’s Horse-guard regiment?” asked Napoleon.

“I commanded a squadron,” replied Repnin.

“Your regiment did its duty with honor,” remarked Napoleon.

“Praise from a great commander is the highest reward that a soldier can have,” said Repnin.

“It is with pleasure that I give it to you,” replied Napoleon.

“Who is this young man next you?”

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

Napoleon glanced at him and said with a smile: “*Il est venu bien jeune se frotter à nous* — very young to oppose us.”

“Youth does not prevent one from being brave,” replied Sukhtelen in a broken voice.

“A beautiful answer,” said Napoleon. “Young man, you will get on in the world.”

Prince Andrei who had been placed also in the front rank, under the eyes of the emperor, so as to swell the number of those who had been taken prisoner, naturally attracted his attention. Napoleon evidently remembered having seen him on the field, and turning to him he used exactly the same expression, "young man," as when Bolkonsky had the first time come under his notice.

"*Et vous, jeune homme.* — Well, and you, young man?" said he addressing him. "How do you feel, *mon brave?*"

Although five minutes before this, Prince Andrei had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were bearing him, now he fixed his eyes directly on Napoleon, but had nothing to say. To him at this moment all the interests occupying Napoleon seemed so petty, his former hero himself, with his small vanity and delight in the victory, seemed so sordid in comparison with that high, true, and just heaven which he had seen and learned to understand; and that was why he could not answer him.

Yes, and everything seemed to him so profitless and insignificant in comparison with that stern and majestic train of thought induced in his mind by his lapsing strength, as his life-blood ebbed away, by his suffering and the near expectation of death. As Prince Andrei looked into Napoleon's eyes, he thought of the insignificance of majesty, of the insignificance of life, the meaning of which no one could understand, and of the still greater insignificance of death, the thought of which no one could among men understand or explain.

The emperor, without waiting for any answer, turned away, and as he started to ride on, said to one of the officers, —

"Have these gentlemen looked after and conveyed to my bivouac; have Doctor Larrey himself look after their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Reprin," and he touched the spurs to his horse and galloped away.

His face was bright with self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers carrying Prince Andrei had taken from him the golden medallion which the Princess Mariya had hung around her brother's neck, but when they saw the flattering way in which the emperor treated the prisoners, they hastened to return the medallion.

Prince Andrei did not see how or by whom the medallion was replaced, but he suddenly discovered on his chest, outside of his uniform, the little image attached to its slender golden chain.

"It would be good," thought Prince Andrei, letting his eyes

rest on the medallion which his sister had hung around his neck with so much feeling and reverence, "it would be good if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to the Princess Mariya. How good it would be to know where to find help in this life, and what to expect after it, — beyond the grave! How happy and composed I should be, if I could say now, 'Lord have mercy on me!' But to whom can I say that! Is it force — impalpable, incomprehensible, which I cannot turn to, or even express in words, is it the great All or nothingness," said he to himself, "or is it God which is sewed in this amulet which my sister gave me? Nothing, nothing is certain, except the insignificance of all within my comprehension and the majesty of that which is incomprehensible but all-important."

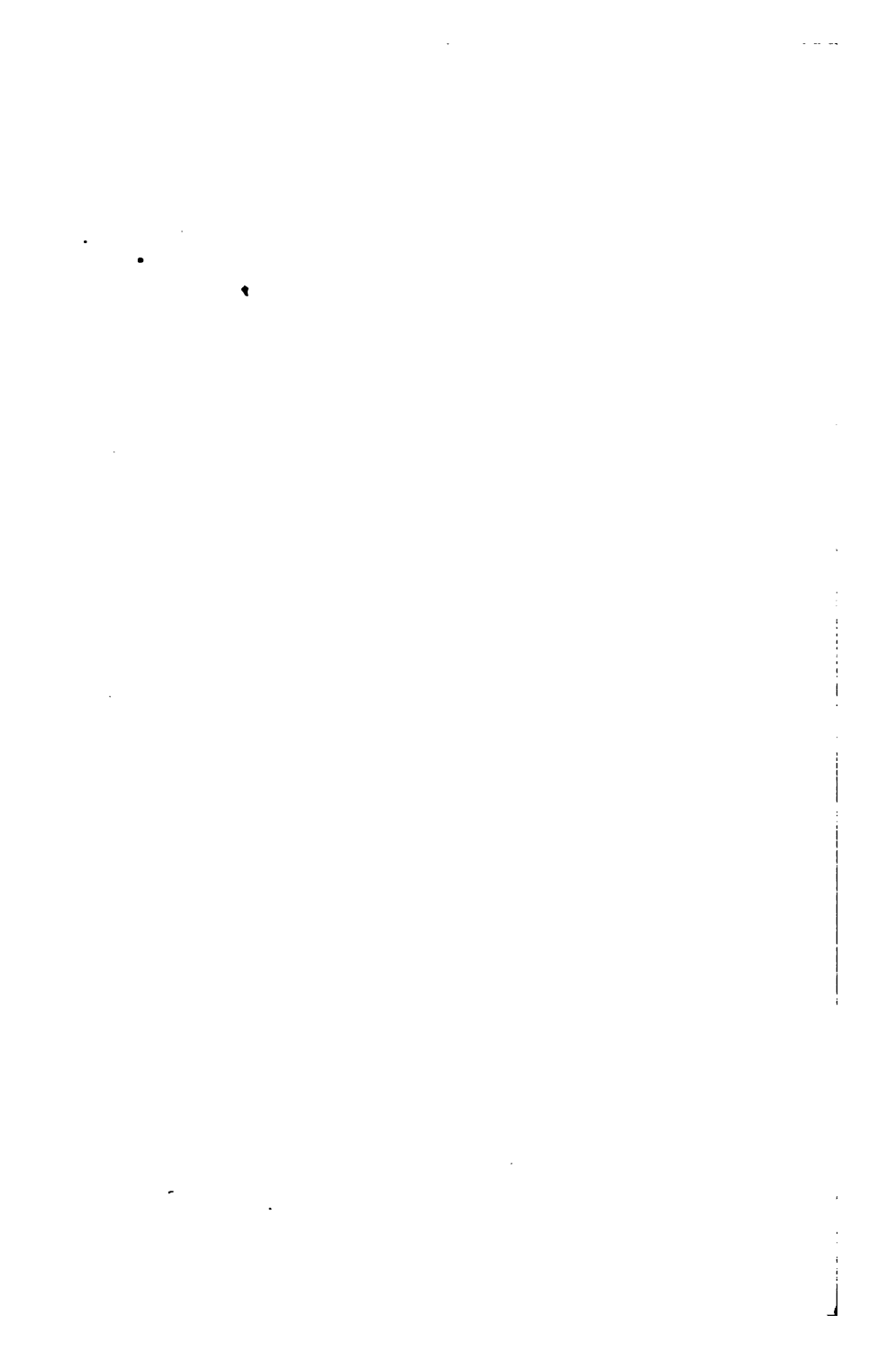
The stretcher started off. At every jolt he again felt the insufferable pain, his fever grew more violent, and he began to be delirious. The dreams about his father, his wife, his sister, and his unborn son, and the feeling of tenderness which he had experienced on the night before the battle, the figure of the little insignificant Napoleon, and above all the lofty sky, formed the principal content of his feverish imaginations.

He seemed to be living a quiet life amid calm, domestic happiness at Luisiya Gorui. He was beginning to take delight in this blissful existence, when suddenly the little Napoleon appeared with his unsympathetic, shallow-minded face, expressing happiness at the unhappiness of others, and once more doubts began to arise and torment him, and only the skies seemed to promise healing balm.

Toward morning all his imaginations were utterly confused and blurred in the chaos and fogs of unconsciousness and forgetfulness which much more likely, according to the opinion of Doctor Larrey, Napoleon's physician, would end with death than recovery :

"C'est un sujet nerveux et bileux, il n'en rechappera pas — he won't recover."

Prince Andrei, together with other prisoners hopelessly wounded, was turned over to the care of the natives of the region.



WAR AND PEACE

BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
13 ASTOR PLACE

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY
T. Y. CROWELL & CO.

ELECTROTYPED BY
C. J. PETERS & SON, BOSTON.

WAR AND PEACE.

VOL. II. — PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

At the beginning of the year 1806, Nikolai Rostof went home on furlough. Denisof was also going to his home in Voronezh, and Rostof persuaded him to accompany him to Moscow and make him a visit. At the next to the last post station, Denisof fell in with a comrade, and drank three bottles of wine with him; and on the way to Moscow, in spite of the cradle-holes on the road, did not once wake up, but lay stretched out in the bottom of the post-sledge, next Rostof, who, in proportion as they approached the city, grew more and more impatient.

“Faster! Faster! oh, these intolerable streets, shops, *kalatchi*,* lanterns, cab-drivers!” thought Rostof, when, having left their names at the city gates, as visitors on furlough, they had fairly entered the city.

“Denisof! We are here! — Asleep!” he exclaimed, leaning forward with his whole body, as though by this motion he could hope to increase the speed of the sledge. Denisof made no answer.

“There is the cross street, where Zakhar, the *izvoshchik*, used to stand; and there is Zakhar himself, and the same horse! And here’s the shop where we used to buy ginger-bread! Hurry, there!”

“Which house?” asked the driver.

“That one yonder, on the corner, that big one, can’t you see? That’s our house!” said Rostof. “There, that’s our house! — Denisof! Denisof! We shall be there in a moment!”

Denisof lifted his head, coughed, and made no answer.

“Dmitri,” said Rostof, calling to his valet on the coachmen’s seat, “There’s a light in our house, isn’t there?”

* *Kalatch*: a sort of wheaten bread, made of thin dough, peculiar to Russia.

• “Certainly there is; there’s a light in your papenka’s room.”

“They can’t have gone to bed yet? Hey? What do you think? See here! Don’t you forget it, I want my new Hungarian coat taken out,” he added, stroking his young mustache. “Now then, a little farther,” he cried to the postillion. “Here, wake up, Vasha,” turning to Denisof, who had again let his head fall back. “Come now, get along, three silver rubles for vodka, get on!” shouted Rostof, when the sledge was within three doors of his own entrance. It seemed to him that the horses did not move. At last the sledge drew up at the entrance at the right. Over his head, Rostof saw the well-known cornice, with the peeling stucco, the front door-steps, the curbstone. He leaped out before the sledge had stopped, and rushed into the entry. The house also stood as cold and motionless as though it had no concern with the one who was entering its portals. There was no one in the entry.

“My God! has anything happened?” thought Rostof, with a sinking at the heart, standing still for a minute, and then starting to run along the entry and up the well-known crooked stairs. There was still the same old door handle, the untidiness of which always annoyed the countess, as loose and as much askew as ever. In the anteroom burned a single tallow candle.

The old Mikhaïla was asleep on the chest. Prokofi, the hall boy, who was so strong that he could lift a coach by the back, was sitting making shoes out of selvage. As the door opened he looked up, and his sleepy, indifferent expression of countenance suddenly changed to one of awe and even fright.

“Heavens and earth! The young count!” he cried, as soon as he recognized his young master. “How does it happen, my dear boy?”* And Prokofi, trembling with emotion, rushed through the door into the drawing-room, evidently with the intention of announcing the good news; but then, on second thought, he came back and fell on his young barin’s neck.

“All well?” asked Rostof, drawing away his arm.

“Yes! glory to God, glory to God! Only just done dinner! Let us have a look at you, your illustriousness!”

“Are they all perfectly happy?”

“Yes, *slava Bohu! slava Bohu!*”

Rostof had entirely forgotten about Denisof; not wishing any one to announce his arrival, he pulled off his fur shuba,

* *Golubchik.*

and ran on his tiptoes into the great, dark, drawing-room. Everything was the same; the same card-tables, the chandelier still in its covering. But some of the family must have seen the young barin, and hardly had he entered the drawing-room, before there came with a rush like a tornado, a small person who threw a pair of arms around his neck and overwhelmed him with kisses. Then a second, and still a third came leaping out of a second and third side door; more embraces, more kisses, more shouts, tears of joy! He could not tell which was papa, or which was Natasha, or which was Petya! All were shouting, talking, and kissing him at one and the same time. Suddenly, he discovered that his mother was not among them.

"And here I knew nothing about it, Nikolushka, my darling!"

"Here he is — ours again — my darling, Kolya. How you have changed! There are no lights! Bring tea!"

"Now kiss me!"

"*Dúshenka*, dear heart, and me too!"

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mikhailovna, Viera, the old count, were all embracing him: and the servants and the maids, crowding into the room, were exclaiming and ohing and ahing.

Petya, clinging to his legs, kept crying, "me too!"

Natasha, after having thrown her arms around him and kissed him repeatedly all over his face, ran behind him, and seizing him by the tail of his coat, was jumping up and down like a goat, in the same spot, and giving utterance to sharp little squeals.

On all sides of him were eyes gleaming with tears of joy and love; on all sides were lips ready to be kissed. Sonya, red as *kumatch*,* also held him by the hand, and all radiant with affection, gazed into his eyes which she had been so longing to see. Sonya was now just past sixteen, and was very pretty, especially at this moment of joyous, triumphant excitement. She looked at him, without dropping her eyes, smiling, and almost holding her breath. He looked at her gratefully, but still he was all the time waiting and looking for some one else. The old countess had not yet made her appearance.

And now steps were heard in the entry — steps so quick that they could be no one else but his mother's.

But it was his mother in a dress which he had never seen

* A kind of fustian.

before, one that had been finished since he was gone. All made way for him, and he ran to her. When they met, she fell on his heart, sobbing. She could not lift her face, and only pressed it against the cold silver braid of his Hungarian coat. Denisof, coming into the room unobserved by any one, stood there also, and as he looked at them, he wiped his eyes.

"Vasili Denisof, the friend of your son," said he introducing himself to the count, who looked at him with a questioning expression.

"I know, I know," said the count, embracing Denisof and kissing him. "Nikolushka wrote. Natasha, Viera, here is Denisof."

The same happy, enthusiastic faces were turned upon Denisof's hirsute figure, and crowded around him.

"My dear * Denisof," screamed Natasha; and forgetting herself in her excitement and running to him, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. All were abashed at Natasha's action. Denisof also reddened, but smiled, and taking Natasha's hand, kissed it.

Denisof was conducted to the room that had been prepared for him, but the Rostofs all collected in the divan-room around Nikolushka.

The old countess not letting go his hand, which she kept kissing every minute, sat next him. The others standing around them watched his every motion, word, glance, and could not take from him their enthusiastically loving eyes.

The brother and sisters quarrelled and disputed with each other for places next him, and vied with each other in bringing him his tea, his handkerchief, his pipe.

Rostof was very happy in the love which they showed him, but the first moment of the meeting had been so beatific that his present happiness seemed a little tame, and he kept desiring and expecting something more and more, and yet more.

The next morning the travellers slept straight on till ten o'clock.

In the adjoining room there was a confusion of sabres, valises, sabretaches, opened trunks, muddy boots. Two pairs of boots cleaned and with brightened spurs had just been brought up and set along the wall. Servants were carrying wash-hand basins, hot water for shaving, and well-brushed clothes.

There was an odor of tobacco and of *men*.

* *Golubchik*.

Denisof, to Rostof's amazement, made his appearance in the drawing-room in a new uniform, pomaded and scented, with as much ceremony as though he were going out to battle, and showed himself so polite to the ladies and gentlemen present, that Rostof could hardly believe his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

NIKOLAI ROSTOF, on his return to Moscow from the army, was welcomed by the home circle as the best of sons, as a hero, and their darling Nikolushka; by his relatives, as a fine, attractive, and distinguished young man; by his acquaintances, as a handsome lieutenant of hussars, a graceful dancer, and one of the best matches in town.

The Rostofs were acquainted with all Moscow. This year the old count had plenty of money, having mortgaged all his possessions, and consequently Nikolushka, who kept his own fast trotter, and wore the most stylish riding trousers, of the latest cut, such as had never before been seen in Moscow; and likewise the most fashionable boots, with very pointed toes and little silver spurs, was enabled to spend his time very agreeably.

Now that he was at home again, he experienced the pleasant sensation of accommodating himself to the old conditions of life after an interregnum of considerable time. It seemed to him that he had grown to be very much of a man. His despair at not having been able to pass his examination in the catechism, his borrowing of money from Gavriilo for an *izvoshchik*, his clandestine kisses with Sonya, all came back to him as remembrances of a childhood from which he was now immeasurably separated. Now he was a lieutenant of hussars, in a silver-laced pelisse, with the cross of Saint George, and he could enter his own racer, together with well-known, experienced, and respected amateurs. There was a lady of his acquaintance on the boulevard, with whom he used to spend his evenings. He took the lead of the *mazurka* at the Arkharofs', discussed war with Field-Marshal Kamiensky, was an habitu  of the English club, and was on "thou" terms with a colonel of forty years, to whom Denisof had introduced him.

His passion for his sovereign had somewhat cooled since his return to Moscow, since he did not see him and had no opportunity of seeing him, but he often talked about him, and of his love for him, giving people to understand that he did not

tell all, that there was something in his feeling toward the emperor that was not comprehensible to all men, and with his whole soul he entered into the sentiment, general at that period in Moscow, of devotion to the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch who was called then *angel vo ploti*, an angel in the flesh, or an angel on earth.

During Rostof's short stay in Moscow, before he returned to the army, instead of growing nearer to Sonya he rather drifted away from her. She was very pretty and sweet, and was evidently deeply in love with him, but he had reached that period of young manhood when there seem to be so many things to do that no time is left for this, and the young man is afraid of binding himself irrevocably, and learns to prize his freedom, since it is necessary to him for other things. When he thought of Sonya during these days of his visits home, he would say to himself, —

“Eh! there are many, many more as good as she is, whom I have not had a chance to see as yet. I shall have time enough whenever I want to engage myself and fall in love, but now I will have none of it.”

Moreover, it seemed to him that there was something rather derogatory to his manhood to spend his time in the society of the ladies. If he went to balls and into the society of women he pretended that he did so against his will. Races, the English club, junketing with Denisof, and visits *there* were quite a different affair; such things were becoming to a gay young hussar!

About the beginning of March, the old Count Ilya Andreyevitch Rostof was occupied with the preparations for a dinner to be given at the English Club in honor of Prince Bagration.

The count in his dressing-gown was walking up and down his drawing-room, giving orders to the club steward and the famous Feoktist, the old cook of the English Club, in regard to asparagus, fresh cucumbers, strawberries, veal, and fish for the dinner to the prince.

The count, ever since the founding of the club, had been a committee man, and the leading spirit. He had been appointed by the club to oversee the entertainment for Prince Bagration, because no one knew so well as he did how to organize a banquet on a broad and hospitable scale, and especially because no one else could or would spend his own money if it were necessary to make it a success. The cook and steward of the club listened to the count's orders with happy faces, because they knew that for their advantage there was no bet-

er person for them to have to manage a dinner costing several thousand rubles.

"Now see here, put esparcet in the turtle soup, esparcet, you know."

"Must there be three kinds of cold dishes?" asked the cook.

The count pondered: "Certainly not less than three—mayonnaise, one"—said he, beginning to count them on his fingers.

"Do you wish me to order some large sterlet," interrupted the steward.

"What shall we do if there are no good ones? Yes, batushka, certainly—I came near forgetting. See here, we must have another *entrée* on the table. Oh dear me!" he put his hands to his head. "Now who is going to get me flowers—Mitenka! ah! Mitenka!—hurry off, Mitenka!" he cried to his overseer, who came in at his call, "Hurry off to my estate *pod-Moskovnaya*,* and tell Maksimka, the gardener, to get up the decorations. Tell him to have all the greenhouses stripped, and the flowers sent up, well wrapped in felt. Let him have two hundred flower-pots here by Friday.

Having given a profusion of various other orders, he was just going to the "little countess's" room to rest, but remembering some important item he turned round, called back the steward and cook and began to give still further orders. Just then in the doorway were heard the light steps of a man, the ringing of spurs and the young count, handsome, ruddy-faced, with dark moustache, came into the room; it was evident that the restful, easy-going life in Moscow agreed with him. "Akh! my dear boy,† how my head whirls!" said the old man, smiling at his son with a sort of humiliated expression. "Come now, if you'd only help me! We really must have some more singers. I shall have my own orchestra, but what should you think of getting the gypsies. Your brotherhood of military men like them."

"It's a fact, papenka! I think that Prince Bagration when he was getting ready for the battle of Schöngraben did not make such hard work of it as you are doing now," said the young man with a smile.

The old count pretended to be angry; "Yes, you talk, just try it yourself!"

And the count turned to the cook, who with an intelligent and respectful face was looking on, with friendly and flattering eyes, at the father and son.

* Any estate in the suburbs of Moscow.

† *Brätets möl.*

"That's the way with the young men, hey, Feoktist?" said he. "Always making sport of us old fellows!"

"That's so, your illustriousness, all they want is to have good things to eat and drink, but how it's got and served is no concern of theirs."

"That's it, that's it," cried the count, and gayly seizing his son's two hands cried: "Now this is what I want, since I have you. Take the sledge and pair and hurry off to Bezukhoi's and tell him that the count, that is Ilya Andreyitch, sent to ask for some fresh strawberries and pineapples. No one else has any at all. If he himself is not there, then find the princesses and ask them, and from there, mind you, drive to the Razgulyai — Ipatka, the coachman will know the way — and there find Ilyushka the Tsigan, the one who danced and sang in a white kazakin at Count Orlof's, you remember, and bring him with you to me here."

"Shall I bring some of the Tsigan girls with him too," asked Nikolai, laughing.

"There! there!"

At this moment, with noiseless steps, and with her indefatigable and anxious, and at the same time, sweet and Christian expression, which never deserted her, Anna Mikhailovna came into the room. In spite of the fact that Anna Mikhailovna every day discovered the count in his dressing-gown, each time he was abashed, and offered her apologies for his costume.

"No matter, count, my dear," said she, blandly closing her eyes. "I myself am going to the Bezukhoi's. Pierre has come, and now we can get anything from his greenhouses. I have been wanting to see him. He sent me a letter from Boris. *Slava Bohu!* — Glory to God! — he is now on the staff."

The count was delighted to have one part of his commission undertaken by Anna Mikhailovna, and bade her make use of the coupé.

"You tell Bezukhoi to come. I will write him a note. How are he and his wife getting along?" asked the count.

Anna Mikhailovna rolled up her eyes, and her face expressed deep affliction.

"Akh, my dear! he's very unhappy," said she; "if it is true, what we have heard, it is terrible! And could we have dreamed of such a thing, when we rejoiced so in his happiness! And such a lofty, heavenly soul this young Bezukhoi is! Yes, I pity him from the bottom of my heart! and I mean to do all that within me lies, to give him consolation."

"Tell us what is it?" asked both the Rostofs, elder and younger.

Anna Mikhailovna drew a deep sigh. "Dolokhof, Marya Lvovna's son" said she, in a mysterious whisper, "has, so they say, absolutely compromised her. Pierre introduced her to her, took him to his own house in Petersburg, and she came here and that madcap fellow followed her," said Anna Mikhailovna, trying to express her sympathy for Pierre, but involuntarily by the inflections of her voice and the half smile on her face, showing more sympathy for the madcap fellow," as she called Dolokhof. "They say Pierre is perfectly broken by his trial."

"Well then, be sure to tell him to come to the club. It will help to distract him. It will be a stunning banquet!" On the next day the fifteenth of March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty members of the English Club and fifty guests were waiting for their distinguished guest, Prince Bagration, the hero of the Austrian campaign.

At first the news of the battle of Austerlitz had been received at Moscow with incredulity. The Russians had been accustomed to victory, that when they heard of the defeat, they simply refused to believe it, others sought explanations such a strange circumstance in extraordinary causes. In the month of December when the news was fully confirmed, at the English Club, which was a rendezvous for all men of rank, or who had trustworthy sources of information, and everywhere else, nothing was said about the war and the recent defeat, just as though there had been common consent to hush the matter up. Men who were apt to give the cue to conversation, — for instance Count Rostopchin, Prince Yuri Vladimirovitch Dolgoruky, Valuyef, Count Markof, Prince Vyazemsky, — did not show themselves at the club at all, but met at their own houses in their own intimate circles, and the best of the Moscovites, who never had any opinions of their own — and in this number we must reckon also Ilya Andreyevitch Rostof — remained for a short time without any definite opinion in regard to the war, and without their natural leaders.

These Moscovites had a dim idea that something was wrong and that it was hard to arrive at a proper judgment in regard to this bad news, and therefore they preferred to keep silent.

But after some time, when the big wigs who directed opinion at the club came back like jurors after a consultation in the jury room, then all was made clear and definite. Reasons

were found for this incredible, unheard-of, and impossible circumstance, that the Russians were beaten. It now became perfectly clear, and one and the same thing was said in all the corners of Moscow. These were the reasons: The treachery of Austria, the wretched victualling of the troops, the treason of the Pole Prsczebiszewsky and the Frenchman Langeron, the incapacity of Kutuzof and — spoken with bated breath — the youth and inexperience of the sovereign, who had placed his confidence in inefficient and insignificant men.

But the army, the Russian army, — and all agreed in regard to this — was extraordinary, and had accomplished prodigies of valor. Soldiers, officers, generals, all were heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagration, who had won imperishable glory by his victory of Schöngraben and his retreat at Austerlitz, where he alone had led off his division unbroken, and had fought the livelong day against an enemy double his numbers. What added still more éclat to his repute as a hero, was the fact that he had no kin in Moscow, and was a foreigner. He was considered as the representative of the simple heroic Russian soldier, who had won his way without connections and intrigues, and was moreover associated with recollections of the Italian campaign, and the name of Suvarof. And then again by showing him such distinguished honors, it was felt that there could be no better way of showing Kutuzof ill will and disapprobation. "If there were no Bagration, we should have to manufacture one — il faudrait l'inventer" said the jester Shinshin, with a parody on Voltaire's witticism. Scarcely any one spoke of Kutuzof, and those who did abused him under their breath, calling him the court weathercock, and an old satyr.

Prince Dolgorukof's witticism was repeated all over Moscow: "Stick to the plaster, and you'll become a master;" thus he consoled himself for our defeat by the remembrance of former victories. Men likewise, freely quoted Rostopchin's clever saying, that "you have to spur the French soldier to battle with high-sounding phrases; the Germans must have it logically proved to them that it is more dangerous to run away than it is to advance; while the Russian soldier, on the contrary, must be held back and urged to go gently."

On all sides were heard new and ever new tales of individual examples of heroism, shown by our officers and soldiers at Austerlitz. This man saved a standard, that one killed five Frenchmen, the other alone loaded five cannons. They spoke of Berg, even those who did not know him, and told how,

when he was wounded in his right arm, he took his sword in his left hand and dashed forward. Nothing was heard of Bolkonsky, and only those who knew him intimately, lamented his premature death, and pitied his wife, with her unborn child, and his droll old father.

CHAPTER III.

ON the fifteenth of March, in all the various rooms of the English Club was heard the hum of busy voices, and like bees at the spring swarming time, the members and guests of the club, dressed in uniforms, dress coats, and some even in powder and kaftans, roamed back and forth, sat down, stood up, met and parted. Powdered and liveried footmen in small-clothes and slippers stood at each door, and strove eagerly to anticipate each motion of the guests and members, so as to offer their services. The majority of those present were well on in years, men of distinction with broad self-satisfied faces, plump fingers, resolute gestures and voices. The guests and members of this class occupied the well-known places of honor, and were surrounded by little circles of well-known and distinguished men.

Those that formed the minority were chance guests, pre-eminently young men, among whom were Denisof, Rostof, and Dolokhof, the last being now an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment once more. The faces of these young men, especially those who belonged to the army, wore that expression of contemptuous deference toward their elders, which seemed to say to the older generation: "We are ready to respect and honor you, but remember that nevertheless the future is ours."

Nesvitsky was there, also, in the capacity of a former member of the club.

Pierre, who, by his wife's advice, had let his hair grow, renounced his spectacles, and dressed in the height of style, wandered through the rooms with a melancholy and dismal mien. As usual, he was surrounded by that atmosphere of worship offered by those who bow before riches, and he, having now become accustomed to this dominion, treated such sycophants with careless scorn.

In years, he should have associated with the young men, but by his wealth and importance, he gravitated toward the circles of the older and more influential guests, and consequently he drifted from one group to another. Central circles

were formed by some of the most distinguished old men, around whom respectfully gathered many of the less conspicuous, for the purpose of listening to the great ones. Such groups were formed around Count Rostopchin, Valuyef, and Naruishkin. Rostopchin was telling how the Russians were caught by the fugitive Austrians, and obliged to force their way through at the point of the bayonet.

Valuyef confidentially announced that Uvarof had been sent from Petersburg to learn the opinion of the Moscovites in regard to Austerlitz.

In the third great circle, Naruishkin was telling about a session of an Austrian council of war at which Suvarof crowed like a cock in answer to the absurdities spoken by the Austrian generals. Shinshin, who formed one of the group, tried to raise a laugh by saying that evidently Kutuzof had not been able to learn of Suvarof even such a simple thing as to crow like a cock; but the elderly men looked sternly at the jester, giving him thereby to feel that on such a day, and in such a place, it was unseemly so to speak of Kutuzof.

Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof, in his soft boots, hovered, full of anxiety and solicitude, between the dining-room and the parlors, giving always the same hasty greeting to every one he met, whether men of mark or not men of mark, his acquaintance including everybody, without exception, occasionally looking around for his handsome young son, at whom he would look with delight and a nod of satisfaction. Young Rostof stood in the embrasure of a window; with Dolokhof, whose acquaintance he had recently made and felt to be congenial.

The old count came up to them and shook hands with Dolokhof,—

“I beg of you to come and see us; since you and my young man here are friends; you and he played the heroes together, yonder. Ah! Vasili Ignatyitch! Good afternoon, old friend,” cried he, turning to welcome a little old man, just entering.

But he did not have time to add the usual greeting: there was a stir, and a footman with awestruck face announced,—

“He has come.”

The bell rang; the elders hastened forward; the guests scattered in the different rooms, like rye gathered up by the shovel, congregated in a throng, and stood in the great drawing-room at the door of the hall.

At the entrance appeared Bagration, without his hat and sword, which, according to the club custom, he had left in care of the Swiss. He was dressed not in his lamb-skin cap

with his whip over his shoulder, as Rostof had seen him the night before the battle of Austerlitz, but in a new and tight-fitting uniform, with Russian and foreign orders, and with the star of the George on his left breast. He had evidently just had his hair and whiskers trimmed, and this did not change his appearance for the better.

His face had a naively festive look, which, being inappropriate to his firm, manly features, gave him a rather comical expression.

Bekleshof and Feodor Petrovitch Uvarof, who came together with him, paused at the doorway, waiting for him as the guest of honor, to precede them. Bagration was confused, not wishing to take advantage of their politeness; there was a little pause at the entrance, and finally Bagration, after all, came forward. He walked across the inlaid floor of the reception-room awkwardly and bashfully, not knowing what to do with his hands: it would have been much more to his mind, and much easier for him, to cross a ploughed field under a rain of bullets, as, for instance, he had done when leading the Kursk regiment at the battle of Schöngraben.

The older gentlemen met him at the door, said a few words expressive of their delight at seeing such an illustrious guest, and without waiting for his reply, seized him, as it were, and dragged him off into the drawing-room. Around the doors of the drawing-room there was such a crowd that it was impossible to pass. Members and guests crushed each other, and tried to look over each others' shoulders for a glance at Bagration, as though he were some wild beast.

Count Ilya Andreyitch, laughing and talking more energetically than all the rest, pushed through the throng, crying "Make way, *mon cher*, make way, please, make way," and led the guests into the drawing-room, and placed them on the central divan, where now all the bigwigs and the most distinguished members of the club gathered in an eager throng.

Count Ilya Andreyevitch, again pushing his way through the crowd, left the room, but quickly reappeared with another of the directors, bearing a huge silver salver which he presented to Prince Bagration. On the salver lay some verses composed and printed in the hero's honor.

Bagration, seeing the salver, looked around in alarm, as though seeking for refuge. But all eyes demanded his submission, and Bagration, feeling that he was in their power, seized the salver resolutely with both hands, and looked gravely and reproachfully at the count who brought it to him. Some

one gallantly relieved the prince of the salver — for otherwise, he would have evidently felt it incumbent upon him to hold it in his hands till evening, and even gone out to dinner with it — and directed his attention to the ode. “Well, I will read it,” Prince Bagration seemed to say, and fastening his weary eyes on the parchment, tried to read it with serious and concentrated attention. But the composer of the ode took it and began to read it aloud. Prince Bagration bent his head and listened,—

“Pride of Alexander’s age!
 Be of our Titus’ throne the stern defender!
 At once the mighty chief and humble sage:
 At home, a Ripheus, Cæsar, ’mid the battle’s splendor!
 Yes! e’en victorious Napoleon
 By sad experience has learned Bagration!
 Now justice to the Alcide Russians he must rende.
 And fear” —

But even while he was in the midst of his ode, the stentorian major-domo proclaimed “Dinner is ready!” The door was flung open, and from the dining-room were heard the resounding notes of the polonaise: “Roll, ye thunder tones of victory, gallant Russian hearts rejoice,” and Count Ilya Andreyitch, giving the author a severe look for still continuing to read his verses, came and made a low bow before Bagration.

All rose to their feet, feeling that the dinner was of more consequence than poetry, and Bagration was obliged to lead the way to the dining-room. He was assigned to the seat of honor between the two Alexanders, Bekleshof and Naruishkin, which was meant as a delicate allusion to the name of the sovereign. Three hundred men took their places at the table, according to their ranks and stations; those most distinguished being nearest to the guest of honor, just as naturally as water flows deepest where there is the greatest descent.

Just before the dinner began, Count Ilya Andreyitch presented his son to the prince. Bagration, recognizing him, mumbled a few words, awkward and incoherent, like everything else that he said that day. Count Ilya Andreyitch looked around gleefully and proudly on all, while Bagration was talking to his son.

Nikolai Rostof, with Denisof and his new acquaintance, Dolokhof, sat together almost at the centre of the table. Opposite to them sat Pierre, next to Prince Nesvitsky. Count Ilya Andreyitch’s seat was opposite Bagration, with the other directors, and he did the honors to the prince, personifying in himself the hospitality of Moscow.

His labors were not spent in vain. The dinner, which was served both for those who were keeping Lent and for those who were not, was magnificent, but still, he could not feel perfectly at ease until the very end. He kept beckoning to the butler, whispering directions to the waiters, and not without agitation, looked for the arrival of each course which he knew so well. All passed off admirably.

At the second course, when they brought on the gigantic sterlet, at the sight of which Ilya Andreyevitch flushed with joy and modesty, the waiters began to uncork the bottles and pour out the champagne.

After the fish, which produced a great impression, Count Ilya Andreyitch glanced at the other directors. "There are so many toasts, it is time to begin," he said, in a whisper, and taking his wine cup in his hand, he got up. All grew still and waited what he should have to say.

"To the health of our sovereign, the emperor," he cried, and at the same time his kindly eyes were dimmed with tears of pleasure and enthusiasm. At the same time, the band broke out with the polonaise again: "Roll, ye thunder tones." All arose in their places and cried, "hurrah," and Bagration also joined in shouting with the same voice which had cried "hurrah" on the field of Schöngraben.

Young Rostof's enthusiastic voice was heard above all the other three hundred. He could hardly refrain from tears.

"Hurrah for the emperor!" he cried, "hurrah." Draining his glass at one draught, he smashed it on the floor. Many followed his example. And the deafening shouts continued for a long time. When silence was restored, the servants swept up the broken glass, and all, having resumed their seats, began to converse and laugh again.

Then Count Ilya Andreyitch arose once more, and proposed the health of the hero of our last campaign, Prince Piotr Ivanovitch Bagration, and again the count's blue eyes grew tender with tears. "Hurrah!" again rang out the three hundred voices; but this time, instead of the band, the choir of singers struck up a cantata composed by Pavel Ivanovitch Kutuzof,—

"Obstacles are naught to Russians;
 Courage wins the victor's crown!
 If Bagration lead our columns,
 We shall hew the foeman down."

As soon as the singers had finished, fresh toasts kept following, at which Count Ilya Andreyitch grew more and more

sentimental, and more and more glasses were smashed, and the shouts grew ever more boisterous. They drank to the health of Bekleshof, Naruiskin, Uvarof, Dolgorukof, Apraksin, Valuyef, to the health of the directors, to the health of the committee-men, to the health of all the members of the club, to the health of all the guests of the club, and, finally, as a special honor, to the health of the master of ceremonies, Count Ilya Adreyitch. At this toast, the count took out his handkerchief and hiding his face, actually wept.

CHAPTER IV.

PIERRE sat opposite Dolokhof and Nikolai Rostof. He ate much and greedily, and, as usual, drank much. But those who knew him intimately, observed that a great change had come over him that day. He said nothing all the time of the dinner; scowling and frowning, he looked about him; or with downcast eyes and a look of absolute abstraction, picked his nose with his finger. His face was gloomy and dismal. Apparently he did not see or hear anything that was going on around him, and was absorbed in some disagreeable and unsolvable problem.

This unsolvable problem which tormented him was caused by the hints of the princess in Moscow in regard to Dolokhof's intimacy with his wife, and by an anonymous letter received that very morning, wherein it was said in that dastardly mocking tone characteristic of anonymous letters, that his spectacles did him very little good, and that his wife's criminal intimacy with Dolokhof was a secret for him alone.

Pierre resolutely refused to heed the princess's insinuations or the letter, but it was terrible for him to look now at Dolokhof, sitting opposite him. Every time that his glance fell accidentally upon Dolokhof's handsome, insolent eyes, he was conscious of something awful and ugly arising in his soul, and he would quickly turn away. Involuntarily remembering all his wife's past, and her behavior toward Dolokhof, Pierre saw clearly that what was expressed so brutally in the letter might very well be true, might, at least, seem true, did it not concern *his wife!*

Pierre could not help recalling how Dolokhof, on being restored to his rank after the campaign, had returned to Petersburg and come to him. Taking advantage of the friendship arising from their former sprees together, Dolokhof had come

straight to his house, and Pierre had taken him in and loaned him money. Pierre remembered how Ellen, with her set smile, expressed her discontent at having Dolokhof living under their roof; and how Dolokhof had cynically praised before him his wife's beauty, and how, from that time forth until his coming to Moscow, he had not budged from their house.

"Yes, he is very handsome," thought Pierre, "I know him. In his estimation it would be admirable sport to besmirch my name and turn me into ridicule, just for the very reason that I was doing so much for him, and taking care of him and helping him. I know, I understand, what spice it would add in his estimation to his villany, if this were true! Yes, if it were true; but I don't believe it! I have no right to believe it, and I cannot!"

He remembered the expression which Dolokhof's face had borne at times when he was engaged in his acts of devilry, as for instance when they had tied the policeman to the bear and flung them into the river, or when without any provocation, he had challenged men to fight duels, or shot the post driver's* horse dead with his pistol. This expression he had often noticed lately on Dolokhof's face."

"Yes, he's a bully," said Pierre to himself, "he would think nothing of killing a man; it is essential for him to think that every one is afraid of him; this must be pleasant to him. He must think that I am afraid of him. And in fact I am afraid of him," thought Pierre, and again at these suggestions the awful and ugly *something* arose in his mind.

Dolokhof, Denisof, and Rostof were still sitting opposite to Pierre, and seemed to be very lively. Rostof was gayly chatting with his two friends, one of whom was a clever hussar, the other a well-known bully and madcap, and occasionally he glanced rather mockingly at Pierre, who had impressed him by the concentrated, abstracted, and stolid expression of his countenance. Rostof looked at Pierre with a malevolent expression, in the first place because Pierre, in the eyes of a hussar like him, was merely a millionaire civilian, the husband of a pretty woman, and moreover was a *baba* — an old woman! in the second place, because Pierre, in his abstracted state of mind, did not recognize Rostof, or return his bow. When they stood up to drink the toast to the emperor, Pierre was so lost in his thoughts, that he forgot to get up with the others, and did not lift his wineglass.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Rostof, his eyes

* *Yamahchik*, driver or postillon.

flashing with righteous indignation, as he looked at him, "Why don't you pay attention: the health of our sovereign, the emperor!"

Pierre with a sigh humbly got to his feet, drained his glass, and then after they had all sat down, he turned to Rostof with his good-natured smile: "Ah! I did not recognize you," said he.

But Rostof was engaged in shouting 'hurrah' so that this was lost on him. "Aren't you going to renew the acquaintance?" asked Dolokhof of Rostof.

"Curse the fool!"*

"One must cawess a pwetty woman's husband," said Denisof. Pierre did not catch what they said, but he knew that they were talking about him. He reddened, and turned away.

"Well, now to the health of the pretty women!" said Dolokhof, and with a serious expression, though a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, he lifted his glass to Pierre. "To the health of the pretty women, Petrusha, and — their lovers!" he added.

Pierre dropping his eyes, sipped his glass, not looking at Dolokhof or making him any reply.

A lackey, who was distributing copies of Kutuzof's cantata, handed one of the sheets to Pierre as being among the more distinguished guests. Pierre was going to take it, but Dolokhof leaned over, snatched the sheet from his hand and began to read it. Pierre stared at Dolokhof; his pupils contracted; that awful and ugly something that had been tormenting him all the dinner time, now arose in him and overmastered him. He leaned his heavy frame across the table.

"Don't you dare to take it!" he cried.

Nesvitsky and his right-hand neighbor, hearing him speak in such a tone of voice, and seeing whom he was dealing with, were filled with alarm and hastily tried to calm him.

"That's enough!" — "Be careful! Think what you're doing!" whispered anxious voices.

Dolokhof stared at Pierre with his bright, merry, insolent eyes, and with that smile of his that seemed to say, "This is what I like."

"I will not give it back" he said, measuring his words.

Pale, with twitching lips, Pierre snatched back the sheet of paper. "You — you — blackguard! — I shall call you to account for this!" he cried, and pushing away his chair rose from the table.

* *Bog s nim, durak*: literally, "God be with him, fool or idiot."

At the very instant that Pierre did this, and pronounced these words, he felt that the problem of his wife's guilt, which had been torturing him for the past twenty-four hours, was finally and definitely settled beyond a peradventure. He hated her, and the breach between them was widened irrevocably.

In spite of Denisof's urgency that Rostof should not get mixed up in this affair, Rostof consented to act as Dolokhof's second, and after dinner he arranged with Nesvitsky, Bezukhoi's second, in regard to the conditions of the duel. Pierre went home, and Rostof, together with Denisof and Dolokhof, stayed at the club till late, listening to the gypsies and the singers.

"Well, then, till to-morrow, at Sokolniki," said Dolokhof, taking his leave of Rostof on the club steps.

"And you are confident?" asked Rostof.

Dolokhof paused — "Now see here, I will give you in two words the whole secret of duelling. If you are going to fight a duel and write your will and affectionate letters to your father and mother, if you get it into your head that you are going to be killed, then you are an idiot — a durak — and deserve to fall, but if you go with firm intention to kill him as quickly and certainly as you can, then you are all right, as our Kostroma bear-driver told me. 'How can you help being afraid of the bear?' says he, 'yes, but when you once see him, your only fear is that he will get away.' Well that's the way it is with me! *A demain, mon cher!*"

On the next morning at eight o'clock, Pierre and Nesvitsky drove to the woods of Sokolniki, and found there Dolokhof, Denisof, and Rostof waiting for them. Pierre had the aspect of a man entirely absorbed in his reflections, and absolutely incognizant of the affair before him. His countenance was haggard and yellow. He had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced around him vaguely, and frowned as though blinded by the bright sun. Two considerations exclusively occupied him: his wife's guilt of which, after his sleepless night, he had no longer the slightest doubt, and Dolokhof's innocence, granting that he had no reason to guard the honor of a stranger.

"Maybe, I should have done the same thing, if I had been in his place," said Pierre to himself, "I am perfectly certain that I should; why then this duel, this homicide? Either I shall kill him, or he will put a bullet through my head, in my elbow or my knee. Can't I get out of it somehow, run away,

hide myself somewhere?" This thought came into his mind. But at the very instant that these suggestions were offering themselves to him, he with his usual calm, and absent-minded expression — which aroused the respect of those who saw him — was asking if all were ready, and they should begin soon?

When all had been arranged, and the swords stuck upright in the snow, to mark the limits for them to advance, and the pistols had been loaded, Nesvitsky went up to Pierre.

"I should not be doing my duty, count," said he, in a faltering voice, "or be worthy of the confidence and honor which you confide in my hands, at this moment, this most serious moment, if I did not tell you the whole truth. I consider that this affair has not sufficient reason, and does not warrant the shedding of blood. — You were in the wrong, absolutely, you were in a passion.

"Oh yes, it was horribly foolish," said Pierre.

"Then allow me to offer your regrets, and I am sure that your opponent will be satisfied to accept your apologies," said Nesvitsky, who like the other participants, and like all men in similar affairs, did not believe even now that it would actually come to a duel. — "You know count, that it is far more noble to acknowledge one's fault, than to carry an affair to its irrevocable consequences. The insult was not wholly on one side. Let me confer."

"No! there's nothing to be said about it," said Pierre. "It's all the same to me. — Is everything ready?" he asked. "Do you only tell me where I am to stand, and where to fire," he added, with an unnaturally sweet smile. He took the pistol, began to ask about the working of the trigger, for he had never before held a pistol in his hands, though he was unwilling to confess it. "Oh yes, that's the way — I know — I had forgotten," said he.

"No apologies, decidedly not," said Dolokhof to Denisof, who also on the other side proposed to effect a reconciliation, and he also went to the designated place.

The place selected for the duel was a small clearing in the fir woods, covered with what remained of the snow after the recent thaw, and about eighty paces from the road where the sledges were left. The opponents stood about forty paces apart on the border of the clearing. The seconds, while measuring off the distance, had trampled down the deep, wet snow between the place where they stood and Nesvitsky's and Denisof's sabres, stuck upright ten paces apart, to mark the

bounds. It was thawing, and the mist spread around; nothing could be seen forty paces away. For three minutes, all had been ready, and still they hesitated about beginning; no one spoke.

CHAPTER V.

"WELL, begin," said Dolokhof.

"All right," said Pierre, still smiling as before.

It was a solemn moment. It was evident that the affair, which at first had been so trivial, could no longer be averted, but was now bound to take its course to the very end, irrespective of the will of the men. Denisof first went forward to the barrier, and announced:—

"As the adve'sa'wies have wefused to agwee, we may pwoceed. Take your pistols, and at the word thwee, advance and fire."

"U—one!—two!—thwee!" cried Denisof sternly, and stepped to one side. The two men advanced along the trodden path, coming closer and closer, their faces growing more and more distinct to each other in the fog. The antagonists had the right to fire at any moment before reaching the barrier. Dolokhof advanced slowly, not raising his pistol, but fastening his bright, glittering blue eyes on his opponent's face. His lips as usual wore what seemed like a smile.

"So it seems I can fire when I please," said Pierre to himself, and at the word "three," he advanced with quick strides, leaving the beaten path, and pushing through the untrodden snow. He held the pistol in his right hand out at arms length, apparently afraid of killing himself with it. His left hand he strenuously kept behind his back, because he felt such a strong desire to support his right arm with it, which he knew was out of the question.

It was after he had gone six steps, that he left the trodden path: he looked down at his feet, then gave a quick glance at Dolokhof, and pulling the trigger, as he had been told to do, he fired. Not anticipating such a loud report, Pierre jumped and then smiling at his own sensations, stood stock still. The smoke, made heavier by the misty atmosphere, prevented him from seeing anything at first; but there was no second report as he had expected. All he could hear was Dolokhof's hasty steps, and then his form loomed up through the smoke. He was holding one hand to his left side; with the other he clutched the pistol, which he did not raise. His face was

pale. Rostof had rushed up to him, and was saying something.

"N—no," hissed Dolokhof through his teeth, "No, I'm not done yet," and making a few tottering, staggering steps toward the sabre, he fell on the snow, near it. His left arm was covered with blood. He wiped it on his coat and supported himself with it. His face was pale and contracted, and a spasm passed over it.

"I beg of you"—began Dolokhof, but he could not speak coherently. "Please"—said he with difficulty.

Pierre, hardly restraining his sobs, started to run to Dolokhof and was just crossing the line, when Dolokhof cried, "Stop at the barrier"; and Pierre, realizing what he meant, paused near the sabre. They were only ten paces apart. Dolokhof bent his head over to the snow, greedily ate a mouthful, lifted his head again, straightened himself up, tried to get to his feet, and sat down, in his effort to recover his equilibrium. He swallowed the icy snow and sucked it; his lips twitched; but he still smiled, and his eyes gleamed with concentrated hatred, as he tried to collect his failing strength. He raised the pistol and tried to aim.

"Stand sidewise; protect yourself from the pistol," cried Nesvitsky.

"Protect yourself," instinctively cried Denisof, though he was the other's second.

Pierre, with his sweet smile of compassion and regret, helplessly dropping his arms and spreading his legs, stood with his broad chest exposed directly to Dolokhof, and looking at him mournfully. Denisof, Rostof, and Nesvitsky shut their eyes.

They heard the report, and simultaneously Dolokhof's wrathful cry,—

"Missed!" cried Dolokhof, and lay back feebly on the snow, face down. Pierre clutched his temples, and turning back, went into the woods, trampling down the virgin snow and muttering incoherent words,—

"Folly! Folly! Death! Lies"—he kept repeating, with scowling brows. Nesvitsky called him back and took him home.

Rostof and Denisof lifted the wounded Dolokhof. They put him in the sledge, where he lay with closed eyes and without speaking, or making any reply to their questions; but when they reached Moscow, he suddenly roused himself, and with difficulty raising his head, seized Rostof's hand, who was

sitting next him. Rostof was struck by the absolutely changed and unexpectedly softened expression of Dolokhof's face.

"Well? How do you feel now?" asked Rostof.

"Wretchedly; but that is no matter. My dear," said Dolokhof in a broken voice, "where are we? We are in Moscow, I know it. It's no matter about me, but I have killed her, killed her; she won't get over this. She won't survive."

"Who?" asked Rostof.

"My mother. My mother, my good angel, my adored angel, my mother," and Dolokhof burst into tears, pressing Rostof's hand. When he had grown a little calmer, he explained to Rostof that he lived with his mother, that if his mother should see him dying she would not survive it. He begged Rostof to go and break the news to her.

Rostof rode on ahead to attend to this, and to his great surprise discovered that Dolokhof, this insolent fellow, this bully, Dolokhof, lived with his old mother and a hunchbacked sister, and was a most affectionate son and brother.

CHAPTER VI.

PIERRE had rarely of late seen his wife alone by themselves. Both in Petersburg and Moscow, their house was constantly full of company.

On the night that followed the duel, he did not go to his sleeping-room, but, as was often the case, stayed in the vast cabinet where his father, the Count Bezuhkoi, had died.

He stretched himself out on the sofa, with the idea of forgetting all that had taken place; but this he couldn't do. Such a tornado of thoughts, feelings, recollections, suddenly arose in his mind, that not only he could not sleep, but could not keep still, and he was compelled to spring up from the sofa and walk the room with rapid strides.

Now she seemed to come up before him as she was during the first weeks after their marriage, with her bare shoulders, and her languid, passionate eyes; and then immediately he would see Dolokhof by her side — Dolokhof, with his handsome, impudent, mocking face, as he had seen it at the banquet, and then the same face, pale, convulsed, and agonized, as it had been when he reeled and fell on the snow.

"What was it?" he asked himself. "I have killed her *paramour*! yes, I have killed my wife's *paramour*. Yes, that was it. Why? How did it come to this?"

"Because you married her," replied an inward voice.

"But wherein was I to blame?" he asked again.

"Because you married her without loving her; because you deceived yourself and her."

And then he vividly recalled the moment after the dinner at Prince Vasili's, when he had murmured those words, "*Je vous aime*—I love you," that had come with so much difficulty.

"It was all from that. Even then I felt," said he to himself, "even then I felt that this was wrong, that I had no right to do it, and so it has proved."

He recalled their honeymoon, and reddened at the recollection. Extraordinary vivid, humiliating, and shameful was the recollection of how one time, shortly after their marriage, he had gone in his silk dressing gown, at twelve o'clock in the daytime, from his sleeping-room to his library, and found there his head overseer, who, with an obsequious bow, glanced at Pierre's face and at his dressing gown, while a shadow of a smile passed over his face, as though he thereby expressed his humble sympathy in the happiness of his master.

"And yet how many times I have been proud of her,—proud of her majestic beauty, of her social tact," he went on thinking,— "proud of my house, where she received all Petersburg, —proud of her inaccessibility and radiance. Yes, how proud I was of it all! then I thought that I did not understand her. How often, when pondering over her character, I said to myself that I was to blame, that I did not understand her, did not understand her habitual repose, self-satisfaction, and lack of all interests and ambition, and now I have found the answer in that terrible expression: she is a lewd woman. Now I have said to myself that terrible word, all has become clear!

"Anatol came to her to borrow some money, and kissed her on her naked shoulder. She did not let him have the money, but she was willing for him to kiss her. Her father, in joke, tried to make her jealous, and she, with her calm smile replied that she was not so stupid as to be jealous: "Let him do as he pleases," said she about me. I asked her once if she saw no signs of approaching maternity. She laughed scornfully, and replied that she was not such a fool as to wish to have any children, and that I should never get any children by her."

Then, he recalled the coarseness and frankness of her thoughts, the vulgarity of the expressions that came natural to her, in spite of her education in the highest aristocratic circles. "I am no such fool," "Go and try it on yourself," "*Allez vous promener*," and such like slang she was fond of using.

Pierre, witnessing her success in the eyes of old and young, men and women, had often found it hard to understand why he did not love her. "Yes, and I have never really loved her," said Pierre to himself. "I knew that she was a lewd woman," he kept repeating to himself, "but I did not dare to acknowledge it to myself. And now there is Dolokhof sitting on the snow, and trying to smile, and dying maybe, and answering my repentance with pretended bravado!"

Pierre was one of those men, who, notwithstanding his affectionate nature, which some would call weakness of character, would never seek a confidant for his troubles. He worked out his sufferings alone by himself.

"She is to blame, the only one to blame for all," said he to himself. "But what was back of that? That I married her, that I said to her, '*Je vous aime*,' which was a lie, and even worse than a lie," said he to himself. "I am to blame and must suffer. What? The besmirching of my name? the unhappiness of my life? eh! that's all nonsense," he continued, "the disgrace to my name and honor, all that is conditional, absolutely independent of me.

"Louis XVI. was executed because *they* said that he was a guilty offender," thus Pierre reasoned, "and they were right from their point of view, just as they also were right from theirs who died a violent death after him, and who reckoned him among the saints. Then Robespierre was beheaded because he was a tyrant. Who was right? who was to blame? No one! But live while we live: to-morrow we die, just as I might easily have died an hour ago. And is it worth tormenting one's self about, when life counts only as a moment in comparison with eternity?"

But even while he was trying to reason himself into calmness by such a train of thought, suddenly *she* again rose before his imagination, and at one of those moments when he had expressed to her more violently than ever his insincere love and he felt how the blood poured back to his heart, and he was obliged again to get up, move about, and break and smash whatever things came within reach of his hands.

"Why did I tell her that I loved her? why did I say '*je vous aime*?' " he kept asking himself. And after he had asked himself this question a dozen times, the phrase of Molière came into his head, "*Mais que diable allait il faire dans cette galère*,"* and he had to laugh at himself.

It was night, but he summoned his valet and ordered him

* "What business had he there."

to pack up in readiness to go to Petersburg. He could not imagine himself having anything more to say to her. He had decided to take an early departure the next day, leaving her a letter in which he should explain his intention of living apart from her for evermore.

The next morning, when the valet, bringing him his coffee, came into the cabinet, Pierre was lying on an ottoman asleep, with an open book in his hand.

He aroused himself, and looked around for some time with a startled expression, wholly unable to understand where he was.

"The countess commanded to ask if your illustriousness were at home?" said the valet.

But before Pierre had time to decide what answer to give, the countess herself, in a morning gown of white satin embroidered in silver, and with her hair dressed in the simplest style — two enormously long braids wound twice, *en diadème*, around her graceful head — came into the room calmly and majestically; only on her marble forehead, which was a little too prominent, there was a deep frown of fury. With thoroughly masterful self-restraint, she did not say a word in the valet's presence. She had heard of the duel, and had come to speak about it. She waited until the valet had set down the coffee and left the room. Pierre looked at her timidly over his spectacles, and like a hare surrounded by dogs, which lays back its ears and crouches motionless before its enemies, so he also pretended to take up his reading again; but he was conscious that this was a senseless and impossible thing to do, and again he looked at her. She did not sit down, but with a scornful smile stared at him, waiting until the valet should be out of the room.

"Well, now what's this latest? What have you been doing? I demand an answer!" said she, sternly.

"I — what have I —?" stammered Pierre.

"Playing the bravado, hey? Come now, answer me; what about this duel? What did you mean to imply by it? What? I demand an answer!"

Pierre turned heavily on the sofa, opened his mouth, but could not make a sound.

"If you won't answer, then I will tell you," continued Ellen. "You believe everything that is told you: you were told," Ellen laughed, "that Dolokhof was my paramour," said she in French, with her uncompromising explicit manner of speech, pronouncing the word *amant*, like any other word. "And you

believed it! And what have you proved by it? What have you proved by this duel? That you are a fool, a *durak*, that you are *un sot*! And that's what every one calls you! What will be the result of it? This!—that you have made me the laughing stock of all Moscow; this! that every one will say that you, while in a drunken fit, and not knowing what you were about, challenged a man of whom you were jealous without any reason"—Ellen kept raising her voice and growing more and more excited,—“a man superior to you in every sense of the word”—

“Hm—hm,” bellowed Pierre, scowling, but not looking at her or stirring.

“And why did you believe that he was my paramour? Why was it? Because I liked his society! If you had been brighter and more agreeable, I should have preferred yours.”

“Do not speak to me, I beg of you,” whispered Pierre, hoarsely.

“Why shouldn't I speak to you. I have a right to speak, and I tell you up and down that it's rare to find a woman with a husband like you, who doesn't console herself with lovers,* and that is a thing that I haven't done,” said she.

Pierre started to say something, looked at her with strange eyes, the expression of which she could not understand, and again threw himself back. At that moment, he was suffering physical pain: his chest was oppressed, and he could not breathe. He knew that it behooved him to do something to put an end to his torment, but what he wanted to do was too horrible.

“We had better part,” he exclaimed in a broken voice.

“By all means, part, provided only you give me enough,” said Ellen. “Part! That's nothing to scare one!”

Pierre sprang from the sofa, and staggered toward her.

“I will kill you!” he cried, and seizing from the table a marble slab, with a force such as he had never before possessed, rushed toward her brandishing it in the air.

Ellen's face was filled with horror: she screamed and sprang away from him. His father's nature suddenly became manifest in him. Pierre experienced the rapture and fascination of frenzy. He flung down the marble, breaking it in fragments, and with raised arms flew at her, crying: “Away!” with such a terrible voice that it rang through the whole house and filled every one with horror. God knows what

* “*Des amants.*”

Pierre would have done at that moment if Ellen had not escaped from the room.

At the end of a week, Pierre had given to his wife a power of attorney for the control of all his Great Russian possessions, which amounted to the larger half of his property, and returned alone to Petersburg.

CHAPTER VII.

Two months had elapsed since news of the battle of Austerlitz and the death of Prince Andrei had been received at Luisiya Gorui, and in spite of all the letters sent through the diplomatic service, and all inquiries, his body had not been recovered, and his name was not on the lists of prisoners. Worse than all for his relatives was the very hope that still remained that he had been picked up on the battle-field by some of the natives, and might be even now convalescing or dying somewhere alone, among strangers, and unable to send them any word.

In the newspapers from which the old prince had first learned of the battle of Austerlitz, it was stated, as usual, in the briefest and vaguest terms, that the Russians, after brilliant deeds of arms, had been compelled to retreat, and had accomplished this with the greatest order possible.

The old prince understood from this official bulletin, that our troops had been defeated. A week after the receipt of the newspapers which informed him of the battle of Austerlitz, a letter came from Kutuzof, who announced the fate that had befallen his son.

"Your son," wrote Kutuzof, "before my eyes, fell at the head of his regiment, with the standard in his hands, like a hero worthy of his father and his fatherland. To the universal regret of all the army, including myself, it is as yet uncertain whether he is alive or dead. I flatter myself with the hope that your son is still alive, for, in the contrary case, he would certainly have been mentioned among the officers found on the field of battle, the list of which was brought me under flag of truce."

Receiving this news late in the afternoon when he was alone in his cabinet, the old prince as usual went the next day to take his morning promenade, but he had nothing to say to the

overseer, the gardener, or the architect, and though his countenance was lowering, there was no outbreak of wrath.

When, at the accustomed time, the Princess Mariya went to him, he was standing at his bench and driving his lathe, but he did not glance up at her as usual when she entered the room.

"Ah! Princess Mariya," suddenly said he in an unnatural tone and threw down his chisel. The wheel continued to revolve from the impetus. The Princess Mariya long remembered this dying whirl of the wheel, which was associated for her with what followed. The Princess Mariya approached him, looked into his face, and suddenly something seemed to pull at her heartstrings. Her eyes ceased to see clearly. By her father's face, which was not melancholy or downcast, but wrathful and working unnaturally, she saw that now, now some terrible misfortune was threatening to overwhelm her, a misfortune than which none is worse in life, none more irreparable and incomprehensible, a misfortune such as she had never yet experienced,—the death of one she loved.

"*Mon père! Andre!*" said the princess, and she who was ordinarily so clumsy and awkward became endowed with such inexpressible charm of grief and self-forgetfulness that her father could not endure her glance, and, with a sob, turned away.

"I have had news. He's not among the prisoners, he's not on the list of the dead. Kutuzof has written me," he cried in a shrill voice, as though wishing by this cry to drive the princess away. "He is killed!"

The princess did not fall; she did not even feel faint. She was pale to begin with, but when she heard these words her face altered and a light seemed to gleam in her beautiful, lustrous eyes. Something like joy, a supernatural joy, independent of the sorrows and joys of this world, was breathed above this violent grief that filled her heart. She forgot all her fear of her father, and went up to him, took him by the hand, and drew him to her, and threw her arm around his thin, sinewy neck.

"*Mon père!*" said she, "do not turn away from me; let us weep together!"

"Villains! scoundrels!" cried the old man, averting his face from her. "To destroy the army, to waste men's lives in that way! What for? Go, go and tell Liza."

The princess fell back feebly in the arm-chair near her father, and burst into tears. She could now see her brother as he looked

at the moment when he bade her and Liza farewell, with his affectionate and at the same time rather haughty face. She could see him as he tenderly and yet scornfully hung the medallion round his neck. Did he come to believe? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he yonder now, yonder in the mansions of eternal calm and bliss? These were the questions that filled her thoughts.

"*Mon père*, tell me how it happened?" said she, through her tears.

"Go, go; he was killed in that defeat where the best men of Russia and Russian glory were led out to sacrifice. Go, Princess Mariya. Go and tell Liza. I will follow."

When the Princess Mariya left her father, she found the little princess sitting at her work, with that expression of inward calm and happiness peculiar to women in her condition. She looked up as her sister-in-law came in. It was evident that her eyes did not see the Princess Mariya, but were rather profoundly searching into the tremendous and blessed mystery that was taking place within her.

"Marie," said she, turning from her embroidery frame, and leaning back, "let me have your hand."

She took the princess's hand and laid it just below her heart. Her eyes smiled with anticipation, the little, downy lip was raised in a happy, childlike smile.

The Princess Mariya knelt down before her, and buried her face in the folds of her sister-in-law's dress.

"There! there, do you perceive it? It is so strange. And do you know, Marie, I am going to love him very dearly," said Liza, looking with shining happy eyes at her husband's sister.

The Princess Mariya could not raise her head: she was weeping.

"What is the matter, Masha?"

"Nothing; only I felt sad; sad about Andrei," she replied, wiping away her tears on her sister-in-law's knee.

Several times in the course of the morning, the Princess Mariya attempted to break the news to her sister-in-law, and each time she had to weep. These tears, the cause for which the little princess could not understand, alarmed her, unobtrusive as her nature was. She made no remark, but she looked around in some alarm, as if searching for some one. Before dinner the old prince came into her room and went right out again without saying a word; she was always afraid of him, but now his face was so disturbed and stern that she gazed at

the Princess Mariya, then fell into a brown study, with her eyes as it were, turned inward with that expression so characteristic of women in her condition, and suddenly burst into tears.

"Have you heard anything from Andrei?" she asked.

"No, you know that it isn't time yet to get news, but *mon père* is anxious, and it frightens me."

"Then there's nothing?"

"Nothing," replied the Princess Mariya, letting her lustrous eyes rest unflinchingly on her sister-in-law.

She had made up her mind not to tell her, and had persuaded her father to conceal the terrible tidings from her until her confinement, which would be now before many days. The Princess Mariya and the old prince, each according to their own nature, bore and hid their grief. The old prince was not willing to indulge in hopes: he had made up his mind that Prince Andrei was killed, and although he sent a *chinovnik* to Austria to make diligent search for traces of his son, he commanded him to order in Moscow a gravestone to be erected in his garden, and he told every one that his son was dead. He himself aged rapidly; he unchangeably carried out the rigorous routine of his life, but his strength failed him: he took shorter walks, ate less, slept less, and each day grew weaker.

The Princess Mariya still hoped. She prayed for her brother, as though he were alive, and all the time was on the lookout for news of his return.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Ma bonne amie*," said the little princess, after breakfast on the morning of the thirty-first of March, and her downy upper lip was lifted out of mere habit, for a certain sense of melancholy had affected not only the talk, but the footsteps of all in this house ever since the receipt of the terrible news, so that even the little princess had come under the influence of it, and she smiled in such a way that it reminded one even more of the general depression.

"*Ma bonne amie*, I am afraid my *frühstück* this morning, as Foka, the cook, calls it, didn't agree with me." *

"What's the matter, sweetheart? You are pale? Ah! you are very, very pale," said the Princess Mariya alarmed, and

* *Je crains que le fruschtique de ce matin ne m'aie pas fait du mal.*

going toward her sister-in-law with her heavy but gentle steps.

"Your illustriousness, shan't we call Marya Bogdanovna?" inquired one of the maids, who happened to be present (Marya Bogdanovna was the midwife from the shire town, who had now been living at Luisiya Gorui for a fortnight.)

"It certainly may be necessary," replied the Princess Mariya. "I will go. Courage, *mon ange!*" she kissed Liza and started to leave the room.

"Ah, no, no!"

And over and above the pallor arising from physical suffering, the little princess's face showed a childish fear of unendurable agony.

"*Non, c'est l'estomac — dites que c'est l'estomac. dites, Marie, dites,*" and the princess wept, childishly, capriciously, and perhaps rather hypocritically, wringing her hands. The young princess went from the room in search of Marya Bogdanovna.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Oh!" was heard behind her.

Rubbing her plump, small, white hands, the midwife came to meet her, with a significant but perfectly composed expression of countenance.

"Marya Bogdanovna! I think it is beginning," said the Princess Mariya, looking at the midwife, with terrified, wide-open eyes.

"Well, then, glory to God for that, princess," said Marya Bogdanovna, not quickening her steps. "You young ladies have no need to know anything about it."

"But what shall we do if the doctor from Moscow has not come yet?" asked the princess. By Liza and Prince Andrei's desire they had sent to Moscow for an *accoucheur*, and he was expected at any moment.

"No matter, princess, don't be alarmed," said Marya Bogdanovna, "it will come out all right even without a doctor."

In the course of five minutes the young princess heard as she sat in her room, the sound of men carrying something heavy. She looked out and saw the servants for some reason or other, carrying into the sleeping room, the leather divan which had always stood in Prince Andrei's study. There was an expression of gentleness and solemnity on the faces of the men who were lugging this.

The Princess Marya sat alone in her room listening to the various sounds in the house, and occasionally opening the door when any one passed, and trying to make out what was going on in the corridor. A number of women with light steps were

moving hither and thither, and they gave a glance at the young princess and turned away. She did not venture to ask any questions, but shut her door, went back to her own bedroom, sat down for a little in her arm-chair, then hastened to her oratory, and bent on her knees before the *kiot* or shrine of images. To her dismay and surprise, she found that prayer did not aid her in calming her agitation.

Suddenly the door of her room was softly opened, and on the threshold appeared her old nurse Praskovya Savishna, with a kerchief tied over her head; it was almost never that she came to the princess's room, as her father had expressly forbidden it.

"God be with you, Mashenka, I have come to sit a little while," said the nurse; "and here are the prince's wedding tapers I've brought to light before the saint, my angel," she added, with a sigh.

"Akh! how glad I am, nurse."

"God is merciful, my dove." *

The old nurse lit the tapers in the golden candlesticks before the shrine, and then sat down by the door with her knitting. The Princess Mariya took a book and began to read. Only when they heard steps or voices the princess would glance up with frightened anxious face, and the nurse would look at her with a soothing expression.

In all parts of the house every one was dominated by the same feelings which the Princess Mariya experienced as she sat in her room. In accordance with the old superstition that the fewer people know of the sufferings of a woman in labor, the less she suffers, all pretended to be ignorant of what was going on; no one spoke about it, but everybody, over and above the habitual gravity and respectful propriety that obtained in the prince's household, evidently shared the general anxiety, tender-heartedness and consciousness that something great, incomprehensible and solemn was taking place at that hour.

There was no sound of laughing heard in the great room devoted to the maidservants. In the *officialnaya* all the men sat silent, as if awaiting something. The servants kept pine knots and candles burning, and did not think of going to sleep. The old prince, walking on his heels, strode up and down his cabinet, and at last ordered Tikhon to go to Marya Bogdanovna — "Merely say, 'the prince has sent to ask,' and come and tell me what she says."

"Inform the prince that labor has begun," said Marya Bog-

* Golubka.

danovna, giving the messenger a significant look. Tikhon went and reported to the prince.

"Very good," exclaimed the prince, closing the door behind him, and Tikhon heard not the slightest sound in the cabinet. After waiting some time Tikhon went into the cabinet, pretending that it was to snuff the candles, and seeing the prince lying on the sofa, he looked at his agitated face, shook his head, then silently stepping up to him and kissing him on the shoulder, he left the room forgetting to snuff the candles and not saying why he had gone in.

The most solemn mystery in the world was in process of consummation. The evening passed; the night wore away, and the sense of expectancy and solemnified thought at the presence of the ineffable grew intenser rather than grew weaker. No one slept.

It was one of those nights in March when winter seems determined to resume his sway, and scatters with rage and despair his last snows and gusts of wind. A relay of horses had been sent along the highway to meet the German doctor from Moscow, who was every moment expected, and horsemen with lanterns were sent out to the junction of the cross road, to guide him safely by the pitfalls and watery hollows

The Princess Maryia had long since laid down her book; she was sitting in perfect silence, with her lustrous eyes fastened on her old nurse's wrinkled face, every line of which she knew so well; on the little tuft of gray hair that had escaped from under her kerchief, and on the loose flesh hanging under her chin.

Nyanya Savishna, with her unfinished stocking in her hand, was telling in a low voice, without heeding her own words, the story that she had told a hundred times about the late princess, and how she had been delivered of the Princess Mariya in Kishenef, with an old Moldavian peasant woman for a midwife.

"God is merciful; *dokhtors* are never needed," she was saying. Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the window frame (it was always a whim of the princess to have the double windows taken off from at least one of the windows in each room, as soon as the larks made their appearance) and burst the carelessly pushed bolt, while a draught of cold air laden with snow shook the silken curtains and puffed out the light. The princess shuddered. The old nyanya, laying down her stocking, went to the window, and leaning

out, tried to shut it to again. The cold wind fluttered the ends of her kerchief and the gray locks of her dishevelled hair.

"Princess! matushka! some one's coming up the *prashpekt*," cried she, getting hold of the window, but not closing it, "With lanterns! It must be the *dokhtor*!"

"Akh! Glory to God, *Slava Bohu*," exclaimed the Princess Mariya. "I must go and meet him; he won't be able to speak Russian."

The Princess Mariya wrapped her shawl around her and hastened down to meet the visitors. When she reached the anteroom she looked through the window and saw a team and lanterns standing at the front doorsteps. She went out on the landing. On the foot of the balustrade flamed a tallow candle, guttering in the wind. The groom Filipp, with terrified face, and with another candle in his hand, stood lower down on the first landing of the staircase. Still lower down at the turning of the staircase were heard advancing footsteps in thick boots. And a voice which struck the Princess Mariya as strangely familiar, was saying something.

"Thank God, — *Slava Bohu*!" said the voice, "and my father?"

"He has gone to bed," replied the voice of Demyan, the major domo, who had by this time come down.

Then the well-known voice asked something, and Demyan answered, and the steps in the thick boots came swifter up the stairs and nearer to the princess, out of sight around the turn.

"It is Andrei!" said the princess to herself. "No, it cannot be! It would be too extraordinary," she thought, and at the very moment that this thought occurred to her, on the landing where stood the servant with the candle, appeared Prince Andrei's form, enveloped in a fur shuba, the collar all powdered with snow.

Yes, it was he; but pale and thin, and with an altered and strangely gentle but anxious expression. He ran up the stairs and clasped his sister in his arms.

"You didn't receive my letter?" he asked, and not waiting for her reply, which, indeed, he would not have received, for the princess was too much moved to speak, he turned back, and joined by the *accoucheur*, who had come with him (he had overtaken him at the last post station), with hasty steps flew up the stairs again, and again embraced his sister.

"What luck!" he cried, "dear Masha!" and flinging off his shuba and boots, he went to his wife's room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE little princess, in a white cap, was lying on the pillows. (For the moment she was a little easier.) Her dark locks fell in disorder over her flushed cheeks, wet with perspiration; her rosy, fascinating mouth, with its downy upper lip, was open, and she wore a smile of joy.

Prince Andrei went into the room and paused in front of her, at the foot of the sofa on which she lay. Her brilliant eyes, looking at him with childish trepidation and anxiety, rested on him without change of expression.

"I love you all; I haven't done any one any harm; why must I suffer so? Help me!" her expression seemed to say.

She saw her husband, but seemed to have no comprehension of the significance of his appearing just at this time before her.

Prince Andrei went round to the side of the sofa, and kissed her on the forehead.

"My darling heart — *dúshenka móya*," he said. He had never called her by this endearing term before. "God is merciful."

She looked at him with a questioning, childishly offended expression.

"I expected help from thee, and none comes, none comes!" her eyes seemed to say. She was not surprised at his coming; she did not even realize that he had come. His appearance had nothing to do with her agony and the assuagement of it.

The pains began again, and Maria Bogdanovna advised Prince Andrei to leave the room. The *accoucheur* entered the room. Prince Andrei went out, and meeting his sister he again joined her. They began to talk in a whisper, but the conversation was constantly interrupted by silences.

They kept waiting and listening.

"*Allez, mon ami*," said the Princess Mariya. Prince Andrei again went to his wife, and then sat down in the adjoining room. Some woman or other came out of her room with a terrified face and was confused when she saw Prince Andrei.

He covered his face with his hands and sat thus for some minutes. Pitiful, heartbreaking groans were heard in the other room. Prince Andrei stood up and went to the door, and was about to open it. Some one held it to.

"You can't come in! it's impossible," said a terrified voice on the other side. He began to pace up and down the room.

The cries had ceased; a few seconds more passed, when suddenly a terrible cry,— it could not be his wife's, she could not cry like that — rang through the next room. Prince Andrei hastened to the door; this cry ceased; a baby's wailing was heard.

"What have they brought a baby in there for?" was Prince Andrei's query at first. "A baby? What baby? Why a baby there? — Or can my baby have been born?"

Then he suddenly realized all the joyful significance of this cry: the tears choked him, and leaning both his elbows on the window-seat, he wept and sobbed like a child.

The door opened. The doctor, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, without his coat, pale, and with trembling jaw, came from the room. Prince Andrei went to him, but the doctor looked at him with a strange expression of confusion, and without saying a word passed by him. A woman came running out, but when she saw Prince Andrei, stopped short on the threshold. He went into his wife's room.

She was dead, lying in the same position in which he had seen her five minutes before, and, notwithstanding the fixity of her eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks, that charming, little childish face, with the lip shaded with dark hairs, wore the same expression as before,—

"I love you all, and I have done no one any harm, and what have you done to me?" said her lovely face, pitifully pale in death. In the corner of the room, a small, red object was yelping and wailing in the trembling, white hands of Marya Bogdanovna.

Two hours later, Prince Andrei, with noiseless steps, went to his father's cabinet. The old prince had already been informed of everything. He was standing by the very door, and as soon as it was thrown open, the old man, without speaking, flung his rough, aged hands around his son's neck, and held him as in a vice and sobbed like a child.

Three days later, they buried the little princess, and Prince Andrei went up the steps to the coffin to take his last farewell. And there also in the coffin lay the same face, though with closed eyes.

"Akh! what have you done to me?" it all seemed to say. Prince Andrei felt that his heartstrings were torn within him, that he had done a wrong that could never be repaired or forgotten. His grief was too deep for tears.

The old prince also came and kissed her waxen hand, placidly folded upon her breast, and to him her face seemed to say,—

“Akh! and why have you done this to me?”

And the old man, after looking into her face, abruptly turned away.

Then, again, five days later, they christened the baby prince Nikolai Andreyitch. The nurse held up the little garments against her chin, while the priest, with a goose quill, anointed with holy oil the infant's wrinkled little pink palms and soles. His grandfather, who acted as sponsor, with tottering steps, and afraid of dropping him, carried the little prince around the tin-lined font, and handed him over to his godmother, the Princess Mariya.

Prince Andrei, in deathly apprehension lest they should drop the child, sat in the next room, waiting for the conclusion of the sacrament. He looked joyfully at his baby when the nurse brought him to him, nodded his head with great satisfaction when the nurse confided to him that the lump of wax with some of the infant's hairs on it, when thrown into the font did not sink, but floated.*

CHAPTER X.

THE part played by Rostof in the duel between Dolokhof and Bezukhoi was ignored through the old count's efforts, and the young man, instead of being cashiered as he anticipated was appointed adjutant to the governor-general of Moscow. In consequence of this, he was unable to go to the country with the rest of the family, but was kept in Moscow all summer, engaged in his new duties.

Dolokhof recovered, and he and Rostof became great friends during the time of his convalescence. He had been carried to the residence of his mother, who loved him passionately and devotedly. The elderly Marya Ivanovna, becoming attached to Rostof on account of his friendship for her Fedya, often talked with him about her son.

“Yes, count, he is too noble and high-souled for this corrupt

* It is part of the Russian baptismal service for the priest to cut the infant's hair. The superstition considers it unlucky for the bit of wax with a few of these hairs attached to sink if placed in the waters of the baptismal font, and lucky for it to float.

world of ours. No one loves goodness; it serves as a reproach to every one. Now tell me, count, tell me honestly, was it fair and honorable on Bezukhoi's part? And Fedya, with all his noble nature, always liked him, and now never says hard things about him at all. And in Petersburg, they played all those tricks on the policeman: they did it together, didn't they? Well, Bezukhoi went scot free, and my Fedya had to bear the whole brunt of it on his shoulders! Yes, he had to bear it all! To be sure, he has been restored to his rank, but why shouldn't he have been? I don't believe the fatherland has many braver sons than he is! And now in regard to this duel! Have such men any feeling, any honor? Knowing that he was an only son, to challenge him to fight a duel, and then to fire right at him! Fortunately, God helped us. And what was it all about? Who is there in our day who doesn't form intrigues? Why should he be so jealous? I should think he might have given some signs of it before, and here a year has gone by! And so he challenged him, supposing that Fedya would not accept because he owed him some money. How nasty of him! I know you appreciate Fedka, my dear count, and so I love you with my whole heart, believe me. There aren't many who understand him. He has such a lofty, heavenly, nature."

Dolokhof himself, during his convalescence, often said things to Rostof that no one would ever have expected from him.

"I am supposed to be a bad man, I know," said he, "and let them think so. I don't care anything about the opinions of men, unless I am fond of them; but if I am fond of any one, I am so fond of them that I would give my life for them, and as for the rest, if they stood in my way I would push them to the wall. My mother is a dear, precious woman, and I have two or three others,—you among the number—and as for the rest, I only heed them as so many who may be able to be useful or injurious to me. And almost all are injurious, especially the women. Yes, my dear,—*dúsha móya*"—he went on to say, "Among men I meet many who are lovable, noble, elevated, but among women, I have yet to meet one who is not to be bought—all are alike, countess and cook! I have yet to find that celestial purity, devotion, which I look for in woman. If I were ever to find such a woman, I would give my life for her. But these!"—he made a depreciatory gesture. "And you may not believe me, but if I prize my life still, it is simply because I hope some day to find one of these heavenly creat-

ures, who would regenerate me, purify me, and elevate me. But you will not understand me."

"Indeed, I understand perfectly," replied Rostof, who was coming more and more under the influence of his new friend.

In the autumn, the Rostof family returned to Moscow. Early in the winter, Denisof also came back and stayed with the Rostofs. The first months of this winter of 1806, which Nikolai Rostof spent in Moscow, could not have been happier for him and for all his family. Nikolai brought home with him to his parents' home many young men. Viera was a pretty young lady of twenty summers. Sonya was just sixteen, and had all the charm of an opening flower. Natasha, half child and half maiden, was now at one moment full of innocent merriment, at the next, showing all the fascination of a young lady.

The house of the Rostofs at this time seemed to be full of the peculiar atmosphere of loveliness characteristic of homes where there are very pretty and very young ladies. Every young man who came there and saw these bright, impressionable, girlish faces, smiling apparently from very happiness, and the merry running to and fro, and heard that continual chattering of maiden's voices, inconsequential, illogical, kindly to every one, ready for anything, and full of hope, and listened to these inconsequential sounds, now of singing, now of instrumental music, must have experienced one and the same feeling of predisposition for love and coming happiness, which the young people of the Rostof household themselves experienced.

Among the young men whom Rostof introduced at home was Dolokhof — one of the first — and every one, with the exception of Natasha, was pleased with him. She almost quarrelled with her brother concerning him. She insisted that he was a bad man, that Pierre was in the right in his duel with Dolokhof, and the other in the wrong; and that he was disagreeable and insincere.

"There's nothing for me to understand," cried Natasha, with stubborn self-will; "he is bad, and lacks feeling. Now, here, I like your Denisof; he may be a spendthrift, and all that, but still I like him, and I certainly understand him. I don't know how to express it to you, but everything that *he* does has some ulterior object, and I don't like him; but Denisof" —

"There now, Denisof is quite another matter," replied Nikolai, giving her to understand, that in comparison with Dolokhof, Denisof was of no consequence. "You ought to know

what a tender heart this Dolokhof has, you ought to see him with his mother! what a warm-hearted fellow he is!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I'm ill at ease with him. And do you know, he's in love with Sonya?"

"What nonsense" —

"I'm certain of it, you can see for yourself."

Natasha's prognostication was justified. Dolokhof, who did not like the society of ladies, had begun to be a frequent visitor at the Rostofs', and the problem what brought him there was quickly solved, though no one ventured to remark upon it. He came on account of Sonya. And Sonya, though she would never have dared to acknowledge such a thing, knew it very well, and every time that Dolokhof was announced, blushed as red as kumatch.

Dolokhof often came to dinner at the Rostofs'; he never missed an entertainment where they were to be found, and frequented the *adolescentes* balls given by Iogel, which the Rostofs always attended. He paid preëminent attention to Sonya, and looked at her with such eyes, that not only the girl herself could not endure his glances without blushing, but even the old countess and Natasha flushed if they caught sight of him looking at her.

It was plain to see, that this powerful, strange man was coming under the irresistible influence of this gracious dark-eyed maiden, who, all the time, was in love with some one else.

Rostof perceived that there was something new between Dolokhof and Sonya, but he could not make out what this relationship was.

"Everybody here is in love with some one," he said to himself, referring to Sonya and Natasha. But he was no longer at his ease in the company of Sonya and Dolokhof, as before, and he began to be absent from home more frequently.

In the autumn of 1806, there had been continual talk about war with Napoleon, and with even greater heat than the year before. A conscription of ten men in a thousand, and of nine militiamen to a thousand, in addition, was ordered. Everywhere anathemas were heaped upon Bonaparteism, and nothing was talked about in Moscow except the coming war.

For the Rostof family, all interest in these preparations for war were centred on the fact that Nikolushka would not hear of such a thing as remaining at home, and was only waiting for the end of Denisof's furlough in order to return with him to his regiment after the holidays. The approaching depart-

ure did not in any way prevent him from having a good time; it rather only seemed still more to spur them all on to enjoyment. The larger part of his time he spent away from the house, at dinners, receptions, and balls.

CHAPTER XI.

On the third day of the Christmas holidays, Nikolai dined at home—a thing which he had rarely done of late. It was a sort of farewell dinner, as he and Denisof were going to start for their regiments after Epiphany. There were about twenty sat down at table, among the number, Dolokhof and Denisof.

Never at the Rostof's had that delicious breath of passion, and that atmosphere of love made itself felt with such force as during these days of the Christmastide.

“Seize these moments of happiness; let yourself drift into love; become enamoured yourself. This is the only genuine bliss in the world; everything else is dross. And with this alone all of us here are exclusively occupied,” said this atmosphere.

Nikolai, as always, tired out two spans of horses, and yet had not had time enough to go to all the places where he was needed and summoned; he came home just before dinner time. As soon as he came in, he noticed and felt this atmosphere so charged with the electrical tension of love, but more especially he remarked a strange embarrassment existing among several of those who were gathered in the drawing-room. Peculiarly agitated were Sonya, Dolokhof, and the old countess, and, to a certain extent, his sister Natasha. Nikolai perceived that something must have happened between Sonya and Dolokhof, and, in accordance with his impulsive nature, and the genuine tact characteristic of him, he showed himself very affectionate and considerate toward these two.

That evening, it being, as we have already said, the third day of the Christmastide, there was to be one of the balls which Iogel, the dancing master, used to give during the holidays to the young men and women of his *clientèle*.

“Nikolenka, you will go to Iogel's, won't you? Please do!” said Natasha to him. “He invited you especially, and Vasili Dmitritch is going.” (By Vasili Dmitritch, she meant Denisof.)

“Where wouldn't I go at the countess's request!” ex-

claimed Denisof, who, in a joking way, occupied in the Rostof household the position of knight to Natasha. "I am weady to dance even the *pas de châte!*"

"I will if I have time. I promised to go to the Arkharofs, who have a party this evening," said Nikolai.

"And you?" he asked turning to Dolokhof. But the moment the words had left his lip, he perceived that he had committed a blunder.

"Yes, perhaps so," replied Dolokhof, coolly and laconically, glancing at Sonya, frowning, and giving Nikolai exactly the same sort of a look that he had given Pierre, the night of the dinner to Bagration at the club.

"There must be something up," said Nikolai to himself, and he was still further confirmed in this impression by the fact that Dolokhof took his departure immediately after dinner. He called Natasha to him, and asked what the matter was.

"And I was just looking for you," exclaimed Natasha, running to him. "I told you so, but you would not believe me," said she, triumphantly. "He has proposed for Sonya."

Little as Sonya had occupied Nikolai's thoughts during these last weeks, still he felt a sort of pang when he learned this. Dolokhof was a suitable, and in some respects a brilliant match for the dowerless orphan, Sonya. From the old countess's standpoint, and that of society, it was simple madness to refuse him. And, therefore, Nikolai's first feeling on hearing this piece of news, was that of indignation against the girl.

He had it on his tongue's end to say: "And it is an excellent thing, of course, for her to forget her old promises, and accept this first proposal," but before he spoke, Natasha went on,—

"And can you imagine it, she refused him?—absolutely refused him! She told him that she loved some one else," she added, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and could my Sonya have done anything else!" thought Nikolai.

"In spite of all mamma's arguments, she refused him, and I know that she won't change her decision if she said that."

"And mamma tried to persuade her?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes," said Natasha. "And now, Nikolenka—and don't be vexed—but I know you will never marry her. I am sure of it, God knows why, but I am perfectly certain that you will never marry her."

"Well, you know nothing about it at all," said Nikolai,

"But I must have a little talk with her. How charming she is! our Sonya," he added with a smile.

"Charming! Indeed she is. I will send her to you."

And Natasha, kissing her brother, ran away.

In a moment, Sonya came in alarmed and abashed, as though she had been doing something wrong. Nikolai went to her and kissed her hand. This was the first opportunity that they had enjoyed for some time of being alone together, and talking about their love.

"Sophie," said he timidly, and then all the time grows more and more confident. "If you have seen fit to refuse — it is not only a brilliant, but a very advantageous offer; he is a splendid, noble fellow; and he is a friend of mine."

Sonya interrupted him.

"I have already refused him," said she, hastily.

"If you have refused him for my sake, then I am afraid that I" —

Sonya again interrupted him. She looked at him with beseeching, frightened eyes.

"Nicolas, don't speak of that, please," said she.

"Nay, but I must. May be it is *suffisance*, unbounded conceit on my part, but it is better to speak. If you have refused him for my sake, then I ought to tell you the whole truth. I love you, I think, more than all" —

"That is all I want," said Sonya, with a sigh.

"No! but I have fallen in love a thousand times, and I shall fall in love again, but I shall never find any one so friendly, so true, so lovely as you. But then I am young. *Maman* does not approve of this. So, then, simply I can't make any promises. And I beg of you to reconsider Dolokhof's proposal," said he, finding it hard to speak his friend's name.

"Don't mention such a thing. I have no desires at all. I love you as though you were my brother, and shall always love you, and that is quite enough for me."

"You are an angel! I am not worthy of you, but what I am afraid is that I might deceive you!" Nikolai once more kissed her hand.

CHAPTER XII.

"IOGEL has the jolliest balls in Moscow." This was what the mammas said, as they looked at their *adolescentes*, practising the steps which they had just been learning; this was said also by the grown-up girls and young men, who came to these

balls with just a shade of condescension, and, nevertheless, found there the very best amusement.

This very same year, two engagements had resulted from these balls. The two pretty princesses Gorchakova found husbands there, and brought these balls into still greater vogue. Their peculiarity was the lack of any host or hostess:—they merely had the good-natured Iogel, light as flying down, bowing and scraping, according to the rules of his art; and almost all of his guests were those from whom he had received bank-notes in payment for dancing lessons. The fact was only those came to these balls who liked to dance and have a good time with the zest of thirteen or fourteen year old maidens wearing a long dress for the first time in their lives.

All, with rare exceptions, were pretty, or at least seemed to be. How enthusiastically they all smiled, and how eloquent were their sparkling eyes! Sometimes even the *pas de châte*, or shawl figure was danced by his most advanced pupils, and of these, Natasha was the best, being distinguished for her grace; but at this, the last of the season, they danced only *schottisches Anglaises*, and the mazarka, which was now beginning to be fashionable.

Iogel engaged for the ball the large drawing-room in the Bezukhof mansion, and the ball was a great success, as everyone confessed. Many were the pretty girls, and the Rostof maidens were among the prettiest. Both of them were remarkably happy and gay. That evening, before she started, Sonya, proud of Dolokhof's proposal, of her refusal of him, and her explanation with Nikolai, whirled around the house, scarcely giving her maid a chance to comb her hair, and now she was perfectly transfigured with impetuous delight.

Natasha, not less proud of going to this ball, for the first time in a long dress, was even more radiant. Both wore muslin gowns with pink ribbons.

The moment they entered the ballroom, Natasha began to be enamoured of everyone. She was not enamoured of any one in particular, but of all! Whomever her eyes happened to fall upon, with him she was deeply in love for the time being.

"Akh! how nice it is!" she kept saying, whenever she met Sonya.

Nikolai and Denisof strolled through the rooms, looking graciously and condescendingly on the dancers.

"How pretty she is! She will be a waving beauty!"

"Who?"

"The Countess Natasha," replied Denisof.

"And how charmingly she dances! What grace!" he said once more, after a little pause.

"Whom are you talking about?"

"I was refering to your sister," said Denisof, testily.

Rostof smiled.

"My dear count, you are one of my best pupils, you must dance," said the little Iogel, coming up to Nikolai. "Just see what a lot of pretty girls."*

And with the same request he turned to Denisof, who also had been one of his pupils.

"No, my dear, I prefer to be a wall-flower," † replied Denisof. "Don't you remember how illy I profited by your lessons?"

"Oh, no," said Iogel, hastening to reassure him. "You were only somewhat inattentive, but you had the ability; oh yes, you had the ability."

The band now began to play the newly introduced mazurka. Nikolai could not refuse Iogel, and invited Sonya as his partner. Denisof sat down with some of the elderly ladies, and leaning his elbows on his sword, and beating time with his foot, told jolly stories and made the old ladies laugh, while his eyes followed the young people dancing.

Iogel led the mazurka with Natasha, who was his pride and his best pupil. Noiselessly, skilfully shuffling his feet, shod in pumps, Iogel flew around the hall with Natasha, rather timid, but, nevertheless, performing all the steps with the utmost care.

Denisof did not take his eyes from her, and thumped his sword in time, with an expression that said clearly that he was not dancing simply because he did not care to, and not because he was not able. In the midst of the figure, he saw Rostof passing, and called him to him.

"That's no way at all," said he, "do you call that the Polish mazurka? But she dances admirably though!"

Knowing that Denisof in Poland had won great reputation for his skill in dancing the genuine Polish mazurka, Nikolai glided over to Natasha,—

"Go ahead," said he, "choose Denisof! He dances splendidly! It's wonderful!"

When it came Natasha's turn again, she got up and swiftly chasseeing across the hall in her dainty slippers trimmed with rosettes, she blushingly made her way to the corner where

* "*Mon cher comte, vous êtes l'un de mes meilleurs écoliers; il faut que vous dansiez. Voyez combien de jolies demoiselles.*"

† "*Non, mon cher, je se'ai tapissé'ie.*"

Denisof was sitting. She saw that all were looking at her and waiting. Nikolai noticed that Denisof and Natasha were having a playful quarrel, and that the former refused, but smiled with gratification. He went up to them.

"Please, Vasili Dmitritch," said Natasha. "Come, please do!"

"I pway you, let me off, countess."

"There, there, that's no excuse, Vasya!" said Nikolai.

"You're like two kittens twyng to persuade Vaska, the old cat," said Denisof, jestingly.

"I will sing a whole evening for you," pleaded Natasha.

"The little enchantwess can do what she likes with me!" exclaimed Denisof, and he laid aside his sword. He made his way out from among the chairs, firmly grasped his partner's hand, threw back his head, and put his feet in position, waiting to catch the beat of the music.

Only on horseback, or while dancing the mazurka, was Denisof's small stature lost sight of, and he appeared to be the gallant young hero that he felt himself to be. While waiting to get the time, he glanced up at his partner triumphantly and mischievously, then suddenly rapped his heel on the floor, and, like a tennis ball, bounded up elastically, and sped out into the middle of the room, carrying his lady with him. Noiselessly, he flew half across the hall on one foot, and, apparently, not seeing the chairs ranged in front of him was like to have run right into them; but suddenly clinking his spurs and spreading his legs, he stopped on his heels, stood so for a second, then with a clanking of his spurs, making a sort of double shuffle, quickly turned about, and with his left heel clicking against the right, he again *chasseed* around the circle.

Natasha realized by a sort of intuition what he intended to do, and herself not knowing how, simply followed him, and gave herself up to his guidance.

Now he put his left arm around her waist, then his right; now he would fall on his knee, and cause her to pirouette around him, and then, again, he would spring up and *chassee* off in a straight line with such impetuosity, without even taking breath, that it seemed as though they were going straight through all the rooms; then suddenly he would come to a pause again, and execute some other new and unexpected evolution. When at last, swiftly whirling his lady about in front of her own seat and jingling his spurs, he made her a low bow, Natasha forgot to perform a courtesy. In perplexity, she fixed her eyes upon him, smiling: it seemed to her that she

did not know him. "What does this mean?" she asked herself.

Although Iogel refused to acknowledge such a dance as a proper mazurka, all were in raptures over the skill manifested. Denisof was in constant requisition as a partner, and the old people, smiling, began to talk about Poland, and about the good old times. Denisof, flushed from the exertion of the mazurka, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, sat down next Natasha, and through the rest of the evening did not leave her side.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR two days, Rostof had not seen Dolokhof at his house, or found him at home; on the third day, he received a note from him,—

"As I intend never to visit your house again, from reasons which you may appreciate, and as I am about to rejoin my regiment, I am going to give to my friends a farewell supper this evening. Come to the Hôtel d'Angleterre."

At ten o'clock that evening, after the theatre, where he had been with Denisof and his family, Rostof repaired to the place which Dolokhof had designated. He was immediately shown into the handsomest room of the hotel, which Dolokhof had hired for the occasion. A score of men were gathered around the table, at the head of which sat Dolokhof, between two candles. There was a pile of gold and bills on the table, and Dolokhof was keeping the bank.

Since Dolokhof's proposal and Sonya's refusal, Nikolai had not seen him, and he felt a slight sense of confusion at the thought of their meeting.

Dolokhof's keen, cold eyes met Nikolai's the moment he entered the room, as though he had been waiting for him for some time.

"We have not met for several days," said Dolokhof, "thank you for coming. Here I will only finish this hand. Ilyushka and his chorus are coming."

"I have called at your house," said Rostof reddening.

Dolokhof made him no answer. "You may bet if you will."

Rostof recalled a strange conversation which he had once had with Dolokhof. "Only fools play on chance," had been Dolokhof's remark at the time.

"But perhaps you are afraid to play with me," said Dolokhof now, as though he read Rostof's thought, and he smiled.

In spite of that smile, Rostof could plainly see that he was in the same frame of mind that he had been at the time of the dinner at the club, or, one might say, at any of those times when as it were, Dolokhof felt himself under the necessity of breaking the monotony of his quiet life by some *outré*, and usually outrageous action.

Rostof felt ill at ease. He racked his brain, but was unable to find an appropriate repartee for Dolokhof's words. But before he had a chance to reply, Dolokhof, looking straight into Rostof's face, said slowly, with deliberate intervals between the words, and loud enough for all to hear, —

“Do you remember you and I were talking once about gambling. . . . ‘It's a fool, a durak, who is willing to play games of chance. One ought to play a sure hand.’ I said so, but I am going to try it anyway.”

“Try the chance or the sure thing — I wonder which,” thought Rostof.

“Well, you'd better not play,” he added, and springing the freshly opened pack of cards, he added: “Bank, gentlemen!”

Pushing the money forward, Dolokhof prepared to start the bank. Rostof took a seat near him, and at first did not play. Dolokhof glanced at him.

“What? Won't you take a hand?” and strangely enough Nikolai felt it incumbent upon him to take a card and stake an insignificant sum. It was thus that he began to play.

“I have no money with me,” he said.

“I will trust you.”

Rostof named five rubles as his stake and lost; he staked again, and again he lost. Dolokhof trumped, in other words took Rostof's stake ten times running.

“Gentlemen,” said he, after he had been keeping the bank some time, “I beg of you to lay your stakes on the cards, otherwise, I may become confused in the accounts.”

One of the players ventured the hope that he was to be trusted.

“Trusted, certainly, but I am afraid of getting the accounts mixed. I beg of you to lay your money on the cards,” replied Dolokhof. “Don't you worry yourself, you and I will settle our accounts afterwards,” he added, turning to Rostof.

The game went on; the servant kept filling their glasses with champagne.

All Rostof's cards failed to be matched, and his losses amounted to eight hundred rubles. He was just writing

down on the back of a card eight hundred rubles, but as it happened that at that moment, a glass of champagne was handed him, he hesitated, and once more staked the sum that he had been risking all along, that is twenty rubles.

"Make it that" said Dolokhof, though he was apparently not looking at Rostof. "You'll win it back all the quicker. The others win but you keep losing. Or are you afraid of me?" he insisted.

Rostof acquiesced, staked the eight hundred which he had written down on a seven of hearts with a bent corner, which he had picked up from the floor. He remembered it well enough afterwards. He laid down this seven of hearts, after writing on the piece torn off, the figures eight hundred, in large, distinct characters; he drank the glass of foaming champagne handed him by the waiter, smiled at Dolokhof's words, and with anxious heart, while hoping that a seven would turn up, watched the pack of cards in Dolokhof's hands.

The gain or loss dependent upon this seven of hearts, would have very serious consequences for Rostof. On the preceding Sunday, Count Ilya Andreyitch had given his son two thousand rubles, and although he generally disliked to speak of his pecuniary difficulties, had told him that he could not have any more till May, and therefore begged him for this once, to be rather economical. Nikolai had told him that that would be amply sufficient, and gave him his word of honor not to ask for any more money till spring.

And now out of that sum, only twelve hundred rubles were left. Of course that seven of hearts if he lost on it, would signify not only the loss of sixteen hundred rubles, but also the necessity of breaking his word to his father. With heart sinking therefore, he watched Dolokhof's hands and said to himself, —

"Now let him hurry up and give me this card, and I will put on my cap and go home to supper with Denisof, Natasha, and Sonya, and truly I will never as long as I live, take a card into my hands again."

At that instant his home life, his romps with Petya, his talks with Sonya, his duets with Natasha, his game of piquet with his father, and even his peaceful bed in his home on the Pavarskaya, came over him with such force and vividness and attraction, that it seemed to him like an inestimable bliss, that had passed and been destroyed forever.

He could not bring himself to believe that blind chance, by

throwing the seven of hearts to the right rather than to the left, might deprive him of all this just comprehended and just appreciated happiness, and plunge him into the abyss of a wretchedness never before experienced, and of which he had no adequate idea. It could not be so, and yet with a fever of expectation, he watched every motion of Dolokhof's hands. Those coarse reddish hands with wide knuckles and hairy wrists, showing from under his shirt bands, laid down the pack of cards, and took up the champagne glass that had been handed him, and put his pipe in his mouth.

"And so you are not afraid to play with me?" repeated Dolokhof, and as though for the purpose of telling some humorous story he laid down the cards, leaned back in his chair, and with a smile deliberately began to speak, —

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been told that there is a report current in Moscow, that I am a sharper, and so I advise you to be on your guard against me."

"Come now, deal ahead!" said Rostof.

"Okh! these Moscow grannies!" exclaimed Dolokhof, and with a smile he took up the cards.

"Aaaakh!" almost screamed Rostof, clasping his head with both hands. The seven which he needed already lay on top, the very first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

"I wouldn't ruin myself!" said Dolokhof, giving Rostof a passing glance, and proceeded to shuffle the cards.

CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the next hour and a half, the majority of the gamblers watched with much amusement their own play.

The whole interest of the game centred on Rostof alone. Instead of the sixteen hundred rubles there was already a long column of figures which he had reckoned to be at least ten thousand rubles, and which he now vaguely imagined to be perhaps fifteen thousand. In reality the sums footed up to more than twenty thousand rubles.

Dolokhof no longer listened to stories or told them himself; he watched each motion of Rostof's hands, and occasionally cast hasty glances at the paper containing Rostof's indebtedness. He had made up his mind to keep him playing until his losses should reach forty-three thousand rubles. He had selected

this number because forty-three represented the sum of his and Sonya's ages.

Rostof, supporting his head in both hands, sat in front of the table, now all marked up with chalk, wet with wine, and littered with cards. One special impression was painful, but it did not restrain him: those wide-jointed, red hands with the hairy wrists, those hands which he loved and which he also hated, held him in their power.

"Six hundred rubles, ace, quarter-stakes, nine spot—impossible to win it back—and how gay it is at home!—Knave on five—it cannot be.—And why is he treating me so?" thought Rostof, and he remembered.

Sometimes he staked on a card a large sum, but Dolokhof refused to accept it, and himself named a lower figure. Nikolai would submit, and then pray God, just as he had prayed on the battle-field at the bridge of Amstetten; then it would occur to him, that perhaps the first card that he should draw from the pile of rejected cards on the table would save him; then he would count up the number of buttons on his jacket, and select a card with the same number on which to stake the double of what he had already lost; then again, he would look for aid to the other players, or glance into Dolokhof's face, now so stern and cold, and try to read what was passing in his mind.

"Of course he knows what this loss means for me. It cannot be that he desires me to lose like this. For he was my friend. For I loved him. But of course it isn't his fault; how can he help it if luck favors him? And neither am I to blame," said he to himself. "I have done nothing wrong. Have I killed any one, or insulted any one, or wished any one evil? Why, then, this horrible misfortune? And when did it begin? It was only such a short time ago that I came to this table with the idea of winning a hundred rubles, so as to buy for mamma's birthday that jewel box, and then go home. I was so happy, so free from care, so gay! And I did not realize then how happy I was! When did it all end, and when did this new, this horrible state of things begin? What does this change signify? And here I am, just the same as before, sitting in the same place at his table, choosing and moving the same cards, and looking at those wide-knuckled, dexterous hands. When did this take place, and what is it that has taken place? I am well, strong, and just the same as I was, and in the self-same place! No, it cannot be! Surely, this cannot end in such a way!"

His face was flushed, he was all of a sweat, in spite of the fact that it was not warm in the room. And his face was terrible and pitiable, especially on account of his futile efforts to seem composed.

The list of his losses was nearing the fatal number of forty-three thousand. Rostof had turned down the corner of a card as the quarter-stakes for three thousand rubles, which he had just won, when Dolokhof, rapping with the pack, flung it down, and taking the lump of chalk began swiftly to reckon up the sum total of Rostof's losses, with his firm, legible figures, breaking the chalk as he did so.

"It's time for supper, and here are the Tsigans!"

It was a fact: at that moment a number of dark-skinned men and women came in, bringing with them a gust of cold air, and saying something in their gypsy accent. Nikolai realized that all was over; but he said, in an indifferent tone, —

"What, can't we play any more? Ah, but I had a splendid little card all ready!" Just as though the mere amusement of the game were what interested him the most!

"All is over! I have lost!" was what he thought. "Now a bullet through my brains — that's all that's left," and yet he said in a jocund tone: "Come now, just this one card!"

"Very well," replied Dolokhof, completing the sum total, "Very good! Make it twenty-one rubles then," said he pointing to the figures twenty-one, which was over and above the round sum of forty-three thousand, and taking up the pack of cards, he began to shuffle them. Rostof obediently turned back the corner, and instead of the six thousand which he was going to wager, carefully wrote twenty-one.

"It's all the same to me!" said he, "all I wanted to know was whether you would give me the ten or not."

Dolokhof gravely began to deal. Oh, how Rostof at that moment hated those red hands, with the short fingers and the hairy wrists emerging from his shirt bands, those hands that had him in their grasp! The ten spot fell to him.

"Well, you owe me just forty-three thousand, count," said Dolokhof, getting up from the table and stretching himself. "One gets tired sitting still so long," he added.

"Yes, I am very tired, also," said Rostof.

Dolokhof, as though to remind him that it was not seemly to jest, interrupted him, —

"When do you propose to pay me this money, count?"

Rostof, coloring with shame, drew Dolokhof into another

room. "I cannot pay you at such short notice, you must take my I.O.U.," said he.

"Listen, Rostof," said Dolokhof, with a candid smile, "you know the proverb: 'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards.' Your cousin is in love with you, I know."

"Oh! how horrible it is to be in this man's power," thought Rostof. He realized what a blow it would be to his father, to his mother, to learn that he had been gambling and losing so much. He realized what happiness it would be if he could only have avoided doing it, or could escape confessing it, and he realized that Dolokhof knew how easily he might save him from this shame and pain, and yet, here he was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

"Your cousin," Dolokhof started to say; but Nikolai interrupted him.

"My cousin has nothing to do with this, and there is no need of bringing her in," he cried, in a fury.

"Then when will you pay me?" demanded Dolokhof.

"To-morrow," replied Rostof, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

To say 'to-morrow,' and to preserve the conventional tone of decency, was easy enough; but to go home alone, to see his brother and sisters, his father and mother, to confess his fault and ask for money to which he had no right, after giving his word of honor, was horrible.

When Nikolai reached home, the family were still up. The young people on their return from the theatre had had supper, and were now sitting at the harpsichord. As soon as he entered the room he felt himself surrounded by that poetical atmosphere of love which had reigned all winter in that home, and which, now, after Dolokhof's proposal and Logel's ball, had seemed to condense around Sonya and Natasha, like the air before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha were in the blue gowns which they had worn to the theatre. Pretty, and realizing that fact, they stood happy and smiling around the harpsichord. Viera and Shinsin were playing checkers in the drawing-room. The old countess, waiting for her son and husband, was laying out a game of solitaire with the aid of an old noblewoman who made her home in their family. Denisof, with shining eyes rolled up, and bristling hair, sat at the harpsichord with one leg thrust out behind him, and while

drumming out the accompaniment with his little, short fingers, was singing in his thin, hoarse, but eminently true voice, some verses that he had composed under the title "The Enchantress," and to which he was trying to suit appropriate music, —

"Enchantress, tell what potent charm thou swayest,
That to unwonted chords my spirit tends?
What magic fire within my heart thou layest?
What rapture thrills me to my fingers' ends?"

He sang in a passionate voice, and fixed his bright, black, agate-colored eyes on Natasha.

"Lovely! delightful!" cried she. "Still another verse," she urged, not yet perceiving Nikolai.

"With them, it is just the same," said the poor boy, looking into the drawing-room where he saw his mother and the old lady.

"Ah! and here is Nikolenka!" cried Natasha, running to him.

"Is *papenka* at home?" he demanded.

"How glad I am that you have come!" exclaimed Natasha, not answering his question. "We are having such a jolly time; Vasili Dmitritch is going to stay another day, just for my sake; did you know it?"

"No, papa hasn't come home yet," said Sonya.

"Koko, have you come? Come here, dear!" cried the countess from the drawing-room. Nikolai went to his mother, kissed her hand, and, without saying a word, took a seat near her table and began to watch her hands as she laid out the cards. From the music room they could hear the sounds of laughter, and merry voices trying to persuade Natasha.

"Well, very good, very good," exclaimed Denisof. "Now there's no denying you anything; but it's your turn! Give us the *barcarolla*, I beg of you!"

The countess noticed her son's silence, —

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Akh, nothing," said he, as though he had heard the same question till he was weary of it. "Will *papenka* be back soon?"

"I think so."

"They are the same as ever. They know nothing about it. Where can I hide myself?" thought Nikolai, and he went again into the music-room where the harpsichord stood.

Sonya was sitting at it and playing the introduction to the *barcarole* which was Denisof's especial favorite. Natasha was

preparing to sing. Denisof was looking at her with enthusiastic eyes.

Nikolai began to pace up and down the room. "Now why should they want to make her sing? What can she sing? There's nothing here to make a fellow feel happy!" ran Nikolai's thoughts.

Sonya struck the first chord of the introduction.

"My God, I am a ruined, dishonorable man! A bullet through my brain, that is the only thing left for me, and not singing!" his thoughts went on. "Go away! But where? Very well, let them sing!"

Nikolai continued gloomily to stride up and down the room, glancing at Denisof and the girls, but avoiding their eyes.

"Nikolenka, what is the matter?" Sonya's eyes, fixed up on him, seemed to ask. She had immediately seen that something unusual had happened to him.

Nikolai turned away from her. Natasha also, with her quickness of perception, had instantly noticed her brother's preoccupation. She had observed it, but she felt so full of merriment at that time, her mood was so far removed from grief, melancholy, and reproaches, that (as often happens in the case of young girls) she purposely deceived herself.

"No, I'm too happy now to disturb my joy by trying to sympathize in the unhappiness of another," was her feeling, and she said to herself: "No, I am, of course, mistaken; he must be as happy as I am! it must be that he is as happy as I am myself. Now, Sonya," said she, and she started to go to the very middle of the music-room, where, in her opinion, her voice would have the most resonance. Lifting her head, and letting her hands hang easily by her side, just as ballet dancers do, Natasha, with a fine display of energy, skipping from her little heels to her tiptoes, flew out into the middle of the room, and there paused. "See what a girl I am!" she seemed to say, in answer to Denisof's enthusiastic eyes following her.

"Now, what is she so happy about, I wonder?" queried Nikolai, as he glanced at his sister. "And how can it be that she isn't tired to death of it all?"

Natasha took the first note, her throat swelled, her bosom rose, her eyes assumed a serious expression. She thought of no one, of nothing in particular at that moment, and from the smiling mouth gushed the sounds, those sounds which may proceed in the same *tempo* and with the same rhythm, but which a thousand times leave you cold and unmoved, and the thousand and first time make you tremble and weep.

Natasha that winter had for the first time begun to take singing seriously, and in large measure because Denisof had been so enthusiastic over her voice. She sang now not like a school-girl, nor was there in her singing anything of that ludicrous, childish effort which had formerly been characteristic of her. She still sang far from well, as all the connoisseurs who had heard her declared. "Not developed yet, but still a lovely voice; she ought to cultivate it," said every one. But this was said generally some time after the sounds of her voice had entirely died away. While this, as yet, untrained voice, breathing in the wrong places, and finding it difficult to conquer rapid runs, was ringing out, even connoisseurs found nothing to say, but felt themselves unexpectedly moved by it, and only anxious to hear it again. In her voice there was a girlish sensitiveness, an unconsciousness of its own powers, and an untrained velvetyness, which were combined with the lack of knowledge of the art of singing in such a way that it seemed as if it would be impossible to change anything in that voice without ruining it.

"What does this mean?" queried Nikolai, as he listened to her voice and opened his eyes wide. "What has come over her? How she sings to-day?" he said to himself. And suddenly all the world for him was concentrated on the expectation of the following note, the succeeding phrase, and every thing in the world was divided into those three beats: "*Oh, mio crudele affetto*" — one — two — three; one — two — three — one — two! "*oh, mio crudele affetto*" — one — two — three. "Ekh! how foolish our life all is!" said Nikolai to himself. "All of it, and our wretchedness, and money, and Dolokhof, and anger, and honor; it is all rubbish, and this is the only real thing! There, Natasha, there *golubchik!* there *mátushka!* Will she take that *si?* Yes, she's taken it. Glory to God — *Slava Bohu!*" and he himself, without noticing that he was singing, struck in the second a third below, in order to support that *si*.

"Good heavens! how nice! Did I take it right! How splendid!" he said to himself.

Oh! how that accord vibrated! and how all that was best in Rostof's soul came up to the surface. And this was something independent of all in the world, and higher than all in the world. What, in comparison with this were his losses, and such men as Dolokhof, and his word of honor! All rubbish. One might kill and rob and still be happy!

CHAPTER XVI.

It was long since Rostof had experienced any such delight from music as he did that night. But as soon as Natasha had finished her bacarole, the grim reality again came back to him. Without saying a word to any one, he left the room and went up to his own chamber. Within a quarter of an hour the old count came in from the club, gay and satisfied. Nikolai, finding that he had come, went to his room.

"Well, have you been having a pleasant day?" asked Ilya Andreyitch, smiling gayly and proudly at his son. Nikolai wanted to say "yes," but he found it impossible: it was as much as he could do to keep from bursting into tears. The count began to puff at his pipe, and did not perceive his son's state of mind.

"Ekh! it can't be avoided," said Nikolai to himself, for the first and last time. And suddenly, in a negligent tone which seemed to himself utterly shameful, he said to his father, just as though he were asking for the carriage to drive down town,—

"Papa, I came to speak to you about business. I had forgotten all about it. I need some money."

"What's that?" said the father, who had come home in a peculiarly good-natured frame of mind. "I told you that you wouldn't have enough. Do you need much?"

"Ever so much," said Nikolai reddening, and with a stupid, careless smile which it was long before he could pardon himself for. "I have been losing a little; that is, considerable; I might say a great deal — forty-three thousand."

"What? To whom? You are joking!" cried the count, flushing, just as elderly men are apt to flush, with an apoplectic rush of blood coloring his neck and the back of his head.

"I promised to pay it to-morrow," continued Nikolai.

"Well!" said the old count, spreading his hands and falling helplessly back upon the sofa.

"What's to be done? It's what might happen to any one!" said the son in a free-and-easy tone of banter, while all the time in his heart he was calling himself a worthless coward, who could not atone by his whole life for such a thing. He felt an impulse to kiss his father's hands, to fall on his knees and beg his forgiveness, but still he assured his father in that careless and even coarse tone, that this was a thing liable to happen to any one!"

Count Ilya Andreyitch dropped his eyes when he heard his

son's words, and fidgeted about, as though he were trying to find something.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it'll be hard work, I am afraid — hard work to raise so much; it happens to every one, yes, yes, it happens to every one."

And the count, with a feeling glance at his son's face, started to leave the room. Nikolai was prepared for a refusal, but he had never expected this.

"*Papenka! Papenka!*" he cried, hastening after him with a sob, "forgive me!" and seizing his father's hand, he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears.

While father and son were having this conversation, a no-less-important confession was taking place between the mother and daughter. Natasha, in great excitement, had run in where her mother was.

"Mamma! mamma! He has done it!"

"Done what?"

"He has done it! He has made me an offer; mamma! mamma!" she cried.

The countess did not believe her ears. Denisof made a proposal! To whom? To this little chit of a Natasha, who only a short time since was playing with her dolls, and even now was only a school-girl.

"Natasha! Come now! No nonsense!" said she, still hoping that it was a joke.

"Why do you say 'nonsense.' I tell you just as it is," said Natasha, indignantly. "I came to ask you what I should do about it, and you call it 'nonsense.'"

The countess shrugged her shoulders: "If it is true that *Monsieur* Denisof has made you an offer, then tell him that he is a fool, and that's all there is of it!"

"No, he is not a fool," replied Natasha, in a grave and offended tone.

"Well then, what do you wish? It seems to me that these days all of you are falling in love. Well, if you love him, then marry him," exclaimed the countess, with an angry laugh. "Good luck to you!"

"No, mamma, I'm not in love with him; it can't be that I am!"

"Well, then, go and tell him so!"

"Mamma, are you annoyed? Don't be annoyed, sweetheart,* now wherein, I should like to know, was I to blame?"

* *Golubushka.*

"No, but what do you wish, my dear? Shall I go and tell him?" asked the countess, smiling.

"Certainly not, I will answer him myself, only tell me what to say. Everything comes so easy to you," she added, with an answering smile. "And if you had only seen how he said it to me! For, do you know, I am sure that he did not mean to say it, but it came out accidentally."

"Well, it behoves you, at all events, to refuse him."

"No, not refuse him! I feel so sorry for him! He is such a nice man!"

"Well, then, accept his proposal. Indeed, it is time you were married," exclaimed her mother, in a sharp, derisive tone.

"No, mamma, I pity him so. I don't know how to tell him!"

"Well then, if you can't find anything to say, I myself will go and speak with him," said the countess, stirred to the soul that any one should dare to look upon her little Natasha as already grown up.

"No, not for anything; I will tell him myself, and you may listen at the door," and Natasha started to run through the drawing-room into the music-room where Denisof was still sitting on the same chair by the harpsichord with his face in his hands. He sprang up the moment he heard her light steps.

"Natalie," said he, going toward her with quick steps, "decide my fate. It is in your hands."

"Vasili Dmitritch, I am so sorry for you. Oh! but you are so splendid. No, it cannot be; it is — but I shall always, always love you."

Denisof bent over her hand, and she heard strange sounds which she could not understand. She kissed him on his dark, curly, disordered hair. At this instant, was heard the hurried rustle of the countess's dress. She came toward them.

"Vasili Dmitritch, I thank you for the honor," said the countess in a troubled tone of voice, which seemed to Denisof to be stern. "But my daughter is so young, and I should have thought that you, as a friend of my son's, would have addressed me first. In that case you might not have forced me to such an unavoidable refusal."

"Countess," said Denisof, with downcast eyes, and a guilty look, and vainly trying to stammer something more.

Natasha could not look with any composure upon him, it was so pitiable to see him. She began to sob aloud.

"Countess, I have done w'ong," at last he managed to artic-

ulate in a broken voice. "But pway believe me, I adore your daughter and all your family, and I would gladly sacwifice my life twice over for you." He looked up at the countess, and seeing her stern face, "Well, good-by countess," he added, and kissing her hand and not even looking at Natasha, he left the room with quick, resolute steps.

Rostof spent the next day with Denisof, who would not hear to staying any longer in Moscow. All his Moscow friends gave him a send-off, with the aid of the gypsies, and he had no recollection of how he was packed into his sledge, or how he rode the first three stages.

After Denisof's departure, Rostof spent a fortnight longer at home, waiting for the money which the old count was unable to raise at such short notice; he did not leave the house, and spent most of the time with the girls.

Sonya was more affectionate and devoted to him than ever. It seemed as if she were anxious to show him that his gambling losses were quite an exploit, for which she could only love him the more, but Nikolai now felt that he was unworthy of her.

He filled the girls' albums with verses and music, and at last, toward the end of November, after paying over the forty-three thousand rubles, and receiving Dolokhof's receipt for it, he started away without taking leave of any of his acquaintances, to rejoin his regiment which was now in Poland.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER his scene with his wife, Pierre went to Petersburg. At the post station at Torzhok, there were no horses, or the station master took it into his head not to furnish them. Pierre was obliged to wait. Without undressing, he stretched himself out on the leather divan before a circular table, on which he supported his big feet, in fur-lined boots, and pondered.

"Do you order the trunks brought in? Shall I make up a bed? do you wish tea?" asked his valet.

Pierre made no answer, for the reason that he heard nothing, and saw nothing. He had begun to ponder while at the last station, and still he went on, propounding the same questions, quite too important for him to pay any attention to what was going on around him. He was not in the least interested whether he reached Petersburg sooner or later, or whether or not they found him a place to sleep that night at the station: everything indeed was immaterial in comparison with the thoughts that were now occupying his mind, and it made no difference whether he spent a few hours or his whole life at this station.

The station-master, the station-master's wife, his valet, an old woman who sold Torzhok embroidery, came into the room and offered their services.

Pierre, not changing the elevated position of his feet, looked at them over his spectacles, and did not comprehend what they could want, or how they could live without having decided the questions which were troubling him. He had indeed been occupied by the same questions perpetually ever since that day when after his duel he had returned home from Sokolniki, and spent the first painful, sleepless night; but now, in his solitary journey, they took possession of him with inexorable force. Whatever he began to think about, still his mind reverted to these problems which he could not solve, and could not help asking himself. It was as though the

principal screw on which his whole life depended had got sprung. The screw stays where it is; it does not give way, but it turns without the thread catching, always in the same fillet, and it is impossible to stop turning it.

The station-master came in and began obsequiously to ask his illustriousness to deign to wait only two "little hours," and then he could have for his illustriousness, come what would, post horses for his service. The station-master was evidently lying, and his sole idea was to get as much money as possible from the traveller.

"Is this right, or is it wrong?" Pierre asked himself. "As far as I am concerned, it is good, but is bad for the next traveller; but the station-master can't help himself doing so, because he has nothing to eat; he told me that some officer had given him a thrashing because of it. But perhaps the officer thrashed him because it was necessary for him to hasten away. And I shot at Dolokhof because I considered myself insulted, and Louis XVI. was beheaded because he was convicted as a criminal; but within a year those who had beheaded him were also put to death for something or other. What is wrong? What is right? What must one love? What must one hate? What is the object of life, and what am I? What is life, and what is death? What is the Power that directs all things?" he asked himself. And there was no answer to any one of the questions, except the one, the illogical answer which did not in reality fit any of these questions.

This answer was: "Thou shalt die — all will come to an end! Thou shalt die and know all, or else cease to question."

But the mere thought of death was terrible to him.

The Torzhok pedlar woman, in her piping voice, offered her wares, and called especial attention to her goatskin slippers.

"I have hundreds of rubles which I don't know what to do with, and she in her ragged sheepskin stands there and looks at me timidly," thought Pierre. "And what good would this money do her? Would this money of mine add the value of a single hair to her happiness, to her peace of mind? Can anything on earth make her or me in the least degree less susceptible to evil and death? Death, which ends all, and which may come to-day or to-morrow: everything becomes of equally little importance in comparison with eternity."

And once more he tried to screw up the screw that would not hold, and the screw, as before, kept turning around in the selfsame way.

His servant brought him the half-cut volume of a romance, in the form of letters by Madame de Souza. He began to read of the sufferings and virtuous resistance of the heroine, Amélie de Mansfeld. "And why did she resist her seducer if she loved him?" he asked himself. "God could not have put into her soul a desire which was contrary to his will. My former wife made no struggle, and maybe she was right. Nothing has ever been discovered, nothing ever invented," said Pierre again to himself. "The only thing that we can know is that we know nothing, and this is the highest flight of human wisdom!"

Everything within him and around him seemed confused, incoherent, loathsome. But, nevertheless, in this very loathing of everything, Pierre found a peculiar sense of exasperating delight.

"May I venture to ask your illustriousness to make a little room for this gentleman here?" asked the station-master, coming into the room and introducing another traveller, delayed also by the lack of horses. The new comer was a thick-set, big-boned, little old man, yellow and wrinkled, with gray, beetling brows that shaded glittering eyes of indefinable grayish hue.

Pierre took his feet from the table, got up and threw himself down on the bed that had been made ready for him, occasionally glancing at the stranger, who, with an air of moroseness and fatigue, without paying any heed to Pierre, allowed his servant to help him lay off his wraps.

The old man sat down on the sofa. He had on a well-worn, nankeen-lined sheepskin jacket, and felt boots on his thin, bony legs; his head was large, and very broad in the temples, and his hair was closely cropped. Sitting thus, and leaning back against the sofa, he glanced at Bezukhoi. The grave, intelligent, and penetrating expression of his glance struck Pierre. He felt an inclination to converse with the stranger, but when he had made up his mind to address him with some question about the state of the roads, the old man had already closed his eyes, and was sitting motionless, with his wrinkled old hands folded, — on one finger he wore a heavy, cast-iron ring with a death's head for a seal — and was either dozing, or, as it seemed to Pierre, meditating calmly and profoundly.

The stranger's servant was also a little old man, all covered with wrinkles, without mustache or beard, not because they had been shaven, but because they seemed never to have grown. This agile old servant opened the travelling case,

prepared the tea table, and brought in the boiling *samovar*. When all was ready, the stranger opened his eyes, drew up to the table, and after pouring himself out a glass of tea, filled another for his beardless servant, and handed it to him.

Pierre began to feel uneasy: it seemed to him that it was unavoidable, and even inevitable, that he should enter into conversation with this traveller.

The servant brought back his empty glass, turned bottom side up, and with the lump of sugar untasted, and asked his master if he needed anything.

"Nothing. Hand me my book," said the stranger. The servant handed him a book which Pierre took to be a religious work, and the traveller buried himself in his reading. Pierre looked at him. Suddenly, the stranger laid down his book, put a mark in it and closed it, and again shutting his eyes and leaning back against the sofa, assumed his former position. Pierre gazed at him, but he had no time to look away before the old man opened his eyes and fastened his firm, steady, stern gaze directly on Pierre's face.

Pierre felt confused, and anxious to escape from that searching gaze, but those brilliant old eyes irresistibly attracted him to them.

CHAPTER II.

"If I am not mistaken, I have the pleasure of addressing Count Bezukhoi," said the stranger, in a loud and deliberate voice.

Pierre, without speaking, gave his neighbor an inquiring look over his spectacles.

"I have heard of you," continued the traveller, "and of the misfortune that has befallen you, my dear sir."

He seemed to lay a special stress on the word, "misfortune," as much as to say: Yes, misfortune, whatever you may call it, for I know that what happened to you in Moscow was a misfortune. "I have a great sympathy for you, my dear sir."

Pierre flushed, and hastily putting down his legs from the bed, bent toward the old man, smiling with a timid and unnatural smile.

"Not from mere curiosity do I remind you of this, my dear sir, but for a much more important reason."

He paused, though his eyes were still fixed upon Pierre, and

he moved along on the sofa, signifying by this action that Pierre should sit down by his side.

It was not particularly agreeable for Pierre to enter into conversation with this old man, but involuntarily submitting, he came and sat down by his side.

"You are unhappy, my dear sir," pursued the stranger, "You are young, I am old. I should like, so far as within me lies, to help you."

"Akh! yes!" replied Pierre, with the same unnatural smile. "Thank you, very much. Have you been travelling far?"

The stranger's face was not genial: on the contrary, it was even cold and stern; but, nevertheless, his face and his speech had an irresistible attraction for Pierre.

"Now, if for any reason it is disagreeable for you to talk with me," said the old man, "tell me frankly, my dear sir." And he suddenly smiled, an unexpected, a paternally affectionate smile.

"Akh! no, not at all; on the contrary, I am very happy to make your acquaintance," said Pierre, and glancing once more at his new acquaintance's hand, he looked more carefully at the ring. He perceived on it the death's head, the symbol of Masonry.

"Allow me to ask," said he, "are you a Mason?"

"Yes, I belong to the Brotherhood of the Freemasons," said the traveller, looking deeper and ever deeper into Pierre's eyes. "And on my own account and that of the craft, I offer you the hand of fellowship."

"I fear," said Pierre, smiling, and hesitating between the confidence inspired in him by the Freemason's personality and his slight estimation, which he shared with others, of the doctrines of the order. "I fear that I am very far from being able to express myself; I fear that my whole system of thought in regard to the world in general is so opposite to yours, that we should not understand each other."

"I know your system of thought," replied the Freemason. "and this system which you mention, and which seems to you the product of your brain, is that common to most men; it is uniformly the fruit of pride, idleness, and ignorance. Excuse me, my dear sir, if I had not known this, I should not have addressed you. Your system of thought is a grievous error."

"In exactly the same way, I can imagine that it is you who are in error," said Pierre, with a feeble smile.

"I never venture to assert that I know the truth," said the

Mason, more and more impressing Pierre by the precision and assurance of his discourse. "No one can alone attain to the truth; it must be stone upon stone, all lending their aid, millions of generations, from the first Adam even down to our day, building the temple which is destined to be the suitable abiding place for the Most High God," said the Mason, and he shut his eyes.

"I must tell you, I do not believe — do not believe in God," said Pierre, with an effort, and a sense of regret, but feeling it indispensable to confess the whole truth.

The Mason looked earnestly at Pierre and smiled, much as a rich man, who had millions in his hands, might smile upon a poor man, who should tell him that he had nothing, and that five rubles would make him the happiest of men.

"Yes, you do not know Him, my dear sir," said the Mason. "You cannot know Him — you cannot know Him; therefore, you are unhappy."

"Yes, yes, I am unhappy," repeated Pierre. "But what am I to do?"

"You do not know Him, my dear sir, and therefore you are very unhappy. You do not know Him, but He is here; He is in me, He is in my words, He is in thee, and even in those blasphemous words that thou hast just uttered," said the Mason, in his stern, vibrating voice.

He paused and sighed, evidently trying to master his emotion.

"If He did not exist," said he, gently, "you and I would not be speaking about Him, my dear sir. Of, what, of whom have we been speaking? Whom didst thou deny?" he suddenly asked, with a tone of enraptured sternness and power in his voice. "Who would have invented Him, if He did not exist? How camest thou to have the hypothesis that such an incomprehensible being existed? How came you and all the world to suppose the existence of an incomprehensible being, — a being omnipotent, eternal, and infinite in all His attributes?"

He paused, and remained silent for some time.

Pierre could not and would not break in upon his silence.

"He is, but it is hard to comprehend Him," said the Mason at last, looking not into Pierre's face, but straight ahead, while his aged-looking hands, which he could not keep quiet, owing to his internal excitement, kept fumbling with the leaves of his book.

"If it were a man whose existence thou disbelieved, I could

bring this man to thee, I would take him by the hand and show him to thee. But how can I, an insignificant mortal, show all His omnipotence, all His infinity, all His goodness to him who is blind, or to him who shuts his eyes, in order not to see, not to comprehend Him, and not to see and not to comprehend all his own vileness and depravity?"

He paused again.

"Who art thou? What art thou? Thou imaginest that thou art heroic because thou canst utter those blasphemous words," said he, with a saturnine and scornful laugh. "And thou art stupider and less intelligent than a little child, which, playing with the artistically constructed parts of a clock, should dare to say that because it did not understand the clock, it did not believe in the artificer who made it. To comprehend Him is hard. For ages, since our first ancestor Adam even down to our own days, we have been striving to comprehend him, and we are still infinitely far from the attainment of our purpose; but while we cannot comprehend Him, we see only our feebleness and His majesty."

Pierre, with agitated heart and burning eyes, looked at the Mason, listening to his words, not interrupting him or asking him any questions; but with all his soul he believed in what this strange man told him. Whether it was that he was convinced by the reasonable arguments that the Mason employed, or was persuaded, as children are, by the conviction, by the sincerity expressed by the Mason's intonations, by the trembling voice that sometimes almost failed him, or by the brilliant eyes that had grown old in this conviction, or by that calmness, security, and belief in his own mission, which radiated from his whole being, and which especially impressed him when he compared it with his own looseness of belief and hopelessness,—he could not tell; at all events, he desired with all his soul to believe, and he did believe, and experienced a joyous sense of calmness, regeneration, and restoration to life.

"It is not by the intellect that He is understood, but by life," said the Mason.

"I do not understand," said Pierre, finding with dread his doubts arising in him again. He was afraid lest he might detect some weakness and lack of clearness in his new friend's arguments; he was afraid not to believe in him.

"I do not understand," said he, "how the human mind can attain that knowledge of which you speak."

The Mason smiled his sweet, paternal smile.

"The highest wisdom and truth is like the purest ichor, which we should wish to receive into our very selves," said he. "Can I, an unclean vessel, accept this pure ichor and judge of its purity? Only through the cleansing of my inner nature, can I, to a certain extent, receive this baptismal consecration."

"Yes, yes. that is so," said Pierre, joyfully.

"The highest wisdom is established, not on reason alone, not on those worldly sciences, physics, history, chemistry, and the like, on which intellectual knowledge stumbles. The highest wisdom is one. The highest wisdom has one science, the science of the All, the universal science which explains all creation, and the place which man occupies in it. In order to absorb this science, it is absolutely essential to purify and renovate the inner man, and, therefore, before one can know it one must believe and accomplish perfection. And to attain this end, our souls must be filled with that Divine light which is called conscience."

"Yes, yes," cried Pierre.

"Look with the eyes of your spirit at your inner man, and then ask yourself if you are content with your life? What do you attain when you put yourself under the guidance of the intellect alone? What are you? You are young, you are intelligent, and educated, my dear sir. What have you been doing with all those blessings that have been put into your hands? Are you content with yourself and your life?"

"No, I detest my life," exclaimed Pierre, with a scowl.

"If you detest it, then change it, undergo self-purification, and in accordance as you accomplish it, you will learn wisdom. Examine into your life, my dear sir. What sort of a life have you been leading? Wild revels, and debauchery! Receiving everything from society, and giving nothing in return. You have become the possessor of wealth, — how have you been employing it? What have you been doing for your neighbor? Have you had a thought for your tens of thousands of slaves? Have you helped them, physically or morally? No! You have taken advantage of their labor to lead a dissipated life. Then, my dear sir, you got married; you assumed responsibilities for the guidance of a young woman, and how have you carried them out? You have not aided her, my dear sir, to find the path of truth, but you have hurled her into the abyss of falsehood and wretchedness. A man insulted you, and you fought with him, and you say that you do not know God, and that you detest your life. There is no wisdom in that, my dear sir!"

After saying these words, the Mason, as though wearied by this long speech, again leaned against the back of the sofa, and closed his eyes. Pierre looked at the stern, impassive, almost deathly face of the old man, and moved his lips without making any noise. He wanted to say, —

“Yes, my life is shameful, idle, dissipated,” but he did not dare to break the silence.

The Freemason coughed, a hoarse, decrepit cough, and summoned his servant, —

“How about the horses?” he asked, without looking at Pierre.

“Those that were ordered, have been brought,” replied the servant. “Do you not wish to rest?”

“No, have them harnessed.”

“Can it be that he is going to leave me here alone, and not tell me all, and not promise me help,” wondered Pierre, getting up, and beginning to pace up and down the room, with bowed head, though he occasionally glanced at the Mason.

“Yes, I had never thought about it before, I lead a contemptible, depraved life, but I do not love it, and I have no desire to continue it,” thought Pierre. “And this man knows the truth, and if he had the desire he might enlighten me.”

Pierre wished, but had not the courage to say this to the Mason. The traveller, gathering up his effects with his skilful, aged hands, began to button up his sheepskin coat. Having accomplished these tasks, he turned to Bezukhoi, and said to him in a polite, indifferent tone, —

“Where are you going now, my dear sir?”

“I — I am going to Petersburg,” replied Pierre, in a childish, irresolute voice. “I am grateful to you. I agree with what you have said. But pray do not think that I am all bad! I wish with all my soul that I were what you wish that I was — but I have never found any help to become such: however, I am, above all, to blame for my faults. Help me! teach me, and maybe I might” —

Pierre could not speak further. There was a strange sound in his nose, and he turned away.

The Mason did not speak for some time, evidently lost in thought.

“Help is given only from God,” said he. “But that measure of help which it is within the power of our craft to give you, it will be glad to give, my dear sir. When you reach Petersburg, give this to Count Villarsky.”

He took out a pocket-book, and on a large sheet of paper, folded twice, he wrote a few words.

"Allow me to give you one piece of advice. When you reach the capital, consecrate your first hours to solitude, to self-examination, and do not again enter into your former paths of life. And now I wish you a happy journey, my dear sir," said he, perceiving that his servant had entered the room, "and all success."

The traveller was Osip Alekseyevitch Bazdélyef, as Pierre discovered by the station-master's record book. Bazdélyef was one of the most distinguished Freemasons and Martinists since the time of Novikof. Pierre, after his departure, without lying down to sleep, or asking for horses, long paced up and down the room of the station-house, thinking over his vicious way of living, and, with the enthusiasm of regeneration, imagining to himself the blessed, irreproachable, and beneficent future which now seemed to him so easy. He was, so it seemed to him, wicked only because he had, as it were, forgotten how good it was to be a righteous man. Not a trace of his former doubts remained in his mind. He had a firm faith in the possibility of a brotherhood of men, united in one common aim of keeping each other in the path of righteousness, and such a brotherhood Masonry now seemed to him to be.

CHAPTER III.

ON reaching Petersburg, Pierre informed no one of his presence, went nowhere, and actually spent whole days in reading Thomas à Kempis, which some one — he knew not whom — had sent him. One thing, and only one thing, Pierre understood in reading that book: that was the hitherto unknown delight in believing in the possibility of attaining perfection, and in the possibility of active brotherly love among men, which Osip Alekseyevitch had revealed to him.

Within a week after his return, the young Polish Count Villarsky, whom Pierre had known slightly in Petersburg society, came one evening into his room with the same sort of official and solemn air with which Dolokhof's second had approached him; closing the door behind him, and assuring himself that no one except Pierre was in the room, he thus addressed him, —

"I have come to you, count, for the purpose of laying a proposition before you," said he, not sitting down. "An individual of very high degree in our brotherhood has interested himself in having you admitted out of due course, and

has proposed that I should be your sponsor. I consider it as a sacred duty to fulfil this person's desires. Do you wish to join the brotherhood of Freemasons under my sponsorship?"

Pierre was amazed at the cold and severe tone of this man, whom he had seen almost always at balls, with a gallant smile, in the society of the most brilliant ladies.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I do wish it."

Villarsky inclined his head.

"Still one further question, count," said he, "which I will beg of you to answer with all frankness, not as a future Mason, but as a man of honor (*un galant homme*): Have you renounced your former convictions? Do you believe in a God?"

Pierre hesitated,—

"Yes — yes, I believe in a God," said he.

"In that case," began Villarsky, but Pierre interrupted him,—

"Yes, I believe in God," said he once more.

"In that case, we may start, then," said Villarsky. "My carriage is at your service."

Villarsky sat in silence all the way. To Pierre's questions as to what he had to do, and how he must answer, Villarsky contented himself with replying that brethren more suitable than himself would examine him, and that all that it behooved Pierre to do was to speak the truth.

Entering the courtyard of a large mansion, where the Lodge met, and passing up a dark staircase, they came into a small, brightly lighted anteroom, where they removed their shubas without the aid of servants. Through an entry they passed into another room. Here a man in a strange garb made his appearance at the door. Villarsky, going forward to meet him, said something to him in French, in an undertone, and went to a small wardrobe, in which Pierre observed trappings such as he had never seen before. Taking from the wardrobe a handkerchief, Villarsky bound it around Pierre's eyes and tied a knot behind in such a way that his hair was caught in it and hurt him. Then he drew him to himself, kissed him, and taking him by the hand led him he knew not where. The hair caught in the knot hurt Pierre, he scowled with the pain and smiled shamefacedly. His burly figure, with bandaged eyes, with swinging arms, with face both frowning and smiling, followed Villarsky with timid steps.

After leading him half a score of paces, Villarsky paused.

"Whatever happens to you," said he, "you must courageously endure it all, if you are firmly resolved to enter the Brotherhood."

Pierre nodded assent.

"When you hear a rap on the door you can take off the handkerchief," added Villarsky. "I wish you good courage and success." And pressing Pierre's hand, Villarsky went away.

Left alone, Pierre still continued to smile as before. Twice he shrugged his shoulders, raised his hand to the handkerchief, as though inclined to remove it, and again let it fall. The five minutes which he spent with bandaged eyes, seemed to him like an hour. His hands swelled, his legs trembled; it seemed to him as though he were tired. He experienced the most complex and varied sensations. What was going to happen to him seemed to him terrible, and he was still more afraid that he should show his fear. He was filled with curiosity to know what was going to take place, what was going to be revealed to him; but, above all, it was delightful for him to think that the moment had come when he had definitely entered upon the path of regeneration, and of an active, beneficent life, of which he had dreamed ever since his meeting with Osip Alekseyevitch.

Loud raps were heard at the door. Pierre took off the bandage and looked around him.

It was intensely dark in the room, only in one place burned a lampada, or shrine lamp, within some white object. Pierre went nearer, and saw that the lampada stood on a table covered with a black cloth, on which lay a single opened book. The book was a copy of the Gospels; the white object, in which burned the lampada, was a human skull, with its eye sockets and teeth. Reading the first words of the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Pierre went around the table, and saw a large box filled with something and covered. This was a coffin with bones in it. He was not at all surprised at what he saw. In his hope of entering upon a wholly new life, absolutely removed from the old one, he expected all sorts of extraordinary things, indeed much more extraordinary than what he had already seen. The skull, the coffin, the Gospel — it seemed to him that all this was what he had expected: he expected something more. While trying to stimulate a sense of emotion, he looked around him: "God, death, love, human fraternity," he said to himself, connecting with these words confused but pleasing conceptions.

A door opened, and some one entered.

By the feeble light Pierre could just manage to make out

that it was a short little man. Coming from light into darkness this man paused a moment, then, with cautious steps, he approached the table and placed on it his small hands covered with leather gloves.

The short man wore a white leathern apron reaching from his chest to his feet; around his neck was something like a necklace, and above the necklace arose a high, white frill, serving as a sort of frame for his elongated face, lighted from below.

"Why have you come hither?" asked the new man, coming toward Pierre, whose position was indicated by a slight noise. "Wherefore do you, who believe not in the truth of light, and have never seen the light, wherefore have you come hither? What do you desire of us? Wisdom? virtue? enlightenment?"

The moment the door opened and the unknown man entered, Pierre experienced a sense of awe and reverence similar to that which he had felt in his childhood at confession: he felt that he was face to face with a man who, under all the conditions of ordinary life, was a stranger, but was near to him through the brotherhood of man. Pierre, with his heart beating so that he could hardly breathe, went toward the Rhetor, as the Masons call the brother whose duty it is to prepare the candidate for admission into the confraternity. Pierre approaching, recognized the Rhetor as an acquaintance of his, named Smolyaninof; it was a disappointment to think that this man was an acquaintance: the new comer was merely a brother and instructor in virtue. It was some time before Pierre could find a word to say; so that the Rhetor was obliged to repeat his question.

"Yes, I—I—I seek regeneration," said Pierre, speaking with difficulty.

"Very good," said Smolyaninof, and immediately proceeded,—

"Have you any idea of the means by which our Holy Fraternity can aid you to the attainment of your desires?" asked the Rhetor, calmly and rapidly.

"I—hope for—guidance—for help—toward—regeneration," said Pierre, with a trembling voice, and finding a difficulty in speaking that arose from his emotion as well as from his lack of practice in speaking Russian on abstract themes.

"What knowledge have you of Freemasonry?"

"I suppose that Freemasonry is *fraternité* and equality of all men with virtuous aims," said Pierre, with a feeling of

shame overwhelming him at the unfitness of his words at such a solemn moment. "I suppose" —

"Very good," said the Rhetor, in haste, evidently perfectly satisfied with this reply. "Have you found means in religion for the attainment of these ends?"

"No, I have considered religion opposed to truth, and I have spurned it," said Pierre, so low that the Rhetor did not hear him and asked him what he said: "I have been an atheist," replied Pierre.

"You seek after truth for the purpose of following her laws through life; consequently, you seek wisdom and virtue, do you?" asked the Rhetor, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, yes," insisted Pierre.

The Rhetor coughed, folded his gloved hands on his chest, and began to discourse,—

"It is now my duty to unfold to you the chief object of our craft," said he. "And if this object coincides with yours, then you will find it an advantage to join our fraternity. The first and principal aim, and at the same time the foundation of our Confraternity, on which it stands firm, and which no human violence can shake, is the conservation and handing down to posterity of a certain important mystery, which has been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, even from the first man, from which mystery perhaps depends the destiny of the human race. But as this mystery has the peculiarity that no one can know it and get advantage from it except through a long and assiduous course of self-purification, therefore, not every one can hope speedily to discover it. Consequently, we have a secondary aim and object, which consists in preparing our fellow members, so far as in us lies, to correct their hearts, to purify and enlighten their reason by those means which have been handed down to us by tradition from those men who labored for the investigation of those mysteries, and thereby to teach them to be qualified for the reception of one.

"By purifying and rectifying our own members, we endeavor, in the third place, to correct also the whole human race, presenting in our own members an example of honor and virtue, and therefore we endeavor, by all means in our power, to counteract the evil that rules in the world. Think this over, and I will come to you again," said he, and he left the room.

"To counteract the evil that rules in the world," repeated Pierre, and he imagined his future activity in this great field.

He imagined such men as he himself had been a fortnight before, and his thoughts turned to the initiatory discourse that he had just heard. He called to mind the wicked and wretched men whom he should help by word or deed; he imagined the oppressors from whom he rescued their victims.

From the three objects which the Rhetor enumerated, the last, the improvement of the human race, was the one that most appealed to Pierre. The important mystery of which the Rhetor spoke, although it aroused his curiosity, did not seem to him to be a reality; but the second, self-purification and regeneration, interested him very little, because at that moment he felt that he was already perfectly freed from his former vices, and ready only for what was right.

Within half an hour, the Rhetor returned to instruct the candidate in the seven virtues, symbolized by the seven steps of Solomon's temple, which every Mason must make his especial practice. These virtues were as follows,—

1. *Modesty*, the observation of the secrets of the Order.
2. *Obedience* to the higher degrees of the Fraternity.
3. *Virtuous living*.
4. *Love for mankind*.
5. *Courage*.
6. *Liberality*.
7. *Love of death*.

"Apply yourself to the seventh," said the Rhetor. "By frequent thoughts of Death, bring yourself to feel that He is no more a terrible enemy, but a friend who frees the soul, wearied by works of beneficence, from the wretchedness of this life and leads it into the place of rewards and rest."

"Yes, this ought to be so," thought Pierre, when the Rhetor, after delivering himself of this message, again retired, leaving him to solitary reflection. "This ought to be so, but I am still so feeble as to love my life, the meaning of which has only just been, to some small degree, revealed to me."

The other five virtues, however, which Pierre counted off on his fingers, he felt were already in his soul: courage and generosity, liberality and virtuous living, and love for mankind, and especially, obedience, which last seemed less to him a virtue than a pleasure, so glad was he now to be freed from the exercise of his own will, and to subordinate it to those who knew the indubitable truth. The sixth virtue, Pierre had forgotten; he could not remember what it was at all.

For the third time the Rhetor returned, this time more speedily than before, and asked Pierre if he were still firm in

his convictions, and were resolved to undergo all that might be required of him.

"I am ready for anything," said Pierre.

"I must still further apprise you," said the Rhetor, "that our order does not instruct by words alone, but by other arguments which have perhaps a more powerful effect upon the earnest seeker after wisdom and virtue, than merely verbal ones. This chamber, with its ornamentation which you see, must have already made this plain to your heart, if it is sincere, more than any words could have done. You will see, probably, during your further advancement, similar modes of symbolism. Our order takes pattern after ancient societies, which concealed their teachings under the guise of hieroglyphics. A hieroglyphic," explained the Rhetor, "is an inanimate thing symbolizing an abstract idea, and possessing in itself qualities similar to those possessed by the idea symbolized."

Pierre knew very well what a hieroglyphic was, but he did not venture to speak. He silently listened to the Rhetor, being persuaded that some sort of test was immediately to begin.

"If you are resolved, then it is my duty to proceed to the initiation," said the Rhetor, coming closer to Pierre. "As a sign of liberality, I shall ask you to give me everything of value that you have."

"But I have nothing with me," said Pierre, supposing that he was to be required to make over all that he possessed.

"Well, what you have on you; your watch, money, rings."

Pierre hastily took out his pocketbook, his watch, and struggled for some time to remove his wedding ring from his stout finger. When this was accomplished, the Mason said,—

"As a sign of obedience, I will ask you to strip."

Pierre took off his coat, vest, and left boot, at the Rhetor's direction. The Mason opened the shirt over his left breast, and, bending over, lifted his trousers above the knee of his left leg. Pierre hastily began to take off his right boot also, and to tuck up his trousers, so as to save this stranger the trouble, but the Mason assured him that this was unnecessary, and gave him a slipper for his left foot. With a childlike smile of shame, doubt, and derision at his own awkwardness, involuntarily crossing his face, Pierre stood up, dropping his arms and spreading his legs, and faced the Rhetor, waiting his next command.

"And finally, as a sign of sincerity, I will ask you to reveal to me your chief predilection," said he.

"My predilection? But I *used* to have so many of them!" exclaimed Pierre.

"The predilection which more than all others has caused you to waver in the path of virtue," said the Mason.

Pierre paused; trying to think.

"Wine? Gluttony? Slothfulness? Impetuosity? Anger? Women?" He passed his faults in review, mentally considering them, and not knowing which to give the preference.

"Women," said he, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. The Mason did not move and did not speak until long after this reply. At last he approached Pierre, took up the handkerchief that was lying on the table, and again blindfolded his eyes.

"For the last time, I say to you: 'Examine yourself with all attention! Put a bridle upon your feelings, and seek your happiness not in your passions but in your heart. The fountain-head of happiness is not without but within us.'"

Pierre had already begun to feel in himself this refreshing fountain of happiness which now filled his soul to overflowing with bliss and emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

SHORTLY after this, there came into the dark chamber, not the Rhetor, as before, but Pierre's sponsor, Villarsky, whom he recognized by his voice. In reply to new questions as to the firmness of his resolve, Pierre said, "Yes, yes, I consent," and with his brilliant, childlike smile, with his broad chest uncovered, awkwardly stepping along with one foot in a boot and the other in a slipper, he marched forward, with Villarsky holding a drawn sword across his bare breast.

He was led from the darkened room along several corridors winding back and forth, and at last brought to the door of the lodge-room.

Villarsky coughed; he was answered by Masonic raps with mallets; the door opened before them. Some one's deep voice — Pierre's eyes were still blindfolded — asked him who he was, where and when he was born, and other questions. Then he was led somewhere else, the bandage not yet removed, and while he was on the way, his attendants related to him allegories about the difficulties that beset his way, about the Sacred Fraternity, the Eternal Architect of the Universe, and the Courage with which he ought to endure labors and sufferings. During

the time of this circumambulation, Pierre noticed that he was called first the "Seeker," the "Sufferer," then the "Claimant," while the mallets and swords were struck each time in a different way. At one time, just as they brought him to some object or other, he noticed that there was confusion and perplexity among his attendants. He heard the men surrounding him whispering together, and one of them insisting that he was to be led across a certain carpet.

After this, they took his right hand and laid it upon something, while with his left he was directed to hold a pair of compasses to his left breast, and to repeat the words read aloud by one of the number, and which bound him to a faithful observance of the regulations of the Order. Then the candles were extinguished; some alcohol was burned, as Pierre apprehended by the odor, and they told him that he could now see "The lesser light."

The bandage was removed from his eyes, and Pierre saw as in a dream, by the feeble light of the alcohol lamp, a number of men, who, all wearing aprons similar to that which the Rhetor had worn, stood in front of him holding swords pointed toward his chest. Among them stood a man with a white shirt stained with blood. Seeing this, Pierre bent his chest forward against the swords, wishing that they might pierce it. But the swords were withdrawn, and his eyes were immediately rebandaged.

"Thou hast now seen the lesser light," said a voice. Then the candles were lighted again; he was told that he was to see the full light, and once more they removed the bandage, and more than a dozen voices suddenly cried: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Pierre began gradually to recover himself, and looked around the room in which he was and at the men who were there. Around a long table covered with black sat a dozen men in the trappings which the others whom Pierre had seen wore. Some of them Pierre had known in Petersburg society. At the head of the table was a young man whom Pierre did not know: he had a peculiar badge around his neck. At his right hand sat the Italian *abbate* whom Pierre had met two years before at Anna Pavlovna's. There was still another very important dignitary, and a Swiss, who had once been a tutor at the Kuragins'. All preserved a solemn silence, and listened to the words spoken by the presiding officer, who held a mallet in his hand. Inserted in the wall was a blazing star. At one end of the table was a small cover with various allegorical symbols;

on the other was something in the nature of an altar, with a copy of the Gospels and a skull. Around the table were seven large candlesticks, such as they have in churches.

Two of the brethren drew Pierre to the altar, placed him at right angles, and bade him lie down, declaring that he must prostrate himself at the Gates of the Temple.

"He ought to receive the trowel first," said one of the brethren, in a whisper.

"Akh! please hold your tongue," said another.

Pierre, with his distracted, nearsighted eyes, looked around him without obeying, and suddenly doubts began to come over him.

"Where am I? What am I doing? Are they not making sport of me? Will not the time come when I shall be ashamed of all this flummery?"

But this doubt lasted only for an instant. He looked around on the grave faces of the spectators, remembered all that he had already been through, and comprehended that he had gone too far now to withdraw.

He was mortified at his doubt, and while endeavoring to regain his former feeling of emotion, he prostrated himself at the gates of the Temple. And, in reality, the former feeling of emotion came over him even more powerfully than before.

After he had been lying there for some little time, he was bidden to arise, and they put upon him the same kind of white leathern apron which the others wore, put a trowel into his hand, and gave him three pairs of gloves, and then the Grand Master addressed him.

He told him that it behooved him to endeavor never to allow the whiteness of this apron to be sullied, it being the emblem of strength and purity. Of the mysterious trowel, he said that he was to use it for eradicating the faults from his own heart, and courteously laying the foundations of virtue in the hearts of his neighbors. Then, as regarded the first pair of gloves, which were men's, he said that he was not to understand their signification, but must keep them; in regard to the second pair, which were also men's gloves, he said that he was to wear them at the lodge meetings; and, finally, in regard to the third pair, which were a woman's gloves, he said as follows,—

"Dear brother, these gloves also are destined for you. Give them to the woman whom you will reverence above all others. By this gift you pledge the purity of your heart to her whom you will select as your worthy Masonic affinity."

Then, after a brief pause, he went on,—

"But take care, dear brother, that these gloves are not worn by unworthy hands!"

While the Grand Master was pronouncing these last words, it seemed to Pierre that he was embarrassed. Pierre himself was still more embarrassed, he flushed till the tears came, just as children flush; he began to look about him uneasily, and an awkward silence ensued.

This silence was broken by one of the brethren, who drew Pierre to the table cover and began to read to him from a copy book an explanation of all the symbolical figures worked upon it: the sun, moon, the hammer, the plumb-line, the trowel, the untrimmed and four-square foundation stone, the pillar, the three windows, and other things.

Then Pierre was assigned his place; the signals of the Lodge were explained to him; the password was told him, and he was at last permitted to sit down.

The Grand Master began to read the regulations. They were very long, and Pierre, from his joy, excitement, and sense of shame, was not in a condition to understand what they were reading. He heard only the last words of the regulations, and they impressed themselves on his memory."

"In our temples, we recognize no other degrees," the Grand Master read, "than those which separate virtue from wrongdoing. Take care not to make any distinction that may tend to destroy equality. Fly to the aid of a brother, no matter who it may be; reclaim the wandering; raise the fallen, and never cherish anger or enmity against a brother. Be gentle and courteous. Kindle in all hearts the fires of virtue. Do acts of kindness to thy neighbor, and never allow thyself to envy the happiness of another. Forgive thy enemy, and avenge not thyself upon him, except by doing him good. Having thus fulfilled the highest law, thou wilt discover traces of thy primal and lost greatness."

He finished reading, and getting up, embraced Pierre and kissed him. Pierre, with tears of joy in his eyes, looked around him, not knowing what reply to make to the greetings and congratulations of the acquaintances who surrounded him. He made no distinction between old friends and new: in every one he saw only brethren whom he burned with impatience to join in carrying out the work.

The Grand Master rapped with his mallet. All sat down in their places, and some one read an address on the necessity of humility.

The Grand Master then proposed to carry out the last obli-

gation, and the important dignitary, who bore the appellation of "Collector of Alms," began to approach each in turn. Pierre had the inclination to subscribe all the money that he possessed, but he was afraid that this would be construed as an exhibition of pride, and he put down only what each of the others did.

The session was ended, and on his return home it seemed to Pierre as though he had come from some long journey after an absence of ten years, and was entirely changed, with nothing left to him from the former objects and customs of his life.

CHAPTER V.

ON the day following his reception into the Masonic Lodge, Pierre was sitting at home, reading a book and trying to penetrate the meaning of the Square formed on one side by God, on the second by the moral world, on the third by the physical, and on the fourth by a mixture of the two last. Occasionally, his attention wandered from his book and Square, and in his imagination he began to formulate a new plan of life for himself.

The evening before at the lodge, he had been told that the emperor had heard of his duel, and that it would be for his advantage to leave Petersburg for a time. Pierre proposed to go to his southern estates and look out for the welfare of his peasantry. He was joyfully thinking about this new life, when Prince Vasili unexpectedly came into the room.

"My dear, what have you been doing in Moscow? Why, what made you quarrel with Lyola, *mon cher*? You are in error," said the prince, as he came in. "I have known all about it, and I can tell you honestly that Ellen is as innocent toward you as Christ toward the Jews."

Pierre started to reply, but Prince Vasili cut him short.

"And why didn't you come right to me in all frankness. as to a friend? I know how it was, I understand it," said he. "You behaved as a man who prizes his honor; perhaps, too, you acted too hastily, but we won't discuss that now. Just think of this though: in what a position you have put her and me in the eyes of society, and especially of the court," he added, lowering his voice. "She is living in Moscow, you here. Remember, my dear," — he made him sit down — "this is a mere misunderstanding; you yourself will feel so, I am sure. Now

join me in writing a letter, and she will come back ; everything will be explained, but if you don't, I will tell you, you may very easily repent of it, my dear."

Prince Vasili gave Pierre a very suggestive look. "I have it from the very best sources that the Empress Dowager takes a lively interest in all this matter. You know that she is very favorably disposed to Ellen."

Several times Pierre collected himself to speak, but on the one hand Prince Vasili did not let him have a chance ; on the other, Pierre himself was afraid to take that tone of determined refusal, with which he had definitely made up his mind to answer his father-in-law. Moreover, the words of the Masonic ritual : "Be courteous and genial," occurred to him. He scowled, flushed, got up and sat down again, struggling to perform the hardest task that had ever come to him in his life : — to say something unpleasant to a man's face, to say exactly the opposite of what this man expected. He was so accustomed to give in to Prince Vasili's tone of easy going self-confidence, that even now he felt that he had not the force of mind necessary to oppose him ; but he felt that what he was going to say now was to decide the whole destiny of his life : was he to go back to the old path of the past, or to go on over that new one which had been placed before him in so attractive a light by the Masons, and on which he firmly believed that he should find regeneration ?

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasili, in a jocose tone, "tell me 'yes,' now, and I will write her the letter and we will kill the fatted calf."

But Prince Vasili had not time to finish his joke, before Pierre, not looking at Prince Vasili, and with a flash of rage, which made him resemble his father, exclaimed in a whisper,—

"Prince, I did not invite you to come ; please go, go !" he sprang up and flung the door open. "Go !" he repeated, not believing in himself and rejoicing in the expression of confusion and terror on Prince Vasili's face.

"What is the matter with you, are you ill ?"

"Go !" he cried once more, in a trembling voice. And Prince Vasili was obliged to go, without bringing about any explanation.

In a week's time, Pierre, bidding his new friends, the Masons, farewell, and leaving in their hands large sums for charities, departed for his estates. The brotherhood gave him letters to the Masons of Kief and Odessa, and promised to write and guide him in his new activity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE duel between Pierre and Dolokhof was hushed up, and, in spite of the emperor's strictness in regard to duelling, neither the two principals nor their seconds were punished. But the story of the duel, confirmed by Pierre's rupture with his wife, was noised abroad in society. Pierre, who, when he was an illegitimate son, had been looked upon with patronizing condescension, who when he was the best match in the Russian empire had been flattered and glorified, had lost much of his importance in the eyes of the world since his marriage, and young ladies and their mammas had nothing more to expect from him, the more from the fact that he could not and would not ingratiate himself into the favor of fashionable society. Now, he alone was blamed for this occurrence; it was said that he was a jealous blockhead, liable to exactly the same fits of ferocious temper as his father.

And, when after Pierre's departure, Ellen returned to Petersburg, she was received by all her acquaintances not only gladly but even with a shade of respectful deference, due to her unhappiness. When her husband was mentioned in conversation, Ellen put on a dignified expression, which, without her realizing its significance, she managed by that consummate tact of hers, to make peculiarly becoming. This expression signified that she had made up her mind to endure her unhappiness without complaining, and that her husband was a cross sent her from God.

Prince Vasili expressed his feelings more openly. He would shrug his shoulders when the conversation turned on Pierre, and, pointing to his forehead, would say,—

"Un cerveau fêlé; je le disais toujours"—I always said he was cracked."

"I said so before you did," insisted Anna Pavlovna; "I said so first thing, and before anybody else"—she always claimed priority for her predictions—"that he was a silly young man, ruined by the perverse notions of the day. I said so even when he had just returned from abroad, and when every one was enraptured by him, and you will remember that at one of my receptions he posed as a sort of Marat. How is it going to end? Even then I did not approve of his marriage, and predicted what would come of it."

Anna Pavlovna, just as of yore, was giving receptions on

her days at home, and such ones as she alone had the gift of arranging:—receptions at which were collected in the first place, *la crème de la véritable bonne société, la fin fleur de l'essence intellectuelle de la société de Pétersbourg*, as Anna Pavlovna herself expressed it. Over and above this discriminating selection of society, Anna Pavlovna's receptions, or "evenings," were still more distinguished by the fact that at each one she managed to present to her company some new and interesting individual, and that no where else could be so accurately and assuredly gauged the political thermometer which reflected the disposition of the conservative court society of Petersburg.

Toward the end of the year 1806, when the melancholy news of Napoleon's defeat of the Prussian army at Jena and Auerstädt and the surrender of the majority of the Prussian fortresses had been received, when our armies had just crossed over into Prussia, and our second campaign with Napoleon was beginning, Anna Pavlovna gave a reception. "The cream of genuine good society" consisted of the charming and hapless Ellen, Montemart, the bewitching Prince Ippolit, just arrived from Vienna, two diplomats, the little old aunt, a young man who enjoyed the appellation simply of "*un homme de beaucoup de mérite*," a newly promoted *fréilina*, or maid of honor, and a few individuals of more or less distinction.

The person whom Anna Pavlovna served up this evening, as a choice "first fruit" for the edification of her guests, was Boris Drubetskoi, who had just arrived on a special mission from the army in Prussia, and was now enjoying the position of adjutant to a very great personage.

The political thermometer that evening offered the following points for the study of society,—

"Whatever all the rulers and commanders of Europe may do by way of indulging Bonaparte, at the expense of causing *me*, and *us* in general, annoyance and humiliation, our opinion in regard to Bonaparte remains unchanged and incapable of change. We shall not cease to express our views on this subject, and we can merely say to the King of Prussia: 'So much the worse for you. *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin*—it's your own choice, that's all that we have to say about it.'"

That was what the political thermometer indicated at Anna Pavlovna's.

When Boris, who was to be offered up to the guests, entered the drawing-room, nearly all were already present, and the conversation, under Anna Pavlovna's lead, turned on our

diplomatic relations with Austria, and on the hope of an alliance.

Boris, in an elegant adjutant's uniform, fresh and ruddy, and grown to man's estate, came with easy assurance into the drawing room, and was led up, according to custom, to salute the aunt, and then brought back to the general circle of the guests.

Anna Pavlovna gave him her withered hand to kiss, introduced him to a number of the company with whom he was not acquainted, and of each she would say in a whisper,—

"*Le Prince Hippolite Kouraguine, charmant jeune homme; Monsieur Kroug, chargé d'affaires de Kopenhague, un esprit profond,*" or simply, "*Monsieur Sitof, un homme de beaucoup de mérite,*" giving each one whom she named a word of praise. Boris, since he had been in the service, had, thanks to Anna Mikhailovna's efforts and to his own tastes and habit of self-control, succeeded in obtaining a very advantageous position. He had been appointed aid to a man of great eminence; he had been entrusted with a very important errand to Prussia, and had only just returned from there as a special courier. He had thoroughly mastered that unwritten system of subordination which had pleased him so much at Olmütz, according to which the ensign may stand incomparably higher than a general, while for success in the service, exertions and services and gallantry are unnecessary, but all that is needed is tact in getting on with those who control the patronage of places: and he was often himself surprised at his rapid advances, and by the fact that his friends could not understand it. The consequence of this discovery was that his whole mode of life, and all his relations to former friends and acquaintances, and all his plans for the future, were entirely and absolutely changed. He was not rich, but he would spend his last kopek so as to be better dressed than others; he preferred to deprive himself of many pleasures sooner than allow himself to ride in a shabby carriage or appear in anything but an immaculate uniform in the streets of Petersburg. He frequented only the society of those who were above him and might be of advantage to him. He loved Petersburg and despised Moscow. His recollections of his home with the Rostofs and his boyish love for Natasha were unpleasant to him, and since his first departure for the army, he had not once been to see the Rostofs.

On reaching Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room, an invitation to which he considered equivalent to a rise in the service, he

immediately understood what part he had to play, and he allowed Anna Pavlovna to make the most of the interest which centred upon him, while he attentively studied each face and took mental stock of what possibilities of getting advantage from each might present themselves. He sat down in the place assigned to him, next the beautiful Ellen, and began to listen to the conversation that was going on.

"Vienna regards the basis of the proposed treaty as so entirely out of the question that it would be impossible to bring it about even by a series of the most brilliant successes, and she questions the means we have of gaining them. Such is the authentic report from Vienna," said the Danish *chargé d'affaires*, in French.

"The doubt is flattering," said the young man of the deep mind, with a shrewd smile.

"One should distinguish between the cabinet of Vienna and the Emperor of Austria," said Montemart. "The Austrian emperor could never have thought of such a thing; it could only have been the cabinet who said it."

"Ah, my dear viscount," interrupted Anna Pavlovna, "*l'Urope*" — for some reason she called it *l'Urope*, as a special refinement of French which she might make use of in speaking to a Frenchman. — "*Eh, mon cher vicomte, l'Urope ne sera jamais notre allié sincère.*"

And then Anna Pavlovna immediately led the conversation around to the bravery and resolution of the Prussian king, doing this for the sake of giving Boris a chance to take part.

Boris was listening attentively to what was said, awaiting his turn, but, nevertheless, he had been able to look several times at his neighbor, the beautiful Ellen, who, with a smile, had more than once exchanged glances with the handsome young adjutant.

Quite naturally, while speaking of the position of Prussia, Anna Pavlovna begged Boris to tell about his visit to Glogau, and the state in which he found the Prussian army. Boris, without undue haste, speaking in pure and elegant French, related very many interesting particulars about the army, and about the court, but throughout his story he carefully avoided expressing any personal opinion in regard to the facts which he communicated. For some time Boris held the attention of all, and Anna Pavlovna was conscious that all her guests took great satisfaction in the treat that she had set before them. Ellen, more than any one else gave her undivided attention to what Boris had to say. She several times asked him in regard

to certain details of his journey, and was apparently greatly interested in the position of the Prussian army. As soon as he had finished, she turned to him with her usual smile, and said,—

“You must be sure to come and see me,” said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that circumstances of which he could know nothing made it absolutely imperative.

“Tuesday, between eight o’clock and nine. You will give me great pleasure.”

Boris promised to comply with her wishes, and was about to engage her in further conversation, when Anna Pavlovna called him away, under the pretext that her old aunt wanted to speak with him.

“You used to know her husband, didn’t you ?” asked Anna Pavlovna, closing her eyes, and making a melancholy gesture toward Ellen : “Akh ! she is such an unhappy and charming woman. Don’t speak to her about him, please be careful about it. It is too hard for her.”

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Boris and Anna Pavlovna returned to the general circle, Prince Ippolit had taken the lead in the conversation. Leaning forward in his chair, he had said : “*Le roi de Prusse*,” and when he said it, he laughed. All turned to him. “*Le roi de Prusse ?*” asked Ippolit again, laughing, and then with a calm and serious expression throwing himself back into the depths of his easy-chair. Anna Pavlovna waited a little for him, but as Ippolit apparently had firmly shut his mouth not to say anything more, she started the conversation on the godless Bonaparte laying hands on the sword of Frederick the Great at Potsdam.

“*C’est l’épée de Frédéric le grand que je*” — she began to say, but Ippolit interrupted her with the words,—

“*Le roi de Prusse*” — and again as before when all had turned toward him, he begged her pardon and remained silent. Anna Pavlovna frowned ; Montemart, Ippolit’s friend, turned to him peremptorily : “What do you mean now by your *roi de Prusse ?*”

Ippolit laughed, as though he were ashamed of laughing, —

“No, it’s nothing at all, I only meant” —

He was trying to get off a joke which he had heard in

Vienna, and which he had been anxious the whole evening long to spring upon the company. He said,—

"*Je voulais dire seulement*—I only meant that we were doing wrong to wage war *pour le roi de Prusse*."*

Boris smiled a guarded smile, that might have been taken to signify a sneer or approbation of the joke, according as it was received by the company. All laughed.

"Your pun is very naughty! it's witty, but it's unfair," said Anna Pavlovna, in French, threatening him with her finger. "We do not wage war *pour le roi de Prusse, mais pour les bons principes*. Ah! *le méchant, ce Prince Hippolyte!*—this bad Prince Ippolit," said she.

The conversation had not languished the whole evening; though it had turned principally on political matters. Toward the end of the evening, it grew particularly lively on the topic of the rewards bestowed by the emperor.

"Now last year N. N. received a snuff-box, with a portrait," said the man "of the profound mind." "Why should not S. S. receive the same reward?"

"I beg your pardon, a snuff-box with the emperor's portrait is a reward, but not a distinction—*une récompense, mais point une distinction*," said one of the diplomats. "Rather a gift."

"There have been precedents. I will mention Schwartzenberg."

"It's impossible," said the other. "I'll bet you. *Le grand cordon, c'est différent*."

When all got up to leave, Ellen, who had spoken very little all the evening, addressed Boris again, and begged him with the most flattering and significant expression to come to see her the following Tuesday.

"It will be a very great favor to me," said she, with a smile, glancing at Anna Pavlovna, and Anna Pavlovna, with that same melancholy expression which always accompanied her words when she spoke of her august protectress, corroborated Ellen's request.

It seemed that from certain words spoken by Boris that evening concerning the Prussian army, Ellen had suddenly conceived a powerful determination to see him. She practically promised him that when he came on the following Tuesday, she would tell him what it was that made her wish to see him.

But when on the Tuesday evening, Boris reached Ellen's

* An untranslatable joke: *pour le roi de Prusse* means *for mere trifles*.
—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

salon, he received no explanation that made it plain why he was so anxiously desired to come. There were other guests; the countess talked very little with him, and only on his departure, just as he was kissing her hand, she unexpectedly whispered to him, without any smile, — which was strange for her, —

“ Venez demain diner — le soir. Il faut que vous veniez. Venez ! ”

With this invitation to dinner, to which he was so imperiously bidden, began Boris's intimacy at the house of the Countess Bezukhaya.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE war was growing fiercer, and its theatre was approaching the Russian frontiers. Everywhere were heard curses against Bonaparte, the enemy of all the human race. In all the villages of the Empire, veterans and raw recruits were forming into companies, and from the theatre of war came conflicting rumors, usually false, and consequently interpreted in various ways.

The life of the old Prince Bolkonsky, Prince Andrei, and the Princess Mariya, had changed in many respects since the year 1805.

In 1806, the old prince was appointed one of the eight commanders-in-chief for the militia, at that time recruiting all over Russia. The old prince, in spite of the weaknesses of age, which had become especially noticeable at the period when he supposed that his son was killed, felt that he had no right to refuse the duty to which he had been called by the sovereign in person, and this new activity into which he entered stimulated and strengthened him. He was constantly engaged in journeying about the three governments entrusted to him; he carried his regulations even to pedantry; he was stern and strict even to cruelty with his subordinates, and he himself looked into the smallest details of his work.

The Princess Mariya had already ceased to recite her lessons in mathematics to her father, and only on mornings when he was at home did she go to his cabinet, accompanied by the wet nurse and the “little Prince Nikolai,” as his grandfather called him. The baby prince, with his wet nurse and the old *nyanya* Savishna, lived in the apartments which had been occupied by the princess, his mother, and the young Princess Mariya spent

a large portion of the day in the nursery, trying to the best of her ability to take the place of mother to her little nephew. Mlle. Bourienne also apparently felt a passionate love for the child, and the Princess Mariya, often in a spirit of sacrifice, would allow her friend the pleasure of attending the little "angel," as she called her nephew, and play with him.

Near the altar of the Luisorgorsky church, a chapel had been built to the memory of the little princess, and in the chapel was placed a marble monument brought from Italy, representing an angel with outstretched wings as if about to mount to heaven. The angel's upper lip was lifted a little, as though it were going to smile. Once Prince Andrei and the Princess Mariya, as they came out of the chapel, agreed that the face of the angel reminded them strangely of the face of the departed. But what was still stranger — and this Prince Andrei did not remark to his sister — was that in this expression which the artist had accidentally given to the angel's face, Prince Andrei read those very words of sweet reproach which he had before read on the face of his dead wife, —

"Akh! what have they done to me?"

Shortly after Prince Andrei's return, the old prince had made over to his son the large estate of Bogucharovo, situated about forty versts from Luisiya Gorui. Partly on account of the sad recollections associated with Luisiya Gorui, partly because Princes Andrei always felt himself unable to endure his father's idiosyncracies, and partly also because he felt the need of solitude, he took possession of Bogucharovo, established himself there, and there spent a large part of his time.

Prince Andrei after the battle of Austerlitz had resolutely made up his mind never to go back into the military service again; and when the war began, and all were obliged to enlist, he, in order to escape active service, accepted a position under his father's command in the recruiting of the militia.

Since the campaign of 1805, the old prince and his son seemed to have exchanged parts: the father, excited by active life, expected all that was good from the campaign; Prince Andrei, on the contrary, not taking any active part in the war, and in the secret depths of his heart regretting it, saw only a dark prospect ahead.

On the tenth of March, 1807, the old prince started on one of his circuits. Prince Andrei, as usual during his father's absences, stayed at Luisiya Gorui. The dear little Nikolushka had not been quite well for several days. The coachman who had driven the old prince to the next town returned and

brought documents and letters for Prince Andrei. The valet, carrying the mail, failing to find the prince in his study, went to the Princess Mariya's apartments, but he was not there either. The valet was informed that the prince had gone to the nursery.

"If you please, your illustriousness, Petrusha has come with some documents," said one of the maids employed in the nursery, addressing Prince Andrei, who was sitting in a child's small chair, and with knitted brows and trembling hands was dropping medicine from a bottle into a tumbler half full of water.

"What did you say?" said he, testily; and by an unguarded movement of his trembling hand he poured too many drops into the glass of water. He threw the medicine on the floor and asked for some more water. The maid handed it to him.

In the room stood a child's cradle, two chests, two arm chairs, a table, a child's table, and the little chair in which Prince Andrei was sitting. The windows were closely shaded, and on the table burned a single candle shaded by a bound volume of music, so that no light might fall on the cradle.

"My dear," said the Princess Mariya, turning to her brother from the cradle by which she was standing, "You'd better wait—until"—

"Akh! Please be kind enough—you're always talking nonsense, and you're always procrastinating; and see what it has led to now!" said Prince Andrei, in an angry whisper, with the manifest intention of wounding his sister.

"My dear, truly it would be better not to awaken him; he is asleep now," said the princess in a supplicating voice.

Prince Andrei got up and went over on tiptoes to the cradle with the glass in his hand.

"Had we really better not wake him," said he, irresolutely.

"Just as you please; truly, I think so. But just as you think best," said the Princess Mariya, evidently embarrassed and a little ashamed that her opinion was about to rule. She called her brother's attention to the maid who was speaking to him in a whisper.

It was the second night that neither of them had got any sleep on account of watching over the baby, which was suffering from a sharp attack of fever. All this time, since they had felt very little confidence in their own domestic physician and were expecting one to be sent them from the city, they

had disagreed about remedies, one preferring one thing, the other, another. Suffering from sleeplessness and anxiety, they each blamed the other, and indulged in recriminations which amounted to actual quarrels.

"Petrusha, with documents from your papenka," whispered the maid. Prince Andrei went out.

"The devil take them," he exclaimed, and after hearing the verbal messages from his father, and taking the envelopes and letters, he went back to the nursery.

"How is he now?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Just the same. We must await the mercy of God. Karl Ivanitch always declares that sleep is better than any medicine," whispered the Princess Mariya with a sigh.

Prince Andrei went to the child and felt of him. He was very hot.

"The mischief take you and your Karl Ivanitch!" He took the glass with the medicine which he had dropped into it and again approached the cradle.

"André, you ought not," exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

But he scowled wrathfully at her, and at the same time with the look of a martyr, and bent over the baby with his glass. "I insist upon it," said he. "Well, then, you give it to him!"

The Princess Mariya shrugged her shoulders, but obediently took the glass, and calling the nurse to help, tried to give the child the medicine. The baby screamed and strangled. Prince Andrei scowling, clasped his hands to his head, left the room and sat down on a sofa in the next room.

The letters were still in his hands. He mechanically opened them and began to read them. The old prince in his large scrawly hand, sometimes employing abbreviations and quaint archaic words, wrote on blue paper as follows,—

I have just at this moment received very agreeable news — unless it's a canard. Benigsen is said to have gained a complete victory over Buonaparte at Eylau. They are wild with delight at Petersburg, and endless rewards have been distributed in the army. Though he's a German, I congratulate him. I cannot imagine what that nachalnik, Hendrikof, is doing at Korchevo; so far no reinforcements or provisions have come from him. Go there as quick as you can and tell him that I will take his head off, if everything is not here within a week's time. I have received additional news about the Battle of Eylau through a letter from Petinka: he took part — it's all true. When mischief-makers do not meddle, then even a German can beat Buonaparte. They say he is retreating in great disorder. See that you go to Korchevo without delay and hurry things along.

Prince Andrei sighed and tore open another envelope. This was a closely written letter from Bilibin, filling two sheets. He folded it up without reading it, and again perused the letter from his father ending with the words: — "Go to Korchevo without delay and hurry things along."

"No, excuse me, I will not go now, when my baby is still sick," he said to himself, and stepping to the door he looked into the nursery. Princess Mariya still stood by the cradle, and was gently rocking the child.

"Yes, what in the name of goodness was that other disagreeable thing that he wrote?" asked Prince Andrei, trying to recall his father's letter. "Oh, yes. Our men have won a victory over Bonaparte, now that I am not there to take part. Yes, yes; he will have a good chance to make sport of me; well let him if he wants" —

And he began to read Bilibin's letter. He read without understanding half of it, read it simply for the sake of forgetting for the moment what had been painfully occupying his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else for quite too long.

CHAPTER IX.

BILIBIN now found himself in the quality of a diplomatic chinovnik at the headquarters of the army and though he wrote in French with French jests and phraseology, still he described the whole campaign with genuine Russian fearlessness, not sparing reproaches or sarcasms. He wrote that the *discretion* imposed upon him by the necessities of diplomacy annoyed him, and that he was glad to have in Prince Andrei an ingenuous correspondent, to whom he was able to pour out all the spleen which had been accumulating in him at the sight of what was going on in the army. This letter was of somewhat ancient date, having been penned even before the battle of Preussisch-Eylau. Bilibin wrote as follows: * —

Since our great success at Austerlitz, my dear prince. I have been, as you may know, constantly at headquarters. I have conceived a decided taste for war and so much the better for me. What I have witnessed these past three months is beyond belief!

I will begin *ab ovo* — at the very beginning. The "enemy of the human race," as you are well aware, has been attacking the Prussians. The Prussians are our faithful allies, who have only duped us three times within three years. Consequently, we take up their cause. But it

* This letter is in French in the original.

proves that the "enemy of the human race" pays no attention to our fine speeches, and in accordance with his rough and untrained nature, flings himself on the Prussians without allowing them to finish their parade, in short metre beats them all hollow — *les rosses à plate couture* — and makes himself at home in the palace at Potsdam.

"I have the most earnest desire," writes the King of Prussia, to Bonaparte, "that your majesty should be received and treated in my palace as would be most agreeable to you, and I hasten to take all measures to this end that circumstances permit. I only hope that I have been successful!"

The Prussian generals make it a point of honor to be gracious toward the French and lay down their arms at the first summons.

The principal officer of the garrison of Glogau with ten thousand men, asks the King of Prussia what he shall do if he is called upon to surrender. Fact!

In short, while hoping to make a great impression solely by our military attitude, lo and behold! here we are in for a real war and what is worse, for a war on our own frontiers *avec et pour le roi de Prusse!*

Everything is all ready; we lack only one trifling thing; that is, a general-in-chief. As it has been discovered that the success of Austerlitz might have been more decided, if only the general-in-chief had been older, all the octogenarians have been brought forward, and between Proserovskiy and Kamenskiy, the preference has been given to the latter. The general comes to us in a kibitka after the style of Suvarof, and is received with acclamations of joy and triumph.

On the fourth comes the first courier from Petersburg. The mail is brought into the marshal's study, as he likes to do everything personally. I am summoned to help sort the letters and take those addressed to ourselves. The marshal looks on while we work, and waits for the packages addressed to him. We search them over, but there is not one. The marshal becomes impatient and sets to work himself and finds letters from the emperor for Count T., for Prince V., and others. Then lo, and behold! he goes off into one of his blue rages. He shoots fire and flames against everybody; he seizes the letters, breaks their seals and reads those which the emperor has written to others.

"So that's the way I am treated! They have no confidence in me! Ah, that's a fine notion, setting others to watch my actions! Away with you." And he writes his famous order of the day to General Benigsen:

"I am wounded, and cannot ride on horseback, and consequently cannot command the army. You have taken your defeated *corps d'armée* into Pultusk; there it is exposed, and lacks firewood and provender, and, as you yourself reported last evening to Count Buxhövdén, you must devise measures for retiring beyond our frontier; see that this is done to-day."

"Owing to all my riding on horseback," he writes to the emperor, "I have become galled by the saddle, which, in addition to my former infirmities, entirely prevents me from riding on horseback and commanding such an extensive army, and therefore I have transferred the command to Count Buxhövdén, who is next in seniority to myself, giving him the whole charge, and advising him, in case he cannot obtain bread, to move nearer to the interior of Prussia, since only enough bread is left for one day, and some of the regiments have none at all, according to the reports of the division commanders, Ostermann and Sedmoretsky, and the peasants, also, have nothing left. And I myself shall remain in the hospital at Ostrolenko until I am well. In offering, most respectfully, this report,

I would add, that if this army remain another fortnight in its present bivouac, by spring there will not be a single sound soldier left.

"Permit an old man to retire to the country, since he is now so feeble that he finds it impossible to fulfil the great and glorious duty for which he was chosen. I shall await your all-gracious permission here in the hospital, so as not to play the rôle of a clerk instead of commander at the head of the army. Of men like myself there are thousands in Russia."

The marshal is vexed with the emperor, and punishes all of us for it. Isn't that logical?

Thus ends the first act. In those that follow, the interest and the absurdity increase in proper degree. After the marshal's departure, it is discovered that we are in sight of the enemy, and must fight. Buxhövdén is commander-general-in-chief by order of seniority, but General Benigsen is not of this opinion; all the more because it is he and his corps who are in sight of the enemy, and he is anxious to profit by the occasion to fight a battle on his own account, "*aus eigene Hand*," as the Germans say. He does so. This is the battle of Pultusk, which is reported to be a great victory, but which, in my opinion, was no victory at all. We civilians — *nous autres pékins* — have, as you are well aware, a very wretched habit of making up our own minds in regard to the gain or loss of a battle. The one who retires after the battle is the loser, so we say, and in this respect we lost the battle of Pultusk.

In short, we retreat after the battle, but we send a courier to Petersburg to carry the news of the victory, and the general refuses to surrender the chief command to Buxhövdén, hoping to receive from Petersburg the title of general-in-chief as a reward for his victory.

During this interregnum, we begin an excessively interesting and original scheme of manœuvres. Our design consists not, as it should have been, in avoiding or attacking the enemy, but solely of avoiding General Buxhövdén, who by right of seniority should be our chief. We pursue this plan with so much energy, that even in crossing an unfordable river we burn our bridges to cut off the enemy, who for the nonce is not Bonaparte but Buxhövdén. General Buxhövdén just misses being attacked and taken by overwhelming forces of the enemy by reason of one of our pretty manœuvres which saves us from him. Buxhövdén pursues us, — we sneak away. As soon as he crosses to our side of the river we cross back again. At last our enemy, Buxhövdén, catches up with us, and attacks us. The two generals have a quarrel. Buxhövdén even goes so far as to send a challenge, and Benigsen has an attack of epilepsy.

But at the critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory at Pultusk, returns with our nomination as general-in-chief, and our enemy No. 1 is done for. We can think of No. 2, Bonaparte. But what do you suppose? Just at this moment there rises before us a third enemy, the *pravoslavnoye*, — the orthodox army, — loudly clamoring for bread, for meat, for *sukhari*,* for hay, and what not! The stores are empty; the roads impassible. The *pravoslavnoye* set themselves to marauding, and in a way of which the last campaign would not give you the slightest notion. Half of the regiments form themselves into freebooters, scouring the country and putting everything to fire and sword. The natives are ruined, root and branch; the hospitals are overflowing with sick, and famine is everywhere. Twice the headquarters have been attacked by troops of marauders, and the general-in-chief has himself been obliged to ask for a battalion to drive them off. In one of these

* Biscuits, hard-tack.

attacks my empty trunk and my dressing-gown was carried off. The emperor has consented to grant all the division chiefs the right to shoot the marauders, but I very much fear that such a course would oblige one half of the army to shoot the other half.

Prince Andrei at first read with his eyes alone, but gradually, in spite of himself, what he was reading — in spite of the fact that he was well aware of how far Biblin was to be trusted — began to absorb him more and more. Having read thus far he crumpled up the letter and threw it aside. It was not what he had read in the letter that moved his indignation, but rather the fact that the life there, so remote and foreign to him now, had still the power to stir him. He closed his eyes, rubbed his forehead with his hand, as though to drive away all recollection of what he had been reading — and listened to what was going on in the nursery.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that he heard a strange sound there. A great fear came over him; he was afraid that something might have happened to his baby while he was reading the letter. He went to the nursery door on his tiptoes, and opened it.

As he went in, he noticed that the nurse, with a frightened face, was hiding something from him, and the Princess Mariya was no longer by the cradle.

“My dear,” he heard behind him, in the frightened voice, as it seemed to him, of his sister. As often occurs after long wakefulness and keen emotion, a causeless panic came over him; he imagined that the child might be dying, or dead. All that he heard and saw seemed to confirm his fear.

“It is all over,” he said to himself, and a cold sweat stood out on his brow. He went to the cradle in great apprehension, firmly convinced that he should find it empty, that the nurse girl was hiding his dead baby! He drew the curtains aside, and it was some time before his frightened, wandering eyes could find the child. At last he saw him. The little one, all cosy, lay sprawled out across the cradle, with his head lower than the pillow, and was smacking his lips in his sleep and breathing regularly.

Prince Andrei was perfectly delighted to see the child so, when he was already beginning to think that he had lost him. He bent over, and, as his sister had instructed him, felt with his lips whether the baby’s fever had gone. The sweet brow was moist; he passed his hand over the little head, and the soft hair was also moist, the baby was in such a perspiration! Not only was the baby not dead, but he was aware now that

the crisis had passed, and that he was better. He felt a strong inclination to snatch up this helpless little creature and press it to his heart; but he dared not do so. He stood over him, looking at his head, and at his little arms and feet which had thrown off the coverings. He heard a rustling behind him, and thought he saw a shadow outlined on the curtain of the cradle. But he did not look around, but gazed into the baby's face, still listening to his regular breathing. The dark shadow was the Princess Mariya, who, with noiseless steps, came to the cradle, lifted the curtain, and dropped it after her. Prince Andrei, without looking around, recognized her, and stretched out his hand to her. She pressed his hand.

"He is in a perspiration," said Prince Andrei.

"I had gone out to tell you."

The baby stirred a little in his sleep, smiled, and rubbed his forehead against the pillow. Prince Andrei looked at his sister. The Princess Mariya's lustrous eyes in the subdued twilight of the curtains gleamed more than usually bright with happy tears. She leaned over to her brother and kissed him, slightly catching her dress in the material of the curtain. Each made the other a warning gesture and stood quiet for a moment under the faint light of the curtain, as though they wished still to remain in that world in which they were shut off from all the rest of the universe. Prince Andrei was the first to move away from the cradle, getting his head entangled in the muslin of the curtain as he did so.

"Yes, that is all that is left me now," said he, with a sigh.

CHAPTER X.

SHORTLY after his reception into the Masonic Brotherhood, Pierre, with full instructions given him for his guidance in managing his estates, reached the government of Kief, where the larger number of his serfs were to be found.

When he reached Kief, he summoned all his overseers, and explained his intentions and desires. He told them that measures would be immediately taken for the unconditional emancipation from servitude of all his serfs, that till this were done the peasants must not be constrained to hard work, that the women and children must not be required to work at all; that assistance was to be freely rendered the peasantry; that corporal punishments were not to be employed, but reprimands; and

that on each of his estates, hospitals, asylums, and schools were to be established.

Some of the overseers — and in the number were half-educated *ekonomy*, or stewards — listened with dismay, supposing that the young count's speech meant that he was dissatisfied with their management, or had discovered how they had been embezzling his funds. Others, after their first panic, found amusement in Pierre's thick, stumbling speech, and the new words which they had never before heard; a third set found simply a certain sense of satisfaction in hearing their barin talk; a fourth, and these were the sharpest, and at their head the chief overseer, perceived from this talk how it behooved them to manage with their barin, in order to subserve their own ends.

The chief overseer expressed great sympathy in Pierre's proposed plans; but he remarked that over and above these reforms, it was indispensable to make a general investigation of his affairs, which were in a sufficiently unfortunate state.

In spite of Count Bezukhoi's enormous wealth at the time when Pierre entered upon his inheritance — and it was said that he had an income of five hundred thousand rubles a year — he felt himself much poorer than when he received an allowance of ten thousand a year from his late father. He had a general dim idea that his expenses were somewhat as follows: interest to the "Society,"* about eighty thousand rubles, on all his possessions; about thirty thousand stood him for the maintenance of his house in Moscow, and his *Podmoskovnaya*, and the support of the three princesses; about fifteen thousand went in pensions; as much to various charitable institutions; one hundred and fifty thousand were put down for support of the countess; about seventy thousand went in interest on his debts; the building of a church which he had begun a couple of years before, cost him about ten thousand a year; the rest, not far from one hundred thousand was expended, he himself knew not how, and almost every year he found himself obliged to borrow. Moreover, each year his chief overseer had written to him about fires, about bad harvests, about the necessity of building new factories and works. And thus Pierre was first thing confronted by what he had not the slightest taste or capacity for, the settlement of his affairs.

Pierre each day spent some time with his chief overseer in this business; but he was conscious that his efforts did not

* *Opekunsky Sovyet*, the famous bank supported by the State, that loaned money on land and personal property, including serfs.

advance his interests a single step. He was conscious that his efforts were wasted on this business, that they did not have the slightest influence on his affairs, and were not calculated to help him on with his schemes. On the one hand, his head overseer pictured his affairs in the gloomiest colors, pointing out to Pierre the absolute necessity of paying his debts and undertaking new enterprises with the labor of his peasantry, a thing to which Pierre refused to listen; on the other hand, Pierre insisted on the project of emancipating his serfs, but to this the overseer opposed the imperious necessity of first paying the mortgage held by the Opekunsky, or Orphan's Aid Society, and consequently the impossibility of accomplishing the business rapidly.

The overseer did not say that this was absolutely impossible; he proposed for bringing this about, the selling of certain forests in the Government of Kostroma, some river lands, and an estate in the Crimea. But all these operations proposed by the overseer entailed complicated legal proceedings, revyevins, permits, licenses, and so forth, so that Pierre quite lost his wits, and merely said, "Yes, yes, do so then."

Pierre was not possessed of that practical bent for business which would have enabled him to grasp the whole matter immediately, and consequently he disliked it all and merely pretended to take an interest in it in the overseer's presence. The overseer, on his side, pretended to consider all these efforts advantageous for the proprietor, and troublesome for himself.

In the large city of Kief, the capital of the province, Pierre had some acquaintances: those whom he did not know made haste to pay their respects to him, and gladly welcomed the millionaire, the largest landowner of the whole government. The temptations that assailed Pierre in his principal weakness — as he had confessed at the time of his entrance into the Lodge — were also so powerful that he could not resist them. Again, whole days, weeks, months of his life sped away, constantly occupied with parties, dinners, breakfasts, balls, just as it had been in Petersburg, so that he had no time whatever for serious thoughts. Instead of the new life which he had hoped to lead, he still went on with the same old routine, only in different surroundings.

Of the three obligations of Freemasonry, Pierre acknowledged that he was not fulfilling the one that enjoined upon every Mason to be a model of moral living; and of the seven precepts of virtue, two he had not taken to heart, — virtuous

living and love for death. He comforted himself with the thought that he was fulfilling one of the other obligations, — the reformation of the human race, and that he possessed the other virtues, love to his neighbor, and particularly liberality.

In the spring of the year 1807, Pierre determined to return to Petersburg, making on his way a visit to all of his possessions, so as to assure himself as to what had been done toward carrying out his orders, and personally to learn in what condition lived the peasantry entrusted to him by God, and whom he was striving to benefit.

His head overseer, who considered all of the young count's ideas as perfectly chimerical — disadvantageous for himself, for him, for the peasants themselves — had made some concessions. Though he still represented that the emancipation of the serfs was an impossibility, he had made arrangements for the extensive erection on all the estates, of schools, hospitals, and asylums, against the coming of the barin: everywhere he made arrangements for receptions, not, to be sure, on a sumptuous and magnificent scale which he knew would displease the young count, but rather semi-religious and thanksgiving processions, with sacred images and the traditional *khlyeb-sol* — or bread and salt — the Russian symbol of hospitality; such demonstrations in fact as he was certain from his knowledge of his barin's character would deeply touch him and delude him.

The southern spring, the comfortable, rapid journey in his Vienna calash, and the solitude in which he travelled, had made a most pleasant impression on Pierre. These estates, none of which he had ever seen before, were each more picturesque than the other; the peasantry everywhere appeared prosperous and touchingly grateful to him for the benefits which he was heaping upon him. Everywhere they met him with processions and receptions, which, though they embarrassed him, filled his heart with a pleasant sensation.

In one place, the peasants brought him the *khlyeb-sol* and a holy picture of Peter and Paul, and besought his permission to add at their own expense, in honor of his name day and as a sign of their love and gratitude to him for the benefits conferred upon them, a new chantry to the church.

In another place he was met by women with children at the breast, who thanked him for freeing them from hard work.

On a third estate, he was met by a priest carrying a cross and surrounded by children, to whom, through the count's liberality, he was teaching reading and religion.

On all his estates he saw with his own eyes the massive stone foundations of edifices for hospitals, schools, and almshouses, building or almost built, and ready to be opened in a short time. Everywhere, Pierre saw from the accounts of his overseers that enforced labor had been greatly reduced from what it had been, and he listened to the affecting expressions of gratitude from deputations of serfs in their blue kaftans.

But Pierre had no knowledge of the fact that where he had been met with the bread and salt, and where they were building the chantry of Peter and Paul, it was a commercial village where a *yarmarka*, or annual bazaar was held on Saint Peter's day; that the chantry had been begun long before by some well-to-do muzhiks of the village, the very ones in fact who came to meet him, while nine tenths of the peasants of this same village lived in the profoundest destitution.

He did not know that in consequence of his order to cease employing nursing women at work on his fields, these very same women were forced to do vastly harder work on their own lots of communal land. He did not know that the priest who came to meet him with his cross oppressed the muzhiks with his exactions, and that the pupils who accompanied him were placed with him at the cost of tears, and were often ransomed back by their parents for large sums of money.

He did not know that the edifices built, according to his plan, of stone were the work of his own laborers, and greatly increased the forced service of his serfs, which was really diminished only on paper.

He did not know that where the overseers pointed out to him on the books the reduction of the serf's *obroks*, or money payments, by one third, the consequence was that an amount corresponding was added to the forced labor of the peasantry.

And so Pierre was in raptures over his tour among his estates, and he fell back fully into that philanthropical frame of mind in which he had left Petersburg, and he wrote enthusiastic letters to his "preceptor-brother," as he called the Grand Master.

"How easy it is, how little strength it requires to do so much good," said Pierre to himself. "And how little we trouble ourselves about it!"

He was happy over the gratitude, but felt mortified to be the recipient of it. This gratitude made him think how very much more he might have easily done for these simple-hearted, kindly people.

The chief-overseer, a thoroughly obstinate and wily man,

perfectly comprehending the intelligent but naïve young count, and playing with him as with a toy, when he saw the effect produced upon him by the receptions that he had himself so skilfully arranged, approached him all the more resolutely with arguments for the impossibility and, above all, the uselessness of emancipating the serfs, who were perfectly happy and contented as they were.

Pierre in the depths of his soul agreed with the overseer that it would be hard to imagine people more happy and contented, and that God only knew what would happen to them if they had their freedom, but still, though against his better judgment, he insisted upon what he felt was only justice.

The overseer promised to do all in his power to carry out the count's desires, clearly comprehending that the count would never be in a position to assure himself whether all his plans for the disposal of his forests and other lands for the sake of redeeming his mortgages to the Society had been carried out, or would ever ask or know how his costly edifices would stand empty, and the peasants would continue to contribute their labor and money, just the same as they did on other estates; that is, the utmost that they could give.

CHAPTER XI.

ON his return from his southern journey, in the happiest frame of mind, Pierre carried out his long-cherished purpose of going to make a visit to his old friend Bolkonsky, whom he had not seen for two years.

Bogucharovo was situated in the midst of a flat and uninteresting region, diversified with fields and forests of birch and evergreens, cleared and uncleared. The *barsky dvor*, or proprietor's place, was situated at one end of the straggling village which extended along on both sides of the straight highway. In front was a pond, recently dug and filled with water, though the grass had not yet had a chance to grow on the banks around; the house stood in the midst of a young grove, some of the trees of which were pines and firs.

The *barsky dvor* consisted of a granary and threshing-floor, the house servants' quarters, the stable, a bathhouse, and the wings of a great stone mansion, the semicircular façade of which was in process of erection. Around the house, a young garden was planted. The fences were strong and the paths were new; under a shed stood two fire-engines and a barrel, painted a

vivid green. The paths were straight, the bridges were well built and had railings. Everything bore the impress of extreme care and good management.

The house-serfs who met Pierre, in answer to his question where the prince lived, pointed to a small building standing at the very edge of the pond. Prince Andrei's old body servant, Anton, helped Pierre down from the calash, told him that the prince was at home, and led him into a neat little anteroom.

Pierre was struck by the modesty of this diminutive though scrupulously clean little house, after the brilliant conditions of existence in which he had last seen his friend in Petersburg. He hurriedly went into a small hall, smelling of pine and not even plastered, and was about to go farther, but Anton preceded him on his tiptoes and knocked at the door.

"Now who's there?" was the reply, in a harsh, forbidding voice.

"A visitor," replied Anton.

"Ask him to wait," and the noise of a chair pushed back was heard. Pierre went with swift steps to the door and met Prince Andrei face to face, as he came out, frowning and looking older than his years.

Pierre threw his arms around him, pushing up his spectacles, kissed him on the cheeks, and looked at him closely.

"Well, this is a surprise; very glad to see you," said Prince Andrei. Pierre said nothing; he was gazing at his friend in amazement, not taking his eyes from him. He was struck by the change that had taken place in Prince Andrei. His words were affectionate; there was a smile on his lips and face, but his eyes were dim and lifeless, in spite of his evident desire to make them seem to have a joyous and lively light. His friend was not so much disturbed that he had grown thinner and paler, but this expression of his eyes and the frown on his brow, the evidence of long-continued concentration on some one painful topic, amazed and estranged Pierre, who was not used to see him so.

As usual on meeting after a long separation, it took some time to get the conversation into running order; they asked and answered various questions briefly in regard to things which both knew they should have to talk about afterward at length. At last they began to settle down a little more on what they already touched upon, what had taken place in the past, and their plans for the future, about Pierre's journey, his undertakings, the war, and other topics.

That concentration and lifelessness which Pierre had already

remarked in Prince Andrei's eyes, was now expressed still more noticeably in the smile with which he listened to Pierre, especially when he spoke with animation of the past or the future.

It seemed as though Prince Andrei were trying, but without success, to feel an interest in what he said. Pierre was beginning to feel that it was in bad taste in Prince Andrei's presence to speak of his enthusiasms, dreams, hopes of happiness, and of doing good. He was ashamed to tell about his new notions concerning Freemasonry, which had been especially renewed and excited during the latter part of his journey. He restrained himself for fear of seeming naïve: at the same time he had an irresistible desire to tell his friend as soon as possible that now he was an entirely different and much better man than he had been when he had known him in Petersburg.

"I cannot tell you what I have lived through since then. I should not know myself."

"Yes, yes, we have changed much since that time," said Prince Andrei.

"Well, and you," asked Pierre, "what are your plans?"

"Plans!" repeated Prince Andrei, in an ironical tone; "my plans!" he repeated again, as though he were astonished at such a word, "you can see for yourself, I am building; I intend next year to come here for good."

Pierre said nothing, but still looked attentively at Prince Andrei's aged face. "No, I wanted to ask," said he, but Prince Andrei interrupted him.

"But what is the use of talking about me?—Tell me, oh yes, tell me about your journey,—all about what you expect to accomplish on your estates."

Pierre began to tell him what he had been doing for his peasantry, trying to conceal as far as possible, his own part in the improvements made.

Prince Andrei several times finished Pierre's description for him, as though all that Pierre had done were an old story, and he seemed to listen not only without interest, but even as though he felt ashamed at what Pierre told him.

Pierre began to feel awkward and uncomfortable in his friend's society. He stopped talking.

"Now see here, my dear fellow, — *dúsha móya*," said Prince Andrei, who evidently found it just as uncomfortable and irksome in his guest's society, "I am only camping out here, as it were — came over simply to see how things were going. I am going back to-night to my sister's. If you will

go back with me, I'll introduce you to her. Oh, but I think you know her," he added, evidently trying to think of something to amuse a guest, with whom he felt that he had nothing in common, "we will start right after dinner. But now would you like to look around my premises?"

They went out and returned to the house in time for dinner, talking of the political news, and of their common acquaintances, like men who cared very little for each other. Prince Andrei made a show of animation and interest only in regard to the new buildings and premises which he was engaged in constructing; but even here in the midst of their conversation, and while they were on the scaffolding, and he was describing the projected arrangements of the house, he suddenly paused: "However, there is nothing very interesting about this; let us go to dinner and then start." At the dinner-table the talk turned on Pierre's marriage.

"I was very much amazed when I heard about it," said Prince Andrei.

Pierre flushed, as he usually did when it was mentioned, and said hurriedly: "I will tell you all about it some time — tell you how it happened. But you know that it is all over and for ever."

"For ever?" queried Prince Andrei, "there is no such thing as for ever!"

"But you know, don't you, how it all ended? You heard about the duel?"

"And so you had to go through that, also!"

"There is one thing that I thank God for, and that is that I did not kill that man," said Pierre.

"Why so?" asked Prince Andrei, "to kill a mad dog is a very good thing."

"No, but to kill a man is not good, — not right."

"Why is it not right?" demanded Prince Andrei. "It is not for men to judge what is right and wrong. Men have always been in error, and always will be in error, and in nothing more than in what they consider to be right and wrong."

"Wrong is whatever is harmful to our fellow-men," said Pierre, feeling a sense of satisfaction that here for the first time since his arrival, Prince Andrei had really brightened up and begun to talk, and was on the way to disclosing what had made him so different from what he used to be.

"And who has ever told you what is harmful for our fellow-men?" asked the other.

"Harmful! harmful!" exclaimed Pierre, "we all know what that means for ourselves."

"Yes, we know what is evil for ourselves, but that which is evil for myself, may not be evil for another man," said Prince Andrei, growing more and more constantly animated. He added in French: "I know of only two real evils in life — remorse and illness. There is nothing good except the absence of these evils.* To live for myself, avoiding only these two evils, is at present all my philosophy."

"But how about love for your neighbor, and self-sacrifice?" protested Pierre; "no, I cannot agree with you. It is a very little thing to live merely so as not to do evil, merely to be free from remorse. I have lived in that way; I have lived for myself, and I have wasted my life. And now only that I am living — I mean trying to live — for others (Pierre corrected himself out of modesty) only now do I realize the full happiness of life. No, I cannot agree with you; and you yourself do not mean what you say."

Prince Andrei looked silently at Pierre, and smiled satirically.

"Well, you are going to see my sister, the Princess Mariya. You and she will agree," said he. "May be you are right as far as you are concerned," he went on to say, after a short silence, "but every one must work out his own life. You have lived for yourself, and declare that you have almost wasted your life by this course, and you have found happiness only when you began to live for others. But my experience has been exactly the opposite. I have lived for glory — and what is glory? Is it not love for others, the desire to do something for them, the yearning for their applause? And in that way I have lived for others, and have not almost, but wholly wasted my life. But only since I have begun to live for myself alone, have I begun to feel more satisfied."

"But how can you live for yourself alone?" asked Pierre, growing heated, "there is your son, your sister, your father!"

"Ah, yes, but they are the same as myself, they are not 'other people'" explained Prince Andrei, "but others, neighbors, *le prochain*, as you and the Princess Mariya express it, — they are the chief fountain-head of error and evil. *Le prochain*, your neighbor, is, for instance, those Kief muzhiks of yours, whom you are trying to load with benefits."

* *Je ne connais dans la vie que deux maux bien réels : c'est le remords et la maladie. Il n'est de bien que l'absence de ces maux.*

And he looked at Pierre with a provokingly satirical expression. It evidently provoked Pierre.

"You are jesting," said Pierre, who was constantly growing more and more excited, "how can there be error and evil in what I have desired—the accomplishment has been very trifling and wretched; but I mean in what I have desired to do in the way of benefiting them, and have accomplished in some small measure? What possible evil can there be in poor men, like our muzhiks, men just like ourselves, who grow up and perish without any comprehension of God and right, beyond mere forms and meaningless prayers, being taught the consoling belief in a future life, in rewards and compensations and joys to come? Pray what evil or error is there in my giving medicine and a hospital, and a refuge for old age to men who are dying of maladies without succor, when it is so easy to help them materially? And is it not a palpable and unquestionable benefit that when the muzhiks, the nursing women, have no rest either day or night, and I give them leisure and recreation?" said Pierre, stammering in his efforts to talk fast and keep up with his thoughts. "And I have done this, stupidly enough, feebly enough, but at all events I have done something toward it, and you will fail to persuade me either that what I have done is not good, or that you yourself have any such notion. And above all," proceeded Pierre, "I know and am firmly persuaded that the pleasure of doing good in this way is the only true happiness that life affords."

"Yes, if you propound the question in that way, you make an entirely different one out of it," said Prince Andrei. "I am building a house, I am laying out a garden, and you are erecting hospitals; and some one else might come along and argue that both were a waste of time. But the decision as to what is right and what is good, let us leave to Him who knows all things, and not try to decide it for ourselves. But I see that you want to argue the question." He added, "Give it to us then."

They had left the table and were sitting on a flight of steps that took the place of a balcony.

"Well, let us have the discussion then," said Prince Andrei. "You speak of schools," he went on to say, bending one finger, "and of education and so on; that is, you wish to take such a man as that"—pointing towards a muzhik, who, as he passed by them, pulled off his hat—"and lift him from his animal existence and give him moral necessities; but it seems to me

that his only possible happiness is his animal enjoyment, and that you want to deprive him of. I envy him; you want to make him like me. You say another thing: you propose to free him from work, but in my opinion physical labor is for him as much a necessity, as much a condition of his existence, as intellectual labor is for you or me. You cannot help thinking. I go to bed at three o'clock; thoughts crowd in upon me and I keep turning and twisting, and it is morning before sleep comes, and the reason is because I am thinking and cannot help thinking, just as he cannot help plowing and mowing; if he did not he would go to the tavern and make himself ill. Just as I could not endure his terrible physical labor, and should die within a week, so he could not endure my physical idleness; he would grow stout and die. In the third place, — but what was your third point?" — Prince Andrei began to double down his third finger.

"Oh, yes, hospitals, medicines. Well, he has a stroke and dies, but you would bleed him and cure him, and he would drag out a crippled existence for ten years more, a burden to every one. It is far easier and simpler for him to die. Others are born, and there are so many of them to take his place! If it were merely that you were sorry for the loss of a good workman, that would be a different thing, — for that's the way I look at it, but you want to cure him out of mere love for him. And that is not necessary as far as he is concerned; and then, besides, what a delusion it is that medicine ever anywhere cured any one! You might rather call it murder!" said he, frowning with disgust and turning from Pierre.

Prince Andrei expressed his thoughts with such clearness and precision that it was evident he had thought on these questions and he spoke fluently and rapidly, like a man who has not had for a long time a chance to express his thoughts. His eyes kept growing more and more animated, in proportion as his ideas became pessimistic.

"Akh, this is horrible, horrible!" exclaimed Pierre. "What I cannot understand is how you can live, holding such opinions. Such moments of despair have come to me, but that was long, long ago at Moscow and abroad, but at such times I go down into the depths so that I cease to live; everything is disgusting to me — myself above all! At such times I do not eat, or wash myself — Well, is that the way with you?"

"Why shouldn't I wash myself? It isn't cleanly!" retorted Prince Andrei. "On the contrary, I have to struggle to make my life as agreeable as possible. I am alive and I am

not to blame for that, and so it behooves me to make the best of it, not interfering with anybody else until death carries me off!"

"But what on earth induces you to live cherishing such notions? Do you really intend to sit down doing nothing, without undertaking anything?"

"Ah, but life refuses to let me be in peace! I should be glad enough to be a do-nothing, but here on the one hand the nobility of the district have done me the honor of electing me their *marshal, and it was as much as I could do to get out of it. They could not understand that I had not a single qualification for the office, not a bit of that peculiarly good-natured and commonplace indefatigability which is needed for it. And that is the explanation of this house which I felt called upon to build, so as to have my own little nook where I could be free and easy. And then again, there is the militia" —

"Why don't you serve in the army?"

"After Austerlitz!" exclaimed Prince Andrei, gloomily. "No, I thank you humbly, but I have taken a solemn vow that I would never again serve in the Russian army. I would not, even if Bonaparte were here at Smolensk, threatening Luisiya Gorui; no, not even then would I serve in the Russian army. There, now I have told you," proceeded Prince Andrei, growing calmer. "But there is the militia; my father is commander-in-chief of the third district, and the only way that I could avoid joining the army again was to be with him."

"So you are in the service after all?"

"Yes, I am."

He was silent for a little.

"But why are you?"

"This is why. My father is one of the most remarkable men of his age, but he has grown old, and while he is not exactly cruel, he has too restless a nature. He is so used to unlimited power that it makes him terrible, and now he has the power granted him by the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the militia. If I had been two hours late, a fortnight ago, he would have hanged a registry clerk at Yukhmovo," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, "and so I serve because no one besides me has any influence over him, and I often save him from acts which he would be sorry for afterwards."

"Ah, there now, you see!"

"Yes, but it is not as you understand it," retorted Prince Andrei in French. "It was not that I wasted any sympathy

on the rascal of a clerk who had been stealing boots from the militia. As far as he was concerned I should have been glad enough if he had been hanged; but I should have felt sorry for my father, which is the same thing as for myself."

Prince Andrei was still growing more and more excited. His eyes sparkled with a feverish light, as he tried to prove to Pierre that his action had nothing whatever of philanthropy in it.

"Well, now look here, you want to free your serfs," he went on to say, "that is a very good thing, but not for you—for you never flogged any one or sent any one to Siberia—and still less advantageous for your peasants. If they are beaten and flogged and sent to Siberia I imagine it does them no special harm. The peasant leads in Siberia that same cattle-like existence of his, and his scars heal over and he is just as happy as he was before. But this would be a good thing for those who are morally perishing, who are preparing for themselves an old age of remorse, who try to stifle this remorse and become cruel and severe, for the reason that they have the power of punishing either justly or unjustly. That's why I pity any one, and in such a case should desire the emancipation of the serfs. Perhaps you have never seen but I have,—how good men, educated in these traditions of unlimited power, as they grow old and irritable, grow cruel and harsh, and are aware of it and cannot help themselves, and so become ever more and more unhappy."

Prince Andrei said this with so much feeling, that Pierre could not avoid conjecturing that these ideas of Prince Andrei's were suggested by his own father. He said nothing in reply.

"And this is what I lament over: human dignity, peace of mind, and purity, and not men's backs and heads; which, however much they be flogged and shaved, will still remain nothing but backs and heads still."

"No, no, a thousand times no, I never should agree with you!" cried Pierre.

CHAPTER XII.

In the afternoon, Prince Andrei and Pierre got into the calash and started for Luisiya Gorui. Prince Andrei occasionally glanced at Pierre and broke the silence with remarks, showing that he was now in the very happiest frame of mind.

Pointing to the fields, he told him about his agricultural improvements.

Pierre preserved a moody silence, replied in monosyllables, and seemed to be immersed in his thoughts.

Pierre felt that Prince Andrei was unhappy, that he was deluding himself, that he was ignorant of the true light, and that it was his duty to come to his aid, to enlighten him, and lift him up. But as soon as Pierre tried to think what and how he should speak, he was seized with the consciousness that Prince Andrei by a single word, by a single argument, might destroy everything in his teaching, and he was afraid to begin; he was afraid of exposing to the possibility of ridicule the beloved Ark of his convictions.

"No, but why should you think so?" suddenly began Pierre, lowering his head and taking the aspect of a bull about to charge. "What makes you think so? You have no right to think so!"

"To think how?" asked Prince Andrei in amazement.

"About life, about man's destination. It cannot be. I used to think exactly the same way, and do you know what saved me? — Freemasonry! No, don't smile! Freemasonry is not a religious, a ceremonial sect, as I once supposed, but it is something much better, it is the one expression of the best, of the eternal in humanity."

And Pierre began to expound Freemasonry to Prince Andrei as he understood it.

He declared that Freemasonry was the doctrine of Christianity freed from political and religious dogmatic bonds: the doctrine of equality, fraternity, and love.

"Our sacred brotherhood only has a practical conception of life; everything else is visionary," said Pierre. "You must comprehend, my dear fellow, that outside of this fraternity, everything is full of falsehood and deception, and I agree with you that for an intelligent and good man nothing is left except to live out his life as you do, merely striving not to interfere with any one. But once adopt our fundamental principles, join our confraternity, come with us heart and soul, allow yourself to be guided, and you will immediately perceive, just as I did, that you are a part of a tremendous, invisible chain, the beginning of which is hidden in heaven," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei, silently looking straight ahead, listened to Pierre's discourse. Several times when owing to the rumble of the carriage, he failed to catch a word, he asked Pierre to repeat it. Pierre could see by the unusual gleam in Prince Andrei's eyes and by his silence, that his words were not without effect, that Prince Andrei would not throw ridicule on what he said.

They reached a river where there was a freshet, and which had to be crossed by ferry. While they were arranging for the disposition of the calash and horses, the two young men went down upon the ferry-boat.

Prince Andrei, leaning his elbows on the railing, looked in silence down along the brimming river, which gleamed under the rays of the setting sun.

"Well, what do you think about it?" asked Pierre. "Why are you so silent?"

"What do I think? I have been listening to what you said, that's all," said Prince Andrei. "You say 'join our confraternity and we will teach you the purpose of life and the object of man's existence, and the laws that govern the world.' But who are 'we'? Simply men! How do *you* know all that? Why is it that I am the only one that fails to see what you are privileged to see? You see a kingdom of goodness and truth on earth, but that is what I do not see."

Pierre interrupted him, —

"Do you believe in the future life," he asked.

"In the future life?" repeated Prince Andrei, but Pierre gave him no time to reply, and took for granted that this very repetition of his words was a denial, the more so because he had known of old, Prince Andrei's atheistical convictions.

"You say you cannot see the kingdom of goodness and truth on earth. And I do not see it, and it is impossible to see it, if we look upon our life here as the end of all things. On the earth, especially on this earth here" — Pierre pointed toward a field — "there is no truth; it is all lies and evil; but in the universe, in the whole universe, is the kingdom of truth, and now we are the children of the earth; in eternity we are the children of the whole universe. Do I not feel in my own soul that I constitute a part of this mighty harmonious whole? Do I not have the consciousness that in this enormous, innumerable collection of beings in which Godhead is manifest — Supreme Force, if you prefer the term — that I constitute one link, one step between the lower orders of creation and the higher ones? If I see, clearly see, this ladder which rises from the plant to man, then why should I suppose that it stops at me, and does not lead higher and ever higher? I know that just as nothing is ever annihilated in the universe, so I can never perish but shall always exist, and always have existed. I know that besides myself spirits must exist above me, and that truth is in this universe."

"Yes, that is Herder's doctrine," said Prince Andrei. "But

that is not enough to convince me, my dear; but life and death are what convince. You are convinced when you see a being who is dear to you, who is bound to you by sacred ties, toward whom you have done wrong, and have hoped to atone for the wrong" — Prince Andrei's voice trembled and he turned his head away — "and suddenly this being suffers, is tormented, and ceases to be. Why is it? It cannot be that there is no answer, and I believe that there is one. That is what convinces a man, that is what has convinced me," said Prince Andrei.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Pierre, "and isn't that exactly what I said?"

"No! I merely maintain that arguments do not convince one of the necessity of a future life, but this: when you go through life hand in hand with a companion, and suddenly that companion vanishes, *there, into the nowhere*, and you are left standing by this gulf, and straining your eyes to look into it! And I have looked in!"

"Well, then! You know that there is a *there*, and that there is a *some one*. 'There, is the future life. The, some one, is God.'"

Prince Andrei made no reply. The horses had been long harnessed again into the calash on the other bank, and the ferriage fees paid, and already the sun was half hidden and the evening frost was beginning to skim over the pools by the ferry with crystal stars, and still Pierre and Andrei, to the amazement of the servants, the drivers, and the ferry hands, stood on the ferry-boat talking.

"If there is a God and a future life, then truth must exist, then virtue must exist; and man's highest happiness consists in striving to attain them. We must live, we must love, we must believe," Pierre was saying. "Believe not that we exist for a to-day on this lump of earth, but that we have lived and shall live for ever yonder in the Whole" — he pointed to the sky.

Prince Andrei was standing with his elbows resting on the railing of the ferry-boat and listening to Pierre, and without turning away his eyes he gazed at the red disk of the sun reflected in the brimming river. Pierre came to a pause. It was perfectly still. The boat had long been moored, and only the ripples of the current glided by the bottom of the boat with a faint murmur. It seemed to Prince Andrei that this lapping of the waves corroborated Pierre's words and murmured: "It is true: have faith in it!"

Prince Andrei smiled, and with a radiant, childlike, tender expression looked into Pierre's flushed and enthusiastic face, which, nevertheless, showed that shyness peculiar to him in the presence of a friend of superior attainments.

"Ah, yes! if it were only so," said he. "But let us be starting," added Prince Andrei, and as he stepped off the boat, he glanced at the sky, to which Pierre called his attention, and for the first time since Austerlitz he saw those lofty, eternal heavens, which he had looked into as he lay on the battle-field, and something long dormant, something that was the better part of himself, suddenly awoke with new and joyful life in his soul.

This feeling vanished as soon as Prince Andrei fell back again into the ordinary conditions of existence, but he knew that this feeling, though he was unable to develop it, still lived in him. His meeting with Pierre was for Prince Andrei an epoch with which to begin his new life, not indeed to outward sight, which remained unchanged, but in the inner world of his consciousness.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrei and Pierre drove up to the principal entrance of the Luisogorsky mansion. Just as they reached there, Prince Andrei, with a smile, called Pierre's attention to the hubbub at the rear doorsteps. An old woman, bending under the weight of a birch bark sack, and a short man, in black attire and with long hair, seeing the approach of the calash, started to run in through the back gates. Two women were hurrying after them, and all four, gazing in affright at the carriage, hurried up the back stairs.

"Those are some of Masha's 'Men of God,'" said Prince Andrei. "They took us for my father. And this is the only thing in which she dares think of going against his wishes: his orders are to drive these pilgrims out, but she likes to receive them."

"But who are these pilgrims, — 'Men of God,' as you call them?"

Prince Andrei had no time to reply to him. Servants came out to meet them, and he began to ask where the old prince was and how soon he was expected.

The old prince was still at Smolensk, but was expected at any time.

Prince Andrei took Pierre to his own chambers which were always kept in perfect order for his reception in his father's house, and he himself went to the nursery.

"Let us go and find my sister," said Prince Andrei, rejoining Pierre. "I have not seen her yet: she is hidden away somewhere, talking with her 'Men of God.' It will make her very much confused, but you shall see her 'Men of God.' *C'est curieux, ma parole.*"

"But who are these men of God?" asked Pierre again.

"You shall see for yourself."

It was a fact that the Princess Mariya was confused, and her face blushed in patches when they joined her. In her cosy chamber, with the tapers burning in front of the holy pictures, on the divan behind the samovar, by her side sat a young lad with a long nose and long hair, and dressed in a monastic cassock.

In an arm-chair near by sat a wrinkled, lean old woman with a sweet expression on her childlike face.

"*André, pourquoi ne pas m'avoir prévenu* — why didn't you tell me?" said she with gentle reproach, standing up in front of her pilgrims like a hen trying to protect her chicks.

"Charmed to see you. I am delighted to see you," said she to Pierre, still in French, as he stooped to kiss her hand. She had known him as a boy, and now his friendship for Andrei, his unhappiness with his wife, and above all, his good, simple, face quite won her heart. She looked at him from her lovely, lucid eyes, and her expression seemed to say, "I like you very much, but please do not make fun of my friends."

After they had exchanged the first greetings they sat down.

"Ah, and here is the young Ivánushka," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, indicating the pilgrim lad.

"André!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya, in a beseeching tone.

"You must know that he is a woman," said Prince Andrei to Pierre.

"*André, au nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

It was evident that Prince Andrei's jesting behavior toward the pilgrims and the Princess Mariya's unprofitable defence of them were matters of long standing between them.

"But, my dear girl," said Prince Andrei, "you ought, on the contrary, to be very grateful to me for explaining to Pierre your intimacy with this young man." *

* "*Mais, ma bonne amie, vous devriez, au contraire, m'être reconnaissante de ce que j'explique à Pierre votre intimité avec ce jeune homme.*"

"*Vraiment?* Are you in earnest?" asked Pierre, with some curiosity and with perfect seriousness — and for this the princess was especially grateful to him — looking over his spectacles at Ivanushka's face, who, perceiving that the talk was concerning him, looked at all of them with cunning eyes.

It was entirely useless for the Princess Mariya to be mortified on account of her friends. They were not in the least abashed. The old woman, dropping her eyes, though looking at the new comers sidewise out of the corners of them, turned her cup bottom side up on the saucer, placed next it the half-gnawed lump of sugar, and sat silent and motionless in her chair, waiting to be asked to have another cup. Ivanushka, drinking out of his saucer, gazed at the young men from under his sly, womanlike eyes.

"Where have you been? To Kief?" asked Prince Andrei of the old woman.

"Yes," replied the old woman, laconically. "On Christmas day I was deemed worthy to partake of the holy sacrament with the saints. But just now I come from Kolyazin, father; a great blessing has been vouchsafed there" —

"Tell me, has Ivanushka been with you?"

"No, I have been all by myself alone, benefactor," said Ivanushka, striving to make his voice bass. "It was only at Yukhnovo that Pelageyushka and I met."

Pelageyushka interrupted her companion; she was evidently anxious to tell what she had seen.

"In Kolyazin, father, a great blessing has been shown."

"What was that? New relics?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Come, that'll do, Andrei," said the Princess Mariya.

"Don't you tell him, Pelageyushka!"

"Ni! but why not, mother, why shouldn't I tell him? I love him. He is good; he is one of the God's elect, he gave me ten rubles once — he is my benefactor — I remember it very well. When I was in Kief, Kiriyusha the Foolish said to me, — he's truly a man of God, he goes barefoot winter and summer, — 'What makes you wander round out of your own place,' says he to me, says he, 'go to Kolyazin, there is a wonder-working ikon; the Holy Mother of God has manifested herself there.' So I said good-by to the saints, and I went there."

No one interrupted, the old woman alone in her monotonous voice spoke, occasionally stopping to get her breath.

"I went there, my father, and the people there said to me, 'A great blessing has been vouchsafed to us. Holy oil

has trickled down from the cheeks of the Holy Mother of God."

"Well, that will do, that will do; you can tell the rest by and by," said the Princess Mariya, blushing.

"Let me ask a question of her," broke in Pierre. "Did you see it with your own eyes?" he asked.

"Indeed, I did, father; I myself was deemed worthy. Such brightness in her face, like light from heaven, and from the Virgin's cheeks it trickled and trickled."

"But see here, that was a fraud," was Pierre's naive comment, after listening with all attention to her story.

"Akh! Father, what do you say?" exclaimed Pelageyushka, in a tone of horror, turning to the Princess Mariya for protection.

"That's the way they deceive the people," he reiterated.

"Oh, our Lord Jesus Christ!" exclaimed the old woman, crossing herself. "Okh! don't say such a thing, father. And that's the way a certain anaral" — she meant to say general — "was an unbeliever; he used to say, 'the priests deceive.' Yes, and he was took blind in consequence. And he dreamed that the *mátushka Petchórskaya* * came to him and says: 'Believe in me and I will cure you.' And so he began to beg them: 'Take me, oh take me to her.' And I tell you this as gospel truth — I see it with my own eyes. They took him stone blind as he was, straight to her; he fell on his knees, and says to her: 'Heal me, I will give thee,' says he, 'what the tsar gave me.' And, father, I myself seen the star on her, just as he gave it to her. And so he got back his sight. It's a sin to speak so! God will punish you," said she admonishingly to Pierre.

"How did the star look on the holy picture?" asked Pierre.

"And did they promote the Virgin to be a general?" asked Prince Andrei, smiling.

Pelageyushka suddenly turned pale and clasped her hands.

"Oh, father, father! What a sin! And you with a son!" Her face flushed again. "Lord forgive him! *Mátushka*, what does this mean?" she asked, turning to the Princess Mariya.

She got up, and almost weeping, began to gather together her saddle-bag. It was evident that it was both terrible and shameful to her to take advantage of benefactions in a house

* The *mátushka*, little mother (that is, the Virgin), of the Petchorsky monastery, or Monastery of the Catacombs, at Kief.

where such things could be said, and yet she regretted that it was now necessary for her to deprive herself of them.

"Now what amusement can you find in this?" asked the Princess Mariya. "Why did you come to my room?"

"No, Pelageyushka, I was only joking," said Pierre. "*Princesse, ma parole, je n'ai pas voulu l'offenser*—I didn't mean to hurt her feelings. It was only my way. Don't have such an idea; I was only joking," he repeated, smiling timidly, and anxious to smooth over his offence. "You see, I was only in fun and he was, too."

The old Pelageyushya paused in doubt, but Pierre's face showed such sincere repentance, and Prince Andrei looked now at her and now at Pierre with such a gentle expression that she gradually recovered her peace of mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE pilgrim woman soon recovered confidence again, and returning to her favorite theme, gave a long account of Father Amflokhi, who was such a holy man in his life that his "dear little hands" smelt of incense, and how her friends the monks during her last pilgrimage to Kief had given her the keys to the catacombs, and how she, taking only some little biscuits—*sukháríki*—had spent forty-eight hours in them with the saints.

"I pray before one, I worship, and then I go to another. Then I take a nap and go and kiss the other relics, and oh *mátushka*, such peace, such blessed comfort—never did I want to come up into God's world again!"

Pierre listened to her with an attentive and serious expression. Prince Andrei left the room, and the Princess Mariya, leaving her "God's people" to finish drinking their tea, invited Pierre into the drawing-room.

"You are very kind," said she.

"Akh! truly I did not mean to offend her! I appreciate and prize so dearly such feelings."

The Princess Mariya looked at him without speaking, and a gentle smile played over her lips.

"I have known you a long time, and I feel as though you were my own brother," said she. "How do you find Andrei?" she asked hastily, not giving him time to respond to her affectionate words. "I feel very solicitous about him. In the winter his health was better, but this spring his wound opened

again, and the doctor said that he ought to go away and be treated. And I am very apprehensive about his mental condition. His nature is so different from us women, and he cannot ease his grief by a good fit of crying. He carries it in his heart. To-day he is jolly and full of life; but that is caused by your visit. He is rarely so. If you could only persuade him to go abroad. He needs activity, and this quiet, monotonous life is killing him. Other people don't notice it, but I see it."

At ten o'clock the servants rushed to the doorsteps, hearing the harness-bells of the old prince's carriage. Prince Andrei and Pierre also hastened to meet him.

"Who is this?" asked the old prince, as he got out of the carriage and caught sight of Pierre.

"Ah! I am very glad! Kiss me!" he cried, as soon as he learned who the young stranger was. He was in excellent spirits, and treated Pierre in the most friendly way.

Before supper, Prince Andrei, returning to his father's cabinet, found him in a hot discussion with Pierre. Pierre argued that the time was coming when there would be no more war. The old prince in a bantering but not angry tone maintained the opposite. "Drain all the blood from men's veins and pour in water instead, and then you will have an end of war! Old women's drivel! old women's drivel!" he exclaimed, but still he affectionately tapped Pierre on the shoulder as he went over to the table where Prince Andrei had taken a seat, evidently not caring to enter the discussion, and was glancing over the papers which his father had brought from the city. The old prince went to him and began to talk with him about business.

"Count Rostof, the marshal, has not furnished half his quota, and when I got to town, he actually conceived the notion of asking me to dinner — I gave him an answer that settled him! But just look at this! Well, brother," said Nikolai Andreyitch, addressing his son, but patting Pierre on the shoulder, "your friend is a fine young man, I like him very much. He warms me up. Many another has clever things to say, but one doesn't care anything about hearing what he says. But this one succeeds in warming an old man like me all up. Well, go on, go on," he added. "Maybe I'll come and sit down to supper with ye. I'd like another discussion. Make yourself agreeable to my little goose, the Princess Mariya," he shouted after Pierre through the door.

During this visit to Luisiya Gorui, Pierre for the first time appreciated the real strength and charm of his friendship with

Prince Andrei. This charm was manifested not so much by his relations with Andrei himself, as it was with all his relatives and the inmates of the house. Pierre felt that he was received on the footing of an old friend, both by the stern old prince and the sweet, shy, Princess Mariya, and yet neither of them had hitherto really known him. Both of them soon grew to be very fond of him. The Princess Mariya, whose heart was won by his genial treatment of her pilgrim friends, looked at him from her big, lucid eyes, and even the little "yearling Prince Nikolai," as his grandfather called him, smiled at Pierre and liked to go to him. Mikhail Ivanutch and Mademoiselle Bourienne looked at him and smiled pleasantly while he talked with the old prince.

The old prince came down to supper: this was evidently on Pierre's account. During the two days of his visit at Luisiya Gorui, he treated him in the most flattering way, and often bade him come to his own room.

After Pierre had gone, and all the members of the family met, they began to express their opinions of him, as is always the case after the departure of a new acquaintance; but, as is rarely the case, they all agreed in saying pleasant things of him.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSTOF, on returning from his furlough, for the first time felt and realized how strong were the ties that bound him to Denisof and the rest of the regiment.

When he went back to his regiment he experienced a sensation analogous to that which came over him on his return to his home on the Pavarskaya. When he saw the first husar of his regiment, with unbuttoned uniform, when he recognized the red-headed Dementyef, when he caught sight of the roan horses picketed, when Lavrushka joyfully shouted to his barin: "The count has come," and the tattered Denisof, who had been having a nap, came running out from his earth hut, and threw his arms around him, and the officers all came out to greet him, Rostof felt very much as he did when his mother and father and sister welcomed him home: tears of joy filled his throat and choked his utterance.

The regiment was also his home, and as sweet and dear to him as the home of his childhood.

After reporting to the regimental commander and being assigned to his old squadron, after taking his turn as officer of

the day and forage purveyor, after getting into the current of all the small interests of the regiment, and coming to a realizing sense that he was now deprived of his freedom, and was confined to a narrow and rigid routine, — Rostof felt the same sense of restfulness, the same moral support, and the same consciousness of being at home, in his proper place, as he had felt while under the paternal roof-tree. There was nothing more of that mad confusion of the outside world in which he found himself out of place and often engaged in questionable actions; there was no Sonya, with whom he ought or ought not to come to an explanation; there was no choice offered him of going somewhere or not going somewhere; there were no longer those twenty-four hours which had to be filled with so many varied occupations; there was an end to that innumerable throng of people whose presence or absence was a matter of indifference to him; there was an end to those obscure and indefinable pecuniary relations with his father; an end to his recollections of those terrible losses to Dolokhof!

Here in the regiment all was open and simple. All the world was divided into two unequal divisions: one was "our" Pavlograd regiment, and the other — all the rest. And he had nothing whatever in common with this rest. In the regiment everything was known: who was lieutenant, who was captain, who was a good fellow, who was a rascal, and above all, who was his messmate. The sutler sold on credit, the pay was given quarterly. There was no necessity for thought or decision, provided only that one did nothing that was considered dishonorable in the Pavlograd regiment; but fulfil your duty, do what is commanded you in clear, explicit and unmistakable language, and all will be well.

Coming back again to these explicit conditions of army life, Rostof felt a sense of comfort and satisfaction analogous to that experienced by a weary man when he lies down to rest. To Rostof his army life was all the more agreeable during this campaign from the fact that after his losses from his gambling with Dolokhof — an action which he could not forgive, in spite of the forgiveness of his relatives — he made up his mind to serve not as formerly, but in such a way as to atone for his fault, to be scrupulously faithful, to prove himself a thoroughly admirable comrade and officer, in other words a "fine man." This might seem quite too hard were he "in the world," but was quite possible in the regiment.

He had also determined, ever since the time of his gambling episode, to pay back his debt to his parents within five years.

They sent him ten thousand rubles a year ; now he resolved to take only two, and to apply the remainder to the extinction of the debt.

Our army, after repeated marches and countermarches, with skirmishes at Pultusk and at Preussisch-Eylau, was concentrated in the vicinity of Bartenstein, where they were awaiting the arrival of the emperor and the beginning of a new campaign.

The Pavlograd regiment, belonging to that division of the army which had taken part in the movements of the year 1805, had been recruited to its full quota in Russia, and had arrived too late for these first actions of the campaign. It had been neither at Pultusk nor at Preussisch-Eylau, and now, at the beginning of the second part of the campaign, having united with the acting army, it was detailed to serve under Platof.

Platof's division was acting independently of the army. Several times the Pavlogradsui had taken part in skirmishes with the enemy, captured prisoners, and once even took Marshal Oudinot's baggage. During the month of April, the Pavlogradsui were stationed for several weeks in the vicinity of an utterly dilapidated and deserted German village without stirring from the spot.

It was thawing and cold ; the rivers were beginning to break up ; the roads were impassable, owing to the mud ; for many days no provision had been brought for horses or men. As it seemed an impossibility for transport trains to arrive, the men scattered about among the pillaged and deserted villages in search of potatoes, but even these were scarce.

Everything had been devoured, and all the inhabitants had fled. Those who were left were worse than poverty-stricken : there was indeed nothing to take from them, and even the usually pitiless soldiery oftentimes let them keep the little that they had, instead of appropriating it for themselves.

The Pavlograd regiment had lost only two men, wounded in engagements, but they had lost almost half their numbers from sickness and starvation. Death was so certain if they went into the hospitals, that the soldiers suffering from fevers and swellings, caused by bad food, preferred to keep in the ranks — dragging themselves by sheer strength of will to the front, rather than take their chances in the hospitals.

As spring opened, they began to find a plant just showing above the ground ; it resembled asparagus, and for some reason they called it " Mashka's sweetwort," though it was very bit-

ter. They hunted for it all over the fields and meadows, digging it up with their sabres and devouring it, in spite of the injunction not to eat this injurious plant. Later a new disease broke out among the soldiers — a swelling of the arms, legs, and face, and the physicians attributed it to the use of this root. But notwithstanding the prohibition, the men of Denisof's squadron eagerly ate "Mashka's sweetwort," because for a fortnight they had been trying to subsist on the few remaining biscuits — half pound rations being dealt out to each man, while the last consignment of potatoes had proved to be rotten and sprouted.

The horses also had been subsisting for a fortnight on thatching-straw taken from the roofs, and had become shockingly emaciated, and, even before the winter was over, covered with tufts of uneven hair.

Yet, in spite of this terrible destitution, officers and men lived just the same as usual. Just as always, though with pale and swollen faces, and in ragged uniforms, the hussars attended to their duties, went after forage and other things, groomed their horses, cleaned their arms, tore the thatch from roofs to serve as fodder, and gathered around the kettles for their meals, from which they got up still hungry, while they joked over their wretched fare and hunger. And just as usual during the hours when they were off duty, the soldiers built big fires, stripped and stood around them steaming themselves, smoked their pipes, sorted and baked their rotten, sprouting potatoes, and told stories about the campaigns of Patemkin and Suvarof, or legends of Alyosha the Cunning, or of Mikolka Popovitch the Journeyman.

The officers also as usual lived in couples, or in threes, in unroofed and half-ruined houses. The older ones looked after the procuring of straw and potatoes and other means of victualling the men. The younger ones were occupied as usual, some with card-playing (money was plentiful if provisions were not), some with innocent games, — *sváika*, a kind of ring toss, and quoits or skittles. Little was said about matters in general, partly because nothing positive was known, partly because there was a general impression that the war was going badly.

Rostof lived just as before with Denisof, and the friendship that united them was closer than ever since their furlough. Denisof never spoke of Rostof's family, but by the affectionate friendship manifested by the commander for his subordinate officer, Rostof felt assured that the old hussar's unfortunate

love for Natasha was an additional factor in the strength of his affection.

Denisof evidently tried to send Rostof as rarely as possible on dangerous expeditions, and to shield him, and after a skirmish, or anything of the sort, displayed intense delight to find him safe and sound.

On one of his expeditions Rostof found an old Pole and his daughter, with an infant at the breast, in a deserted, ruined village, where he had gone in search of provisions. They were almost naked and starving, and had no means of getting away. Rostof brought them to his lodgings, installed them in his own rooms, and kept them for several weeks, until the old man got well. One of Rostof's comrades, while talking about women, began to make sport of Rostof, declaring that he was the slyest of them all, and that it was no wonder that he did not care to introduce his comrades to the pretty little Pole whom he had rescued.

Rostof took the jest as an insult, and, losing his temper, said such disagreeable things to the officer, that Denisof had great difficulty in preventing a duel. When the officer had gone, and Denisof, who knew nothing about what relationship Rostof bore toward the Pole, began to upbraid him for his temper, Rostof said, —

"Well, maybe you are right; she is like a sister to me, and I cannot describe how this thing offended me. Because — well, because" —

Denisof gave him a rap on the shoulder and began swiftly to march up and down the room, not looking at his friend. This was a habit of his at moments of mental excitement.

"What a deucedly fine bweed all those Wostof's are!" he exclaimed, and Rostof noticed tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the month of April, the troops were cheered by word that the sovereign was coming to the army. Rostof did not have the privilege of taking part in the review made by the emperor at Bartenstein, for it happened that the Pavlogradsui were stationed at the advanced posts, a considerable distance in front of Bartenstein. They were established in bivouacs. Denisof and Rostof lived in an earth-hut excavated for them by their soldiers, and covered with boughs and turf.

This earth-hut was constructed as follows, according to a

plan much in vogue at that time: a trench three feet and a half wide, a little less than five deep, and about eight long was dug. At one end steps were constructed, and this formed the entry, the "grand staircase"; the trench itself constituted the abode, in which those who were fortunate, as, for instance, the squadron-commander, had a board set on posts on the side opposite the entrance; this served as the table. On each side along the trench the earth was hollowed away to half its depth, making a bed and divan. The roof was so constructed that in the middle it was possible to stand erect under it, and one could sit up on the beds by leaning over toward the table.

Denisof, who lived luxuriously, because the men of his squadron were fond of him, had an extra board in the pediment of the roof, and in this board was a pane of glass, broken to be sure, but mended with glue. When it was very cold, coals from the soldiers' fires were brought on a bent piece of sheet iron and set on the steps in the "reception-room," as Denisof called this part of the hovel, and this made it so warm that the officers, who used to come in great numbers to visit Denisof and Rostof, could sit there in their shirt sleeves.

In April, Rostof happened to be on duty. One morning about eight o'clock, returning home after a sleepless night, he ordered some coals to be brought, changed his linen, which had been wet through by the rain, went through his devotions, drank his tea, got thoroughly warmed, put his belongings into order in his own corner and on the table, and, with his face flushed by the wind and the fire, threw himself down on his back, in his shirt sleeves, with his arms for a pillow. He was indulging in pleasant anticipations of the promotion which was likely to follow his last reconnoitring expedition, and was waiting for the return of Denisof, who had gone off somewhere. Rostof was anxious to have a talk with him.

Suddenly, behind the hut, he heard Denisof's high-pitched voice: he had evidently returned in a bad humor. Rostof went to the "window" to look out and see whom he was berating; he recognized the quartermaster, Topcheyenko.

"I have given you special orders not to let them eat that woot, Mashka's what-you-call-it," cried Denisof. "And here I've seen it with my own eyes; Lazarchuk was bwinging some in fwom the field."

"I have given the order, your high nobility, but they won't listen to it," replied the quartermaster.

Rostof again lay down on his bed, and said to himself with a feeling of content: "Let him kick up a row and make as

much fuss as he pleases ; I've done my work, and now I'll lie down ; it's first-class !”

He heard Lavrushka, Denisof's shrewd and rascally valet join his voice to the conversation going on outside the hut. Lavrushka had something to tell about ox-carts laden with biscuits which he had seen as he was going after provisions.

Denisof's sharp voice was again heard behind the hut, and his command : “Second platoon to saddle !”

“What can be up ?” wondered Rostof.

Five minutes later, Denisof came into the hut, climbed up with his muddy boots on his bed, lighted his pipe in grim silence, tossed over all his belongings, got out his whip and sabre and started from the hut. In reply to Rostof's question, “Whither away,” he gruffly and carelessly replied that he had something to attend to.

“May God and the soveweign be my judges !” he exclaimed as he went out, and then Rostof heard the hoofs of several horses splashing through the mud. Rostof did not take any pains to inquire where Denisof had gone. Warm and comfortable in his corner, he soon fell asleep, and it was late in the afternoon when he left the hut.

Denisof had not yet returned. The weather had cleared up bright and beautiful. Near a neighboring hut two officers and a yunker were playing *svâika*, merrily laughing as they drove the *redki*, or mumblepegs into the loose, muddy ground. Rostof joined them. In the midst of the game the officers saw a train approaching them : fifteen hussars on emaciated horses followed the wagons. The teams, convoyed by the hussars, approached the picketing station, and a throng of hussars gathered round them.

“There now, Denisof has been mourning all the time,” said Rostof, “and here are provisions after all !”

“See there !” cried the officers. “Won't the men be happy !”

A short distance behind the hussars rode Denisof, accompanied by two infantry officers, with whom he was engaged in a heated discussion. Rostof started down to meet him.

“I was ahead of you, captain,” declared one of the officers, a lean little man, evidently beside himself with passion.

“See here ! I have told you that I would not weturn 'em !” replied Denisof.

“You shall answer for it, captain ; this is violence — to rob an escort of their wagons. Our men have not had anything to eat for two days.”

"And mine have not had anything to eat for two weeks," replied Denisof.

"This is highway robbery. You'll answer for it, my dear sir," repeated the infantry officer, raising his voice.

"What are you bothewing me for! Hey?" screamed Denisof, suddenly losing his temper. "I am the one who is responsible, and not you. What is the object of all your buzzing here? Forward!—Marsch!" he cried to the officers.

"Very good!" screamed the little officer, not quailing and not budging. "If you insist on pillage, then I"—

"Take yourself off to the devil! Get out of here!" and Denisof rode his horse straight at the officer.

"Very good, very good," reiterated the officer, with an oath, and turning his horse, he rode off at a gallop, bouncing in his saddle.

"A dog on a fence, a weal dog on a fence," shouted Denisof, as he rode away. This was the most insulting remark that a cavalryman could make to a mounted infantry man. Then as he joined Rostof, he burst into a loud laugh.

"I wescued 'em from the infantry, I cawied off their 'twansport' by main force," said he. "What! do they think I would let my men pewish of starvation?"

The wagons which had been brought to the hussars were consigned to an infantry regiment, but Denisof, learning through Lavrushka that the "transport" was proceeding alone, had ridden off with his hussars and intercepted it. The soldiers had as many biscuits as they wished, and even enough to share with other squadrons.

The next day, the regimental commander summoned Denisof, and covering his eyes with his spread fingers, he said,—

"This is the way I look at it: I know nothing about it, and I have nothing to do with it; but I advise you to go instanter to headquarters and report this affair to the commissary department, and if possible give a receipt for so many provisions received; unless you do, the requisition will be put down to the infantry: the matter will be investigated, and may end badly."

Denisof went straight from the regimental commander's to the headquarters, with a sincere intention of adopting his advice. In the evening he returned to his hut in a condition such as Rostof had never seen his friend before. He could hardly speak or breathe. When Rostof asked him what the matter was, he only broke out in incoherent oaths and threats, in a weak and husky voice.

Alarmed at Denisof's condition, Rostof advised him to undress, drink some cold water, and send for a physician.

"They are going to twy me for wobbery — okh! Give me a dwink of water: let 'em twy me, I will beat the waskals ewewy time, and I'll tell the empewor. Give me some ice," he added.

The regimental surgeon came in and said that it was absolutely necessary to take some blood from him. He filled a soup plate with dark blood from Denisof's hairy arm, and then only was he in a condition to tell all that had taken place.

"I get there," said Denisof, telling his story. "Where is your head man here?" They show me. 'Can't you wait?' 'I have pwessing business; come thirty versts, impossible to wait; let me see him!' Vewy good: out comes the wobber-in-chief, he too undertakes to lecture me: 'This is highway wobbery.' 'A man,' says I, 'is not a wobber, who takes pwovisions to feed his soldiers, but one who fills his own pockets.' — 'Will you please keep quiet!' 'Vewy good.' 'Sign a we-ceipt at the commissioner's,' says he 'and your affair will take its due course.' I go to the commissioner's. I go in. And there at the table, who do you suppose? No! Guess. Who has been starving us?" screamed Denisof, gesticulating his wounded arm, and pounding the table with his fist so violently that the board almost split and the glasses on it jumped up. "Telyanin! — 'So it's you, is it, who's been starving us? Once before you had your snout slapped for you, and got off cheap at that. Ah! what a — what a' — and I began to give it to him. I enjoyed it, I can tell you," cried Denisof, angrily and yet gleefully showing his white teeth under his black mustache.

"I should have killed him, if they had not sepawated us."

"Here, here, what are you shouting so for? Calm yourself," said Rostof. "You've set your arm bleeding again. Wait, it must be bandaged."

They bandaged Denisof's arm, and got him off to bed. The following day he woke jolly and calm.

But at noon, the adjutant of the regiment, with a grave and regretful face, came into Rostof and Denisof's earth-hut, and with real distress served upon Major Denisof a formal document from the regimental commander, who had been called to account for the proceeding of the day before. The adjutant informed them that the affair was likely to assume a very serious aspect, that a court-martial commission had been convened, and that on account of the severity with which just at that time rapine and lawlessness were treated, he might con-

sider himself fortunate if the affair ended with mere degradation.

Those who felt themselves aggrieved, represented the affair as in somewhat this way: that after the pillage of the transport, Major Denisof, without any provocation and apparently drunk, had made his appearance before the "commissary," called him a thief, threatened to thrash him, and when he was dragged away, he had rushed into the office, struck two *chinovniks*, and sprained the arm of one of them.

Denisof, in reply to a fresh series of questions from Rostof, laughed, and said that he thought some one else had been there in that condition; but that all this story was rubbish, fiddle-faddle, that he was not afraid of any court-martials, and that if these villains dared to pick a quarrel with him, he would answer them in a way that they would not soon forget.

Denisof spoke with affected indifference about all the affair; but Rostof knew him too well not to perceive that at heart — though he hid it from the rest — he was afraid of a court-martial, and was really troubled by this affair, which evidently might have sad consequences. Every day, inquiries, summonses, and other documents kept coming to him, and on the first of May he was required to turn over his command to his next in seniority, and appear at headquarters of the divisions to make his defence in the matter of pillaging the provision train.

On the evening preceding the day of the trial, Platof made a reconnoissance of the enemy, with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denisof, as usual, went out beyond the lines, in order to make an exhibition of his gallantry. A bullet sent from a French musket struck him in the fleshy upper portion of his leg. Most likely Denisof, in ordinary circumstances, would not have left the regiment for such a trifling wound, but now he profited by this occurrence, gave up his command of the division, and went to the hospital.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the month of June occurred the battle of Friedland, in which the Pavlogradsui took no part, and this was followed immediately by an armistice.

Rostof grievously missed his friend, and as he had not had any news of him since he left the regiment, and was doubly uneasy about his trial and the result of his wound, he took ad-

vantage of the armistice and went to the hospital to make inquiries about Denisof.

The hospital was established in a small Prussian village, which had twice been sacked by the Russian and French armies. For the very reason that it was summer, when every thing in nature was beautiful, this village, with its ruined roof-trees and fences and its filthy streets, its ragged inhabitants, and the invalid and drunken soldiers wandering about, presented an especially gloomy appearance.

The hospital had been established in a stone mansion with many broken panes and window frames, and situated in a yard with the remains of a ruined fence. A number of pale-looking soldiers, bandaged and swollen, were walking up and down, or sitting in the sun in the yard.

As soon as Rostof entered the house, he was enveloped by the odor of putrefaction and disease. On the doorstep staircase he met the Russian military surgeon, with a cigar in his mouth. The surgeon was followed by a Russian *feldsher* or assistant.

"I can't be everywhere at once," the doctor was saying. "Come this evening to Makar Alekseyevitch's, I'll be there."

The *feldsher* asked him some question.

"Eh! do as well as you know how! It doesn't make any difference, does it?" The doctor caught sight of Rostof mounting the stairs. "What are you doing here, your nobility?" asked the doctor. "What are you doing here? Because a bullet hasn't touched you, do you want to be carried off by typhus? This is the house of leprosy!"

"What do you mean?" asked Rostof.

"Typhus, *bátyushka*! It's death for whoever comes in here. Makeyef," he pointed to his assistant, "Makeyef and I are the only two left to wriggle! Five of our brother doctors have died already. When a new man comes, it's all up with him in a week," said the doctor, with apparent satisfaction. "The Prussian doctors were invited, but our allies did not like it at all."

Rostof explained his anxiety to find Major Denisof of the hussars.

"I don't know; I don't remember him. You can imagine: I have charge of three hospitals; four hundred sick is too many. It's a very good thing for benevolent Prussian ladies to send us coffee and lint at the rate of two pounds a month; if they didn't we should be utterly lost." He laughed. "Four hundred! and they send me all the new cases."

There are four hundred, aren't there? Hey?" he asked of the feldsher. His assistant looked annoyed. It was evident that he was impatient for the too-loquacious doctor to make haste and take his departure.

"Major Denisof," repeated Rostof. "He was wounded at Moliten."

"I think he's dead. How is it, Makeyef?" asked the doctor, in an indifferent tone of the feldsher.

The assistant simply repeated the doctor's words.

"Tell me, was he a tall, reddish man?" asked the doctor.

Rostof described Denisof's appearance.

"Yes, there was, there certainly was such a person," exclaimed the doctor, seeming to show a gleam of satisfaction. "But that person, I'm sure, must have died; however, I'll make inquiries; I had the lists; you have them, Makeyef, haven't you?"

"The lists are at Makar Alekseyevitch's," replied the feldsher. "But you might inquire in the officers' ward, there you would find out for yourself," he added, turning to Rostof.

"Ekh! you'd better not go," said the surgeon. "You wouldn't like to be kept here!"

Rostof, however, took leave of the surgeon, and begged the feldsher to show him the way.

"Don't you lay the blame on me," shouted the doctor, up from the bottom of the stairs.

Rostof and the feldsher went along the corridor. The hospital odor was so powerful in this dark corridor that Rostof took hold of his nose, and was obliged to pause to collect his strength before he could go farther. At the right, a door opened and a thin, sallow-looking man, on crutches, barefooted, and in his shirt sleeves, appeared. As he crossed the lintel, he gazed with gleaming, envious eyes at the approaching man. Glancing through the door, Rostof saw that the sick and wounded were lying in the room over the floor, on straw, and on their cloaks.

"May I go in and look?" he asked.

"What is there to see?" replied the officer. But for the very reason that the feldsher was evidently reluctant to have him go in, Rostof was determined to investigate the soldiers' ward. The effluvium, which he had already smelt in the corridor, was still stronger here. It had also changed somewhat in character: it was sharper, more penetrating, one could be certain that this was the very place where it originated.

In a long room, brilliantly illuminated by the sun, which

poured in through the high windows, lay the sick and wounded in two rows, with their heads to the walls, leaving a passageway between their feet. The most of them were asleep or unconscious, and paid no attention to the visitors. Those who had their senses, either lifted themselves up or raised their thin, yellow faces, and all, without exception, gazed at Rostof with one and the same expression of hope that help had come, of reproach and envy at seeing another so strong and well.

Rostof went into the middle of the ward, glanced through the half-open doors into the adjoining rooms, and on both sides saw the same spectacle. He paused and silently looked around him. He had never expected to see such a thing. In front of him, almost across the narrow passageway, lay, on the bare floor, a sick man, apparently a Cossack, as his hair was cropped, leaving a tuft. This Cossack lay on his back, with his huge legs and arms sprawled out. His face was a livid purple. His eyes were rolled up so that only the whites could be seen, and the veins in his bare legs and arms, which were still red, stood out like cords. He was thumping his head on the floor and hoarsely muttering some word which he repeated over and over again. Rostof listened to what he was saying, and at last made out what the word was: this word was "water—water—water!" Rostof looked around in search of some one to put the man in his place and give him a drink.

"Who looks after the sick here?" he asked of the feldsher, just at that moment a train-soldier, detailed to act as nurse, came along, and, scraping, made a low bow before Rostof.

"I wish you good morning, your high nobility," cried the soldier, rolling his eyes on Rostof, and evidently mistaking him for some important official.

"Lift him up; give him water," said Rostof, pointing to the Cossack.

"I will, your high nobility," said the soldier, with alacrity, rolling his eyes round still more attentively, and craning his neck, but still not stirring from the spot.

"No, there's nothing I can do here," thought Rostof, dropping his eyes; he was about to go on, but felt the consciousness that an entreating glance was fixed upon him from the right, and he turned around to see. Almost in the very corner of the room, an old soldier was sitting on a cloak. He had a thin, stern face, as yellow as a skeleton, and a rough, gray beard: he looked entreatingly at Rostof. A neighbor of the old soldier on one side seemed to be whispering something to him, and pointed to Rostof. Rostof realized that the old man was

determined to ask him some favor. He went nearer and perceived that one leg was affected with gangrene, and that the other had been amputated above the knee. Another neighbor of the old man's lay motionless at some little distance from him, with his head thrown back: this was a young soldier, whose snub-nosed face, still covered with freckles, was as white as wax; the eyes rolled up under his lids.

Rostof looked at the snub-nosed soldier, and a cold chill ran down his back.

"But this one, it seems to me, is" — he began, turning to the feldsher.

"We have already begged and prayed, your nobility," said the old soldier, with his lower jaw trembling. "It was all over this morning. Why! we are men, and not dogs."

"I will see to it immediately, he shall be removed, he shall be removed," hurriedly said the feldsher. "I beg of you, your nobility" —

"Come on, come on," replied Rostof, also hurriedly, and dropping his eyes and shrinking all together, trying to pass unobserved under the gauntlet of those reproachful and envious eyes fixed upon him, he left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASSING along the corridor, the feldsher led Rostof into the officer's ward, which consisted of three rooms, communicating by opened doors. There were beds in these rooms; the sick and wounded officers were lying and sitting on them. Some, in dressing gowns, were pacing up and down the rooms.

The first person whom Rostof met in the officer's ward was a little slim man, without an arm, and wearing a cap and dressing gown, who was walking up and down the first room with a pipe in his mouth. Rostof, on catching sight of him, racked his brains to remember where he had seen him.

"What a place for God to bring us together again!" exclaimed the little man. "I'm Tushin, Tushin, don't you remember? I brought you back safe at Schöngraben! Well, they've lopped off a little morsel, see here!" said he, smiling, and pointing to the empty sleeve of his khalat. "And you're hunting for Vasili Dmitrievitch Denisof. He's one of our chums!" he said, on learning whom Rostof wanted. "Here, here," and Tushin drew him into the second room, where several men were heard laughing loudly.

"I declare! how can they think of living here, much less of laughing?" wondered Rostof, with the odor of the dead body which he had seen in the soldiers' ward still in his nostrils, and still seeing those envious glances fixed upon him and following him, and the face of that young soldier with the up-turned eyes.

Denisof, with his head buried under the bedclothes, was sound asleep on his bed, although it was noon.

"What? Wostof? How are you, how are you?" he cried, in exactly the same voice as when he was with the regiment, but Rostof observed with pain that hidden under this show of ease and vivacity, there was a shadow of a new and disagreeable asperity in Denisof's expression, and in his words and tones.

His wound, in spite of its insignificance, was still unhealed, though six weeks had passed since the skirmish. His face, also, had the same pallor and look of puffiness which characterized all the inmates of the hospital. But it was not this that so especially struck Rostof: he was amazed by the fact that Denisof did not seem to be glad to see him, and smiled unnaturally. Denisof did not once inquire about the regiment or about the general course of affairs. When Rostof spoke of these things, Denisof did not even listen.

Rostof noticed that it was even distasteful to Denisof to be reminded of the regiment, and in general of that larger and freer existence going on outside of the hospital. It seemed as though he were trying to forget his former life, and the only thing that interested him was his quarrel with the commissary chinovnik.

In reply to Rostof's question how the affair was going, he immediately pulled out from under his pillow a document which he had received from the commission, and the rough draft of his own reply to it. He brightened up as he began to read his document, and he called Rostof's attention to the keen things which he said against his enemies in his reply. Denisof's acquaintances of the hospital, who had crowded around Rostof as a person from the outside world, gradually scattered as soon as Denisof began to read his paper. By their faces, Rostof perceived that all these gentlemen had more than once heard the whole story and were heartily sick of it. Only one, his neighbor of the next bed, a stout Uhlan, still kept his seat on his hammock, frowning gloomily, and smoking his pipe; and the little, armless Tushin continued to listen, though he shook his head disapprovingly. In the midst of the reading, the Uhlan interrupted Denisof, —

"Now, it's my opinion," said he, turning to Rostof, "that the only thing to do is simply to petition the sovereign for pardon. They say now there are going to be great rewards, and a mere matter of a pardon" —

"I petition the soveveign!" exclaimed Denisof, in a voice in which he tried hard to maintain his old-time energy and vehemence, but which sounded helplessly feeble.

"What for? If I had been a highway wobber, I might petition for pardon, but here I am court-martialled because I 'caw these wobbers through clean water,' as the saying is. Let 'em twy me, I'm not afwaid of 'em! I have served my tsar honowably, and my countwy, and I have not been a thief! and they degwade me and — See here! listen to what I w'ite 'em in stwaightforward language. This is what I wite: 'If I had been an embezzler'" —

"It's cleverly written, no question about that," said Tushin. "But that is not the point, Vasili Dmitritch." He turned also to Rostof: "He must give in, and this is what Vasili Dmitritch will not hear to doing. Now there, the auditor himself told you that it was a bad business."

"Let it be bad business, then," exclaimed Denisof.

"And the auditor wrote a petition for you," continued Tushin, "and you had better sign it and give it to him. He" — meaning Rostof — "has influence at headquarters, You won't find a better chance."

"Yes, but haven't I told you that I won't stoop to cwinge," interrupted Denisof, and once more he set out to finish his document.

Rostof did not dare to argue with Denisof, although he felt instinctively that the course indicated by Tushin and the other officers was the one advisable, and although he should have counted himself happy to find a chance to render Denisof a service, he knew Denisof's unbending will and the righteousness of his wrath.

When Denisof had finished reading his venomous diatribe, which had consumed more than an hour, Rostof had nothing to say, and he spent the rest of the day in the society of Denisof's companions, who had gathered around him again, talking. He told them all the news, and listened to the tales of the others. Denisof preserved a moody silence all the afternoon.

Late in the afternoon, Rostof got up to go, and asked Denisof if there was nothing that he could do for him.

"Yes, wait," said Denisof, glancing at the officers, and, pull-

ing some papers out from under his pillow, he went to the window, where stood an inkstand, and began to write.

"You can't split an axe-head with a whip," said he, as he came away from the window, and gave Rostof a large envelope. This was the petition to the emperor, which the auditor had written for him; in it nothing was said whatever about the faults of the commissary department, but he simply craved pardon.

"Hand it in; it's evident" — he did not finish his sentence, and smiled a painfully unnatural smile.

CHAPTER XIX.

On his return to the regiment, and having made his report to the commander, in regard to Denisof's condition, Rostof set out for Tilsit with the petition to the sovereign.

On the twenty-fifth of June, the French and Russian emperors had met at Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoi begged the distinguished individual to whose staff he was attached for permission to be present at the conference, which was to be held at Tilsit.

"*Je voudrais voir le grand homme*, I want to see him with my own eyes," said he, speaking of Napoleon, whom he, like every one else, had always hitherto called Buonaparte.

"You mean Buonaparte?" asked the general, with a smile.

Boris looked inquiringly at his general, and immediately perceived that the general was trying to quiz him.

"*Mon prince, je parle de l'Empereur Napoléon*," he replied.

The general, with a smile, tapped him on the shoulder. "You'll get on," said he, and he took him with him.

Boris was one of the few who were there at the Niemen on the day when the emperors met; he saw the rafts with the monograms; he saw Napoleon ride down the bank past the French Guards; he saw the Emperor Alexander's thoughtful face, as he sat in silence in the inn on the bank of the river, waiting for Napoleon to come; he saw the two emperors get into the boats, and Napoleon, who was the first to reach the raft, go forward with swift steps to meet Alexander, give him his hand, and then disappear with him under the pavilion.

Ever since his entry into the highest circles, Boris had conceived the habit of carefully observing whatever was going on around him and recording it. During the time of the interview at Tilsit, he inquired the names of the personages who

came with Napoleon, remarked the uniforms which they had on, and listened with great attention to the words spoken by all the men of importance. At the moment that the emperors went into the pavilion, he looked at his watch, and he did not fail to look at it again at the moment when Alexander came forth from the pavilion. The interview lasted an hour and fifty-three minutes; this fact he wrote down that very same evening, together with many others which he felt had historical significance.

Thus, the emperor's suite being very small, the fact of being present at Tilsit at the time of the interview was, for a man who prized success in the service, fraught with deep meaning; and Boris, who enjoyed this privilege, felt that his position was henceforth secured. He was not only known by name, but was looked upon as indispensable, and expected to be seen around. Twice he was sent on errands to the emperor himself, so that the sovereign came to know his face, and the inner circle not only ceased to shun him as "a new person," as before, but would have been surprised at his absence.

Boris lodged with another adjutant, the Polish Count Zhilinsky. Zhilinsky, though a Polyak, had been educated in Paris, was rich; was passionately fond of the French, and almost every day, during the time of the interview at Tilsit, he and Boris used to have the officers of the Guards and members of the imperial French staff to breakfast and dine with them.

On the evening of the sixth of July, Count Zhilinsky, Boris's chum, was giving a dinner to some of his French acquaintances. At this dinner, the guest of honor was one of Napoleon's aides; there were a number of the officers of the Imperial Guards, and a young lad belonging to an old aristocratic family, who was Napoleon's page.

That same day, Rostof, profiting by the darkness to pass unrecognized, proceeded to Tilsit, in civil dress, and went to the apartment occupied by Zhilinsky and Boris.

Rostof, in common with the whole army from which he came, were as yet far from experiencing that change which had taken place at headquarters, and in Boris, in regard to Napoleon and the French, — to look upon them as friends instead of foes.

As yet, all connected with the army still continued to experience their former derisive feeling of ill-will, scorn, and fear of Bonaparte and the French. Only a short time before, Rostof, in talking with a Cossack officer of Platof's division, had

contended that if Napoleon had been taken prisoner, he would have been treated, not as a sovereign, but as a criminal.

Even more recently, falling in with a French colonel, who had been wounded, Rostof had become heated in trying to prove that there could be no peace between a lawful sovereign and a criminal like Bonaparte.

It struck Rostof strangely, therefore, to see in Boris's rooms French officers, in the very same uniforms which he had been in the habit of viewing in an utterly different light, across from the skirmisher's lines.

The moment he saw a French officer looking out of the door, that feeling of war, of hostility, which he always experienced at sight of the foe, suddenly took possession of him. He paused at the threshold, and asked in Russian if Drubetskoï lived there.

Boris heard the unwonted voice in the entry, and came out to meet him. At the first moment, on recognizing Rostof, a shade of annoyance crossed his face.

"Ah! is it you? Very glad, very glad to see you," said he, nevertheless, and coming towards him with a smile. But Rostof had noticed his first impression.

"It seems I have come at the wrong time," said he. "I should not have come, but I had business," said he, coldly.

"No, I was only surprised that you had got away from your regiment. *Dans un moment je suis à vous,*" he shouted, in reply to some one calling him from within.

"I see that my visit is untimely," repeated Rostof.

The expression of annoyance had entirely disappeared by this time from Boris's face; apparently having considered and made up his mind what course to pursue, he seized his visitor by both hands, with remarkable ease of manner, and drew him into the adjoining room. Boris's eyes, fixed calmly and confidently on Rostof, were, as it were, shielded by something — as though there were a screen, the blue spectacles of high society — placed in front of them. So it seemed to Rostof.

"Akh! please say no more about being come inopportunely," said Boris. He drew him into the room where the table was set for dinner, introduced him to the guests, calling him by name, and explaining that he was not a civilian, but an officer in the hussars, and an old friend of his. "Count Zhilinsky," "le Comte N. N.," "le Capitaine S. S.," said he, naming the guests. Rostof scowled at the Frenchmen, bowed stiffly, and said nothing.

Zhilinsky was evidently displeased at the intrusion of this

new Russian individual into his circle, and had nothing to say to Rostof. Boris, affecting not to notice the awkwardness produced by the introduction of the new-comer, and still displaying the same easy grace and impenetrable look of his eyes, with which he had received Rostof, tried to enliven the conversation.

One of the Frenchmen turned, with characteristic Gallic politeness, to the stubbornly silent Rostof, and remarked that he supposed he had come to Tilsit to see the emperor.

"No, I came on business," replied Rostof, laconically.

Rostof's ill-humor had come on immediately at noticing the annoyance expressed in Boris's face, and, as usually happens with people who are out of sorts, he imagined that all were looking at him with unfriendly eyes, and that he was in their way. And, in truth, he was in their way, for he took no part in the conversation that was just beginning.

"And why is he sitting there?" the glances that were fixed on him seemed to say. He got up and went to Boris.

"I know I am a constraint to you," said he, in a whisper. "Come, let me tell you about my business, and I will be going."

"No, not in the least," replied Boris. "But if you are tired, let us go into my room, and you can lie down and rest."

"Well, really" —

They went into Boris's little sleeping-room. Rostof, without sitting down, began in a pettish tone — as though Boris were in some way to blame for the matter — to tell him about Denisof's affair, and asked him if he could and would send in the petition for Denisof, through the general on whose staff he was serving, and see to it that Denisof's letter reached the emperor.

When the two were alone together, Rostof, for the first time, found it awkward to look into Boris's eyes. Boris, sitting with his legs crossed, and pressing the slender fingers of his right hand into his left, listened to Rostof in the same way as a general listens to a report from his subordinate; sometimes he glanced around, and then again looked into Rostof's face with that peculiar veil of impenetrability over his eyes. Rostof felt awkward every time that he did so, and he looked down.

"I have heard of things like that, and I know that the sovereign is very strict in such cases. I think it would be best not to bring it to his majesty's attention. In my opinion, it would be better to give the petition directly to the commander of the corps. And, as a general thing, I think" —

"Then you don't care to do anything. Why not say it right out!" Rostof almost shouted, not looking at Boris's eyes.

Boris smiled: "On the contrary, I will do all that is in my power. But I thought"—

At this moment, Zhilinsky's voice was heard, calling Boris back.

"Well, go, go, go!" said Rostof, and excusing himself from the supper, and remaining alone in the little chamber, he paced for a long time up and down and listened to the lively French conversation in the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XX.

No day could have been more unfavorable for presenting Denisof's petition to the emperor, than that on which Rostof went to Tilsit. He himself could not appear in the presence of the general-in-charge, for the reason that he was in civilian's dress, and had come away without leave of absence, and Boris, even if he had had the best will in the world, could not do this on the day that followed Rostof's arrival at Tilsit.

On that day, the ninth of July, the preliminary articles of peace were signed; the emperors exchanged orders, Alexander received that of the Legion of Honor, and Napoleon that of Saint Andrew of the first degree; and on that same day a dinner was to be given to the Preobrazhensky battalion by the battalion of the French Guards. The emperors had both agreed to be present at this banquet.

Rostof felt so ill at ease, and so offended with Boris, that when, after the supper was over, Boris came back to talk with him, he pretended to be asleep, and on the next day he left the house early in the morning, taking especial pains not to see him.

Nikolai, in his civilian's hat and coat, wandered about the city, gazing at the French and their uniforms, studying the streets and residences where the French and Russian emperors were lodged. On the square, he saw tables laid out, and men making preparations for the banquet; along the streets, he beheld draperies with the Russian and French colors entwined, and the letters A. and N. in monogram. In the windows of the houses there were also flags and monograms.

"Boris isn't willing to help me, and I won't have anything more to do with him, that's a settled thing," thought Nikolai. "It's all over between us; but I won't leave town until I have

done the best I could for Denisof, and at least handed his petition to the sovereign. To the sovereign? — he is there!" said Rostof to himself, involuntarily attracted back to the mansion occupied by Alexander.

In front of the door stood saddle horses, and the suite were assembling, evidently for the purpose of escorting his majesty on a ride,

"At any moment, I may see him," said Rostof to himself. "If I could only put the letter straight into his hands! But wouldn't they arrest me, on account of being out of uniform? Impossible! He would understand on whose side justice lay. He understands everything, he knows everything! Who could be more just and generous than he? Besides, if they were to arrest me for being here, what harm would it be?" he asked himself, catching sight of an officer going into the house where the emperor lived. "It seems people do go in! Eh! it's all nonsense, I will go and give the petition to the sovereign myself,— so much the worse for Drubetskoi, who drives me to it."

And suddenly, with a resolution which was unexpected even to himself, Rostof grasped the letter in his pocket, and went straight to the residence occupied by his sovereign.

"Now, this time I will not miss my chance, as I did at Austerlitz," he said to himself, expecting every moment to meet the emperor, and feeling the blood rush to his heart at the mere thought. "I will fall at his feet and beseech him. He will lift me, listen to me, and even thank me. 'I am glad of any opportunity of doing good, but to right wrongs is my greatest happiness,'" said Rostof, imagining the words which his sovereign would say to him. And, though he had to run the gauntlet of the inquisitive glances fastened upon him, he went up the front steps of the imperial residence. From the porch, a broad staircase led straight upstairs. At the right was a half-open door. Below, at the foot of the staircase, was still another door, leading to the ground floor.

"What do you wish?" asked some one.

"To give a letter, a petition, to his majesty," said Rostof, in a trembling voice.

"A petition? It should go to the general-in-charge; please pass this way," he indicated the door leading to the ground floor. "But he won't receive it."

On hearing this voice, so cold and unconcerned, Rostof was panic-stricken at his audacity; the thought that he might at any moment meet his majesty was so entrancing, and, at the same

time, so terrible to him, that he felt like running away, but the *kammer-fourrier*, who came to meet him, opened the door into the general's office, and Rostof went in.

A short, stout man, thirty years of age, in white trousers, Hessian boots, and a batiste shirt, apparently meant for summer only, was standing in this room; a valet was behind him, buttoning a pair of handsome new braces, embroidered in silk, as Rostof could not help noticing. This gentleman was talking with some one in the next room: "*Bien faite, et la beauté du diable*—devilishly well made," this man was just saying, but when he caught sight of Rostof, he stopped and frowned.

"What is it you want? A petition?"

"What is it?" asked the individual in the next room.

"Another petitioner," replied the man in the braces.

"Tell him to come later. He's going out; we've got to go with him."

"Come later, to-morrow, to-morrow. It's too late now."

Rostof turned round and was about to go, when the man in the braces stopped him. "Who is it from? Who are you?"

"It's from Major Denisof," replied Rostof.

"And who are you? An officer?"

"Yes, a lieutenant, Count Rostof."

"What audacity! Give it to your general. And begone with you, begone." And he began to put on the rest of the uniform handed to him by his valet.

Rostof went down into the entry again, and noticed that on the steps there were still many officers and generals in full parade uniform, and that he would have to pass by them all. Cursing his audacity, his heart sinking within him at the thought that at any moment he might meet the sovereign, and be mortified, and even put under arrest in his presence, appreciating all the impropriety of his conduct, and regretting it, Rostof, with downcast eyes, was hastening away from the house, which was now surrounded by the glittering officers of the suite, when a well-known voice called him by name, and some one's hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Well, *bátyushka*, what are you doing here without a uniform?" demanded a deep bass voice.

This was a general of cavalry, formerly commander of the division in which Rostof served. During that campaign he had won the signal favor of the sovereign.

Rostof was startled, and began to justify himself, but when he saw the general's good-natured, jocose face, he drew him to one side, and began, in a voice choked by emotion, to lay his

whole case before him, and begged the general to take the part of Denisof, who was well-known to him. The general listened to Rostof's story and shook his head gravely. "Pity, pity; he's a brave fellow; give me his letter."

Rostof had only just handed him the petition and finished telling the whole story, when quick steps and a jingling of spurs was heard on the staircase, and the general, leaving him, hurried to the steps. The gentlemen composing the sovereign's suite hastened down from the staircase and went to their horses. The equerry, Hayne, the same one who had accompanied the sovereign at the battle of Austerlitz, brought up the emperor's steed, and then on the staircase was heard the slight squeak of steps, which Rostof instantly knew. Forgetting his apprehension of being recognized, Rostof went close to the doorsteps, with many other curious spectators, from among the natives, and again, though two years had passed, he recognized those adored features, the same face, the same glance, the same gait, the same union of majesty and sweetness. And that feeling of enthusiasm and love for his sovereign rose in Rostof's soul with all its former force.

The emperor wore the Preobrazhensky uniform, white cha-mois leather breeches, Hessian boots, with the star of an order which Rostof did not know. It was the *Légion d'Honneur*. As he came out on the steps, he held his hat under his arm and was putting on his gloves. He paused, glanced around, and his glance seemed to light up all about him. He said a few words to one of the generals. He also recognized the general who had been formerly commander of Rostof's division, gave him a smile and beckoned to him.

All the suite moved away from them, and Rostof noticed that this general held a rather long conversation with the sovereign.

The emperor said a few words in reply, and took a step toward his horse. Again the crowd of the suite and the crowd of spectators, with Rostof in their number, followed after the emperor. Standing by his steed, with his arm thrown over the saddle, the sovereign turned to the cavalry general, and said in a loud voice, evidently intending that he should be heard by all,—

"I cannot, general, and I cannot because the law is more powerful than I," said the emperor, and he put his foot in the stirrup. The general respectfully inclined his head; the emperor got into the saddle and rode at a gallop down the street. Rostof, forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, joined the crowd and ran after him.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the square where the emperor was going, the battalion of the Preobrazhentsui stood facing the street on the right; on the left, stood the battalion of the French Guards, in their bearskin caps.

Just as the sovereign rode up toward one flank of the battalion, which presented arms, another throng of mounted men galloped up to the other flank, and Rostof recognized Napoleon at their head. It could have been no one else. He rode at a gallop, wearing his cocked hat, with the ribbon of Saint Andrew across his breast, with his blue coat unbuttoned over his white waistcoat. Riding up to Alexander on his Arabian steed, gray, of extraordinarily good blood, with crimson housings embroidered in gold, he took off his hat, and, at this motion, Rostof, as a trained cavalryman, could not help noticing that Napoleon sat awkwardly and unsteadily on his horse. The battalions shouted "Hurrah" and "*Vive l'empereur.*" Napoleon said something to Alexander. Then the two emperors dismounted and shook hands. Napoleon's face wore a disagreeably artificial smile. Alexander, with a courteous expression, made some remark to him.

Rostof, notwithstanding the trampling of the horses of the mounted *gendarmes* constantly backing into the throng, followed every motion of the two emperors, not taking his eyes from them. It struck him as most extraordinary that Alexander treated Napoleon as an equal, and that Bonaparte bore himself toward the Russian tsar also as an equal, as though this proximity to the sovereign were perfectly natural and usual with him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with a long train following them, passed along toward the right wing of the Preobrazhensky battalion, straight toward the throng that had collected there. By some chance, the throng was allowed to press so near the emperors, that Rostof, who found himself in the very front row, felt anxious lest he should be recognized.

"Sire, I crave permission to grant the Legion of Honor to the bravest of your soldiers," said a shrill, precise voice, dwelling on every syllable. These words were spoken by the diminutive Bonaparte, looking straight up into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what he said, and inclined his head with a pleasant smile.

"To the one who conducted himself most gallantly during this last war,"* added Napoleon, laying equal stress on each syllable, with an unconcern and self-confidence that aroused Rostof's indignation. At the same time, Napoleon glanced round on the ranks of Russian soldiery drawn up before him, and still presenting arms and immovably looking into their sovereign's face.

"Will your majesty permit me to consult with the colonel?" † asked Alexander, and he made a few hasty steps toward Prince Kozlovsky, the commander of the battalion. Bonaparte began meantime to be drawing his glove from his small, white hand, and when it tore, he threw it away. An aid, hastening forward, picked it up.

"To whom shall it be given?" asked the Emperor Alexander, in a low tone, in Russian, of Kozlovsky.

"Whom would you designate, your majesty?"

The sovereign frowned with annoyance, and glancing round said,—

"Yes, but I must give him an answer."

Kozlovsky, with a resolute look, glanced along the ranks, and his eyes rested on Rostof.

"He couldn't by any possibility choose me?" said Rostof to himself.

"Lazaref," commanded the colonel, knitting his brows, and the first man in the front rank briskly stepped forward. This was Lazaref.

"Where are you going? Stand there!" whispered various voices to Lazaref, who did not know where to go. He stood in trepidation, looking askance at his colonel, and his face twitched, as is generally the case with soldiers summoned to the front. Napoleon bent his head back a little, and stretched his small, plump hand behind him, as though wishing something to be handed him. The faces of his suite, who at that instant surmised what was going to take place, showed some perplexity; there was whispering, some object was handed from one to another, and a page, the very one whom Rostof had seen at Boris's the evening before, sprang forward, and respectfully bowing over the outstretched hand, and not causing it to remain a single instant, placed in it an order, on a red ribbon.

* *Sire, je vous demande la permission de donner la Légion d'Honneur au plus brave de vos soldats. A celui qui s'est le plus vaillamment conduit dans cette dernière guerre.*

† *"Votre majesté me permettra-t-elle de demander l'avis du colonel?"*

Napoleon, not looking at it, closed two fingers, and retained the badge between them. Then he went up to Lazaref, who, with staring eyes, continued to gaze steadfastly at his sovereign and no one else. Napoleon looked at the Emperor Alexander, signifying by this that what he was doing now, he did out of consideration for his ally. The little white hand with the badge touched the button of the soldier Lazaref. Napoleon seemed to realize that all that was necessary to make this soldier forever fortunate, decorated, and distinguished above every one else in the world, was for this white hand of his merely to touch this soldier's breast! Napoleon simply suspended the cross on the soldier's chest, and, dropping his hand, returned to where Alexander was standing, as though he knew that the cross must needs stick to the man's breast. And that the cross really did!

Officious Russian and French hands instantly seized the cross and fastened it to the man's uniform. Lazaref had gazed moodily at the little man with white hands who had been doing something to him, and he continued to present arms, with his eyes again directed straight at Alexander's face, as though he were asking his sovereign whether it were his duty still to stand there, or whether he should go back, or whether there was anything else for him to do. But as no orders were given him, he stood in exactly the same motionless attitude for some time.

The sovereigns mounted and rode away. The Preobrazhentsui, breaking ranks, began to mingle with the French Guardsmen, and took their seats at the tables which had been prepared for them.

Lazaref was assigned to the seat of honor. Russian and French officers pressed around him, congratulated him, and shook hands with him. A throng of officers and the public crowded around, merely to get a sight of the man. The hum of conversation in French and Russian, and bursts of hearty laughter began to be heard around the table erected in the square.

Two officers, with flushed faces, feeling gay and happy, passed by Rostof. "What a treat, brother! All served on silver!" said one. "Did you see Lazaref?"

"I did!"

"To-morrow, they say, the Preobrazhentsui are going to give them a dinner."

"Is that so? What luck for Lazaref! twelve hundred francs pension for life!"

"How's that for a cap, children!" cried a Preobrazhenets, putting on a Frenchman's shaggy bearskin.

"Marvellously fine; very becoming!"

"Have you heard the countersign?" asked one Guardsman of another. "Day before yesterday, it was '*Napoléon, France, bravoure!*' yesterday, '*Alexandre, Russie, grandeur*'; one day our sovereign gives the watchword; and the next, Napoleon. To-morrow the sovereign is going to confer the George on the bravest of the Guards. He can't help it. He's got to keep up his end!"

Boris and his friend, Zhilinsky, also came out to witness the banquet to the Preobrazhentsui. As they returned, Boris noticed Rostof standing near the corner of a house.

"Hollo, Rostof! Good morning; we missed each other," said he, and he could not refrain from asking what had happened to him, so strangely dark and disturbed was Rostof's face.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Rostof.

"Will you join us?"

"Yes, by and by."

Rostof stood for a long time by the house corner, gazing at the feasters. His mind was filled with painful reflections which he could never bring to a satisfactory conclusion. Strange doubts had risen in his mind. Now he recalled Denisof and the change that had come over him, and his obstinacy, and the whole hospital, with those amputated legs and arms, with all that filth and disease. It came up so vividly in his imagination, at that instant, he had such a lively sense of that fetid odor of putrefaction, and that dead body, that he glanced around to see what might be the cause of it. Then, in contrast, he recalled that self-conceited Bonaparte, with his little, white hand: he was emperor now, the loved and valued friend of the Emperor Alexander! For what purpose, then, all those amputated legs and arms, and those men killed? Then he remembered Lazaref rewarded and Denisof punished and unforgiven. He found himself indulging in such strange thoughts that he was frightened.

The savor of the viands and the pangs of hunger drove him out of this mood; he had to get something to eat before going back. He went into an inn which he had seen that morning. He found so many people there, and so many officers, who, like himself, had come in citizen's dress, that he had difficulty in getting dinner.

Two officers of the same division as his own joined him.

The conversation naturally turned on the peace. These officers, Rostof's friends, like the majority of the army, were dissatisfied with the peace which had been concluded after Friedland. They maintained that if only they had held out a little longer, Napoleon would have laid down his arms, that he had no supplies or ammunition for his troops.

Nikolai ate in silence, and drank more than he ate. He alone drank two bottles of wine. The inner conflict which had risen in his soul, instead of finding solution, tormented him more than ever. He was afraid to express his thoughts, and he could not get rid of them. Suddenly, at the remark of one of the officers that it was a humiliation to look at the French, Rostof began to declaim with a heat and violence wholly uncalled for, and therefore very amazing to the officers.

"And how, pray, can you decide what would have been best?" he shouted, his face flushing suddenly crimson. "Why do you judge the sovereign's actions? What right have we to sit in judgment on him? We cannot appreciate or understand the sovereign's actions!"

"But I haven't said a word about the sovereign," replied the officer, who could not explain Rostof's violence on any other ground than that he was drunk. But Rostof did not heed him.

"We are not diplomatic chinovniks, we are soldiers and nothing else," he went on to say. "We are commanded to die, and we die. And if we are punished, then of course we must be to blame; it isn't for us to criticise. It is sufficient for our sovereign, the emperor, to recognize Bonaparte as emperor, and to conclude peace with him; then, of course, it must be so. For if we once begin to criticise and sit in judgment, then there will be nothing sacred left. We shall be declaring that there is no God, no nothing!" screamed Nikolai, pounding the table with his fist with quite unnecessary vehemence, as his friends felt; in reality it was demanded by his feelings. "It's our business to fulfil our duty, to fight, and not to think, and that's the end of it," he said in conclusion.

"And drink," said one of the officers, wishing to avoid a quarrel.

"Yes, and drink," replied Nikolai. "Hey! there! another bottle!" he cried.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1808 the emperor went to Erfurt for another interview with the Emperor Napoleon, and in the upper circles of Petersburg much was said about the magnificence of this solemn meeting.

In 1809 the intimacy between these two "arbiters of the world," as Napoleon and Alexander were called, reached such a point that when Napoleon that year declared war against Austria, the Russian troops crossed the frontier to support their former enemy, Bonaparte, against their former ally, the Emperor of Austria; and there was also talk in high life of a possible marriage between Napoleon and one of the Emperor Alexander's sisters.

Then, besides these external political combinations, the attention of Russian society was at this time occupied with especial interest with the internal reforms which were inaugurating in all parts of the imperial dominion.

In the mean time, life — the ordinary life of men — was busied with its own concerns of health and illness, labor and recreation, with its interest in philosophy, science, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatreds, sufferings, and went on as always, independent and outside of political alliance or enmity with Napoleon Bonaparte, and outside of all potential reforms.

Prince Andrei had spent two years of continuous life in the country. All those enterprises on his estates, such as Pierre had devised on his, and which the latter had brought to no result, constantly changing as he did from one plan to another, — all these projects had been accomplished by Prince Andrei without any display, and without noticeable exertion.

He had to a marked degree that practical tenacity of purpose which Pierre lacked, and which gave impetus to any enterprise, without oscillation or undue effort on his own part.

On one of his estates, the three hundred serfs were enrolled as free farmers; this was one of the first instances of the sort:

on others, the forced husbandry service was commuted for *obrok*, or quit-rent. At Bogucharovo, a *babka*, or midwife, was engaged at his expense to help in cases of childbirth, and a priest was employed at a salary to teach the children of the peasants and household servants. Half of his time, Prince Andrei spent at Luisiya Gorui with his father and son, who was still in the care of nurses: the other half he spent at his "Bogucharovsky monastery," as his father called his estate.

Notwithstanding the indifference which he had affected in Pierre's presence to all the outside events of the world, he eagerly followed them: he read many books, and was often amazed to remark when men came fresh from Petersburg, from the very vortex of life, to visit his father or himself, that, though he had not once left the country, these men were far behind him in their knowledge of what was going on in politics at home and abroad. In addition to his projects on his estates, and his general occupations in reading the most varied books, Prince Andrei spent his spare time in composing a critical account of our last two unfortunate campaigns, and a project for a change in our military code and establishment.

In the spring of 1809 Prince Andrei went to the neighborhood of Riazan, where his son, whose guardian he was, had estates.

As he sat in his calash, he enjoyed the warmth of the spring sun, and looked at the young grass, the first foliage of the birches, and the first curling clouds of the spring flying over the clear blue sky. He simply did not think, but gazed on all sides, full of joy, and free from care.

He came to the ferry where he and Pierre had talked together the year before. He came to a filthy village, barns, a vegetable garden, a slope with the remains of a snowdrift by the bridge, a hillside where the clay was hollowed into runnels, strips of stubble-field and of shrubbery where the catkins were beginning to show, and finally reached a birch forest that extended along both sides of the road. It was almost sultry in the woods; there was not a breath of wind; the birches, all covered with young, green, sticky leafage, did not even rustle. Out from under the last year's leaves, lifting them up, came the first green bracken and the violets. Scattered here and there among the birches, small evergreens, with their sombre hues, unpleasantly reminded one of winter. The horses snorted as they entered the woods, and their coats were streaked with sweat.

The footman, Piotr, said something to the coachman: the coachman replied in the affirmative. But it was evident that Piotr got very little sympathy from the coachman; he turned round on the box toward his barin:—

“Your illustriousness, how nice it is!” said he, with a deferential smile.

“What?”

“Nice, your illustriousness!”

“What was that he said?” wondered Prince Andrei. “Oh, yes! probably about the spring,” he communed to himself, glancing all around. “And how green everything is already! so early! The birches and the wild-cherries and the alders are already out. But I don’t see any oaks. Oh, yes, there’s one, there’s an oak!”

By the roadside stood an oak. It was evidently ten times as old as the birches of which the forest was mainly composed: it was ten times as large round and twice as high as any of the birches. It was enormous, two spans around in girth, and with ancient scars where huge limbs, evidently long ago lopped off, had been, and with bark stripped away. With monstrous, disproportioned, unsymmetrically spreading, gnarled arms and branches, it stood like an ancient giant, stern and scornful, among the smiling birches. Only this oak and the slender evergreens scattered through the woods, with their hue symbolical of death, seemed unwilling to yield to the fascination of the spring, and to spurn the sun and the spring.

“The spring and love and happiness!” this oak seemed to say. “And how can it be that ye still like to cheat yourselves with that stupid and senseless delusion? It’s forever the same old story, and a mere delusion. There is no spring, no sun, no happiness. Look here at these mournful, lifeless evergreens, always unchanged; and here I, too, spread out my mutilated, excoriated branches, from my back and my sides, where they grew, just as they grew; and here I stand, and I have no faith in your hopes and illusions!”

Prince Andrei looked back several times at this oak, as he rode along the forest, as though it had some message to teach him. The flowers and grass were under the oak; but it stood among them as before, frowning and immovable, monstrous and inexorable.

“Yes, that oak is right, he is a thousand times right,” said Prince Andrei to himself. “Let others, younger men, once more hug this delusion; but we know what life is; our life is done.”

A whole new series of pessimistic ideas, agreeable from their very melancholy, arose in Prince Andrei's mind, suggested by the sight of the old oak. During all the rest of his journey he seemed once more to live his life over in thought, and he came back to his former comforting and at the same time hopeless conclusion that there was nothing more for him to undertake, that he must live out his life, refrain from working evil, and not worry, and not expect anything.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE ANDREI was compelled by his obligations as trustee of the Riazan property to call upon the district *predvodityel*, or marshal of the nobility. The *predvodityel* was Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof: about the middle of May, Prince Andrei went to see him.

By this time the weather had become very warm. The woods were now in full leaf, the dust was intolerable, and it was so hot that, as he drove by water, he had a powerful desire to take a bath.

Prince Andrei, in anything but a happy frame of mind, and absorbed in thinking of the business which he had to transact with the *predvodityel*, drove into the tree-shaded avenue that led up to the mansion of the Rostofs at Otradnoye. At his right, he heard behind the trees the gay sounds of women's voices, and saw a bevy of young girls running down as if to cut off his calash. In front of the others, and therefore nearest to him, ran a very slender, indeed a strangely slender, maiden, with dark hair and dark eyes, in a yellow chintz dress, with a white handkerchief around her head, the locks escaping from it in ringlets. This maiden shouted something as she approached the calash; then seeing that it was a stranger, she ran back again with a merry laugh, and not looking at him.

Something akin to pain affected Prince Andrei at this incident. The day was so beautiful, the sun so bright, everything all around was so beautiful! But this slender, pretty young girl knew not, and had no wish to know aught, of him, and was content and happy in her separate, most likely stupid, but still gay and careless, existence. What was there for her to be merry about? What were her thoughts? Certainly not about the military code, or about Riazan quit-rents! What, then, was she thinking about? And why was she happy? Such questions involuntarily arose in Prince Andrei's mind.

Count Ilya Andreyitch was spending the summer of 1809 at Otradnoye in the same way as he had always done; that is, entertaining almost the whole Government with hunting parties, theatricals, dinners, and music. He welcomed Prince Andrei most hospitably, as he did every new guest, and almost by main force compelled him to stay for the night.

During the course of the wearisome day, monopolized by his elderly hosts, and the most distinguished of the guests, who happened to be present in large numbers on account of the old count's approaching *fête* days, Bolkonsky many times was attracted to Natasha, who was among the merriest and most entertaining of the younger portion of the household, and kept asking himself, "What can she be thinking about? Why is she so gay?"

At last, finding himself alone that night, in a new place, it was long before he could go to sleep. He read for a time, then put out his candle, then lighted it again. It was hot in the room with the shutters closed from within. He was annoyed at "that stupid old man," as he called Rostof, for having detained him by the excuse that the necessary papers had not yet come from the city; and he was vexed with himself for having staid.

Prince Andrei got up and went to the window to open it. As soon as he threw back the shutters, the moonlight, as though it had been on the watch at the window and long waiting the opportunity, came pouring into the room. He opened the window. The night was cool and calmly beautiful. In front of the window was a row of clipped trees, dark on one side and silver-bright on the other. At the foot of the trees was some sort of succulent, rank vegetation, the leaves and stalks covered with silvery dew. Farther away, beyond the trees, was a roof glittering with dew; farther to the right, a tall tree, with wide-spreading branches, showed a brilliant white bole and limbs; and directly above it the moon, almost at her full, shone in the bright, almost starless, spring night. Prince Andrei leaned his elbows on the window-sill, and fixed his eyes on that sky.

Prince Andrei's room was on the second floor: the rooms overhead were also occupied, and by people who were not asleep. He overheard women's voices above him.

"Only just once more," said a voice which Prince Andrei instantly recognized.

"But when are you going to sleep?" replied a second voice.

"I will not, can not sleep; how can I help it? Come! this is the last time."

The two female voices broke out into a snatch of song, forming the final phrase of a duet.

"Akh! how charming! Now, then, let's go to sleep; that's the end of it."

"You go to sleep, but I can't," replied the first voice, approaching the window. She evidently thrust her head quite out of the window, because the rustling of her dress was heard, and even her breathing. All was calm and stone-still, — the moon and her light, and the shadows. Prince Andrei feared to stir, lest he should betray his involuntary presence.

"Sonya! Sonya!" again spoke the first voice. "Now, how can you go to sleep! Just see how lovely it is! Akh! how lovely! Come, wake up, Sonya!" said she again, with tears in her voice. "Come, now, such a lovely, lovely night was never seen!"

Sonya made some answer expressive of her disapproval.

"No, but do look! what a moon! Akh! how lovely! Do come here! Sweetheart! darling,* come here! There, now, do you see? If you would only squat down this way, and rest yourself on your knees — a little closer — we must squeeze together more — there, if one tried, one might fly away! Yes, that's the way!"

"Look out! you'll fall!"

A little scuffle was heard, and then Sonya's discontented voice saying, —

"See! it's two o'clock!"

"Akh! you only spoil it all for me! now go away, go away!"

Again all became still, but Prince Andrei knew that she was still there: he could hear from time to time a little rustling, from time to time her sighs.

"Akh! dear me! dear me! it is too bad! To bed, then, if I must!" and the window was closed.

"And my existence is nothing to her!" thought Prince Andrei, while he was listening to their talk, somehow or other hoping and fearing that she would say something about him. "It's the same old story! And done on purpose!" he thought. And suddenly there arose in his soul such an unexpected throng of youthful thoughts and hopes, opposed to the whole current of his life, that he felt himself too weak to analyze his condition, and so he went to sleep immediately.

* "*Dushenka, golubushka.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, taking leave only of the count, and not waiting for the ladies to come down, Prince Andrei went home.

It was already the first of June, and on his way home, Prince Andrei once more drove through the birch wood, where the gnarled old oak had so strangely and memorably attracted his attention. The little bells on the horses sounded with still less resonance now through the forest than they did the fortnight before; all the spaces were full of thick leaves and shrubbery; and the young fir-trees scattered through the woods were no longer an exception to the general beauty, and but partook of the universal characteristics of the season, and showed a soft green at the ends of their succulent young sprays.

The whole day had been hot: now and again there had been threats of thunder-showers, but only handfuls of clouds had scattered a few drops over the dusty highway and the sunny leaves. The forest on the left was dark, in shadow: that on the right, with branches glistening with diamond drops and gently swaying in the breeze, was full of sunlight. Everything was covered with flowers: the nightingales broke out in gushing melody, and answered each other from far and near.

"Yes, it was in this forest here, that the old oak stood whose mood seemed to agree with mine," said Prince Andrei to himself. "Yes! there he is," he thought, as he looked along at the left, and found himself, without knowing or realizing it, admiring the old oak of which he was in search. The old oak, as though transfigured, spread out a mighty tabernacle of dark, sunny green, and seemed to swoon and sway in the rays of the afternoon sun. Nothing could be seen of the gnarled branches, or of the scars, or of the old unbelief and grief. Through the rough, century-old bark had pierced the smooth, succulent young foliage: it was incredible that this patriarch should have produced them.

"Yes, this is the very same oak," said Prince Andrei to himself; and suddenly there came over him an unreasonable, but joyous, feeling of delight and renovation. All the most sacred moments of his life came back to him at one sweep, — Austerlitz, with that unfathomable sky, and the dead, reproachful face of his little wife, and Pierre on the ferry-boat, and the maiden enjoying the beauty of the night, and that night itself,

and the moon: everything suddenly crowded back into his mind.

"No! life is not ended at thirty-one," suddenly said Prince Andrei with resolute, unalterable decision. "It is a small thing that I myself know what is in me; all others must know it also; Pierre, and that girl who wanted to fly up into the sky; all of them must learn to know me, so that my life may not be spent for myself alone, in order that they may not live so independently of my life, that it may send its reflection over all other lives, and that they may all live in union with me!"

On his return from his journey, Prince Andrei made up his mind to go to Petersburg in the autumn, and he excogitated various reasons in support of this decision. A whole series of convincing and logical arguments in favor of this new departure, and even in favor of re-entering the army, were all the time coming to his aid. It now even passed his comprehension that he could ever have doubted the necessity of going back to active life, just the same as a short month before he could not comprehend how the idea ever occurred to him to leave the country.

It now seemed clear to him that all his experiments of life would surely be wasted, and without reason, unless he were to put them into effect and once more take an active part in life. He now could not understand how, on the strength of such wretched arguments, he had convinced himself that it would be humiliating himself, after all his lessons in life, to believe in the possibility of getting profit, and the possibility of happiness and love. Now his reason showed him the exact contrary.

After this journey of his, Prince Andrei began to feel tired of the country; his former occupations no longer interested him; and oftentimes, as he sat alone in his cabinet, he would get up, go to the mirror, and look long at his own face. Then he would turn away, and gaze at the portrait of his late wife, Liza, who, with her little curls *à la grecque*, looked down upon him, with an affectionate and radiantly happy expression, from the golden frame. She seemed no longer to say to her husband those terrible words: she simply gazed at him with a merry and quizzical look. And Prince Andrei, clasping his hands behind his back, would walk long up and down the room, sometimes scowling, sometimes smiling, thinking over the preposterous, inexpressible, mysterious, almost criminal ideas aroused by the thought of Pierre, of glory, of the maiden

at the window, of the old oak, of the beauty of women, and love, which were changing his whole life. And at such moments, when any one came to see him, he was generally dry, stern, and short, and disagreeably logical.

"*Mon cher,*" the Princess Mariya once said, happening to find him in such a state, "Nikolushka can't go out to-day: it is very chilly."

"If it were warm," Prince Andrei replied to his sister, "then he might go out in nothing but his shirt; but since it is cold, you will have to put some warm clothes on him, as might have occurred to you. Now, there is no sense in keeping the child indoors because it is cold, when he needs the fresh air." He would say such things with all the logic in the world, as though he were punishing some one else for all this illogical reasoning that was secretly working in his mind. Under such circumstances, it was not strange that the Princess Mariya said to herself, —

"How this intellectual work dries up the heart!"

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE ANDREI reached Petersburg in August, 1809. This was the time when the young Speransky was at the apogee of his glory and zeal for the reforms which he had undertaken.

This same month of August, the emperor, while out riding in his calash, was upset, and hurt his leg; and during the three weeks that he was confined to Peterhof, he would see no one but Speransky.

It was during this time that two ukazes, or rescripts, of extreme importance and most alarming to society, were prepared: the one was in regard to the doing away of Court *chin*, or rank; and the other, in regard to the passing of examinations for the rank of Collegiate-Assessor and Councillor of State.* The scheme also provided for a complete imperial constitution, destined to revolutionize the existing departments of Justice, Administration, and Finance, from the Council of State even down to the tribunals of the Volosts, or Cantons, throughout the empire.

Now began to materialize and take shape those vague liberal dreams with which the Emperor Alexander had mounted the

* In the civil service, the *kollézhsky assessor*, having personal nobility, corresponds to major; *státsky sovyétnik*, having hereditary nobility, ranks above colonel in the army.

throne, and which he had vainly endeavored to bring about with the aid of his assistants, Czartorisky, Novosiltsof, Kotchubey, and Strogonof, whom he in jest called "*la comité du salut publique*" — "the Committee of Public Safety."

At this time, Speransky was the general representative for civil affairs, and Arakcheyef for all things connected with the military.

Prince Andrei, immediately after his arrival, appeared at court, and at his majesty's levee, in his capacity as chamberlain. The sovereign twice, on meeting him, did not vouchsafe him a single word. Prince Andrei had always before felt that the sovereign did not approve of him, that his face and general appearance did not please his majesty. By the cold look of disfavor which the sovereign gave him, Prince Andrei was still more confirmed in his former supposition. The courtiers explained to Prince Andrei that the emperor's neglect of him was due to his majesty's displeasure at Bolkonsky leaving the service in 1805.

"I know very well how little control we have over our likes and dislikes," said Prince Andrei to himself. "And, therefore, there is no use in thinking of personally presenting to his majesty, the emperor, my memorandum on the military code; but I must let its merits speak for themselves."

He mentioned his work to an old field marshal, a friend of his father's. The field marshal gave him an appointment, received him more than courteously, and promised to lay the matter before the sovereign. Several days later, Prince Andrei was notified to present himself before the minister of war, Count Arakcheyef.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the day set, Prince Andrei went to Count Arakcheyef's.

Prince Andrei did not know the minister of war personally, and had never even seen him; but from all that he had ever heard of him he was disposed to hold this man in very slight esteem.

"He is minister of war, the confidant of his majesty the emperor; no one need concern himself with his personal characteristics; it is his business to examine my memorandum; moreover, he is the only person who can put it into execution," said Prince Andrei to himself, as he sat with a number of other visitors of more or less note waiting in Count Arakcheyef's reception-room.

Prince Andrei during the period of his military service,

which most of the time had been in the quality of adjutant, had seen many receptions given by notabilities, and he had always been interested in studying the various characteristics of those who were present. At Count Arakcheyef's, the character of the reception was entirely different from anything that he had ever seen. The faces of the less notable individuals who were waiting their turn for an audience with Count Arakcheyef, wore an expression of shame and humility; those of higher rank gave a general impression of awkwardness vainly hidden under a mask of ease and ironical derision of themselves, their position, and those who were likewise waiting. Some walked pensively back and forth, some whispered and laughed together; and Prince Andrei overheard the sobriquet "Sila Andreyitch" — "Andreyitch the Strong" and the expression *Dyádya Zadast* — "Uncle Push" applied to the count. One general, a man of note, was evidently annoyed because he was kept waiting, and sat with his legs crossed, smiling sarcastically at himself.

But whenever the door opened, all faces expressed one and the same sentiment — fear! Prince Andrei for a second time asked the officer on duty to take in his name; but he received a scornful, impertinent stare, and was told that he would be summoned when it was his turn. After several individuals had been escorted in and out of the war minister's cabinet, an officer, whose frightened and humiliated face had already struck Prince Andrei, was admitted into the dreaded audience chamber. This officer's audience lasted a long time. Suddenly the bellowing of a disagreeable voice was heard on the other side of the door; and the officer, as pale as a sheet, and with trembling lips, came out, and, clasping his head with his hands, hastened through the reception-room.

Immediately after this, Prince Andrei was ushered into the audience chamber; and the officer on duty whispered, "To the right, next the window."

Prince Andrei went into the meanly furnished cabinet, and saw, sitting by the table, a man of forty years of age, with a long waist, and a peculiarly long head; the hair was closely cropped; the face was covered with deep wrinkles; the brows were contracted over grayish-green, heavy-looking eyes and a drooping nose. Arakcheyef turned his eyes toward the newcomer without looking at him.

"What was it you wanted?" asked the count.

"I have nothing to ask for, your illustriousness," replied Prince Andrei gently. Arakcheyef's eyes fastened on him.

"Sit down," said Arakcheyef, "Prince Bolkonsky?"

"I have nothing to ask for; but his majesty, the emperor, deigned to put into your hands my Memorandum, your illustriousness"—

"Please give me your attention, my dear sir: I have read your Memorandum," interrupted Arakcheyef, speaking the first words with a certain courtesy; then again, staring into his face, and assuming more and more of a querulous and scornful tone, he went on, "You propose new regulations for the army? Plenty of regulations now. No one fulfils the old ones. Nowadays everybody's writing new regulations: it's easier to write 'em than to carry them out!"

"I have come at his majesty the emperor's request, to learn what you propose to do with my Memorandum?" asked Prince Andrei respectfully.

"I have indorsed my decision upon your manuscript, and sent it to the committee. I do *not* approve of it," said Arakcheyef, getting up and getting a slip of paper from his writing-table. "Here!" he handed it to Prince Andrei.

Across the paper these words were written in pencil, without capitals or punctuation marks, and ill-spelt: "without basis in common cence as it is only an imitation of the french military coad and no need of changing our own articles of war."

"To what committee has my Memorandum been given?" inquired Prince Andrei.

"To the Committee on the Revision of the Military Code, and I have added your nobility to the list; but without salary."

Prince Andrei smiled.

"I should wish no salary."

"An honorary member, without salary," reiterated Arakcheyef. "I have the honor of—Hey there, come in! Who's next?" he shouted, bowing to Prince Andrei.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE waiting for the formal notification of his appointment as a member of the committee, Prince Andrei took pains to renew former acquaintances, especially with individuals who, as he knew, were in power, and might be of assistance to him. He now experienced in Petersburg a feeling analogous to that which he had experienced on the eve of a battle, when a restlessness and sense of curiosity had invincibly attracted him toward those lofty spheres,

the laboratory of the future, on which depended the fate of millions. By observing the angry criticisms of the older men, the curiosity of the uninitiated, the reserve of those who knew, the eagerness and activity of all, the portentous increase in committees and commissions, — new ones being, as he knew, appointed every day, — he felt certain that there and then, in the year 1809, in Petersburg, some mighty civil conflict was in preparation, and that the presiding genius of it was to be a personage as yet unknown to him, endowed in his fancy with mysterious qualities, and a man with whom he was prepared to sympathize, — Mikhail Speransky. And this indefinitely realized sense of an impending reform, and Speransky, its leader, began to interest him so intensely that the matter of the military code was very soon relegated to a secondary place in his mind.

Prince Andrei found himself in the most advantageous position for being well received in the most varied and lofty circles of the Petersburg society of that day. The party pledged to reform welcomed him cordially, and did their best to win him to their side, — in the first place, because he had a reputation for intelligence and great learning; in the second place, because he of his own free will had emancipated his serfs, and thereby gained himself the reputation of being a liberal.

The party of the old men, the discontents, naturally turned to him for sympathy, in their criticisms of reform, as being the son of his father. The generality of women, the world, gladly welcomed him, because he was a rich man, and illustrious, and yet practically a novelty, with that aureole of romance with which he was crowned, on account of his supposed death, and the tragic end of his wife. Moreover, all those who knew him in days gone by confessed with one accord that he had greatly changed for the better during the last five years, that time had softened down his asperities, that he had lost all that old pretence, pride, and sarcastic manner, and had now acquired the serenity which comes only with years. He was talked about, people were interested in him, and all were anxious to see him.

On the day after his interview with Count Arakcheyef, Prince Andrei was at a reception at Count Kotchubey's. He had been telling the count about his reception by "Sila Andreyitch." That was the nickname by which Kotchubey called Arakcheyef, with the same expression of masked contempt as Prince Andrei had noticed in the way others spoke of him at the minister of war's reception-room.

"*Mon cher*, even in this affair of yours, you can't get along without Mikhail Mikhailovitch.* *C'est le grand faiseur*; he can do everything. I will tell him. He promised to come this evening."

"But what has Speransky to do with military matters?" demanded Prince Andrei.

Kotchubey, with a smile, shook his head, as though amazed at Bolkonsky's *naïveté*.

"He and I were speaking of you only a day or two ago," continued Kotchubey, "and about your free laborers."

"Ah? and so you have been emancipating your muzhiks?" asked an old man of Catherine's time, turning scornfully upon Bolkonsky.

"It was a very small estate, which brought in a very meagre income," replied Bolkonsky, trying to palliate his action, in his presence, so as not to irritate the old man to no purpose.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," † said the old man, glancing at Kotchubey. "There's one thing I do not understand," continued the old man. "Who is going to plough the land, if they are emancipated? It's easy to make laws, but hard to execute them. If it is all the same to you, count, I will ask you who is going to be the deciding judge when all have to pass examinations?"

"Those who succeed in passing them, I suppose," replied Kotchubey, shifting from one leg to the other, and glancing around.

"Now, there is Pryanitchnikof, an excellent man, true as gold, but he is sixty years old: will he pass an examination?"

"Yes: that is where the difficulty lies, since certainly education is not at all wide-spread, but" —

Count Kotchubey did not finish his sentence. He got up, and, taking Prince Andrei by the arm, led him forward to meet a tall, bald man of forty years, with white hands, with a broad, open forehead, and an extraordinarily strange pallor on his long face. The new-comer wore a blue coat, the ribbon of an order around his neck, and a star over his heart.

This was Speransky.

Prince Andrei instantly surmised who it was, and a peculiar feeling stirred his heart, as usually happens at significant moments in life. Whether it were caused by respect, envy,

* Speransky: of obscure origin; his family name possibly Russified by the priests; from the Latin *spero*: hence, the "Hopeful;" one of the greatest men of Alexander's time; from founding to prime minister; intrigued against, banished; and afterward one of the governors of Siberia.

† "*Vous craignez d'être en retard.*"

expectation, he could not tell. Speransky's whole figure was of a peculiar type, so that it was impossible for a moment ever to mistake him. Never had Prince Andrei seen any one in the spheres where he had moved, who was so remarkable for the calmness and self-assurance of his motions, though they were awkward and ungainly; or any one who had such a steady, and at the same time gentle, gaze, from his half-closed and rather moist eyes; or any one with such determination expressed in a smile that meant so much; or with such a delicate, gentle, monotonous voice; and, above all, such an ethereal pallor of face, shared also by the hands, which were rather broad, but extraordinarily plump, soft, and white. Such white and ethereal delicacy of complexion, Prince Andrei had never seen, except in the case of soldiers who had been long at the hospital.

This, then, was Speransky, the emperor's secretary, the sovereign's factotum, and his companion at Erfurt, where more than once he had met and talked with Napoleon.

Speransky did not glance around from one person to another, as men usually do, in spite of themselves, on first entering a large company; and he did not hurry about speaking. He spoke quietly, assured that he would be listened to, and he looked only at the man with whom he was speaking.

Prince Andrei followed Speransky's every word and motion with the keenest attention. As usually happens to people, especially to those who are inclined to judge their fellows severely, Prince Andrei, on meeting a new personage, like Speransky, for instance, whom he knew by reputation, naturally expected to find in him the full complement of human perfections.

Speransky told Kotchubey that he was sorry at not being able to come earlier, but that he had been detained at the palace. He did not say that it was the sovereign who had detained him. And Prince Andrei remarked this affectation of modesty. When Kotchubey presented Prince Andrei, Speransky slowly turned his eyes upon Bolkonsky, without altering his smile, and continued to gaze at him in silence.

"I am very happy to make your acquaintance: I have heard of you, as every one else has," said he.

Kotchubey gave a brief account of Bolkonsky's reception by Arakcheyef. Speransky's smile grew more accented.

"The chairman of the Commission for Revising the Military Statutes, Mr. Magnitsky, is an excellent friend of mine," said he, carefully dwelling on each syllable and each word. "And

if you would like, I can give you a personal interview with him." (Here he came to a full stop.) "I hope that you will find him sympathetic, and willing to further all that is reasonable."

A little circle had immediately gathered around Speransky; and the same old man who had spoken of his chinovnik, Pryanitchnikof, turned to the minister with the same question.

Prince Andrei did not take part in the conversation, but contented himself with observing all the motions of Speransky, that man who but a short time since had been an obscure seminarist, and now had in his hands, those white, plump hands, the control of Russia's fortunes. He was struck by the extraordinary, contemptuous calmness with which Speransky answered the old man. It seemed as though he stooped down from an immeasurable height to grant him a condescending word. When the old man began to speak louder than the occasion justified, Speransky smiled, and said that he could not judge of the utility or futility of what the sovereign deigned to approve.

After conversing for some time with the group generally, Speransky got up, and, crossing over to Prince Andrei, drew him aside to another corner of the room. It was plain that he considered it necessary to patronize Bolkonsky.

"I haven't had a chance to talk with you yet, prince, owing to the lively discussion into which I was drawn by that worthy old gentleman," said he, with his blandly contemptuous smile, seeming to imply by this smile that he and Prince Andrei appreciated the insignificance of the people with whom he had just been talking. This treatment was very flattering to Prince Andrei.

"I have known of you for a long time, — in the first place, through your treatment of your serfs, the first example of the sort, I believe, and one which I should like to see generally followed; and in the second place, because you are the only one of the chamberlains who has not considered himself abused by the new ukaz, concerning the court ranks, which has produced so much talk and criticism."

"Yes," replied Prince Andrei. "My father did not wish me to take advantage of this prerogative: I began with the lowest step in the service."

"Your father is a man of a bygone generation: he evidently stands far above the men of our day, who are so severe in their judgments upon this measure, and yet it aims simply to re-establish genuine justice."

"I am inclined to think, however, that there is some ground for these criticisms," said Prince Andrei, striving to free himself from Speransky's influence, of which he was beginning to feel conscious. It was distasteful for him to agree with the man at every point: he felt a strong desire to contradict him. Prince Andrei, who generally spoke fluently and well, now found some difficulty in expressing himself while talking with Speransky. He was too much occupied with his study of the personality of this distinguished man.

"The ground of personal vanity, maybe," quietly suggested Speransky.

"Partly, and also for the sake of the government," replied Prince Andrei.

"What makes you think so?" asked Speransky, slightly dropping his eyes.

"I am a disciple of Montesquieu," said Prince Andrei. "And his maxim, that '*Le principe des monarchies est l'honneur, me paraît incontestable.*' Certain rights and privileges of the nobility seem to me to be the means of maintaining this sentiment."

The smile faded from Speransky's pallid face, and his expression gained greatly by the change. Evidently, Prince Andrei's thought seemed to him worthy of consideration.

"*Si vous envisagez la question sous ce point de vue,*" he began, finding it evidently rather difficult to express himself in French, and speaking still more deliberately than in Russian, and yet with absolute self-possession, "Montesquieu says that honor, *l'honneur*, cannot be maintained by prerogatives that are injurious to the service; that honor, *l'honneur*, is either the negative concept of refraining from reprehensible actions, or it is the true fountain-head of impulse for the winning of approbation, and the rewards that are the fruit thereof."

His arguments were succinct, simple, and clear.

"An institution that maintains this honor, this source of emulation, an institution like the *Légion d'Honneur*, of the great Emperor Napoleon, is not prejudicial, but advantageous to the success of the service, but that is not true of social or court prerogatives."

"I do not quarrel with that, but it is impossible to deny that court privileges have always tended toward the same end," said Prince Andrei. "Every courtier should consider himself bound to fulfil his duties worthily."

"But you have not cared to take advantage of them, prince,"

retorted Speransky, his smile showing that having worsted his opponent in the argument, he was now ready to cut short this special mark of his favor. "If you will do me the honor of calling upon me Wednesday," he added, "then I shall have had a talk with Magnitsky, and may be able to tell you something of interest; and, moreover, I shall have the pleasure of a more circumstantial conversation with you."

Then, closing his eyes, he made him a low bow, and slipped from the room à la Française, without taking leave, so as not to attract attention.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the first part of his stay in Petersburg, Prince Andrei was conscious that the whole system of thought which he had elaborated during his solitary life in the country, was entirely obscured by the petty occupations with which he was now engaged in the city.

Every evening, when he returned to his lodgings, he jotted down in his note-book four or five indispensable visits or appointments for the next day. The mechanisms of his life, the arrangement of the twenty-four hours, so as to allow him to be always punctual, was at the cost of a goodly portion of his mental energy. He accomplished nothing; he neither thought, nor had time to think; and whatever he said in conversation — and it must be confessed that he talked well — was merely the fruit of his solitary meditation in the country.

He occasionally remarked with dissatisfaction, that on appearing at different gatherings on one and the same day, he found himself repeating himself. But he was so absorbed all day long, that he had no time to think out anything new.

He went to Speransky's house on Wednesday, and had a long and confidential talk with him. The impression that had been produced on him by Speransky at his first meeting with him at Kotchubey's, was repeated and intensified.

Prince Andrei looked upon so many men as contemptible and beneath contempt, he had such a powerful desire to discover in another the living ideal of the perfection toward which he was striving, that it was easy for him to believe that he had discovered in Speransky his ideal of a perfectly reasonable and virtuous man. If Speransky had sprung from the same class in society to which Prince Andrei belonged, if he had had a similar education and mental processes, Bolkonsky would

have soon discovered his weaknesses, his human instead of his heroic side; but now this strangely logical bent of mind aroused his esteem, from the very fact that he did not fully understand him. Moreover, Speransky, either because he prized Prince Andrei's talents, or because he felt that it was necessary to attract him to himself, displayed before Prince Andrei his cool, easy wit, and flattered Prince Andrei with that delicate flattery which appeals to a man's self-conceit, by tacitly taking for granted that he is the only other man capable of comprehending the full depth of stupidity of all the rest of the world, and the reasonableness and depth of their own ideas.

During the time of that long conversation of theirs on Wednesday evening, Speransky more than once said, "With *us* there is a chance to look upon everything that rises above the common level of the commonplace routine;" or, with a smile, "But *our* idea is that the wolves should be fed well, and yet the sheep kept whole;" or, "*They* cannot comprehend this;" and all the time his expression seemed to imply, "*We*—that is, you and I—understand who they are, and who we are."

This long conversation with Speransky merely served to confirm the feeling produced in him at his first interview with him. He saw in him an intelligent, severely logical man, of immense talent, energy, and tenacity of purpose, who desired to obtain power which he would wield solely for the good of Russia. Speransky was, in Prince Andrei's eyes, the man most able to explain by his intellect alone all the phenomena of life, accepting as of any importance only what appealed to his reason, and, in all circumstances, capable of applying the rules of logic in a way that he had always longed to be able to do. Everything was placed before his mind so lucidly through Speransky's exposition, that he found himself agreeing with him on every point, in spite of himself. If he raised objections, and entered into discussions with him, it was simply because he was anxious to be independent, and not a mere echo of Speransky's opinions.

Everything was just as it should be, everything about him was good; but there were one or two things that struck Prince Andrei unpleasantly: such were Speransky's cold, mirror-like, inscrutable eyes, and his white, plump hand. Prince Andrei could not help looking at them, just as one is always drawn to look at the hands of those men who are in the possession of power. These mirror-like eyes and that soft hand somehow

irritated Prince Andrei. He was also offended by the overweening contempt for men which he had remarked in Speransky, and at the various shifts in his arguments which he used for the buttressing of his ideas. He made use of all possible weapons of thought, especially affecting metaphors; and it seemed to Prince Andrei that he leaped from one to another with too great audacity. Sometimes he set himself up as a practical worker, and flouted visionaries; then as a satirist, and made ironical sport of his antagonists; then he would become severely logical; then suddenly he would rise into the domain of pure philosophy. (This last weapon of proof he was especially fond of employing.) He would take questions to the heights of metaphysics, indulge in definitions of space, time, and thought, and, finding counter-arguments in them, he would come back to fresh discussions.

On the whole, the chief trait of Speransky's intellect, and one that amazed Prince Andrei, was his unswerving, unquestioning faith in the power and validity of the intellect. It was evident that Speransky never dreamed of harboring such thoughts as were habitual with Prince Andrei, as to the impossibility of expressing all that came into his mind, or that he had ever doubted whether all that he thought and all that he believed were not vanity. And it was this very characteristic of Speransky's intellect that especially attracted Prince Andrei toward him.

During the first period of his acquaintance with Speransky, Prince Andrei conceived a passionate admiration for him, analogous to that which he had whilom experienced for Bonaparte. The circumstance that Speransky was the son of a priest, which many looked upon as derogatory, scorning a man as a *kutéinik* — a priestling — or a *popóvitch* — the son of a pope, undoubtedly made Prince Andrei particularly cautious in indulging this feeling toward Speransky, and unconsciously led him to keep it to himself.

On that first evening that Bolkonsky spent with him, they got to talking about the Committee for the Revision of the Laws; and Speransky told Prince Andrei, with a touch of irony, how this committee had existed a hundred and fifty years, had cost millions, and yet had not accomplished anything; that Rosenkampf had merely stuck labels on all the articles of comparative legislation. "And that is all the result that the government has received from those millions," said he. "We want to give new judicial powers to the Senate, and we have no laws. Therefore, it is a sin for such men as you, prince, not to serve at the present time."

Prince Andrei replied that for this it needed a legal training, which he did not possess.

"But there is no one who has; so what are you going to do about it? This is a *circulus viciosus*, and we must break away from it by main force."

Before a week was over, Prince Andrei was appointed a member of the Committee on Revising the Military Code, and, much to his surprise, *nachalnik*, or president, of one section of the Special Commission on the Revision of the Laws. At Speransky's special request, he took up the study of the "Revised Civil Code," and with the aid of the "Code Napoléon," and the "Institutes of Justinian," set to work on the section entitled "The Rights of Individuals."

CHAPTER VII.

Two years before this, Pierre, on his return to Petersburg, from his tour among his estates, found himself involuntarily at the head of the Petersburg Freemasons. He established dining lodges and burial lodges, he gained over new members, labored for the union of various lodges, and for the acquisition of original documents. He gave his money freely toward the building of a Masonic temple, and, so far as it lay in his power, pushed forward the collections for charity, in regard to which the majority of the members were penurious or unpunctual. He supported almost unaided the almshouse established by the order in Petersburg.

His life, in the mean time, went on the same as before, with the same inclinations and dissipations. He liked the pleasures of the table, — good eating and wines; and although he looked upon it as immoral and degrading, he could not keep himself from the gayeties of his bachelor friends with whom he mingled.

Amid the fog of all his various occupations and enterprises, Pierre, however, before a year was over, began to be conscious that the Masonic ground on which he stood was giving way faster and faster under his feet, the more he tried to maintain himself upon it. At the same time, he felt that the more the ground on which he stood yielded under him, the more inextricably he was committed to it. When he first entered Freemasonry, he experienced the sensations of a man who unquestioningly sets foot on the smooth surface of a bog. On bear-

ing his weight upon it, he begins to sink. In order fully to persuade himself of the solidity of the ground whereon he stands, he sets down another foot, and slumps in more deeply than before, and, being caught in it, he, in spite of himself, wades in up to the knee.

Osip, or rather Iosiph Alekseyevitch, was no longer in Petersburg. Of late, he had done with the Petersburg Lodges, and lived exclusively at Moscow. All the brethren, the members of the Lodges, were Pierre's acquaintances in everyday life, and it was hard for him to see them as merely brothers, according to Freemasonry, and not as Prince B——, and not as Ivan Vasilyevitch D——, whom he knew in society, for the most part, as weak and insignificant men. Under their Masonic aprons and insignia, he could not help seeing their uniforms and the decorations which they had obtained in the world. Ofttimes, when collecting the contributions and counting the twenty or thirty rubles received — for the most part in promises — from a dozen men, half of whom were as able to pay as he himself was, Pierre remembered the Masonic oath, whereby each brother bound himself to give all his possessions to his fellowmen, and then doubts would arise, though he would strive not to dwell upon them.

He divided all the brethren whom he knew into four categories. In the first, he placed those who took no interest in the transactions of the Lodges, or in human affairs in general, but were exclusively absorbed in the mysterious doctrines of the order, absorbed in questions as to the threefold nature of God, or the three primordial elements of matter, — sulphur, mercury, and salt, — or as to the significance of the Cube, and all the symbolism of Solomon's Temple. Pierre revered this class of Masons, to which belonged principally the older members of the Brotherhood — and Iosiph Alekseyevitch, in Pierre's opinion — but he could not share in their pursuits. His heart was not attracted by the mysterious side of Masonry.

In the second category, he reckoned himself, and those like himself — seekers, inclined to waver, not yet successful in walking the straight and intelligible way of Masonry, but all the time striving to walk in it.

In the third category, he placed the brethren — and they formed the majority — who saw in Freemasonry nothing but superficial formalities and ceremonies, and who insisted upon the strenuous fulfilment of these external forms, caring nothing for their real essence and significance. Such were Villarsky, and even the Grand Master of the Supreme Lodge.

In the fourth category, finally, were reckoned also the great mass of the brethren, and especially those who had been admitted since he had. These were men who, according to Pierre's observation, believed nothing, desired nothing, and entered the Brotherhood simply for the sake of bringing themselves into intimate relations with the rich young men endowed with influential connections, who abounded in the Lodges.

Pierre began to feel dissatisfied with his activity. Masonry, at least Masonry such as he knew it in Russia, it sometimes seemed to him, was founded on mere formalities. He did not dream of doubting Masonry itself, but he was persuaded that Russian Freemasonry was on the wrong track, and had turned aside from its first principles. And, therefore, toward the end of that year, Pierre went abroad to become initiated in the highest mysteries of the Order.

In the summer of 1809, Pierre returned to Petersburg. Through correspondence carried on between our Masons and those abroad, it became known that Bezukhoi had succeeded in winning the confidence of many individuals standing in the very highest ranks of the Order, had been initiated into the deepest secrets, had been raised to the very highest degrees, and was bringing back to Russia notions of the greatest advantage for the Confraternity. The Petersburg Masons all flocked around him, trying to get into his good graces; and it was intimated to all, that he had something weighty in store, which he was getting ready for them.

A solemn meeting was called of the Lodge of the second degree, and Pierre promised to communicate the message with which he was charged by the supreme directors of the Order. The session was crowded. After the ordinary business was concluded, Pierre got up and began his speech.

"Beloved brethren," he began, flushing and hesitating, and holding in his hand his address all ready written, "it is not enough to keep our secrets in the privacy of the Lodge room, it is necessary to act, to act. We have fallen into a state of torpor, and we must act."—Here Pierre paused and took to his manuscript.

"For the propagation of pure truth, and for securing the triumph of virtue," he read, "we must purge men of their prejudices, and spread abroad regulations consonant with the spirit of the time; we must undertake the education of the young, and make ourselves one by indissoluble bonds with men of intellect; we must boldly, and at the same time pu-

dently, contend with superstition, infidelity, and folly; we must organize among the men devoted to our cause bands of workers, united together by singleness of aim, and possessed of power and strength.

“For the furtherance of these ends, we must weight the scale, so that virtue, and not vice, will tip the beam; we must strive to make it possible for the virtuous man, even in this world, to receive the eternal rewards for his good deeds. But these mighty undertakings find a tremendous obstacle in existing political institutions. What, then, are we to do in such a state of affairs? Shall we use revolutionary methods? Shall we overturn all things? Oppose force with force? No, we are very far from advising that. All violent reforms deserve censure, because they can never do away with evil, so long as men are what they are; and, therefore, it is the part of wisdom not to employ violence.

“The whole aim of our Fraternity should consist in making men consistent, virtuous, joined together in the unity of a conviction, a conviction that it is their duty everywhere and with all their might to oppose vice and folly, and the wasting of their talents and virtues; to raise worthy men from the dust, and unite them into one brotherhood. Only then our Fraternity will secure the power of insensibly binding the hands of those who work disorder, and so direct them that they will not be aware of it. In a word, it is necessary to found a dominant form of government, which shall propagate itself over the whole world, without destroying social ties, or preventing other forms of government from still continuing to maintain their own special rights, and do everything except stand in the way of the mighty objects of our Fraternity, — which is to make virtue triumph over vice. This was the aim proposed by Christianity itself. It taught men to be wise and good, and, for their own advantage, to follow the example and precepts of the best and wisest men.

“At a time when all were immersed in darkness, it was sufficient, of course, to have preaching alone: the novelty of the truth constituted its peculiar strength, but at the present day we are obliged to make use of far more powerful means. It is necessary now that a man, guided by his senses, should find in virtue a genuine charm. It is impossible to eradicate the passions; one must, therefore, strive to guide them to salutary ends; and, accordingly, it is requisite that every man should satisfy them within the limits of virtue, and our Fraternity should furnish the means for this end.

“As soon as we have enrolled a considerable number of worthy men in every land, each one of them will bring around him two others, and all will be straitly united together; then all things will be possible for our Fraternity, which has already been able to do much, though working secretly, for the advantage of humanity.”

This discourse produced not only a profound impression, but even a genuine excitement. The majority of the brethren affected to see in it the dangerous doctrines of the Illuminati,* and Pierre was amazed at the coldness with which it was received.

The Grand Master began to raise objections to Pierre's theories. Pierre, with growing heat, tried to defend them. It was a long time since they had had such a stormy session. The members were divided into parties: some accused Pierre and criticised him for preaching the mystical doctrines of the Illuminati; others defended him. Pierre for the first time, at this meeting, was struck by the endless variety of human minds, the result of which is that no truth presents itself alike to any two men. Even those who seemed to be on his side accepted him in their own way, with mental reservations and changes, with which he could not agree, since his chief desire was nothing else than to transfer his thought to others, exactly as he himself understood it. Toward the end of the meeting, the Grand Master, with some ill-feeling, ironically called Bezukhoi's attention to his heat, and remarked that it was not so much love toward humanity, as it was the impulse of quarrelsome-ness that had dragged him into the discussion. Pierre made no reply, and asked bluntly whether his scheme would be accepted. When he was told no, Pierre, without waiting for the usual formalities, left the Lodge and went home.

CHAPTER VIII.

PIERRE now found himself again the victim of the old melancholy which he dreaded so much. He spent the three days that followed the reading of his discourse at the Lodge, at home on his sofa, seeing no one, and not once stirring out of doors.

At this time he received a letter from his wife, who begged

* A famous society of mystics, founded by Professor Adam Weishaupt, of Germany, in 1776, and numbering two thousand members, many of whom were Freemasons; prohibited by the Bavarian Government in 1784.

him to grant her an interview, described her sorrow at what had happened, and her desire to devote her whole life to him.

At the end of the letter, she informed him that she was about returning to Petersburg, from abroad.

Shortly after the receipt of this letter, one of the Masonic brethren, whom he respected less than the others, broke in upon his solitude, and, leading the conversation to Pierre's domestic grievances, took it upon him to say to him, in the way of brotherly advice, that his severity toward his wife was unjust, and that Pierre had swerved from the first rules of the Brotherhood, which called for forgiveness of the penitent.

At the same time, also, his mother-in-law, the wife of Prince Vasili, sent for him, begging him to call upon her, if only for a few minutes, in regard to a matter of supreme importance. Pierre saw that he was destined to be overpersuaded, that they were bound to have him reconciled to his wife, and indeed this was not wholly disagreeable to him in the state of mind in which he found himself. It was all the same to him. He now felt that nothing in life was of great importance, and under the influence of the low spirits which had ruled him, he prized neither his own freedom nor his obstinate determination to punish his wife.

"No one is right, no one is to blame, and of course she was not to blame," he said to himself. If Pierre did not immediately agree to a reconciliation with his wife, it was simply because in this condition of melancholy in which he found himself, he had not the energy to take the first step in the matter. If his wife had come to him, he would simply not have driven her away. In comparison with what now occupied him, was it not a matter of supreme indifference to him whether he lived or did not live with his wife?

Vouchsafing no reply either to his wife or her mother, Pierre, late one evening, started off and went to Moscow, in order to have a consultation with Bazdeyef. This was what Pierre wrote in his diary:—

Moscow, November 29.

I have only just come from the Benefactor's, and I make haste to transcribe all my experiences with him. Iosiph Alekseyevitch lives in extreme poverty, and has been suffering for two years past with a painful affection of the bladder. No one has ever heard him utter a groan or a word of complaint. From morning till late at night, he spends all his time, except while at his most simple meals, devoting himself to scientific work.

He received me courteously, and I sat down on the bed where he was lying. I gave him the grip of the Knights of the East and of Jerusalem. He replied with the same, and with a benignant smile asked me what I

had learned and experienced in the Prussian and Scottish Lodges. I told him everything that I knew; then I related to him the proposal which I had made before our Petersburg Lodge, and described the unfriendly reception which it had received and the rupture which had arisen between me and the brethren. Iosiph Alekseyevitch said nothing for some little time, and was lost in thought; then he expounded his views in regard to the whole matter, so that all the past was made plain to me as well as the way which lay stretched out before my feet. He surprised me by asking if I remembered the threefold object of the Fraternity:—

- (1) The conservation and study of the mysteries.
- (2) Self-purification and regeneration so as to be able to receive them; and
- (3) The regeneration of the human race through striving after such purification.

What is the first and chief of these aims? Of course it must be self-purification and regeneration. Only thereby can we strive and make our way onward, independent of all circumstances. But at the same time this very aim constrains us to the most arduous labors, and often, being deceived by our pride, we lose sight of this aim, and strive either to penetrate the mystery which we are incapable of accepting on account of its purity, or else we make an effort toward improving humanity, when we merely show in ourselves an example of turpitude and depravity. "Illuminism" is not pure doctrine, precisely for the reason that it has been carried away by the charms of social activity and has become puffed up with pride. From this standpoint, Iosiph Alekseyevitch criticised my discourse and all my activity. I agreed with him in the depths of my soul.

During the course of our conversation we touched on my domestic troubles, and he said to me: "The chief obligation of a true Mason, as I told you once before, consists in the perfecting of self. But oftentimes we imagine that if we were freed from all the hardships of life, we should soon attain this end; on the contrary, my dear sir," said he, "only in the tumults of life can we attain the three chief ends:—

"(1) *Self-knowledge*, for a man can learn to know himself only through comparison.

"(2) *Perfection*, which is attained only by battling, and

"(3) The chief virtue, — *Love of death*.

"Only the vicissitudes of life can teach us its falsity and stimulate our innate love of death; which is, in other words, our new birth into another and better life."

These words were all the more impressive from the fact that Iosiph Alekseyevitch, in spite of his severe physical sufferings, has never felt the burdens of this life, and yet he loves death, though in spite of all the purity and loftiness of his nature, he never feels that he is as yet sufficiently prepared for it.

Then the Benefactor fully explained to me the grand Square of Creation and demonstrated that the numbers three and seven were the foundation of all other things. He counselled me to avoid a breach with the Petersburg brethren, to take upon myself only the obligations of the second degree, and while winning the brethren away from the dominion of pride, to strive to keep them on the straight road toward self-knowledge and perfection. Moreover, he advised me, above all things, to keep a strict watch over myself, and for this purpose he gave me this note-book, in which I am now writing, and in which I am henceforth to keep an account of all my actions.

PETERSBURG, December 5.

Again I am living with my wife. My mother-in-law, with tears in her eyes, came to me and said that Ellen was back, and that she begged me to hear her, that she was innocent, that she was unhappy at my putting her away, and many such things. I was well aware that if I once allowed myself to see her, I should not have the force to refuse her request. In my perplexity, I did not know whose help and advice to seek. If the Benefactor had been here, he would have told me. I shut myself up alone in my room, read over Iosiph Alekseyevitch's letters, recalled my conversations with him, and, taking all things together, I came to the conclusion that I had no right to refuse her request; and that if it was my duty to offer the hand of help to every one, all the more was it to a person so closely united to me, and that I was in duty bound to bear my cross. But if I pardoned her for the sake of right-doing, then my re-union with her must have merely a spiritual end and aim. And thus I made up my mind, and thus I wrote to Iosiph Alekseyevitch. I told my wife that I would beg her to forget all the past, that I would beg her to pardon me for anything in which I had been blameworthy toward her, and that I had nothing to forgive. It was a pleasure for me to tell her that. No need for her to know how trying it was for me to see her again. I have taken up my abode in the upper rooms of the great mansion, and I rejoice in a pleasant sense of regeneration.

CHAPTER IX.

IN those days, as has always been the case, "high society," which met at court and at the fashionable balls, was divided into a number of inner circles, each having its own distinctive peculiarities. The most extensive of these cliques was the "French circle," based on the Napoleonic alliance, and led by Count Rumyantsov and Caulaincourt. Ellen immediately took a most prominent position in this clique, as soon as she and her husband resumed their residence together at Petersburg. Her *salon* was frequented by the gentlemen of the French legation, and by the great collection of people distinguished for their amiability and wit, who were in that "swim." Ellen had been at Erfurt at the time of the notable meeting between the emperors, and had there made acquaintance of all the Napoleonic celebrities of Europe. She had enjoyed a most brilliant success. Napoleon himself remarked her presence at the theatre, and said of her, "*C'est un superbe animal.*"

Pierre was not surprised at her success, as far as beauty and elegance were concerned, because, as time went on, she grew more beautiful than ever. But he was amazed that his wife, in the course of two short years, should have succeeded in

acquiring the reputation of being "*une femme charmante, aussi spirituelle que belle.*"

The distinguished Prince de Ligne wrote her eight-page letters. Bilibin treasured up his witticisms so as to get them off for the first time at the Countess Bezukhaya's. To be received at her *salon* was regarded as equivalent to a diploma of wit and intelligence. Young men read books previous to making their appearance there, so as to have some special subject to talk about; and the secretaries of legation, and even the ambassadors, confided diplomatic secrets to her, so that Ellen was a power in a certain way.

Pierre, who knew how stupid she really was, had a strange feeling of perplexity and fear when he appeared, as he sometimes did, at her receptions and dinner parties, where the conversation ran on politics, poetry, and philosophy. On such occasions, he experienced a feeling such as a juggler must have, who is all the time afraid lest somehow or other his deception should be found out. But either because stupidity is the one thing needful in the management of such a *salon*, or because those who are deceived find a certain amount of satisfaction in the deception itself, the secret was not betrayed, and Elena Vasilyevna Bezukhaya's reputation of being *une femme charmante et spirituelle* was so firmly established that she could say the most astonishing trivialities and nonsense, and all professed themselves charmed with every word that fell from her lips, and discovered in them a depth of thought which she herself did not begin to suspect.

Pierre was precisely the kind of a husband which such a brilliant woman of the world ought by good rights to have. He was a queer, absent-minded fellow, a *grand seigneur* of a husband, interfering with no one, and not only not spoiling the lofty tone proper to such a drawing-room, but serving as an admirable background, against which to display his wife's elegance and tact.

Pierre, during these two years, — in consequence of perpetually concentrating his mind on transcendental interests, and of his genuine contempt for all things else, — assumed in the, to him uninteresting, society which his wife gathered round her, that tone of abstraction and absent-mindedness, combined with affability toward all, which cannot be acquired by art, and which somehow commanded involuntary respect. He walked into his wife's drawing-room as though it were the theatre; he knew every one, toward all he was equally cordial and equally reserved. Sometimes he joined in the conversation if it

interested him, and then he blurted out his opinions with that thick utterance of his, regardless of the inappropriateness of his ideas, or the presence of *les messieurs de l'ambassade*. But it was a foregone conclusion in regard to "that queer husband" *de la femme la plus distinguée de Pétersbourg*, that no one should take his idiosyncrasies seriously.

Among the young men who daily frequented Ellen's society after her return from Erfurt, Boris Drubetskoi, who was now on the high road to success in the service, was the most assiduous in his visitations at the Bezukhois. Ellen called him *mon page*, and treated him as though he were a boy. The smiles that she gave him were just like those that she showered upon everybody else, but occasionally Pierre had an unpleasant feeling at the sight of it.

Boris treated Pierre with a peculiar and rather grave deference, that was perfectly proper. This shade of deference also disquieted Pierre. He had suffered so keenly three years before from the affront that his wife had put upon him, that now he saved himself from the possibility of a repetition of it, in the first place, by renouncing the idea of being his wife's husband, and in the second place, by not allowing a suspicion of her to enter his head.

"No, now that she has become a *bas bleu*, a blue stocking, she will never be troubled again with such temptations," he would say to himself. "There is no example of a *bas bleu* having love affairs," he would assure himself, as though it were an axiom in which he had no question, though he could not have told where he obtained it.

But, strangely enough, Boris's presence in his wife's drawing-room — and he was there almost constantly — affected him physically: it seemed to paralyze all of his limbs, to waken all his self-consciousness, and take away his freedom of motion.

"Such a strange antipathy," thought Pierre, "and yet he used to please me very much."

In the eyes of the world, Pierre was a great barin, the somewhat blinded and ridiculous husband of a distinguished wife, a queer genius, who accomplished nothing, did no one any harm, and was on the whole a very fine and good young man. But in the depths of Pierre's soul, during all this time, there was going on the complicated and arduous labor of internal development, which brought him into the knowledge of many secrets, and made him pass through many joys and many doubts.

CHAPTER X.

HE continued his diary, and here are some extracts from what he wrote at that time:—

DECEMBER 6. — Rose at eight o'clock, read in the Gospels, then went to a committee meeting—

Pierre, by his Benefactor's advice, had entered the service as a member of one of the committees.

Came back to dinner, dined alone (the Countess had many guests, who were disagreeable to me), ate and drank moderately, and after dinner copied some documents for the brethren. In the afternoon I went down to the drawing-room and related a ludicrous story about B—, and only when it was too late, and everybody laughing heartily, did I remember that I should not have done so.

Went to bed in a happy and contented frame of mind.

Almighty Lord! help me to walk in thy paths!

- (1) To conquer angry passions by gentleness and moderation.
- (2) Carnal desires by self-restraint and aversion.
- (3) To shun vanity, but not to shut myself off from (a) the conditions of service of the State; (b) from family affairs; (c) from dealings with friends; (d) and from domestic economy.

DECEMBER 7. — Arose late, and after I woke up lay for a long time indulging in slothfulness. My God! help me and strengthen me, so that I may walk in thy ways. Read the Holy Gospels, but without the proper feeling. Brother Urúsof came; we talked about the vanities of the world. Told about the Emperor's new plans. I began to criticise them but remembered our regulations, and the words of the Benefactor in regard to the obligations of a genuine Mason, — to be a zealous worker in the government when his services are required, and a calm observer of what he cannot approve. My tongue is my enemy. Brothers G. V— and O— came to see me; it was a meeting preparatory to the initiation of a new brother. They insisted upon clothing me with the office of Rhetor. I feel myself weak and incompetent.

Then the conversation turned on the significance of the seven pillars and seven steps of the Temple. Seven sciences, seven virtues, seven sins, seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. Brother O— was very eloquent.

The initiation took place in the evening. The new arrangement of the Lodge room made a magnificent spectacle. Boris Drubetskoi was the adept. I was his sponsor, and I was also Rhetor. A strange feeling agitated me while I was with him in the dark room. I detected in myself a feeling of hatred toward him, which I vainly strove to overcome. And I should wish really to save him from evil and win him over to the side of truth, but hard thoughts about him arose in my mind. It seemed to me that his sole aim in joining the Fraternity was, that he might get into closer relations with certain men, creep into favor with those who belong

to our Lodge. Besides, the fact that he has several times asked me whether N— or S— belonged to our Lodge—which I could not answer him—beside the fact that, from my observation of him, he is not qualified to feel proper reverence for our Holy Order and is too much occupied and content with the external man to desire the improvement of the spiritual, I had no grounds to base my objections upon: but he seemed to me insincere, and all the time that I was alone with him in the dark chamber, it seemed to me that he was scornfully smiling at my words, and I had a strong temptation really to pierce him with the sword which I held at his bared breast. I could not speak with any fluency, and I could not frankly confess my doubts to the brethren and the Grand Master. May the Great Architect of the Universe aid me to find the true way which leads from the labyrinth of lies!

After that there was a gap of three pages in the diary, and then came what follows:—

Had an instructive and long talk to-day with brother V— who advised me to hold fast by brother A—. Many things were revealed to me, though I am so unworthy. Adonal is the name of the creator of the world! Elohim is the name of the One who directs the universe. The third name, the unspeakable name, means the All. These talks with Brother V— strengthen me, enlighten me, and confirm my feet in the path of virtue. In his presence there is no chance for doubt. How clear to my mind is the distinction between the wretched knowledge of the general sciences and our sacred, all-embracing science! Human science constantly subdivides, so as to grasp; constantly destroys, so as to scrutinize. In the holy science of our Brotherhood, everything is co-ordinated, everything is recognized by its unity and its life. The Trinity is the three primordial elements of all things—sulphur, mercury, and salt. Sulphur has an unctious and fiery quality; taken in conjunction with salt, its fiery nature arouses a longing in it, by means of which mercury is attracted, seizes it, and thereby arise various bodies. Mercury is the living and volatile, spiritual being,—Christ, the Holy Spirit, *He*.

DECEMBER 15. — Awoke late, read the Holy Gospels, but without being stirred. Afterward, I went out and walked up and down the hall. Tried to think, but instead my imagination brought up an occurrence that happened four years ago. After our duel, Mr. Dolokhof and I met in Moscow, and he said that he hoped that I was now enjoying complete peace of mind, in spite of the absence of my wife. At that time I made him no answer. Now I recalled all the circumstances in my heart of hearts, reviling him with the most angry words and the most cutting sarcasms. I came to my senses and banished this thought only when I found myself stirred up to wrath; but I have sufficiently repented of this.

After this, Boris Drubetskoi came in and began to relate his various "adventures." From the first instant, I was annoyed at his visit, and contradicted him. He retorted. I grew angry, and said a great many disagreeable and even hateful things. He said no more, and I recollected myself only when it was too late. My God! I cannot tell at all how to treat him. The cause of this is my self-conceit. I regard myself as superior to him, and consequently I behave a thousand times worse than he does, since he condones my rude behavior, while I feel nothing but contempt for him. My God! enable me in his presence better to realize my own shortcomings, and so to order my life that he too may find advantage in

it. After dinner I had a nap, and while I was going to sleep I distinctly heard a voice saying in my left ear, "Thine is the day."

It seemed to me in my dream that I was walking in darkness, and suddenly I was surrounded by dogs; but I proceeded without fear; suddenly, one small one seized me by the left thigh, and did not let go. I tried to throttle him. And I had just succeeded in getting rid of him, when another, still larger, began to snap at me. I tried to lift him up, and the higher I lifted him, the larger and heavier he grew. And suddenly, Brother A—— came along, and, taking me by the arm, drew me with him, and brought me to an edifice, to enter which it was necessary to cross a narrow plank. I stepped upon it, and the plank tipped and fell, and I tried to climb the fence, the top of which I could hardly reach by stretching up my arms. At last, after excessive efforts, I climbed up in such a way that my legs were on one side and my body on the other. I managed to look around, and saw that Brother A—— was standing on the fence and directing my attention to a great alley and garden, and within the garden was a large and beautiful edifice.

Then I woke up.

Lord, mighty Architect of Nature! help me to defend myself from the dogs — my passions — and from the last of them, who united in himself the strength of all the others, and aid me to enter that temple of virtue, the sight of which I attained in my vision.

DECEMBER 17. — In a vision, it seemed to me that Iosiph Alekseyevitch was sitting in my house, and I felt very glad, and was anxious to entertain him.

It seemed to me that I went on chatting irrelevantly, and suddenly remembered that this would not be pleasing to him, and I felt anxious to approach him and embrace him. But as soon as I came close to him, I saw that his face was transfigured; he appeared youthful, and in a low tone repeated something from the teachings of the Order; so low, in fact, that I could not understand what he said. Then we seemed all to leave the room, and a marvellous thing occurred.

We were sitting or lying on the floor. The Benefactor said something to me. And I seemed to be anxious to manifest my tenderness toward him, and without listening to his discourse, I tried to realize the condition of my inner man, and the mercy of God, which had overshadowed me. And the tears stood in my eyes, and I was glad that he noticed it. But he glanced at me with a look of annoyance, and sprang up, breaking off his discourse. I was crestfallen, and asked if what he had said applied especially to me; but he made no reply; then he turned a benignant face upon me, and immediately we seemed to be in my sleeping-room. And he asked me, "Tell me honestly what is your strongest temptation? Haven't you ever told me? It seems to me that you have."

I was mortified at his question, and replied that sloth was my chief sin. He shook his head incredulously, and I seemed to be still more confused, and replied that though I lived with my wife, as he had advised, still, I did not love her. To this he replied that a man ought not to deprive his wife of the affection which was her due, and gave me to feel that this was an obligation. But I replied that I was ashamed to begin now, and suddenly everything vanished.

When I awoke, I found myself repeating the text of Holy Writ: "And the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Iosiph Alekseyevitch's face was youthful and bright. On that very same day I received a letter from the Benefactor, in which he wrote of the obligations of the married state.

DECEMBER 21. — I had a dream from which I awoke with a throbbing heart. I seemed to be in my own mansion in Moscow, in the great divan-room, and Iosiph Alekseyevitch seemed to be coming out of the dining-room. And I immediately saw that a strange change had taken place in him, and I hastened to meet him. And it seemed to me that I kissed his cheek and his hand, and he said,—

"Have you noticed that my face looks different?" I gazed at him while still holding him in my embrace, and it seemed to me that his face was youthful, but there was no hair on his head, and his features were greatly altered. And it seemed to me that I replied, "I should have known you had I met you anywhere," and at the same time, I ask myself, "Am I telling the strict truth?" and suddenly I see that he has fallen like a corpse; then he gradually came to his senses, and went with me into the great library, holding a great parchment book in manuscript. And he seemed to say, "This I have written."

And he gave it to me with a low bow. I opened the book, and on all the pages of this book were exquisite illustrations. And it seemed to me that I recognized that these pictures represented the adventures of the soul with her beloved. And among them I seemed to see one representing a beautiful damsel flying through the clouds in diaphanous raiment, and with a transparent body. And I seemed to be aware that this damsel illustrated the Song of Songs. And as I looked at these pictures, it seemed to me that I was doing wrong, and yet I could not tear myself away. Lord, aid me! My God, if this Thy abandonment of me, is Thy work, then Thy will be done. But if I myself am to blame, then teach me what I must do. I must perish in my own corruption, if Thou wholly abandonest me!

CHAPTER XI.

THE Rostofs' financial affairs had not improved in the course of the two years while they had been living wholly in the country.

Although Nikolai had persistently kept to his resolve, and continued to serve in an obscure regiment, where he had no chance of advancement, and therefore spent comparatively little money, still, the scale of life at Otradnoye was so large, and, above all, Mitenka's management was so bad, that the debts rolled up more and more each year. The old count evidently saw but one means of relief,—that was a government employment, and he went to Petersburg to get a situation, and at the same time, as he expressed it, to give the girls one last season's amusement.

Shortly after the Rostofs reached Petersburg, Berg had proposed for Viera, and his proposal had been accepted.

In spite of the fact that in Moscow the Rostofs moved in the highest society, without thinking or inquiring what the society was to which they belonged, they found in Petersburg

that their position was somewhat irregular and unsettled. In Petersburg they were regarded as rather ridiculous provincials, and many people who had accepted their hospitality at Moscow without question, now did not deign to notice them.

The Rostofs entertained as freely at Petersburg as they had done at Moscow, and their dinners were shared by a most heterogeneous conglomeration of individuals; for example, some of their neighbors at Otradnoye, landed proprietors of good standing, but not rich, and their daughters and a *fréilina* Peronskaya, Pierre Bezukhoi, and the son of their district postmaster, who had a government appointment at Petersburg. Among the men who were on a footing of familiarity at the Rostofs were Boris; Pierre, whom the old count had met on the street one day and brought home with him; and Berg, who spent whole days at the Rostofs, and showed the Countess Viera those attentions which every young man is expected to show on the eve of a proposal.

It was not without effect that Berg had shown every one the arm wounded at Austerlitz, and affected to hold his wholly unnecessary sword in his left hand. He described the occurrence so persistently, and made it a matter of such grave importance, that all came to believe in the genuineness and merit of his action, and Berg received two rewards after Austerlitz.

In the campaign in Finland, he had also succeeded in distinguishing himself. He picked up a fragment of shell which had just killed one of the general-in-chief's *aides*, and carried this fragment to the chief. And in exactly the same way as after Austerlitz, he persisted in giving every one such detailed accounts of his behavior, that all came finally to believe with him that this must have taken place also; and again, after the war in Finland, he received two rewards. In 1809 he was already captain of the Guard, and held a most advantageous place in Petersburg.

Though there were some sceptics who smiled significantly when Berg's merits were spoken of in their presence, it was impossible not to admit that Berg was a strict, brave officer, of excellent standing at headquarters, and a highly moral young man, with a brilliant career before him, and already enjoying an exceptional position in society.

Four years before, Berg happening to fall in with a comrade, also a German, in the parterre of one of the Moscow theatres, had called his attention to Viera Rostova, and said in German, "*Das soll mein Weib werden*—She is to be my wife," and

from that moment he had laid his plans to marry her. Now that they were in Petersburg together, he compared his own position with the Rostofs', and came to the conclusion that his time had come, and he proposed.

Berg's proposal was received at first with a surprise that was anything but flattering to him. It seemed at first thought strange that the son of an obscure country nobleman should offer himself to a Countess Rostova! But one of Berg's most characteristic traits was such a *naïve* and good-natured egotism, that the Rostofs soon came involuntarily to feel that it must be an excellent thing, if he himself were so anxious about it; and it kept presenting itself before them in a more and more favorable light. Moreover, the Rostofs' affairs were in a greatly shattered condition, so that there was little attraction for wooers; and worse than all, Viera was already twenty-four, and although she had been everywhere, and was undoubtedly a pretty and attractive girl, she had never before received an offer. So the consent was granted.

"Now you see," said Berg to a comrade whom he called his "friend," simply because he knew that it was fashionable for men to have friends, "you see I have weighed it all carefully, and I should not think of marrying if I had not arranged everything, or if it interfered with any one. But now, on the contrary, my papenka and mamenka are secure. I have got them that usufruct estate on the Baltic frontier, and I can live in Petersburg on my salary, together with what comes from her estate, for I am careful and economical. We can live very well. I don't marry her for her money; I don't call that sort of thing honorable, but it's no more than fair for the wife to contribute her portion and the husband his. I have my appointment; she, her connections and her little property. That's something in these days, isn't it? But, best of all, she is a jewel of a girl, and she loves me."

Berg reddened, and added with a smile, "And I love her because her character is well-balanced — very admirable. Now there's her sister, the same family, but a very different person — a most disagreeable character, and no sense at all, and that kind of thing, you know — disagreeable. But my affianced — well, you'll have a chance to see her," continued Berg. He had it in mind to say, "You will dine with us some day," but he saved himself, and said, "You will take tea with us," and doubling up his tongue he deftly sent forth a little ring of tobacco-smoke, absolutely typical of his dreams of happiness.

After the first feeling of dissatisfaction, which Viera's par-

ents felt at Berg's proposal, the festivity and happiness usual in such circumstances were redoubled, but the joy was not genuine; it was artificial. The relatives confessed to mixed feelings of perplexity and shame. There was an undercurrent of regret that they had never been quite fond of Viera, and that they were now only too glad to get her off their hands. The old count, most of all, was perplexed. He probably would not have been able to tell what caused him this perplexity, but the real cause of it was his finances. He really did not know how he stood or how much he owed, and what he should be able to give as Viera's dowry. When the daughters were born, each had received as a portion about three hundred "souls;" but one of these estates had been already sold, and the other was mortgaged, and the payments were so behind-hand that it was bound to be foreclosed, and therefore could not be granted as a dower. Nor was there any money to spare.

Berg had already been the accepted bridegroom for more than a month, and only a week remained before the wedding, and still the count had not been able to face the dreaded question of the dowry, and had not broached the subject to his wife. At one time, the count thought of giving Viera his Riazan property; at another, of selling a forest; then of raising money on a note.

One morning, a few days before the wedding, Berg came early to the count's private room, and with a pleasant smile respectfully asked his future father-in-law what he was going to give as the Countess Viera's marriage portion. The count was so confused at this long-anticipated question that he answered at haphazard whatever first came into his head.

"I like it in you that you are careful, I like it; you shall be satisfied."

And patting Berg on his shoulder, he got up, thinking to put an end to the matter. But Berg, still smiling pleasantly, explained that unless he could know definitely what would be Viera's dowry, and unless a portion of it, at least, were paid over beforehand, he should be under the necessity of withdrawing from the offer.

"You will certainly agree with me, count, that if I should permit myself to enter the marriage relation without having a definite knowledge of what means I shall have for the maintenance of my wife, I should be acting abom" —

The conversation ended by the count, who wished to appear generous, and also to avoid future demands, saying that he

would give him a note for eighty thousand rubles. Berg, sweetly smiling, kissed him on the shoulder, and declared that he was very grateful, but that he could never make himself ready for his new life unless he had thirty thousand in ready cash. "Or only twenty thousand would do, count," he added. "And in that case, the note would be for only sixty thousand."

"Well, very good," said the count hastily. "Only you will allow me, my dear fellow, to give you the twenty thousand, and the note for eighty thousand beside. That's the way we'll do it! kiss me!"

CHAPTER XII.

NATASHA was now sixteen, and the year 1809 was the very one to which she had counted up on her fingers four years before, at the time when she and Boris had exchanged kisses. Since that time she had not once seen Boris. Before Sonya, and always with her mother, when Boris was mentioned, she had freely declared that all that had gone before was childish nonsense; as though it were a settled matter, of which there was no use talking, and long ago forgotten. But in the deepest depths of her heart, she was tormented by the question whether the promise that bound her to Boris was to be considered in jest or in earnest.

From the very time when Boris had first gone to join the army, he had not seen any of the Rostofs. He had been at Moscow several times, and had passed not very far from Otradnoye, but not once had he been to see his old friends.

Natasha had several times wondered why he had never been near them, and her surmises had been strengthened by the melancholy tone in which her elders spoke of him.

"In these degenerate days, old friends are easily forgotten," said the countess, more than once, when Boris had been mentioned.

Anna Mikhailovna had also been more rarely of late at the Rostofs'; she seemed to hold herself especially on her dignity, and always spoke enthusiastically and boastfully of her son's merits, and the glittering career which he was now pursuing. When the Rostofs came to Petersburg, Boris came to call upon them.

The thought of meeting with them was not without emotion. His romance with Natasha was the most poetical recollection that he had of his youth. But at the same time he went there

with a firm determination to give both her and her parents clearly to understand that those youthful relations between him and Natasha could not be considered binding upon either of them. He had a brilliant position in society, thanks to his intimacy with the Countess Bezukhaya, a brilliant position in the service, thanks to the patronage of an eminent individual, whose confidence he fully enjoyed, and he had now fully elaborated plans for making a marriage with one of the wealthiest heiresses in Petersburg, which, indeed, he might very easily do.

When Boris reached the Rostofs', Natasha was in her room. When she was informed of his presence, she went to the drawing-room almost on a run, blushing and beaming with a more than gracious smile.

Boris remembered Natasha as a little girl, who wore a short dress, and had dark, flashing eyes under her bangs, and with a wild, merry laugh. That was just as he had last seen her, four years before; and consequently, when an entirely different Natasha came into the room, he was taken aback, and his face expressed solemn amazement. This expression on his face was a triumph for Natasha.

"Well, would you have known your mischievous little playmate?" asked the countess. Boris kissed Natasha's hand, and said that he noticed a great change in her.

"How handsome you have grown!"

"Why shouldn't I?" replied Natasha's laughing eyes.

"Don't you think that papa seems much older?" she asked.

Natasha sat there, listening to the conversation between Boris and the countess, and silently studying the husband of her childhood's ideal, even to the minutest particulars. Boris was conscious of her steady and affectionate gaze fixed upon him, and occasionally he stole a glance at her.

His uniform, his spurs, his cravat, the cut of his hair, all were most fashionable and *comme il faut*. Natasha instantly noticed this. He sat somewhat toward the edge of the easy-chair, nearest the countess, with his right hand smoothing the immaculate, neat-fitting glove that he wore on his left, and he spoke, with a peculiarly delicate compression of the lips, about the gayeties of Petersburg high life, and he treated the old times in Moscow, and his Moscow acquaintances, with a gentle irony. It was not without design, Natasha felt sure, he mentioned the names of the highest aristocracy, whom he had met at the ball of the ambassadors, or his invitations to the N.'s and the S. S.'s.

Natasha sat silent all the time, looking askance at him. This glance of hers confused and troubled Boris more and more. He kept turning frequently toward her, and stumbling in the midst of his stories. He did not stay more than ten minutes, and then got up to take his leave. All the time those keen eyes, full of mockery, looked at him with a peculiar challenging expression.

After this first visit of his, Boris confessed to himself that Natasha was just as fascinating as ever, but that it was his duty to renounce this feeling, because to marry her, an almost dowerless maiden, would be the ruin of his career, and the renewal of their former friendship without intention of marrying her would be an ungrateful trick. Boris resolved in his own mind to avoid meeting Natasha, but, notwithstanding this resolution, he went again in a few days, and kept going more and more frequently, and at last spent whole days at the Rostofs'. He kept trying to persuade himself that he would soon have a chance to come to an explanation with Natasha, and tell her that what was past must be forgotten, that, in spite of everything, she could not be his wife, that he had no property, and their friends would never consent to their union. But he kept putting it off, and finding it more and more awkward to bring about this explanation. Each day he became more and more perplexed.

Natasha, so far as her mother and Sonya could judge, was in love with Boris just as much as ever she had been. She sang for him all her favorite pieces, showed him her album, begging him to write in it, and while she never cared to talk about the past, she always made him feel how charming the present was. Each day Boris was more and more involved in the fog of uncertainty, never saying what he had resolved to say, absolutely at sea as to what he should do, or why he went there, and how it would all end. He even ceased to frequent Ellen's, though he daily received reproachful notes from her; but still he spent most of his spare time at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE evening, when the old countess, in night-cap and dressing-sack, with her false curls removed, and with one thin strand of white hair escaping from under her white calico cap, was performing the low obeisances of her evening devotions on a rug, sighing and groaning, the door of her room creaked on its

hinges, and Natasha came running in, with her bare feet in slippers, and also in dressing-jacket and curl-papers.

The countess glanced around, and a frown passed over her face. She went on repeating her last prayer, "If this couch become my tomb." Her devotional frame of mind was destroyed, however. Natasha, with rosy cheeks and full of animation, when she saw that her mother was saying her prayers, suddenly paused, made a courtesy, and involuntarily poked out her tongue, to express her annoyance at her carelessness. Then, perceiving that her mother still went on with her devotions, she ran to the bed on her tiptoes, kicked off her slippers by rubbing one dainty little foot against the other, and sprang into that couch which the countess was so afraid would be her tomb. This couch was a lofty feather bed, with five pillows, each smaller than the other. Natasha jumped into the middle, sinking deep into the feather mattress, rolled over next the wall, and began to creep under the bedclothes, snuggling down, tucking her knees up to her chin, then giving animated little kicks, and laughing almost aloud, now and again uncovering her head and looking at her mother.

The countess finished her prayers, and with a stern face came to the bed, but seeing that Natasha's head was hidden under the bedclothes, she smiled her good, amiable smile.

"Nu, nu, nu," said the mother.

"Can we talk now? Say yes!" cried Natasha. "There now, one kiss in thy neck; just one more, and that will satisfy me!" and she threw her arms around her mother, and kissed her under the chin. In her treatment of her mother, Natasha seemed to be very rough in her manner, but she was so dexterous and graceful, that whenever she seized her mother in her arms, she always did it in such a way as not to hurt her, or disturb her at all.

"Well, what have you to tell me to-night?" asked the countess, settling back upon the pillows, and waiting until Natasha, rolling over and over, should cuddle down close to her, drop her hands, and become serious.

These visits from Natasha, which took place every night before the count came from his club, were a great delight to both mother and daughter.

"What is there to tell to-night? I want to speak to you about" —

Natasha stopped her mother's mouth with her hand.

"About Boris? I know," said she gravely. "That's what made me come. No, but you tell me;" she took away her hand. "Go on, mamma; he's nice, isn't he?"

"Natasha, you are sixteen; at your age I was already married. You say that Boris is nice. He is very nice, and I love him like a son, but what do you wish? You have entirely turned his head, that's evident" —

As she said this, the countess looked at her daughter. Natasha lay looking fixedly at one of the carved mahogany sphinxes which ornamented the bedposts. The countess could only see her daughter's profile. It seemed to her that the sweet face had a peculiarly grave and thoughtful expression.

Natasha was listening and pondering.

"Well, what is it?"

"You have entirely turned his head. What made you do so? What do you want of him? You know that you cannot marry him."

"Why not?" asked Natasha, without altering her expression.

"Because he is very young, because he is poor, because he is a relative — because you yourself are not in love with him."

"How do you know I'm not in love with him?"

"I know. Now, this is not proper, darling."

"But if I am determined on it," began Natasha.

"Do cease talking nonsense!" said the countess.

"Yes, but suppose my mind is made up."

"Natasha, I am in earnest" —

Natasha did not allow her to finish; she seized the countess's plump hand and kissed it on the back, and then on the palm; then turned it over again and began to kiss it on the knuckle-joint of each finger in succession, then on the middle joints, then again on the knuckles, repeating in a whisper, "January, February, March, April, May — tell me, mamma, why don't you go on? Speak!" said she, looking at her mother, who with affectionate eyes gazed at her daughter, becoming so engrossed in this contemplation that she forgot what she was going to say.

"It isn't proper, *dusha moy!* People won't remember anything about your affection as children, but if he is seen to be so intimate with you now, it might injure you in the eyes of other young men who come to the house; and worst of all, it is torturing him all for nothing. Perhaps he might, by this time, have found some rich girl to marry, but now he is quite beside himself."

"Beside himself?" repeated Natasha.

"I will tell you my own experience. I once had a cousin" —

"I know — Kirill Matveyitch, but he's an old man, isn't he?"

"He hasn't always been old! But see here, Natasha, I am going to talk with Boris. He must not come here so much" —

"Why mustn't he, if he likes to?"

"Because I know that this cannot come to any good end."

"How do you know? No, mamma! you must not speak to him. What nonsense!" exclaimed Natasha, in the tone of one who is about to be deprived of a possession. "Well, I won't marry him; but do let him come, for he enjoys it, and so do I." Natasha looked at her mother with a smile. "Not with any intentions, but this way," she repeated.

"What do you mean by *this way*, my dear?"

"Yes, this way. It is perfectly understood that he is not to marry — well, this way!"

"Yes, this way, this way," repeated the countess; and she went into an unexpected fit of good-natured laughter, her whole body shaking, as old people will.

"Come, mamma, stop laughing at me!" cried Natasha. "You make the whole bed shake. You are awfully like me. You laugh just as easily as I do. Do stop!"

She seized the countess's two hands, kissed the joint of the little finger of one of them for June, and went on kissing July and August on the other hand. "Mamma, but he's very, he's so very much in love, — you think so, do you? — Was any one ever as much in love with you? — And he's very nice, very, very nice, isn't he? Only, he's not quite to my taste — he's so narrow, just like the dining-room clock. You know what I mean, don't you? narrow, you know, — grayish and serene."

"What nonsense you do talk!" exclaimed the countess.

Natasha pursued, "Don't you understand what I mean? Nikolenka would understand me. There's Bezukhoi, — he's blue, dark blue and red, and he is four square."

"And are you coquetting with him too?" asked the countess, laughing again.

"No: he's a Freemason; I found it out. He is splendid, dark blue and red. How can I make you see it?"

"Graphinyushka — little countess; aren't you asleep yet?" cried the count at this moment at the door. Natasha jumped out of bed, seized her slippers in her hand, and escaped barefooted to her own room.

It was long before she could go to sleep. She kept thinking how strange it was that no one could ever understand things as she understood them, or read what was in her mind.

"Sonya?" she thought, gazing at the young girl who, with her tremendous long pigtail, lay asleep curled up like a little kitten. "No, not even she! She is virtue itself! She is in love with Nikolenka, and that's all she cares about. And mamma can't understand either! That is so strange; how intelligent she is, and how — She is pretty," Natasha went on, speaking of herself in the third person, and imagining that some very intelligent, extraordinarily intelligent and most handsome man was saying this about her. "She has everything, everything," this man of her imagination was saying. "She is unusually intelligent, lovable, and pretty, besides — extraordinarily pretty and graceful; she can swim, she can ride horseback splendidly, and what a voice! One might say, a marvellous voice!"

She sang her favorite snatch from a Cherubini opera, then threw herself into bed, smiling at the happy thought that she should be asleep in a moment, called to Dunyasha to put out the light; and even before Dunyasha had left the room, she had already passed across into that other, still happier world of dreams, where all things were just as bright and beautiful as in reality, but still more fascinating, because so different.

On the next day, the countess, calling Boris to her, had a talk with him, and from that time forth he ceased to be a frequent visitor at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the thirty-first of December, O.S., on the very eve of the new year, 1810, *le réveillon*, a ball was given by a grandee of Catherine's time. The diplomatic corps and the emperor had promised to be present.

The grandee's splendid mansion on the English Quay was illuminated with countless windows, all ablaze. At the brilliantly lighted, red-carpeted entrance stood a guard of police, comprising not alone gendarmes, but even the chief of police and half a score of officers. Carriages drove away, and new ones kept taking their places, with red-liveried lackeys, and lackeys with plumes in their hats. From the carriages descended men in uniforms, and men adorned with stars and laces; and as the steps were let down with a bang, ladies in satins and ermine cloaks hastily and noiselessly picked their way over the carpeted entrance.

Almost every time when a new equipage drove up, a flurry of excitement ran through the crowd, and hats were removed.

"The sovereign?" "No, a minister." "Prince so and so." "An ambassador." "But did you see his plume?"

Such were the remarks heard in the crowd. There was one man, better dressed than the rest, and he seemed to know who everybody was, and called by name the famous grandees of the time.

Already a third of the guests had arrived; but at the Rostofs', who were also invited, hasty preparations were still in progress.

Many had been the rumors and anticipations in the Rostof family about this ball; many the apprehensions lest they should not get their invitation, lest their dresses should not be ready, and everything ordered as it should be.

Marya Ignatyevna Peronskaya, an old friend and relative of the countess, was to accompany the Rostofs to the ball. She was a lean and fallow *fréilina*, who belonged to the empress dowager's court, and took charge of her country cousins, the Rostofs, in their entry into Petersburg high life.

They were to call for her at ten o'clock in the evening at her residence on the Taurid Gardens, and now it only lacked five minutes of ten, and still the ladies were not dressed.

This was the first great ball to which Natasha had ever been in her life. She had got up at eight o'clock that morning, and had been all day long in a state of the wildest excitement and bustle. All her energies, from earliest morning, had been expended in the effort to have all of them — herself, Sonya, and her mamma — dressed to perfection. Sonya and the countess trusted themselves entirely to her hands. The countess was to wear a dark red or *masaká* dress of velvet; the two girls, gowns with pink silk overskirts, and roses in their corsages, while their hair was to be coiffed *à la grecque*.

The most important part had been already done: their feet, hands, arms, necks, and ears had been washed, perfumed, and powdered with extraordinary care. On their feet they wore open-work silk stockings, and white satin slippers with bows. Their toilettes were almost finished. Sonya had her dress on, and so had the countess; but Natasha, who had been helping the others, was behindhand. She was still sitting in front of the mirror in a *peignoir* that covered her slender shoulders. Sonya, already dressed, was standing in the middle of the room fastening on a last bow with a pin that hurt her dainty fingers as she tried to press it, squeaking, through the ribbon.

"Not that way, not that way, Sonya," cried Natasha, turning her head suddenly, and putting her hands up to her hair, which the maid, who was dressing it, did not have time to let go of. "Don't put the bow that way, come here!"

Sonya sat down in front of her. Natasha pinned the bow in a different position.

"If you please, báruishnya, I can't arrange your hair this way," exclaimed the maid, still holding her dark locks.

"Oh, good gracious, wait then! There, that's the way, Sonya!"

"Are you almost ready?" asked the countess. "It's ten o'clock already."

"In a minute, in a minute."

"And are you all ready, mamma?"

"Only have my headdress to put on."

"Don't you do it without me!" cried Natasha. "You won't get it right!"

"Yes, but it's ten o'clock!"

It had been agreed upon that they should reach the ball-room at half-past ten, and Natasha had still to get on her dress, and they had to drive to the Taurid Gardens.

As soon as her hair was done, Natasha, in her short petticoat, which showed her ball-slippers, and wearing her mother's dressing-jacket, ran to Sonya and examined her critically; then she hurried to her mother. Bending her head down, she put on it her headdress, and, giving her gray hair a hasty kiss, she scurried back to the maids, who were putting the last touches to her skirt.

The delay had been caused by Natasha's skirt, which was too long; two maids were at work on it, hastily biting off the ends of the thread. A third, with her mouth full of pins, was hastening from the countess to Sonya; and a fourth was holding up high in the air the completed crêpe gown.

"Mavrushka, hurry up, you old dove." *

"Give me the thimble, báruishnya."

"Are you almost ready?" asked the count, coming to the door. "Here is some perfume for you. Peronskaya will be in a fume."

"There! it is done!" cried the maid, lifting up with two fingers the completed crêpe dress, and giving it a puff and a shake, by this motion expressing her sense of the airiness and purity of what she held.

Natasha began to put the garment on.

* *Golúbuska.*

"In a minute, in a minute; don't come, papa," she cried to her father, who was just opening the door. Her head at that very moment was disappearing under the cloud of crêpe. Sonya closed the door. But in a moment the count was admitted. He wore a blue dress-coat, short clothes, and buckled shoes, and was scented and pomaded.

"Akh! papa, how handsome you look! Charming!" cried Natasha, as she stood in the middle of the chamber and adjusted the folds of her skirt.

"Excuse me, báruishnya, excuse me," said one of the maids, who was on her knees pulling the skirts; and she shifted the pins from one side of her mouth to the other, with a deft motion of her tongue.

"It's too, too bad!" cried Sonya, with despair in her voice, scrutinizing Natasha's dress. "It's too bad! it's over long now!"

Natasha made a few steps so as to look into the pier-glass. The skirt was indeed too long.

"Good gracious, sudáruinya, it isn't too long, at all," said Mavrusha, crawling along on the floor after her young lady.

"Well, if it's too long, then let us tack it up; we can do it in a second," said Dunyasha, in a decisive tone, taking a needle from the bosom of her dress, and again squatting down on the floor, to baste up the bottom of the skirt.

At this instant, the countess, in her headdress and velvet robe, came timidly into the room, with noiseless steps.

"Oo! Oo! my beauty!" cried the count. "You are the best of them all!" He tried to give her a hug and a kiss, but she blushed and pushed him away, so as not to rumple her dress.

"Mamma, your headdress wants to be more to one side," cried Natasha. "I will pin it on," and she sprang forward so quickly that the maids, who were at work on the skirt, did not have time to let go, and a piece of the crêpe was torn.

"Good gracious! what have you done! Truly, it was not my fault!"

"No matter; it won't be seen," said Dunyasha.

"O my beauty! a real queen!" cried the old nyanya, looking in at the door. "And Sonyushka too; well, they are beauties!"

By quarter-past ten, finally, all were seated in the carriage and on their way. But they had still to stop at the Taurid Gardens.

Peronskaya was all ready and waiting for them. Notwith-

standing her advanced age, and her lack of charms, almost exactly the same thing had taken place in her case as with the Rostofs, though, of course, with no haste and flurry, for this was an old story with her; but her scraggy old form had been washed and scented and powdered in just the same way, and she had been just as scrupulous in washing behind her ears; and just as at the Rostofs', her ancient maid had enthusiastically contemplated the adornment of her mistress, when, dressed in her yellow robe with the imperial monogram, she had come down into the drawing-room.

Peronskaya could not find words enough to praise the Rostofs' toiles.

The Rostofs also extolled her taste and her toilet; and at last, at eleven o'clock, carefully safeguarding their hair and their dresses, they stowed themselves away in the carriage, and drove off.

CHAPTER XV.

NATASHA, since that morning, had not had a moment to herself; and not once had she taken time to think of what was before her.

In the raw, chill atmosphere, in the narrow, dimly lighted, swaying carriage, she, for the first time, clearly saw in her imagination what was waiting for her there, at the ball, in the lighted halls,—the music, the flowers, the dances, the sovereign, all the gilded youth of the city. Fancy pictured it in such attractive colors, that she could hardly believe that it was going to be realized: it was all in such vivid contrast with the impression of the chill, the narrowness, and darkness of the carriage. She realized all that was awaiting her only at the moment when, having passed along the red-carpeted entrance, she went into the vestibule and took off her furs, and, together with Sonya, preceded her mother up the grand staircase lined with flowering plants. Then only it came over her with what propriety she must behave at a ball, and she tried to assume that dignified manner which she felt to be the proper thing for girls on such an occasion.

But, fortunately, she was conscious that her eyes were wandering; she could not distinguish anything clearly: her heart was beating a hundred a minute, and her pulses throbbed almost painfully. It was impossible for her to assume any such manner, and it would have been ridiculous in her; and

so she passed along, dying with excitement, and trying with all her might to hide it; and this was the very manner which was, most of all, becoming to her. Behind them, and in front of them, other guests were mounting the stairs, also talking in low tones, and dressed in ball costumes. Great mirrors on the landings reflected visions of ladies in white, blue, and pink gowns, with diamonds and pearls on their bare arms and bosoms.

Natasha glanced into the mirrors, but she could not distinguish herself from among the others: all were commingled and confused in one glittering procession. As they reached the door leading into the first drawing-room, a continuous roar of voices, footsteps, and greetings deafened Natasha: the lights and brilliant toilets still more dazzled her. The host and hostess, who had already for hours been standing near the entrance and repeating over the same words of welcome, "*Charmé de vous voir*," met the Rostofs and Peronskaya in the same way.

The two young girls, in their white dresses, each with a single rose in her dark locks, went in and courtesied exactly alike; but involuntarily the hostess let her glance rest longer on the gentle little Natasha. She gazed at her with a smile, the expression of which had something in it quite different from the set smile of the hostess. As she looked at her, she perhaps remembered the golden days of her girlhood, which would never more return, and her own first ball. The host also followed Natasha with his glance, and asked the count which of the two was his daughter.

"*Charmante!*" said he, kissing his finger-tips.

In the great ballroom, the guests were crowded together near the entrance, awaiting the coming of the sovereign. The countess took her place in the front row of this group. Natasha had had her ears open, and she was conscious that several had asked who she was, and had found it pleasant to look at her. She realized that she was making a pleasant impression on those whose eyes followed her, and this fact somewhat calmed her agitation.

"There are some just like ourselves, and some not as good," she thought.

Peronskaya was pointing out to the countess the most notable people in the ballroom.

"There! that's the Dutch ambassador," said Peronskaya, directing the countess's attention to a gentleman with crisp silver-white hair, closely trimmed. He was surrounded by

ladies, whom he had just set to laughing by some story or other.

"Ah! and there is the tsáritsa of Petersburg, the Countess Bezukhaya," she exclaimed, indicating Ellen, who had just entered. "How handsome she is! she does not stand second even to Marya Antonovna. Just see how young and old stare after her. She's both handsome and intelligent. They say Prince — has quite lost his heart to her. And see those two, there! They are not pretty at all, but what a following they have!"

She indicated a lady and her extremely plain daughter, who were just crossing the ballroom.

"That girl is the daughter of a millionaire," said Peronskaya; "and there are her suitors. That's the Countess Bezukhaya's brother, Anatol Kuragin," said she, referring to a handsome young cavalryman, who was just then passing them, holding his head very high, and not deigning to give the ladies a look. "How handsome he is! isn't he? They say he's going to marry this heiress; and your cousin, Drubetskoi, is also after her: they say she has millions. — Who? that man there? That is the French ambassador himself," she replied to the countess, who asked who Caulaincourt was. "Just see, he is like some tsar! And yet they are all so charming, — these French, — all very nice. Ah! and there she is! No, after all, there is no one who can be compared to our Marya Antonovna. And how simply she is dressed! Charming! — And that stout man yonder, in spectacles, is the universal Freemason," said she, pointing out Bezukhoi. "Compare him with his wife! what a ridiculous creature!"

Pierre walked along, his stout form swaying, and pushed through the throng, bowing to right and left, carelessly and good-naturedly, as though he were making his way through the swarms of a market-place. He passed along, evidently in search of some one.

Natasha was glad to see Pierre's well-known face, even if he was "a ridiculous creature," to use the words of Peronskaya; and she knew that it was her party, and herself in particular, of whom Pierre was in search. Pierre had promised that he would attend the ball and find partners for her.

But before he reached where they stood, Pierre stopped near a short and very handsome dark-featured cavalryman, in a white uniform, who was standing by the window, and conversing with a tall individual with stars and a ribbon. Natasha instantly recognized the shorter of the two men: it was Bol-

konsky, who seemed to her to have grown younger, gayer, and handsomer.

"There's another of our acquaintance — Bolkonsky — do you see him, mamma?" asked Natasha, pointing to Prince Andrei. "Do you remember? he spent a night with us at Otradnoye."

"Ah, indeed! so you know him, then?" asked Peronskaya. "I cannot endure him. *Il fait à présent la pluie et le beau temps!** There's no end to his pride. He's exactly like his pápenka. And now he's hand in glove with Speransky: they are concocting all sorts of schemes. See how he treats the ladies! one just spoke to him, and he turns his back on her! I'd give him a lesson if he treated me as he did those ladies."

CHAPTER XVI.

SUDDENLY there was a general stir: a whisper ran through the throng, which pressed forward and then divided again, making two rows, between which came the sovereign, to the strains of the band which just then struck up. He was followed by the host and hostess. The sovereign passed along quickly, bowing to the right and left, as though anxious to have done as soon as possible with these first formalities. The musicians played a Polonaise then famous, on account of the words which had been set to it. These words began, "*Aleksandr, Yelizavyéta, you enrapture us.*"

The sovereign entered the drawing-room. The throng pushed toward the doors: several personages, with anxious faces, in great haste, rushed hither and thither. The throng again closed around the drawing-room door, where the sovereign made his appearance, engaged in conversation with the hostess. A young man, with an expression of annoyance on his face, came along and begged the ladies to step back. Several ladies, with eager faces showing absolute disregard of all the conventional rules of good breeding, pushed forward, to the imminent risk of their toilets. The gentlemen began to select partners, and get into position for the polonaise.

Space was cleared; and the sovereign, with a smile, stepping out of time, passed into the ballroom, leading the lady of the house by the hand.

They were followed by the host, with Marya Antonovna

* "His star is in the ascendant just now:" a French proverb, signifying his success. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Naruishkina; then the ambassadors and ministers, and various generals, whom Peronskaya indefatigably called by name.

More than half of the ladies had partners, and were already dancing or beginning to dance the polonaise.

Natasha felt that she and Sonya, as well as her mother, were left in the lurch, with that minority of ladies who lined the walls, and were not invited to take part in the polonaise. She stood with her slender arms hanging by her sides; with her maidenly bosom, as yet scarcely defined, regularly rising and falling with long inspirations; and she looked straight ahead with brilliant eyes full of alarm, indicating that she was ready for utter enjoyment or desperate disappointment.

She was not interested now in the sovereign, or in any of those distinguished personages whom Peronskaya was calling their attention to: she had only one thought, —

“Isn't any one coming to invite me? Can it be that I am not going to have a single dance? Won't any of those men notice me? — of those men who now do not seem to see me; or, if they see me, look at me as much as to say ‘Oh, she's nothing, — she's nothing to look at!’ No, it cannot be!” said she to herself. “They must know how I am longing to dance, and how splendidly I dance, and how much they would enjoy it if they danced with me!”

The strains of the polonaise, which had now lasted some little time, began to have a melancholy cadence in Natasha's ears, — as though connected with sad memories. She felt like having a good cry. Peronskaya had left them; the count was at the other end of the ballroom; she and Sonya and the countess were as much alone, in this throng of strangers, as though they were in the woods; no one took any interest in them, or looked out for them.

Prince Andrei passed them with a lady on his arm, and evidently did not recollect them. The handsome Anatol, smiling, said something to the lady with whom he was promenading, and looked into Natasha's face as one looks at a wall. Twice Boris passed them, and each time turned his head away. Berg and his wife, who were not dancing, joined them.

Natasha felt mortified to death at this family gathering, there, at the ball; as though they had no other place for family confidences than in a ballroom. She did not look at Viera, or listen to what she had to say about her emerald-green dress.

At last the sovereign sat down near his last partner — he had danced with three — and the music ceased. The officious adjutant bustled up to the Rostofs, begging them to move back

a little more, and this although they almost touched the wall; and then from the gallery was heard the clear-cut rhythm of the smooth and enticing *valse*. The sovereign, with a smile, glanced down the ballroom. A moment passed, and no one had as yet begun. The adjutant, who acted as master of ceremonies, approached the Countess Bezukhaya, and asked her to dance. She accepted with a smile, and then, without looking at him, laid her hand on his shoulder. The adjutant, who knew what he was about, calmly, deliberately, and with all the self-confidence in the world, placing his arm firmly about her waist, at first started off with her in the *glissade* around the edge of the circle; then, when they reached the end of the ballroom, he took her right hand with his left, turned her around, and, while the sounds of the *valse* grew more and more rapid, the clicking of the adjutant's spurs could be heard, as his agile and skilful feet beat the time of the rhythm; while on the third beat, at every turn, his partner's velvet dress floated out and seemed to fly. Natasha gazed at them, and was ready to weep that it was not she herself who was leading this first *valse*.

Prince Andrei, in the white uniform of a colonel of cavalry, in silk stockings and shoe-buckles, stood, full of life and radiant with happiness, in the front row of the circle, not far from the Rostofs. Baron Firhof was talking to him about the first meeting of the Imperial Council, which had been appointed for the next day. Prince Andrei, as an intimate friend of Speransky, and one who had shared in the labors of the Legislative Committee, would be very likely to be able to give authentic information in regard to the approaching session, concerning which there were many conflicting rumors. But Prince Andrei was not giving heed to what Firhof was saying, and looked now at the sovereign, and now at the various gentlemen, who were all ready to dance, but had not the necessary courage to take the floor.

Prince Andrei was observing these gentlemen who showed such timidity in the presence of their sovereign; and the ladies, whose hearts were sinking within them with desire of being invited.

Pierre came up to Prince Andrei and took him by the arm.

"You are always ready for a dance: my *protégée*, the little Rostova, is here; do invite her!" said he.

"Where?" asked Bolkonsky. "I beg your pardon," he added, turning to the baron. "We will finish this conversation at another time; but at balls, it is our duty to dance."

He went in the direction indicated by Pierre. Natasha's despairing, melancholy face attracted Prince Andrei's attention. He recognized her, and divined her feeling; and realizing that she was just "coming out," and remembering her conversation, he went with a beaming countenance up to the Countess Ros-tova.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my daughter," said the countess, with a blush.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting her before, but perhaps the countess does not remember me," said Prince Andrei, with a low and respectful bow; entirely belying Peronskaya's spiteful observation about his rudeness. Approaching Natasha, he started to put his arm around her waist, even before he had actually invited her to dance with him. Then he proposed that they should take a turn of the *valse*. Natasha's face, with its melancholy expression, ready to sink to despair or become radiant, was suddenly lighted up with a happy, childlike smile of gratitude.

"I had been waiting long for you," this timid and radiant young maiden seemed to say, by this smile flashing out from under the tears that had been almost ready to start, as she put her hand on Prince Andrei's shoulder. They were the second couple that ventured out upon the floor. Prince Andrei was one of the best dancers of his time. Natasha danced exquisitely: her dainty little feet, shod in her satin slippers, performed their duty with perfect ease and agility, as though they had wings; and her face was beaming with triumphant delight.

Her neck was angular, and her arms were thin and far from pretty, compared with Ellen's charms. Her shoulders were slim, her figure undeveloped, her arms slender; but Ellen seemed to be already covered with an enamel left by the thousand glances that had glided over her form; while Natasha seemed like a maiden who for the first time appeared in a dress *décolleté*, and would feel very much ashamed if she were not assured that it was the proper thing.

Prince Andrei liked to dance, and as he was anxious to escape from the political and philosophical talk into which people insisted in dragging him, and anxious to break up, as soon as possible, that tiresome circle of people, abashed by the presence of the sovereign, — he was ready to dance; and he chose Natasha, because Pierre had suggested her, and because she happened to be the first among all the pretty women upon whom his eyes fell. But as soon as he held this slender, sup-

ple form in his arms, and she started away so close to him, and smiled up into his face, the effect of her charm mounted into his head like wine; when they stopped to get breath, and he released her, and they began to look at the dancers, he felt as though he had been inspired with new energy and fresh life.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLLOWING Prince Andrei's example, Boris came and invited Natasha to dance with him; also, the master of ceremonies, who had opened the ball, and several other young men; and Natasha, turning her superfluity of partners over to Sonya, flushed and beamed with delight, and did not miss a single dance throughout the rest of the evening. She did not notice and she did not heed the incidents that attracted the attention of everybody else at the ball. She did not once remark how the emperor had a long conversation with the French ambassador; or how he showed signal favor to a certain lady who was present; or how the European Prince So-and-So and So-and-So said and did this, that, and the other; or how Ellen enjoyed a brilliant success and attracted the special attention of such and such a person: she did not even see the sovereign, and only noticed that he had withdrawn by the fact that after his departure the ball became livelier than ever.

Just before supper, Prince Andrei danced one of the jolliest of cotillions with Natasha. He took occasion to remind her of their first meeting on the Otradnoye driveway, and how she could not go to sleep that moonlight night, and how he had involuntarily overheard what she said. Natasha blushed at this reminiscence, and tried to excuse herself, as though it were something of which she ought to be ashamed, that Prince Andrei had accidentally overheard her.

Prince Andrei, like all men who have grown up in society, liked to meet any one who was free from the stereotyped imprint of fashionable high life; and such a person was Natasha, with her *naïve* astonishment, her enjoyment, and her modesty, and even her mistakes in speaking French.

He treated her, and spoke to her, with a peculiar delicacy and affectionate courtesy. As he sat next to her, talking upon the simplest and most insignificant topics, Prince Andrei admired the radiant gleam in her eyes, and her smile, answering not what was said to her so much as to her inward happiness. If, by chance, Natasha were invited to dance, and got

up with a smile, and went flying across the room, Prince Andrei found especial delight in watching her fawn-like grace. In the midst of the cotillion, Natasha, having just danced out one figure, came back to her place, with a long sigh, all out of breath. A new cavalier again invited her out. She stood up panting, and was apparently on the point of refusing; but instantly placed her hand on the cavalier's shoulder, and gave Prince Andrei a smile.

"I should like very much to get my breath, and sit with you, — I am tired, — but you see how I am in demand; and that pleases me, and I am happy, and I love you all, and you and I understand it all:" this, and much more besides, this smile of hers seemed to say. When her partner brought her back, Natasha *chasséd* across the room to choose two ladies for the figure.

"If she speaks to her cousin first, and then to the other lady, she shall be my wife!" said Prince Andrei, unexpectedly even to himself, as he followed her. *She went to her cousin first!*

"What nonsense sometimes enters one's head!" thought Prince Andrei. "But it is quite evident that this maiden is so sweet, and so unlike anybody else, that she won't be kept dancing here for a month: she'll be engaged or married. There's no one like her here!" he thought, as Natasha, smoothing out the petals of a rose in her corsage, that had been crushed, came back and resumed her place next him.

At the end of the cotillion, the old count, in his blue coat, came up to the dancers. He invited Prince Andrei to call and see them, and he asked his daughter if she had been having a good time. Natasha at first did not reply, except by a smile which had a sort of reproach in it, as much as to say, "How can you ask such a question?"

"The jolliest time I ever had in my life," said she; and Prince Andrei noticed how she made a quick motion to raise her slender arms, as if to embrace her father, and instantly dropped them again. Natasha was happier than she had ever been in her life before: she had reached that lofty height of bliss, when a person becomes perfectly good and lovely, and cannot believe in the existence or the possibility of wickedness, unhappiness, and sorrow.

Pierre, at this ball, for the first time had a realizing sense of the false position in which he was placed by the status occupied by his wife in court society. He was morose, and in despair. A deep frown furrowed his brow; and as he stood

by the window, he glared through his spectacles, and yet saw nothing.

Natasha, as she went down to supper, passed by him.

His gloomy, unhappy face struck her. She paused in front of him: she felt a desire to help him, to share with him the superfluity of her own happiness.

"How jolly it is, count," said she. "Isn't it?"

Pierre gave her a distracted smile, evidently not understanding what she said.

"Yes, I am very glad," he replied.

"How can any one be dissatisfied with anything," wondered Natasha. "Especially such a good fellow as that Bezukhoi?"

In Natasha's eyes, all who were at the ball were alike good, sweet, lovely men, full of affection toward each other: hatred was out of the question, and therefore all ought to be happy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the next day, Prince Andrei remembered the ball of the evening before, but it soon passed out of his mind.

"Yes, it was a very brilliant ball; and besides — yes, the little Rostof girl was very captivating. There's something peculiarly fresh about her, very original and un-Petersburg-like!"

That was the extent of the thought that he gave to the ball; and, after he had drunk his tea, he sat down to his labors. But, either because of his weariness, or his sleepless night, the day was unpropitious for work, and he could not accomplish anything; and what he did was unsatisfactory, as was often the case with him; and he was glad when word was brought that some one had come to see him.

The visitor was Bitsky, who had served on various committees, and frequented all the different cliques of Petersburg society. He was a zealous supporter of the new ideas, and of Speransky; and was known about town as an indefatigable gossip-monger: one of those men who follow the fashion in their opinions as in their clothes, and who, accordingly, are regarded as the most eager partisans of the latest doctrines.

Scarcely giving himself time to remove his hat, he rushed eagerly into Prince Andrei's room, and, on the instant, rattled off into a stream of talk. He had only just learned the details of the session of the Imperial Council, that had taken

place that morning, opened by the sovereign, that the only way began to tell about it with all the enthusiasm. The sovereign's speech had been extraordinary, and they were to cover the speech as only a constitutional monarch could have done, on being

"The emperor said, in so many words, that the court was now the senate were now the *members* of the government, and he declared that the administration should have its basis not on the sovereign's arbitrary will, but on firm principles. The sovereign declared that the finances should be re-organized, and the budgets made public," said Bitsky, laying a special emphasis on the important words, and opening his eyes significantly. "Yes: the event of to-day marks an era, a magnificent era, in our history," he said, in conclusion.

Prince Andrei listened to the story of the opening of the Imperial Council, which he had been looking forward to with so much impatience, and to which he attributed so much importance; and he was amazed that this event, now that it was really accomplished, not only did not stir him, but seemed to him worse than idle. He listened to Bitsky's enthusiastic account with quiet irony. The most obvious thought that came into his head was, "What concern is it to me or to Bitsky, — indeed, what concern is it of ours, — that the sovereign deigned to say something in the council? Can it make me any happier, or any better?"

And this obvious criticism suddenly destroyed for Prince Andrei all the interest that he had formerly taken in the reforms.

Prince Andrei had been invited to dine that day at Speransky's, "*en petit comité*," as he himself expressed it, when he gave him the invitation.

The idea of this dinner, in the intimate and home circle of a man for whom he felt such an admiration, had before this been exceedingly attractive to Prince Andrei, the more from the fact that hitherto he had never seen Speransky in his family life; but now he lost all desire to go.

At the hour set for the dinner, however, Prince Andrei reached Speransky's own small house, near the Taurid Gardens. Prince Andrei was a little late when he was shown into the parquet-floored dining-room of the modest little residence, — distinguished for its extraordinary, its rather monastic, primness, — where all the gentlemen constituting Speransky's *petit comité*, being his most intimate friends, had promptly assembled at five o'clock. There were no ladies present, except Speransky's young daughter, who had a long

by the window, he glances at her governess. The guests do nothing. Magnitsky, and Stoluipin.

Natasha, as Prince Andrei was in the vestibule, he heard his glances and a clear, precise ha-ha-ha: a laugh, like that of him and actors on the stage. Some one, whose voice sounded superior to Speransky's, rang out distinctly: ha-ha-ha. Prince Andrei had never heard Speransky laugh heartily, and the clear, ringing laugh of the great statesman struck him strangely.

Prince Andrei went into the dining-room. All the company were gathered around a lunch table, standing between two windows, and spread with the *zakúska*. Speransky, in a gray coat, with a star, and wearing the same immaculate white waistcoat and high white stock, in which he had appeared at the memorable meeting of the Imperial Council, stood at the table, his face beaming with pleasure. The gentlemen formed a circle around him. Magnitsky, addressing Mikhail Mikhailovitch, was relating an anecdote. Speransky listened, and began to laugh even before Magnitsky reached the point of his story. At the moment Prince Andrei entered the room, Magnitsky's words were drowned in another roar of merriment: Stoluipin's deep voice rang out, as he bit up a morsel of bread and cheese; Zhervais bubbled over with tinkling laughter; and above all rang out Speransky's loud, deliberate ha-ha-ha.

Speransky, still laughing, gave his soft white hand to Prince Andrei.

"Very glad to see you, prince," said he. "One minute," said he, turning to Magnitsky, and interrupting the story he was telling. "We have made an agreement this time: dinner is for recreation, and not a word about business." And again he turned to the narrator, and again broke out into laughter.

Prince Andrei, with amazement and sorrowful disenchantment, listened to this guffawing, and gazed at the hilarious Speransky. It seemed to Prince Andrei that it was not Speransky, but another man. All the mystery and charm which he had hitherto discovered in Speransky, suddenly seemed commonplace and repulsive.

The conversation at the table did not flag for a moment, and seemed to consist of little more than a string of ludicrous stories. Magnitsky had scarcely time to cap the climax of his story, when some one else manifested his readiness to tell something that was even funnier. The anecdotes were for the most part, if not exactly confined to the world of officialdom, at least related to individuals in the service. It seemed as though, in this gathering, the insignificance of such charac-

ters was so thoroughly taken for granted, that the only way in which it was worth while to speak of them was to cover them with good-natured ridicule.

Speransky related how at the council meeting that morning, one of the statesmen, who happened to be deaf, on being asked his opinion, replied that he was entirely agreeable. Gervais related a long incident in connection with the census, wherein remarkable stupidity had been shown by all persons concerned. Stolupin, who had an impediment in his speech, joined the conversation, and began eagerly to speak of the abuses of the former order of things; but, as this threatened to give a too serious character to the talk, Magnitsky chaffed him on his earnestness. Gervais perpetrated a pun, and again the talk assumed its former hilarious character.

Evidently Speransky, after his labors, liked recreation and amusement in a jolly circle of friends; and all his guests, knowing this characteristic of his, did their best to make him enjoy himself, and at the same time to enjoy themselves. But this gayety seemed to Prince Andrei forced, and the opposite of gay. The ringing tones of Speransky's voice impressed him unpleasantly, and his incessant laughter had a false ring to it that strangely wounded his sensibilities. Prince Andrei could not laugh, and he was afraid that he should appear like a kill-joy in the company. But no one noticed that he did not participate in the general merriment. It seemed to him that all were extremely gay.

He tried several times to put in his word; but each time it was tossed back, as it were, like a cork tossed out of the water, and he had no success in jesting like the others. There was nothing wrong or ill-judged in what they said; there was wit and sense displayed, and it ought to have been really worth laughing at, but something, whatever it is, that constitutes the salt of gayety, was lacking; but, worse than all, they did not seem to realize that it was.

After dinner, Speransky's little daughter, with her *gouvernantka*, withdrew. Speransky caressed the little girl with his white hand, and kissed her. And even this action seemed to Prince Andrei full of affectation.

The gentlemen, after the English fashion, remained sitting at table over their port wine. The conversation had turned on Napoleon's management of affairs in Spain; and as all agreed in approving of it, Prince Andrei took it upon him to disagree with them. Speransky smiled, and, evidently wishing to change the subject, told a story which was totally irrelevant. Then silence ensued for several moments.

Before they left the table, Speransky recorked a bottle in which a little wine was left, and saying, "Good wine is expensive these days,"* handed it to the servant, and pushed back his chair.

All arose and, talking noisily, passed into the drawing-room. Speransky was handed two envelopes brought by a courier. He took them and went into his private room. As soon as he had left, the general gayety subsided, and the guests began to talk together in subdued tones on matters of real interest.

"Well, then, now for a recitation!" exclaimed Speransky, coming back from his private room. "Wonderful talent," he said, addressing Prince Andrei. Magnitsky immediately assumed an attitude, and began to recite some satirical verses which he had written in French upon certain well-known personages in Petersburg, and several times he was interrupted by applause. At the end of this recitation, Prince Andrei went to Speransky to take leave.

"Where must you be going so early?" asked Speransky.

"I promised to spend the evening" —

All were silent. Prince Andrei looked into Speransky's mirror-like and impenetrable eyes, and it seemed to him ridiculous that he had ever expected anything great from this Speransky, or of the work which he had undertaken to perform, or how he could ever have attributed any importance to what Speransky was doing. It was long before that dry, measured laugh of his ceased to ring in his ears, even after he had taken his leave of Speransky.

On his return home, Prince Andrei began to live over his life in Petersburg during the four months past, as though it were something new. He recalled his labors, his rounds of solicitation, the history of his project of the military code, — which had been brought to notice, and then quietly laid on the table, for the sole reason that another one of very wretched character had already been compiled and placed before the sovereign; he recalled the meetings of his committee, of which Berg was a member; he recalled how strenuously and at what length everything that touched upon the outside forms and proceedings of their meetings had been discussed, and how careful they had been to avoid everything that reached the essence of the matter; he recalled his judicial labors, and what pains he had taken to translate articles on the Roman and French course of procedure into Russian; — and he grew ashamed of himself.

* "Good wine goes in fine boots," a variant of a Russian proverb.

Then his imagination vividly brought up before his mind his estate of Bogucharovo, his projects in the country, his journey to Riazan; he recalled his muzhiks, and their head man, and he applied to them his theory of the individual rights which he had so carefully elaborated into paragraphs; and he was amazed at himself that he could have wasted so much time in such idle work.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the following day, Prince Andrei went to make calls upon several families where he had not been as yet, and in the number upon the Rostofs, whose acquaintance he had renewed at the last ball. Not only was he required by the laws of politeness to call at the Rostofs, but he also had a strong desire to see in her own home this original and lively young girl, of whom he had such pleasant recollections.

Natasha happened to be the first who came down to see him. She wore a simple blue morning-dress, and it seemed to Prince Andrei that it was even more becoming to her than the one she had worn at the ball. She and the rest of the family received Prince Andrei simply and hospitably, as an old friend. The whole family, which he had at first been inclined to criticise severely, now seemed to him charming, simple-hearted, and cordial people. The old count showed such genuine and unbounded hospitality, and his good nature was so contagious, especially there in Petersburg, that Prince Andrei could not with good grace refuse his invitation to dinner.

"Yes, they are excellent people," said Bolkonsky to himself. "Of course they cannot appreciate what a treasure they possess in Natasha; but they are good, kindly people, and they make a most admirable background against which to bring out all the charm of this wonderfully poetical young girl, so overflowing with vivacity."

Prince Andrei felt that in Natasha existed a peculiar and unknown world, full of unrealized delights, — that unknown world of which he had caught the first glimpse as he drove through the Otradnoye avenue, and then again at the window that moonlight night, when he had been so stirred by it. Now this world no longer excited his curiosity, no longer was it a strange world; but, as he entered into it, he realized that new delight was awaiting him.

After dinner, Natasha, at the count's request, went to the

harpischord and began to sing. Prince Andrei took up his position by the window and listened, while occasionally exchanging words with the other ladies. When she reached the middle of a long cadenza, Prince Andrei stopped talking, and, to his amazement, found that he was choked with tears; a thing which he would not have believed possible for him. He looked at Natasha as she sang, and a new and joyous feeling arose in his heart. He was happy, and at the same time rather melancholy. He was ready to burst into tears, and yet he could not really have told why he felt like weeping. For what? — his former love? — For the little princess? For his disappointed illusions? For his hopes of the future? Yes and no! The chief reason that he felt like weeping was the sudden awakening to that strange and vivid contradiction between the boundlessly immense and infinite that existed in him, and the narrow and limited world to which he felt that he himself, and even she, belonged.

This contrast tormented, and, at the same time, overjoyed him, while she was singing.

As soon as Natasha finished her song, she went to him and asked him frankly how he liked her voice. She asked the question, and was overwhelmed with confusion, the moment she had spoken; realizing, when it was too late, that she ought not to have asked it. He smiled as he looked at her, and replied that he liked her singing just as he liked everything else that she did.

It was late that evening before Prince Andrei left the Rostofs'. He went to bed as usual, but soon found that he had a sleepless night before him. Now he would relight his candle and sit up in bed; then he would get up; then he would lie down again; still, he was not in the least oppressed by this sleeplessness: his soul was so full of new and joyful sensations, that it seemed to him as if he had just emerged from a sultry chamber into God's free world. Nor did it once occur to him that he was in love with the young Countess Rostova; he did not think of her, he only imagined her himself; and the consequence of this was that all his whole life presented itself to him in a new light.

"Why am I struggling, why am I toiling and moiling in this narrow, petty environment, when life, all of life, with all its pleasures, is open before me?" he asked himself.

And for the first time for long months, he began to devise cheerful plans for the future. He decided that it was his duty to undertake personally the education of his son, to find him

an instructor, and put him into his hands; then he would quit the service and travel abroad, and see England, Switzerland, and Italy.

"I must make the most of my freedom, since I feel myself so overflowing with strength and energy," said he to himself. "Pierre was right in saying that one ought to believe in the possibility of happiness, and now I believe it is so. Let the dead bury their dead; but, while we are alive, let us live," he thought.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE morning, Colonel Adolph Berg, with whom Pierre was acquainted, just as he was acquainted with every one in Petersburg and Moscow, came to see him. He was dressed in an immaculate and brand-new uniform, with little love-locks curling round over his temples, and pomaded there, just as the sovereign wore them.

"I have just come from calling upon the countess, your wife, and I was so unfortunate in not being able to have my request granted! I hope, count, that I shall be more successful with you," said he, with a smile.

"What would you like, colonel? I am at your service."

"I am now quite completely settled in my new rooms, count," pursued Berg, evidently convinced in his own mind that this communication could not fail to be an agreeable piece of news. "And, consequently, I wanted to have a little reception for my friends and my wife's." He smiled more effusively than ever. "I wanted to ask the countess and yourself to do me the honor to come and take tea with us, and — and have supper."

Only the Countess Elena Vasilyevna, who considered the society of such people as the Bergs beneath her, could have had the heart to refuse such an invitation. Berg explained so clearly why he desired to gather around him a small and select company, and why it would be pleasant, and why he grudged money spent on cards, and other disreputable occupations, but was willing to go to large outlay in entertaining good company, that Pierre could not think of refusing, and agreed to be present.

"Only don't come late, count, if I may be so bold as to beg of you; at ten minutes to eight, I beg of you. We will have some whist; our general will come, — he is very good to me.

We will have a good supper, count. So please do me the favor."

Contrary to his usual habit of being late, Pierre that evening reached the Bergs at quarter to eight; five minutes before the appointed time.

The Bergs, having made every provision for the reception, were all ready and waiting for their guests to come.

Berg and his wife were sitting together in their library, all new and bright, and well provided with statuary and paintings and new furniture. Berg in a nice new uniform, tightly buttoned up, was sitting near his wife, explaining to her that it was always possible and proper to have acquaintances among people of high station, that being the only real advantage in having friends. "You can always find something to imitate, and can ask any sort of advice. You see, that's the way I have done ever since I was first promoted." — Berg did not reckon his life according to his years, but according to the various steps of promotion. — "My comrades have amounted to nothing, but, at the first vacancy, I shall be made regimental commander; and then, I have the happiness of being your husband." He got up and kissed Viera's hand, but before he did so, he straightened out the corner of a rug that was turned up. "And how have I accomplished all this; principally; by exercising a choice in my acquaintances. Of course, though, one has to be straightforward and punctual." Berg smiled with the consciousness of his superiority over a weak woman, and relapsed into silence; saying to himself, that his wife, lovely as she was, was, nevertheless, a feeble woman, unable to appreciate the full significance of the dignity of being a man — *ein Mann zu sein!*

Viera, at the same time, smiled with a similar consciousness of her superiority over her good, worthy spouse; who, nevertheless, like the rest of his sex, was quite mistaken, she thought, in his understanding of the meaning of life.

Berg, judging by his wife, considered that all women were weak and unintellectual. Viera, judging by her husband alone, and making wider generalizations, supposed that all men considered no one but themselves wise; and, at the same time, had no real understanding, and were haughty and egotistical.

Berg got up, and embracing his wife carefully, — so as not to rumple her lace pelerine, for which he had paid a high price, — kissed her on the centre of the lips.

"There is one thing, — we must not begin to have children too soon," said he, by an unconscious correlation of ideas.

"Yes," replied Viera. "That's exactly what I want. We must live for society."

"The Princess Yusupovaya has one exactly like this," said Berg, laying his finger on the lace pelerine, with his honest, happy smile.

At this time, Count Bezukhoi was announced. The young couple exchanged congratulatory glances, each arrogating the credit of this visit.

"This is what comes of understanding how to form acquaintances," said Berg. "This comes of having tact!"

"Now, I beg of you, don't interrupt me when I am talking with guests," said Viera. "Because I know how to receive each one, and what to talk to them about."

Berg also smiled.

"Of course; but sometimes, among men, there must be conversation for men," said he.

Pierre was shown into the new drawing-room, where one could not possibly take a seat without destroying the symmetry, neatness, and order that reigned there; and, consequently, it was perfectly comprehensible and not to be wondered at, that it required much magnanimity of Berg to allow this symmetry of chair or sofa to be disturbed for his beloved guest; or that, by reason of finding himself in a state of painful irresolution in regard to it, he should have allowed his guest to solve the problem in his own way. Pierre, accordingly, broke into the symmetry by pushing out a chair; and immediately after, Berg and Viera came in and began to talk, each interrupting the other, and trying to entertain their guest.

Viera, deciding in her own mind that Pierre would naturally be interested in the French embassy, immediately began to talk about it. Berg, deciding that a more virile subject must be chosen, broke into his wife's discourse by raising a question in regard to the war with Austria; and found himself involuntarily digressing from the abstract topic to various concrete proposals which had been laid before him in regard to taking part in the Austrian campaign, and the reasons which had led him to decline them.

Although the conversation was desultory, and Viera was indignant that this masculine element should have been introduced, both husband and wife had a feeling of satisfaction that, though as yet there was only one guest, still the evening had begun auspiciously, and that their reception was going to be like every other reception — with talk, tea, and brightly lighted candles — as like, in fact, as two drops of water.

Shortly after, Boris appeared, he having been Berg's former comrade. He treated Berg and Viera with a shade of superiority and condescension. Boris was followed by a colonel and his lady, then Berg's own general, then the Rostofs; and the reception by this time, without a shadow of a doubt, began to resemble all other receptions.

Berg and Viera could not refrain from a blissful smile at the sight of this stir in the drawing-room, at the clatter of disconnected snatches of conversation, at the rustle of silken dresses, and the greetings.

Everything was just as it would be everywhere else; especially so was the general, who could not find enough to say in praise of Berg's apartments, and patted him on the shoulder, and with fatherly authority arranged the disposition of the tables for Boston. The general then sat down next Count Ilya Andreyitch, as being, next to himself, the guest of the greatest importance. The old people gathered in groups by themselves, the young people by themselves; the hostess took her place at the tea-table, which was laid out with exactly the same kind of macaroons, in a silver cake-basket, as the Panins had had at their reception; in fact, everything was exactly the same as at all receptions.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE, as one of the most distinguished guests of the evening, naturally had to play Boston in the set with Count Ilya Andreyitch, the general, and the colonel. It happened that his place at the table brought him opposite Natasha, and he could not help being struck by the strange change that had come over her since the evening of the ball. She spoke scarcely a word, and was not so pretty as she had been at the ball; indeed, she would have looked plain, if it had not been for her sweet expression of resignation.

"What is the matter with her?" Pierre wondered, as he looked at her. She was sitting next her sister at the tea-table, and with an air of utter indifference, and without even looking at him, answered some remark that Boris had made to her. Having played out a whole suit, and taken five tricks, greatly to his partner's satisfaction, Pierre, as he gathered up his cards, was again led to look at her, by hearing complimentary greetings, and then the steps of some one entering the room.

"What has happened to her?" he asked himself, with even more wonder than before.

Prince Andrei, with an expression of protecting affection, was now standing in front of her, and saying something to her. She had lifted her head, and was gazing at him with flushed cheeks, and apparently striving to restrain her rapid breathing. And the brilliant light of a strange inner fire, till then suppressed, again flashed up in her. She was wholly transfigured: instead of being plain, she was as radiantly beautiful as she had been at the ball.

Prince Andrei came toward Pierre, and Pierre noticed a new and youthful expression in his friend's face.

Pierre changed his seat several times during the game, sometimes being before Natasha, and sometimes behind; but, during all the time of the six rubbers, he kept watching her and his friend.

"There is something very serious going on between them," said Pierre to himself; and a feeling of mingled joy and sadness stirred him, and made him forget his own grief.

After the sixth rubber, the general got up, declaring that it was an impossibility to play in such a way, and Pierre was released. Natasha, on one side, was talking with Sonya and Boris: Viera, with a slight smile on her face, was talking to Prince Andrei about something or other.

Pierre joined his friend, and, asking what secret they were discussing together, took a seat near them. Viera, having noticed Prince Andrei's attention to Natasha, had decided that that evening, that very evening, it was an unavoidable necessity for her to drop some shrewd insinuations in regard to the feelings; and so she took advantage of a moment when Prince Andrei was alone to begin a talk about the sensibilities in general, and about her sister in particular. With such a clever man as she knew Prince Andrei to be, she was obliged to practise her most refined diplomacy.

When Pierre joined them, he noticed that Viera was talking with great eloquence and self-satisfaction; while Prince Andrei seemed rather confused, — which was a rare thing with him.

"What is your opinion?" asked Viera, with her slight smile. "You have such keen insight, prince, and are so quick to read people's characters: what do you think of Nathalie? Would she be likely to be constant in her attachments? would she be like other women," — Viera had herself in mind, — "and love a man once, and remain forever faithful to him?"

That is what I call genuine love. What do you think, prince ? ”

“ I have too slight an acquaintance with your sister,” replied Prince Andrei with a satirical smile, under which he tried to hide his confusion, “ to decide upon such a delicate question ; and then I have noticed that the less attractive a woman is, the more likely she is to be constant,” he added, and looked at Pierre, who had just at that instant joined them.

“ Yes, that is true, prince ; in our days,” pursued Viera, — speaking of “ our days ” in the way affected by people of limited intelligence, who suppose that they are the only ones who discover and appreciate the peculiarities of their time, and that the natures of people change with the changing years — “ young girls have so much freedom, that the pleasure of being wooed — *le plaisir d’être courtisée* — often stifles their true feelings. *Et Nathalie, il faut l’avouer, y est très sensible.* Yes, she’s very susceptible to it.”

This reference to Natasha again caused Prince Andrei to scowl disagreeably ; he was about to rise, but Viera proceeded with a still more subtle smile, —

“ I think no one has ever been more *courtisées* than she has,” said Viera. “ But no one had ever really seriously succeeded in pleasing her, until very recently. You must know, count,” said she, addressing Pierre, “ even our dear cousin Boris has been, *entre nous*, has been very, very far gone *dans le pays du tendre.*”

Prince Andrei scowled still more ominously, but said nothing.

“ You and Boris are friends, are you not ? ” asked Viera.

“ Yes, I know him.”

“ I suppose he has told you about his boyish love for Natasha ? ”

“ Ah, so it was a boyish love, was it ? ” suddenly asked Prince Andrei, unexpectedly reddening.

“ Yes ! You know sometimes this intimacy between cousins leads to love ; cousinhood is a risky neighborhood ! that’s true, isn’t it ? ” *

“ Oh, yes, without doubt,” said Prince Andrei ; and suddenly becoming unnaturally excited, he began to rally Pierre on his duty to be on his guard against any intimacy with his fifty-year-old cousins in Moscow ; and then, right in the midst of his jesting talk, he got up, and taking Pierre by the arm, drew him aside.

* “ *Da. Vous savez entre cousin et cousine cette intimité mène quelquefois à l’amour ; le cousinage est un dangereux voisinage ! N’est ce pas ?* ”

"Well! what is it?" asked Pierre, amazed at his friend's strange excitement, and remarking the look which, as he got up, he threw in Natasha's direction.

"I must, I really must have a talk with you," said Prince Andrei. "You know our gloves," — he referred to the Masonic gloves, which a newly initiated brother was to present to the lady of his love. — "I — but no — I will talk with you about it by and by." And with a strange light in his eyes, and a restlessness in his motions, Prince Andrei crossed over to Natasha and sat down. Pierre saw how he asked her some question, and how she blushed as she answered him.

But just at that moment, Berg came up to Pierre, and urged him to take part in a discussion between the general and the colonel, on Spanish affairs.

Berg was satisfied and happy. That blissful smile of his did not once fade from his face. The evening had been a success, and exactly like other receptions which he had attended. The parallelism was complete. The nice little gossipy chats between the ladies; the cards, and the general raising his voice over the game; the samovar and the macaroons! One thing only was lacking, which he had always seen at receptions, and which he wished to imitate: that was a loud conversation between the men, and a discussion over some grave and momentous question. The general had begun this conversation, and now Berg carried Pierre off to take part in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day, Prince Andrei went to the Rostofs' to dinner, in accordance with Count Ilya Andreyitch's invitation, and spent the whole evening there. All in the house had an inkling of the reason of Prince Andrei's visits, and he made no secret of it, but spent what time he could in Natasha's company.

Not only was Natasha, in her heart of hearts, frightened and yet blissful, and full of enthusiasm; but all the household also, felt a sort of awe, in the anticipation of a great and solemn event. The countess, with melancholy and gravely wistful eyes, gazed at Prince Andrei, as he talked with Natasha, and, with a sort of timidity, tried to introduce some indifferent topic, as soon as he turned to her. Sonya was afraid to leave Natasha, and equally afraid that she was in their way, when

she was with her. Natasha grew pale with fear and expectation, if by chance she were left alone with him for a moment. Prince Andrei's timidity amazed her. She felt certain that he had something to say to her, but had not the courage to speak his mind.

In the evening, when Prince Andrei had taken his departure, the countess went to Natasha.

"Well?" said she in a whisper.

"Mamma, for pity's sake, don't ask me any questions now. It is impossible to tell."

Nevertheless, that night, Natasha, at one moment full of excitement, at the next full of trepidation, lay for a long time in her mother's bed, with eyes fixed on space. Now she would tell her mother how he praised her, and how he said he was going abroad, and how he asked her where they were going to spend the summer, and how he had asked her about Boris.

"Well, it's so strange, so strange! I never knew anything like it before," said she. "But I have such a feeling of terror when he is here; I always feel afraid when I am with him; what does it mean? Does it mean that it is really and truly? Mamma, are you asleep?"

"No, my dear — *dúsha móya* — I confess to the same feeling of terror," replied the mother. "Go, now!"

"I sha'n't go to sleep, all the same. How silly it would be to go to sleep! Mamasha, mamasha, nothing like it ever happened to me before," said she, in amazement and awe at the feeling which she was now experiencing. "How could we possibly have imagined such a thing?"

It seemed to Natasha that even as long ago as when Prince Andrei had come to Otradnoye, she had fallen in love with him at first sight. She was terror-stricken, as it were, at that strange, unexpected happiness in meeting again with the very man whom she had — as she persuaded herself — chosen for her husband then, and feeling that he was not indifferent to her. "And it had to be that he should come to Petersburg just at the time when we were here; and it had to be that we should meet at that ball. It is evident that all this brought us together. Even when I saw him first, I felt something peculiar."

"What is it he has said to you? What were those verses? Repeat them to me," said the countess, trying to recall some verses which Prince Andrei had written in Natasha's album.

"Mamma, it's nothing to be ashamed of because he is a widower, is it?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Natasha. Pray to God! *Les mariages se font dans les cieux!*"

"Sweetheart! * mamasha! how I love you, how good you are!" cried Natasha, shedding tears of bliss and emotion, and hugging her mother.

At that same time, Prince Andrei was at Pierre's, telling him about his love for Natasha, and his firm intention of marrying her.

That same evening, the Countess Elena Vasilyevna had given a rout. The French ambassador had been there; the foreign prince, who for some time had been a frequent visitor at the countess's, had been present; as well as a throng of brilliant ladies and gentlemen. Pierre had come down and wandered through the rooms, attracting general notice among the guests, by his concentrated, distracted, and gloomy looks.

Pierre, ever since the time of the ball, had been conscious that attacks of his old enemy, hypochondria, were imminent; and, with the energy of despair, he had struggled to get the better of them. Since this prince had become the countess's acknowledged admirer, Pierre had unexpectedly been appointed one of the emperor's chamberlains; and from that time forth, he began to feel a great burden and loathing in grand society, and more often his former gloomy, pessimistic thoughts, about the falsity of all things human, began to come back to him.

At this particular time, this tendency to gloominess was accentuated by the discovery of the sympathy existing between his little *protégée* Natasha and Prince Andrei, and by the contrast between his own position and his friend's. He vainly struggled to banish the thought about his wife, and about Natasha and Prince Andrei. But everything began once more to seem insignificant in comparison with eternity, and again the question arose, "To what end?"

Night and day he compelled himself to toil over his Masonic labors, hoping to exorcise the demon that hovered near him.

At midnight, Pierre came from the countess's apartments to his own low-studded room, which smelled of stale tobacco, and had just sat down at the table in his soiled dressing-gown, and started to finish copying certain original documents from Scotland, when some one came into the room. It was Prince Andrei.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Pierre, in an abstracted and not over-cordial manner.

* *Goldbushka.*

"I was hard at work, you see," said he, pointing to his copy-book, where he had been working for dear life, just as wretched people, in their efforts to save themselves from the wretchedness of their lives, take up any occupation that comes to hand. Prince Andrei, his face radiant with joy, and kindled with new life, came and stood in front of Pierre; and, not perceiving how wretched his friend was, smiled down on him with the egotism of happiness.

"Well, my dear," said he, "last evening I wanted to tell you something, and now I have come to unbosom myself. It is something wholly unprecedented in my experience. I am in love, my dear fellow."

Pierre suddenly drew a deep sigh, and stretched his clumsy form out on the sofa near Prince Andrei.

"With Natasha Rostova? Yes?" said he.

"Yes, yes, who else could it be? I should never have believed it, but this feeling is stronger than I. Last evening I was tortured, I was miserable; but this torture I would not exchange for anything in the world. I have never lived till now. Only now do I live, and I cannot live without her. But can she love me? I am too old for her. What should you say?"

"I? I? What could I say?" suddenly exclaimed Pierre, springing up and beginning to pace the room. "I have always thought—This girl is such a treasure, such a—she is a rare maiden, my dear fellow: I beseech you, don't reason about it, don't let doubts arise, but marry her—marry her—marry her; and I am convinced that you will be the happiest man alive!"

"But how about her?"

"She loves you!"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, and looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"She loves you, I know she does," cried Pierre bluntly.

"Now listen!" said Prince Andrei, holding him by his arm. "Do you know what a position I am in? I must tell some one all about it!"

"Well, well, go on, I am very glad," said Pierre, and in reality his face had changed; the frown had smoothed itself out, and he listened to Prince Andrei with joyous sympathy. Prince Andrei seemed, and really was, another and wholly new man. Where had vanished his melancholy, his contempt of life, all his disillusion? Pierre was the only man in whose presence he could speak with absolute frankness, and hence

he poured out before him the fulness of his heart. Then he fluently and boldly made plans for the future, declaring that he could not think of sacrificing his happiness to his father's caprices, and expressing his hope that his father would consent to their marriage, and would come to love Natasha ; then he expressed his amazement at the strange and uncontrollable feeling which dominated him.

"If any one had predicted the possibility of my being so deeply in love, I should not have believed it," said Prince Andrei. "It is an entirely different sentiment from the one that I had formerly. The whole world is divided for me into two portions : the one is where she is, and there all happiness and hope and light are found ; the other is where she is not, and there everything is gloom and darkness."

"Darkness and gloom," repeated Pierre. "Yes, yes, and how I appreciate that !"

"I cannot help loving light, and I am not to blame for it. And I am very happy. Do you understand me ? I know that you sympathize with my joy."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Pierre earnestly, gazing at his friend with tender, melancholy eyes. Prince Andrei's fate seemed to him all the brighter from the vivid contrast with the darkness of his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRINCE ANDREI required his father's sanction for his marriage, and the next day he set out for his home.

The old prince received his son's communication with external unconcern, but with wrath in his heart. As his own life was nearing its close, he could not understand how any one could wish to make such a change in his life, to introduce into it such a new and unknown element.

"If only they would let me live out my life in my own way ! then, when I am gone, they can do as they please," said the old man to himself. With his son, however, he made use of that diplomacy which he employed in matters of serious import. Assuming a tranquil tone, he summed the whole matter up : In the first place, the match was not brilliant, as to the birth, fortune, or distinction of the bride's family. In the second place, Prince Andrei was not as young as he had once been, and his health was feeble, — the old prince laid especial stress on this — and she was very young. In the third place, he had

a son, whom it would be a shame to give over to the mercy of a young stepmother. "In the fourth place, finally," said the father, giving his son an ironical look, "I beg of you to postpone the affair for a year, go abroad, go through a course of treatment, find a good German tutor for Prince Nikolai; and then, if your love, passion, stubbornness, whatever you call it, is as strong as ever, — why, marry her. And this is my last word, remember; absolutely my last word," concluded the old prince, in a tone that signified that nothing could ever change his mind.

Prince Andrei clearly saw that the old prince hoped that either his sentiments or his prospective bride's might not withstand the test of a year; or else that he himself — since he was an old man — might die meantime; he, accordingly, determined to obey his father's wishes, to offer himself, and then postpone the wedding for a year.

Three weeks after his last call at the Rostofs', Prince Andrei returned to Petersburg.

The day following her confidential talk with her mother, Natasha waited anxiously for Bolkonsky; but he did not come. The second day, and the third day, it was precisely the same. Pierre, also, failed to come; and Natasha, not knowing that the prince had gone to see his father, could not explain his absence.

Thus elapsed three weeks. Natasha had no desire to go anywhere, and she wandered like a languid and mournful shadow through the rooms: evenings, she hid herself away from the others, and wept, and no longer came to her mother's bed-chamber. She frequently flushed, and her temper grew peevish. She had an impression that everybody knew about her disappointment, and was laughing at her, and pitying her. This grief, born of pride, added to her misery, all the more from the fact that it was hidden grief.

One time, she went to the countess, and tried to say something, but suddenly burst into tears. Her tears were like those of a child, who has been unjustly punished, and knows not why.

The countess tried to calm her; but the young girl, though she at first began to listen, suddenly interrupted her, —

"Do stop, mamma: I do not even think of him. He came, and then he stopped coming — he stopped coming, that's all."

Her voice faltered: she almost wept; but she controlled herself, and went on, —

"I haven't any desire at all to be married ; and I have been afraid of him all the time : I'm perfectly content now, perfectly content."

On the day following this conversation, Natasha put on an old dress for which she had an especially tender feeling, owing to the gay times which she had enjoyed when wearing it in days past ; and from that morning she once more resumed the occupations that she had dropped since the time of the ball. After she had drunk her tea, she went into the ballroom, which she liked on account of its powerful resonance, and began to practise her *solfeggi* and other exercises. After she had finished her lesson, she stood in the middle of the room and repeated a single musical phrase which pleased her more than others. She joyfully listened to the charming and apparently unexpected way in which these notes reverberated through the empty spaces of the ballroom, and slowly died away ; and suddenly her heart grew lighter.

"What is the use of thinking so much about it all ! it is good as it is," said she to herself, and she began to pace up and down the room : not content with simply walking along the echoing inlaid floor, but at every step — she wore her favorite new slippers — setting her little heels down first, and then her toes ; and finding no more enjoyment in the sounds of her voice than in the regular clapping of the heel and the creaking of the toe. As she passed by a mirror, she glanced into it.

"What a girl I am !" the expression of her face, as she caught sight of the reflection in the glass, seemed to say. "It's all good ! I need no one."

A lackey was on the point of coming in to make some arrangements in the ballroom ; but she sent him away, closing the door after him, and then continued her walk. Now again, this morning, she resumed her former favorite habit of loving and admiring her own sweet self.

"How charming this Natasha is !" she was saying, as though the words were spoken by some third person, the man of her imagination. "Pretty, a good voice, young, and she does not interfere with any one : only leave her in peace !"

But even if she had been left in peace, she could not have been calm ; and of this she was immediately made aware.

The front door into the vestibule was opened, and some one asked, —

"Are they at home ?" and then a man's steps were heard. Natasha was gazing into the mirror, but she did not see her-

self. She heard voices in the vestibule. When her face again cleared itself before her eyes, she was pale.

It was *he!* She was sure of it, though she could barely distinguish the voices through the closed doors.

Pale and frightened, Natasha ran into the drawing-room.

"Mamma, Bolkonsky has come," she cried. "Mamma! this is dreadful! this is unendurable! I will not be tortured so! What shall I do?"

The countess had not time to answer a word, when Prince Andrei, with a grave and anxious face, was shown in. As soon as he caught sight of Natasha, a flash of joy lighted it. He kissed the countess's hand, and Natasha's, and took a seat near the sofa.

"It is a long time since we have had the pleasure" — the countess began to say, but Prince Andrei interrupted her. He answered her implied question, and was evidently anxious to speak what was on his mind as soon as possible.

"I have not been to see you all this time, for the reason that I went to confer with my father. I only returned yesterday evening," he said, glancing at Natasha. "I should like to have a little conversation with you, countess," he added, after a moment's silence.

The countess, drawing a long sigh, dropped her eyes.

"I am at your service," she murmured.

Natasha knew that it was her duty to leave the room, but she found it impossible to stir: something choked her, and she stared at Prince Andrei, almost rudely, with wide eyes.

"What! so soon? this very moment? — No: it cannot be!" she said to herself.

He again looked at her, and this glance told her that beyond a peradventure she was not deceived.

Yes: her fate was to be decided instantly, that moment, then and there!

"Go, Natasha, I will send for you," whispered the countess.

Natasha, with startled, pleading eyes, looked at her mother, and at Prince Andrei, and left the room.

"I have come, countess, to ask your daughter's hand," said Prince Andrei.

The countess's face flushed, but she said nothing.

"Your proposal" — began the countess gravely. Prince Andrei waited, and looked into her eyes. "Your proposal" — she grew confused — "is very pleasing to us, and — and I accept, accept your proposal, with pleasure. And my husband, — I hope — but it will depend upon herself."

"I will ask her as soon as I receive your permission: will you grant it?" said Prince Andrei.

"Yes," said the countess, and she offered him her hand; and, with a mixed feeling of alienation and affection, touched his brow with her lips, as he bent over her hand. She was ready to love him as a son; but she was conscious that he held her at a distance, and filled her with a sort of terror. "I am sure that my husband will give his consent," said the countess; "but your *bátyushka*" —

"My father, to whom I have confided my plans, has consented; on the express stipulation that the wedding should not take place within a year; and this was the very thing that I wished to tell you," said Prince Andrei.

"It is true that Natasha is still young, but a year is a long time" —

"There is no alternative," said Prince Andrei, with a sigh.

"I will send her to you," said the countess, and she left the room.

"Lord, have mercy upon us!" she repeated, over and over, as she went in search of her daughter. Sonya said that Natasha was in her chamber. She found her sitting on her bed, pale, with dry eyes, gazing at the holy pictures; and swiftly crossing herself, and whispering unintelligible words. When she saw her mother, she jumped up and rushed to her.

"What? Mamma? What is it?"

"Go, go to him. He has proposed for your hand," said the countess coldly, so it seemed to Natasha. "Go! Go," reiterated the mother, drawing a long sigh, and looking with melancholy, reproachful eyes after her daughter, as she flew out of the room.

Natasha could not have told, for the life of her, how she found herself in the drawing-room. But as she went into the room, and caught sight of him, she stopped short.

"Can it be that this stranger is now all in all to me?" she asked herself, and the reply came like a flash, "Yes! he alone is dearer to me than all in the world."

Prince Andrei went to her with downcast eyes: —

"I have loved you from the first moment that I saw you. May I dare to hope?"

He looked at her, and the grave passion expressed in his face filled her with wonder. Her eyes replied, "Why should you ask? Why should you doubt what you must surely know? Why should you speak, when it is impossible, with words, to express what you feel?"

She drew near to him, and paused. He took her hand, and kissed it: "Do you love me?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Natasha, with something that seemed almost like vexation; and, catching her breath more and more frequently, she began to sob.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"Akh! I am so happy," she replied, smiling through her tears, and coming closer to him; she hesitated for a moment, as though asking if it were permissible, and then kissed him.

Prince Andrei held her hand, and gazed into her eyes, and failed to find in his heart his former love for her. A sudden transformation seemed to have taken place in his soul: there was none of that former poetical and mysterious charm of longing; but there was a feeling akin to pity for her weakness, as a woman, as a child: there was a shade of fear, in presence of her utter self-renunciation, and her fearless honesty: a solemn, and, at the same time, blissful consciousness of the obligation which forever bound him to her. The present feeling, though it was not so bright and poetical as the former, was more deep and powerful.

"Has your *maman* told you that our marriage cannot be till a year has passed?" asked Prince Andrei, continuing to gaze into her eyes.

"Can it be that this is the little silly chit of a girl, as they all say of me?" mused Natasha. "Can it be that from this time forth, I am the wife, the equal, of this stranger, this gentle, learned man, whom even my father regards with admiration? Can it be true that now, henceforth, life has become serious? that now I am grown up? that now I shall be responsible for every word and deed? — Yes, but what was that he asked me?"

"No," said she, aloud, but she did not know what he had asked her.

"Forgive me," said Prince Andrei. "But you are so young, and I have already had such long experience of life. I tremble for you. You do not know yourself!"

Natasha, with concentrated attention, listened to what he said, and did her best to take in the full meaning of his words; but it was impossible.

"How hard this year will be for me — deferring my happiness!" pursued Prince Andrei. "But during the time, you will have made sure of your own heart. At the end of the year I shall ask you to make me happy; but you are free.

Our betrothal shall remain a secret, and if you should discover that you do not love me, if you should love" — said Prince Andrei, with a forced and unnatural smile.

"Why do you say that?" asked Natasha, interrupting him. "You know that from that very first day that you came to Otradnoye, I loved you," said she, firmly convinced that she was telling the truth.

"In a year, you will have learned to know yourself."

"A who—ole year!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha; it now suddenly, for the first time, dawning upon her that the wedding was to be postponed. "And why a year? — why a year?"

Prince Andrei began to explain the reasons for this postponement. Natasha refused to listen to him.

"And is there no other way of doing?" she asked. Prince Andrei made no answer, but the expression of his face told her how unalterable his decision was.

"This is terrible! No: this is terrible, terrible!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, and again she began to sob. "I shall die, if I have to wait a year: it cannot be, it is dreadful." She looked into her lover's face, and saw that it was full of sympathy and perplexity.

"No, no, I will do everything you wish," she said, suddenly ceasing to sob. "I am so happy."

Her father and mother came into the room, and congratulated the affianced pair.

From that day forth, Prince Andrei began to visit the Rostofs as Natasha's accepted husband.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was no formal betrothal, and Bolkonsky's engagement to Natasha was not made public. Prince Andrei insisted on this point. He said that as he was the cause of the postponement, he ought to bear the whole burden of it. He declared that he considered himself forever bound by his word; but he felt that he ought not to hold Natasha, and he granted her perfect freedom. If, within a half-year, she should discover that she did not love him, she should have perfect right to break the engagement.

Of course, neither the parents nor Natasha would hear of this, but Prince Andrei pressed the matter. Prince Andrei was at the Rostofs every day, but he did not treat Natasha with the familiarity of the *zhénikh*, or bridegroom: he always

addressed her by the formal *vous*, "you," and only kissed her hand.

Between Prince Andrei and Natasha, after the day of their engagement, there seemed to be an entirely different relationship from before: one closer, and more simple. It seemed as though they hitherto had never known each other: both of them liked to recall how they had seemed at the time when they were *nothing* to each other: now they felt that they were entirely different beings; then everything was pretence, now it was simple and true. At first the family felt a certain awkwardness in their relations toward Prince Andrei: he seemed like a man from another world, and it took Natasha a long time to train the others to feel used to him; and she felt a pride in assuring them all that it was only in appearance that Prince Andrei was so different, and that he was really like every one else, and that she was not afraid of him, and that no one had any reason to fear him.

After some days the family got wonted to him, and felt no awkwardness in going on with the ordinary routine of life in his presence, and he also had a share in it. He could talk with the count about farming, about wearing-apparel with the countess and Natasha, and about albums and embroidery with Sonya. Sometimes the family, when by themselves, and even in Prince Andrei's presence, marvelled that such an event had taken place, — that the prognostics of it had been so apparent: thus, Prince Andrei's visit to Otradnoye, and their coming to Petersburg, and the resemblance between Natasha and Prince Andrei, which an old nurse had remarked, when he first came to Otradnoye, and many other portents of what had happened were recalled by the family.

That poetical infestivity and silence, which always mark the presence of an engaged couple, reigned in the house. Oftentimes, when all were together, not a soul would say a word. Sometimes the rest would get up and leave the room, and even then the two young people, though by themselves, would sit in perfect silence, as before. They rarely spoke about their future: Prince Andrei avoided it, from dread, as well as from conscientious motives. Natasha shared his feelings, as, indeed, she shared all his feelings, which she was always quick to read.

Once, Natasha began to ask him about his little boy: Prince Andrei flushed, as he was apt to do at that time, — and Natasha particularly liked it in him, — and replied that his son would not live with them.

"Why not?" asked Natasha.

"I could not take him away from his grandfather; and, besides" —

"How I should love him!" exclaimed Natasha, instantly divining his thought. "But I understand: you are anxious to avoid any excuse for misunderstandings between us."

The old count sometimes came to Prince Andrei, kissed him, and asked him his advice in regard to Petya's education, or Nikolai's advancement in the army. The old countess would sigh, as she looked at them. Sonya was always afraid that she was in the way, and tried to invent excuses for leaving them alone, even when they did not care to be. When Prince Andrei talked — and he was very admirable in conversation — Natasha would listen to him with pride; when she herself spoke, she noticed, with fear and joy, that he listened to her with attention, and scrutinized her keenly. She would ask herself in perplexity, "What is he searching for in me? What are his eyes trying to discover? Supposing he were not to find in me what he seeks to find?"

Occasionally, she was attacked by one of those absurd fits of mirth, peculiar to her, and then it was a delight for her to see and hear him laugh. He rarely laughed aloud, but when he did indulge in merriment, he gave himself up entirely to it; and always, after such an experience, she felt that she had grown nearer to him. Natasha would have been perfectly happy, if the thought of their parting, which was now near at hand, had not filled her with vague alarm: so much so that she grew pale and chill at the mere thought of it.

On the evening before his departure from Petersburg, Prince Andrei brought Pierre, who had not once called at the Rostofs since the evening of the ball. Pierre seemed confused, and out of spirits. He devoted all his attention to the countess. Natasha was sitting with Sonya, playing checkers; and this was in itself an invitation for Prince Andrei to join them. He did so.

"You have known Bezukhoi for a long time, have you not?" he asked. "Do you like him?"

"Yes, he is a splendid man; but very absurd." And, as was usually the case, when speaking of Pierre, she began to relate anecdotes of his heedlessness: anecdotes, many of which were wholly imaginary, as far as he was concerned.

"You know, I have told him our secret," said Prince Andrei. "I have known him since we were boys. His heart is true gold. I beg of you, Nathalie," said he, growing suddenly

grave. "I am going away. God knows what may happen: you may cease to lo— well, I know that I ought not to speak of this. One thing, though: in case anything should happen, after I am gone" —

"What could happen?"

"If there should be any misfortune," pursued Prince Andrei, "I beg you, Mademoiselle Sophie, if anything should happen, go to him for help and counsel. He may be a most heedless and absurd man, but his heart is the truest gold."

Not Natasha's father, or mother, or Sonya, or Prince Andrei himself, could have foreseen what an effect parting from her lover would have had upon Natasha. Flushed and excited, with burning eyes, she wandered all day long up and down the house, busying herself with the most insignificant things, as though she had no idea of what was going to happen. She did not shed a tear: even at the moment when he kissed her hand for the last time, and bade her farewell.

"Don't leave me," was all that she said; but these words were spoken in a voice that caused him to pause and consider whether it were really necessary for him to go away, and which he remembered long afterward.

Even after he had gone, she did not weep; but she staid in her room for many days, not shedding a tear; and she took no interest in anything, and only said from time to time, —

"Akh! Why did he go?"

But a fortnight after his departure, most unexpectedly to the household, she woke up out of this moral illness, and began to seem the same as formerly; except that her whole moral nature was changed, just as the faces of children change during protracted illness.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRINCE NIKOLAI ANDREYITCH BOLKONSKY's health and disposition grew much worse during the year that followed his son's absence. He became still more irritable than formerly; and all the explosions of his unreasonable anger were launched upon the Princess Mariya. It seemed as though he tried to search out all the tender spots of her nature, so as to torture her as atrociously as possible.

The Princess Mariya had two passions, and, therefore, two joys: her little nephew, Nikolushka, and religion; and both were favorite themes for the old prince's slurs and ridicule.

Whatever subject of conversation arose, he managed to bring in some reference to old maids' superstitions, or to the spoiling and over-indulging of children.

"Do you wish to make him" — he referred to Nikolushka — "an old maid, like yourself? It's all nonsense: Prince Andrei wants a son — not a girl," said he.

Or, turning to Mademoiselle Bourienne, he would ask her, in the princess's presence, how she liked our Russian popes and images; and again indulge in his bitter jests.

He seized every opportunity of wounding the Princess Mariya, in the most cruel way; but the poor girl found no trouble in forgiving him. He was her father; and she knew that he loved her, in spite of everything: how, then, could he be to blame toward her? how could he be unjust to her? Yes, and what was justice? That word "justice" — a concept, born of nothing but pride — had never occurred to her thoughts. All the complicated laws of men, for her, were summed up in the one clear and simple rule of love and self-denial, imposed upon us by Him, who, though he was God, so loved the world as to suffer for it. What mattered to her, then, the justice or injustice of men? It was necessary for her to suffer and to love, and this she did.

During the winter, Prince Andrei had come to Luisiya Gorui, and was more cheerful, gentle, and affectionate, than the Princess Mariya had seen him for a long time. She had a presentiment that something unusual had happened to him; but he said nothing to her about his love. Before he went away, he was closeted for a long time with his father, and the Princess Mariya noticed that each was displeased with the other.

Shortly after Prince Andrei's departure, the Princess Mariya wrote to her friend, Julie Karagina, who was at that time in Petersburg, and in mourning for her brother, who had been killed in Turkey. Like all young girls, the Princess Mariya had her dreams; and one of hers was, that Julie would yet become her brother's wife.

Affliction, my dear and affectionate friend Julie, is evidently the common lot of us all.

Your loss is so awful that I can only explain it as being a special providence of God; who, in his love for you, has seen fit to try you and your excellent mother. Ah! my dear friend, religion and religion alone, can — I will not say console us — but save us from despair; religion alone can make plain to us what, without her aid, it is impossible for man to comprehend: why, for what purpose, should beings who are good and noble, and best made to find happiness in life, who have not only never injured a living thing, but rather have sought only the happiness of others,

— why should they be recalled to God; while the base and the vicious, or those who are only a burden to themselves and others, are left to live?

The first death which I ever witnessed — and I shall never forget it — was that of my dear sister-in-law, and it produced upon me a wonderful impression. Just as you are now asking Fate why your charming brother had to die, so did I ask why this angelic Liza should be taken away, when she had never done the slightest wrong to any one, and never had anything but the purest thoughts in her soul. And since then, my dear friend, five years have passed away, and, even with my humble intelligence, I begin to clearly see why she had to die, and how her death may be regarded as merely the expression of the Creator's infinite goodness: all of Whose works, though for the most part beyond our comprehension, are but the manifestation of His boundless love to His creatures.

I often think that perhaps her purity was too angelic to be compatible with the force necessary to carry all the obligations of motherhood. As a young wife, she was beyond reproach; possibly, she might have failed as a mother. Now, although she has left us, and Prince Andrei in particular, the purest regret and sweetest memories, I am sure that she herself is in the enjoyment of that place which I dare not hope for myself to attain.

But, not to speak of her exclusively, this premature and terrible death has had a most salutary effect, notwithstanding all the sorrowfulness of it, upon my brother and myself.

These thoughts at that time would have been impossible, — at that time I should have repelled them with horror; but now this is plain, and beyond a peradventure. I write this to you, my friend, simply hoping that it may persuade you of the Gospel truth, which I have taken as the rule of my whole life: that not one hair from our head shall fall without His will. And His will is conditioned only by infinite love toward us; and, therefore, all that happens to us is for our good.

You ask if we are going to spend next winter in Moscow? In spite of all my desire to see you, I think it most improbable; and, indeed, I cannot think that it is for the best. And you will be amazed when I tell you that the reason of that is — Buonaparte! And this is why: my father's health has been falling of late; he cannot endure any contradiction, and has grown irritable. This irritability, as you may know, is especially excited by political affairs. He cannot endure the thought that Buonaparte has so managed as to put himself on an equality with all the sovereigns of Europe, and especially with ours — the grandson of the great Catherine! As you know, I am perfectly indifferent to politics; but from words spoken by my father, and from his discussions with Mikhail Ivanovitch, I know all that is going on in the world; and particularly about all the honors attained by Buonaparte, who, I should think is considered a great man, and not the least of the French emperors, all over the world, except at Lulsiya Gorui!

And this is what my father will not admit! It seems to me that my father, precisely on account of his views of political affairs, and foreseeing the collisions which would infallibly take place, in consequence of his character — taking no account of any one when he expresses his opinions — feels unwilling to go to Moscow. All the gain that he would get, he would more than undo by the quarrels which would be sure to follow in regard to Buonaparte. At all events, the question is soon to be decided.

Our home life goes on in the old routine; except that my brother Andrei is away. As I have already written you, he has been very much changed of late. This year, for the first time since his affliction, he has

begun to lead a perfectly normal life: he has become what he was when he was a child, as I remember him: kind, affectionate, and with a truly golden heart, the like of which I never knew. He has learned, so it seems, to me, that his life, after all, is not yet ended. But together with this moral change, his physical health has deteriorated. He is far worse than before, more nervous. I am troubled about him, and I am glad that he has decided to take the trip abroad which the doctor long ago prescribed for him. I hope that it will effect a complete cure.

You write me that he is spoken of in Petersburg as one of the most industrious, cultivated, and intelligent young men of the day. Forgive a sister's pride, but I have never doubted it. It is impossible to estimate the good which he has accomplished here: beginning with his own peasantry, and including the nobility of the district. In going to Petersburg, he has received only what was due him.

I am amazed that rumors should have come from Petersburg to Moscow, and especially such false rumors as what you wrote me in regard to the supposed marriage of my brother to the little Rostova. I do not believe that my brother will ever marry again; and certainly he will not marry her. And this is my reason for thinking so: in the first place, I know that though he rarely mentions his late wife, yet he was too deeply afflicted by her loss ever to think of letting another fill her place in his heart, or of giving a stepmother to our little angel. In the second place, to the best of my knowledge, this young girl is not the sort of woman who would be likely to please Prince Andrei. I feel certain that he would not choose her for his wife; and I will frankly confess that I do not desire it.

But I have prattled too long, already: here I am, finishing my second sheet! Good-by, my dear friend. May God shield you under His Holy and Almighty wing. My dear companion, Mademoiselle Bourienne, sends her love.

MARIE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the middle of the summer, the Princess Mariya received a letter from her brother, from Switzerland, in which he confided the strange and surprising news of his engagement to Natasha. His whole letter breathed enthusiastic devotion for his "bride," and affectionate and trusting love for his sister. He wrote that he had never before loved as he loved now; and that now only did he realize and understand the meaning of life; he besought his sister to pardon him for not having said anything to her about this at his visit at Luisiya Gorui, although he had confided his intention to his father.

He had not told her because the Princess Mariya would have endeavored to persuade their father to grant his request; and if she had failed, it would have irritated him, and the whole weight of his displeasure would have come upon her.

"Moreover," he wrote, "the matter was not so definitely settled as it is now. Then, my father had set a term of proba-

tion — a year; and now, already, six months have slipped away, half of the designated term, and I remain firmer than ever fixed in my determination. If the doctors had not detained me here at the springs, I should have been back in Russia ere this; but now I must postpone my return for three months longer. You know me, and how I am situated in regard to my father: I really need nothing from him; I have been, and shall be always, independent of him; but to act contrary to his wishes, to incur his anger, when, perhaps, he has so short a time to remain among us, would destroy half of my happiness. I have just been writing him a letter in regard to this, and I beg of you, if you can find a favorable moment, give him this letter, and inform me how he receives it, and whether there is any hope that he will consent to shorten the term by three months."

After a long period of indecision, doubting, and prayer, the princess handed the letter to her father. The day following, the old prince said to her, without any show of excitement, —

"Write to your brother to wait till I'm dead — it won't be long — he'll soon be free."

The princess tried to make some reply; but her father would not hear to it, and his voice began to rise higher and higher, —

"Marry, marry, my little dove! Fine family! Clever people, ha? Rich? ha! Yes, a fine stepmother for the little Nikolushka she'll make. Write him that he may marry her to-morrow, if he wishes. She'll make a fine stepmother for Nikolushka, and I'll marry Bourienne! Ha! ha! ha! so that *he* may have a stepmother as well! There's one thing, though, there's no room for any more women here: let him marry, and go and live by himself. Perhaps you'd like to go and live with him?" said he, turning to the Princess Mariya: "Go, then, in God's name: through ice and snow — ice and snow — ice and snow!"

After this explosion, the old prince said nothing more on that score, but his restrained vexation at his son's weakness was expressed in his treatment of his daughter. And he now had new themes for his sarcasm, in addition to his old ones: namely, stepmothers, and his admiration for Mademoiselle Bourienne.

"Why should I not marry her?" he asked his daughter. "She would make a splendid princess!"

And the Princess Mariya began to notice, with perplexity and amazement, that her father more and more tried to have the Frenchwoman about him as much as possible. The Princess

Mariya wrote Prince Andrei how their father had received his letter; but she tried to comfort her brother, giving him to hope that her father might be dissuaded from this notion.

Nikolushka and his education, Andrei, and religion, were the Princess Mariya's consolation and delight; but, as every human being must cherish some individual aspiration, so also the Princess Mariya had, in the deepest depths of her soul, secret dreams and hopes, which constituted a higher consolation even than the others. This consoling dream and hope was represented to her mind by the "Men of God," the pilgrims and fanatics, who came to see her without the old prince's knowledge.

The longer the princess Mariya lived, and the more experience she got out of life, by carefully observing it, the more she marvelled at the short-sightedness of men who seek here on earth all their enjoyment and delight: who toil and moil, and battle and struggle, and do evil to one another, in order to follow these impossible, shameful phantoms of happiness. Prince Andrei loved his wife; she died: he was all ready to find his happiness in another woman. His father objected to this, because he desired for his son a more distinguished and wealthy alliance. And thus all men struggled, and suffered, and tortured themselves, and risked the loss of their souls, their immortal souls, for the sake of attaining joys which were merely transitory.

"Not only do we know this ourselves, but Christ, the son of God, came down to earth and taught us that this life is fleeting, a short probation; and yet we cling to it always, and expect to find happiness in it. How is it that no one comprehends this?" asked the Princess Mariya. "None except these despised Men of God, who come to me with wallets on their shoulders, climbing the back stairs, for fear lest they should meet the prince: not to avoid suffering, but for the sake of preventing him from committing a sin. To forsake family and fatherland, and forswear all endeavor to get earthly good; to form no ties, and to wander under an assumed name, in hempen rags, from place to place, doing no harm to any one, and praying for people, praying for those who persecute you, as well as for those who give you protection;—there is no truth, and no life, higher than that!"

There was one pilgrim woman, Fedosyushka,—a little, gentle, pock-marked woman, fifty years old,—who had been for thirty years wandering about the world barefooted, and wearing penitential chains. The Princess Mariya was especially fond of

her. Once, in the solitude of her chamber, feebly illumined only by the lampadka or shrine lamp, when Fedosyushka had been telling about her experiences, the thought that the pilgrim woman had found the only true path of life suddenly came over her with such appealing force that she herself resolved to go on a pilgrimage. After Fedosyushka had retired to rest, the Princess Mariya long pondered the matter in her own mind, and at last resolved, no matter how unusual it was, that it was her duty to make this pilgrimage. She confided her resolve only to the monk, who was her confessor, and the confessor gave the plan his approval. Under the pretext that she was going to help some pilgrim, the Princess Mariya sent and purchased a pilgrim's complete outfit: shirt, lapti, or bast shoes, a kaftan, and a black kerchief. Frequently she would go to the curtained commode, where she kept them, and stand irresolute, wondering whether the time had not yet come for her to carry out her vow.

Oftentimes, when she heard the stories told by the pilgrims, she would be stirred by their simple narratives, which to her were full of profound meaning, though so mechanically repeated by them; till, oftentimes, she was ready to renounce everything and flee from her home. In her imagination she already saw herself and Fedosyushka, in filthy rags, tramping along with staff and birch-bark wallet, over the dusty highway, rambling about from one saint's shrine to another: without envy, without the love of her fellows, without desires; and, at the end of all, journeying thither where there is no regret and no tears, but eternal joy and felicity.

"I shall go to a place where there is a saint: I shall pray there; but before I get attached to the place, or love any one, I shall pass on. And I shall keep wandering on until my limbs fail under me, and then I shall lie down and die anywhere; and then, at last, I shall reach that eternal haven of peace where there is no regret and no sorrow!" said the Princess Mariya to herself.

But later, when she saw her father, and especially the little Koko, her resolve lost its force; she shed a few quiet tears, and had the consciousness that she was a sinner: she loved her father and her nephew more than God.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE biblical tradition tells us that absence of work, idleness, constituted the first man's happiness before the fall. A love for idleness remains just the same, even in fallen man; but the curse still hangs over mankind, and it is impossible for us to be slothful and easy-going: not alone because we are required to earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but by the very conditions of our moral nature. A secret voice warns us that to be idle is for us a sin. If it were possible for a man to find a situation where he could feel that he was of use in the world, and fulfilling his duty while still remaining idle, he would have found one of the conditions of primeval bliss. And such a condition of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is enjoyed by a whole class of society — the military. And this state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness always has been and will be the chief attraction of military service.

Nikolai Rostof had been enjoying this felicity to the full, having continued since 1807 to serve in the Pavlograd regiment: he was now commander of the squadron of which Denisof had been deprived. Rostof had grown into a rather rough but kindly young fellow, whom his Moscow acquaintances would have found sufficiently *mauvais genre*; but who was loved and respected by his comrades, his subordinates as well as his superiors, and he was well satisfied with his existence. Latterly, in 1809, in letters from home, he had found more and more frequent complaints from his mother that their pecuniary affairs were going from bad to worse, and that it would be seasonable for him to come home and give his old parents some joy and consolation.

In reading over these letters, Nikolai felt a sensation of alarm at the thought of being torn from a condition of life where he found himself so quiet and tranquil, far removed from the busy turmoil of society. He had a presentiment that, sooner or later, he should be dragged again into that

whirlpool of life: with its wasteful expenditure, and re-arrangement of affairs; with its accounts to verify; with its quarrels, intrigues, obligations; with the demands of society, and with Sonya's love, and the necessity of an explanation. All this was terribly difficult and confused; and he answered his mother's letters with cold formality, beginning, *Ma chère maman*, and concluding with *Votre obéissant fils*, and studiously refrained from setting any time for his return home.

In 1810 he received a letter from his parents, who informed him of the engagement between Natasha and Bolkonsky, and that the wedding was put off for a year, on account of the old prince refusing his sanction. This news grieved and disgusted Nikolai. In the first place, he was pained at the thought of losing Natasha from the household, for he was fonder of her than the other members of the family: in the second place, he was annoyed, from his point of view as a hussar, that he had not been on hand to make this Bolkonsky understand that this alliance was not a very great honor; and that if he loved Natasha he might have married her, even without his scatter-brained father's consent.

For a moment he almost made up his mind to ask for leave of absence, so as to see Natasha before she was married; but just then came the army manœuvres, he remembered Sonya and the various entanglements, and once more he postponed it.

But in the spring of that same year he received a letter from his mother, who wrote without the count's knowledge, and this letter prompted him to go. She wrote that if he did not come, and did not assume the management of their affairs, their whole property would have to be sold by auction, and they would all be thrown upon the world. The count was so weak, he had such confidence in Mitenka, he was so good-natured and so easily cheated by every one, that everything was going from bad to worse. "For God's sake, I beg of you, come immediately, unless you wish to make me and all the family unhappy," wrote the countess.

This letter had its effect upon Nikolai. He was possessed of the sound common sense of mediocrity, and it told him that this was his duty.

Now, it was requisite that he should go on leave of absence if not upon the retired list. He could not have explained why he had to go; but, after his siesta, he commanded his roan stallion Mars to be saddled—he had not been out for a long time, and was at any time a terribly fiery steed; and when he brought him home all in a lather, he explained to Lav-

rushka, — Denisof's man had staid on with Rostof, — and to his comrades who dropped in that afternoon, that he had obtained leave of absence, and was going home.

How hard it was for him to realize that he was going to absent himself from army life — the only thing that especially interested him — and fail to find whether he had been promoted, or granted the "Anna," for the last manoeuvres! How strange it was to think that he was going away before he had sold that troika, or three span, of roans to the Polish Count Holuchowsky, which they had been negotiating about, and which Rostof had wagered would bring two thousand rubles! How impossible to realize that he should miss the ball which the hussars were going to give to the Pani Pscazdeczka, in order to pique the Uhlans, who had given a ball to their Pani Borzjowska! He knew that he must leave, go away from all this bright, pleasant existence, and go where everything was trouble and turmoil.

At the end of a week he was granted his leave of absence. His comrades of the hussars, not only those of his regiment, but of the whole brigade, gave him a dinner which cost them fifteen rubles a head: they had two bands to play, and two choruses to sing for them. Rostof danced the *trepaká* with Major Basof; the tipsy officers "tossed" him, embraced him, and deposited him on the ground again; the soldiers of the third squadron once more "tossed" him and cried hurrah. Then they carried him to his sledge, and escorted him as far as the first station.

As is usually the case, Rostof's thoughts during the first half of his journey, from Kremenchug to Kief, were retrospective of matters connected with his squadron; but after he had passed the half-way, he began to forget about the troika of roans, his quartermaster Dozheveik, and anxious questions began to arise in his mind as to what he should find at Otradnoye. The nearer he came to his home, the more powerfully he was affected by his forebodings: as though this mental state were based upon the same law as that of the swiftness of falling bodies being according to the square of the distance. At the Otradnoye station he gave the driver three rubles for vodka, and, all out of breath, rushed up the steps of the old home like a schoolboy.

After the first enthusiastic greetings, and after that strange sense of vague disappointment at the reality falling short of expectation, — "Everything is just the same; why, then, have I hastened so?" — Nikolai began to become wonted to the old

home life again. His father and mother were the same, except that they had grown a trifle older. He detected a peculiar restlessness about them, and sometimes a slight coldness between them, which was a new thing; and which Nikolai, as soon as he discovered it, attributed to the unfortunate condition of their affairs.

Sonya was now about twenty years old. She had reached the zenith of her beauty, and gave no promise that she would ever surpass what she already was; even thus, she was pretty enough. She simply breathed happiness and love from the moment that Nikolai came home, and this maiden's faithful, unflinching love for him had a delightful effect upon him.

Nikolai was more than all surprised at Petya and Natasha. Petya had grown into a tall, handsome, frolicsome, but still intelligent, lad of thirteen, whose voice was already beginning to break. It was long before Nikolai could get over his amazement at Natasha, and he said, laughing, as he gazed at her, —

"You're not at all the same person!"

"What! have I changed for the worse?"

"Quite the contrary; but what dignity, princess!" * said he, in a whisper.

"Yes, yes, yes," exclaimed Natasha gleefully.

Natasha told him her romance with Prince Andrei, and about his visit to Otradnoye, and showed him her last letter from him.

"Tell me! Are you not glad for me?" she asked. "I am so calm, so happy now."

"Yes, very glad," replied Nikolai. "He is a splendid man. — And are you very much in love with him?"

"How can I tell you?" replied Natasha. "I was in love with Boris, and with my teacher, and with Denisof, and — but this is not at all the same. My mind is serene and decided. I know that there is not a better man to be found, and so I feel perfectly calm and happy. It is entirely different from what it used to be — before" —

Nikolai expressed to Natasha his dissatisfaction that the wedding was to be postponed a year; but Natasha, with some show of exasperation, contended that it could not have been otherwise, that it would have been disgraceful to force her way into his family against his father's will, and that she herself had insisted upon it.

* The point of this lies in his calling her *knyaginya*, the title of a married princess, as *knyazhna* is that of one unmarried.

"You don't in the least, in the least, understand the necessities of the case," said she. Nikolai said no more, and acquiesced. He often marvelled as he looked at her. She was absolutely unlike a girl deeply in love and separated from her betrothed. Her temper was calm and even, and she was as merry as in days gone by. This was a surprise to Nikolai, and even made him look with some incredulity at her engagement with Bolkonsky. He could not make up his mind that her fate was as yet fully decided, the more from the fact that he had not seen Prince Andrei with her. It seemed to him all the time that there was something that was not as it should be in this proposed marriage.

"Why this postponement? Why are they not formally betrothed?" he asked himself. Once, when speaking with his mother about his sister, he found to his surprise, and to a certain degree his satisfaction, that his mother also did not in the depths of her heart feel any great confidence in the engagement.

"This is what he writes," said she, showing her son a letter which she had received from Prince Andrei, with that secret feeling of discontent which a mother always has toward her daughter's future married happiness. "He writes that he will not be back before December. What do you suppose can detain him so? It must be he is ill. His health is very delicate. Do not say anything to Natasha. Don't be surprised that she is happy: these are the last days of her girlhood; and I know how it affects her whenever we get a letter from him. However, it is all in God's hands, and all will be well," she concluded; adding as usual, "He is a splendid man."

CHAPTER II.

THE first days after Nikolai's return, he was grave, and even depressed. He was tormented by the present necessity of making an investigation into the stupid details of the household economy, for which his mother had begged him to come home. On the third day after his return, in order to get this burden from his shoulders as soon as possible, he went, with contracted brows, sternly, and not giving himself time to decide what he was going to do, to the wing where Mitenka lived, and demanded of him the "accounts of everything." What he meant by the "accounts of everything," he had even less of an idea

than Mitenka; who, nevertheless, was thrown into alarm and perplexity.

Mitenka's explanations about his accounts were soon finished. The stárosta of the estate, and the stárosta of the commune, who were waiting in the anteroom, listened with terror and satisfaction at first, as the young count's voice began to grow fiercer and louder; while they could distinguish terrible words of abuse, following one upon another.

"You brigand, you ungrateful wretch! — I'll whip you like a dog! — You're not dealing with my pápenka this time," and words of the like import.

Then these men, with no less satisfaction and terror, saw the young count, all flushed, and with bloodshot eyes, dragging Mitenka by the collar, and re-enforcing his efforts with very dexterous applications of his knees and feet, whenever the pauses between his words gave him a convenient chance; while he cried at the top of his voice, "Get out of here! you villain! Don't you ever show your face here again!"

Mitenka flew down the six steps head first, and landed in a bed of shrubbery. This shrubbery was a famous place of refuge for delinquents at Otradnoye. Mitenka himself, when he returned tipsy from town, was wont to hide in it; and many of the inhabitants of Otradnoye, trying to get out of Mitenka's way, knew the advantages of this place as a refuge.

Mitenka's wife and her sister, with terror-stricken faces, peered out of the door of the room, where a polished samovár was bubbling, and where the high-post bedstead affected by overseers could be seen, covered with a patchwork quilt.

The young count, all out of breath, and giving them no attention, strode by them with resolute steps, and went into the house.

The countess, who had heard from the maids all that had taken place in the wing, was, in one sense, delighted at the direction which their affairs were now evidently going to take; and in another she was disquieted at the way in which her son had taken hold of the matter.

She went several times on tiptoe to his door, and listened as he smoked one pipe after another.

The next day, the old count called Nikolai to one side, and with a timid smile, said, —

"But do you know, my dear, you wasted your fire! Mitenka has told me all about it."

"I knew," thought Nikolai, "that I should never accomplish anything here, in this idiotic world."

"You were angry with him because he did not reckon in those seven hundred rubles. But, do you know, they were carried over, and you did not look on the other page."

"Pápenka, he is a scoundrel and a thief: I know he is! And what I have done, I have done. But if you don't wish it, I won't say anything more to him about it."

"No, my dear." The count was also confused. He was conscious that he himself had been a bad administrator of his wife's estate, and that he was guilty toward their children; but he did not know how to set things right. "No, I beg of you, take charge of our affairs; I am old, I" —

"No, pápenka, forgive me if I have done anything disagreeable to you; I am less able to attend to it than you are. — The devil take these muzhiks, and accounts, and carryings over," he said to himself. "I used to know well enough what quarter stakes on a six at faro meant; but this carrying over to the next page, I don't know anything about it at all," said he to himself; and from that time forth, he gave no more attention to their pecuniary affairs. Once, however, the countess called her son to her, and told him that she had a note of hand given her by Anna Mikhailovna, for two thousand rubles, and she asked Nikolai's advice as to what ought to be done about it.

"This is what I think," replied Nikolai. "You have told me that I was to decide the question. Well, I don't like Anna Mikhailovna, and I don't like Boris; but they have been friends of ours, and are poor. This is what we will do, then!" and he took the note and tore it in two; and this action made the old countess actually sob with delight.

After this, the young Rostof entirely forsook interference with their business matters, and entered with passionate enthusiasm into the delights of hunting with the hounds, for which the old count set him an example on a large scale.

CHAPTER III.

ALREADY the wintry frosts had begun, each morning, to chain up the soil, soaked by the autumnal rains; already there was green only in patches, and these made a vivid contrast against the strips of brownish stubble-fields, trodden down by the cattle, and the patches of winter or spring wheat, or the russet lines of the buckwheat fields. The forest tree-tops, which even as early as the end of August had been green islands amid the black fields of winter wheat and the corn stubble, were now

golden and crimson islands amid the fields of bright green wheat.

The gray hare had already more than half changed his coat; the foxes were beginning to quit their holes, and young wolves were larger than dogs. It was the very height of the hunting season. The hounds belonging to that eager young huntsman, Rostof, were now in excellent training for their work; but they had been taken out so assiduously, that, by the general advice of the whippers-in, it had been decided to give them three days' rest, and to set upon the 28th of September for the hunt; at which time they would begin with a certain dense forest, where there was a litter of young wolves.

Such was the state of affairs on the 26th of September.

All that day the hunting train was at home. It had been bitter cold, but toward evening it grew warmer and began to thaw. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, when young Rostof went in his dressing-gown to his window, he looked out upon a morning which could not have been better for hunting: the very sky seemed to be melting and flooding out over the earth. There was no sign of a breeze. The only motion in the air was that faint stir of microscopic drops of mist or fog, falling from above. On the bare limbs of the park trees, transparent drops hung and fell on the leaves that carpeted the ground. The garden soil had a peculiar black and glistening appearance, like poppy, and within a short distance lost itself under the dim and moist curtain of fog.

Nikolai stepped out upon the wet doorsteps, all covered with mud. There was an odor of dying forest vegetation, and of dogs. Milka, the black-spotted bitch, with broad hind-quarters, and big black goggle eyes, got up when she saw her master, stretched herself back, and lay down like a hare; then unexpectedly leaped up and licked his face and ears. Another dog, a greyhound, seeing his master, came bounding up the garden path, arching his back, and impetuously raising his helm (that is, his tail), began to rub around Nikolai's legs.

"O hoï!" rang out at this moment that inimitable huntsman's call, which comprises in itself the deepest bass and the clearest tenor, and around the corner appeared the whipper-in and hunter, Danilo: a grizzled, wrinkled man, with his hair cropped, leaving a knob, after the fashion of the Ukraina, and carrying a long whip, with curling lash. He had that independent expression and scorn for all the world, so characteristic of huntsmen. He took off his Circassian cap in his barin's presence, and looked at him scornfully. This expres-

sion of scorn was not meant to be insulting to the barin : Nikolai knew that, scornful and superior as this Danilo seemed to be, he was, nevertheless, his devoted servant and huntsman.

"Danila!" said Nikolai, with a timid consciousness that in this perfect hunting weather, with these dogs, and this huntsman, he was seized by that indefinable passion for hunting which makes a man forget all his former good resolutions like a fond lover in the presence of his mistress.

"What do you please to require, your illustriousness?" asked a deep, antiphonal bass, hoarse with shouting at the hounds; and two bright black eyes gazed out from under the brows at the silent barin. "Well, and can't you resist?" these two eyes seemed to be asking.

"Fine day, isn't it? A chase and a race, hey?" asked Nikolai, pulling Milka's ears.

Danilo said nothing, and winked his eyes.

"I sent Uvarka out at sunrise this morning to listen," said his deep bass, after a minute's pause. "He says *she's* drawn into the Otradnensky *zakás*, and they're knowing there." (He meant that a she-wolf, which they both knew about, had gone with her whelps into the Otradnensky forest preserves, which was a small detached property, about two versts from the house.)

"Well, we must go after them, mustn't we?" said Nikolai.

"Come with Uvarka, will you?"

"Just as you order!"

"See they are fed, then."

"All right!"

In five minutes, Danilo and Uvarka were standing in Nikolai's great library. Though Danilo was not very tall, the sight of him in the room irresistibly made one think of a horse, or a bear, surrounded by furniture and the conditions of civilized life: Danilo was himself conscious of this, and, according to his habit, stood as near the door as possible, striving to talk in an unnaturally low tone, and to keep from moving, lest he should break something, and saying what he had to say as rapidly as possible, so as to get out into the open air, under the sky, instead of the ceiling.

Having asked the requisite number of questions, and elicited from Danilo—who was fully as anxious himself to go—the information that it would not hurt the dogs any, Nikolai ordered the horses to be saddled. But just as Danilo was on the point of leaving the room, Natasha came hurrying in with swift steps, not having stopped to do up her hair, or

finish dressing, but wearing her nurse's shawl. Petya came running in with her.

"Are you going?" asked Natasha. "I thought so! Sonya declared that you were not going. I knew that to-day was such a perfect day that you would have to go."

"Yes, we're going," curtly replied Nikolai, who, as he intended to make a serious business of hunting that day, had no wish to take Natasha and Petya. "We are going; but after wolves only: it wouldn't amuse you."

"You know that is just what I like best of anything," said Natasha. "It's too bad to be going yourself, and to have the horses saddled, and say never a word to us!"

"'Vain are obstacles to Russians!' come on!" cried Petya.

"Yes, but you can't go; máimenka told you that it was out of the question," said Nikolai, turning to Natasha.

"Yes, I am going; I certainly am going," insisted Natasha firmly.

"Danila, have the saddles put on for us, and have Mikhaila bring around my leash," said she, addressing the whipper-in.

It had been trying and uncomfortable for Danilo to be in the confinement of the room; but to receive an order from the young lady seemed incredible. He cast down his eyes, and made haste to go, pretending that it did not concern him, and striving not to strike against her in any way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old count, who had always kept up an immense hunting establishment, had turned it over to his son's management; but on this day, the 27th of September, feeling particularly cheerful, he determined to be of the party.

In two hours the whole hunt was gathered at the front door-steps. Nikolai, with a grave and solemn face, which made it evident that he could not be distracted by trifles, walked right by Natasha and Petya, without heeding what they said to him. He personally inspected everything, sent forward the pack with the huntsmen, mounted his sorrel Donets; and, whistling to the dogs of his own leash, he started off through the threshing-floor into the field that stretched toward the Otradnensky preserves. The old count's steed, a dun-colored gelding, named Vifyanka, was in charge of the count's groom: he himself was to ride in his drozhsky straight to the muset which he had designated.

The whole number of hounds brought together was fifty-four, together with six whippers-in and feeders. Beside the gentlemen, there were also eight greyhound-grooms, followed by more than twoscore greyhounds; so that with the master's dogs in leash, there were, all told, about one hundred and thirty dogs, and twenty mounted huntsmen.

Each dog knew who his master was, and answered to his call. Each man knew his duty, his place, and his work.

As soon as they had ridden beyond the hedge, all, without unnecessary noise or talking, galloped smoothly and evenly along the road, and then struck into the fields that led to the Otradnensky preserves.

As soon as the horses were out of the beaten track, they made their way across the field, as though it were a carpet of yielding grass, occasionally splashing through pools of water. The misty sky continued the same, and the moisture fell monotonously to the ground. The air was calm, mild, unresonant. Occasionally were heard a huntsman's whistle, the snorting of a horse, the crack of the long lash, and the whine of a dog crouching down in his place.

After they had ridden about a verst, suddenly out of the fog loomed five more riders with dogs, coming to meet the Rostofs. In front of them rode a hale and hearty old man, with heavy gray mustachios.

"Good-morning, 'little uncle,'" * cried Nikolai, as the old man rode up to him.

"Here's a how-de-do! † I was sure of it," said the old man. He was a neighbor and distant relative of the Rostofs — a landed proprietor of small means. "I knew it, you could not resist it, and it's good you came. Here's a how-de-do!" This was a favorite phrase of the old man's. "Look out for the cover, double quick, for my Girchik reports that the Ilagins, and all their train, are in at Korniki, and they might — here's a how-de-do! — might snatch the litter away from under our very noses!"

"That's where I am going. Say, shall we join packs?" asked Nikolai.

They united all the hounds into one large pack, and the old man, whom Nikolai called "little uncle," rode along by his side. Natasha, muffled up in shawls, out of which peered her eager

* *Dyddyushka*, diminutive.

† *Chistoye dyelo marsch*. An almost meaningless semi-military phrase. Literally: "Clean thing! forward!" — invented by the speaker, and characteristic of him.

face, with bright, glistening eyes, galloped up to them, followed by Petya and Mikhailo, the huntsman, who were her inseparable companions, and by a groom, who was delegated to attend her. Petya was full of glee, and kept whipping up and hauling in his horse. Natasha sat firmly and gracefully on her raven black Arabchik, and reined him in with a practised hand, though without force.

The "little uncle" looked disapprovingly at Petya and Natasha. He did not believe in combining frivolities with the serious business of hunting.

"Good-morning, 'little uncle;' we are going too," shouted Petya.

"Good-morning to you, good-morning; don't ride the dogs down!" cried the old man severely.

"Nikolenka, what a splendid dog Trunila is! He knew me!" said Natasha, pointing to her favorite greyhound.

"Trunila, in the first place, is not a dog, but a hound," mused Nikolai, and gave his sister a stern glance, trying to make her realize the immense distance that separated them at that moment. Natasha realized it.

"Don't you imagine, 'little uncle,' that we shall be in any one's way," said Natasha. "We will stay in our own places and not stir."

"An excellent idea, little countess," * said the "little uncle." "But mind you don't fall off your horse," he added. "For you see,—here's a how-de-do!—you see you've nothing to hold on by!"

The "island" of the Otradnensky preserve was now in sight, two or three hundred yards distant, and the cavalcade rode up toward it. Rostof and the "little uncle" having definitely decided where they should set in the hounds, and shown Natasha her post, a place where there was not the slightest chance of anything ever passing, crossed through a ravine into the woods.

"Well, little nephew, stand on solid ground," said the "little uncle." "Take care not to let her get by."

"That depends," replied Rostof. "Phüt! Karai!" he cried; by this call answering the old man's words. Karai was an aged, deformed, ugly-faced hound, famous for having once tackled by himself a she-wolf.

All got to their posts.

The old count, knowing his son's passionate zeal for hunting, had made good time, so as not to be behindhand; and the caval-

* *Grafnyetchka.*

cade had scarcely reached the preserve, when Ilya Andreyitch, cheerful and ruddy, with shaking cheeks, came jolting across the fields, behind his three black horses, and was set down at the muset which he had selected. Smoothing out his fur shuba, and getting his hunting equipment, he mounted his glossy Vifyanka, fat, kind, and steady, and as gray as himself. The horses and the drozhsky were sent home. Count Ilya Andreyitch, although not a keen huntsman at heart, nevertheless was well acquainted with the rules of venery; and he rode off to the edge of the forest, gathered up his reins, settled himself in the saddle, and, feeling conscious that he was all ready, glanced around, with a smile.

Near him stood his valet, an old-fashioned but heavy rider, Semyon Chekmar. Chekmar held in leash three fierce-looking wolf-hounds, not less fat and sleek than master and horse. Two dogs, old and intelligent enough to be out of leash, stretched themselves out on the ground. A hundred paces farther along the edge of the forest was stationed the count's second whipper-in, Mitka, a splendid rider, and passionate huntsman. The count, in accordance with time-honored custom, before the hunt began, drank a silver cup full of *zap-ekánotchka*, or root brandy, took a snack of lunch, and then drank a half-bottle of his favorite Bordeaux.

Ilya Andreyitch was a trifle flushed from the wine and the ride; his eyes grew moist, and had a peculiar gleam; and as he sat in his saddle, muffled in his shuba, he had the aspect of a child who has been got ready for a ride.

The lean Chekmar, with sunken cheeks, having got things settled to his satisfaction, looked up at his barin, whose inseparable companion he had been for upwards of thirty years, and perceiving that he was in good humor, waited for some pleasant talk. Just then a third person rode up cautiously — evidently the result of careful training — and, coming out from behind the woods, paused not far from the count.

This individual was an old man, with a gray beard, in a woman's capote and high collar. This was the buffoon who bore the woman's name, Nastasya Ivanovna.

"Well, Nastasya Ivanovna," said the old count to him in a whisper, and giving him a wink, "if you should dare to scare away the brute, Danila would give it to you!"

"I can defend myself," said Nastasya Ivanovna.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" hissed the count, and, turning to Semyon, he asked, "Have you seen Natalia Ilyinitchna? — Where is she?"

"She and Piotr Ilyitch were stationed in the high grass* near Zharovo," replied Semyon, with a smile. "She's a lady, but she's going to have a great hunt all the same."

"And aren't you surprised, Semyon, to see how she rides—hey?" asked the count. "She rides as well as a man!"

"Of course, I'm surprised. Such daring! such skill!"

"And where is Nikolasha? On Lyadovo hill, I suppose?" asked the count, in a whisper.

"That's where he is. He knows well enough where the best places are. And he rides so cleverly too: Danila and I were thunderstruck at him the other day," replied Semyon, knowing what would please the count.

"He rides well, does he? Hey? Fine fellow on a horse, is he? Hey?"

"Like a picture! How he run that fox t'other day out of the steppe at Zavarzino! How he did gallop out of the woods, 'twas a caution! Horse worth a thousand, but the rider beyond price! 'Twould be a hard job to find such another young fellow."

"It would, indeed," interposed the count, regretting that Semyon did not spin his story out longer. "'Twould be a hard job, would it?" turning back the flap of his shubka, and searching for his snuff-box.

"Then the other day, coming out of mass, in all his regalia, when *Mikhail-to* Sidorutch"—

But Semyon did not conclude his sentence, having distinctly heard, owing to the stillness of the atmosphere, the howling of a hound or two, signifying that the hunt was on: he bent down his head, and listened, and gave a warning gesture to his barin.

"They are after the whelps!" he whispered. "They are making straight for Lyadovskaya."

The count, with the smile still lingering on his lips, gazed into the distance, along the dike, and held the snuff-box in his hand, forgetting to take a pinch. Instantly following the baying of the hounds came the signal that the wolf was found, sounded on Danilo's heavy horn. Then the pack united their voices with those of the first three hounds; and then they could hear the hounds breaking in, across the ravine, with that peculiar howl which is the sign to the huntsman that they have discovered the wolf. The riders had not yet begun to egg on the dogs, but were uttering the *uliuliu*; and louder than all rang out Danilo's voice, now in bass, now in piercingly

* *Buryan*, steppe-grass.

shrill notes: it seemed as though his voice filled the whole forest, and burst out beyond the forest bounds, and rang far over the fields.

After listening for a number of seconds in silence, the count and his groom were convinced that the hunt had divided into two packs. The larger half, vehemently giving tongue, were driving farther afield; the other pack were rushing along the forest past the count, while behind them was heard Danilo's *uliulu*. The sounds mingled and melted together, but seemed to be growing fainter in the distance. Semyon sighed, and stooped down to disentangle his leash, a young puppy having got the cords mixed up. The count also sighed; and, noticing that he had his snuff-box still in his hand, opened it and took out a pinch of snuff.

"Back," cried Semyon to the young hound, which was trying to make for the woods. The count was startled, and dropped his snuff-box. Nastasya Ivanovna dismounted, and was just on the point of picking it up. The count and Semyon were looking at him. Suddenly, as often happens, the sounds of the hunt came nearer, and it seemed as though the baying mouths of the dogs and Danilo's *uliulu* were directly upon them.

The count looked round, and at his right saw Mitka, who, with starting eyes, was staring at him, and, lifting his cap, directed his attention in front of him to the other side.

"Look out!" he shouted, in such a voice that it was evident that this word had been for some time painfully struggling to escape. And, letting loose his leash, he dashed in the count's direction. The count and Semyon sprang out from the cover, and saw at their left a wolf swinging easily along, and with a noiseless lope making for the very cover where they had been in hiding. The ferocious dogs yelped, and, tearing themselves free from the leash, flung themselves after the wolf, almost under the legs of the horses.

The wolf paused in his course, awkwardly, like one suffering with the quinsy, turned his head, with its wide forehead, in the direction of the dogs, and then again with the same easy, waddling gait, gave one spring, and then another, and shaking his "stump" (tail), disappeared in the cover.

At the same instant, with a roar that rather resembled a whine, from the opposite edge of the forest, appeared first one, then a second, then a third, hound, and then the whole pack came pouring out into the field, in the very track by which the wolf had sneaked away and escaped. On the heels of the

hounds, appeared Danilo's horse, all black with sweat, breaking through the hazel bushes. Over his long back, bending forward, and doubled up like a ball, sat Danilo, hatless, with his gray hair dishevelled and falling around his sweaty face.

"*Uliuliulu! Uliulu!*" he was shouting. When he saw the count, his eyes flashed fire.

"You sh" — he began, menacing the count with his upraised whip-handle. "You've lost that wolf! What hunters!"

And as though scorning to have further conversation with the confused and startled count, he gave the wet flank of his chestnut stallion the wrathful blow which had been directed against the count, and dashed after the hounds. The count, like one who had been chastised, remained motionless; and, looking around with a scared smile, was going to try to gather sympathy for his situation from Semyon. But Semyon had disappeared: he was riding in and out of the bushes, trying to start the wolf up from the thicket. The masters of the greyhounds also were beating up the brute from all sides. But the wolf had made his way into the bushes, and not a single hunter got sight of him.

CHAPTER V.

NIKOLAI ROSTOF, meantime, had not left his post, and was anxiously expecting the brute. By the nearer and more distant sounds of the hunt; by the baying of the hounds, whose voices he could distinguish; by the shouts of the whippers-in, advancing and retreating, — he had an idea of what was going on in the "island." He knew that the "island" sheltered growing and full-grown wolves; that is, old wolves and their whelps. He knew that the hounds had divided into two packs; that in one place they were on the right scent, and that elsewhere they had met with bad luck. He expected each second to see the beast making in his direction. He made a thousand different conjectures as to which side the brute would come out, and how he should attack him. His heart was filled with mingled hope and despair.

Several times he offered up a prayer to God that the wolf might come in his way: he prayed with that sense of passionate anxiety with which men are wont to pray under the influence of some powerful excitement, even though it may be due to the most trivial cause.

"Now what would it be to Thee," he said in his prayer, "to

do this for me? I know that Thou art mighty, and that it is a sin to ask Thee for such a thing; but for God's sake let an old full-grown wolf come my way, and let Karai get a death clutch on her throat, in sight of the 'little uncle' who keeps glancing over in this direction."

A thousand times during that half-hour, Rostof swept his eyes eagerly, restlessly, and with stubborn purpose, around that thicket of forest, where two mighty oaks looked down upon the aspen underbrush; and at the ravine, with its gullied banks; and at the "little uncle's" cap, just visible underneath the bushes on the right.

"No, I sha'n't have this luck," thought Rostof. "But how jolly it would be! No hope! always the same bad luck with me at cards, and in war, and everywhere."

Austerlitz and Dolokhof, in vivid but swift alternation, flashed through his mind.

"If I could only just once in my life run down a full-grown wolf, that is all that I would ask for!" he said to himself, straining his ears and his eyes, as his gaze swept the thicket from left to right, and as he tried to distinguish the slightest variation in the noise of the hunt.

Then again he glanced to the right, and beheld something swiftly moving across the open field, in his direction.

"No, it is impossible!" thought Rostof, with a heavy sigh, as a man sighs when what he has been long looking forward to is practically accomplished. And here the greatest piece of good fortune was accomplishing so simply, so noiselessly, so undemonstratively, without a sign! Rostof could not believe his eyes; and this incredulity lasted more than a second. The wolf came running forward, and leaped clumsily over the ravine that lay across his path. It was an aged brute, with a gray back, and a clearly marked russet belly. He ran along at no great speed, evidently convinced that no one could see him. Rostof, not daring to breathe, glanced at his dogs: they were lying down or standing up all around, but had not yet discovered the wolf, or realized what was going on. Old Karai, bending his head back, and showing his yellow teeth, occasionally snapping them together, was making a spiteful search for a flea, on his haunch.

"*Uliuliuli!*" whispered Rostof, thrusting out his lips. The dogs, shaking their chains, and pricking up their ears, sprang to their feet. Karai ceased his flea-hunting, and got up, cocking his ears, and slightly wagging his tail, on which still hung a few shreds of hair.

"Shall I let 'em loose yet, or not?" queried Rostof; while the wolf was making in his direction, and steadily increasing his distance from the woods. Suddenly the wolf's whole appearance underwent a change: a thrill ran over him, at the sight of what he had never probably experienced before, a pair of human eyes fixed upon him; and, slightly raising his head toward the huntsman, he paused.

"Back or forward? Eh! it's all the same! Forward; we'll see," he seemed to say to himself; and, without looking around, he dashed ahead, with occasional leaps, easy and long, but decided.

"*Uliuliu!*" cried Nikolai, in a voice that sounded not his own; his good steed, of her own accord, bore him forward down the slope, leaping the ravine, to cut off the wolf; and still swifter, entirely outstripping her, rushed the hounds. Nikolai did not hear his own shout, was not conscious of the pace at which he was riding, saw neither the dogs nor the ground over which he was carried; saw only the wolf, which, quickening his speed, bounded on, without swerving, in the direction of the ravine. The black-spotted, wide-haunched Milka was the first to get close to the wild beast. Nearer, nearer, she seemed to press—there, she leaps upon him! But the wolf swerved a trifle toward her, and instead of attacking, as was usually the case with her, Milka, suddenly raising her tail, came to point.

"*Uliuliuliuliu!*" cried Nikolai.

The red Liubim leaped beyond Milka, impetuously flung himself on the wolf, and gripped him by the haunch; but, at the same instant, overcome by panic, he sprang to one side. The wolf crouched down, clapped his teeth together, then sprang up again, and bounded forward: followed at an arshin's distance by all the hounds, though they avoided getting closer.

"He'll escape! No, that's impossible!" mused Nikolai, continuing to shout in a hoarse voice,—

"Karai! *Uliuliu!*" he screamed, trying to make out where the old wolf-hound was; he was now his only reliance. Karai, with all the strength left him by his advanced age, bounding forward, looking at the wolf from the corner of his eyes, was running heavily side by side with the brute, trying to get in front of him. But, owing to the swiftness of the wolf, and the comparative slowness of the hound, it was evident that Karai's calculation was to be mistaken.

Nikolai now began to see the forest in front of him, which,

if the wolf succeeded in reaching it, would probably prove his safety. Just then, in front of them, a pack of dogs and a huntsman came in sight, dashing almost directly toward him. Here again was a hope. A dark brown young dog, with a long body, belonging to a kennel unknown to Rostof, was flying eagerly forward, directly toward the wolf, and quite upset him. The wolf swiftly and most unexpectedly sprang up and threw himself upon the dark brown hound, chattered his teeth, and the hound, covered with blood, from a great gash in his side, with a pitiful howl, beat his head on the ground.

"Karaiushka! Oh, heavens!" mourned Nikolai. The old hound, with the tufts of hair flying out from his haunches, had taken advantage of the pause that he had made to block the wolf's path, and was now within five paces of him. The wolf, apparently conscious of the peril, looked out of the corner of his eyes at Karai, put his stump of a tail as far as possible under his legs, and went off at a mighty bound. But, at this instant, — Nikolai simply saw that something extraordinary happened to the dog, — Karai, quick as a flash, was on the wolf's back, and the two were rolling heels over head down into the ravine in front of them.

The moment that Nikolai caught sight of the dog and the wolf rolling at the bottom of the ravine, in one indiscriminate mass, out of which could be resolved the wolf's gray hide, his hind-leg stretched out, and his face scared, and panting, with laid-back ears (Karai still held him by the gorge), — the minute that Nikolai saw this was the happiest moment of his whole life. He was just grasping the saddle-bow to dismount and give the wolf his finishing stroke, when suddenly, from out of that mass of dogs, the brute's head was extended, then his fore-paws were laid on the edge of the ravine. The wolf chattered his teeth — Karai had now let go of his gullet — gave a mighty leap with his hind-legs, and, flirting his tail, again got his distance from the dogs, and was off at full speed. Karai, with bristling hair, apparently either bruised or wounded, crawled painfully out of the ravine.

"My God! what does it mean?" cried Nikolai, in despair.

The "little uncle's" whipper-in started from the other side to cut off the wolf's course, and his dogs again brought the wolf to bay. Again they gathered round him.

Nikolai, his whipper-in, the "little uncle," and his huntsmen, circled around the wolf, crying their *uliuliu*, and screaming to the dogs; at each minute, whenever the wolf sat up on his haunches, expecting to dismount; and each time dashing

forward, whenever the wolf shook himself free, and tried to dash toward the thicket, which was his only salvation.

At the very beginning of this wolf-baiting scene, Danilo, hearing the hunters' *uliuliu*, came galloping along the edge of the forest. He got there in time to see Karai grapple with the wolf; and he pulled in his horse expecting to see that the game was finished. But when the huntsmen did not dismount, and the wolf shook himself and made off, Danilo spurred on his chestnut; not indeed at the wolf, but in a straight line toward the thicket, in the same way as Karai had done, so as to intercept the beast. Danilo galloped forward silently, holding an unsheathed dagger in his left hand; and like a flail fell the strokes of his whip on his chestnut's laboring sides.

Nikolai had not seen or heard Danilo, until his heavily panting steed dashed by; and then he heard the sound of a falling body, and saw that Danilo had flung himself into the midst of the dogs, back of the wolf, and was trying to clutch him by the ears. It was manifest now for the dogs, and for the huntsmen, and for the wolf, even, that all was over. The wild beast, timidly laying back his ears, was struggling to gather himself up once more; but the dogs formed a ring round him. Danilo, reaching forward, made a staggering step, and with all his weight threw himself upon the wolf, as though he were lying down to rest, and seized him by the ears. Nikolai was going to stab him, but Danilo muttered, —

“Don't do it, we'll gag him!” and, changing his position, he placed his foot on the wolf's neck. Then they put a stake into the wolf's jaws, fastened him as though they were getting him into a leash, tied his legs, and Danilo twice rolled the brute over and over.

With weary but happy faces, they lifted the live, full-grown wolf on the shying and whinnying horse; and, accompanied by the dogs, all yelping at him, they took him to the place of general rendezvous.

All came together, and began to examine the wolf, which, with his great broad-browed head hanging down, with the stake in his chops, glared from his great glassy eyes at all that throng of dogs and men surrounding him. When he was touched, he would draw together his helpless paws, and glare fiercely, and at the same time steadily, at them all. Count Ilya Andreyitch also came riding up, and had a look at the wolf.

“Oh, rather an old one,” said he. “Full grown, hey?” he asked of Danilo, who stood near him.

“Indeed he is, your illustriousness,” replied Danilo, respect-

fully taking off his cap. The count remembered the wolf which had got past him, and his encounter with Danilo.

"Still, my boy, you were in a bad temper," said the count.

Danilo made no reply, and merely smiled with embarrassment — a childish sweet and pleasant smile.

CHAPTER VI.

THE old count rode off home. Natasha and Petya promised to follow immediately. The hunt went farther, as it was still early in the day. Toward noon, they sent the hounds into a dell, grown up with a dense young forest. Nikolai, taking his position on the hillside, could overlook all his huntsmen.

On the other side from Nikolai were fields; and there his whipper-in had taken his post alone, in a pit behind a hazel copse. As soon as the dogs were slipped, Nikolai heard the sharp yelp of one of his favorite dogs — Voltorn; the other hounds also gave tongue, now ceasing, and then again taking up the cry. In a minute, from the forest, the cry to fox was heard; and the whole pack rushed off pell-mell toward the open, in the direction of the field, and away from Nikolai.

He saw the dog-feeders, in their red caps, dashing off along the edge of the overgrown dell; he saw, also, the dogs, and every instant he expected the fox to show himself in that direction, on the field.

The huntsman stationed in the pit gave a start, and let loose the dogs; and then Nikolai saw a strange-looking red fox crouching down, and hurriedly making across the field, with ruffled brush. The dogs began to close in upon her. Then, as they came closer to her, lo! the fox began to dodge about among them, in circular wise, making the circles ever shorter and shorter, and sweeping her furry brush (which the hunters call *truba*, a trumpet) around her; and then, lo! one, a white dog, flies at her; and this one is followed by a black dog; and then all is mingled in confusion, and the dogs, as they stand, scarcely swerving, make a sort of star, all their tails pointing outwards. A couple of huntsmen gallop up toward the dogs: one in a red cap; the other, a stranger, in a green kaftan.

"What can that mean?" queried Nikolai. "Where did that huntsman come from? It's not one of 'little uncle's.'"

The men despatched the fox, and stood for a long time, without mounting or tying her to the straps. Near by, with pro-

jecting saddles, stood their horses, which they held by the bridle; and the dogs threw themselves down. The huntsmen were gesticulating and disputing over the fox. Then there rang out the sound of a bugle: the conventional signal of a dispute.

"That's one of Ilagin's hunters; and he's quarrelling with our Ivan about something," said Nikolai's whipper-in.

Nikolai sent the man to fetch his sister and Petya; and they rode slowly, at a footpace, to the place where the dog-feeders had collected the hounds. Several huntsmen were galloping up to the scene of the dispute.

Nikolai dismounted, and stood near the hounds, with Natasha and Petya, who had now come up; and waited till word should be brought as to the issue of the dispute.

Out from behind the skirt of the forest came the quarrelsome huntsman, with the fox at his saddle-straps, and galloped up to his young barin. While still at a distance, he took off his cap, and tried to speak respectfully; but he was pale and out of breath, and his face was distorted with rage. One of his eyes was blacked; but he was apparently unconscious of the fact.

"What was the matter with you there?" asked Nikolai.

"What do you suppose! he would be after snatching it away from among our hounds! And it was my mouse-colored bitch, too, that had grabbed her! Come now, decide! He tried to get away our fox. Now I'll have a whack at his foxes. Here she is, on the saddle-straps. Or would you like a taste of this?" pointing to his dagger, and evidently imagining that he was still talking with his enemy.

Nikolai, not stopping to discuss the matter with the huntsman, told his sister and Petya to wait for him, and rode off to the place where the rival hunt of the Ilagins was collected.

The victorious huntsman joined the throng of whippers-in; and there, surrounded by his sympathetic admirers, he related his exploit.

The truth of the matter was that Ilagin, with whom the Rostofs had, in days gone by, had some disputes, as well as lawsuits, was hunting in places usually pre-empted by the Rostofs; and, on this occasion, he had apparently given special orders to go to the "island" where the Rostofs were hunting, and allowed his whipper-in to snatch the game from his rival's dogs.

Nikolai had never seen Ilagin; but, as was always the case, knowing no half-way in his judgments and feelings, and believ-

ing certain reports of the violence and arbitrary conduct of this proprietor, he hated him with all his heart, and considered him his worst enemy. He now rode up to him, full of angry emotions, and firmly grasping his long whip, ready for the most decisive and risky proceedings against his enemy.

He had just ridden up to a jut of the forest, when he saw riding in his direction a portly gentleman, in a beaver cap, on a handsome raven-black steed, and accompanied by two huntsmen.

Instead of an enemy, Nikolai found in Ilagin a well-bred, representative barin, who manifested a special desire to make the young count's acquaintance. Riding up to Rostof, Ilagin raised his beaver cap, and declared that he was very sorry for what had taken place: that he had commanded the huntsman who had permitted himself to trespass on another's preserve to be punished. He craved the count's acquaintance, and invited him to hunt on his grounds.

Natasha, apprehensive lest her brother might do something terrible, came up in great anxiety, and drew up at a little distance behind him. When she saw that the rivals were greeting each other with friendly courtesy, she joined them. Ilagin lifted his beaver cap still higher as he saw Natasha; and with a pleasant smile, said that the countess resembled Diana, both by her passion for hunting and by her beauty, of which he had heard many reports.

Ilagin, in order to smooth over his huntsman's indiscretion, pressingly urged Rostof to go to a steep hillside of his, about a verst away, which he kept for his own private use, and which, on his word, was swarming with hares. Nikolai consented; and the hunting-party, doubled in numbers, swept on their way.

In order to reach Ilagin's preserve, they had to strike across country. The huntsmen made common cause. The gentlemen rode together. The "little uncle," Rostof, Ilagin, each stealthily examined the dogs of the other, striving not to let the others remark it, and anxiously searched for possible rivals among the dogs of the others.

Rostof was especially struck by the beauty of a small thorough-bred young slut, spotted with red, and rather slender; with muscles like steel; with a delicate little muzzle, and with prominent black eyes. She belonged to Ilagin's pack. He had heard of the rarity of Ilagin's dogs; and in this pretty little dog, he recognized a rival to his Milka. In the midst of a sedate conversation, about the crops of the current year, which

ing chosen his course, and realized his danger, he laid back his ears, and was off like the wind. His form had been in the stubble; but the course he took was toward the meadow lands, where it was marshy. Two dogs, answering to the hunter who had discovered him, were the first to see the hare, and lay for him; but they were still a considerable distance behind when Ilagin's red-spotted Yorza outstripped them, came within a dog's length of him, sprang upon him with frightful violence, snapped at the hare's tail, and, supposing that she had him, rolled over and over.

The hare, arching his back, darted off at a sharper pace than ever. Then the black-spotted Milka, broad of beam, dashed in front of Yorza, and began swiftly to gain on the hare.

"Milushka! mátushka — little mother!" — rang out Nikolai's encouraging shout. It seemed as though Milka were just going to overtake and nip the hare, but she went too far, and went beyond. The hare had stopped short. Again the pretty little Yorza came to the fore and seemed to hang over the hare's very tail, as though she were measuring the distance, so as not to be deceived again, before she should seize him by the hind-leg.

"Yorzanka! — sweet little sister!" rang out Ilagin's voice, unnaturally, and as though choked with tears. Yorza heeded not his prayer: at the very instant that she might have been expected to seize her game, he swerved off and bowled away along the ridge, between the meadow and the stubble. Again Yorza and Milka, like two little pole-horses, dashed off neck and neck after the game; but this middle ground was better running for the hare, and the dogs did not gain on him so rapidly.

"Rugai! Rugaiushka! here's a how-de-do!" cried still a third voice at this instant; and Rugai, the "little uncle's" red, crook-backed hound, stretching out and doubling up his back, was seen catching up with the two other hounds, dashing beyond them, and falling, with terrible effort of self-denial, on the hare itself. He flung him from the middle ground into the meadow, leaped upon him even more fiercely a second time, in the muddy marsh, into which he sank up to the knees; and then all that could be seen was that he rolled over and over with the hare, the mud staining his back.

The "star" of dogs clustered round them. In a minute, the party gathered in a circle around the clustering dogs. The "little uncle," radiantly happy, alone dismounted, and cut off the hare's hind-foot. Shaking the hare, so that the blood would drip off, he looked around excitedly, with wandering

eyes, unable to keep his feet and hands quiet; and spoke, not knowing what he said, or whom he addressed.

"That's the kind of a how-de-do! That's a dog for you! Worth all of your thousand-ruble hounds! Here's a how-de-do!" said he, all out of breath, and fiercely glancing around, as though he were berating some one: as though all of them were his foes, and all had insulted him, and now, at last, he had come to his chance for getting even with them. "Look at your thousand-ruble dogs! Here, Rugai, here's the foot!" he cried, flinging him the hare's paw, with the mud still clinging to it: "You've earned it—here's a how-de-do!"

"She'd run herself all out: she cornered him thrice, all by herself," said Nikolai, likewise not heeding any one, and not minding whether any one listened to him or not.

"That was a great way; he seized him by the back!" exclaimed Ilagin's groom.

"Yes, when she's run him out, of course, any house-dog could grip him!" said Ilagin at the same instant: he was flushed, and what with the mad gallop, and the excitement, could scarcely draw his breath. Natasha, so great was her excitement and enthusiasm, also was screaming at the top of her lungs, and so shrilly that it made one's ears tingle. With these shrieks of delight, she expressed what all the other sportsmen were expressing by their simultaneous exclamations. And these shrieks were so odd, that she would have been constrained to feel ashamed of herself, and all the others would have been amazed at it, if it had been at another time.

The "little uncle" himself doubled up the hare cleverly, and boldly laid him over the crupper of his horse: as though, by this action, he were defying them all, and mounted his fallow bay, and rode away, acting as though he had no wish to speak to any one.

All the rest, melancholy and disconsolate, separated; and it was only after some time had elapsed, that they recovered their former state of affected indifference. For some time, still, they gazed after the red, humped-back Rugai; who, all spattered with mud, rattling his chain, trotted after the "little uncle's" horse, with the supercilious aspect of a victor.

"You see I am like all the rest of you, as long as there is no game to be after. Yes, and you had better keep aloof!" was what the aspect of this dog seemed to Nikolai to say.

When, after some time, the "little uncle" rode back to Nikolai, and began to talk with him, Nikolai felt flattered, that, after what had taken place, the "little uncle" was condescending enough to talk with him!

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN, late in the afternoon, Ilagin courteously took his departure, Nikolai found that they were so far from home, that he was glad to accept the "little uncle's" proposition, that their hunting-party should spend the night at his little estate of Mikhailovko.

"Now if you should come to my place—here's a how-de-do!"—said the "little uncle," "it would be the best thing you could desire: you see the weather is wet," added the "little uncle." "You could get rested; and the little countess can be driven home in a drozhsky."

The proposition was accepted; a huntsman was sent to Otradnoye, after the drozhsky, while Nikolai, Natasha, and Petya, went to the "little uncle's."

Five men, big and little—the "little uncle's" house serfs—rushed out upon the front doorsteps, to welcome their barin home. A dozen women, of every age and size, thrust their heads out of the back porch to stare at the approaching cavalcade.

The appearance of Natasha—a woman, a *báruinya*—on horseback aroused their curiosity to such a pitch, that several of them, undeterred by her presence, approached her, made a close examination of everything about her, and made their observations freely in her presence; as though she were some curiosity on exhibition, and not a human being, who could hear and understand what they said.

"Arinka, just ye look; she sits sidewise! Yes, sidewise; and her skirt dangles! And see her horn!"

"Holy saints preserve us! and a knife too!"

"She's a real tatar!"

"How is it, you do not get thrown off?" asked the most audacious of them, turning directly to Natasha.

The "little uncle" dismounted from his horse at the doorsteps of his small country residence, which was built in the midst of an overgrown garden; and, glancing round on his domestics, he gave an imperative order for the supernumeraries to clear out, and for everything to be done necessary for the reception of his guests and the hunting-train.

There was a general scattering. The "little uncle" helped Natasha to dismount, and, giving her his hand, led her up the precarious deal steps. The house, which was not plastered,

and showed the rough timbers of the walls, was not remarkable for its cleanliness: it was plain to see that the inmates did not consider it the first duty of life to remove every trace of a spot; but there was no noticeable neglect. The entry was filled with the odor of fresh apples, and hung with the skins of wolves and foxes.

The "little uncle" conducted his guests through the ante-chamber into a small music-room, with a folding table and red-painted chairs; thence into the drawing-room, where there were a round pine table and a sofa; and finally into the library, where there were a ragged divan, a well-worn carpet, and portraits of Suvórof, of the proprietor's father and mother, and of himself, in military uniform. The library smelt strong of tobacco and dogs.

Here the "little uncle" begged his guests to be seated and make themselves quite at home, and he left them. Rugai, his back still covered with mud, came into the room, lay down on the divan, and began to clean himself with tongue and teeth. From the library led a corridor, in which could be seen a screen with its hangings full of rents; beyond the screen were heard the laughing and chatter of women.

Natasha, Nikolai, and Petya threw off their wraps, and sat down on the divan. Petya rested his head on his arm, and was instantly asleep. Natasha and Nikolai sat in silence. Their faces were flushed; they were very hungry, and in very good spirits. They exchanged glances: after the hunting was over and they were in the house, Nikolai no longer considered it necessary to display his masculine superiority over his sister. Natasha winked at her brother; and both, after trying to restrain themselves for a moment, burst forth in a short and hearty peal of laughter, without even taking time to think what they were laughing at.

After a short absence, the "little uncle" came in, dressed in a Cossack coat, blue trousers, and short boots. And Natasha felt that this costume, which, to her amusement and amazement, she had seen the "little uncle" wear at Otradnoye, was a perfectly proper costume, in no respect worse than frock-coat or swallow-tail. The "little uncle" was also in the best of spirits: he was not only not offended by the brother's and sister's merriment—it never entered into his head that they were laughing at his mode of life—but he even joined in with their apparently causeless laughter.

"Well, the little countess is so young—here's a how-de-do!—Never saw another like her!" he exclaimed, giving Rostof

a long-stemmed pipe, and waving another which he had chosen for himself with a carved short stem, between his three fingers. "All day riding, just like a man, and as though it were quite the ordinary thing."

Shortly after the "little uncle" rejoined them, the door was opened by a young girl, apparently barefooted, to judge by the noiselessness of her tread; and in came a portly, ruddy-faced, handsome woman of forty, with double chin, and full red lips, bearing in her hands a huge tray set out with dishes. With overpowering hospitality, dignity, and politeness beaming from her eyes, and expressed in her every motion, she contemplated the guests; and, with a flattering smile, made them a most respectful courtesy. In spite of her rather unusual portliness, which made bosom and abdomen unduly prominent, and caused her to hold her head very high, this woman, who was the "little uncle's" *ekonomka* or housekeeper, moved about with amazing agility. She walked up to the table, set down the tray, and skilfully, with her white, plump hands, removed and arranged on the table the bottles and various dishes comprising the *zakuska* or lunch. Having done this, she started away and stood by the door, with a smile on her face.

"That is the kind of a woman I am! Now, do you understand the 'little uncle'?" her attitude seemed to Rostof to imply. How could he fail to understand? Not only Rostof, but even Natasha understood the "little uncle" and the meaning of his furrowed brows, and the happy, self-satisfied smile which slightly curved his lips as Anisya Feodorovna entered the room. On the tray were *travnik* or herb brandy, liqueurs, mushrooms, wheat-flour cakes with buttermilk, fresh honeycomb, mulled wine and sparkling mead, apples, raw nuts, roasted nuts, and nuts cooked in honey. Then Anisya Feodorovna brought fruits preserved in honey and sugar, and a ham and a roast fowl just from the fire.

All this was of Anisya Feodorovna's own preparation, and selecting, and setting forth. All this was redolent of Anisya Feodorovna, and had the mark of her genius and taste. All was in character with her scrupulous neatness, and cleanness, and whiteness, and her pleasant smile.

"Have a bite of something to eat, little countess," she insisted, handing Natasha first one thing and then another. Natasha partook of everything; and it seemed to her that she had never seen and never tasted such buttermilk cakes, or mulled wine with such a flavor or nuts cooked so deliciously in honey, or such a fowl!

Anisya Feodorovna went out. Rostof and the "little uncle," while sipping their glasses of cherry liqueur, talked about hunting, past and to come; about Rugai, and Ilagin's dogs. Natasha, with shining eyes, sat up erect on the divan, and listened to them. Several times she tried to rouse Petya, to have something to eat; but he muttered incoherent words, and was evidently too sound asleep. Natasha felt so happy, she so keenly enjoyed the novel surroundings, that her only fear was that the drozhsky would come for her too soon. After one of those fortuitous silences, that are almost inevitable with people who for the first time entertain their friends at home, the "little uncle," responding to a thought that must have occurred to his guests, remarked, —

"And this is the way I shall live out my days. You die — here's a how-de-do! — and nothing is left. So what's the sin?"

The "little uncle's" face had grown very grave, and even handsome, as he made this remark. Rostof could not help thinking of the pleasant things his father and the neighbors had said of the old man. The "little uncle," throughout the whole government, had the reputation of being as noble-hearted and disinterested as he was eccentric. He was often called upon to act as arbiter in family disputes, he was chosen executor of wills, he was made the repository of secrets, he was elected judge, and called upon to fill other offices; but he stubbornly refused to enter active service: autumn and spring he rode about the country on his fallow bay stallion; in the winter he staid at home; in the summer he lounged in his overgrown garden.

"Why don't you enter the service, 'little uncle'?"

"I have served and I've given it up. It is no use — here's a how-de-do! — I can't make anything out of it. It's well enough for you youngsters, but my wits could never grasp it. But hunting! That's quite another thing! That's the how-de-do! Open that door, there!" he cried. "What did you shut it for?"

The door at the end of the corridor — which the "little uncle" called *collidor* — led into a single room occupied by the hunting-train. The bare feet swiftly slithered along, and an invisible hand pushed the door open into the "hunters' room," as this was called. The sounds of the *balalaïka*, or Ukraine guitar, were clearly heard through the corridor; some one who was a master-hand at playing it evidently had hold of the instrument. It had been a long time since Natasha had

listened to these sounds, and now she ran out into the corridor to hear more distinctly.

"That is my Mitka, the coachman. I bought a beautiful *balalaïka* for him, I'm fond of it," said the "little uncle." After coming back from his courses, the "little uncle" was in the habit of summoning Mitka into the "hunters' room" to play for him. The "little uncle" liked that kind of music.

"How good it is! It's excellent!" said Nikolai, with a slight trace of involuntary scorn, as though he were ashamed of himself for confessing that he extremely enjoyed such sounds.

"Excellent!" repeated Natasha reproachfully; she was conscious of the tone in which her brother spoke. "*Excellent* does not express it: it's charming, that's what it is!"

Just as the "little uncle's" pickled mushrooms, the hydromel, and the liqueur seemed to her the best in the world, so also did that tune on the *balalaïka* seem to her, at that moment, the very acme of all musical charm.

"Again, please, again," cried Natasha at the door, as soon as the sounds of the *balalaïka* had ceased. Mitka tuned the instrument, and once more began bravely to thrum out the *Báruinya*, or "The High-born Maid," with a clanging of strings and grappling of chords. The "little uncle" sat and listened, inclining his head to one side with an almost imperceptible smile. The theme of the *Báruinya* was repeated a hundred times. Several times the *balalaïka* had to be tuned, and then once more the same sounds trembled forth; and yet the listeners were not wearied, and wanted to hear this tune over and over again. Anisya Feodorovna came in, and leaned her portly frame against the door-lintel.

"Be kind enough to listen to him," said she to Natasha, with a smile strikingly like the "little uncle's." "He plays for us gloriously!" said she.

"That part is not done right," suddenly exclaimed the "little uncle," with an energetic gesture. "It needs to be faster there—here's a how-de-do!—let it out!"

"And do you know how to play?" asked Natasha.

The "little uncle" smiled, but made no reply.

"Just you look, Anisyushya, if the strings are all on my guitar? I have not had it in my hands for some time—here's a how-de-do!"

Anisya Feodorovna gladly went to fulfil her lord and master's command, and soon brought the guitar.

The "little uncle," not looking at any one, blew off the dust, rapped with his bony fingers on the sounding-board of the gui-

tar, tuned the strings, and straightened himself on his chair. He grasped the guitar above the finger-board, with a somewhat theatrical air, pushing back his left elbow; and, with a wink toward Anisya Feodorovna, he struck up, not the *Báruinya*, but a prelude of one clear, ringing chord; after which he began in a steady and precise, but still regularly accentuated *tempo*, to improvise variations on the well-known song, "On the pa-ave-ment o-of the street."

At once the theme of the song began to sing itself rhythmically in the hearts of both Nikolai and Natasha, with that peculiar sedate cheerfulness which Anisya Feodorovna's whole being exhaled. Anisya Feodorovna blushed, and, hiding her face in her handkerchief, she left the room with a laugh. The "little uncle" went on improvising on the song clearly, carefully, and with energetic steadiness, his glance, full of varying inspiration, fixed on the spot where Anisya Feodorovna had been standing. There was a barely perceptible *something*, betokening amusement, at one corner of his mouth, under his gray mustache; and this look intensified as the song went on, or as the accent grew more pronounced, and in such places as the strings almost snapped under his twanging fingers.

"Charming! charming, 'little uncle!' Some more, some more!" cried Natasha, as soon as he came to a pause. Then, springing up from her seat, she threw her arms around the "little uncle," and kissed him.

"Nikolenka! Nikolenka!" he cried, glancing at her brother, and, as it were, asking him if he appreciated it all.

Nikolai also was greatly delighted with the performance. The "little uncle" once more struck a tune. Anisya Feodorovna's smiling face again appeared in the doorway, and behind her were grouped still other faces.

"At the crystal-flowing fountain
Cries a voice, 'O maiden, wait!'"

was the tune which the "little uncle" played. Then he made one more skilful change of key, broke off, and shrugged his shoulders.

"There, there, 'little uncle!' you old darling!" * murmured Natasha, in such a tone of entreaty that one might have thought her life were dependent on its gratification. The "little uncle" stood up, and as though there were two men,—the one

* *Golubchik*.

smiling a grave smile at the merry one, while the merry one performed a *naïve* and dignified antic in anticipation of the *plyaska*, or native dance.

"Now, then, my dear niece," cried the "little uncle," waving his hand toward Natasha, after striking a chord.

Natasha threw off the shawl which she had wrapped around her, glided out in front of the "little uncle," and putting her arms akimbo, made a motion with her shoulders, and waited.

Where, how, when, had this little countess, educated as she had been by a French *émigrée*, imbibed the Russian spirit from the very atmosphere which she had breathed? Where had she learned all those characteristic motions which the *pas de châte* might long ago have been supposed entirely to efface?

But the spirit and the motions were the very ones — inimitable, untaught, intuitive, thoroughly Russian — which the "little uncle" expected of her. The moment she got to her feet, with an enthusiastic, proud, and shrewdly gay smile, the first tremor of fear which seized Nikolai and all the other spectators, — the fear that she might not be able to perform it correctly, — passed away, and gave place to sheer admiration.

Her performance was so absolutely perfect, and so entirely what was expected of her, that Anisya Feodorovna, who had immediately handed to her the handkerchief that played such an indispensable part in the dance, wept and laughed at once, as she gazed at that slender, graceful countess, from another world as it were, educated in silks and velvets, who could understand all that was in herself — Anisya; in Anisya's father, Feodor; and in her aunt, and in her mother, and in the whole Russian people.

"Well, little countess — here's a how-de-do!" exclaimed the "little uncle," with a radiant smile, when the *plyaska* was finished. "Well done, niece! Now, all we need is to pick you out a fine young husband — here's a how-de-do!"

"Already picked out," said Nikolai, smiling.

"Oho!" exclaimed the "little uncle," in surprise, with a questioning look at Natasha. Natasha, with a smile of pleasure, nodded her head in assent.

"And he's such a fine one!" said she. But the moment these words had escaped her lips, a new train of thoughts and feeling arose in her mind: what signified Nikolai's smile when he said, "Already picked out"? "Is he glad, or sorry? Possibly he thinks that my Bolkonsky would not approve, would not understand, this gayety of ours. No, he certainly would not understand it all. Where is he now, I wonder?" said

Natasha to herself, and her face grew suddenly grave. But it lasted only a single second. "You must not think about it, you must not dare to think about it," said she to herself; and, with her face wreathed in smiles, she again sat down beside the "little uncle," and urged him to play something more.

The "little uncle" played still another song and valse; then, after a short silence, he cleared his throat, and struck up his favorite hunting-song, —

"Kak so vetchera porosha
Vuipadala khorosha."*

The "little uncle" sang as the peasant, as the people, sings, with that full and *naïve* conviction that the whole meaning is to be found exclusively in the words; that the tune will go of itself, and that there is no special air, or that the air is merely for harmony's sake. The result was that this singing of the "little uncle's," so completely free from self-consciousness, like the songs of the birds, was particularly charming. Natasha was in raptures over his singing. She determined that she would not take any more lessons on the harp, but would henceforth play only on the guitar. She asked the "little uncle" to let her take the instrument, and immediately began to pick out chords for singing.

About ten o'clock a *lineïka*, or long, low carriage, and a drozhsky came for Natasha and Petya, and three mounted men, who had been sent to find them. The count and countess did not know what had become of them, and, as the messenger reported, were in a great state of agitation.

Petya was picked up and deposited in the *lineïka*, like a dead body; Natasha and Nikolai took their places in the drozhsky. The "little uncle" muffled Natasha all up, and bade her farewell with a new and peculiar touch of affection. He accompanied them on foot as far as the bridge, which they had to abandon for the ford, and he commanded his hunters to precede them with lanterns.

"Good-by, *prashchâi*, — my dear niece," rang his voice from out the darkness — not the one which Natasha had known hitherto, but the one that had sung, "As the evening sun sank low."

The windows in the village through which they passed gleamed with ruddy lights, and there was a cheerful odor of smoke.

* "As the evening sun sank low
Fell the white and beautiful snow."

"How charming the 'little uncle' is!" exclaimed Natasha, as they bowled along the highway.

"Yes," said Nikolai. "You are not cold, are you?"

"No, I'm comfortable, perfectly comfortable. Oh, I'm so happy!" replied Natasha, with a sense of perplexity. They rode for a long time in silence.

The night was dark and damp. They could not even see the horses: they could only hear them splashing through the unseen mud-puddles.

What was going on in that child's impressionable mind, which was so quick to catch and retain the most varied experiences of life? How was it possible to stow them all away in it? But she was very happy. As they drew near the house, she suddenly struck up the song, "As the evening sun sank low," the tune of which she had been trying all the way to catch, and at last succeeded in remembering.

"You've caught it, have you?" said Nikolai.

"What were you thinking about just now, Nikolenka?" asked Natasha. They were fond of asking each other this question.

"I?" exclaimed Nikolai, trying to recollect; "let me see! At first, I was thinking that Rugai, the red hound, was like the 'little uncle'; and that, if he had been a man, he would keep the 'little uncle' about him all the time: if not for hunting, at least for his music; at all events, I would have kept him. What a musician the 'little uncle' is! Isn't he?—Well, and what were your thoughts?"

"Mine? Wait! wait! At first, I was thinking how we were riding here, and that we supposed we were on our way home; whereas, in reality, it is so dark that God only knows where we are going; and we might suddenly discover that we were not at Otradnoye at all, but in some fairy realm! And then I was thinking—no, there was nothing else!"

"I know! you certainly were thinking about *him*," said Nikolai, smiling, as Natasha knew by the tone of his voice.

"No," replied Natasha, though in reality she had been thinking about Prince Andrei, and wondering how he would have liked the "little uncle." "And there's one thing I have been repeating and repeating all the way," said Natasha, "and that is, 'How superbly Anisyushka marched about!'" And Nikolai heard her clear, merry laugh, so easily excited by trifles. "But do you know," she suddenly added, "I am certain that I shall never, never again be so happy, so free from care as I am now?"

"What rubbish, nonsense, trumpery talk!" exclaimed Nikolai; and he thought in his own mind, "How charming this Natasha of mine is! I shall never find another friend like her! Why should she think of getting married? We might travel all over the world together!"

"How charming this dear Nikolai is!" thought Natasha. "Ah! there's a light in the drawing-room still," said she, pointing to the windows of the mansion, cheerfully shining out into the moist, velvety darkness of the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUNT ILYA ANDREYITCH had resigned his position as *predvodityel*, or marshal of the district nobility, because this office entailed too great expenses. But still his finances showed no improvement.

Often Natasha and Nikolai found their parents engaged in secret, anxious consultation; and they heard rumors about the sale of the magnificent ancestral home of the Rostofs, and their *pod-Moskovnaya* estate. Now that he was relieved from this office, it was not necessary for them to entertain so extensively, and life at Otradnoye went on more quietly than in former years; but the huge mansion, and the wings, were just as full of servants as ever, and more than twenty persons habitually sat down at table. And all these were the regular household, who lived there, practically members of the family; or those who were obliged, for some reason or other, to live at the count's expense. Such, for instance, were Dimmler, the music-master, and his wife; Vogel, the dancing-master, and his whole family; then, an elderly lady of quality,* named Bielova, who had her home there; and many others of the same sort: Petya's tutors and governors, the young ladies' former "gouvernantka," and men and women who simply found it better, or more to their advantage, to live at the count's than at home.

They had not quite as much company as formerly; but the scale of living was practically the same, for the count and the countess found it impossible to accommodate themselves to any other.

The hunting establishment was the same, nay, it had even been increased by Nikolai; there were still fifty horses and fifteen coachmen in the stables; rich gifts on name-days were

* *Bdruinya*.

still given, and formal dinners, at which all the neighborhood were invited; the count still had his whist and Boston parties, at which, as he held his cards spread out so that every one could see them, his neighbors were enabled to go away enriched to the extent of several hundred rubles, every day: having come to regard it as an especial prerogative of theirs to make up a table at which Count Ilya Andreyitch should serve as their chief source of income.

The count marched along through the monstrous tangle of his affairs, striving not to believe that he was so involved, and at every step involving himself more and more; and feeling conscious that he had not the strength to rend the bonds that beset his feet, or the zeal and patience required to unravel them.

The countess, with her loving heart, was conscious that their fortunes were going to rack and ruin; but she felt that the count was blameless; that he could not help being what he was; that he himself was suffering, — though he tried to conceal it, — from the consciousness of the ruin that faced himself and his family, and was striving to devise means of rescue.

From her woman's point of view, the only means that presented itself was to get Nikolai married to a wealthy heiress.

She felt that this was their last hope; and that if Nikolai refused a certain match, which she proposed to arrange for him, it would be necessary to bid a final farewell to every hope of restoring their fortunes. This match was with Julie Karagina, the daughter of a most worthy and virtuous father and mother; a girl whom the Rostofs had known since she was a child, and who had lately come into a large fortune, by the fortuitous death of the last of her brothers.

The countess had written directly to Madame Karagina, in Moscow, proposing a marriage between daughter and son; and she had received a most favorable response. Karagina replied that she, for her part, was agreed; but that everything depended on her daughter's inclinations. Karagina invited Nikolai to come to Moscow.

Several times the countess, with tears in her eyes, told her son that now, since both of her daughters were provided for, her sole desire was to see him married. She declared that she would go to her grave contented, if this might be. Then she said that she happened to know of a very lovely young girl; and she wanted to know his ideas upon the subject.

On other occasions, she openly praised Julie, and advised Nikolai to go to Moscow and have a good time during the

Christmas holidays. Nikolai was sharp enough to understand his mother's covert hints; and, during one of their talks, he managed to draw her out completely.

She told him that their whole hope of bringing their affairs into order was in seeing him married to the Karagina.

"But what if I loved a girl who was poor, *maman*, would you insist upon my sacrificing my feelings and honor, for money?" he asked, not realizing the harshness of his question, and simply desiring to show his noble feelings.

"No, you don't understand me," said his mother, not knowing how to set herself straight. "You misunderstood me, entirely, Nikolinka. All I desire is your happiness," she added; and she had the consciousness that she had not spoken the truth; that she was getting beyond her depth. She burst into tears.

"Mámenka! don't cry; simply tell me that this is your real wish, and you know that I would give my whole life — everything that I have — to make you happy," said Nikolai. "I would sacrifice everything for you, even my dearest wishes."

But the countess had no desire to offer the dilemma: she had no wish to demand a sacrifice from her son; she would have preferred herself to be the one who should make the sacrifice.

"No, no, you have not understood me; we won't say anything more about it," said she, wiping away her tears.

"Yes, perhaps it is true, that I am in love with a penniless girl," said Nikolai to himself. "Why should I sacrifice my sentiments and my honor, for the sake of wealth! I am amazed, that mámenka should say such a thing to me! Is there any reason, because Sonya is poor, that I should not love her?" he asked himself. "Can I return her true, generous love? And, most certainly, I should be much happier with her, than with such a doll as Julie! I can always sacrifice my feelings for my parents' good," said he to himself. "But to command my feelings is beyond my power. If I love Sonya, then my feeling is more powerful, and rules everything for me."

Nikolai did not go to Moscow. The countess did not again revert to her conversation with him about his marriage; but it was with pain, and even with indignation, that she saw the signs of a constantly growing intimacy between her son and the dowryless Sonya. She reproached herself, but she found it impossible to resist heaping worriments upon Sonya, and finding fault with her: oftentimes stopping her short, and addressing her with the formal *vui*, you, and "*moya milaya*,"

instead of by the usual tenderer epithets. What annoyed the worthy countess most of all was that this poor, dark-eyed niece of hers was so sweet, so gentle, so humbly grateful for all her kindnesses; and so genuinely, unchangeably, and self-sacrificingly in love with Nikolai, that it was impossible to find anything really to blame her for.

Nikolai staid at home, waiting till his leave of absence should expire.

A letter was received about this time from Natasha's lover, Prince Andrei, dated at Rome: it was his fourth. In it, he wrote that he should long ere that have been on the way home to Russia, had it not been that the warmth of the climate had unexpectedly caused his wound to re-open, which obliged him to postpone his journey till the beginning of the next year.

Natasha was deeply in love with her "bridegroom:" her character had been greatly modified by this love; at the same time, her nature was thoroughly open to all the joys of life; but toward the end of the fourth month of their separation, she began to suffer from attacks of melancholy, which she found it impossible to resist. She was sick to death of herself: she grieved because all this time was slipping away so uselessly; while she felt that she was only too ready to love and to be loved.

It was far from cheerful at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Christmas holidays had come, and except for the High Mass, except for the formal and perfunctory congratulations of the neighbors and the household servants, except for the new dresses that everybody had on, there was nothing that especially signalized the season: though the perfectly still atmosphere, with the thermometer at twenty degrees * below zero, the sun shining dazzlingly all day long, and at night the wintry sky glittering with myriads of stars, seemed to imply that nature at least gave special distinction to the Christmas-tide.

After dinner on the third day of the Christmas holidays, all the household had scattered to their respective rooms. It was the most tedious time of the day. Nikolai, who had been out in the morning, making calls on the neighbors, was asleep in the divan-room. The old count was resting in his library.

* Réaumur.

Sonya was sitting at the centre-table in the drawing-room copying some designs. The countess was laying out her game of patience. Nastasya Ivanovna, the buffoon with a woe-begone countenance, was sitting at the window with two old ladies.

Natasha came into the room, and went directly up to Sonya, looked at what she was doing, then stepped across to her mother and stood by her without saying a word.

"Why are you wandering about like a homeless spirit?" asked her mother. "What do you want?"

"I want *him*, instantly! this very minute! I want *him*," said Natasha, with gleaming eyes, but without a trace of a smile.

The countess raised her head and gave her daughter a steady look.

"Don't look at me so! Don't look at me, mamma; I shall cry if you do!"

"Sit down, sit down with me here," said the countess.

"Mamma, I must have him. Why am I perishing so, mamma?" Her voice broke; the tears started to her eyes, and in order to hide them she quickly turned away and left the room.

She went into the divan-room, stood there a moment lost in thought, and went to the maids' sitting-room. There, an elderly chambermaid was scolding a young girl, who had just come in from out of doors all out of breath.

"You might play some other time," the old servant was saying. "There is a time for all things."

"Let her be, Kondratyevna," said Natasha. "Run, Mavrusha, run."

And having rescued Mavrusha, Natasha went through the ballroom into the anteroom. An old man and two young lackeys were playing cards. They stopped their game, and respectfully stood up as their young mistress came in.

"What shall I have them do?" wondered Natasha. "Yes, Nikita, please go—where shall I send him? oh, yes,—go into the barnyard and fetch me a cock; yes, and you, Misha, bring me some oats."

"Do you wish a few oats?" asked Misha, with joyous readiness.

"Go, go, make haste," said the old man imperiously.

"And you, Feodor, get me a piece of chalk."

As she went past the butler's pantry, she ordered the samovar to be got ready, although it was not anywhere near the time for it.

Foka, the *bufetchik* or butler, was the most morose man of all the household. Natasha took it into her head to try her power over him. He suspected that she was not in earnest, and began to ask her if she meant it.

"Oh, what a baruishnya she is!" said Foka, pretending to be very cross at Natasha.

No one in the house set so many feet flying, and no one gave the servants so much to do, as Natasha. She could not have any peace of mind if she saw servants, unless she sent them on some errand. It seemed as if she were making experiments whether she would not meet with angry answers or with grumbling, on the part of some of them, but the servants obeyed no one else so willingly as Natasha.

"Now, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" pondered the young countess, as she slowly passed along the corridor.

"Nastasya Ivanovna, what sort of children shall I have?" she demanded of the buffoon, who, dressed in his woman's short jacket, was coming towards her.

"Oh, you will have fleas, dragon-flies, and grasshoppers!" replied the buffoon.

"My God! my God! it's this everlasting sameness! What shall I do with myself? Where can I find something to do?" and, swiftly kicking her heels together, she ran upstairs to the quarters occupied by Vogel and his wife. Two governesses were sitting in the Vogels' room; on the table stood plates with raisins, walnuts, and almonds. The governesses were discussing the question whether it were cheaper to live in Moscow or Odessa.

Natasha sat down, listened to their conversation with a grave, thoughtful face, and then stood up.

"The Island of Madagascar!" she exclaimed. "Ma-da-gas-car," she repeated, laying a special emphasis on each syllable; and then, without replying to Madame Schoss's question what she said, she hastened from the room.

Petya, her brother, was also upstairs; he and his tutor were arranging for some fireworks which they were going to set off that night.

"Petya! Petya!" she cried to him. "Carry me downstairs!"

Petya ran to her and bent his back. She jumped upon it, threw her arms around his neck, and he, with a hop, skip, and jump, started to run down with her.

"No, thank you! that will do! The Island of Madagascar!" she repeated, and jumping off, she flew downstairs.

Having made the tour of her dominions, as it were, having made trial of her power of command, and discovered that all were sufficiently obedient, but that everything was nevertheless utterly stupid, Natasha went into the ballroom, sat down in a dark corner behind a *chiffonier*, and began to thrum the bass strings of her guitar, practising a theme which she remembered from an opera she had heard at Petersburg in company with Prince Andrei.

If any one from outside had been listening to her, it would have struck him that there was something lacking in the harmonies that she managed to produce on her guitar. But in her imagination these sounds aroused from the dead past a whole series of recollections. As she sat in the shadow of the chiffonier, with her eyes fixed on the pencil of light that streamed from the door of the butler's pantry, she listened to herself, and indulged in day-dreams. She was in the mood for day-dreaming.

Sonya, with a wineglass in her hand, passed through the ballroom on her way to the butler's pantry. Natasha looked at her, at the bright chink in the door; and it seemed to her that on some occasion, long before, she had seen the light streaming through the chink in the pantry door, and Sonya crossing the room with a glass.

"Yes, and it was exactly the same!" said Natasha to herself. "What is this tune, Sonya?" cried Natasha, moving her fingers over the bass strings.

"Ah! Are you here?" cried Sonya, startled at first, and then stopping to listen. "I don't know. Isn't it 'The Storm'?" she suggested timidly, for fear that she was mistaken.

"Now, there! she gave a start in exactly the same way, she came up to me in exactly the same way, and her face wore the same timid smile when that took place," thought Natasha. "And in just the same way I felt that there was something lacking in her. — No! that is the chorus from the 'Water Carrier,'* don't you remember?" And Natasha hummed the air over to recall it to Sonya's memory. "Where were you going?" asked Natasha.

"To change the water in this glass. I am just copying a sketch."

"You are always busy; and here am I, not good for anything," said Natasha. "Where is Nikolai?"

"Asleep, I think!"

* The Peasants' Chorus, 3d Act of Cherubini's Opera "*Les Deux Journées*" (known also in Germany as "*Der Wasserträger*"), produced 1804.

"Sonya, do go and wake him up," urged Natasha. "Tell him that I want him to sing."

She remained sitting there, and wondering why it was that this had happened so; but as it did not disturb her very much that she was not able to solve this question, she once more relapsed into her recollections of the time when she was with him, and he looked at her with loving eyes.

"Akh! I wish he would come! I am so afraid that he won't come! But, worst of all, I'm growing old! that's a fact! Soon I shall not be what I am even now! But, maybe, he will come to-day. Maybe, he is here now. Maybe, he has come, and even now is sitting in the drawing-room. Maybe, he came yesterday, and I have forgotten about it."

She got up, laid down the guitar, and went into the drawing-room. All the household — tutors, governesses, and guests — were already gathered near the tea-table. The men were standing around the table; but Prince Andrei was not among them, and everything was as usual.

"Ah! there she is," said Count Ilya Andreyitch, as he saw Natasha. "Come here and sit by me!"

But Natasha remained standing near her mother, looking around as though she were in search of some one.

"Mamma!" she murmured. "Give him back to me, mamma, quick, quick!" and again she found it hard to keep from sobbing.

She sat down by the table, and listened to the conversation of her elders, and of Nikolai, who had also come in late to the tea-table.

"My God! my God! the same faces, the same small-talk! even papa holds his cup and cools it with his breath just as he always does!" said Natasha, to her horror feeling a dislike rising in her against all the household because they were always the same.

After tea, Nikolai, Sonya, and Natasha went into the divan-room, to their favorite corner, where they always held their most confidential conversations.

CHAPTER X.

"Has it ever happened to you," asked Natasha of her brother, when they were comfortably settled in the divan-room, "has it ever happened to you that it seemed as though there were nothing, just nothing at all, left in the future for

you? that all that was best was past, and that you were not so much bored as disgusted?"

"Haven't I, indeed! Many a time, when everything was going well, and all were gay, it would come into my head that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit, and that all of us would have to die. Once, at the regiment, I did not go out to promenade, though the band was playing, for everything had suddenly become so gloomy" —

"Akh! I know what you mean! I know! I know!" interposed Natasha. "When I was a tiny bit of a girl, it used to be that way with me. Do you remember I was punished once, on account of those plums, and you were all dancing, while I had to sit alone in the class-room, and sobbed? I shall never forget how melancholy I felt, and how vexed with you all and with myself! Oh, yes, vexed with you all! all of you! And the worst of it was, I was not to blame," said Natasha; "do you remember?"

"I remember," replied Nikolai; "and I remember that I went to you and wanted to comfort you; and, do you know, I was ashamed to do it! We were terribly absurd! I had at that time a kind of a toy, like a manikin, and I wanted to give it to you! Do you remember?"

"And do you remember," asked Natasha, with a thoughtful smile, "how, once, long, long time ago, when we were little tots, uncle took us into the library, — that was in the old house and it was dark, — and when we went in, suddenly there stood before us" —

"A negro!" said Nikolai, taking the word from her mouth, and laughing merrily. "Of course I remember it! And now I can't tell for the life of me that it was a negro, or whether we saw it in a dream, or whether it was something that we were told!"

"He was gray, you remember, and had white teeth, and he stood and stared at us" —

"Do you remember it, Sonya?" asked Nikolai.

"Yes, I have a dim recollection of something about it," timidly replied the young girl.

"I have asked both papa and mamma about that negro," said Natasha. "They declare that no negro was ever here. But you see *you* remember about it!"

"Certainly I do! And now I recall his teeth very distinctly."

"How strange! Just as though it were in a dream! I like it!"

"And do you remember how we were rolling eggs in the

music-room, and suddenly two little old women appeared, and began to whirl round on the carpet. That was so, wasn't it? Do you remember how fine it was?"

"Yes; and do you remember how pápenka, in a blue shuba, used to fire off his musket from the doorsteps?"

Thus, smiling with delight, they took turns in calling up, not the reminiscences of a gloomy old age, but the recollections of the poetic days of youth; impressions from the most distant past, dreams fused and confused with reality; and these happy recollections sometimes made them quietly laugh.

Sonya, as usual, sat at a little distance from the other two, though their recollections were not confined to themselves alone. Sonya did not remember much of what the others did, and what came back to her failed to arouse in her that poetic feeling which they experienced. She simply rejoiced in their enjoyment, and tried to take a part in it.

She began to feel a special interest in these reminiscences only when they came to speak of her first coming to their house. Sonya was telling how afraid she was of Nikolai, because he wore braid on his jacket; and her nurse told her that they were going to sew her up in braid.

"And I remember they told me that you were born under a cabbage," said Natasha. "And I remember, also, that I did not dare to disbelieve it, though I knew that it was a fib, and so I felt uncomfortable."

At this stage of the conversation, a chambermaid thrust her head into the divan-room, at the rear door, and said, in a whisper, —

"Báruishnya, they have brought the cock."

"I don't want it, Polya, now; tell them to carry it away again."

While they were still engaged in talking, Dimmler came into the divan-room, and went to the harp that stood in one corner. As he took off the covering, the harp gave forth a discordant sound.

"Eduard Karlutch, please play my favorite nocturne—that one by Monsieur Field,"* cried the old countess from the drawing-room.

Dimmler struck a chord, and, turning to Natasha, Nikolai, and Sonya, said, "Young people, how quiet you are sitting!"

"Yes, we are talking philosophy," said Natasha, looking up

* John Field, known as "Russian Field," born in Dublin; pupil of Clementi; went from Paris to Germany; from Germany to Russia; where he died in January, 1837.

for an instant, and then pursuing the conversation. It now turned upon dreams.

Dimmler began to play. Natasha noiselessly went on her tiptoes to the table, took the candle, and carried it out; then she came back and sat down quietly in her place.

In the room, especially that part where the divan was on which they were sitting, it was dark, but through the lofty windows the silver light of the full moon fell across the floor.

"Do you know, I think," said Natasha, drawing closer to Nikolai and Sonya, when Dimmler had now finished his nocturne, and sat lightly thrumming the strings, apparently uncertain whether to cease, or to play something else, — "I think that when you go back, remembering, and remembering, and remembering everything, you remember so far back, that at last you remember what happened even before you were born — at least I do."

"That is metempsychosis," exclaimed Sonya, who always had been distinguished for her scholarship and her good memory. "The Egyptians used to believe that our souls once inhabited the bodies of animals, and will go into animals again."

"Ah, but do you know, I don't believe that we were ever in animals," remarked Natasha, in the same low voice, though the music had ceased. "But I know for certain that we used to be angels in that other world; and, when we come here, we remember about it."

"May I join you?" asked Dimmler, coming up noiselessly, and taking a seat near them.

"If we were angels, then why have we fallen lower?" suggested Nikolai. "No, that can't be!"

"Who told you that we are lower than the angels? Because I know what I used to be," objected Natasha, with conviction. "You see the soul is immortal. It must be, if I am going to live always, that I lived before, lived a whole eternity."

"Yes, but it is hard for us to realize what eternity is," remarked Dimmler, who, when he had joined the group of young people had worn a slightly scornful smile, but now spoke in as low and serious a tone as the rest.

"Why is it hard to realize eternity?" demanded Natasha. "After to-day comes to-morrow, and then the next day, and so on forever; and, in the same way, yesterday was, and then the day before, and so on."

"Natasha! now it is your turn. Sing me something!" said the countess's voice. "Why are you all sitting there, like conspirators?"

"Mamma! I don't feel like it," said Natasha; but, nevertheless, she got up.

Not one of them, not even Dimmler, who was no longer young, wanted to break off the conversation, and leave the corner; but Natasha had arisen, and Nikolai took his place at the harpsichord. Natasha, as usual, going to the centre of the music-room, and, choosing the place where her voice sounded best, began to sing her mother's favorite piece.

She had said that she did not feel like singing; but it was long since she had sung as she sang that evening, and long before she sang so well again. Count Ilya Andreyitch listened to it from his library, where he was closeted with Mitenka; and, like a schoolboy in haste to go out to play as soon as his lessons are done, he stumbled over his words as he gave his instructions to his overseer, and finally stopped speaking; while Mitenka, also with ears attent, stood silently, in front of the count.

Nikolai did not take his eyes from his sister, and even breathed when she did. Sonya, as she listened, thought what a wide gulf there was between her and her friend, and how impossible it would be to find any one in the world so bewitchingly charming as her cousin. The old countess, with a smile of melancholy pleasure, and with tears in her eyes, sat occasionally shaking her head. She was thinking of Natasha, and of her own youthful days; and of that unnatural and terrible element that seemed to enter into this engagement of her daughter with Prince Andrei.

Dimmler, taking his seat next the countess, and covering his eyes, listened.

"No, countess," said he, finally, "this talent of hers is European; she has nothing to learn; such smoothness, sympathetic quality, power" —

"Akh! How I tremble for her; how worried I am!" said the countess, not realizing to whom she was speaking. Her maternal instinct told her that Natasha had more in her than ordinary girls, and that this would result in unhappiness for her.

Natasha had not quite finished her singing, when fourteen-year-old Petya, all excitement, came running into the room with the news that some maskers had come.

Natasha abruptly stopped.

"Durak! idiot!" she cried to her brother, and, running to a chair, flung herself into it, and sobbed so that it was long before she could recover herself.

"It's nothing, mámenka; truly it's nothing: it was only Petya startled me," said she, striving to smile; but her tears still flowed, and her throat was choked by her repressed sobs.

The house servants, who had dressed themselves up as bears, Turks, tavern-keepers, fine ladies, monsters, and ogres, bringing in with them the outside cold and hilarity, at first shyly clustered together in the anteroom; but gradually, hiding one behind the other, they ventured into the ballroom; and at first, timidly, but afterwards with ever-increasing fervor and zeal, began to perform songs, dances, and *khorovods*, and other Christmas games.

The countess, after she had recognized them, and indulged in a hearty laugh at their antics, retired into the drawing-room. Count Ilya Andreyitch, with a radiant smile, took his seat in the ballroom, with approving glances at the masqueraders. Meantime, all the young folks had mysteriously disappeared.

Within half an hour, the other masqueraders in the ballroom were joined by an elderly baruinya, in farthingale, and this was Nikolai; by a Turkish woman, and this was Petya; by a clown — this was Dimmler; by a hussar — Natasha; and by a Circassian youth — Sonya: both the girls had dark eyebrows and mustaches, contrived with the help of burnt cork.

After well-feigned surprise, and pretended lack of recognition, as well as praise from those who were not mumming, the young people decided that their costumes were too good to be wasted, and that it was incumbent upon them to go and exhibit them elsewhere.

Nikolai, who had a strong desire for a troika ride, the roads being in splendid condition, proposed that they should take with them the ten house serfs, who were disguised, and that all should go and visit the "little uncle."

"No, he is an old man; and you will merely disturb him," expostulated the countess. "Why! you couldn't all get into his house! If you must go somewhere, then go to the Melyukofs'."

Melyukova was a widow, who, with a host of children of various ages, and with tutors and governesses, lived about four versts from the Rostofs.

"There! *ma chère*, a good idea!" cried the old count, becoming greatly excited. "Wait till I can get into a costume and I will go with you. I tell you we will wake Pasheta* up!"

But the countess was not at all inclined to let the old count

* Diminutive of Pelagaya.

go; since, for several days, his leg had been troubling him. It was therefore decided that it was not best for Ilya Andreyitch to go; but that if Luiza Ivanovna, that is to say, Madame Schoss, would act as chaperone, then the young ladies might also go to Melyukova's.

Sonya, though generally very timid and shy, now was more urgent than all the others in her entreaties to Luiza Ivanovna not to leave them in the lurch.

Sonya's costume was the best of all. Her mustache and dark brows were extremely becoming to her. All assured her that she was very handsome, and she was keyed up to a state of energy and excitement quite out of her usual manner. Some inner voice told her that now or never her fate was to be decided; and now, in her masculine garb, she seemed like another person. Luiza Ivanovna consented; and in less than half an hour, four troikas, with jingling bells, on shaft arch* and harness swept, creaking and crunching over the frosty snow, up to the front steps.

Natasha was the first to catch the tone of Christmas festivity, and this jollity was perfectly infectious, growing more and more noisy, and reaching the highest pitch as they all came out into the frosty air, and with shouting and calling, and laughing and screaming, took their places in the sledges.

Two of the three spans were unmatched; the third troika belonged to the old count, with a racer of the Orlof breed between the thills; the fourth was Nikolai's own private troika with a low, shaggy, black shaft-horse. Nikolai, in his old-maid's costume, over which he threw his hussar's riding-cloak fastened with a belt, took his place in the middle of his sledge, and gathered up the reins. It was so light that he could see the metal of the harness-plates shining in the moonbeams, and the horses' eyes, as they turned them anxiously toward the merry group gathered under the dark roof of the *portecochère*.

In Nikolai's sledge were packed Natasha, Sonya, Madame Schoss, and two of the maid-servants; in the old count's went Dimmler, with his wife and Petya; in the others, the rest of the household serfs were disposed.

"You lead the way, Zakhar!" cried Nikolai, to his father's coachman; he wished to have the chance to "beat" him on the road.

The old count's troika, with Dimmler and the other masqueraders, creaked as though its runners were frozen to the snow;

* Called *duga*.

and, with a jingling of its deep-toned bell, started forward. The side horses twitched at the shafts, and kicked up the sugar-like gleaming crystals of the snow.

Nikolai followed Zakhar; behind them, with a creaking and crunching, came the others. At first they went rather gingerly along the narrow driveway. As they passed the park the shadows cast by the bare trees lay across the road and checkered the moonlight; but as soon as they got beyond the park enclosure, the snowy expanse — gleaming like diamonds, with a deep blue phosphorescence, all drenched in moonlight, and motionless — opened out before them in every direction.

All at once, the foremost sledge dipped into a cradle-hole; in exactly the same way the one behind it went down and came up again, and then the next behind; and then, boldly breaking the iron-bound silence, the sledges began to speed along the road one after the other.

"There is a hare track! Ever so many of them!" rang Natasha's voice through the frost-bound air.

"How light it is, Nicolas!" said Sonya's voice.

Nikolai glanced round, and bent over so as to get a closer look into her face. The pretty face, with an odd and entirely new expression, caused by the black brows and mustache, glanced up at him from under the sables.

"That used to be Sonya," said Nikolai to himself. He gave her a closer look and smiled.

"What is the matter, Nicolas?"

"Nothing," said he, and he again gave his attention to his horses.

Having now reached the hard-trodden high-road, stretching away in the moonlight, and polished smooth by numberless runners, and all hacked up by the tracks of horse-shoe nails, the horses of their own accord began to pull on the reins, and increase their speed. The off-horse, tossing his head, galloped along, twitching on his traces. The shaft-horse shook out into a trot, laying back his ears as though asking, "Shall we begin, or is it too early as yet?"

Zakhar's troika, already a considerable distance ahead, the jingle of its deep-toned bell growing more and more distant, could be seen, like a black patch against the whiteness of the snow. Shouts and laughter, and the voices of the party in the distance, could be plainly heard.

"Now then, my darlings!" cried Nikolai, giving a firm rein with one hand, and raising his hand with the knout. And only by the increase of the wind that blew in their faces, and

by the straining of the side horses, which kept springing and galloping faster and more furiously, could it be told at what a pace the troika was flying. Nikolai glanced back. With shouts and whistling, with cracking of whips, and encouraging words to the horses, followed the other troika at a flying pace. The back of the shaft-horse rose and fell steadily under the curved *dugá*, but with no thought of breaking, and ready to give more and ever more speed, if it were required of him.

Nikolai now overtook the first troika. They glided down a little slope, and came out upon a road wide enough for several teams to drive abreast, stretching along the *intervale* by the river side.

"Where will this take us, I wonder?" queried Nikolai. "This must be the sloping *intervale*. But no, it is a place I don't recognize at all! I never saw it before! It is neither the sloping *intervale* nor the Dyomkin hill; God only knows where we are. It is certainly some new and enchanted place! Well, what difference does it make to us?" And, shouting at his horses, he began to gain on the first troika. Zakhar held his team to their work and turned round his face, white with frost even to the eyebrows.

Nikolai gave his horses rein; Zakhar, reaching out his arms, clucked his tongue, and also gave his free rein.

"Now, steady there, barin!" cried he.

Still swifter flew the two troikas, side by side; and swiftly the legs of the horses interwove as onward they sped.

Nikolai began gradually to forge ahead. Zakhar, not changing the position of his outstretched arms, kept the hand that held the reins a little higher.

"You can't come it, barin!" he cried to Nikolai. Nikolai urged all three of his horses to gallop, and sped past Zakhar. The horses kicked the fine dry snow into the faces of the party; the bells jingled together as they flew on, side by side; and the swiftly moving legs of the horses mingled together, while the shadows crossed and interlaced upon the snow. The runners whizzed along the road, and the shouts and cries of the women were heard in each of the sledges.

Once more reining in his horses, Nikolai glanced around him. Everywhere was the same magical expanse, flooded deep with the moonbeams, and with millions of stars scattered over it.

"Zakhar is shouting, 'turn to the left;' but why to the left?" queried Nikolai. "Aren't we going to the Melyukofs'?"

Is this the way to Melyukovka? God knows where we are going, and God knows what is going to become of us, and it is very strange and very pleasant, whatever becomes of us."

He looked down into the sledge.

"Oh, see there! his mustache and eyelashes are all white," said one of the handsome young strangers, with delicate mustaches and eyebrows, who sat in the sledge.

"That, I think, must have been Natasha," said Nikolai to himself, "and that other is Madame Schoss; and, perhaps I am wrong, but that Circassian with the mustache I never saw before, but I love her all the same!"

"You aren't cold, are you?" he asked. They gave no other answer than a merry laugh. Dimmler was shouting something from the hindmost sledge; it was probably funny, but he could not make out what it was. "Yes, yes," replied other voices, with a burst of laughter.

"And now here is a sort of enchanted forest, with black shadows interlacing, and the gleams of diamonds, and something like an amphitade of marble steps; and there are the silver roofs of an enchanted castle, and the piercing yells of wild beasts. — But supposing after all it were Melyukovka, then it would be still more wonderful that we should have gone, God knows how, and still have come out at Melyukovka!" said Nikolai to himself.

In point of fact it was Melyukovka, and maids and lackeys began to appear on the doorsteps of the entrance, with torches, and happy faces.

"Who is it?" asked some one from the front door.

"Masqueraders from the Count's, I can tell by the horses," replied various voices.

CHAPTER XI.

PELAGAYA DANILOVNA MELYUKOVA, a very stout and energetic woman in spectacles, and wearing a loose-flowing capote, was sitting in the drawing-room, surrounded by her daughters, whom she was doing her best to entertain. They were quietly moulding wax, and looking at the shadows cast by retreating figures, when the steps and voices of the visitors began to echo through the anteroom.

Hussars, high-born ladies, witches, clowns, bears, coughing and wiping their frost-bound faces, came into the ballroom, where the candelabras were hastily lighted. The clown—

that is, Dimmler, with the *báruinya*, that is, Nikolai, opened the dance. Surrounded by gleefully shouting children, the masqueraders, hiding their faces and disguising their voices, made low bows before the mistress of the mansion, and then scattered through the room.

"Akh! it's impossible to tell! Ah, that's Natasha! Just see whom she looks like! Truly she reminds me of some one! And there's Eduard Karluitch! How elegant! I shouldn't have known you. Akh! how elegantly he dances! Akh! Saints preserve us! and who is that Circassian? Indeed, it reminds me of Sonyushka. And who is that? Well, well! this is a kindness! Move out the tables, Nikita, Vanya. And we have been sitting here so solemnly."

"Ha! ha! ha!" — "What a hussar!" "What a hussar!" "Just like a boy, and what legs." — "I can't look at you!" — such were the remarks on every side.

Natasha, who was a great favorite with the young Melyukofs, disappeared with them into some distant room, where a burnt cork and dressing-gowns and various articles of masculine attire were immediately in requisition; and these were snatched from the lackey who brought them, through the half-open door, by girlish arms, all bare. Within ten minutes, all the young people of the Melyukof family came down, and rejoined the masqueraders.

Pelagaya Danilovna, who had seen that a sufficient place was cleared for her guests, and regalement prepared for the gentlefolk as well as the serfs, went round among the maskers with her spectacles on her nose, and a set smile, looking close into the faces of all, and not recognizing a single one. She neither recognized the Rostofs nor Dimmler, nor could she even distinguish her own daughters, or the masculine dressing-gowns and uniforms which they had put on.

"And who is that one?" she asked of the *gubernantka*, and looking straight into the face of her daughter, who represented a Kasan Tatar: "I think it must be one of the Rostofs. Well, and you, Mister Hussar, what regiment do you serve in?" she asked of Natasha. "Give that Turk, yes that Turk, some fruit cake," said she to the butler, who was serving the refreshments; "it is not forbidden by their laws."

Sometimes, looking at the strange but absurd *pas* performed by the dancers, who gave themselves up completely to the ideas that they were mumming, that no one would recognize them, and therefore felt no mock modesty, Pelagaya Danilovna would hide her face in her handkerchief, and her whole fat

body would shake with the good-natured and uncontrollable laughter of old age.

After they had performed the *plyaska*, various *khorovods* and other Russian national dances, Pelagaya Danilovna had all the serfs and the others together form into a great circle; a ring, a rope, and a ruble were brought, and they began to play various games.

By the end of an hour the costumes began to show signs of wear and tear. The charcoal mustaches and eyebrows began to disappear from the sweaty, heated, jolly faces. Pelagaya Danilovna began to recognize the masqueraders, and congratulate them on the skill with which they had made up their costumes, and tell them how very becoming they were to the young ladies, and she thanked them all for having entertained her so well. The guests were invited into the drawing-room, and refreshments were provided in the ballroom for the serfs.

"No, but what a terrible thing to read your fortune in a bath!" exclaimed an old maid, who lived with the Melyukofs.

"Why so?" asked the oldest daughter of the family.

They were now sitting down at supper.

"No, don't think of doing such a thing, it requires so much courage."

"I would just as lief," said Sonya.

"Tell us what happened to that young lady," asked the second Melyukova girl.

"Well, this was the way of it: a certain *báruishnya*," said the old maid, "took a cock, two plates, knives, and forks, as the way is, and went and sat down. She sat there and sat there, and suddenly she hears some one coming—a sledge drives up, with harness bells jingling; she listens, some one is coming! Some one comes in, absolutely in human form, just like an officer, and sits down with her where the second plate is set."

"Oh! oh!" screamed Natasha, rolling her eyes in horror.

"And how was it—how did he speak to her?"

"Yes, just like a man, everything was just as it should have been; and he began to talk with her, and all she needed to do was to keep him talking till the cock crowed, but she got frightened; as soon as she got frightened, and hid her face in her hands, then he clasped her in his arms. Luckily, just then, some maids came running in."

"Now, what is the good of frightening them so!" protested Pelagaya Danilovna.

"Mamasha, you yourself have had your fortune told," exclaimed one of the daughters.

"How is it fortunes are told in a granary?" asked Sonya.

"Well, this is the way of it; you go into the granary and listen. It depends on what you hear: if there is any knocking or tapping, it's a bad sign; but if the wheat drops, then it's for good, and it will come out all right."

"Mamma, tell us what happened to you when you went to the granary?"

Pelagaya Danilovna smiled.

"Oh, what's the use! and I have forgotten," said she. "Besides, you wouldn't go, would you?"

"Yes, I would go, too; Pelagaya Danilovna, do let me; I certainly will go," said Sonya.

"Very well, then, if you are not afraid."

"Luiza Ivanovna, can I?" asked Sonya of Madame Schoss.

While they were playing the games with the ring, the ruble, and the rope, and now, while they were talking, Nikolai had not left Sonya's side, and looked at her from wholly new eyes. It seemed to him that this evening, thanks to that charcoal mustache, he, for the first time, knew her as she really was. In reality, Sonya, that evening, was merrier, livelier, and prettier than Nikolai had ever seen her before.

"Why! what a girl she is, and what an idiot I have been," he said to himself, as he gazed into her gleaming eyes, and saw her radiantly happy and enthusiastic smile dimpling her cheeks under her mustache, and that look which he had never seen before.

"I am not afraid of anything," said Sonya. "Can I start now?"

She got up. She was told where the granary was, and how she must stand and listen, and make no noise. The servant brought her shuba. She flung it over her head, and gave a glance at Nikolai.

"How charming that girl is!" said he to himself. "And what have I been thinking about all this time?"

Sonya stepped out into the corridor on her way to the granary. Nikolai, making the excuse that he was too warm, hurried to the front steps. It was a fact, the crowd made the air in the rooms close. Out of doors it was as cold and still as ever; the moon was shining, except that it was brighter than before. The brightness was so intense, and there were so many gleaming stars in the snow that those on high were quite effaced, and one had no desire to look for them there. That sky was

almost black and spoke of gloom ; the terrestrial sky was white and gay.

"What an idiot I have been ! what an idiot ! Why have I waited so long ?" mused Nikolai, and he sprang down the steps and turned the corner of the house by the footpath that led back to the rear entrance. He knew that Sonya would come that way. Half-way along the path stood a great wood-pile covered with snow, and casting deep shadows ; across it, and beyond it, fell the shadows of the lindens, bare and old, weaving patterns on the snow and the path.

The footpath led to the granary. The timber walls of the granary and its roofs covered with snow, shone in the moonlight like a palace made of precious stone. One of the park trees cracked in the frost, and then everything became absolutely still again. It seemed to Nikolai as if his lungs breathed in not common air but the elixir of eternal youth and joy.

Feet were heard stamping on the steps of the servants' entrance. Some one was scraping the snow away from the lower step on which it had drifted, and then the voice of an old maid said, —

"Straight ahead ! straight ahead ! right along this path, *baruishnya*. Only you must not look round."

"I am not afraid," replied Sonya's voice ; and then toward Nikolai came Sonya's dainty feet, sliding and squeaking in her thin slippers.

Sonya came along, all muffled up in her shuba, and it was not till she was within two paces of him that she saw him ; it seemed to her also that he was different from what she had ever known him before, and that he had nothing of what always made her a bit afraid of him. He was in his feminine costume, with clustering locks, and wearing a blissful smile such as Sonya had never seen before. Sonya swiftly hurried to him.

"She's entirely different ; not at all the same," thought Nikolai, as he looked into her face, all kindled by the moonlight. He put his arms under her shuba, which encircled her head, strained her to his heart, and kissed her lips, which still showed traces of the mustache, and had a faint odor of burnt cork. Sonya returned his kiss full on the lips, and putting up her slender hands laid them on both sides of his face.

"Sonya !"

"Nicolas !"

That was all they said. They ran to the granary, and then they went back into the house by the doors through which they had come.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN they drove home from Pelagaya Danilovna's, Natasha, who had seen and observed everything, made a redistribution of forces; so that Luiza Ivanovna and Dimmler went in the sledge with her, while Sonya and Nikolai and some of the maids drove together.

Nikolai, feeling now no anxiety to take the lead, drove deliberately along the homeward road; and as he kept turning to look at Sonya, with the weird moonlight falling on her, he tried to discover in that all-transforming light, the Sonya of the past from the Sonya of the moment with her charcoal-pencilled brows and mustache, — the Sonya from whom he was determined never to be parted. As he looked at her, and remembered what she was, and what she had been; as he recalled that odor of the burnt cork — mingling so strangely in his consciousness of her kiss; and as he gazed at the ground swiftly gliding by, and at the glittering sky, — he felt that he was once more in the realm of enchantment.

"Sonya, *art thou* comfortable?" he would occasionally ask.

"Yes," would be Sonya's answer. "And *art thou*?"

When they were half-way home Nikolai told the coachman to hold the horses, and he ran back for a moment, to Natasha's sledge, and leaned over the side.

"Natasha," he whispered, in French. "Do you know, I have made up my mind in regard to Sonya."

"Have you told her yet?" asked Natasha, becoming all radiant with delight.

"Oh, how strange that mustache and those eyebrows make you look, Natasha! — Are you glad?"

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad! I was beginning to grow angry with you. I have not told you so; but you haven't been treating her fairly. She is such a true-hearted girl, Nicolas. How glad I am! I am often naughty, but I have reproached myself for being selfish in my happiness, and not sharing it with Sonya," pursued Natasha. "But now I am so glad; but you must go back to her."

"No, wait a moment. Fie! how absurd you do look!" exclaimed Nikolai, still gazing at her, and in his sister also discovering something new and unusual, and bewitchingly lovely, which he had never before noticed in her.

"Natasha! It's like enchantment, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied she. "You have done nobly."

"If ever I had seen her like this before," thought Nikolai, "I should long ago have asked her advice, and what is more should have followed it, and all would have been well. — So you are glad, and I have done right, have I?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly right. It was only a little while ago that I got vexed with mamasha about this. Mamma said that she was trying to catch you. How could she say such a thing? I almost quarrelled with mamma. And I will never allow any one to say anything mean about her, because she is goodness itself."

"All right, then, is it?" exclaimed Nikolai, giving another searching look at the expression of his sister's face, so as to be sure that she was in earnest; and then, with creaking boots, he jumped down from the runner, and ran to overtake his own sledge. And there still sat the same radiantly happy little Circassian, with mustache and gleaming eyes, under her sable hood; and this Circassian was Sonya, and this Sonya was assuredly to be his happy and loving wife in the days to come!

After they had reached home, and had told the countess how they had spent the time at the Melyukofs, the young girls went to their room. Without wiping off their burnt cork mustaches they undressed, and sat together for a long time, talking about their happiness. They had much to say about their future married lives, and what friends their husbands would be, and how happy they should be.

On Natasha's table stood dressing-glasses, placed there early that evening by her maid, Dunyasha.

"But when will all this be? Never, I fear me. It would be too great happiness to come true," said Natasha, as she got up and went over to the mirrors.

"Sit down, Natasha: maybe you will see him," said Sonya. Natasha lighted the candles and sat down.

"I see some one with a mustache," exclaimed Natasha, catching sight of her own face.

"You must not turn it into ridicule, báruishnya!" said Dunyasha.

Natasha, with the help of Sonya and her maid, got into the proper position before the glass; her face assumed a serious expression, and she remained silent. Long she sat there, looking at the row of waning candles in the mirror, wondering, as she remembered the heroines of stories she had heard, whether this mysterious "Twelfth Night" she should see her coffin, or whether she should see *him*, Prince Andrei, in

the background of the dark and confused square of glass. But, as she was not ready to mistake the smallest spot or stain on the glass for the form of coffin or of a man, she saw nothing. Her eyes began to grow heavy, and she got up and left the mirror.

"How is it other people see things, and I never see anything?" she asked. "Now you sit down, Sonya. To-day, of course, you must look for yourself; but look for me, too," said she. "I have such terrible presentiments to-night!"

Sonya sat down in front of the mirrors, arranged herself in the right position and began to look.

"Now, Sofya Aleksandrovna will surely see something," whispered Dunyasha. "But *you* are always making fun."

Sonya overheard this, and heard Natasha reply, —

"Yes, I know she will see something; she did last year, you remember."

For three minutes all sat in silence. "Of course she will" — whispered Natasha, but she did not finish her sentence. Suddenly Sonya pushed the mirror back, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"Akh! Natasha!" she cried.

"Did you see something? Did you? What did you see?" demanded Natasha, taking the mirror from her.

Sonya had seen nothing; her eyes were simply beginning to grow heavy, and she was just on the point of getting up when she heard Natasha beginning to say, "Of course she will." She had no intention of deceiving either Dunyasha or Natasha, but it was stupid sitting there! She herself did not know how or why it was that the cry had escaped from her when she covered her eyes with her hand.

"Did you see him?" demanded Natasha, seizing her by the arm.

"Yes. Wait — I — saw him," said Sonya, led by some unaccountable impulse, but not knowing which Natasha meant by *him*, Nikolai or Andrei. "But why should I not tell what I saw. Others have seen such things. And who can prove that I did or didn't see something," was the thought that flashed through Sonya's mind.

"Yes, I saw him," said she.

"How was it? was he sitting, or standing? How was it?"

"Now, I saw — At first I could not see anything, then suddenly I got a glimpse of him, and he was lying down."

"Andrei lying down? Is he ill?" demanded Natasha, gazing at her friend with horror-stricken eyes.

"No, on the contrary his face was cheerful, and he turned toward me"—

At that instant it began to seem to her that she had seen what she was telling.

"Well, and then what, Sonya?"

"Then I did not see anything more! Something blue and red"—

"Sonya! When will he come back? When shall I see him? My God! How I tremble for him and for myself; and everything fills me with alarm," cried Natasha; and, paying no heed to the words of comfort spoken by Sonya, she got into bed; and long after the candles were put out, she lay there motionless, with wide-open eyes, gazing at the frosty moonbeams flooding the icy window-panes.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHORTLY after Twelfth Night, Nikolai confessed to his mother his love for Sonya, and announced his firm determination to make her his wife.

The countess, who had long before that remarked what was going on between the two young people, and who had been expecting this announcement, listened in silence to his words; and then coldly informed him that he might marry any one he pleased, but that neither she nor his father would countenance such a marriage.

For the first time, Nikolai felt conscious that his mother was offended with him; that, notwithstanding all her love for him, she would not yield to him in this matter. With icy coldness, and without looking at her son, she sent for her husband; and when he came, she tried, in Nikolai's presence, to tell him, in a few chilling words, of what her son proposed to do; but she had not the necessary self-control: tears of vexation sprang to her eyes, and she was compelled to leave the room.

The old count tried feebly to reason with Nikolai, and begged him to give up his intention.

Nikolai replied that he could not go back on his word; and the father, sighing, and evidently all upset in his mind, hastily put an end to the conference and went to the countess.

In all his encounters with his son, the count always had the consciousness of his own blameworthiness toward him, in regard to the squandering of his fortune; and, accordingly, he

could not show his anger against his son for refusing to wed a rich wife, and for choosing the penniless Sonya; in all this affair, he remembered with the keener sorrow that if only his estates had not been so ruined, it would be impossible for Nikolai to find a better wife; and that the only persons responsible for the wasting of this estate were himself and his Mitenka, and their incorrigible habits.

The father and mother had nothing more to say to Nikolai, in regard to this; but a few days later, the countess summoned Sonya, and with a bitterness which no one in the world would have expected of her, she reproached her niece with having decoyed her son, and accused her of the blackest ingratitude. Sonya, in silence, and with downcast eyes, listened to the countess's bitter words, and was at a loss to know what was required of her. She was ready for any sacrifice for all of them, in return for their benefits. The thought of self-sacrifice was ever a delight to her; but, in this affair, she could not comprehend what she was required to sacrifice, or for what purpose. She could not help loving the countess, and all the Rostof family: nor could she help loving Nikolai, or knowing that his happiness depended on her love for him. She therefore stood silent and sad, and had nothing to reply.

It seemed to Nikolai that he could not longer endure this state of things; and he went to his mother to have a final explanation. Nikolai first besought his mother to be reconciled to him and Sonya, and consent to their marriage; then he threatened her that if they persecuted Sonya, he would instantly marry her clandestinely.

The countess, with a coldness her son had never experienced before, replied that he was of age, that Prince Andrei was going to marry without his father's sanction, and that he might do the same; but that she would never receive this *intrigantka* as her daughter.

Angry at her use of the term *intrigantka*, Nikolai raised his voice, and told his mother that he had never thought that she would oblige him to sacrifice his noblest feelings; and that if this were so, then he would never —

But he did not finish uttering this rash vow, which, judging by the expression of his face, his mother awaited with horror, and which might have forever raised a cruel barrier between them. He did not utter it, because Natasha, with a pale and solemn face, came into the room: she had been listening at the door.

"Nikólinka, you don't know what you are saying: hush!

hush! I tell you, hush!" she almost screamed, so as to drown his words. "Mamma, darling, there's no reason in this at all, *dúshenka moyá*,— dear heart," said she, turning still paler, and going to her mother, who felt that she was on the very edge of an abyss, and looked with horror at her son; and yet, by reason of her stubbornness, and the impulse of the quarrel, she would not, and could not, give in. "Nikólinka, I beg of you, go away; go! and you, sweetheart mamma,* listen," she entreated, turning again to her mother.

Her words were incoherent; but they brought about the wished-for result.

The countess, deeply flushed, buried her face in her daughter's bosom; and Nikolai got up and, clasping his head between his hands, rushed out of the room.

Natasha acted the part of peacemaker so well, that Nikolai received a promise from his mother that Sonya should not be annoyed; and he himself swore that he would never do anything without the knowledge of his parents.

With the firm intention of retiring from the service as soon as he could wind up his connection with his regiment, and return and marry Sonya, Nikolai, melancholy and grave, still under strained relations with his parents, but, as it seemed to him, passionately in love, rejoined his regiment early in January.

After Nikolai's departure, it became sadder than ever in the house of the Rostofs. The countess, owing to her mental tribulations, was taken seriously ill.

Sonya was depressed, both on account of her separation from Nikolai, and still more on account of the unfriendly manner in which the countess, in spite of herself, treated her. The count was more than ever occupied by the wretched state of his pecuniary affairs, which demanded of him the most heroic measures. It was absolutely necessary to dispose of their mansion in Moscow, and their *podmoskovnaya* estate; and in order to effectuate this sale, it was essential to go to Moscow. But the state of the countess's health caused him to postpone his departure from day to day.

Natasha, who had easily, and even cheerfully, borne the first weeks of separation from her lover, now every day grew more nervous and impatient. The thought that she was wasting the best time of her life, when she might so much better have been employing it in loving sacrifice for him, constantly tormented her.

* *Mama-goldúshka*.

His letters generally merely served to annoy her. It revolted her to think that when her life was nothing but a constant thought about him, he was living in the great world of action, seeing new places and new people, who were full of interest to him. The more fascinating his letters were, the more they annoyed her.

Her letters to him gave her no consolation; they were nothing but tedious and hypocritical exercises. She was not able to write freely, because she could not realize the possibility of correctly expressing in a letter even the thousandth part of what she was accustomed to express with her voice, her smile, and her glance. She wrote him perfunctory and monotonous letters, the stupidity of which she herself acknowledged; while her mother corrected in the rough draught the mistakes in spelling which she made.

The countess's health was still feeble; but it was now no longer possible to put off the return to Moscow. It was necessary to arrange for the marriage settlement, it was necessary to sell the mansion; and, moreover, Prince Andrei was now expected in Moscow, where his father, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, was spending the winter: indeed, Natasha was certain that he had already arrived.

The countess remained in the country; but the count, taking Sonya and Natasha with him, went to Moscow toward the end of January.

PART FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

PIERRE, after the engagement of Prince Andrei and Natasha, suddenly, without any apparent reason, began to find it impossible to pursue his former mode of life. Firmly as he was convinced of the truths revealed by the Benefactor; delightful as had been the first period of enthusiasm for the inward labor of self-improvement, to which he had given himself up with such zeal;—all the charm of this former existence suddenly vanished after the betrothal of his friends, and after the death of Iosiph Alekseyevitch, intelligence of which he received about the same time. Nothing but the empty skeleton of life remained to him: his mansion, with that brilliant wife of his, who was still enjoying the favors of an influential personage; his acquaintance with all Petersburg; and his duties at court, with all their tedious formalities. And this life of his suddenly began to fill Pierre with unexpected loathing: he ceased to write in his diary; he shunned the society of the Brethren; he began once more to frequent the club, and to drink heavily; he became intimate with the gay young bachelor set; and his behavior became such that the Countess Elena Vasilyevna found it necessary to give him a stern admonition.

Pierre felt that she was right; and, in order not to compromise her, he decided to go to Moscow.

In Moscow, as soon as he set foot in his enormous house, with the dried-up and withered princesses, and the swarm of menials; as soon as he went out into town and saw the Iverskaya Chapel, with its innumerable tapers burning before the golden shrines, and the Square of the Kremlin, with its sheet of untrodden snow, the *izvoshchiks*, and the hovels of the Sivtsef Vrazhek; saw the old Moscovites, who, with never a desire or a quickening of the blood, lived out their days, the Moscovite dances, the Moscovite ballrooms, and the Moscovite English club;—he felt himself at home in a refuge of quiet. Life in Moscow gave him the sensation of comfort, and warmth, and cosiness, that one has in an old and dirty dressing-gown.

Pierre was welcomed by all Moscow society, young and old, as a long-expected guest, whose place was always ready for him and never given to another. In the eyes of Moscow society, Pierre was most kindly, good-natured, intelligent, and benevolent, though eccentric, absent-minded, but cordial; a thorough-going Russian barin, of the old stamp. His purse was always empty, because it was opened to all. Benefits, wretched pictures, statuary, benevolent societies, gypsies, schools, subscription dinners, drinking bouts, the Masons, churches, books,—no one and nothing ever met with a refusal from him; and if it had not been for two friends of his, who had borrowed large sums of him and now took him under their guardianship, he would have had absolutely nothing left. At the club, no dinner or reception was complete without him. As soon as he took his place on the ottoman, after a couple of bottles of Margaux, the members would gather round him and vie with each other in all sorts of gossip, discussions, and clever stories. If discussions degenerated into quarrels, he would restore peace by his kindly smile alone, or by a clever jest. The Masonic meetings were tedious and dull if he were absent.

Often after dining with his bachelor friends, he would yield with a genial and weakly smile to their entreaties, and go with them where they went, and help the hilarious young fellows wake the echoes with their wild enthusiastic shouts. At the balls he would never refuse to dance, if partners were scarce. Young matrons and young girls liked him because he was attentive, especially after dinner, to all alike, without making invidious distinctions. It was a common saying of him: "*Il est charmant; il n'a pas de sexe.*"

Pierre had become simply a retired court chamberlain, good-naturedly vegetating in Moscow, like so many hundreds of others.

How horror-struck he would have been if, seven years before, when he was just back from abroad, some one had told him that it was idle for him to seek out or invent a career; that the ruts in which he would move were long ago made for him, determined before the foundation of the world; and that, in spite of all his struggles, he should be what every one in his position was doomed to be. He would not have been able to believe this.

Had he not, with all his heart, wished at one time that a republic should be established in Russia? then, that he might be a Napoleon? then, a philosopher? then, a general, the conqueror of Napoleon? Had he not seen the possibility, and wished

to take part in the mighty task, of regenerating depraved humanity, and of bringing himself to the highest degree of improvement? Had he not established schools and infirmaries, and emancipated his peasantry?

But instead of what he had dreamed, lo! here he was the rich husband of an unfaithful wife; a court chamberlain retired; a gourmand and winebibber, and easily inclined to criticise the government; a member of the English club; and a flattered *habitué* of Moscow society! It was long before he could reconcile himself to the thought that he himself was a court chamberlain living in Moscow, the very type of what he should have so deeply despised seven years before.

Sometimes he comforted himself with the thought that this mode of life was only temporary; but then he would be terrified by another thought of how many people, just like himself, with all their hair, and their teeth still good, had entered temporarily into this mode of life, and into this club, and were now passing from it, bald and toothless.

In moments of pride, when he thought over his position, it seemed to him that he was of an entirely different nature, distinct from these retired chamberlains, whom he used to despise; that they were insipid and stupid, contented and satisfied with their position: "While I, on the contrary, am utterly dissatisfied; my sole desire is to do something for humanity," he would say to himself, in such moments of pride.

"But perhaps all these colleagues of mine are just like myself, and have been struggling and seeking to *find* some new and original path through life; and, like myself, have, by sheer force of circumstances, by the conditions of society and birth, — that elemental force against which man is powerless, — been brought into the same condition as myself." This he would say to himself in moments of humility; and, after he had lived in Moscow for some time, he ceased to despise his colleagues, the retired courtiers, and began to like them, and to esteem them, and to pity them, as he did himself.

Pierre no longer suffered, as formerly, from moments of despair, hypochondria, and disgust of life; but the same disease, which formerly had been made manifest by occasional attacks, had struck inward, and not for a moment ceased its insidious working.

"For what end? Why? For what purpose were we created in the world?" he would ask himself in perplexity many times every day in spite of himself, beginning to reason out some explanation of life; but as he knew by experience that such

questions as these must remain unanswerable, he would strive in all haste to put them out of his mind, — taking up a book, or going over to the club, or calling on Apollon Nikolayevitch, to talk over the gossip of the town.

“Elena Vasilyevna, whom no one ever cared for except for her body’s sake, and who is one of the stupidest women in the world,” said Pierre to himself, “makes people believe that she is a woman of superior wit and refinement, and they bow down before her. Napoleon Bonaparte was despised by every one until he became great; but since he has become a miserable comedian, the Emperor Franz is trying to make him take his daughter illegally for his wife. The Spaniards, through the Roman Catholic clergy, offered up prayers of thanksgiving to God for granting them a victory over the French on the 26th of June; while the French, through the medium of the same Catholic priesthood, offer up thanksgivings to the same God for having beaten the Spaniards on the 26th of June! My brethren, the Masons, solemnly swear that they will be ready to sacrifice all they possess for their neighbor; but, when the box is passed around, they do not contribute a single ruble for the poor; and the Astræa lodge intrigues against the “Manna Seekers,” and they toil and moil for the sake of getting a genuine Scotch carpet and charter, though the meaning of it is not known even by the one who copies it off, and it is necessary to no one. All of us profess the Christian law of forgiveness of injuries, and of love for our neighbor, — a law in obedience to which we have erected, here in Moscow, eighty-score churches; while yesterday a deserter was flogged with the knout, and the priest, the servant of this same law of love and forgiveness, presented the crucifix for the soldier to kiss, before he received his punishment.”

Thus mused Pierre; and this whole universal falsehood, which everybody acknowledges, amazed him every time he thought of it; just as though he were not used to it, just as though it were some new thing.

“I understand this falsehood and confusion,” he thought. “But how can I convince them of what I understand? I have made the experiment, and have always found that they, in the depths of their hearts, understand it just as I do; but they strive not to see it. Of course it must be so. But for me, what ought I to do?” Pierre asked himself. He was undergoing the unhappy experience of many people, especially Russians, who have not only the faculty of seeing and realizing the possibility of goodness and right, but of seeing too clearly

the falsity and deception of life, to feel able to take any serious part in it.

Every department of activity was, in his eyes, complicated with falsehood and deception. Whatever he had tried to be, whatever he had tried to accomplish, he always found himself jostled by this knavery and falsehood, with his path of activity completely blocked. But, meantime, it was necessary for him to live, necessary for him to find occupation. It was too terrible for him to be under the weight of these unsolvable problems of life; and so he gave himself up to the first temptation, in order to forget them. He frequented the society of all sorts and conditions of men, he drank deeply, he purchased paintings, he built houses, and, chief of all, he read.

He read, and read everything that came into his hands; and he was such an omnivorous reader that even when, on his return home, his valet came in to undress him, he continued his reading, and after reading till he was tired, he would fall asleep; and the next morning he would go to the club, or call on acquaintances, and talk gossip, and from there go to some wanton rout where wine and women served to occupy his mind; and thus, around the circle again, from spree to reading, and then his idle gossip and his wine.

Strong drink was becoming for him constantly a greater and greater physical, and even moral, necessity. Although the doctors warned him that wine was dangerous to him, on account of his corpulency, he still continued to drink heavily. He felt perfectly happy only when, without knowing or caring how, he had poured down his capacious throat several glasses of wine; and begun to experience the pleasant warmth spreading through his frame, and good will toward all the human race, and a mental readiness superficially to touch upon any question, without pretending to penetrate deeply into its inner nature. Only after he had drunk a bottle or two of wine, would he vaguely feel that this complicated, terrible coil of life, which had formerly appalled him, was now not so appalling as it had seemed. With a roaring in his ears, as he idly chatted, or listened to stories, or read his books after dinner or supper, he saw this tangle of doubts constantly facing him on every side. But it was only under the influence of wine that he could say to himself, "This is nothing; I will put it away for the present, for I have an explanation all ready. But now is no time; I will think it all out by and by."

This "by and by" never came. When his stomach was empty, the next morning, all the former questions arose, just

as unsolvable and terrible ; and Pierre hastened to seize his book, and was delighted when any one came to call upon him.

Sometimes Pierre remembered what he had heard of soldiers at war : that when they are lying idle under fire, they eagerly strive to invent some diversion, so as the more easily to forget the threatening danger. And it seemed to Pierre that all men were, similar soldiers, distracting themselves from life : some by ambition ; others by cards ; others by codifying laws ; others by women, plays, horses ; some by politics ; others by sport, by wine, by statecraft.

"There is nothing insignificant, there is nothing of great importance ; all is the same in the end ; only how can I save myself from it !" thought Pierre. "Only by not seeing *it*, this terrible *it*."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY in the winter, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch Bolkonsky and his daughter took up their residence in Moscow.

The fame of his past life, the keenness of his intellect, and his bold originality, immediately caused him to be regarded by the Moscovites with special admiration and respect ; and, as the popular enthusiasm for the Emperor Alexander's management of affairs had notoriously cooled down, and given place to an anti-French and nationalistic tendency, now all the vogue in Moscow, he had become the centre of the opposition to the government.

The prince had aged very considerably during the year past. He now began to manifest some of the acute symptoms of old age : unexpected naps, forgetfulness of recent events and vivid remembrance of those long past, and the childish vanity with which he accepted the *rôle* of chief of the Moscovite opposition. Nevertheless, when the old prince came down to evening tea, in his fur shubka and powdered wig, and at any one's instigation began to tell his pithy anecdotes about the days gone by, or deliver his still pithier and harsher judgments upon the present, he inspired in all his guests a single feeling of sincere respect.

In the eyes of visitors, the old-fashioned house, with its huge pier-glasses, its ante-revolutionary furniture, its powdered lackeys, presided over by this severe and intelligent old man of a past generation, with his gentle daughter, and the pretty Frenchwoman, who treated him with such deference,

presented an impressive but agreeable spectacle. But these visitors did not realize that, over and above the two or three hours when they saw the household, there were twenty-two more each day, during which the inner life of the house went on unseen.

This inner life had recently, especially during their stay in Moscow, become exceedingly trying for the Princess Mariya. In Moscow she was deprived of her dearest pleasures, — the visits from her pilgrims, and the solitude which gave her such consolation at Luisiya Gorui : she could find no comfort or joy in the crowded city. She did not go into society : everybody knew that her father would not allow her to go without him, and his health was too precarious to permit him to go out ; and, consequently, she received no invitations to dinner-parties or balls. She had renounced all hope of ever getting married. She had too often witnessed the coldness and irritability with which he received and dismissed such young men as occasionally came to their house, and who might have been her suitors.

The Princess Mariya had no friends : since her arrival in Moscow, her eyes had been opened in regard to the two who had been more intimate with her than all the rest. Mademoiselle Bourienne, in whom, even in times past, she could not feel perfect confidence, had now become positively disagreeable to her ; and for several reasons she felt obliged to hold her at a distance.

Julie, with whom she had kept up an uninterrupted correspondence for five years, was in Moscow, but she seemed like an utter stranger to her when they met again face to face. Julie, by the death of her brothers, had become one of the wealthiest girls in Moscow, and was completely absorbed in the pleasures of fashionable society. She was surrounded by young men, who, she said to herself, had suddenly awakened to the appreciation of her merits. She found herself now rapidly growing old, and felt that her last chance of finding a husband was passing, and that now or never her fate must be decided.

The Princess Mariya, with a melancholy smile, remembered, as each Thursday came round, that now she had no one to write to, since Julie, whose presence gave her no delight, was in town and she could see her every week. She, like the old French *émigré* who refused to marry the lady at whose house he had spent all his evenings for a number of years, was sorry that Julie was so near because now she should have no one to write to. She had no one in Moscow to whom she could confide her

sorrows, and since coming there these sorrows had increased and multiplied.

The time for Prince Andrei's return, and for his marriage, was drawing nigh, but his father seemed no more inclined than before to listen to his entreaties and sanction it; on the contrary, he would hear nothing to it; and the mere mention of the Countess Rostova drove the old prince beside himself. As it was, he was in a bad temper the greater part of the time.

The Princess Mariya had a new and additional trial, at this time, in the lessons which she gave her six-year-old nephew. In her treatment of Nikolushka she recognized with dismay that she was liable to fits of irritability similar to her father's. No matter how many times she reproached herself for losing her temper during his lesson hours, it happened almost every time when she sat down with the pointer to teach him his French alphabet that from her very desire to help him along as rapidly as possible, to make his tasks easy and to give the little fellow all the superfluity of her own knowledge, the slightest inattention on the part of the little boy — who was afraid, to begin with, of an outbreak of his aunt's irascibility — would make her tremble with indignation, lose her patience, grow angry and raise her voice, and sometimes even seize him by the arm and stand him in the corner. After doing this, she would begin to shed tears over her hasty temper, her ugly nature; and Nikolushka, sobbing out of sympathy, would leave his corner without permission, run up to her, and pull her tear-wet hands from her face, and try to comfort her.

But by far the greatest trial of all was caused the princess by her father's irritability, which was always vented upon his daughter, and which of late became even cruelty. If he had compelled her to do penance all night long with prayers and genuflections, if he had struck her, if he had compelled her to draw wood and water, it would have never occurred to her that her position was hard; but this loving tyrant, all the more terrible from the very fact that he loved her, and therefore tormented both himself and her, took especial pains not only to insult and humiliate her, but to make her feel that she was always and forever in the wrong.

And latterly he had discovered a new whim, which tormented the Princess Mariya more than all else put together. This was his constantly increasing friendship for Mademoiselle Bourienne. First suggested to his mind by the news of Prince Andrei's engagement, the farcical notion that, if his son were going to marry, then he would marry Bourienne, evi-

dently flattered his fancy, and of late he had stubbornly lavished especial attentions on the Frenchwoman, — for the special purpose, as it seemed to the Princess Mariya, of affronting herself, and of expressing his disapprobation of his daughter by making love to Bourienne.

In Moscow, on one occasion when the Princess Mariya was present, — it seemed to her that her father chose that time on purpose, — the old prince kissed Mademoiselle Bourienne's hand, and, drawing her to him, embraced and fondled her. The Princess Mariya flushed with anger and left the room.

After a few minutes, Mademoiselle Bourienne rejoined her, smiling, and began to tell some entertaining story in her agreeable voice. The Princess Mariya hastily wiped away her tears, went with decided steps straight to Bourienne, and, evidently not knowing what she was doing, began to shout at the Frenchwoman in furious haste, and with explosive accents: "It is shameful, contemptible, beastly, to take advantage of a man's weakness." . . . She did not conclude her sentence. "Leave my room," she fairly screamed, and then burst into tears again.

The following day, the prince said not a word to his daughter; but she observed that at dinner he ordered Mademoiselle Bourienne to be served in precedence of all others. At the end of the dinner, when the butler, according to his usual custom, handed the coffee round, serving the princess first, the old prince suddenly flew into a passion, flung his cane at Filipp, and instantly gave orders that he should be sent to serve as a soldier. "You didn't obey me! . . . Twice I told you! . . . You didn't obey me! She's the first person in this house; she is my best friend," screamed the prince. "And if you," he added in a perfect fury, for the first time addressing his daughter, "if you permit yourself, if you dare, another time, as you did this evening, to forget your duty before her, then I will show you who is master in this house. Away with you! Out of my sight! Here! beg her pardon!"

The Princess Mariya begged Amalie Bourienne's pardon, and then interceded with her father for the butler Filipp.

At such moments there arose in the Princess Mariya's soul a feeling like the pride of an immolated victim. And then, again, at such moments, this father whom she blamed would either search for his spectacles, not seeing them when they were close at hand, or would forget what had only just happened, or would stagger along on weakening limbs, glancing around lest any one should have seen his feebleness, — or, what

was worse than all, after dinner, when there were no guests to keep him awake, would suddenly fall into a doze, dropping his napkin, and nodding his head over his plate. "He is old and feeble, and do I dare to judge him?" she would think at such moments, with revulsion of feeling and disgust at herself.

CHAPTER III.

IN 1811, there was living in Moscow a French doctor, Métivier, a handsome man of gigantic frame, amiable after the manner of his nation, and, as was said by every one, a physician of extraordinary skill. He had rapidly become fashionable, and was received in the houses of the highest aristocracy not merely as a doctor but as an equal.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, who had always scoffed at medical science, had lately, by Mademoiselle Bourienne's advice, consulted this doctor, and soon became accustomed to him. Métivier used to visit him twice a week.

On the 6th of December (O.S.), — St. Nicholas's Day, — all Moscow called at the prince's door, but he gave orders to admit no one. He commanded, however, that a select few, whose names he handed the Princess Mariya, should be bidden to dinner.

Métivier came that morning with his congratulations, and in his capacity of physician took it upon him to violate the orders, *de forcer la consigne*, as he expressed it to the Princess Mariya, and he went in to see the prince.

It chanced that this morning the old prince was in one of his most detestable moods. The whole morning he wandered up and down the house, finding fault with every one, and pretending not to understand anything that was said to him, and that they would not understand him.

The Princess Mariya knew only too well that this mood betokened a latent and persistent querulousness, that was certain to flash out into a tempest of fury, and all that morning of the prince's name-day she expected the outbreak, which was as sure to go off as a loaded musket at full cock.

Until the doctor's arrival, the morning passed in comparative serenity. Having admitted the doctor, the Princess Mariya took her book, and sat down in the drawing-room, near a door, where she could hear all that was going on in the prince's cabinet.

At first she heard only Métivier's voice, then her father's,

then both voices speaking at once; then the door opened, and the dark-haired Métivier appeared on the threshold, his handsome face expressing alarm, followed by the prince in his nightcap and dressing-gown, his face distorted with passion, and the pupils of his eyes dilated.

"Haven't you any wits?" screamed the prince. "Well, I have. You slave of Bonaparte! You spy! Out of my house! Get out, I tell you!" and he slammed the door.

Métivier, shrugging his shoulders, went to Mademoiselle Bourienne, who, on hearing the loud voices, had rushed in from the adjoining room.

"The prince is not very well, — bilious, and a cerebral congestion. I will come in again to-morrow.* Don't be worried," said Métivier; and, laying his fingers on his lips, he hastened out.

The prince was heard walking up and down in his room, in his slippers, and shouting, "Spies! . . . Traitors, traitors everywhere! Not a minute's peace even in my own house!"

After Métivier's departure, the old prince summoned his daughter to him, and the whole brunt of his fury fell upon her. She was to blame for admitting spies into his presence. Why, he had told her, said he, that she was to write down a list, and not to admit any one who was not on the list. Why, then, had she admitted this scoundrel? It was all her fault. He could not have a moment's rest with her, not even die in peace, said he. "No, *mátushka*, you might as well make up your mind to it: we must part, we must part. I can't stand this sort of thing any more," he exclaimed, and left the room. And then, as though fearing that she might not understand how thoroughly his mind was made up, he came back to her, and, endeavoring to assume an expression of calmness, he added, "And don't you for a moment imagine that I say this to you in passion; no, I am perfectly calm, and I have made up my mind after full deliberation, and it shall be. We must part. Find a home somewhere else." . . . But he could not restrain himself, and, with a flash of indignation possible only to one who loves, he, though evidently suffering himself, shook his fist in her face and screamed, "And why on earth hasn't some idiot taken her for his wife?" He slammed the door after him, had Mademoiselle Bourienne called to him, and quiet reigned in his cabinet.

At two o'clock the six persons invited to dinner arrived.

* *La bile et le transport au cerveau. Tranquillisez-vous, je repasserai demain.*

These guests — the distinguished Count Rostopchin,* Prince Lopukhin and his nephew, General Chatrof, an old companion in arms of the prince's, and, for young men, Pierre and Boris Drubetskoi — were waiting for him in the drawing-room.

Having recently come to Moscow on leave of absence, Boris had been anxious to make the acquaintance of Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, and he had so far succeeded in winning his good graces that the prince made an exception in his case, and received him in spite of his being an eligible young bachelor.

The prince's house was not what one calls "fashionable," but it was the centre of a small circle, which, though it made little noise in the city, gave a more flattering distinction than any other to those who were admitted to it. This was made evident to Boris a week before, when he overheard Rostopchin tell the governor-general of the city, who invited him to dinner on St. Nicholas's Day, that it was impossible. "On that day I always go and worship the relics of Prince Nikolai Andreyitch."

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the governor-general. "How is he?"

The little company gathered before dinner in the old-fashioned, high-studded drawing-room, with its ancient furniture, was like the gathering of a solemn court of justice. No one had much to say, and if they spoke it was in low tones.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch came in, silent and pre-occupied. The Princess Mariya seemed even more quiet and timid than usual. The guests took no pains to talk with her, for they saw that she was not attending to what they said. Count Rostopchin was the only one who kept up the thread of conversation, speaking now of the latest news in the city, and now of politics in general. Lopukhin and the old general rarely took any share in it. Prince Nikolai Andreyitch listened as a superior judge listens to a report presented to him, only by his significant silence, or by some curt monosyllable now and then, showing that he followed the drift of what was said.

The tone of the conversation made it evident that no one took any satisfaction in what was going on in the political world. They spoke of recent events as though they were convinced that everything was going from bad to worse; but in

* Count Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin (1763-1826), the famous governor-general of Moscow. Wrote satires under the pseudonym of Sila Andreyevitch Bogatulef. His bulletins (*qishai*) were masterpieces of eloquence. While living in Paris he published his denial of having set fire to Moscow (*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou*: 1823).

all their anecdotes and criticisms it was noticeable how each speaker came to a stop, or was brought to a stop, every time at that border-land where there was any possibility of personal reflections on his majesty, the Emperor.

The conversation at dinner turned on the most recent political news: the seizure by Napoleon of the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Russian note—hostile to Napoleon—which had been despatched to all the courts throughout Europe.

“Bonaparte treats Europe as a pirate treats the ships he has captured,” said Count Rostopchin, repeating an epigram that he had already got off a number of times before. “You can only marvel at the forbearance or the blindness of the sovereigns. Now it is the pope’s turn; and Bonaparte is calmly proceeding to humiliate the head of the Catholic religion; and not a voice is raised in protest! Our sovereign is the only one who protests against the occupation of the Duchy of Oldenburg. But then”—

Count Rostopchin came to a pause, conscious of having reached that point where criticism was impossible.

“He was offered other possessions, instead of Oldenburg,” said Prince Nikolai Andreyitch. “Just as I transfer peasants from Luisiya Gorui to Bogucharovo, or to my Riazan estates, he does with dukes.”

“The Duke of Oldenburg shows great force of character, and bears his misfortune with admirable resignation,”* said Boris, modestly joining the conversation. He made this remark because on his way from Petersburg he had been honored with an introduction to the duke. Prince Nikolai Andreyitch gave the young man a look, as though he had it in mind to make some reply to this, but checked himself, feeling that Boris was too young for him to waste his sarcasm upon.

“I have read our protest in regard to the Oldenburg affair, and was amazed at the bad style in which it was written,” said Count Rostopchin, in the easy-going tone of a man who knows perfectly well what he is talking about.

Pierre looked at Rostopchin in *naïve* amazement, unable to comprehend why he should be disturbed at the wretched style of the “note.”

“What difference does it make how the note was written, count, provided the subject-matter is vigorous?” said he.

“My dear fellow, I think, with our army of five hundred

* *Le duc d'Oldenbourg supporte son malheur avec une force de caractère, et une résignation admirable.*

thousand men, it might just as well have been couched in a good style!"* said Count Rostopchin.

Pierre understood now why Count Rostopchin was disturbed by the wretched writing of the note.

"It seems to me there's a plentiful crop of penny-a-liners nowadays," said the old prince. "Yonder in Petersburg, everybody is writing not only 'notes,' but new laws, all the time. My Andryusha has been scribbling a whole volume of laws for Russia there. To-day, everybody is scribbling." And he laughed unnaturally.

The conversation languished for a moment; then the old general called attention to himself, by a preliminary cough.

"Have you heard of what took place recently at a review at Petersburg? — How the new French ambassador acted?"

"What was that? Yes, I heard something about it. He made a very awkward remark in his majesty's presence, I believe."

"His majesty called attention to the division of grenadiers, and their splendid marching," pursued General Chatrof; "but it seems the ambassador showed absolute indifference, and permitted himself to say that at home in France they did not waste their time on such trivialities. The sovereign did not deign to give him any answer. But they say that at the subsequent review he did not say a word to him."

All were silent: it was out of the question to make any comment on this occurrence, since it concerned the monarch personally.

"Insolent wretches!" exclaimed the prince. "Do you know Métivier? I showed him out of the house to-day. He came, and was admitted, although I had given special orders to admit no one," said the prince, with an angry look at his daughter. And then he repeated his whole conversation with the French doctor, and gave the reasons that made him think Métivier a spy. Though these reasons were inconclusive and obscure, no one made any criticism.

After the roast, the champagne was handed around. The guests rose to their feet, offering the old prince their congratulations. The Princess Mariya also went round to him. He gave her a cold, angry look, and put up his wrinkled, clean-shaven cheek for her to kiss. The whole expression of his face told her that their conversation of the morning had not been forgotten, that his mind was just as fully made up, and

* *Mon cher, avec nos 500,000 hommes de troupes, il serait facile d'avoir un beau style.*

that only the presence of his guests prevented him from saying the same thing over again.

When they went into the drawing-room for coffee, the older members of the company sat down together.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch grew more animated, and expressed his mind freely in regard to the war then just beginning. He declared that our wars with Bonaparte had hitherto been unsuccessful, and would be so long as we tried to make common cause with the Germans, and meddle with European affairs, as we were compelled to do by the peace of Tilsit. There was no sense in our battling either for or against Austria. Our policy lay in the east; and, as far as Bonaparte was concerned, we required only one thing: to protect our frontier, to have some firmness in our policy, and never to let him dare to cross the Russian frontier, as he did in 1807.

"And how is it possible for us to fight against the French, prince?" asked Count Rostopchin. "Can we take up arms against our teachers — our gods? Look at our young men! Look at our young ladies! Our gods are the French! our kingdom of heaven is Paris!"

He had raised his voice, evidently so that all might hear him.

"Our costumes are French; our ideas are French; our sentiments are French. You put out Métivier because he is a Frenchman, a good-for-nothing fellow; but our ladies grovel before him on their very knees. And last evening, at a party, out of five ladies, three were Roman Catholics; and these were working on canvas embroidery, on Sunday, by virtue of a dispensation from the pope! And there they sat, almost naked, for all the world like signboards for a public bath-house — if I may be allowed the expression. Ekh! when I look at our young dandies, prince, I feel inclined to take the cudgel of Peter the Great from the museum, and break their ribs for them in good old Russian style; that would put an end to all their whimsies!"

All were silent. The old prince, with a smile on his face, looked at Rostopchin, and nodded his head in assent.

"Well, *prashchaïte*, — good-by; — your illustriousness, take care of your health," said Rostopchin, rising with the abrupt motions characteristic of him, and offering his hand.

"Good-by, my dear.* You're like a lute, — I always like to hear you," said the old prince, laying his hand on his arm, and offering his cheek for a kiss.

The others also got up with Rostopchin.

* *Prashchat, golubchik.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE Princess Mariya, as she sat in the drawing-room and listened to the conversation and criticisms of the old men, understood nothing of what she heard; her sole pre-occupation was whether these guests had remarked the ill will that her father showed toward her. She had not even noticed the peculiar attentions and civilities showed her all through the dinner-hour by Drubetskoi, who was now making his third visit to the house.

The princess, with a strangely abstracted and questioning glance, turned to Pierre, who, hat in hand and with a smiling face, was the last of the guests to come and pay her his parting respects after the old prince had retired. Thus it happened the two were left together in the drawing-room.

"May I stay a little longer?" he asked, suiting the action to the word by depositing his corpulent frame on an easy-chair near the Princess Mariya.

"Oh, yes, certainly!" replied she. Her glance seemed to ask, "Have you remarked anything unusual?"

Pierre was now in a happy after-dinner frame of mind. He gazed musingly straight forward, and smiled gently. "Have you known that young man long, princess?" he asked.

"What young man?"

"Drubetskoi."

"No, not very long."

"Well, do you like him?"

"Yes, he is a pleasant young fellow. Why do you ask?" said the princess, her mind still on her morning's conversation with her father.

"Because I have made a discovery: the young man has come on leave of absence from Petersburg, with the sole and special purpose of marrying a rich wife."

"You have made that discovery?" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

"Yes," pursued Pierre, with a smile; "and this young man so manages it that where the rich girls are gathered together, there he also is to be found! He is now undecided which to attack: you, or Mademoiselle Julie Karaguine. *Il est très-assidu auprès d'elle*—yes, he's very attentive to her"—

"He goes there, then?"

"Yes, very often. And do you know the new way of mak-

ing love?" inquired Pierre, with a cheery smile, evidently lapsing into that jolly spirit of good-humored ridicule for which he so often had reproached himself in his diary.

"No," replied the princess.

"In these days, in order to please the young ladies of Moscow, *il faut être mélancolique. Et il est très-mélancolique auprès de Mademoiselle Karaguine,*" said Pierre.

"Really?" exclaimed the princess, gazing into Pierre's good face, and persistently thinking about her trials. "It would be so much easier," she thought, "if I could only make up my mind to confide in some one all my thoughts and feelings. And I should like especially to tell Pierre everything. He is so good and noble. It would certainly be easier for me. He would give me his advice."

"Would you marry him?" asked Pierre.

"Oh, good gracious, count! there are times when I would marry any one," suddenly exclaimed the Princess Mariya, unexpectedly to herself, and with tears in her voice. "Akh! how hard it is to love a near kinsman, and feel that—no matter, though," she went on to say with trembling voice—"you cannot do anything for him but only annoy him, and when you know that you cannot help things otherwise—then, there is one thing, only one thing, to do—to go away; but where could I go?"

"What is it? What is the matter with you, princess?"

But the princess, without being able longer to control herself, burst into tears: "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day. Do not criticise me; forget what I have said to you!"

All Pierre's gayety was gone. He anxiously questioned the princess: begged her to tell him everything,—to confide her trials in him; but her only reply was to beseech him to forget what she had said; that she herself did not remember what she had said, and that she had no trials except the one which he knew about already: that Prince Andrei's marriage threatened to bring about a quarrel between her father and brother.

"Have you heard anything about the Rostofs?" she asked, for the purpose of diverting the conversation. "I am told that they will be here soon. André, also, I am expecting any day. I should have liked for them to meet here."

"And how does *he* look upon the matter, now?" asked Pierre, meaning by the pronoun the old prince, her father. The Princess Mariya shook her head.

"But what is to be done? The year will be up now in a few

months. And this can never be. I only wish I could spare my brother the first minutes. I wish the Rostofs would come very soon. I hope to make her acquaintance. You have known them for a long time, have you not?" asked the Princess Mariya. "Tell me, with your hand on your heart, exactly the honest truth; what kind of a girl is she, and how do you like her? I want the whole truth, because Andrei, you know, takes such a tremendous risk in doing this against his father's will, that I should like to know just how it is."

A dull instinct told Pierre that in this repeated demand to hear the whole truth was betrayed the Princess Mariya's ill will toward her prospective sister-in-law, and that she had an idea that Pierre would not approve of Prince Andrei's choice; but Pierre told her not so much what he thought as felt.

"I don't know how to answer your question," said he, reddening without any reason. "I really don't know what kind of a girl she is. I can never analyze her. She is fascinating. But what makes her so, I can't tell you; that is all that I can say in regard to her."

The Princess Mariya sighed, and the expression of her face said, "Yes, this is what I expected and feared."

"Is she intellectual?" asked the princess. Pierre deliberated.

"I think not," said he, "but perhaps she is. She does not think it necessary to be intellectual. But, on the other hand, she is fascinating, no one more so." The Princess Mariya again shook her head disapprovingly.

"Akh! how I hope that I shall love her! - You tell her so if you see her before I do."

"I hear that they will be here in a few days," said Pierre.

The Princess Mariya confided to Pierre her plan for making the acquaintance of her prospective sister-in-law as soon as she came to Moscow, and then trying to reconcile the old prince to her.

CHAPTER V.

BORIS had not succeeded in making a match with any of the rich Petersburg heiresses, and he had gone to Moscow with the same object in view. There he found himself undecided between two of the wealthiest girls in town, Julie and the Princess Mariya.

Although the Princess Mariya, in spite of her plain features, seemed to him more attractive than Julie Karagina, still there

were difficulties in the way of paying his addresses to Bol-konsky's daughter. At his last meeting with her, on the old prince's name-day, she had replied to all his tentative remarks on the subject of the feelings so at haphazard that it was evident she had not heard what he said.

Julie, on the other hand, received his attentions only too gladly, though in a way peculiar to herself alone. Julie was twenty-seven. After the death of her brothers she had become very rich. She was now very far from being a beauty; but she had conceived the idea that not only was she as pretty but far more captivating than she ever had been before. In this illusion she was sustained by the facts that, in the first place, she had become a very rich maiden, and, in the second place, as she grew older and older, men found her less dangerous, and were able to gather round her with more freedom, since they felt that they were not incurring any obligations in taking advantage of the suppers, receptions, and jolly society in general that frequented her house. Men who ten years before would have thought a second time about going every day to a house where there was a young girl of seventeen, lest they should compromise her and get entangled themselves, now unhesitatingly appeared there daily, and treated her not as a marriageable damsel but as an acquaintance irrespective of sex.

The Karagins, that winter, entertained more pleasantly and hospitably than any one else in Moscow. Besides the formal receptions and state dinners, they every day entertained a numerous society, especially of men, who ate supper at midnight and broke up at three o'clock in the morning. Nor was Julie willing to miss a ball, an entertainment, or a new play at the theatre. Her toilets were always in the height of the fashion. But, nevertheless, Julie pretended to be disenchanted with all life; she told everybody that she had no belief in friendship, or in love, or in any of the pleasures of this world, and hoped for peace only "yonder." She affected the tone of a maiden who has endured great disappointment, — of one, for instance, who had been disappointed in the man she loved, or cruelly deceived in him. Although nothing of the sort had ever happened to her, it began to be thought that such was the case, and she herself came to believe that her sufferings in life had been grievous. This melancholia did not stand in the way of her enjoying herself, or prevent the young men who came to her house from having a delightful time there. Every guest who went there paid his tribute to his hostess's

melancholic mood, and then fell to talking about the things of this world, and dancing, and intellectual games, and the capping of verses, — or *bouts rimés*, — which were greatly in vogue at the Karagins'.

Some few of the young men, Boris among them, took a deeper interest in Julie's melancholy moods; and with these young men she had longer and more confidential conversations about the vanity of all things terrestrial, and she showed them her albums, filled with gloomy drawings, apothegms and couplets.

Julie treated Boris with especial favor; she mourned with him over his lost illusions; she offered him those consolations of friendship which she was so well able to offer, having herself suffered so much in life; she also showed him her album. Boris made a sketch of two trees with the legend: *Arbres rustiques, vos sombres rameaux secouent sur moi les ténèbres et la mélancolie* — "O solitary trees, your dark boughs scatter down upon me gloom and melancholy." On another page, he drew the picture of a tomb and wrote, —

*La mort est sécourable et la mort est tranquille !
Ah, contre les douleurs il n'y a pas d'autre asile.*

'Tis death that gives us succor, death that gives us peace!
Alas ! 'tis then alone that earthly sorrows cease !

Julie declared that couplet to be charming! "There is something so ravishing in the smile of melancholy," said she to Boris, quoting, word for word, a passage from a book she was reading: "'Tis a ray of light falling in darkness, a shadow's difference between sorrow and despair, affording the hope of coming consolation."*

Whereupon Boris wrote for her these lines: —

*Aliment de poison d'une âme trop sensible,
Toi, sans qui le bonheur me serait impossible,
Tendre mélancolie, ah, viens me consoler,
Viens calmer les tourments de ma tendre retraite,
Et mêle une douceur secrète
À ces pleurs, que je sens couler.*

Oh! poisoned aliment of souls too sensitive,
Thou that alone doth make it sweet for me to live,
Mild melancholy, come! Thy consolation bring!
The torments of my gloomy solitude, oh, calm!
Mingle thy secret soothing balm
With tears that never cease to spring.

* *Il y a quelque chose de si ravissant dans le sourire de la mélancolie. C'est un rayon de lumière dans l'ombre, une nuance entre la douleur et le désespoir, qui montre la consolation possible.*

Julie played on her harp, for Boris, her most melancholy nocturnes. Boris read aloud to her "Poor Liza,"* and more than once had to pause in his reading because of the emotion which overmastered him.

When they met in society, Julie and Boris exchanged glances to signify that they were the only people in the world capable of understanding and appreciating each other.

Anna Mikhailovna, who was a frequent visitor at the Karagins', and always managed to be a partner with Julie's mother, took especial pains to procure all possible information in regard to Julie's fortune — which consisted of two estates in the vicinity of Penza, and forest lands near Nizhni Novgorod. Anna Mikhailovna, with humble dependence on the will of Providence, and with deep emotion, looked upon the etherealized melancholy which served as a bond between her son and the wealthy Julie.

"*Toujours charmante et mélancolique, cette chère Julie,*" she would say to the daughter.

"Boris says that here in your house he finds rest for his soul. He has suffered the loss of so many illusions, and he is so sensitive," she would say to the mother.

"Akh! my dear, I cannot tell you how devoted I am to Julie of late," she would say to her son. "And who could help loving her? She is such a celestial creature! Akh! Boris! Boris!" She was silent for a minute. "And how sorry I am for her *maman!*" she went on to say. "To-day she was showing me her accounts and letters from Penza, where they have colossal estates; and it is so trying for her to have no one to help her: they cheat her so!"

Boris's face wore an almost imperceptible smile, as he listened to his mother's words. He was quietly amused at her transparent shrewdness; but he listened to her, and sometimes asked her questions in regard to these Penzensk and Nizhegorodsky properties.

Julie had for some time been looking for a proposal from her melancholy-souled adorer, and she was ready to accept him. But some secret antipathy toward her; a distaste of her evident desire to get married, and of her affectations; and a feeling of horror at thus practically repudiating the bliss of true love, still kept Boris at a distance.

* "*Byédnaya Liza,*" — "Poor Liza," — a famous sentimental romance written by the great historian, Nikolái Mikháilovitch Karamzín (1766-1826) about 1792; the melancholy seduction and suicide of the fascinating heroine being responsible for countless tears shed by the sympathetic maidens of those days.

His leave of absence was now drawing to a close. He spent long hours, and every Sunday, at the Karagins'; and every day, when he came to think the matter over, he would decide that his proposal should take place on the morrow. But when he was in Julie's company, and saw her red face and chin, almost always dusted with powder, her moist eyes, and the expression of her face, which seemed ready, at a moment's notice, to fly from melancholy to the equally unnatural enthusiasm and rapture of wedded bliss, Boris could not bring himself to utter the decisive words: although, in his imagination, he had for some time looked upon himself as the prospective master of the Karagin estates, and had many times over-spent the income arising therefrom.

Julie noticed Boris's infirmity of purpose, and it sometimes occurred to her that he had an antipathy for her; but her feminine vanity quickly restored her confidence, and she would assure herself that it was merely his love that made him so bashful. Her melancholia, however, was beginning to change into vexation; and a short time before the time of Boris's departure, she was thinking of adopting some decisive plan.

Just before Boris's leave of absence drew to a close, Anatol Kuragin made his appearance in Moscow; and, as a matter of course, in the Karagins' drawing-room; and Julie, abruptly arousing from her melancholy, became very cheerful, and manifested great friendliness toward Kuragin.

"*Mon cher,*" said Anna Mikhailovna to her son, "I know on good authority that Prince Vasili has sent his son to Moscow to make a match with Julie.* I am so fond of Julie that I should be very sorry for her. What do you think about it, my dear?" asked Anna Mikhailovna.

Boris was thoroughly humiliated at the thought of being left out in the cold, and of having wasted this whole month in arduous, melancholic service of Julie, and of seeing another man — especially such an idiot as Anatol — having control of that income from the Penzensk estates, which he was already, in his imagination, enjoying and profiting by. He went to the Karagins with a full determination to offer himself. Julie met him with a gay and careless mien, gave him a merry account of what a good time she had enjoyed at the ball the evening before, and asked him when he was going back.

In spite of the fact that Boris had come with the intention of confessing his love, and had, therefore, decided to be ten-

* *Je sais de bonne source que le prince Basile envoie son fils à Moscou pour lui faire épouser Julie.*

derly sentimental, he immediately began, in a tone of irritation, to complain of woman's inconstancy: pointing out how easy it was for women to shift from gloom to glee; and that their moods depended wholly upon the one who happened to be dancing attendance upon them. Julie took offence at this, and declared that he was right: that women needed variety, and nothing was more annoying to any one than to have a perpetual sameness.

"Then, I should advise you" — began Boris, with the intention of winging a sharp retort; but at that instant came the humiliating thought that he was on the point of leaving Moscow without attaining his wished-for end, and at the cost of wasted labor, — a thing to which he was unaccustomed. He paused in the middle of his sentence, dropped his eyes to avoid seeing the look of disagreeable annoyance and indecision on her face, and said, —

"However, it was not at all for the purpose of quarrelling with you that I came here. On the contrary" — He looked at her, to see whether she would encourage him to proceed. All expression of annoyance had suddenly vanished, and her restless, imploring eyes were fixed upon him with greedy expectation. "I can always manage so as to keep out of her way," thought Boris. "Here I am in for it; might as well finish."

He flushed crimson; raised his eyes to hers, and said, —

"You know my sentiments toward you" — There was no need of saying more: Julie's face had become radiant with triumph and satisfaction; but she compelled Boris to tell her all that it is customary to say in such circumstances: to tell her that he loved her, and that he had never loved any one else so passionately. She knew that, in exchange for her Penzensk estates and Nizhegorodsky forests, she had a right to exact this; and she obtained what she wished.

The young couple, with no further thoughts of solitary trees shedding gloom and melancholy, laid their plans for the future establishment of a magnificent home in Petersburg, made calls, and got everything ready for a brilliant wedding.

CHAPTER VI.

COUNT ILYA ANDREYEVITCH, together with Natasha and Sonya, arrived in Moscow toward the end of January. The countess was still ailing, and was unable to travel; but it was out of the question to wait for her recovery: Prince Andrei was

expected in Moscow every day ; and, besides, it was important to purchase Natasha's wedding outfit ; it was necessary to sell the *podmoskovnaya* estate ; and it was necessary to take advantage of the old prince's presence in Moscow, in order that he might become acquainted with his future daughter-in-law.

The Rostofs' Moscow house had not been warmed. Besides, they were to be in town for only a short time, and the countess was not with them ; accordingly, Ilya Andreyitch decided to accept the hospitality of Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, who had long ago urged them to come to her.

Late one evening, the four coaches on runners, conveying the Rostofs, drove into Marya Dmitrievna's courtyard, on the Old Konyúshennaya Street.

Marya Dmitrievna lived alone. Her daughter was married. All of her sons were in the government service. She was just as erect as ever ; her words were as much to the point ; she always expressed her opinion to every one in a loud and decided voice, and her whole personality seemed to be a living reproach against all weaknesses, passions, and impulses, the necessity of which she utterly denied. From early morning, dressed in her jacket, she gave personal attention to the domestic arrangements, and then went out for a drive ; if it were a holy day, to mass ; and thence to the prisons and jails, where she had business that she never mentioned to any one.

On ordinary days, on finishing her toilet, she received applicants of every rank and condition who chanced to come to her door. Her charities having been dispensed, she dined ; and this abundant and well-ordered meal was always shared by three or four guests ; after dinner, she made up a table for Boston. Late in the evening, she had newspapers or some new book read aloud to her, while she sat with her knitting. She rarely accepted invitations, and if she ever made any exceptions it was only in favor of the most important personages of the city.

She had not yet retired when the Rostofs arrived ; as the door into the hall creaked on its hinges, and admitted the travellers and their retinue of servants, together with a rush of cold air, Marya Dmitrievna, with her spectacles toward the end of her nose, came and stood in the doorway, her head erect, and gazed at the visitors with a stern and solemn face. One might have thought that she was really angry, and was about to turn the intruders out, if she had not been heard at that very instant to give the most urgent orders in regard to the disposition of her guests and their luggage.

"The count's? — bring them this way," said she, indicating certain trunks, and not stopping to greet any of the party. "The young ladies', this way to the left! — Well, and what are you gaping there for?" she cried to the maids. "Have the *samovár* got ready. — Plumper and prettier than ever!" she cried, taking possession of Natasha, whose face, under her hood, was all rosy with the cold. "Foo! how cold you are! There, get off your wraps as quick as ever you can," she cried to the count, who was bending over to kiss her hand. "You're frozen, most likely! have some rum put in with the tea? Sonyushka, *bon jour*?" said she to Sonya, showing by this French phrase and the pet diminutive her rather condescending and yet affectionate, relationship to the girl.

When they had taken off their wraps, and put themselves to rights after their journey, they gathered round the tea-table, and Marya Dmitrievna kissed them all in turn.

"I am right glad that you have come, and that you have put up at my house," said she. "It's high time," she went on, giving Natasha a significant look. "The old man is here, and his son is expected from day to day. You must, you certainly must, make his acquaintance. Well, we'll talk about all this by and by," she added, giving Sonya a look, as much as to say that she did not care to talk about this in her presence. "Now, listen!" said she, addressing the count. "What are your plans for to-morrow? Whom will you send for? Shinshin?" She doubled over one finger. "Then, that snivelling Anna Mikhailovna. — Two. She and her son are here. Son's to be married. Then, Bezukhoi, I suppose? And he and his wife are here. He ran away from her, but she came traipsing after him. He dined with me on Wednesday. Well, then, and these?" she indicated the young ladies. "I will take them to-morrow to the Iverskaya chapel, and then to Aubert-Chalmé's. Of course, everything will have to be got new for them. Don't judge by me! Such sleeves they wear these days! Recently, the young Princess Irena Vasilyevna came to call upon me: she was a marvel to see; she had sleeves like two barrels on her arms. You see, there's some new fashion every day. And what business have you on hand?" she asked, turning sternly upon the count.

"Everything in the quickest possible time," replied the count. "To buy the girls' duds, and to find a purchaser for my *podmoskovnaya* land and house. And so, if you will allow me, I will tear myself away for a little while, and slip off to Marinskoye for a day, and leave my girls with you."

"Very good, very good; they'll be safe with me. They couldn't be safer with the Orphans' Aid Society.* I'll take them wherever they need to go, and scold them, and spoil them with flattery," said Marya Dmitrievna, stroking with her big hand the cheek of her favorite god-daughter, Natasha.

The following morning they went to pray before the Iverskaya Virgin, and to see Mademoiselle Aubert-Chalmé, who stood in such awe of Marya Dmitrievna that, in order to get rid of her as soon as possible, she would always sell her goods at a positive loss. Marya Dmitrievna ordered there the larger part of the trousseau. On their return, she drove everybody else out of the room, and called Natasha to her arm-chair.

"Now, then, we can have a talk. I congratulate you on your choice. You have secured a fine young man. I am glad for you. I have known him ever since he was so high." She put her hand an arshin † from the floor. Natasha colored with pleasure. "I am fond of him and of all his family. Now, listen! You know very well that the old Prince Nikolai is very averse to having his son marry. A whimsical old man! However, Prince Andrei is not a child, and his permission is not necessary; still, it is not pleasant to enter a family against their will. We must act quietly and with tact. You are clever; we will manage to bring him round where he ought to be. You must accomplish it by your sweetness and cleverness. That's all it requires, and it will come out all right."

Natasha made no reply, — from shyness, Marya Dmitrievna supposed, but in reality because it was annoying to Natasha that any one should meddle with her love-affair with Prince Andrei; for it seemed to her so entirely above and beyond all ordinary human concerns, that no one else, in her opinion, could understand it. She loved and admired Prince Andrei alone; he loved her, and was coming in a few days, and would make her his. That was all-sufficient.

"You see, I have known him for a long time, and Mashenka, also, your future sister-in-law. I am fond of her, in spite of the proverb about husband's sisters. ‡ She would not hurt a fly. She asked me to introduce her to you. You and your father must go there to-morrow. Be sure to be very sweet to her, for you are younger than she is. Before your friend comes you will have already become acquainted with his sister and his father, and they will have grown fond of you. Am I not right? Isn't that best?"

"Yes," replied Natasha, with little heartiness.

* *Opekunsky Sovyét.*

† 2.33 feet.

‡ *Zalovki, kalatovki, pobéi galovki*: Husbands' sisters are churn-sticks (wranglers) whereby heads are broken.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day, by Marya Dmitrievna's advice Count Ilya Andreyitch and Natasha went to call at Prince Bolkonsky's. The count, in anything but a happy frame of mind, made ready for this call; in fact, he felt terribly about it. He remembered too well his last encounter with the old prince, at the time of the mobilizing of the militia, when, in answer to his invitation to a dinner-party, he had received an angry reprimand for not having furnished his full quota of men.

Natasha, however, having put on her best gown, was in the most radiant spirits. "They cannot help being fond of me," she said to herself. "Every one likes me, and I am so willing to do for them all they could wish! I am so willing to love him because he is his father, and to love her because she is his sister, that they cannot fail to love me."

They drove up to the gloomy old house on Vozdvizhenka Street, and went into the entry.

"Well, God have mercy on us!" exclaimed the count, half in jest, half in earnest; but Natasha observed that her father was very much agitated as he hastened into the ante-room and asked, in a timid, faltering voice, if the prince and the princess were at home. After their names had been sent in, the prince's servants seemed to be thrown into great perplexity. The footman, who had hurried off to announce them, was stopped by another footman at the drawing-room door, and the two began to whisper together. A chambermaid came hurrying into the hall, and she also had something to say to them, in reference to the princess. Finally a stern-faced, elderly footman approached the Rostofs and announced that the old prince was unable to receive them, but the princess would be glad to see them.

Mademoiselle Bourienne first came to receive the visitors. She met them with more than ordinary politeness, and conducted them to the princess. The princess, agitated and nervous, her face covered with crimson patches, hastened forward, stepping heavily, and vainly endeavoring to appear calm and dignified.

At first sight Natasha did not please her. It seemed to her that she was too fashionably dressed, too frivolous, flighty, and conceited. The Princess Mariya did not realize that even before seeing her future sister-in-law she was prejudiced against her through an involuntary envy of her beauty, youth, and happiness, and jealousy of her brother's love for her. Over and

above these obscure feelings of antipathy, the Princess Mariya was still more agitated from the fact that when the Rostofs were announced the prince had shouted at the top of his voice that he would not have anything to do with them; that the Princess Mariya might receive them if she so desired, but that they should not come into his presence. The princess determined to receive them, but she was afraid lest at any minute the prince might perform some act of rudeness, since he seemed greatly stirred up by the Rostofs' arrival.

"I have brought my little songstress, my dear princess," said the count with a bow and a scrape, and looking round anxiously, as though he were afraid of the old prince appearing on the scene. "I am very anxious for you to become acquainted. . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that the prince is ill." And, after making a few commonplace remarks, he got up, saying, "If you will excuse me, princess, I will leave my Natasha with you for a brief quarter of an hour, while I slip out and call on Anna Semyonovna, who lives only a couple of steps from here. I will come back for her."

Ilya Andreyitch, as he afterwards told his daughter, conceived this master-stroke of subtle diplomacy for the purpose of giving the future sisters-in-law a chance to get better acquainted; but he had another reason beside, which was that he might escape the possibility of meeting the prince. This reason he did not confess to his daughter, but Natasha perceived this timidity and anxiety of her father's, and felt abused. She blushed for him, and was still more annoyed with herself for having blushed; and she looked straight at the princess with a defiant, challenging expression, that seemed to imply that there was nothing she was afraid of. The princess told the count that he was perfectly excusable, and only hoped that he would make his stay at Anna Semyonovna's as long as possible. Accordingly, Ilya Andreyitch took his departure.

Mademoiselle Bourienne, in spite of the anxious, beseeching glances given her by the Princess Mariya, who was anxious to have a confidential talk with Natasha, did not see fit to leave the room, and kept up a steady stream of chatter about the delights of Moscow, and the theatres. Natasha was piqued by the confusion that had occurred in the reception-room, by her father's cowardice, and by the unnatural tone affected by the princess, who, it seemed to her, felt that it was an act of condescension to receive her, and, consequently, everything gave her a disagreeable impression. The Princess Mariya displeased her. She thought she was very plain, stubborn, and

unsympathetic. Natasha suddenly underwent a moral shrinking, as it were, and, in spite of herself, assumed such a reckless tone that the Princess Mariya was still further alienated from her.

After five minutes of a labored and artificial conversation, slippers feet were heard rapidly approaching. Into the Princess Mariya's face came a sudden look of dismay. The door opened, and the old prince came in, dressed in a white night-cap and dressing-gown.

"Akh! *sudáruinya*," he exclaimed; "*sudáruinya*, countess — Countess Rostova, if I am not mistaken — I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon. — I did not know, *sudáruinya*, 'fore God I did not know that you were honoring us with your presence. I was coming to see my daughter, which explains this costume. I beg you to pardon it. — 'Fore God I did not know," he said for the second time, in such an unnatural tone, laying such a special stress on the word "God," and speaking so disagreeably, that the Princess Mariya got up, and dropped her eyes, not daring to look either at her father or at Natasha. Natasha got up and then sat down again, and likewise knew not what to do. Only Mademoiselle Bourienne wore a pleasant smile.

"I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon. 'Fore God I did not know," grumbled the old prince, and, after staring at Natasha from head to foot, he left the room. Mademoiselle Bourienne was the first to recover self-possession after this apparition, and she began to talk about the prince's failing health. Natasha and the princess looked at each other without speaking, and the longer they looked at each other without expressing what they ought to have said, the more they were confirmed in their mutual dislike.

When the count returned Natasha made an ill-mannered display of relief, and immediately prepared to take her departure. At this moment she almost hated this dried-up old prince, who by her silence had put her in such an awkward position, and who, in half an hour's talk with her, had not once mentioned Prince Andrei. "Of course I can't be the first to speak of him in the presence of that Frenchwoman," said Natasha to herself.

The Princess Mariya, at the same time, was tormented by a similar compunction. She knew that it was her duty to say something to Natasha; but she found it impossible, both because Mademoiselle Bourienne's presence embarrassed her, and because she herself did not know what made it so difficult to speak on the coming marriage. After the count had already

left the room the Princess Mariya went to Natasha with hurried steps, seized her hand, and with a deep sigh said, "Wait a moment, I must" — Natasha gave the Princess Mariya a satirical glance, though she could not have told what made her do so, and listened. "My dear Nathalie," said the Princess Mariya, "you must know I am delighted my brother has found happiness." She paused with a consciousness that she was not telling the truth. Natasha noticed this pause, and suspected the cause of it.

"I think, princess, that it is not a propitious time to speak of this," said Natasha, with an appearance of outward dignity and *hauteur*, while the tears almost choked her.

"What have I said? what have I said?" she wondered, as soon as she left the room.

That day they waited for Natasha a long time at dinner. She was sitting in her room, sobbing like a child, blowing her nose, and then beginning to sob again. Sonya stood beside her, and kissed her on the hair.

"Natasha, what is there to cry about?" she asked. "Why should you care about them? It will all pass over, Natasha."

"No; if you only knew how humiliating it was! — I was just like" —

"Don't speak of it, Natasha. Of course you were not to blame, then why should you let it trouble you? Kiss me," said Sonya.

Natasha lifted her head and kissed her friend on the lips, laying her tear-wet face next hers.

"I cannot tell you. I do not know. — No one is to blame," said Natasha. "If any one is, I am. But all this is terribly painful. Akh! why does he not come?"

She went down to dinner with reddened eyes. Marya Dmitrievna, who had learned how the Rostofs had been received at the prince's, pretended to pay no attention to Natasha's disconsolate face, and jested in loud and eager tones with the count and her other guests.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening the Rostofs went to the opera, Marya Dmitrievna having secured them tickets. Natasha felt no desire to go, but it was impossible for her to refuse her hostess's kindness, which had been designed expressly for her pleasure. When, after she was already dressed, and had gone into the

parlor to wait for her father, she surveyed herself in the great pier-glass, and saw how pretty, how very pretty, she was, she felt even more melancholy than before, but her melancholy was mingled with a feeling of sweet and passionate love.

"*Bozhe moi!* if he were only here I should not be so stupidly shy before him as I was before. I would throw my arms around him and cling close to him, and make him look at me with those deep, penetrating eyes of his, with which he has so often looked at me; and then I would make him laugh, as he laughed then, and his eyes—how plainly I can see his eyes even now," said Natasha to herself. "And what do I care for his father and his sister? I love him. I love him, him alone, with his dear face and eyes, with his smile, like that of a man and like that of a child too. — No, it is better not to think about it, to forget him, and to forget that time, too, absolutely. I cannot endure this suspense. I shall be crying again,"—and she turned away from the mirror, exercising all her self-control not to burst into tears. "And how can Sonya be so calm and unconcerned in her love for Nikolenka, and wait so long and patiently?" she wondered, as she saw her cousin coming toward her, also in full dress, and with her fan in her hand. "No, she is entirely different from me. I cannot."

Natasha at that moment felt herself so full of passion and tenderness that it was not enough to love, and to know that she was loved. What she wanted now, at this instant, was to throw her arms around her lover's neck, and speak to him, and hear him speak those words of love of which her heart was full.

As she rode along in the carriage, sitting next to her father, and dreamily looking at the lamp-lights that flashed through the frost-covered windows, she felt still deeper in love, and still more melancholy than ever, and she quite forgot with whom and where she was going.

Their carriage fell into the long line, and the wheels slowly creaked over the snow as they drew up to the steps of the theatre. The two girls gathered up their skirts and quickly jumped out; the count clambered down, supported by the footmen, and, making their way through the throng of ladies and gentlemen and programme-venders, the three went into the corridor that led to their box. Already the sounds of music were heard through the closed doors.

"Nathalie, your hair," whispered Sonya in French. The *kapelldiener*, hastening past the ladies, politely opened their box door. The music sounded louder, the brightly lighted

rows of boxes occupied by ladies with bared shoulders and arms, and the parterre filled with brilliant uniforms, dazzled their eyes. A lady who entered the adjoining box shot a glance of feminine envy at Natasha. The curtain was still down, and the orchestra was playing the overture.

Natasha, shaking out her train, went forward with Sonya and took her seat, glancing at the brightly lighted boxes on the opposite side of the house. The sensation, which she had not experienced for a long time, of having hundreds of eyes staring at her bare arms and neck, affected her all at once with mixed pleasure and discomfort, and called up a whole swarm of recollections, desires, and emotions associated with that sensation.

Natasha and Sonya, both remarkably pretty girls, and Count Ilya Andreyitch, who had not been seen for a long time in Moscow, naturally attracted general attention. Moreover, every one had a general notion that Natasha was engaged to marry Prince Andrei, and everybody knew that ever since the engagement the Rostofs had been residing at their country estate; therefore they looked with much curiosity at the "bride" of one of the most desirable men in Russia.

Natasha's beauty, as everybody told her, had improved during their stay in the country, and that evening, owing to her excited state of mind, she was extraordinarily beautiful. No one could have failed to be struck by her exuberance of life and beauty, and her complete indifference to everything going on around her. Her dark eyes wandered over the throng, not seeking for any one in particular, and her slender arm, bare above the elbow, leaned on the velvet rim of the box, while, with evident unconsciousness of what she was doing, she crumpled her programme, folding and unfolding it in time with the orchestra.

"Look, there's Alenina," said Sonya, "with her mother, I think."

"Saints! * Mikhail Kiriluitch has grown fat, though," exclaimed the old count.

"See, there's our Anna Mikhailovna. What kind of a head-dress has she on?"

"There are the Karagins, and Boris with them. Evidently enough, an engaged couple. — Drubetskoi must have proposed."

"What! didn't you know it? 'Twas announced to-day," said Shinshin, coming into their box.

Natasha looked in the same direction that her father was

* *Bdtyushki*, — literally, "little fathers."

looking, and saw Julie, who, with a string of pearls around her fat red neck, — covered with powder, as Natasha knew well, — was sitting next her mother with a radiantly happy face. Behind them could be seen Boris's handsome head, with sleekly brushed hair. He was leaning over so that his ear was close to Julie's mouth, and as he looked askance at the Rostofs he was saying something to his "bride."

"They are talking about us, — about me," thought Natasha, "and she's probably jealous of me, and he is trying to calm her. They need not worry about it. If they only knew how little I cared about them!"

Behind them sat Anna Mikhailovna, festive and blissful, and wearing her habitual expression of utter resignation to God's will. Their box was redolent of that atmosphere characteristic of a newly engaged couple, which Natasha knew and loved so well. She turned away, and suddenly all the humiliating circumstances of her morning visit recurred to her memory.

"What right has he not to be willing to receive me as a relation? Akh! I'd best not think about this, at least not till *he* comes back," said she to herself, and she began to scan the faces of strangers or acquaintances in the parterre.

In the front row, in the very middle of the house, leaning his back against the railing, stood Dolokhof in Persian costume, with his curly hair combed back into a strange and enormous ridge. He was standing in full view of the whole theatre, knowing that he was attracting the attention of everybody in the house, yet looking as unconcerned as though he were in the privacy of his own room. Around him were gathered a throng of the gilded youth of Moscow, and it was evident that he was their leader.

Count Ilya Andreyitch, with a smile, nudged the blushing Sonya, and called her attention to her former suitor.

"Did you recognize him? and where did he turn up from?" asked the count of Shinshin. "He had disappeared entirely, had he not?"

"Yes, completely," replied Shinshin. "While he was in the Caucasus he deserted, and they say he became minister to some reigning prince in Persia. After that he killed the Shah's brother, and now all the young ladies of Moscow have lost their wits over him. *Dolokhoff le Persan*, and that's the end of it. Here with us there's nothing to be done without Dolokhof. They swear by him. He is made a subject of invitation, as though he were a sterlet," said Shinshin. "Dolokhof and Anatol Kuragin have turned the heads of all our young ladies."

Just then into the next box came a tall, handsome lady with a tremendous plait of hair, and a great display of plump white shoulders and neck, around which she wore a double string of large pearls. She was a long time in settling herself, with a great rustling of her stiff silk dress.

Natasha found herself involuntarily gazing at that neck, those shoulders and pearls, and that head-dress, and she was amazed at their beauty. Just as Natasha was taking a second look at her, the lady glanced round, and, fixing her eyes on Count Ilya Andreyitch, nodded her head and smiled.

It was the Countess Bezukhaya, Pierre's wife.

Ilya Andreyitch, who knew every one in society, leaned over and spoke with her. "Have you been here long, countess?" he inquired. "I'm coming in, I'm coming in soon to kiss your hand. I'm in town on business, and have got my girls with me. They say Semyonova plays her part superbly," said Ilya Andreyitch. "I hope Count Piotr Kirillovitch has not entirely forgotten us. Is he here?"

"Yes, he was intending to come," said Ellen, and she gave Natasha a scrutinizing look.

Count Ilya Andreyitch again sat back in his place. "Isn't she pretty, though?" asked he of Natasha.

"A perfect marvel," replied the latter. "I could understand falling in love with her."

By this time the last notes of the overture were heard, and the baton of the kapellmeister rapped upon the stand. Those gentlemen who were in late slipped down to their places, and the curtain rose.

As soon as the curtain went up silence reigned in the parterre and the boxes, and all the gentlemen, young and old, whether in uniforms or in civilian's dress, and all the ladies, with precious stones glittering on their bare bosoms, with eager expectation turned their attention to the stage.

Natasha also tried to look.

CHAPTER IX.

SMOOTH boards formed the centre of the stage, on the sides stood painted canvases representing trees, in the background a cloth was stretched out on boards, in the foreground girls in red bodices and white petticoats were sitting around. One, who was exceedingly stout, wore a white silk dress. She sat by herself on a low footstool, to the back of which was

glued green cardboard. They were all singing something. After they had finished their chorus the girl in white advanced toward the prompter's box, and a man in silk tights on his stout legs, and with a feather and a dagger, joined her, and began to sing and wave his arms.

The man in the tights sang alone, then she sang, then they were both silent. The orchestra played, and the man began to turn down the fingers on the girl's hand, evidently waiting for the beat when they should begin to sing their parts together. They sang a duet, and then all in the audience began to clap and to shout, and the man and woman on the stage, who had been representing lovers, got up, smiling and letting go of hands, and bowed in all directions.

After her country life, and the serious frame of mind into which Natasha had lately fallen, all this seemed to her wild and strange. She was unable to follow the thread of the opera, and it was as much as she could do to listen to the music. She saw only painted canvas and oddly dressed men and women going through strange motions, talking and singing in a blaze of light. She knew what all this was meant to represent, but it all struck her as so affected, unnatural, and absurd that some of the time she felt ashamed for the actors, and again she felt like laughing at them.

She looked around at the faces of the spectators, to see if she could detect in them any of this feeling of ridicule and perplexity which she felt; but all these faces were absorbed in what was taking place on the stage, or, as it seemed to Natasha, expressed a hypocritical enthusiasm.

"This must be, I suppose, very life-like," said Natasha. She kept gazing now at those rows of pomaded heads in the parterre, then at the half-naked women in the boxes, and most of all at her neighbor Ellen, who, as undressed as she could well be, gazed with a faint smile of satisfaction at the stage, not dropping her eyes, conscious of the brilliant light that overflowed the auditorium, and the warm atmosphere, heated by the throng.

Natasha gradually began to enter into a state of intoxication which she had not experienced for a long time. She had no idea who she was, or where she was, or of what was going on before her. She gazed, and let her thoughts wander at will, and the strangest, most disconnected ideas flashed unexpectedly through her mind. Now she felt inclined to leap upon the edge of the box and sing the aria which the actress had just been singing, then she felt an impulse to tap with her fan

a little old man who was sitting not far off, then again to lean over to Ellen and tickle her.

At one time, when there was perfect silence on the stage just before the beginning of an aria, the door that led into the parterre near where the Rostofs were seated creaked on its hinges, and a man who came in late was heard passing down to his seat.

"There goes Kuragin," whispered Shinshin.

The Countess Bezukhaya turned her head and smiled at the new-comer. Natasha followed the direction of the Countess Bezukhaya's eyes, and saw an extraordinarily handsome adjutant, who, with an air of extreme self-confidence, but at the same time of good breeding, was just passing by their box.

This was Anatol Kuragin, whom she had seen and noticed some time before at a ball in Petersburg. He now wore his adjutant's uniform, with epaulet and shoulder-knot. He advanced with a supreme air of youthful gallantry, which would have been ludicrous had he not been so handsome, and had his handsome face not worn such an expression of cordial good humor and merriment.

Although it was during the act, he sauntered along the carpeted corridor, slightly jingling his spurs, and holding his perfumed, graceful head on high with easy grace. Glancing at Natasha, he joined his sister, laid his exquisitely gloved hand on the edge of her box, nodded to her, and bent over to ask some question in reference to Natasha.

"*Mais charmante*," said he, evidently referring to her. She understood less from hearing his words than from the motion of his lips.

Then he went forward to the front row and took his seat near Dolokhof, giving him a friendly, careless nudge with his elbow, though the others treated him with such worshipful consideration. The other, with a merry lifting of the eyebrows, gave him a smile, and put up his foot against the railing.

"How like brother and sister are!" said the count; "and how handsome they both are!"

Shinshin, in an undertone, began to tell the count some story about Kuragin's intrigues in Moscow, to which Natasha listened simply because he had spoken of her as *charmante*.

The first act was over. All in the parterre got up, mingled together, and began to go and come. Boris came to the Rostofs' box, received their congratulations very simply, and, smiling abstractedly and raising his brows, invited Natasha and Sonya, on behalf of his betrothed, to be present at their wed-

ding, and then left them. Natasha, with a bright, coquettish smile, had talked with him and congratulated him on his engagement, although it was the same Boris with whom she had been in love only a short time before. This, in her intoxicated, excited state, seemed to her perfectly simple and natural.

The bare-bosomed Ellen sat near her, and showered her smiles indiscriminately on all, and in exactly the same way Natasha smiled on Boris.

Ellen's box was crowded by the most influential and witty men of the city, who also gathered around the front of it, on the parterre side, vying with each other, apparently, in their desire to let it be known that they were acquainted with her.

Kuragin, throughout that *entr'acte*, stood with Lopukhof, with his back to the stage, in the very front row, and kept his eyes fixed on the Rostofs' box. Natasha felt certain that he was talking about her, and it afforded her gratification. She even turned her head slightly, in a way which, in her opinion, best showed off the beauty of her profile.

Before the beginning of the second act, Pierre, whom the Rostofs had not seen since their arrival, made his appearance. His face wore an expression of sadness, and he was stouter than when Natasha had last seen him. Without recognizing any one, he passed down to the front row. Anatol joined him, and began to make some remark, looking and pointing to the Rostofs' box. A flash of animation passed over Pierre's face as he caught sight of Natasha, and he hastily made his way across through the seats to where she was. Then, leaning his elbows on the edge of her box, he had a long conversation with her.

While she was talking with Pierre she heard a man's voice in the Countess Bezukhaya's box, and something told her that it was Anatol Kuragin. She glanced round, and their eyes met. She almost smiled, and he looked straight into her eyes with such an admiring, tender gaze that it seemed to her strange to be so near him, to see him, to be so sure that she pleased him, and yet not to be acquainted with him!

In the second act the stage represented a cemetery, and there was a hole in the canvas, which represented the moon, and the footlights were turned down, and the horns and contrabasses began to play in very deep tones, and the stage was invaded from both sides by a throng of men in black mantles. These men began to wave their arms, brandishing what seemed to be daggers. Then some other men rushed forward, and proceeded to drag away by main force that damsel who, in the

previous act, had been dressed in white, but was now in a blue dress. But before they dragged her away they sang with her for a long time, and at the sound of three thumps on something metallic behind the scenes all fell on their knees and began to sing a prayer. A number of times all these actions were interrupted by the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. Every time during this act that Natasha looked down into the parterre she saw Anatol Kuragin, with his arm carelessly thrown across the back of his seat, and gazing at her. It was pleasant for her to feel that she had so captivated him, and it never entered her head that in all this there was anything improper.

When the second act was over, the Countess Bezukhaya stood up, leaned over to the Rostofs' box, — thereby exposing her whole bosom, — beckoned the old count to come to her, and then, paying no heed to those who came to her box to pay her their homage, she began a smiling, confidential conversation with him.

"You must certainly make me acquainted with your charming girls," said she; "the whole city are talking about them, and I don't know them."

Natasha got up and made a courtesy to this magnificent countess. The flattery of this brilliant beauty was so intoxicating to her that she blushed with pleasure and gratification.

"I mean to be a Muscovite also," said Ellen. "And aren't you ashamed of yourself, to hide such pearls in the country?"

The Countess Bezukhaya, by good rights, had the reputation of being a fascinating woman. She could say the opposite of what she thought, and could flatter in the most simple and natural manner.

"Now, my dear count, you must allow me to see something of your daughter. Though I don't expect to be here very long, — you don't either, I believe, — I shall try to make them have a good time. — I heard a good deal about you in Petersburg, and I wanted to make your acquaintance," said she, turning to Natasha with her stereotyped, bewitching smile. "I heard about you from my 'page,' Drubetskoi. — Have you heard, by the way, that he was engaged? — and from my husband's friend Bolkonsky, Prince Andrei Bolkonsky," said she, with especial emphasis, signifying thereby that she knew of his relations toward Natasha. Then she proposed that, in order to become better acquainted, one of the young ladies should come over into her box for the rest of the performance, and Natasha went.

During the third act the scene represented a palace, wherein many candles were blazing, while on the walls hung paintings

representing full-bearded knights. In the centre stood, apparently, a tsar and tsaritsa. The tsar was gesticulating with his right hand, and, after singing something with evident timidity, and certainly very wretchedly, he took his seat on a crimson throne.

The damsel, who at first had been dressed in white and then in blue, was now in nothing but a shift, with dishevelled hair, and stood near the throne. She was warbling some doleful ditty addressed to the tsaritsa, but the tsar peremptorily waved his hand, and from the side scenes came a number of bare-legged men and bare-legged women, and began to dance all together.

Then the fiddles played a very dainty and merry tune. One girl, with big bare legs and thin arms, coming out from among the others, went behind the scenes, and, having adjusted her corsage, came into the centre of the stage, and began to caper about and knock her feet together.

The whole parterre clapped their hands and shouted, "Bravo!"

Then a man took his stand in one corner. The orchestra played louder than ever, with a clanging of cymbals and blare of horns, and this bare-legged man, alone by himself, began to make very high jumps and kick his feet together. This man was Duport, who earned sixty thousand rubles a year by his art. All in the parterre, in the boxes, and in the "upper paradise" began to thump and shout with all their might, and the man paused and smiled, and bowed to all sides. Then some others danced, — bare-legged men and women; then one of the royal personages shouted something with musical accompaniment, and all began to sing. But suddenly a storm arose. Chromatic scales and diminished sevenths were heard in the orchestra, and all scattered behind the scenes, carrying off with them again one of those who was present, and the curtain fell.

Once more among the audience arose a terrible roar and tumult, and all, with enthusiastic faces, shouted at once, "Duport! Duport! Duport!"

Natasha no longer looked upon this as strange or unusual. With a sense of satisfaction she looked around her, smiling joyously.

"*N'est-ce pas qu'il est admirable, — Duport?*" asked Ellen, turning to her.

"*Oh, oui!*" replied Natasha.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the *entr'acte* a draught of cold air made its way into Ellen's box, as the door was opened and Anatol came in, bowing and trying not to disturb any one.

"Allow me to present my brother," said Ellen, uneasily glancing from Natasha to Anatol.

Natasha turned her pretty, graceful head toward the handsome young man, and smiled at him over her shoulder. Anatol, who was as fine-looking near at hand as he was at a distance, sat down by her and said that he had been long wishing for the pleasure of her acquaintance, — ever since the Naruiskins' ball, where he had seen her, and never forgotten her.

Kuragin was far cleverer and less affected with women than he was in the society of men. He spoke fluently and simply, and Natasha had a strange and agreeable feeling of ease in the company of this man, about whom so many rumors were current. He was not only not terrible, but his face even wore a naïve, jolly, and good-natured smile.

Kuragin asked her how she enjoyed the play, and told her how Semyonova, at the last performance, had gotten a fall while on the stage.

"Do you know, countess," said he, suddenly addressing her as though she were an old acquaintance, "we have been arranging a fancy-dress party.* You ought to take part in it. It will be very jolly. We shall all rendezvous at the Karagins'. Please come, won't you?" he insisted.

In saying this he did not once take his smiling eyes from her face, her neck, her naked arms. Natasha was not left in doubt of the fact that he admired her. This was agreeable, but somehow she felt constrained and troubled by his presence. When she was not looking at him she was conscious that he was staring at her shoulders, and she involuntarily tried to catch his eyes, so that he might rather fix them on her face. But while she thus looked him in the eyes she had a terrified consciousness that that barrier of modesty, which, she had always felt before, kept other men at a distance, was down between him and her. Without being in the least able to explain it, she was conscious within five minutes that she was on a dangerously intimate footing with this man. She nervously turned a little, for fear he might put his hand on her bare arm, or kiss

* *Karusel f kostumakh.*

her on the neck. They talked about the simplest matters, and yet she felt that they were more intimate than she had ever been with any other man. She looked at Ellen and at her father, as though asking them what this all meant; but Ellen was busily engaged in conversation with some general, and paid no heed to her imploring look, and her father's said nothing more to her than what it always said: "Happy? Well, I am glad of it."

During one of those moments of constraint, while Anatol's prominent eyes were calmly and boldly surveying her, Natasha, in order to break the silence, asked him how he liked Moscow. Natasha asked the question and blushed. It seemed to her all the time that she was doing something unbecoming in talking with him. Anatol smiled, as though to encourage her.

"At first I was not particularly charmed with Moscow, because what a city ought to have, to be agreeable, is pretty women; isn't that so? Well, now I like it very much," said he, giving her a significant look. "Will you come to our party, countess? Please do," said he; and, stretching out his hand toward her bouquet, and lowering his voice, he added in French, "You will be the prettiest. Come, my dear countess, and, as a pledge, give me that flower." *

Natasha did not realize what he was saying any more than he did, but she had a consciousness that in his incomprehensible words there was an improper meaning. She knew not what reply to make, and turned away, pretending not to have heard him. But the instant that she turned away the thought came to her that he was there behind her, and so near.

"What is he doing now? Is he ashamed of himself? Is he angry? Is it my business to make amends?" she asked herself. She could not refrain from glancing round.

She looked straight into his eyes, and his nearness and self-possession, and the good-natured warmth of his smile, overcame her.

She gave him an answering smile, and gazed straight into his eyes, and once more she realized, with the feeling of horror, that there was no barrier between them.

The curtain again went up. Anatol left the box, calm and serene. Natasha rejoined her father in her own box, but already she was under the dominion of this world into which she had entered. Everything that passed before her eyes now seemed to her perfectly natural, while all her former thoughts concern-

* *Vous serez la plus jolie. Venez, chère comtesse, et comme gage donnez moi cette fleur.*

ing her lover, and the Princess Mariya, and her life in the country, vanished from her mind as though all that had taken place long, long ago.

In the fourth act there was a strange kind of devil, who sang and gesticulated until a trap beneath him was opened, and he disappeared. This was all that Natasha noticed during the fourth act. Something agitated and disturbed her, and the cause of this annoyance was Kuragin, at whom she could not help looking.

When they left the theatre Anatol joined them, summoned their carriage, and helped them to get seated. As he was assisting Natasha he squeezed her arm above the elbow. Startled and blushing she looked at him. His brilliant eyes returned her gaze, and he gave her a tender smile.

Not until she reached home was Natasha able clearly to realize all that had taken place, and when she suddenly remembered Prince Andrei she was horror-struck; and as they all sat drinking tea she groaned aloud, and, flushing scarlet, ran from the room.

"My God! I am lost," she said to herself. "How could I have let it go so far?" she wondered. Long she sat hiding her flushed face in her hands, striving to give herself a clear account of what had happened to her, and she could not do so, nor could she explain her feelings. Everything seemed to her dark, obscure, and terrible.

Then, in that huge, brilliant auditorium, where Duport, with his bare legs and his spangled jacket, capered about on the dampened stage to the sounds of music, and the girls and the old men and Ellen much *decolletée*, with her calm and haughty smile, were all applauding and enthusiastically shouting bravo, — there, under the protection of this same Ellen, everything was perfectly clear and simple; but now, alone by herself, it became incomprehensible.

"What does it mean? What means this fear that I experience in his presence? What mean these stings of conscience which I experience now?" she asked herself.

If only her mother had been there Natasha would have made confession of all her thoughts, before going to bed that night. She knew that Sonya, with her strict and wholesome views, would either entirely fail to understand, or would be horrified by, her confession. Natasha accordingly tried, by her own unaided efforts, to settle the question that tormented her.

"Have I really forfeited Prince Andrei's love, or not?" she

asked herself, and then, with a re-assuring smile, she replied to her own question: "What a fool I am to ask this! What is the sense of it? None! I have done nothing. I was not to blame for this. No one will know about it, and I shall not see him any more," said she to herself. "Of course it is evident no harm has been done; there's nothing to repent of, and no reason why Prince Andrei should not love me *just as I am*. But what do I mean by just as I am? O my God! my God! why is he not here?"

Natasha grew calm for an instant, but then some instinct told her that, even though nothing had happened and no harm had been done, still the first purity of her love for Prince Andrei was destroyed.

And once more she let her imagination bring up her whole conversation with Kuragin, and she recalled his face and his motions, and the tender smile that this handsome, impudent man had given her after he had squeezed her arm.

CHAPTER XI.

ANATOL KURAGIN was living in Moscow because his father had sent him from Petersburg, where he had been spending more than twenty thousand rubles a year, and had accumulated heavy debts as well, which his creditors were trying to obtain from his father.

His father explained to him that he would, for the last time, pay one-half of his debts, but only on condition of his going to Moscow as adjutant to the governor-general of the city, an appointment which he obtained for him. He advised him to make up his mind at last to try to win the hand of some rich heiress. He suggested the Princess Mariya or Julie Karagina.

Anatol consented and went to Moscow, where he took up his residence at Pierre's. At first Pierre received him with scant welcome, but at length became accustomed to him, and occasionally accompanied him on his sprees, and, under the pretence of a loan, gave him money.

Anatol, as Shinshin correctly stated the case, had instantly turned the heads of all the girls in Moscow, and particularly by the fact of his affected neglect of them and his avowed preference for gypsy girls and French actresses, with the leading light of whom, Mademoiselle Georges, it was said, he was on terms of close intimacy. He never failed of a

single drinking bout given by Danilof or the other fast men of Moscow: he could drink steadily from night till morning, out-drinking every one else; moreover, he was a constant *habitué* of all the balls and receptions in the upper circles of society. Rumors were rife of various intrigues of his with married ladies in Moscow, and at the balls he always paid particular court to several.

But from young ladies, particularly those who were rich and in the marriage market, — most of whom were excessively plain, — Anatol kept at a respectful distance, and this arose from the fact, known only to a very few of his most intimate friends, that he had been married two years before. Two years before, while his regiment had been cantoned in Poland, a Polish proprietor of a small estate had forced Anatol to marry his daughter.

Anatol had soon after abandoned his wife, and, by engaging to send money periodically, he persuaded his father-in-law to let him pass still as a bachelor.

Anatol was always satisfied with his situation, with himself, and with other people. He was instinctively, by his whole nature, convinced that it was entirely impossible for him to lead another manner of existence, and that he had never in his life done anything wrong. He was in no condition to ponder on the effect that his behavior might have on others, or what might be the result of his behaving in this, that, or the other way. He was persuaded that, just as the duck was so created as always to be in the water, in the same way he was created by God for the purpose of living with an income of thirty thousand rubles a year, and of occupying the highest pinnacle of society. He was so firmly grounded in this opinion, that other people also, when they saw him, shared in his conviction, and never thought of refusing him either the foremost place in society, or the money which he took of any one he met, without ever thinking of repaying it.

He was no gambler; at least, he never showed sordid love for gain. He was not ostentatious. It was absolutely a matter of indifference to him what men thought of him. Still less was he open to the charge of ambition. Many times he had annoyed his father by injuring his own prospects, and he always made sport of dignities. He was not stingy, and he never refused any one who asked a favor of him. All that he cared for was "a good time" and women, and as, according to his opinion, there was nothing ignoble in these tastes, and he

could not calculate the consequence for other people of the gratification of these tastes of his, he therefore considered himself irreproachable, sincerely scorned ordinary scoundrels and base men, and held his head high with a tranquil conscience.

Debauchees, those male Magdalens, have a secret feeling of blamelessness, such as is peculiar to the frail sisterhood; and it is based on the same hope of forgiveness. "She shall be forgiven much, for she hath loved much; and he shall be forgiven much, because he hath enjoyed much."

Dolokhof, back again in Moscow, after his exile and his adventures in Persia, and once more leading a dissipated and luxurious life and playing high, naturally became intimate with his old Petersburg companion, Kuragin, and made use of him for his own ends.

Anatol really liked Dolokhof for his wit, intelligence, and audacity. Dolokhof, who found the name, the notability, and the connections of Anatol Kuragin an admirable decoy for attracting rich young fellows into his clutches, made use of him and got enjoyment out of him without letting him suspect it. Besides the financial purpose for which Anatol served him, the act itself of controlling the will of another was an enjoyment, a habit, and a necessity for Dolokhof.

Natasha had made a deep impression on Kuragin. At supper after the opera, with all the enthusiasm of a *connoisseur*, he praised to Dolokhof her arms, her shoulders, her feet, and her hair, and he expressed his intention of making love to her. The possible consequences of such love-making Anatol did not stop to consider; nor was it in him to foresee them any more than in any other of his escapades.

"Yes, she's pretty, my dear fellow; but she's not for us," said Dolokhof.

"I am going to tell my sister to invite her to dinner. — How's that?" suggested Anatol.

"You had better wait till she's married" —

"You know," said Anatol, "*j'adore les petites filles*; you can turn their heads so quick."

"You have already fallen into the hands of one *petite fille*," said Dolokhof, who knew about Anatol's marriage. "See?"

"Well, can't get caught a second time, — hey?" replied Anatol, good-naturedly laughing.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day the Rostofs staid at home, and no one came to see them. Marya Dmitrievna had a confidential conversation with her father, taking pains to keep it a secret from Natasha, who nevertheless suspected that they were discussing the old prince, and concocting some scheme. It disquieted and humiliated her. She was every moment expecting Prince Andrei to come, and twice that day she sent the *dvornik* to the Bolkonskys' to learn if he had arrived. But he was still absent.

It was now more trying to her than during the first days of his absence. Her impatience and melancholy thoughts about him were intensified by an unpleasant recollection of her interview with the Princess Mariya and the scene with the old prince, as well as by a vague and undefinable fear and uneasiness. She had a notion that either he would not come at all, or that before he came something would happen. She found it impossible, as before, to have calm and collected thoughts about him when alone by herself. As soon as her thoughts turned to him her recollections of him were confused by recollections of the old prince, of the Princess Mariya, of the operatic performance, and of Kuragin. Again the question arose whether she was not to blame, whether her troth plighted to Prince Andrei were not already broken; and again she would picture to herself, even to the most trifling details, every word, every gesture, every slightest shadow in the play of expression on the face of that man who had succeeded in arousing in her such a terrible and inexplicable feeling.

In the eyes of the home circle, Natasha seemed livelier than usual, but she was far from being as calm and happy as she had been before.

On Sunday morning Marya Dmitrievna proposed to her guests to attend mass at the parish chapel of Uspénie na Mohtsakh.

"I don't like these fashionable churches," said she, evidently priding herself on her independence. "God is everywhere One. We have an excellent pope, and deacon as well, and the service is well performed. What kind of worship is it to have concerts given in the choir? I don't like it. It's mischievous nonsense."

Marya Dmitrievna liked Sundays, and had them kept as high

festivals. Her house was thoroughly washed and cleaned on Saturday; neither she nor the people within her gates did any work; they wore their best clothes, and all went to mass. On Sunday she had prepared an extra fine dinner, and her servants were provided with vodka and a roasted goose or a sucking pig.

But nothing in the whole house gave more decided evidence of its being a holiday than Marya Dmitrievna's broad, stern face, which on this occasion wore an unchangeable expression of solemn festivity.

After mass, while they were drinking their coffee in the drawing-room, where the furniture covers had been removed, a servant announced to Marya Dmitrievna that the carriage was at the door. She drew a long face, and, putting on her best shawl, in which she always paid visits, she got up and announced that she was going to see Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkon-sky, to have an understanding with him in regard to Natasha.

After Marya Dmitrievna had taken her departure, a *modiste* from Madame Chalmé's came to try on the young ladies' new dresses, and Natasha, retiring to the next room and shutting the door, was very glad of the diversion.

Just as she had put on a hastily basted and still sleeveless waist, and was standing in front of the mirror, bending her head around to see how the back fitted, she heard in the drawing-room the lively tones of her father's voice, mingled with those of a woman, and it made her blush. It was Ellen's voice.

Natasha had not time to take off the experimental waist before the door opened, and into the room came the Countess Bezukhaya, beaming with a good-natured and flattering smile, and wearing a dark purple velvet dress, with a high collar.

"*Ah, ma délicieuse!*" she exclaimed to the blushing Natasha. "*Charmante!* No, she is quite unlike any one else, my dear count," said she, turning to the count, who followed her in. "The idea of living in Moscow and not going anywhere! No, I shall not let you off. This evening Mademoiselle Georges is going to recite for me, and we shall have a crowd, and if you don't bring your beauties, who are far better than Mademoiselle Georges, I shall never forgive you. My husband is away, he is gone to Tver; otherwise I should send him for you. Do not fail to come. Don't fail — at ten o'clock."

She nodded to the dressmaker, whom she knew, and received a most respectful courtesy, and then sat down in an arm-chair near the mirror, picturesquely disposing the folds of her velvet dress. She did not cease to chatter with good-natured and

merry volubility, constantly saying pleasant, flattering things about Natasha's beauty. She examined her dresses and praised them, and also managed to say a good word for a new dress of her own, *en gaz métallique* — metallic gauze — which she had just received from Paris, and advised Natasha to get one like it.

"Besides, it would be extremely becoming to you, my charmer," said she.

Natasha's face fairly beamed with pleasure. She felt happy and exhilarated by the praise of this gracious Countess Bezukhaya, who had heretofore seemed to her such an inaccessible, grand lady, and was now so cordial toward her. Natasha's spirits rose, and she felt almost in love with this woman, who was so beautiful and so good-natured.

Ellen, on her part, was sincerely enchanted by Natasha, and wanted her to have a good time. Anatol had urged her to help on his acquaintance with her, and it was for this purpose that she called on the Rostofs. The idea of helping her brother in such a flirtation was amusing to her.

Although that winter in Petersburg she had felt a grudge against Natasha for alienating Boris from her, it had now entirely passed from her mind; and, with all her heart, she felt kindly disposed toward Natasha. As she was taking her departure, she called her *protégée* aside:—

"Last evening my brother dined with me — we almost died of laughing — he eats just nothing at all, and can only sigh for you, my charmer! *Il est fou, mais fou amoureux de vous, ma chère.*"

Natasha flushed crimson on hearing those words.

"How she blushes! How she blushes, *ma délicieuse,*" pursued Ellen. "Don't fail to come. Even if you are in love, that is no reason for making a nun of yourself. Even if you are engaged, I am sure that your future husband would prefer to have you go into society, rather than die of tedium in his absence." *

"Of course she knows that I am engaged; of course she and her husband, she and Pierre, that good, honest Pierre, have talked and laughed about this. Of course there is no harm in it." — And again under Ellen's influence, all that hitherto seemed terrible to her seemed simple and natural. "And she

* *Si vous aimez quelqu'un, ma délicieuse, ce n'est pas une raison pour se cloîtrer. Si même vous êtes promise, je suis sûre que votre promis aurait désiré que vous alliez dans le monde en son absence plutôt que de déprimer d'ennui.*

is such a *grande dame*, and so kind, and she seems to like me so heartily!" said Natasha to herself. "And why shouldn't I have a good time?" queried Natasha, looking at Ellen with wide eyes full of amazement.

Marya Dmitrievna returned in time for dinner, silent and solemn, having evidently suffered a rebuff at the old prince's. She was still laboring under too much excitement from her encounter to be able to give a calm account of it. To the count's question, she replied that everything would be all right, and she would tell him about it the next day.

When she was informed of the Countess Bezukhaya's visit, and the invitation for the evening, she said, —

"I don't like the idea of your going to Bezukhaya's, and I should advise you not to; however, if you have already promised, go; perhaps you will have some amusement," she added, addressing Natasha.

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNT ILYA ANDREYITCH took his young ladies to the Countess Bezukhaya's.

The reception was fairly well attended, but the most of the company were strangers to Natasha. Count Ilya Andreyitch saw with dissatisfaction that the larger majority of those present consisted of men and women noted for their free and easy behavior.

Mademoiselle Georges stood in one corner of the drawing-room surrounded by young men. There were a number of Frenchmen, and among them Métivier, who since Ellen's arrival had become an intimate at her house. Count Ilya Andreyitch decided not to take a hand at the card-table, or to leave the girls, but to take his departure as soon as Mademoiselle Georges had finished her recitation.

Anatol was at the door, evidently on the lookout for the Rostofs. As soon as he had exchanged greetings with the count, he joined Natasha, and followed her into the room. The moment she saw him, she was assailed, just as she had been at the theatre, by a mixed sense of gratified vanity that she pleased him, and of fear, because of the absence of moral barriers between her and him.

Ellen received Natasha effusively, and was loud in praise of her beauty and her toilet.

Soon after their arrival, Mademoiselle Georges retired from

the room to change her costume. In the mean time, chairs were disposed in the drawing-room, and the guests began to take their seats. Anatol procured a chair for Natasha, and was just going to sit next her; but the count, keeping a sharp eye on his daughter, took the seat next her. Anatol sat behind.

Mademoiselle Georges, with plump and dimpled arms all bare, and with a red shawl flung across one shoulder, came out into the space around which the chairs were ranged, and assumed an unnatural pose. A murmur of admiration was heard.

Mademoiselle Georges threw a stern and gloomy glance around, and began to recite certain lines in French, in which the guilty love of a mother for her son is delineated. In places she raised her voice; then, again, she spoke in a whisper, triumphantly tossing her head; and in other places she broke short off, or spoke in deep, hoarse tones, rolling her eyes.

"Adorable!" . . . "Divin!" . . . "Délicieux!" were the encomiums heard on all sides.

Natasha's eyes were fastened on the stout actress, but she heard nothing, saw nothing, understood nothing of what was going on before her; she felt that she was irrevocably drawn again into that strange, mad world, so far removed from the past world, where it was impossible to know what was right and what was wrong, what was reasonable and what was foolish. Behind her sat Anatol, and she was conscious of his nearness, and with terror awaited some development.

After the first monologue, the whole company arose and crowded around Mademoiselle Georges, expressing their delight and enthusiasm.

"How beautiful she is!" said Natasha to her father, who had got up with the rest, and was starting to push his way through the throng toward the actress.

"I cannot think so when I look at you," said Anatol, sitting down next Natasha. He spoke so that no one else could hear what he said: "You are charming. . . . Since the first moment that I saw you, I have not ceased" —

"Come, let us go, Natasha," interrupted the count, returning to his daughter. "How pretty she is!" Natasha, making no reply, followed her father, but gave Anatol a look of wondering amazement.

After several more recitations, Mademoiselle Georges took her departure, and the Countess Bezukhaya invited her guests into the ballroom.

The count wanted to go home, but Ellen begged him not to spoil her improvised ball. The Rostofs remained. Anatol took Natasha out for a valse; and while they were on the floor, and he clasped her waist and hand, he told her that she was *ravissante*, and that he loved her.

During the *Écossaise*, which she danced with Kuragin also, Anatol said nothing to her while they were by themselves, but merely gazed at her. Natasha was in doubt whether she had not dreamed what he said to her during the valse.

At the end of the first figure he again pressed her hand. Natasha lifted startled eyes to his; but his look and his smile had such an expression of self-confidence and flattering tenderness that she found it impossible to look at him and say to him what was on her tongue to say. She dropped her eyes.

"Do not say such things to me; I am betrothed — I love another," she hurriedly whispered.

She glanced at him. Anatol was not in the least confused or chagrined at what she said.

"Don't speak to me about that. What difference does it make to me?" he asked. "I tell you I am madly, madly in love with you. Am I to blame because you are bewitching? . . . It's our turn to lead."

Natasha, excited and anxious, looked around with wide, frightened eyes, and gave the impression of being gayer than usual. She remembered almost nothing of what took place that evening. While they were dancing the *Écossaise* and the *Großvater*, her father came and urged her to go home with him, but she begged to stay a little longer.

Wherever she was, whoever engaged her in conversation, she was conscious all the time of *his* eyes upon her. Afterwards she remembered asking her father's permission to go to the dressing-room to adjust her dress, and how Ellen followed her, and told her with a laugh that her brother was in love with her. She remembered how, in the little divan-room, she had again met Anatol, how Ellen had suddenly disappeared, leaving her alone with him, and how Anatol, seizing her hand, had said, in a tender voice: —

"I cannot call upon you, but must I never see you? I love you madly, desperately! Can I not see you?" And then blocking her way, he had bent down his face close to her face.

His great, gleaming, masculine eyes were so near to her face that she could see nothing else except those eyes of his.

"Nathalie?" she heard his voice whisper, with a questioning inflection, and her hand was squeezed almost painfully.

"Nathalie?"

"I do not understand at all; I have nothing to say," said her glance.

His glowing lips approached her lips — but at that instant she felt that her deliverance had come, for the sound of Ellen's footsteps and rustle of her dress were heard in the room.

Natasha glanced at Ellen; then, blushing and trembling, she gave him a terrified, questioning look, and started for the door.

"*Un mot, un seul, au nom de Dieu,*" said Anatol. She paused. She felt that it was a necessity for her to hear that "single word," which would afford her an explanation of what had happened, and allow her something tangible to answer.

"Nathalie, *un mot, un seul,*" he kept repeating, evidently not knowing what to say; and he repeated it until Ellen came close to him. Ellen and Natasha returned together to the drawing-room. Declining the invitation to stay to supper the Rostofs went home.

That night Natasha could not sleep at all. She was tormented by the question, which she could not answer, which she loved, Anatol or Prince Andrei? She loved Prince Andrei, — she had a very distinct remembrance of how warmly she loved him.

But she loved Anatol also, there could be no doubt about that. "Otherwise, how could all this have taken place?" she asked herself. "If it was possible for me, on saying good-by to him, to answer his smiles with smiles; if I could permit myself to go so far, then of course I was in love with him at first sight. He certainly is good and noble and handsome, and it is impossible not to be in love with him. What can I do when I love him and love the other too?" she asked herself, and found no solution to the vexing problem.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING came, with its usual occupations and bustle. All arose, stirred about, engaged in talk; once more the *modistes* came; again Marya Dmitrievna appeared and summoned them down to tea.

Natasha, with wide-open eyes, as though trying to anticipate

and intercept every glance fixed upon her, looked anxiously about, and struggled to seem the same as usual.

After breakfast, which was her favorite time, Marya Dmitrievna sat down in her easy-chair, and called Natasha and the old count to her.

"Well," — with strong emphasis on the word, — "well, my friends, now I have thought the whole matter over, and this is my advice," she began. "Yesterday, as you know, I went to see Prince Nikolai. Well," again with strong emphasis, "I had an interview with him. He thought to shout me down, but I am not to be shouted down so easily. I had it all out with him."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the count.

"What did he do?" He is a raving maniac — won't listen to anything. Well, what's the use of talking? And, meanwhile, we are tormenting this poor girl so!" said Marya Dmitrievna. "And my advice to you is to transact your business, and go home — to Otradnoye — and there wait till" —

"Oh, no!" — cried Natasha.

"Yes, you must go," maintained Marya Dmitrievna, "and wait there. If your betrothed should come here now, there would infallibly be a quarrel; but if he is left alone with the old man they will talk the whole thing over calmly, and then he will come for you."

Ilya Andreyitch approved of this plan, which instantly appealed to his good judgment. If the old prince was appeased, then they could rejoin him at Moscow or Luisiya Gorui; if not, as it would be contrary to his wishes, then the wedding could take place at Otradnoye.

"That is true as gospel," said he. "Only I am sorry that I went there and took her," said the old count.

"There's nothing to be sorry for. As long as you were here you couldn't help paying him that mark of respect. Well, if he does not approve, it is his affair," said Marya Dmitrievna, making search for something in her reticule. "Besides, the *trousseau* is all ready, so what have you to wait for; and what isn't ready I will send to you. Indeed, I am sorry about it, but you would be much better off to return — and God be with you!" Having succeeded in finding what she was searching for, she handed it to Natasha. It was a letter from the Princess Mariya. "She's written to you. How she torments herself, poor soul! She is afraid you will imagine she does not like you."

"Well, and she doesn't like me," said Natasha.

"Nonsense! Don't say such a thing," cried Marya Dmitrievna.

"I take no one's opinion. I know she does not like me," said Natasha boldly, snatching the letter, and her face assumed such an expression of hard and angry determination that it caused Marya Dmitrievna to look at her more closely and frown.

"Don't you contradict me that way, *mátushka*," said she. "What I tell you is the truth. Go and reply to her letter."

Natasha made no rejoinder, and retired to her own room to read the Princess Mariya's letter.

The princess wrote that she was in despair, owing to the misunderstanding that had arisen between them. Whatever were her father's feelings, she wrote, she besought Natasha to be assured that it was impossible for her not to love her, as the choice of her brother, for whose happiness she was ready to sacrifice everything.

"Moreover," she wrote, "do not imagine that my father was unkindly disposed toward you. He is old and feeble, and you must excuse him; but he is good and generous, and will not fail to love the one who can make his son happy."

The princess further asked Natasha to appoint a time when they could have another meeting.

After reading the letter through, Natasha sat down at the writing-desk to pen a reply.

"*Chère princesse*," she wrote, hastily and mechanically, and paused. What more could she write, after all that had taken place the evening before?

"Yes, yes, all that is past, and now, already, everything is different," she said to herself, as she pondered over the letter that refused to be written. "Ought I to reject him? Is it really my duty? It is frightful!" And, to escape from these terrible thoughts, she went to Sonya, and began to help her pick out her embroidery patterns.

After dinner Natasha again retired to her room, and took up the Princess Mariya's letter.

"Can it be that all is really over between us?" she mused. "Can it be that this has happened so quickly, and that all that is past is completely annihilated?"

She recalled, in all its intensity, her love for Prince Andrei, and yet, at the same time, she felt that she was in love with Kuragin. She vividly pictured herself as Prince Andrei's wife, and recalled those dreams of happiness with him which she had so many times enjoyed in imagination, and at the same

time, fired with passionate emotions, she recalled every detail of her last meeting with Anatol.

"Why, could it be possible to love them both at once?" she more than once asked herself, in the depths of perplexity. "Then only could I be perfectly happy; but now I must choose, and I cannot be happy to be deprived of either of them. One thing is certain," she thought, "to tell Prince Andrei what has happened, or to hide it from him, is impossible. But as far as *he* is concerned no harm has been done. Can I break off forever, though, with that delicious love for Prince Andrei, to whom my life has been devoted so long?"

"Báruishnya," said a maid, in a whisper, and coming into the room with a mysterious face, "a nice little man told me to give you this." The maid handed her a note. "Only for Christ's sake" — she exclaimed, as Natasha, without thinking, mechanically broke the seal and began to read. It was a love-letter from Anatol, and, while she did not comprehend a word of it, she comprehended enough to know that it was from him, from the man she loved. Yes, she loved him, else how could happen what had happened? How could she have in her hand a love-letter from him?

With trembling hands Natasha held this passionate love-letter, composed for Anatol by Dolokhof, and in reading it she found it contained what corresponded to everything which it seemed to her she herself felt.

"Last evening decided my fate; you must love me, or I die. I have no other alternative." So the letter began. Then he proceeded to say that he knew her parents would not consent to her marriage to him for various secret reasons which he could reveal to her alone, but that if she loved him, it was enough for her to say the little word *yes*, and no mortal power could suffice to destroy their bliss. Love conquers all. He would spirit her away, and fly with her to the ends of the earth.

"Yes, yes, I love him," mused Natasha, as she read the letter over for the twentieth time, and tried to discover some peculiarly deep meaning in every word.

That evening Marya Dmitrievna was going to the Arkharofs', and she invited the young ladies to accompany her. Natasha, under the pretext of a headache, remained at home.

CHAPTER XV.

SONYA, on her return late that evening, went to Natasha's room, and, to her amazement, found her still dressed, and asleep on the sofa. On the table near her lay Anatol's letter, wide open. Sonya picked the letter up, and proceeded to read it.

She read it through, and gazed at the sleeping Natasha, trying to discover in her face some key to the mystery of what she had read, and finding none. The expression of Natasha's face was calm and sweet and happy.

Sonya, pale, and trembling with fright and emotion, clutching her breast lest she should choke, sat down in an easy-chair and melted into tears.

"How is it I have seen nothing of this? How can this have gone so far? Is it possible she has ceased to love Prince Andrei? And how can she tolerate this Kuragin? He is a deceiver and a scoundrel — that is evident. What will Nicolas do, dear, noble Nicolas, when he learns of this? So this is what caused her agitation and unnatural behavior for the last three days," said Sonya to herself. "But it is impossible that she is in love with him. Most likely she opened the letter without knowing from whom it came. In all probability she was offended. She couldn't have done such a thing knowingly."

Sonya wiped away her tears, and went close to Natasha, and scrutinized her face.

"Natasha!" she murmured, almost inaudibly.

Natasha awoke and looked at Sonya.

"Ah, are you back already?" And in the impulse of the sudden awakening she gave her friend a warm and affectionate hug, but instantly noticing that Sonya's face was troubled, her face also became troubled and suspicious.

"Sonya, have you been reading that letter?" she asked.

"Yes," murmured Sonya.

Natasha smiled triumphantly. "No, Sonya, it is impossible to hold out any longer," said she. "I cannot hide it from you any more. You know, we love each other. — Sonya, my darling, he has written me — Sonya" —

Sonya, not believing her own ears, stared at Natasha with open eyes.

"But Bolkonsky!" she exclaimed.

"Akh! Sonya — akh! if you could only know how happy I am!" cried Natasha. "You can't imagine what such love is" —

"But, Natasha, do you mean to say that *the other* is all at an end?"

Natasha gazed at Sonya with wide-open eyes, as though she did not understand her question.

"What, have you broken with Prince Andrei?" demanded Sonya.

"Akh! you can't comprehend it; don't talk nonsense. Listen to me," said Natasha, with a flash of ill temper.

"No, I cannot believe this," insisted Sonya. "I cannot understand it. How can you have loved one man a whole year, and then suddenly — Why, you have only seen him three times! Natasha, I don't believe you. You are joking! In three days to forget everything? and so" —

"Three days!" interrupted Natasha. "It seems to me as if I had loved him for a hundred years. It seems to me as if I had never loved any one else before him. You cannot comprehend it. Sonya, wait; sit down!" Natasha threw her arms around her, and kissed her. "I have been told, and you have probably heard, that such love as this existed; but now for the first time I experience it. It is not like the one before. The moment I set eyes on him, I felt that he was my master, that I was his slave, and that I could not help loving him. Yes, his slave! Whatever he commands me, I obey him. You can't understand that. What can I do? What can I do, Sonya?" pleaded Natasha, with a happy, frightened face.

"But just think what you are doing," insisted Sonya. "I cannot let this go on. This clandestine correspondence! How could you permit him to go so far?" asked she, with a horror and aversion which she tried in vain to hide.

"I have told you," replied Natasha, "that I have no will about it! Why can't you understand? I love him!"

"Then I will not let it go any farther. I shall tell the whole story," cried Sonya, with a burst of tears.

"For God's sake — I beg of you — if you tell, you are not my friend!" exclaimed Natasha. "Do you wish me to be unhappy? Do you wish to separate us" —

Seeing how passionately excited Natasha was, Sonya shed tears of shame and regret for her friend.

"But what has passed between you?" she asked. "What has he said to you? Why doesn't he come to the house?"

Natasha made no reply to this question.

"For God's sake, Sonya, don't tell any one, don't torment me," entreated Natasha. "Remember it's never right to interfere in such matters. I have trusted you" —

"But why all this secrecy? Why doesn't he come to the house?" insisted Sonya. "Why doesn't he openly ask for your hand? You know Prince Andrei gave you absolute freedom, if such were the case; but I don't believe in this man. Natasha, have you considered what his *secret reasons* may be?"

Natasha gazed at Sonya with wondering eyes. Evidently this question had not occurred to her before, and she knew not what answer to make.

"What reasons? I don't know. But of course there must be reasons."

Sonya sighed, and shook her head incredulously.

"If there were reasons" — she began; but Natasha, foreseeing her objections, with frightened eagerness interrupted her, —

"Sonya, it is impossible to doubt him, impossible, wholly impossible, do you understand?" she cried.

"Does he love you?"

"Love me!" repeated Natasha, with a smile of contemptuous pity for her friend's incredulity. "You have read his letter, you have seen him, haven't you?"

"But if he were a dishonorable man?"

"*He!* a dishonorable man! If you knew him!" exclaimed Natasha.

"If he were an honorable man, then he ought either to explain his intentions, or else cease to see you; and if you are not willing to do this, then I shall. I shall write him, I shall tell your papa," said Sonya, decidedly.

"But I cannot live without him," cried Natasha.

"Natasha, I don't understand you! What are you saying? Think of your father, think of Nicolas."

"I want no one, I love no one but him! How do you dare to assert that he is dishonorable? Don't you know that I love him?" cried Natasha. "Sonya, go, I don't wish to quarrel with you! go away, for God's sake, go away! you see how tormented I am," screamed Natasha, in a voice of repressed anger and despair. Sonya began to sob, and rushed from the room.

Natasha went to her writing-table, and without pausing a moment wrote the letter to the Princess Mariya which she had not been able to write the morning before. In this letter,

she laconically informed the princess that all misunderstandings were at an end, that taking advantage of Prince Andrei's generosity in giving her perfect freedom, she begged her to forget all that had happened, and to forgive her if she had been to blame in respect to her; but that she could never be his wife. At that moment all seemed to her so easy, simple, and clear!

The Rostofs were to start for the country on Friday, and on Wednesday the count went with an intending purchaser to his Pod-Moskovnaya estate.

On the day of the count's trip, Sonya and Natasha were invited to a great dinner at the Kuragins, and Marya Dmitrievna went as their chaperone.

At this dinner, Natasha again met Anatol, and Sonya observed that Natasha had some mysterious conversation with him, which she evidently wished not to be overheard; and during all the dinner-time she seemed to be more agitated than ever. On their return home, Natasha was the first to begin the explanation which her friend was anxious for.

"There, Sonya, you have said all sorts of foolish things about him," Natasha began, in a cajoling tone, such as children use when they want to be flattered. "He and I came to a clear understanding to-day."

"Now, what do you mean? What did he say, Natasha? How glad I am that you are not vexed with me! Tell me all, tell me the whole story. What did he say to you?"

Natasha pondered, —

"Akh! Sonya, if you only knew him as I do — He said — he asked me what sort of an engagement I had with Bolkonsky. He was delighted that it depended on me to break it off."

Sonya sighed mournfully, —

"But you haven't broken your engagement with Bolkonsky, have you?"

"Well, perhaps I *have* broken my engagement with Bolkonsky! Perhaps it is all at an end! What makes you have such hard thoughts of me?"

"I have no hard thoughts of you; only I can't understand this" —

"Wait, Sonya, and you will understand the whole thing. You will learn what a man he is! But don't harbor hard thoughts of me, or of him either."

"I harbor no hard thoughts of any one: I love you and I am sorry for you all. But what am I to do?"

Sonya, however, was not blinded by the affectionate manner in which Natasha treated her. The more gentle and insinuating Natasha's face grew, the more stern and serious became Sonya's face.

"Natasha," said she, "you yourself begged me not to say any more about this to you, and I have not; and now you re-open it yourself. Natasha, I don't have any faith in him. Why all this mystery?"

"There, you begin again!" interposed Natasha.

"Natasha, I am afraid for you."

"Why should you be afraid for me?"

"I am afraid that you are going to your ruin," said Sonya, in a resolute voice, frightened herself at what she said.

An angry look again came into Natasha's face.

"I will go to my ruin, I certainly will, and the faster the better. It's no affair of yours. It won't hurt you, even if it does hurt me. Leave me, leave! I hate you!"

"Natasha!" expostulated Sonya, in dismay.

"I hate you! I hate you! We can never be friends any more!"

Natasha rushed out of the room.

Natasha had nothing more to say to Sonya, and avoided her. With that peculiar expression of nervous pre-occupation and guilt, she wandered up and down the rooms, trying one occupation after another, and instantly abandoning them.

Hard as this was for Sonya, she did not let her out of her sight for a single moment, but followed her everywhere she went.

On the day before the count's return, Sonya observed that Natasha spent the whole morning at the parlor window, as though in expectation of some one; and that she made some sort of a signal to an officer who drove by, and who Sonya thought must have been Anatol.

Sonya began to observe her friend still more closely, and remarked that during all dinner-time and throughout the evening, Natasha was in a strange and unnatural state of excitement, answering at random the questions that were asked her, beginning and not finishing sentences, and laughing at everything.

After tea, Sonya saw a timid chambermaid watching for her at Natasha's door. She let her pass in, and listening at the keyhole discovered that she was the bearer of another letter.

And suddenly it became clear to Sonya that Natasha had

some terrible plan on foot for that evening. Sonya knocked loudly at her door. Natasha refused to admit her.

"She is going to elope with him!" said Sonya to herself. "She is quite ready for anything. Her face to-day had a peculiarly pitiful and determined expression. She wept when she said good-by to her father yesterday," Sonya remembered. "Yes, it is evident that she is going to elope with him! What can I do about it?" mused Sonya, now recalling all the circumstances that now made her think Natasha had adopted some terrible resolution. "The count is away. What can I do? Write to Kuragin and demand of him an explanation? But who would make him reply to it? Write to Pierre, as Prince Andrei told me to do in case of misfortune — But perhaps she has already broken with Bolkonsky! Certainly Natasha sent her letter to the princess last evening — If her father were only here!"

It seemed terrible to tell Marya Dmitrievna, who had such confidence in Natasha, "But what else can I do?" mused Sonya, as she stood in the dark corridor. "Now or never is the time to show that I am grateful to this dear family, and that I love Nicolas. No! even if I have to stay awake for three nights, I will not leave this corridor, and I will detain her by main force; and I will not allow any scandal to happen to this family," she said to herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANATOL had recently transferred his lodgings to Dolokhof's house. The plan of abducting the young countess had been suggested and arranged by Dolokhof some days before, and on that day when Sonya, listening at Natasha's door, had determined to protect her, this scheme was all ready to be carried into execution.

Natasha had agreed to meet Kuragin at ten o'clock that evening, at the rear entrance. Kuragin was to place her in a *troika* which should be in waiting, and carry her sixty versts to the village of Kamienko, where an unfrocked pope would be in readiness to perform a mock marriage ceremony. At Kamienko a relay would be ready to take them toward Warsaw, and thence by regular stages they would make their escape abroad.

Anatol had his passport and his *padorozhnaya*, or order for

post-horses, and ten thousand rubles obtained from his sister, and ten thousand obtained through Dolokhof's mediation.

Two witnesses — Khvostikof, formerly a law clerk, who was now a creature of Dolokhof's, and Makarin, a hussar on the retired list, a weak and good-natured fellow who had an inordinate affection for Kuragin — were sitting in the front room over their tea.

In Dolokhof's large cabinet, the walls of which were hung from floor to ceiling with Persian rugs, bear skins, and weapons, sat Dolokhof himself, in a travelling beshmet and top-boots, before an open desk, on which lay bills and packages of money. Anatol, in his uniform, unbuttoned, came in from the room where the two witnesses were sitting, and was passing through the cabinet into the adjoining room, where his French valet and another servant were packing up the last remaining effects.

Dolokhof was making out the accounts and writing the amounts on a sheet of paper.

"Well!" said he, "you will have to give two thousand to Khvostikof."

"All right, give it to him!" said Anatol.

"Makarka" — this was an affectionate nickname for Makarin — "is so disinterested that he would go through fire and water for you. There now, the accounts are all made out," said Dolokhof, calling his attention to the paper. "Is that right?"

"Yes, of course it is," said Anatol, evidently not heeding what was said, and looking into vacancy with a dreamy expression, and a smile that did not leave his face.

Dolokhof shut the desk with a slam, and turned to Kuragin with an amused smile: —

"But see here, now! you'd better give this up; there's still time," said he.

"Fool! durak!" said Anatol, "stop talking nonsense. If you only knew! But only the devil knows what this is to me!"

"Honestly! Throw it up!" said Dolokhof. "I'll tell you the honest truth. Do you imagine that this is a joke that you are going into?"

"There you are stirring me up again. Go to the devil," exclaimed Anatol, scowling: "I have no time to listen to your idiotic twaddle!" And he started to leave the room.

Dolokhof smiled scornfully and condescendingly as Anatol turned away.

"Wait," he cried after him, "I am not joking, I am telling you the truth; come here, come here, I say!"

Anatol came back into the room again, and trying to concentrate his attention, gazed at Dolokhof, apparently quite under the influence of his will.

"Listen to me, I speak for the last time. Why should I jest with you? Have I done anything to thwart you? Who is it that has made all the arrangements for you, who found your pope for you, who procured your passport, who got the money for you? Haven't I done the whole thing?"

"Yes, and I thank you. Do you imagine I am not grateful?"

Anatol sighed and embraced his friend.

"I have been helping you; but it is my place to tell you the truth: it is a dangerous game, and if it misses fire, a stupid one. Suppose you elope with her — well and good. What will be the next step? It will be discovered that you are married. You will be prosecuted as a criminal" —

"Akh! what nonsense! what stupid nonsense!" cried Anatol, frowning again. "Haven't I told you again and again? Hey?" And Anatol, with that peculiar passion for argument characteristic of men of small intellects, when they want to show their wit, reiterated the considerations which he had laid before Dolokhof a hundred times. "I have told you again and again: my mind is made up: if this marriage is invalid," said he, doubling over his finger, "of course I am not responsible for it; well, then, suppose it is valid; it's just the same, and, when we are abroad, no one will know the difference; that's a fact, is it not? So say no more, say no more, say no more!"

"But, really, give it up! You will only get yourself into a scrape" —

"Go to the devil!" screamed Anatol, and, tearing his hair, he rushed into the next room; then he came right back, and sat down a-straddle of a chair in front of Dolokhof. "The devil only knows what this is to me! Hey? Just see, how it beats!" He took Dolokhof's hand and put it on his heart. "*Ah! quel pied! mon cher, quel regard! une déesse!* Hey?"

Dolokhof, smiling unsympathetically, looked at him out of his handsome, impudent eyes, evidently feeling inclined to have a little more sport out of him.

"Well, but when your money is gone, what then?"

"What then? Hey?" repeated Anatol, with a touch of genuine distress at the thought of the future. "What then?"

I am sure I don't know. But what is the use of talking nonsense." He looked at his watch. "It's time."

Anatol went into the next room. "Hurry up, there! Aren't you almost ready? What are you dawdling so for?" he cried, addressing the servants.

Dolokhof put up the money, and, shouting to his man to have a lunch of eatables and drinkables prepared for the travellers for their journey, he went into the room where Khvostikof and Makarin were waiting.

Anatol had flung himself down on the ottoman in the cabinet, and, with his head resting on his hand, was dreamily smiling and whispering low and tender words.

"Come and have something to eat. Have a drink, then!" cried Dolokhof from the next room.

"I don't wish anything," replied Anatol, still with the smile on his handsome lips.

"Come, Balaga is here!"

Anatol got up and went into the dining-room. Balaga was a famous troika driver, who, for half a dozen years, had known Dolokhof and Anatol, and had furnished them with teams. More than once, when Anatol's regiment had been at Tver, he had started at nightfall from Tver, set him down in Moscow before daybreak, and brought him back by the following morning. More than once he had taken Dolokhof out of the reach of pursuers. More than once he had taken them out to drive with gypsies and *damotchki*,— nice little dames, — as Balaga called fast women. More than once at their instigation he had run down pedestrians and *izvoshchiks* in the Moscow streets, and always his "gentlemen," as he called them, had rescued him from the penalty. More than one horse he had broken down in their service. More than once he had been thrashed by them; many times had they given him champagne and Madeira, which he specially affected, and he knew of escapades of theirs which would have condemned any ordinary man to Siberia.

During their orgies, they had often invited Balaga to take part, and made him drink and dance with the gypsies, and more than one thousand rubles of theirs had passed through his hands.

In service for them, he had twenty times a year risked life and limb, and in accomplishing their deviltry he had almost killed more horses than their money would ever pay for. But he was fond of them; he was fond of that mad pace of eighteen versts an hour; he was fond of upsetting some harmless

izvoshchik from his box, or running down some pedestrian on the street-crossings, and of dashing at full tilt down the Moscow highways. He was fond of hearing behind him that wild cry of drunken voices, "Pashól! pashól!" when it was already a physical impossibility for his horses to carry them a step farther; he was fond of winding his whiplash around a peasant's neck, who shrunk back more dead than alive as he passed by. "Real gentlemen" he called them!

Anatol and Dolokhof also were fond of Balaga because of his masterly skill in handling the lines, and because his tastes were similar to theirs. With others he drove hard bargains, charging twenty-five rubles for a two hours' outing, and he rarely condescended to drive others himself, but more frequently sent one of his subordinates. But with his "gentlemen," as he called them, he always went himself, and never charged for his extra labor. Only when he learned through the valets that money was plentiful, he would come, after an interval of many months, and, very soberly and obsequiously, bowing low, asked to be helped out of his difficulties.

His "gentlemen" always made him take a seat.

"You will excuse me, *bátyushka* Feodor Ivanuitch," or "your Illustriousness," he would say, "I am entirely out of horses; I pray you to advance me enough to go to get more at the Yarmanka."* And Anatol and Dolokhof, if they happened to be flush of funds, would give him a thousand or so of rubles. Balaga was twenty-seven years old, a stubbed, red-haired, snub-nosed muzhik, with fiery red complexion, and still more fiery red neck, with glittering little eyes, and a scrubby beard. He wore a fine, blue, silk-lined kaftan, and over that a sheepskin *polushubka*.

He crossed himself, turning to the shrine corner, as he came in, and advanced toward Dolokhof, holding out a small, black hand.

"Feodor Ivanovitch, your good health," he exclaimed, with a low bow.

"How are you, brother! — There he is!"

"Good health, your illustriousness," said he, addressing Anatol, who came in at that moment, and offered him also his dirty hand.

"I ask you, Balaga," said Anatol, clapping his hand on his shoulder, "do you love me, or not, hey? Now there's a chance for you to prove it. What horses have you come with, hey?"

"Those your man ordered, your own wild ones," said Balaga.

* *Yarmanka* for *Yarmarka*, *Jahrmarkt*, Annual market.

"Now see here, Balaga. No matter if you slaughter all three of your horses, provided you get us there within three hours. Hey?"

"If we slaughter them, how shall we get there?" replied Balaga with a wink.

"I'll smash your snout for you! A truce to joking," cried Anatol suddenly, with glaring eyes.

"Who's joking?" exclaimed the driver, with a laugh. "Do I ever grudge anything for my 'gentlemen'? Whatever my horses can show in the way of speed, that we will do."

"Ah!" grunted Anatol. "Sit down, then."

"Yes, why not sit down?" said Dolokhof.

"I will stand, Feodor Ivanovitch."

"Sit down, no nonsense. Have a drink," said Anatol, and poured him out a great glass of Madeira. The driver's eyes flashed at the sight of the wine. Refusing at first, for manners' sake, he drank it down, and wiped his mouth with a red silk handkerchief which he kept in the top of his cap.

"Well, when shall we start, your illustriousness?"

"Let me see," Anatol glanced at his watch; "start pretty soon now. See here, Balaga, hey! You will get there on time?"

"Well, it depends on the start. If we get off luckily, then we'll be there in good time. I got you to Tver once, — went there in seven hours. Don't you remember, your illustriousness?"

"Do you know, one Christmas we started from Tver," said Anatol, smiling at the remembrance, and turning to Makarin, who was gazing affectionately at Kuragin with all his eyes. "You wouldn't believe it, Makarka, we flew so that it quite took away my breath. We came upon one file of carts, and jumped right over two of them. Hey?"

"What horses those were!" interposed Balaga, taking up the thread of the story. "At that time I put in two young side horses with the bay shaft horse," he said, turning to Dolokhof. "You would hardly believe it, Feodor Ivanovitch, those wild creatures actually flew for sixty versts. It was impossible to hold them. My hands were numb, it was so cold. I threw down the lines. 'Look out for yourself, your illustriousness,' said I, and I rolled over backward into the sledge. It was hopeless to control 'em, or even to stick to my seat. The devils got us there in three hours. Only the left off one was winded."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANATOL left the room, and at the end of a few minutes came back in a sable shubka, girdled with a silver-buckled leather belt, and wearing a sable cap, jauntily set on one side, and very becoming to his handsome face. Glancing into the mirror, and then taking the same posture before Dolokhof which the mirror had told him was most effective, he seized a glass of wine.

"Well, Fedya, good-by — *prashchái*. Thank you for everything, *prashchái*," said Anatol. "Well, comrades, friends" — he pondered a moment — "friends — of my — youth, *prashcháite*," he said, turning to Makarin and the others.

Although they were all going with him, Anatol evidently wanted to do something affecting and solemn on the occasion of this farewell. He spoke in a low, slow, deep voice, and, throwing out his chest, he swayed a little as he rested his weight on one leg. "All of you take your glasses, you too, Balaga. Well, comrades, — friends of my youth, — we have had jolly good times together, we have enjoyed life, we have been on many spees, hey? Now, when shall we meet again? I am going abroad, farewell, — *prashchái*, my boys. To your health! Hurrah!" he cried, draining his glass and smashing it on the ground.

"To your good health!" exclaimed Balaga, also draining his glass and wiping it with his handkerchief. Makarin, with tears in his eyes, embraced Anatol.

"Ekh! prince, how sad that we should have to part!" he exclaimed.

"Come, let us be off," cried Anatol.

Balaga was on the point of leaving the room.

"Hold on there, wait," said Anatol. "Shut the door. We must sit down first, — there, that's the way."

They closed the door and sat down, for the sake of the superstition.

"Well, now be off with you, boys," said Anatol, getting up.

Anatol's valet, Joseph, gave him his purse and sabre, and all flocked into the anteroom.

"But where is the shuba?" demanded Dolokhof. "Hey, Ignatka, go to Matriona Matveyevna, and ask her for the shuba — the sable cloak. I know how girls go off on such occasions," explained Dolokhof, with a wink. "She will come running out more dead than alive, dressed for staying in the house, and

if you delay a moment too long there will be tears, and 'O papasha!' and 'O mamasha!' and she'll be cold, and back she'll go. So be sure you take this shuba with you, and have it all ready in the sledge."

The valet brought a woman's cloak, lined with fox.

"You fool! I told you to get the sable. Hey, Matrioshka, bring the sable," he shouted, his voice ringing down through the rooms.

A handsome gypsy girl, though thin and pale, with brilliant black eyes and curly, purplish black hair, with a red shawl over her shoulders, came hurrying out with the sable cloak over her arm.

"Why, I don't care; take it," said she, evidently afraid of her master, and yet regretting the cloak.

Dolokhof, without heeding her, took the fox-skin shuba, threw it over Matriosha, and wrapped it round her.

"So," said Dolokhof; "and so," he repeated, as he pulled the collar up above her head, leaving only a small opening for her face.

"That's the way, do you see?" and he moved Anatol's head towards the opening left by the collar, where Matriosha's brilliant smile could alone be seen.

"Well, good-by, Matriosha, *prashchâi*," said Anatol, kissing her. "Ekh! my follies here are ended. Give my regards to Stioshka. Well, *prashchâi*, Matrioshka. Wish me good luck."

"Well, then, prince, God grant you the best of luck," said Matriosha, in her gypsy accent.

At the doorstep two troikas were waiting, with two jaunty *yamschchiks* in attendance. Balaga was on the box of the first sledge and, with his elbows held high, was deliberately sorting the reins. Anatol and Dolokhof got in behind him; Makarin, Khvostikof, and the valet took their places in the other troika.

"All ready?" inquired Balaga. "Let her go," he cried, twisting the reins round his wrists, and the three horses flew like the wind down the Nikitsky Boulevard.

The groom leaped down to hold the horses' heads by the curb, while Anatol and Dolokhof strode along the pavement. Coming to the gate, Dolokhof gave a low whistle. The whistle was returned, and immediately after a chambermaid came running out.

"Come into the court, else you will be seen; she'll be down presently," said she.

Dolokhof remained by the gate. Anatol followed the chambermaid into the dvor, turned the corner, and ran up the steps.

Suddenly Gavriilo, Marya Dmitrievna's colossal footman, met Anatol.

"Be good enough to go to my mistress," said the footman, in a deep, bass voice, as he blocked all retreat from the door.

"Who's your mistress? Who are you?" demanded Anatol, in a breathless whisper.

"If you please. I was ordered to show you" —

"Kuragin! back!" cried Dolokhof. "You are betrayed! back!"

Dolokhof, who had been left at the outside gate, was engaged in a tussle with the dvornik, who was trying to shut it, and prevent Anatol from returning through it. Dolokhof, with a final output of force, overturned the dvornik, seized Anatol by the arm, pulled him through the gate, and ran together with him back to their troika.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARYA DMITRIEVNA, finding the weeping Sonya in the corridor, had obliged her to confess the whole. Having got possession of Natasha's letter, and read it, Marya Dmitrievna took it and confronted Natasha with it.

"Wretched girl! Shameless hussy!" said she to her. "I will not listen to a single word!"

Pushing away Natasha, who looked at her with wondering but tearless eyes, she shut her in under lock and key; then she had ordered the dvornik to admit into the courtyard any who might come that evening, but not to let them out again, and she had ordered the footman to show such persons into her presence. Having made these arrangements, she took up her position in the drawing-room and waited for developments.

When Gavriilo came to inform Marya Dmitrievna that the abductors had escaped, she was very indignant; she got up, and for a long time paced up and down the room, with her hands clasped behind her back, deliberating on what she ought to do. At midnight, she got the key out from her pocket, and went to Natasha's room.

Sonya was still sitting in the corridor sobbing. "Marya Dmitrievna, let me go to her for God's sake," said she.

Marya Dmitrievna, giving her no reply, opened the door, and went in. "Disgusting! abominable! — In my house! —

Indecent, shameless hussy! — Only I'm sorry for her father," said Marya Dmitrievna, trying to master her indignation. "Hard as it will be, I will bid them all hold their tongues, and I'll keep it from the count."

Marya Dmitrievna entered the chamber with a firm step. Natasha was lying on the sofa, with her face hid in her hands; she did not stir, but lay in the same position in which Marya Dmitrievna had left her.

"Pretty conduct; pretty conduct, indeed!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna. "To make assignations with your lovers in my house! None of your hypocrisy! Listen when I speak to you!"

Marya Dmitrievna shook her by the arm. "Listen, when I speak to you! You have disgraced yourself, like any common wench! I'd settle this with you, but I have some pity for your father. I shall keep it from him."

Natasha did not change her position, but her whole body began to shake with the noiseless convulsive sobs that choked her. Marya Dmitrievna glanced at Sonya, and sat down on the sofa near Natasha.

"Lucky for him he escaped me; but I'll find him," said she, in her harsh voice. "Do you hear what I am saying?" She put her big hand under Natasha's face, and turned it toward her. Both Marya Dmitrievna and Sonya were amazed when they saw her face. Her eyes were dry and glittering; her lips compressed, her cheeks hollow.

"Let — me — be! — What — do — I — care? — I — shall die!" she murmured, turning away from Marya Dmitrievna with angry petulance, and hiding her face in her hands again.

"Natalya!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna, "I wish you well. Lie there — lie there if you wish; I won't touch you; but listen to me! — I am not going to show you how blame-worthy you have been. You know. But, don't you see, your father will be back to-morrow: what shall I say to him?"

Again Natasha's form was shaken by sobs.

"He will hear of it; and so will your brother, and so will your betrothed!"

"I have no betrothed; I have refused him!" cried Natasha.

"That's immaterial," pursued Marya Dmitrievna. "Well, they will learn of it; do you think they will forgive it? There's your father, I know him, if he should challenge him, would it be a good thing? Ha?"

"Akh! leave me! why should you have interfered at all? Why? Why? Who asked you to?" screamed Natasha,

sitting up straight on the sofa, and glaring angrily at Marya Dmitrievna.

"But what idea had you?" demanded Marya Dmitrievna, again losing her patience. "Were you kept locked up? Who on earth prevented him from coming to the house? Why must he needs carry you off like a gypsy wench? — Well, now, suppose he had carried you off, do you suppose we shouldn't have found him? Either your father, or your brother, or your betrothed? Well, he's a scoundrel! a knave! that's what he is!"

"He's better than all of you put together," cried Natasha, sitting up very straight. "If you had not meddled! — Akh! my God, has it come to this, has it come to this? Sonya, what made you? — Go away!" And she burst into a passion of tears, sobbing with the desperation such as only those feel who know that they are responsible for their own woes.

Marya Dmitrievna began to speak once more, but Natasha cried: "Go away, go away! you all hate me! you all despise me!" And she threw herself on the sofa again.

Marya Dmitrievna continued for some time to give her advice, and assure her that this whole affair ought to be kept a secret from the count; that no one would know anything about it, if only Natasha would try to let it all go, and not betray in any one's presence that anything had happened.

Natasha made no reply. She ceased to sob, but a fit of shivering and trembling came upon her. Marya Dmitrievna put a pillow under her head, covered her up with a couple of comforters, and herself brought her some linden flower, but Natasha had nothing to say to her. "Now, let her go to sleep," said Marya Dmitrievna, and left the room, thinking that she would soon sleep. But Natasha did not go to sleep, and with wide, staring eyes gazed into vacancy. She slept none that night, and she did not weep, and she did not speak to Sonya, who several times got up and went to her.

On the following day Count Ilya Andreyitch returned from his *podmoskornaya* in time for breakfast, as he had promised. He was in a most genial frame of mind. He had come to a satisfactory arrangement with his purchaser, and now there was nothing to detain him in Moscow, and away from his countess, whom he was very anxious to see.

Marya Dmitrievna met him, and informed him that Natasha had been ill the day before, that they had sent for the doctor, and now she was better.

Natasha that morning did not leave her room. With set,

cracked lips, with wide, dry eyes, she kept her place by the window, and anxiously gazed at the passers-by in the street, and turned anxiously towards those who entered her room. She was evidently expecting news from him, — expecting that either he would himself come, or send her a letter.

When the count went to her she heard the sound of his heavy steps, and turned round nervously, and then her face assumed its former expression of hauteur, and even anger. She did not get up to meet him.

“What is the matter with thee, my angel? Are you ill?” asked the count.

Natasha hesitated. “Yes, I am ill,” said she.

In reply to the count’s anxious questions why she was so cast down, and whether anything had happened to her lover, she assured him that nothing had happened, and begged him not to be disturbed.

Marya Dmitrievna confirmed Natasha’s statement that nothing had happened, but the count, judging from the imaginary illness, and by his daughter’s absent-mindedness, by the troubled faces of Sonya and Marya Dmitrievna, saw clearly that during his absence something must have happened. It was so terrible, however, for him to think that anything disgraceful had happened to his beloved daughter, he was so happy in his buoyant good spirits, that he avoided asking any pointed questions, and tried hard to assure himself that nothing out of the way could have happened, and his only regret was that, on account of Natasha’s indisposition, he was obliged to postpone their return to his country-seat.

CHAPTER XIX.

PIERRE, on the day of his wife’s arrival at Moscow, had made up his mind to take a journey somewhere, so as to avoid being with her. Then, when the Rostofs came to Moscow the impression produced upon him by Natasha made him hasten to carry out his intention. He went to Tver to see Iosiph Alekseyevitch’s widow, who had some time since promised to put into his hands her husband’s papers.

On Pierre’s return to Moscow a letter was handed him from Marya Dmitrievna, who urged him to come and consult with her on some highly important business concerning Andrei Bolkonsky and his betrothed.

Pierre had avoided Natasha. It seemed to him that he felt

for her a sentiment stronger than it was justifiable for a married man to harbor for his friend's mistress, and some perverse fate was constantly throwing them together.

"What can have happened? and what can it have to do with me?" he wondered, while dressing to go to Marya Dmitrievna's. "It's high time for Prince Andrei to be back and marry her," thought Pierre, as he set out for Mrs. Akhrasimova's.

On the Tversky Boulevard some one hailed him.

"Pierre, been back long?" cried a well-known voice.

Pierre raised his head. It was Anatol and his inseparable companion, Makarin, dashing by in a double sledge, drawn by two gray trotters, that sent the snow flinging over the dasher. Anatol sat bolt upright, in the classic pose of dashing warriors, with his neck muffled in a beaver collar, and bending his head a little. His face was fresh and ruddy: his hat, with a white plume, was set jauntily on one side, exposing his curled and pomaded hair, dusted with fine snow.

"Indeed, he's a real philosopher!" thought Pierre. "He sees nothing beyond the enjoyment of the actual moment; nothing annoys him, and consequently he is always jolly, self-satisfied, and calm. What would I not give to be like him!" thought Pierre, with a feeling of envy.

In the anteroom of the Akhrasimova's, a footman, who relieved Pierre of his shuba, told him that Marya Dmitrievna would receive him in her own room. As he passed through the music-room Pierre caught sight of Natasha sitting by the window, with a strange expression of disdain on her pale, thin face. She gave him a glance, and frowned, and, with an expression of chilling dignity, left the room.

"What has happened?" asked Pierre, on entering Marya Dmitrievna's room.

"Pretty state of affairs!" replied Marya Dmitrievna. "Fifty-eight years have I lived in this world, and I never saw anything so shameful." And then, receiving Pierre's word of honor that he would keep secret what he should hear, Marya Dmitrievna confided to him that Natasha had broken her engagement with Prince Andrei without the knowledge of her parents; that the cause of this break was Anatol Kuragin, whom Pierre's wife had introduced to her, and with whom she had promised to elope during her father's absence, in order to enter into a clandestine marriage.

Pierre, with shoulders raised and mouth open, listened to Marya Dmitrievna's story, not believing his own ears. That Prince Andrei's betrothed, that hitherto lovely Natasha Ros-

tova, so passionately beloved, should give up Bolkonsky for that fool of an Anatol, who was a married man, — for Pierre was in the secret of his marriage, — and be so enamoured of him as to consent to elope with him, Pierre could not comprehend and could not imagine.

Natasha's sweetness of character — he had known her since childhood — could not, in his mind, be associated with this new suggestion of baseness, folly, and cruelty in her. He remembered his own wife. "They are all alike," said he to himself, thinking that he was not the only one who had the misfortune to be in the toils of an unworthy woman; and at the same time he could have wept for his friend, Prince Andrei, to whose pride it would be such a grievous blow. And the more he grieved for his friend, the greater scorn, and even aversion, he felt for this Natasha, who had just passed by him with such an expression of haughty dignity in the music-room. He could not know that Natasha's soul was full of overflowing of despair, shame, humiliation; and that she was not to blame for her face expressing, from very despair, that cold dignity and disdain.

"But how could he marry her?" exclaimed Pierre, catching at Marya Dmitrievna's last word. "He could not marry her: he already has a wife."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna. "Fine young man! What a dastard he is! And she has been waiting here these two days for him to come! At any rate, she must cease expecting him; we must tell her."

When she learned from Pierre all the details of Anatol's marriage, and had poured out the vials of her wrath against him in abusive words, Marya Dmitrievna explained to Pierre why she had asked him to call upon her. She was afraid that the count or Bolkonsky — who was liable to return at any moment — might learn of the affair, in spite of all her efforts to keep it a profound secret, and might challenge Kuragin to a duel; and, therefore, she besought him to add his influence to hers in getting him to leave town and never show himself in her presence again.

Pierre willingly agreed to fulfil her wishes, since now he for the first time realized the danger threatening the old count and Nikolai and Prince Andrei.

Having preferred her request in short and precise terms, she took him back into the drawing-room: —

"Mind you! the count knows nothing of this. You must pretend that you also know nothing about it," said she. "And

I am going this instant to tell her that she is to cease expecting him. And stay to dinner if you will," shouted back Marya Dmitrievna to Pierre.

Pierre met the old count. He was disturbed and annoyed. That morning Natasha had told him that she had broken her engagement with Bolkonsky.

"Too bad, too bad, *mon cher*," said he to Pierre. "Too bad for these girls to be away from their mother: how sorry I am that I ever came at all. I am going to be frank with you, she has already broken her engagement, without telling any one of us about it. Now I will admit I have never been over pleased at this engagement; I will agree he's a fine man, and all that; but what would you have? there would not be much happiness if the father was opposed; and Natasha would not lack chances of getting married. Still, the affair has gone on so long, and to have such a step taken without consulting father or mother! And now she's sick, and God knows what's the matter. It's a bad thing, count, a bad thing, for daughters to be without their mother!"

Pierre perceived that the count was very much disconcerted, and he tried to bring the conversation round to other topics; but the count kept returning to his grievance.

Sonya, with anxious face, came into the drawing-room.

"Natasha is not very well to-day; she is in her room; but she would like to see you. Marya Dmitrievna is with her, and would also like you to come."

"Yes, certainly, you and Bolkonsky were good friends; she probably wants to send some message," said the count. "Akh! my God! my God! How good it all was!" And tearing at his thin locks, the count left the room.

Marya Dmitrievna had been explaining to Natasha how Anatol was married. Natasha refused to believe her, and demanded to have confirmation of it from Pierre himself. Sonya confided this to Pierre, as they passed along the corridor toward Natasha's room.

Natasha, pale and stern, was sitting next Marya Dmitrievna. The moment Pierre entered the doorway, she met him with feverishly glittering, wildly imploring eyes. She did not smile, she did not even greet him with a nod, she only looked at him eagerly, and her eyes merely demanded if he came as her friend, or, like all the rest, as her enemy, in reference to Anatol. Pierre, in his own personality as Pierre, did not exist for her.

"He knows all about it," said Marya Dmitrievna, indicating

Pierre, and addressing Natasha. "Let him tell you if I am not speaking the truth."

Natasha, as a wounded animal at bay glares at the dogs and huntsmen approaching, looked first at the one and then at the other.

"Natalya Ilyinitchna," Pierre began, dropping his eyes, and experiencing a feeling of compunction for her, and of aversion to the operation which he was obliged to perform, "it is true; but whether this is true or not true, as far as you are concerned, it cannot matter, because" —

"Then it is not true that he is married?"

"Nay, it is true."

"Has he been married for some time?" she asked. "On your word of honor!"

Pierre gave her his solemn word of honor.

"Is he still in town?" she asked hurriedly.

"Yes: I have just seen him."

The effort to say more was evidently too much for her, and she made them a sign with her hand to leave her alone.

CHAPTER XX.

PIERRE did not remain for dinner, but immediately took his leave. He went out for the purpose of finding Anatol Kuragin, the mere thought of whom now made all the blood rush to his heart, and almost choked him. He sought him every where: at the ice hills, among the gypsies, at Comoneno's; but he was nowhere to be found.

Pierre went to the club. There everything was going in its usual train: the members, who were assembling for dinner, formed little groups, and, greeting Pierre, spoke of various items of city gossip. A servant, who knew his habits and his particular friends, accosted him politely, and informed him that a place was ready for him at the little table, that Prince N. N. was in the library, but that T. T. had not yet come.

One of Pierre's acquaintances, during some talk of the weather, asked him if he had heard of Kuragin's elopement with Rostova, about which the whole city were talking, and if it were true.

Pierre, with a laugh, said that it was all nonsense, because he had just come from the Rostofs. He inquired of every one if they had seen Anatol; one said that he had not yet come; another that he would be there to dinner. It was strange

for Pierre to look at this tranquil, indifferent throng of men, who had not the slightest inkling of what was passing in his mind. He then sauntered through the hall till all had gone in to dinner; and then, giving up expecting Anatol, he did not wait for dinner, but went home.

Anatol, whom he was so anxious to find, dined that day with Dolokhof; and was discussing with him some plan of still carrying out their ill-fated enterprise. It seemed to him absolutely necessary to have an interview with Natasha. In the evening, he went to his sister's, in order to arrange with her some means of procuring this interview.

When Pierre, who had vainly ransacked all Moscow, returned home, the footman informed him that Prince Anatol Vasilitch was with the countess. The countess's drawing-room was crowded with company.

Pierre, not even greeting his wife, whom he had not seen since his return (never had she seemed to him more utterly detestable than at that moment), went into the drawing-room, and catching sight of Anatol, went straight up to him.

"Ah, Pierre!" cried the countess, approaching her husband. "You don't know in what a position our Anatol" — She paused, when she saw in the forward thrust of her husband's head, in his flashing eyes, and his resolute gait, the same strange, terrible expression of frenzy and might which she had known and experienced after his duel with Dolokhof.

"Sin and lewdness are with you everywhere," said Pierre to his wife. "Anatol, come with me, I want a few words with you," he said, in French.

Anatol glanced at his sister, and boldly rose, ready to follow Pierre.

Pierre took him by the arm and hurried him out of the room.

"*Si vous vous permettez dans mon salon,*" exclaimed Ellen, in a whisper; but Pierre made her no reply, and left the room.

Anatol followed him with his usual jaunty gait, but there was a trace of anxiety on his face.

When they reached Pierre's cabinet, he shut the door, and addressed Anatol without looking at him. "You promised to marry the Countess Rostova, and planned to elope with her?"

"My dear," replied Anatol, in French, in which language indeed the whole conversation was carried on, "I consider myself under no obligation to answer questions asked in such a tone."

Pierre's face, white to begin with, became perfectly distorted with rage. With his huge hand he seized Anatol by the collar of his uniform coat, and proceeded to shake him from side to side until the young man's face expressed a sufficient degree of terror. "When I tell you that *I must* have an answer from you?"

"Now, look here, this is stupid! Ha?" exclaimed Anatol, looking for the button that had been torn off from his collar.

"You are a scoundrel and a blackguard, and I don't know what restrains me from the satisfaction of smashing your head with this," said Pierre, expressing himself with easy fluency, because he spoke in French. He had taken into his hand a heavy paper-weight, and he held it up menacingly, and then slowly laid it back in its place again.

"Did you promise to marry her?"

"I — I — I don't think so; besides, I couldn't have promised any such thing, be — because" —

Pierre interrupted him. "Have you any of her letters?" he demanded, coming close to him.

Anatol gave him one look, and instantly put his hand into his pocket, and took out a pocket-book.

Pierre seized the letter which he handed to him, and, violently pushing aside a chair that was in his way, he went to the sofa, and flung himself upon it.

"I will not hurt you; have no fear," said he, in reply to Anatol's terrified gesture. "The letters — one thing," said Pierre, as though repeating a lesson for his own edification. "Secondly," he continued, after a moment's silence, getting to his feet again, and beginning to pace up and down the room, "you must leave Moscow to-morrow."

"But how can I" —

"Thirdly," pursued Pierre, not heeding him, "you must never breathe a word about what has taken place between you and the countess. This, I know, I cannot oblige you to do, but if you have a single spark of conscience" —

Pierre walked in silence several times from one end of the room to the other. Anatol had sat down by the table, and was scowling and chewing his lips.

"You must learn some time that above and beyond your own pleasure the happiness and peace of others are to be considered; that you are ruining a whole life for the sake of having a little amusement. Trifle with women like my wife as much as you please — with such you have fair game; they know what you want of them. They are armed against you

by their very experience in lust; but to promise a young girl to marry her—to deceive her—to rob her—why, don't you know that it is as cowardly as to strike an old man or a child?"

Pierre stopped speaking, and looked at Anatol inquiringly; his anger had vanished.

"I don't know, I'm sure; ha?" said Anatol, gaining confidence in proportion as Pierre's anger subsided. "I know nothing about it, and I don't want to know," said he, not looking at Pierre, while at the same time his lower jaw trembled slightly. "But you have spoken to me words so insulting that I as a man of honor cannot think of permitting them."

Pierre looked at him in amazement, perfectly unable to understand what was wanted of him.

"Though we have had no witnesses," continued Anatol, "still I cannot"—

"What! you wish satisfaction?" asked Pierre scornfully.

"At least, you can retract what you said. Ha? That is, if you expect me to carry out your wishes. Ha?"

"I will! I'll take it back!" exclaimed Pierre. "And I beg you to forgive me." Pierre could not help looking at the torn button. "And money, if you need it for your journey."

Anatol smiled.

This contemptible, villanous smile, which he knew so well in his wife, stirred Pierre's indignation. "Oh! contemptible, heartless race!" he exclaimed, and left the room.

The next day Anatol started for Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE went to Marya Dmitrievna's to inform her how he had accomplished her wishes in regard to Anatol's expulsion from Moscow.

He found the whole house in terror and commotion. Natasha was very ill; and, as Marya Dmitrievna informed him, under seal of secrecy, the night after she had learned that Anatol Kuragin was married, she had poisoned herself with arsenic that she had managed surreptitiously to procure. Having swallowed a considerable quantity, she awakened Sonya and confessed what she had done. The proper antidotes to the poison had been given in time, and she was now out of danger, but she was still so weak that it was out of the question to think of taking her to the country, and the

countess had been sent for. Pierre saw the troubled count and the weeping Sonya, but he was not allowed to see Natasha.

Pierre had that day dined at the club, and had heard on all sides gossip about the frustrated elopement, but he strenuously denied these rumors, assuring every one that there was nothing in it, except that his brother-in-law had offered himself to Rostova, and been refused. It seemed plain to Pierre that it was his bounden duty to conceal the whole affair, and save Natasha's reputation.

In a real panic he waited for Prince Andrei's return, and each day he went to the old prince's to inquire for news of him.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch had learned through Mademoiselle Bourienne of all this gossip flying through the city, and he had read the letter to the Princess Mariya, in which Natasha broke off her engagement with Prince Andrei. This letter also he had obtained through Mademoiselle Bourienne, who had fetched it from the princess.

He seemed in better spirits than usual, and awaited his son's return with the greatest impatience. When the latter finally reached Moscow, the old prince first thing handed him Natasha's letter to his sister, announcing her discontinuance of the engagement, and told him, with additions of his own invention, the various rumors current concerning the elopement.

A few days after Anatol's departure, Pierre received a note from Prince Andrei announcing his arrival, and begging Pierre to come to see him.

Prince Andrei's arrival had been in the evening. Pierre went to see him the following morning. He expected to find him in almost the same state of mind as Natasha was, and therefore great was his amazement when, on being shown into the drawing-room, he heard Prince Andrei, in the adjoining cabinet, telling in a loud, animated manner of some Petersburg intrigue. He was occasionally interrupted by the old prince, and by a third person present.

The Princess Mariya came in to greet Pierre. She sighed as she turned her eyes toward the door of the room where her brother was, evidently anxious to give expression to her sympathy for his affliction, but Pierre detected on her face evidences of her inward gratification at the turn affairs had taken, and at the manner in which her brother had received the news of Natasha's fickleness.

"He told me that he expected this," said she. "I know that his pride would not let him make any show of his feelings, but

nevertheless he bears up under it better, far better, than I had any reason to expect. Of course, since it had to be so" —

"But do you mean to say it is all over between them?"

The Princess Mariya looked at him in amazement. She could not understand how any one should even ask such a question.

Pierre went into the cabinet. Prince Andrei, much altered, and evidently restored to perfect health, but with a new and perpendicular wrinkle between his brows, was standing, in civil dress, in front of his father and Prince Meshchersky, and was arguing eagerly, making forceful gestures.

The topic was Speransky, news of whose unexpected banishment and reported treason had only just reached Moscow. "Now," Prince Andrei was saying, "the very men who a month ago were extolling him, and who are wholly incapable of comprehending his aims, are criticising him, and condemning him. To criticise a man in disfavor is very easy, and so it is to make him responsible for the blunders of others; but I tell you, if any one has done any good during this present reign it has been done by him, by him alone" —

He caught sight of Pierre, and paused. A spasm passed over his face, and immediately his expression became stern. "But posterity will do him justice," said he, and with that he turned to greet Pierre.

"Well, how are you? Stout as ever!" he said in a lively tone, but the newly furrowed brow grew still deeper. "Yes, I am well," he replied, in answer to Pierre's question, and laughed. Pierre saw clearly that this laugh was affected, and was simply equivalent to saying, "Well, but who cares whether I am well, or ill?"

After exchanging a few words with Pierre in regard to the frightful travelling from the Polish frontier, and how he met in Switzerland a number of men who had known Pierre, and about Mr. Dessalles, whom he had brought from abroad as his son's tutor, Prince Andrei again, with feverish eagerness, returned to the topic of Speransky, which the two old men still kept on the *tapis*.

"If there had been any treason, and if there had been any proofs of his correspondence with Napoleon, then they would surely have been published broadcast," said he, speaking excitedly and fluently. "Personally I do not like Speransky, and I have not liked him in the past, but I do like justice."

Pierre was aware that his friend was now laboring under that necessity, which he himself had only too often experienced, of

getting thoroughly stirred up and excited over some alien topic, simply for the purpose of dispelling thoughts too heavy to be endured.

When Prince Meshchersky had taken his departure, Prince Andrei took Pierre's arm, and drew him into the room which had been prepared for his occupancy. In this room a bed had been hastily set up: trunks and boxes, opened, were scattered about. Prince Andrei went to one of these and took out a casket, and from the casket a packet wrapped in a paper. All this he did silently and very swiftly. He straightened himself up and cleared his throat. His face was gloomy and his lips compressed.

"Forgive me if I trouble you" —

Pierre perceived that Prince Andrei was going to speak about Natasha, and his broad countenance expressed pity and sympathy. This expression on Pierre's face nettled Prince Andrei. He went on in a loud, decided, and disagreeable voice, —

"I have received my dismissal from the Countess Rostova; and rumors have reached my ears of your brother-in-law having offered himself to her, or something to that effect, — is that true?"

"Whether true or false" — Pierre began, but Prince Andrei interrupted him.

"Here are her letters and her miniature." He took the packet from the table and handed them to Pierre.

"Give this to the countess — if you happen to see her."

"She is very ill," said Pierre.

"So she is still here?" inquired Prince Andrei. "And Prince Kuragin?" he asked hastily.

"He went away some time ago. She almost died" —

"I am very sorry for her illness," said Prince Andrei. He smiled coldly, evilly, disagreeably, like his father.

"But Mr. Kuragin did not, then, honor the Countess Rostova with the offer of his hand?" asked Prince Andrei. He snorted several times.

"It is impossible for him to marry, for the reason that he is already married," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei gave a disagreeable laugh, again suggestive of his father.

"And where, pray, is he now to be found — this precious brother-in-law of yours, may I ask?" said he.

"He has gone to Peter — However, I don't really know," said Pierre.

"Well, it's all the same to me," said Prince Andrei. "As-

sure the Countess Rostova that she has been, and is, perfectly free, and that I wish her all happiness."

Pierre took the package of letters. Prince Andrei, as though trying to make up his mind whether it were not necessary for him to say something, or expecting Pierre to say something, looked at him keenly.

"See here, do you remember a discussion we once had in Petersburg? Do you remember?"—

"Yes, I remember," said Prince Andrei hurriedly. "I said that a fallen woman ought to be forgiven; but I did not say that in my own case I should forgive her. I cannot."

"But wherein is the comparison?" asked Pierre.

Prince Andrei interrupted him. His voice was loud and shrill:—

"Yes, ask her hand again. Be magnanimous, and all that. — Yes, that would be very noble, but I am not capable of following in this gentleman's footsteps. — If you wish to continue my friend, never mention this to me again — not a word about it. Now, good-by. You will give this to her, will you?"

Pierre left the room, and went to the old prince and the Princess Mariya.

The old prince seemed more animated than usual. The princess was her ordinary self, but back of her sympathy for her brother, Pierre could see that she was delighted at having the engagement broken. As Pierre looked at them, he realized how deep were the scorn and dislike which they all felt toward the Rostofs; he realized that it was wholly hopeless even to mention her name, though she might have had any one else in the world in Prince Andrei's place.

At dinner the conversation turned on the war which was unquestionably imminent. Prince Andrei kept up an unceasing stream of talk and discussion with his father, or with Mr. Des-salles, his son's Swiss tutor, and he displayed more excitement than usual, and Pierre knew only too well the moral cause of this excitement.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT same evening Pierre went to call upon the Rostofs, to fulfil his commission.

Natasha was in bed, the count had gone to the club, and Pierre, having intrusted the letters into Sonya's hands, went to Marya Dmitrievna, who was greatly interested to know how Prince Andrei had received the news.

Ten minutes later, Sonya appeared.

"Natasha is determined to see Count Piotr Kirillovitch," said she.

"But how can he go to her room? Everything is in disorder there," said Marya Dmitrievna.

"But she is dressed, and has come down into the drawing-room," said Sonya.

Marya Dmitrievna merely shrugged her shoulders.

"If only the countess would come; this is a perfect torture to me. Now be careful, and don't tell her everything," she added, warningly. "It would break my heart if anything were said to hurt her; she is so to be pitied, so to be pitied!"

Natasha, grown decidedly thin, and with pale, smileless face — though not at all confused, as Pierre supposed she would be — stood in the middle of the drawing-room. When Pierre made his appearance in the door, she hesitated, evidently undecided whether to go to him or wait for him.

Pierre hastened forward. He supposed that she would, as usual, give him her hand. But she stood motionless, sighing deeply, and with her arms hanging lifelessly, in exactly the same pose that she always took when she went into the middle of the music-room to sing, only with an entirely different expression.

"Piotr Kirillovitch," she began, speaking very swiftly, "Prince Bolkonsky was your friend, and is still your friend," she added, by an afterthought; for it seemed to her that every thing was past, and all things had become new. "He told me once to turn to you if" —

Pierre quietly blew his nose as he looked at her. Till that moment, he had, in his heart, blamed her, and tried to despise her; but now she seemed to him so eminently deserving of pity, that there was no room in his heart for reproach.

"He is here now; please ask him to for — forgive" — she paused, and breathed still faster, but she did not weep.

"Yes, I will tell him," said Pierre. He knew not what to say.

Natasha was evidently terrified by what Pierre might have thought she meant.

"Yes, I know that all is over between us," said she, hurriedly. "No, it can never be. All that tortures me is the wrong that I have done him. Only ask him to forgive, forgive, forgive me for all" — Her whole frame trembled, and she sat down in a chair.

Never before had Pierre experienced such a feeling of compassion as now came over him,

"I will tell him, I will certainly tell him all," said Pierre. "But I should like to know one thing."

"What?" asked Natasha.

"I should like to ask if you loved" — Pierre did not know what term to use in speaking of Anatol. "Did you *love* that vile man?"

"Don't call him vile," exclaimed Natasha. "But I — I don't know; I don't know at all." Then the tears came again.

And a still more intense feeling of pity, affectionate compassion, and love, came over Pierre. He was conscious of the tears welling out from under his spectacles and dropping, and he hoped that they would not be seen.

"Let us say no more about it, my dear," said Pierre. Strange indeed suddenly seemed to Natasha the sound of his voice, so sweet, so tender, so sincere. "Let us say no more about it, my dear, I will tell him all; but one thing I want to ask you: consider me your friend, and if you need any help or advice, simply if you need some one in whom you can confide — at now, but by and by, when everything is clear to your own mind, remember me." He took her hand and kissed it. "I should be happy, if I were in the position to" — Pierre grew confused.

"Do not speak to me so, I do not deserve it!" cried Natasha, and she started to leave the room; but Pierre detained her by the hand. He knew that there was something more he must tell her. But when he had spoken it, he was amazed at his own words.

"Wait, wait! all life is before you," said he.

"Before me!" she exclaimed. "Before me is only ruin!" she exclaimed, in the depths of shame and self-reproach.

"Ruin!" he repeated; "if I were not myself, but the handsomest, wisest, and best man in the world, and were free, I should this very instant, on my knees, sue for your hand and your love."

Natasha, for the first time in many days, wept tears of gratitude and emotion; and, giving Pierre one look, she fled from the room.

Pierre followed her, almost running, and restraining the tears of tenderness and happiness that choked him. Throwing his shuba over his shoulders, but without putting his arms through the sleeves, he went out and got into his sledge.

"Where now?" asked the driver.

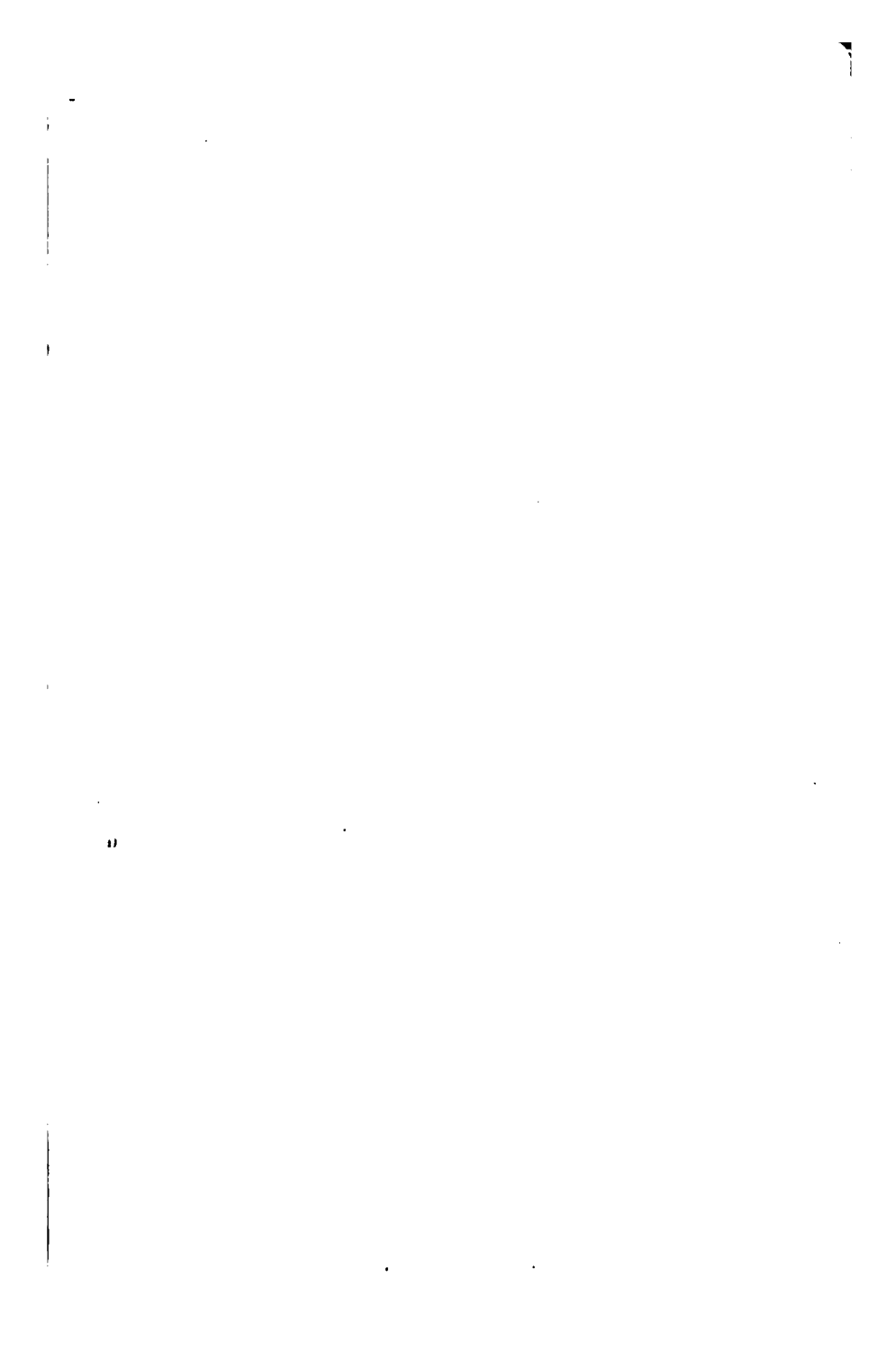
"Where?" repeated Pierre to himself. "Where can I go now? To the club, or to make some calls?" All men, at this

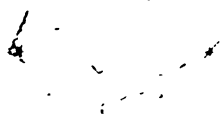
moment, seemed to him so contemptible, so mean, in comparison with that feeling of emotion and love which overmastered him; in comparison with that softened glance of gratitude which she had given him just now through her tears.

"Home," said Pierre, throwing back his bearskin shuba, and exposing his broad, joyfully throbbing chest, though the mercury marked ten degrees of frost.

It was cold and clear. Above the dirty, half-lighted streets, above the black roofs of the houses, stretched the dark, starry heavens. Only as Pierre gazed at the heavens above, he ceased to feel the humiliating pettiness of everything earthly in comparison with the height to which his soul aspired. As he drove out on the Arbatskaya Square, the mighty expanse of the dark, starry sky spread out before Pierre's eyes. Almost in the zenith of this sky—above the Pretchistensky Boulevard,—convoyed and surrounded on every side by stars, but distinguished from all the rest by its nearness to the earth, and by its white light, and by its long, curling tail, stood the tremendous brilliant comet of 1812,—the same which men thought presaged all manner of woes and the end of the world.

But in Pierre, this brilliant luminary, with its long train of light, awoke no terror. On the contrary, rapturously, his eyes wet with tears, he contemplated this glorious star which seemed to him to have come flying with inconceivable swiftness through measureless space, straight toward the earth, there to strike like an enormous arrow, and remain in that one fate-designated spot upon the dark sky; and, pausing, raise aloft with morstorous force its curling tail, flashing and playing with white light, amid the countless other stars doomed to perish. It seemed to Pierre that this star was the complete reply to all that was in his soul flowing into new life, and filled with tenderness and love.





...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...



3 2044 018 750 919

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER

MAY 25 4 1996

BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER

JUL 20 1999

BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER

NOV 03 2003

BOOK DUE
CANCELLED