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The Complete Works of
Count Tolstóy

Volume VI.



WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME II.

BY

COUNT LEV N. TOLSTÓY

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN AND EDITED BY

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WAR AND PEACE

1864–1869

Parts IV., V., VI., VII., and VIII.

WAR AND PEACE

PART THE FOURTH

I.

In the beginning of the year 1806 Nikoláy Rostóv went home on a leave of absence. Denísov, too, was travelling home, to Vorónezh, and Rostóv persuaded him to journey with him as far as Moscow and to stop at his house. Two stations before reaching Moscow, Denísov met a friend of his and drank three bottles of wine with him; the result of it was that, in spite of the ruts in the road, he, lying in the body of the post-sleigh, did not wake up, while Rostóv became ever more impatient in measure as they approached the city.

"How soon will it be? How soon? Oh, these intolerable streets, shops, white-loafs, lamp-posts, cabmen!" thought Rostóv, after they had recorded their certificates of leave at the toll-gate and had entered the city.

"Denísov, we have arrived! He is asleep!" he said, leaning forward with his whole body, as though hoping to increase the motion of the sleigh by this lurch.

Denísov made no reply.

"Here is the cross street where cabman Zákhar has his stand; and here is Zákhar, and his old horse. Here is the

little shop where we used to buy our cookies. How soon will it be? Well?"

"In which house?" asked the driver.

"In the large house at the corner. Can't you see it? That is our house," said Rostóv, "that is our house! Denísov! Denísov! We shall be there in a minute."

Denísov raised his head, cleared his throat, and made no reply.

"Dmítri," Rostóv addressed the lackey on the box, "there is a light in our house."

"Yes, there is. There is a light in your father's cabinet."

"Have they not yet retired? Eh? What do you think? Don't forget to take out my Hungarian coat!" Rostóv added, fingering his moustache. "Go on!" he cried to the driver. "Do wake up, Vásya," he turned to Denísov, who had again lowered his head. "Move on, go faster! You will get three roubles for vódka, go on!" Rostóv cried when they were only within three houses of his own. He thought that the horses were not moving. At last the horses bore to the left and drove up to the entrance. Rostóv saw, above his head, the familiar cornice with the stucco knocked off from it, the porch, and the hitching-post. He leaped out of the sleigh while it was yet in motion, and ran up to the vestibule. The house stood motionless and cheerless, as though it did not care who had arrived. There was no one in the vestibule.

"O God, I wonder whether everything is all right," thought Rostóv, stopping for a moment with a sinking heart, and rushing along the vestibule and the familiar warped staircase. The same old door-handle, the spots on which had been the cause of so much anger in the countess, submitted to the same weak pressure. A tallow candle was burning in the antechamber.

Old Mikháyla was sleeping on the clothes-bench. Prokófi, the footman, the same that was so powerful that he

could lift up a carriage by its back, was sitting and weaving bast shoes. He looked up at the opened door, and his sleepy, indifferent expression was suddenly transformed to one of ecstasy and fright.

"O Lord! The young count!" he exclaimed, upon recognizing his young master. "How is this? My dear master!" And shaking from excitement, Prokófi rushed up to the door leading to the drawing-room, apparently for the purpose of announcing his arrival, but he changed his mind, came back, and fell on the shoulders of his young master.

"Are all well?" asked Rostóv, tearing his arm away from him.

"Thank God, they are! Thank God, everything is well! They have just had their supper! Let me look at you, Serenity."

"Is everything well?"

"Thank God, everything is!"

Rostóv had entirely forgotten about Denísov, and, not wishing to allow any one to anticipate him, he threw down his fur coat and on tiptoe ran up to the dark large parlour. Everything was as of old: the same card-tables, the same chandelier in a netting; but somebody had observed the young master, and before he reached the drawing-room something flew impetuously at him from the side door and embraced him and began to kiss him. Another, a third being, leaped out from a second, a third door; more embraces, more kisses, more shouts and tears of joy. He could not make out where or who his father was, who was Natásha and who Pétya. All were crying, talking, and kissing him at one and the same time. But his mother was not among them, — so much he remembered.

"I did not know — Nikoláy — my dear!"

"Here he is — ours — My dear Nikoláy — He has changed! Where are the candles? Let us have tea!"

"Kiss me, too!"

"Darling, and me!"

Sónya, Natásha, Pétya, Anna Mikháylovna, Vyéra, the old count, embraced him; and the servants and the maids filled the room, talking and sighing.

Pétya clung to his legs.

"And me!" he cried.

Natásha pulled him down toward her and deposited a number of kisses on his face; then she leaped aside, holding on to the skirt of his Hungarian coat, leaped about like a goat in one spot, and screamed in a piercing voice.

On all sides there were loving eyes, glistening with the tears of joy; on all sides there were lips, seeking to be kissed.

Sónya, who was as red as a lobster, was also holding his arm and was all aglow with bliss, while gazing into his eyes, which she had been waiting for so long. Sónya had passed her sixteenth year; she was very pretty, particularly at that moment of happy, ecstatic animation. She looked at him without taking her eyes off, smiling and holding her breath. He looked gratefully at her, but was all the time waiting and looking for some one. The old countess had not yet made her appearance. Suddenly steps were heard at the door: they were so fast that they could not be those of his mother.

And yet it was she, wearing a new, unfamiliar dress, which had been made in his absence. All left him, and he ran up toward her. When they came together, she fell sobbing upon his breast. She could not raise her face and only pressed it to the cold cords of his Hungarian coat. Denísov had entered the room unnoticed by any one: he was standing there, looking at them, wiping his eyes.

"Vasíli Denísov, the friend of your son," he said, introducing himself to the count, who was looking interrogatively at him.

"You are welcome. I know, I know," said the count,

embracing and kissing Denísov. "Nikoláy wrote us — Natásha, Vyéra, here is Denísov!"

The same happy, ecstatic faces now turned to Denísov's shaggy figure, and surrounded him.

"Darling Denísov!" shrieked Natásha, beside herself with excitement. She leaped up to him, embraced him, and kissed him. All were embarrassed by Natásha's act. Denísov himself blushed, smiling. He took Natásha's hand and kissed it.

Denísov was taken to the room set aside for him, and the family gathered in the sofa-room about Nikoláy.

The old countess sat by his side, and, without letting his hand out of hers, kept kissing it all the time. The others crowded around them, caught every motion, word, and look of his, and did not take their ecstatic eyes off him. His brother and his sisters quarrelled about the nearest place to him, taking it away from each other, and had altercations about who was to bring him the tea, a handkerchief, or tobacco.

Rostóv was very happy in the love which was manifested to him; but the first moment of his meeting had been so blissful that the present happiness did not seem sufficient to him, and he was waiting for something more and more.

On the following morning the newcomers slept until nearly ten o'clock.

In the adjoining room there lay in disorder sables, pouches, sabretasches, open portmanteaus, and dirty boots. Two clean pairs of boots, with their spurs on, had just been placed against the wall. Servants brought washstands, hot water for shaving, and clean clothes. There was an odour of tobacco and of effluvia betraying the presence of men.

"Oh, there, Grishka!" Vasíli Denísov called out in a hoarse voice. "Rostóv, get up!"

Rostóv rubbed his sleepy eyes and raised his dishevelled head from his warm pillow.

"What is it? Is it late?"

"Yes, it is. It is nearly ten o'clock," replied Natásha, and in the adjoining room could be heard the rustle of starched dresses, whispering, and the laughter of girls, and past the slightly open door there flitted something blue, some ribbons, black hair, and merry faces. Those were Natásha, Sónya, and Pétya, who came to find out whether he was not yet up.

"Nikoláy, get up!" Natásha's voice was again heard at the door.

"Directly!"

Just then Pétya, in the front room, picked up the sabres, which he saw there, and, experiencing that transport which boys experience at the sight of their martial elder brothers, opened the door, forgetting that it was improper for girls to see men in undress.

"Is this your sabre?" he cried.

The girls leaped aside. Denísov with frightened eyes hid his hirsute feet under the coverlet, glancing at his comrade for aid. Pétya passed through the door, and it slammed to. Behind the door could be heard laughter.

"Nikoláy, come out in your morning-gown!" was heard Natásha's voice.

"Is this your sabre?" asked Pétya, "or is it yours?" he turned to the mustachioed, swarthy Denísov, with an expression of servile respect.

Rostóv hastily put on his morning-gown and his shoes, and went out to the girls. As he entered the room, Sónya was in the act of circling around and puffing up her dress ready to sit on the floor. Both girls looked fresh, ruddy, and happy, and wore the same kind of new blue dresses. Sónya ran away, and Natásha linked her arm with that of her brother and led him into the sofa-room, where they at once started a conversation. They asked each other questions about a thousand trifles that could interest none but themselves, but they hardly received any proper answers

to them. Natásha laughed at every word which either of them said, not because that which they said was ridiculous, but because she was happy and was unable to restrain her joy, which found its expression in laughter.

"Oh, how nice! How excellent!" she said to everything.

Rostóv felt that under the influence of the warm rays of love the childish smile, which he had not smiled even once since he had left home, now for the first time after a period of a year and a half budded in his soul and upon his face.

"Really," she said, "you are now a full-fledged man! I am so glad you are my brother." She touched his moustache. "I want to know what you men are like. Are you just like us? Are you?"

"Why did Sónya run away?" asked Rostóv.

"Yes, that is a whole story! How are you going to address Sónya, as 'thou' or as 'you'?"

"As it may happen," said Rostóv.

"Say 'thou' to her, please! I will tell you later why. No, I will tell you now. You know that Sónya is my friend, — she is such a friend that I would gladly put my arm in the fire for her. Look!"

She rolled up her muslin sleeve and showed him a red mark on her long, lean, and tender arm, far above the elbow, but below the shoulder, in the spot which is generally concealed by a ball-dress.

"I burnt this to prove to her my love for her. I simply heated a ruler on the fire and pressed it against the skin."

As Rostóv was sitting in his former class-room, on a sofa with cushions on the rests, and looking into Natásha's maddeningly vivacious eyes, he again entered into that domestic world of his childhood, which had no meaning for any one but himself, but which afforded him one of the best enjoyments of life; the burning of the arm by

means of the ruler in order to give proof of love did not seem useless to him: he understood it and was not in the least surprised.

"Well? Is that all?" he asked.

"We are such friends, oh, such friends! Why, the ruler is nothing; but we are such friends. When she loves one, she loves him for all time; but I cannot understand that, — I shall forget at once."

"Well, what of it?"

"Yes, she loves me and you so much!" Natásha suddenly blushed. "Do you remember, before your departure — She said: 'I will love him for ever, but he shall be free.' Now isn't that fine and noble? Yes, yes! it is very noble! Is it not?" asked Natásha with such seriousness and agitation that it became evident that that which she was saying now she had been saying before with tears. Rostóv fell to musing.

"I do not take back any word I have given," he said. "Besides, Sónya is such a joy that a man would be a fool to refuse his happiness."

"No, no," cried Natásha. "We have been talking about this. We knew that you would be saying this. But that must not be, because, you see, if, as you say, you consider yourself bound by any word which you may have given, it turns out as though she had said it on purpose. It turns out that you are going to be forced to marry her by force, and it is not just right."

Rostóv saw that they had thought it out well. Sónya had struck him by her beauty the day before. On that day, when he had only caught a glimpse of her, she seemed even more beautiful to him. She was a charming girl of sixteen years, who apparently was passionately in love with him, and this he did not doubt for a moment. Why should he not love her now, and even marry her, thought Rostóv. But now there were so many other joys and occupations too.

"Yes, they have thought it out well," he thought, "I must remain free."

"Very well," he said, "we shall discuss it later. Oh, how glad I am to see you!" he added.

"Well, have you not been false to Borís?" asked her brother.

"What foolishness!" Natásha cried, smiling. "I am thinking neither of him, nor of any one else, and I do not want to know anything about it."

"Oh! What is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter?" Natásha repeated the question, and a happy smile lighted up her face. "Have you seen Duport?"

"No."

"You have not seen Duport, the famous dancer? Well, then you won't understand me. This is the matter with me!" and Natásha arched her arms, lifted her skirt as they do in dancing, whirled around, skipped up, struck her feet together, and took several steps while standing on the tips of her toes.

"I am standing, am I not?" she said; but she could not keep long on tiptoe. "This is the matter with me! I will never marry, but will become a dancer. Please, don't tell anybody about it!"

Rostóv burst out into such a loud and merry laugh that Denísov in his room became envious, and Natásha was unable to keep from laughing with him.

"Is it not nice?" she kept saying.

"Yes. And so you won't marry Borís?"

Natásha flared up.

"I do not want to marry anybody. I will tell him so when I see him."

"Indeed!" said Rostóv.

"Well, that is all foolishness," Natásha kept prattling. "How about Denísov? Is he nice?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Good-bye! Go and get dressed! Is Denísov terrible?"

"Why should he be?" asked Nikóláy. "No, Vásya is a fine fellow."

"You call him Vásya, — that is strange. Really, is he very good?"

"Yes, very."

"Well, come soon to tea. We shall all be together."

And Natásha got up on tiptoe and walked out of the room as dancers do, but smiling as only happy fifteen-year-old girls smile.

Upon meeting Sónya in the corridor, Rostóv blushed. He did not know how to treat her. On the previous day they had kissed in the first minute of the joy of meeting, but now they felt that it should not be done; he felt that all, his mother and his sisters, were looking interrogatively at him, and waiting to see how he would act in respect to her. He kissed her hand and addressed her as "you." But their eyes, meeting each other, said "thou" and kissed tenderly. With her glance she begged his forgiveness for having dared, through Natásha's embassy, to remind him of his promise, and thanked him for his love. He, with his glance, thanked her for the freedom which she offered him, and told her that, come what might, he would never stop loving her, because it was a matter of impossibility not to love her.

"How strange it is," Vyéra said, choosing a minute of a general silence, "to see Sónya and Nikoláy meet each other as strangers, and to hear them say 'you' to each other."

Vyéra's remark was quite true, just like all her remarks, but all felt awkward, as after most of her remarks, and not only Sónya, Nikoláy, and Natásha blushed, but also the old countess, who was afraid of that love of her son for Sónya, which might deprive him of the chance of a good match, blushed like a little girl.

Denísov, to Rostóv's astonishment, made his appearance

in the drawing-room in a new uniform, pomaded and perfumed, looking the dandy he always was in battles; he was as amiable with the ladies as with the gentlemen, which Rostóv had never expected him to be.

II.

On his return from the army, Nikoláy Rostóv was received in Moscow by his home folk as the best of sons, a hero, and the dearest of men; by his relatives as an agreeable, charming, and respectful young man; by his acquaintances as a handsome lieutenant of hussars, an elegant dancer, and one of the best matches in Moscow.

The Rostóvs had extensive acquaintances in Moscow; during that year the old count had a great deal of money, for all his estates had just been newly mortgaged, and so Nikoláy provided himself with a trotter of his own and with riding pantaloons of the latest fashion, such as nobody else in Moscow had, and with the most fashionable of boots, with the sharpest of points and small silver spurs, and altogether lived a jolly life. After some time at home, during which he adjusted himself to the old conditions of life, he experienced a pleasant sensation.

He thought he now had grown to be quite a man. His despair on account of having failed at an examination in religion, his borrowing money of Gavrílo for a cab, his secret kissing of Sónya, all these he recalled as something childish, from which he was now immeasurably removed. Now he was a lieutenant of hussars in a silver dolman, with the cross of St. George, who was training his trotter for the races, together with well-known, adult, respectable racing men. There was a lady, an acquaintance of his, on the boulevard, on whom he called every evening. He directed the mazurka at a ball at the Arkhárovs, talked about the war with Field-Marshal Kámenski, frequented

the English club, and was on "thou" terms with a colonel of forty years of age, to whom Denísov had introduced him.

His passion for the emperor subsided a little in Moscow, where he did not have any opportunity of seeing him; but he frequently told about the emperor and about his love for him, giving people to understand that he was not telling everything, and that there was something which could not be understood by all; with all his heart he shared with everybody in Moscow the veneration for Emperor Alexander Pávlovich, who was there called an "angel in the flesh."

During his short stay in Moscow, previous to his departure for the army, he did not get closer to Sónya, but, on the contrary, became more alienated from her. She was very pretty and sweet, and, to all appearances, was passionately in love with him; but he was in that period of youth when a young man has so much to do that there is no time left for such things, when he is afraid of bonds, when he esteems his freedom which he needs for many other things. Whenever he, during this latest stay in Moscow, thought of Sónya, he said to himself:

"Oh, there are somewhere many such, whom I do not know. I shall have plenty of time to busy myself with love, whenever I am so inclined, but now I am too busy with other things." Besides, there was something humiliating to his manhood in female society. He attended balls and frequented feminine society, pretending that he was doing so against his will. The races, the English club, carousals with Denísov, and visits *down there*, — that was another matter: that was becoming in a dashing hussar.

In the beginning of March the old Count Ilyá Andréevich Rostóv was very busy looking after a dinner which was to be given at the English club in honour of Prince Bagratión.

The count, dressed in his morning-gown, kept walking

up and down in the parlour and giving his orders to the club steward and to famous Feoktíst, the chef of the English club, about the asparagus, the fresh cucumbers, the strawberries, the veal, and the fish for the dinner for Prince Bagratión. The count had been a member and the chairman of the club ever since its foundation. He was commissioned by the club to attend to the celebration in Bagratión's honour, because no one knew better how to arrange such a feast on a large scale and in the most liberal manner possible, but more especially because not many were so willing to apply their own money if that was needed for the full success of the banquet. The chef and the steward listened with happy faces to the orders of the count, because they knew no one would give them a better chance to earn something for themselves at a dinner which cost several thousands of roubles.

"So be sure and put some sainfoin into the turtle soup, some sainfoin, I say!"

"Are there to be three cold dishes?" asked the chef.

The count reflected a moment.

"Nothing less than three will do. Mayonnaise, that is one," he said, bending down a finger.

"So you order me to get large sterlets?" asked the steward.

"What is to be done? Take them, if you can't get them any cheaper. Yes, my dear, I almost forgot: you must have another entrée on the table. O Lord!"

He clasped his head.

"Who will fetch me the flowers? Mítenka! O Mítenka! Go at a gallop to my suburban estate and tell Maksímka the gardener immediately to call for a corvee. Tell him to send here everything in the hothouses! Let him wrap all the flowers in felt blankets. I must have two hundred pots here by next Friday."

After having given a number of other orders, he started to go to the apartments of the "little countess" in order

to rest himself; but he recalled something important, and so returned, called back the chef and the steward, and began to give new orders. In the door were heard the light steps of a man and the clatter of spurs, and there entered the handsome, ruddy young count with perceptible black moustaches. He looked rested and well taken care of in his tranquil Moscow life.

"Ah, my dear! My head is in a whirl," said the old man, smiling, as though ashamed before his son. "You might help me! I need some singers. I have music, but don't you think I ought to send for the gipsies? You military fellows are fond of them."

"Really, papa, I think Prince Bagratión, getting ready for the battle of Schöngraben, was less disturbed than you are now," said his son, smiling.

The old count pretended to be angry.

"It is easy enough for you to talk! Try it yourself!"

The count once more turned to the chef, who was attentively watching father and son with an intelligent and respectful countenance.

"See how the young people are, Feoktíst!" he said. "They are making fun of us old men."

"Your Serenity, all they care for is to have a good dinner. It is none of their affair how things are brought together and served."

"Yes, yes," cried the count, and, merrily seizing his son's hands, he called out: "I have caught you now! Take at once a two-horse sleigh, drive to Bezúkhi, and tell him that I ask him to send me fresh strawberries and pineapples. You won't get them elsewhere. He is not at home, so go in and tell the princesses about it! From there drive to the Razgulyáy, — coachman Ipátka knows the way, — find Ilyúshka the gipsy, the one that danced at the house of Count Orlóv, — you remember the one in the white Cossack coat, — and fetch him here, to my house!"

"Shall I bring him with the gipsy women?" Nikoláy asked, smiling. "All right, all right!"

Just then Anna Mikháylovna entered the room with inaudible steps, her face expressing preoccupation and care and, at the same time, Christian humility, which never left her. Although she saw the count every day in his morning-gown, he was embarrassed every time and begged her to excuse his appearance.

"Never mind, my dear count," she said, softly closing her eyes. "I will go myself to Bezúkhi," she said. "Pierre has arrived, and now, my count, we shall get everything from his hothouses. I have to see him, anyway: he has sent me a letter from Borís. Thank God, Borís is now on the staff."

The count was glad to have Anna Mikháylovna take one part of his orders upon herself, and sent word to have his small carriage hitched up for her.

"Tell Bezúkhi to come. I will introduce him. Is he here with his wife?" he asked.

Anna Mikháylovna rolled her eyes. Profound grief was expressed upon her countenance.

"Ah, my friend, he is very unhappy," she said. "If what we have heard is true, it is terrible. We did not think it would come to this when we rejoiced at his happiness! This young Bezúkhi is such a noble, such a divine, soul! Yes, I pity him with all my heart, and will try to console him as much as I can."

"What has happened?" both Rostóvs, father and son, asked.

Anna Mikháylovna heaved a deep sigh.

"Dólokhov, the son of Márya Ivánovna," she said, in a mysterious whisper, "has compromised her, they say. Pierre brought him out and invited him to come to his house in St. Petersburg, and now — She came here, and this madcap after her," said Anna Mikháylovna, wishing to express her sympathy for Pierre, but in reality express-

ing, with her involuntary intonations and semi-smile, her sympathy for the "madcap," as she had called Dólokhov. "They say that Pierre himself is crushed by his grief."

"Nevertheless, tell him to come to the club, — it will distract him. It will be a grand banquet!"

On the following day, which was the 3d of March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, 250 members of the English club and fifty invited guests were awaiting the arrival of the illustrious guest, the hero of the Austrian campaign, Prince Bagratión.

At first, when the news was received of the battle of Austerlitz, Moscow was perplexed. At that time the Russians were so used to victories that, upon getting the news of the defeat, they simply refused to believe it; others tried to find explanations for such a strange fact in some unusual causes. In the English club, where all the aristocracy and the best informed and most important personages gathered, nothing was said about the war and the last battle, when the news began to come in December, as though all had agreed to keep quiet about it. Men who gave a certain direction to conversations, such as Count Rostopchín, Prince Yúri Vladímirovich Dolgorúki, Valúev, Count Markóv, Prince Vyázemski, did not appear in the club, but met at private houses, in the circles of their friends; and the Muscovites who only seconded the opinions of others (among which number was also Ilyá Andréevich Rostóv) were for a short time left without any definite judgment in the matter of the war and without any guides. The Muscovites felt that something was wrong and that it was hard to discuss this bad news, and so they chose to keep quiet about it. But after awhile there appeared some dignitaries who, like jurymen issuing from the jury-room, began to express their opinions in the club, and all spoke out clearly and without restraint. Causes were found explaining that incredible, unheard-of, and impossible event, the defeat of the

Russians, and everything became clear, and the same thing was repeated in all the corners of Moscow. These causes were: the treason of the Austrians, the poor supplies of the army, the treason of the Pole Przebyszéwski and of the Frenchman Langeron, Kutúzov's incapacity, and (so they whispered) the youth and inexperience of the emperor, who had trusted to bad, insignificant men. But the troops, the Russian troops, so all said, had been unusual and had accomplished marvels of valour. The soldiers, officers, and generals, were heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagratión, who had covered himself with glory in the Schöngraben engagement and in his retreat from Austerlitz, where he was the only one who had led away his column in good order and for a whole day had fought against an enemy twice as strong as he was. His selection as hero was promoted by the fact that he had no connections in Moscow and was a stranger there. In his person proper due was given to a simple Russian soldier, who was devoid of connections and intrigues and who by the memories of the Italian campaign was still connected with the name of Suvórov. Besides, the unpopularity of Kutúzov and the disapprobation of his acts were best expressed in showing such honours to him.

"If there had been no Bagratión, *il faudrait l'inventer*," said the jester Shinshín, parodying Voltaire's words. Nobody spoke of Kutúzov, and some scolded him in a whisper, calling him a weather-vane of the court and an old satyr.

All of Moscow repeated the words of Prince Dolgorúki, "He who moulds in clay, finally gets covered with dirt," consoling himself in our defeat by the memory of our former victories, and the words of Rostopchín, who said that French soldiers have to be stirred to battles with high-flown words; that Germans must be reasoned with logically, and convinced that it is more dangerous to run than to advance; but that Russian soldiers had

only to be restrained and asked to go more slowly. On all sides were heard ever new stories of individual cases of bravery shown by our soldiers and officers at Austerlitz. One had saved a flag; another had killed five Frenchmen; a third had all by himself loaded five cannon. Those who did not know Berg told of him that, having been wounded in his right hand, he had taken his sword in his left and thus had advanced against the enemy. Nothing was said of Bolkónski, and only those who had known him intimately were sorry to hear that he had died so young, leaving a pregnant wife in the house of such an odd father.

III.

On the 3d of March there was a din of voices in the English club, and the members and guests, dressed in uniforms and evening coats, and some of them in caftans and powdered wigs, moved to and fro, sat down, stood around, and surged up and down, like bees swarming in spring. Powdered lackeys in livery, wearing stockings and low shoes, stood at each door, intent on catching every motion of the guests and the members of the club, in order to offer them their services. The majority of those present were old, venerable men, with broad, self-satisfied countenances, fat fingers, and firm motions and voices. This class of guests and of members sat in certain habitual places and gathered together in certain habitual circles. The minority consisted of casual guests, chiefly young men, among whom were also Denísov, Rostóv, and Dólokhov, who was again an officer of the Seménovski regiment. On the faces of the youths, especially of those serving in the army, there was an expression of contemptuous deference to the old men, which seemed to say, "We are prepared to respect and honour you, but remember that the future is with us."

Nesvítski was there as an old member of the club. Pierre, who by order of his wife had allowed his hair to grow long, had taken off his glasses, and was dressed in the latest fashion, kept walking from one room to another, with a sad and gloomy expression on his face. He was surrounded, as always, by a circle of men who bent their knee before his wealth, but he treated them as though accustomed to lord it and with absent-minded disdain.

According to his age he ought to have associated with the young people, but by his wealth and connections he was a member of the old circles of respectable guests, and so he kept going from one group to another. The more distinguished old men formed the centres of circles, which were joined also by strangers who wanted to hear men of note speak. The larger circles were formed about Count Rostopchín, Valúev, and Narýshkin. Rostopchín was telling how the Russians had been crushed by the fugitive Austrians, and how they had to make a way for themselves through the fugitives by means of their bayonets.

Valúev was telling confidentially how Uvárov had been sent from St. Petersburg to find out the opinion of the Muscovites in regard to the battle of Austerlitz.

In a third circle, Narýshkin repeated the anecdote about the meeting of the Austrian council of war at which Suvórov crowed like a cock in response to the stupidity of the Austrian generals. Shinshín, who was standing near by, was on the point of saying some pleasantry, by remarking that Kutúzov had evidently not been able to learn from Suvórov the easy art of crowing; but the old men looked sternly at the jester, giving him to understand that it was improper on that day and in that place to mention Kutúzov's name.

Count Ilyá Andréevich Rostóv, stepping lightly in his soft boots, walked hastily and with a careworn expression from the dining-room into the drawing-room, hurriedly and monotonously greeting important and unimportant personages, all of whom he knew, and now and then riveting his eyes on his stately son and winking at him. Young Rostóv was standing at the window with Dólokhov, with whom he had lately become acquainted, and whose acquaintance he valued highly. The old count went up to them and pressed Dólokhov's hand.

"Come to see us! You are acquainted with my young hero — you have both done brave acts down there —

Ah, Vasíli Ignátich — how are you, old man?" he turned to a gentleman who happened to pass by, but before he had finished his greeting, all began to stir, and a lackey, running in with a frightened face, announced:

"He has arrived!"

The bell was rung. The directors rushed forward; the guests, who were scattered in the various rooms, collected in one group, like winnowed rye on the fan, and stopped in the large drawing-room near the door leading to the parlour.

Bagratión appeared in the door of the antechamber. He wore neither his sword nor his hat, which, according to the usage of the club, he had left with the porter. He did not make his appearance in his lambskin cap, with his Cossack whip slung across his shoulder, as Rostóv had seen him on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, but in a new, closely fitting uniform, with Russian and foreign decorations and the star of St. George on his left breast. He had evidently just had his hair and his side whiskers cropped, which changed his expression to his disadvantage. In his countenance there was something naïve and solemn, which, in conjunction with his firm, masculine features, gave his face a certain comical expression.

Bekleshóv and Fédor Petróvich Uvárov, who came with him, stopped at the door, asking him, as the chief guest, to precede them. Bagratión became confused and declined their civility; there was a hitch at the door, after which Bagratión passed first. As he walked in, he did not know what to do with his hands and walked bashfully and awkwardly over the parquetry of the drawing-room: he was more accustomed to walk over a ploughed field under bullets, as he had walked before the Kursk regiment at Schöngraben, and he was much more at ease there.

The directors met him at the first door. They said a few words about their pleasure in seeing such an illustrious guest and, without waiting for a reply, surrounded

him, as though taking possession of him, and led him into the drawing-room. It was impossible to pass through the door of the drawing-room on account of the crowd of members and guests who were pressing each other and trying over their neighbours' shoulders to get a peep at Bagratión, as at some rare animal. Count Ilyá Andréevich, who was laughing more energetically than the rest, and saying all the time, "Let me pass, *mon cher*, let me pass!" pushed his way through the crowd and led the guests into the drawing-room, where he seated them on the middle sofa. The more respected members of the club surrounded the newcomers.

Count Ilyá Andréevich again pressed his way through the crowd and left the room; a minute later he reappeared with another director, carrying a large silver dish which he took over to Prince Bagratión. On the dish lay a printed poem specially written in his honour. Upon seeing the dish, Bagratión looked timidly about him, as though in search of aid; but the eyes of all said that he must submit. Feeling himself in their power, Bagratión with determination grasped the dish with both his hands, and angrily and reproachfully looked at the count, who was handing it to him. Somebody obligingly took the dish out of his hands (he looked as though he were prepared to hold it until evening and to go with it to dinner) and directed his attention to the poem. Bagratión seemed to say, "Well, I shall read it," and directing his weary eyes to the paper, began to read with a concentrated and serious look. The author himself took the poetry and began to read it. Prince Bagratión inclined his head and listened.

"Make glorious the age of Alexander
And preserve our Titus on the throne!
Be both a formidable general and a good man,
A Rhiphæus in our country, a Cæsar in the field!
And fortunate Napoleon,
Having found out who Bagratión is,
Will not dare again to trouble the Russian Alcides—"

Before he had finished his poem, a big-voiced major-domo proclaimed:

"Dinner is served!"

The door opened, and in the dining-room was heard the orchestra playing the Polonaise "Let the thunder of victory peal, and the brave Russ rejoice!"

Prince Ilyá Andréevich looked angrily at the author, who continued to read the poem, and made a bow before Bagratión. All arose, feeling that the dinner was more important than the poem, and again Bagratión led the way to the table.

Bagratión was placed in the seat of honour, between two Alexanders, — Bekleshóv and Narýshkin, — which had reference to the name of the emperor. Three hundred men seated themselves in the dining-room according to rank and importance, those who were more notable taking up their seats nearer to the honoured guest, which they did as naturally as water seeks the lowest place.

Immediately before the dinner Count Ilyá Andréevich introduced his son to the prince. Upon recognizing him, Bagratión said a few words to him, incoherent and awkward, like everything he said on that day. Count Ilyá Andréevich surveyed the people present with an expression of proud satisfaction while Bagratión was speaking with his son.

Nikoláy Rostóv, Denísov, and Rostóv's new acquaintance, Dólokhov, sat down together at the middle of the table. Opposite them sat Pierre by the side of Prince Nesvítski. Count Ilyá Andréevich was sitting with the other directors opposite Bagratión, waiting on the prince and personifying Moscow hospitality.

His labours were not in vain. His dinner, both as to the meats and the other dishes, was superb, but he did not feel quite at ease until the end of it. He kept winking to the butler, gave whispered orders to the lackeys,

and not without agitation waited for every familiar dish. Everything was fine. With the second course, when a gigantic sterlet was brought in (seeing which Ilyá Andréevich blushed for joy and bashfulness), the lackeys began to pop the bottles and to fill the glasses with champagne. After the fish, which produced a certain impression, Count Ilyá Andréevich exchanged glances with the other directors.

"There will be many toasts, so it is time to begin!" he whispered, and rose with his glass in his hand.

All grew silent, in order to hear what he was going to say.

"To the health of the Tsar, our emperor!" he exclaimed, and immediately his kindly eyes became moistened with tears of joy and transport.

At the same time the music struck up, "Let the thunder of victory peal." All rose from their seats and shouted "Hurrah!" and Bagratión shouted "Hurrah!" in the same voice with which he had cried it on the field of Schöngraben. The enthusiastic voice of young Rostóv could be heard through all the three hundred voices. He almost wept. "To the health of the Tsar, our emperor!" he shouted, "Hurrah!" Gulping down his glass at one draught, he threw it on the floor. Many followed his example. The loud cries lasted for quite awhile. When the voices became silent, the lackeys picked up the broken glasses, and all sat down, laughing at the noise which they had made and talking to their neighbours. Count Ilyá Andréevich again rose, looked at the note which was lying near his plate, and proclaimed a toast for the health of the hero of our last campaign, Prince Peter Ivánovich Bagratión, and again the count's blue eyes were moistened with tears. "Hurrah!" again shouted three hundred voices, and, instead of the orchestra, singers sang a cantata composed by Pável Ivánovich Kutúzov.

"All obstacles are useless to the Russes,
Bravery is the earnest of victory!
So long as we have Bagratións,
All enemies will be at our feet—"

When the singers stopped, one toast followed another. Count Ilyá Andréevich grew ever more sentimental; more and more glasses were broken, and the shouts became louder and louder. They drank the healths of Bekleshóv, Narýshkin, Uvárov, Dolgorúki, Apráksin, Valúev, the healths of the directors, of the manager, of all the members of the club, of all the guests, and finally, separately, the health of the organizer of the dinner, Count Ilyá Andréevich. During this toast the count took out his handkerchief and, covering his face with it, burst into tears.

IV.

PIERRE was seated opposite Dólokhov and Nikoláy Rostóv. He ate and drank much and with eagerness, as was his custom. But those who knew him intimately saw that a great change had on that day taken place in him. He was silent during the whole dinner. He looked about him, winking and frowning, or, with the look of complete absent-mindedness, kept poking his finger in his nose. His face was sombre and morose. He did not seem to see or hear what was going on all about him, but to be reflecting on something that was oppressing him, and to be seeking for a solution.

This undecided question which so tormented him was the allusions made by the princess at Moscow in regard to Dólokhov's intimacy with his wife, and an anonymous letter which he had received that very morning and in which was said, with that base jocularity, so characteristic of anonymous letters, that he did not see well through his glasses and that his wife's intimacy with Dólokhov was a secret to him alone. Pierre positively refused to believe the hints of the princess or the letter, but it made him feel terribly to look at Dólokhov, who was sitting in front of him. Every time Pierre's glance accidentally met Dólokhov's beautiful, bold eyes, he was conscious of something terrible and monstrous rising in his soul, and he hastened to turn his face away. Involuntarily recalling the whole past of his wife, Pierre saw clearly that what was said in the letter might be true, at least might appear to be true if did not have reference to *his wife.*

Pierre involuntarily recalled how Dólokhov, who had been restored to his rights after the campaign, had returned to St. Petersburg and had come to his house. On the basis of his former carousing relations with Pierre, Dólokhov went directly to him, and he settled him in his house and loaned him money. Pierre recalled how Hélène, smiling, had expressed her disapproval of Dólokhov's stay with them, and how Dólokhov had cynically praised his wife's beauty before him, and how he had not left them for a minute up to his arrival in Moscow.

"Yes, he is very handsome," thought Pierre. "I know him. It would give him an uncommon pleasure to besmirch my name and to laugh at me, even because I have interested myself in his behalf, and have helped him and taken care of him. I know and understand what seasoning that would be for his deception if it were true. Yes, if it were true. But I do not believe it,— I have no right to believe it, and I won't."

He recalled the expression which Dólokhov's face assumed when assailed by moments of cruelty, as when he had tied the captain of police with the bear and had set them afloat, or when he had challenged a man to a duel for no cause whatsoever, or when he had killed a driver's horse with a shot from his pistol. This expression was frequently on Dólokhov's face, as he looked at him.

"Yes, he is a bully," thought Pierre. "It is nothing for him to kill a man; it must seem to him that all are afraid of him, and that must give him pleasure. He must think that I am afraid of him, and so I am," thought Pierre, and again he felt at this thought that something terrible and monstrous was rising in his soul.

Dólokhov, Denísov, and Rostóv were now sitting opposite Pierre, and seemed to be very jolly. Rostóv was merrily conversing with his two companions, of whom one was a dashing hussar and the other a well-known

bully and madcap; he now and then cast a sarcastic glance at Pierre, who at this dinner struck everybody by his concentrated, absent-minded, massive figure. Rostóv looked disapprovingly at Pierre, in the first place, because, to a hussar's thinking, Pierre was a nabob not in military service, the husband of a beautiful woman, in general, a sissy; in the second place, because Pierre, in his concentration of mind and distraction, had not recognized Rostóv and had not returned his greeting. When they began to drink the emperor's health, Pierre absent-mindedly did not rise, nor take up his glass.

"What is the matter with you?" Rostóv cried, looking at him with eyes full of transport and anger. "Do you not hear? It is the health of the Tsar, our emperor!"

Pierre heaved a sigh, rose submissively, emptied his glass, and, waiting for all to sit down, turned to Rostóv, with a kindly smile on his face.

"I did not recognize you," he said.

But Rostóv did not hear him; he was busy crying, "Hurrah!"

"Why do you not renew your acquaintance?" Dólokhov said to Rostóv.

"God preserve him! He is such a fool," said Rostóv.

"One must fondle the husbands of pretty women," said Denísov.

Pierre did not hear what they were saying, but he knew that they were speaking of him. He blushed and turned his face away.

"Now, the health of beautiful women," said Dólokhov, with a serious expression, but with a smile at the corners of his lips, turning to Pierre, with the glass in his hand.

"To the health of beautiful women, Pierre, and of their lovers!" he said.

Pierre lowered his eyes and drank from his glass, without looking at Dólokhov, or making any reply to him. A lackey, who was distributing Kutúzov's cantata, put down

a sheet before Pierre, as a more distinguished guest. He was on the point of picking it up, when Dólokhov bent over the table, grasped the sheet out of his hand, and began to read it. Pierre looked at Dólokhov, and his pupils fell: that terrible and monstrous feeling, which had been tormenting him during the dinner, rose and took possession of him. He bent with his whole obese body over the table:

"Don't dare to take it!" he cried.

Upon hearing these words and seeing to whom they were addressed, Nesvítski and his neighbour on the right were frightened. They hastily addressed Bezúkhi:

"Stop it! What are you doing?" the frightened voices whispered to him.

Dólokhov looked at Pierre with his bright, cheerful, cruel eyes, with a smile which seemed to say, "Now, this is what I like!"

"I will not give it to you!" he said, in a clear voice.

Pale with excitement and with trembling lips, Pierre tore the sheet away from him.

"You — you — are a scoundrel! — I challenge you," he muttered and, removing his chair, left the table.

The very second he did this and pronounced these words, he felt that the question of his wife's guilt, which had tormented him for a whole day, was definitely and finally answered in the affirmative. He hated her and broke with her for ever. In spite of Denísov's request that Rostóv should not become embroiled in this affair, Rostóv consented to become Dólokhov's second. After the dinner he discussed the conditions of the duel with Nesvítski, Bezúkhi's second. Pierre went home; while Rostóv, Dólokhov, and Denísov remained in the club until late at night, listening to the gipsies and the singers.

"*Au revoir* until to-morrow, in the Sokólniki," said Dólokhov, taking leave of Rostóv on the porch of the club.

"And you are calm?" asked Rostóv.

Dólokhov stopped.

"You see, I will reveal to you the whole secret of a duel in a few words. If you go to a duel and write your will and tender letters to your parents, and if you think of the possibility of being killed, you are a fool and you are certainly lost. You must go with the firm intention of killing your adversary as expeditiously and surely as possible, — and then all goes well, as our Kostromá bear-hunter used to tell me. Instead of being afraid of the bear, terror leaves you the moment you see him, and all you are afraid of is that he might get away from you! So it is with me! *A demain, mon cher!*"

On the following day, at eight o'clock in the morning, Pierre and Nesvítski arrived at the Sokólniki forest, where they found Dólokhov, Denísov, and Rostóv. Pierre had the aspect of a man occupied with combinations which had nothing in common with the matter at hand. His sunken face was yellow. Apparently he had not slept during the night. He looked absent-mindedly about him and frowned as though to shield his eyes against the bright sun. Two reflections occupied him: the guilt of his wife, of which he no longer had the slightest doubt, after a sleepless night, and the innocence of Dólokhov, who had no reason to protect the honour of a stranger.

"Maybe I should have done the same in his place," thought Pierre. "I am sure I should have done it. Why, then, this duel, this murder? Either I shall kill him, or he will wound me in the head, the elbow, or the knee. If I could only get away from here, run, bury myself somewhere," it occurred to him. But during these very minutes, while these thoughts came to him, he with a peculiarly calm and indifferent look, which inspired respect for him in those who were looking at him, kept asking: "How soon will it be? Is all ready?"

When all was ready, and the sabres were stuck in the

snow to indicate the barrier toward which they were to walk, and the pistols loaded, Nesvítski walked over to Pierre.

"I should not be doing my duty, count," he said, in a timid voice, "and should not be justifying that confidence which you have placed in me, and the honour which you have done me, in choosing me as your second, if at this important, extremely important moment I did not tell you the whole truth. I assume that this affair has no sufficiently grave motive to justify the shedding of blood — You were wrong, not quite in the right, — you were excited — "

"Oh, yes, it is terribly stupid — " said Pierre.

"Permit me, then, to inform them of your regrets, and I am sure that our adversaries will consent to receive your apology," said Nesvítski, who, like the other participants in the affair, and like everybody else under similar circumstances, did not believe that it would come to an actual duel. "You know, count, it is much nobler to confess an error than to carry an affair to a point where it cannot be corrected. There were no insults on either side. Permit me to confer with them!"

"No, what is there to talk about?" said Pierre. "It is all the same — Is everything ready?" he added. "Just tell me where I have to go and where to shoot," he said, with an unnatural and meek smile. He took the pistol in his hand and began to ask about the manner of pulling the trigger, as he had never before had a pistol in his hands, though he did not wish to confess the fact. "Oh, yes, like this, I know, — I had just forgotten," he said.

"No apologies, absolutely nothing," Dólokhov said to Denísov, who, on his side, had also made an attempt to bring about a reconciliation, as he was walking over to the appointed place.

The spot chosen for the duel was within eighty paces from the road on which the sleighs had stopped, in a

small clearing in the pine forest, covered with half-melted snow. The adversaries were standing within forty paces of each other, on the edge of the clearing. The seconds, leaving deep traces in the wet snow, measured the distance from the place where they had been standing to the sabres of Nesvítski and Denísov, which indicated the barrier and which were stuck in the snow within ten paces of each other. The thaw and mist of the past few days had not yet disappeared; it was impossible to see anything within forty steps of each other. In three minutes all was ready, and yet they were hesitating to begin. All were silent.

V.

"WELL, begin!" said Dólokhov.

"All right," said Pierre, still smiling.

It was growing terrible. It was evident that the affair which had begun so easily could not be averted, that it was taking its natural course, independently of the will of men, and had to be carried out. Denísov was the first to walk up to the barrier; he called out:

"Since the adversaries have declined to be conciliated, will it not please you to begin? Take your pistols, and after three is counted, you begin to approach each other."

"One, two, three!" Denísov counted, in an angry voice, stepping aside.

Both approached each other nearer and nearer on the trodden path, recognizing each other in the mist. The adversaries had the right to shoot whenever they pleased, as they walked toward the barrier. Dólokhov walked leisurely, without raising his pistol, looking with his bright, shining eyes at the face of his adversary. His mouth bore, as always, an expression resembling a smile.

"So I may shoot whenever I please!" said Pierre. At the word "three" he rapidly moved forward, missing the trodden path and walking over the snow. Pierre was holding his pistol before him in his right hand, as though afraid to hurt himself with it. His left hand he carefully put back, fearing lest he would support his right hand, which was not permissible. After making about six steps and stepping from the beaten path into the untrodden snow, Pierre looked at his feet, again cast a rapid glance at Dólokhov, and, pulling his finger as he had been taught

to do, fired off the pistol. Pierre had not expected such a loud discharge, and so trembled at its sound; then he smiled at his own impression, and stopped. The smoke, which was unusually dense on account of the mist, made it impossible for him to see anything in the first moment; but a second shot, for which he was waiting, did not follow. He could only hear Dólokhov's hurried steps, and through the smoke see his figure. With one hand he was holding his left side; the other clutched the drooping pistol. His face was pale. Rostóv ran up to him and told him something.

"N-n-o," Dólokhov muttered through his teeth, "no, it is not ended," and making a few more tottering, unsteady steps toward the sabre, he fell down on the snow near it. His left hand was blood-stained: he wiped it on his coat and leaned on it. His face was pale; it frowned and quivered.

"If you —" Dólokhov began, but was not able to finish the sentence at once, "if you please," he finished it with an effort.

Pierre with difficulty restrained his sobs. He started to run toward Dólokhov and was on the point of crossing the space which separated the barriers, when Dólokhov exclaimed: "To the barrier!" and Pierre, understanding what he meant, stopped at his sabre. Only ten paces separated them. Dólokhov dropped his head on the snow, eagerly bit into it, again raised his head, adjusted himself, drew up his legs, and sat down, trying to find a safe centre of gravity. He swallowed the cold snow and sucked it; his lips trembled, but his eyes, still smiling, glistened with the malice and effort of his last strength. He raised his pistol and began to aim.

"Sidewise, cover yourself with your pistol," said Nesvítski.

"Cover yourself!" Denísov, unable to restrain himself, called out to his adversary.

VI.

PIERRE had not met his wife very often without witnesses for some time past. In St. Petersburg and in Moscow their house was always full of guests. On the night after the duel he did not go to the sleeping-room, which was not at all unusual, but remained in the immense cabinet of his father, the same in which Count Bezúkhi had died.

He lay down on the sofa and wanted to fall asleep, in order to forget all that had happened, but he was unable to do so. Such a storm of feelings, thoughts, and recollections suddenly rose in his soul, that he was unable to sleep, or even to sit still, but was obliged to jump up from the sofa and rapidly to pace up and down in the room. Now he thought of her during the first time just after his marriage, with her bare shoulders and weary, passionate glance, and immediately there rose by her side Dólokhov's handsome, impudent, and sarcastic smile, such as he had seen at the dinner, and the same face, pale, trembling, and suffering, such as it was when he turned around and fell down on the snow.

"What has happened?" he asked himself. "I have killed her lover, yes, I have killed the lover of my wife. Yes, that is what has happened. Why? How did I come to do it?"

"Because you have married her," an inner voice told him.

"But where is my guilt?" he asked himself.

"You are guilty of having married her without loving her, of having deceived both yourself and her."

And he vividly represented to himself that moment after the supper at the house of Prince Vasíli, when he had uttered these words, "*Je vous aime!*" which were so hard to say. That was the whole trouble!

"I felt even then," he thought, "I felt even then that it was not right, that I was doing wrong. And so it has turned out."

He recalled his honeymoon and blushed at this recollection. Especially vivid, offensive, and disgraceful was the recollection of how once, soon after his marriage, he at noon left the sleeping-room in his silk morning-gown and entered his cabinet, where he found his manager, who bowed respectfully, looked into Pierre's face and at his morning-gown, and then slightly smiled, as though to express his respectful interest in the happiness of his master.

"How often have I prided myself in her, in her majestic beauty, in her worldly tact," he thought; "I was proud of my house in which she received all of St. Petersburg; I was proud of her inaccessibility and beauty. So this is what I have been priding myself in! I then thought that I did not understand her. How often did I try to comprehend her character, saying to myself that it was my fault if I did not understand her, if I did not understand that constant calm, impassibility, and absence of all strong desire, whereas the whole solution lay in the one word, that she was an immoral woman. Say this terrible word, and everything is clear!

"Anatól once came to borrow some money of her, and he kissed her on her bare shoulders. She gave him no money, but allowed him to kiss her. Her father jestingly tried to rouse her jealousy; she told him with a calm smile that she was not so stupid as to be jealous: 'Let him do what he pleases!' she said of me. I once asked her whether she did not feel any signs of pregnancy. She laughed contemptuously, and said that she was not such

a fool as to have children, and that there would be none from me."

Then he recalled the coarseness and frankness of her thoughts and the vulgarity of the expressions which were characteristic of her, in spite of her education in the higher aristocratic circle.

"I am nobody's fool — go and see for yourself — *allez vous promener*," she used to say.

Seeing her success in the eyes of old and young, men and women, Pierre had frequently been at a loss to understand why he did not love her.

"No, I have never loved her," Pierre said to himself. "I knew that she was an immoral woman," he repeated to himself, "but did not have the courage to confess it to myself.

"And now Dólokhov is sitting in the snow, smiling a forced smile and dying, perhaps, replying with feigned bravado to my repentance!"

Pierre was one of those men who, in spite of their so-called external weakness of character, do not seek for a confidant in their grief. He struggled with it by himself.

"She, she alone is to blame for everything," he said to himself, "but what of it? Why did I tie myself to her, why did I tell her that, '*Je vous aime*,' which was a lie and worse than a lie?" he said to himself. "It is my fault and I must bear it — What? The disgrace of my name? The misfortune of my life? Ah, it is all nonsense," he thought, "disgrace and honour, everything is conditional, nothing depends on me.

"Louis XVI. was executed because they said that he was dishonest and a criminal," it suddenly occurred to Pierre, "and they were right from their point of view, just as those were right who died a martyr's death for him, and who accounted him a saint. Then Robespierre was executed because he was a despot. Who is right? who wrong? Nobody. Live, if you are alive! To-mor-

row you will die, just as I might have died an hour ago. And is it worth while to torment oneself, when there is but one second left to live, as compared with eternity?"

But at the moment when he thought he had calmed himself with reflections of this kind, she suddenly appeared to him as at those moments when he expressed to her his insincere love, and he felt his blood rush to his heart, and had to get up again, and move about, and break and tear anything which fell into his hands.

"Why did I tell her '*Je vous aime*'?" he kept repeating to himself, and, after repeating it for the tenth time, he suddenly recalled Molière's, "*Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" and he laughed at himself.

At night he called his valet, and ordered him to pack for St. Petersburg. He could not think of talking with her again. He decided to leave on the following day, and to leave her a letter in which he would inform her of his intention to separate from her for ever.

In the morning, when his valet entered the cabinet, bringing his coffee, Pierre was lying on a divan, holding an open book in his hand, and fast asleep.

He awoke and looked in a frightened way all about him, unable to comprehend where he was.

"The countess wishes to know if your Serenity is at home," said the valet.

Pierre had not yet been able to decide on an answer, when the countess herself, in a white velvet morning-gown, embroidered with silver lace, and in her natural hair (two immense braids *en diadème* twice encircled her exquisite head), calmly and majestically entered the room. With her imperturbable calm she refrained from speaking in the presence of the valet. She knew of the duel and came to speak to him about it. She waited until the valet put down the coffee and left the room. Pierre looked timidly at her above his glasses, and as a hare, surrounded by hounds, drops his ears and lies in sight of his

enemies, so he tried to read, but he felt that it was senseless and impossible, and so he again cast a timid glance at her. She did not sit down, but looked at him with a disdainful smile, waiting for the valet to leave.

"What is this? What have you done, I ask you," she said, sternly.

"I? What is it?" said Pierre.

"A brave fellow you are! Tell me what kind of a duel is that? What did you wish to prove by it? What? I ask you."

Pierre turned heavily around on his divan, opened his mouth, but found no answer.

"If you are not going to answer, I will tell you —" continued Hélène. "You believe everything you are told. You were told" — Hélène laughed — "that Dólokhov was my lover," she said in French, with her vulgar exactness of speech, pronouncing the word "lover" like any other word, "and you believed it! Well, what did you prove by it? What have you proved by this duel? That you are a fool, *que vous êtes un sot*, and nobody has doubted this! To what will this lead? That I shall become the laughing-stock of the whole of Moscow; that everybody will say that you, in a drunken fit and beside yourself, challenged a man whom you have no reason to be jealous of," Hélène raised her voice more and more and became animated, "and who is better than you in every respect —"

"Hem — hem —" growled Pierre, frowning. He did not look at her and did not stir a limb.

"What made you believe that he was my lover? What? Is it because I like his society? If you were cleverer and more agreeable, I should prefer yours."

"Do not speak with me — I implore you," Pierre whispered, hoarsely.

"Why should I not speak? I can speak and I will tell you boldly that there are few women who, having

such a husband as you are, would not keep lovers (*des amants*), but I did not do it," she said.

Pierre was on the point of saying something; he looked at her with strange eyes, the expression of which she did not understand, and again lay down on the sofa. He was suffering physically at that moment: there was a heavy weight on his breast, and he could not breathe. He knew that he had to do something in order to stop this suffering, but that which he felt like doing was too terrible.

"We had better separate," he said, in a wavering voice.

"Separate? Very well, if you give me alimony," said Hélène. "You do not frighten me much by the threat of a separation!"

Pierre leaped up from the divan and, tottering, rushed up toward her.

"I will kill you!" he cried, and, seizing a marble slab which was lying on the table, he made a step toward her, brandishing it with a force which he did not know he possessed.

Hélène's face looked terrible: she looked at him and jumped aside. Pierre experienced the attraction and the charm of rage. He threw down the slab, breaking it in pieces, and, walking up to her with open arms, shouted, "Get out!" in such a terrible voice that everybody in the house heard it and was horrified. God knows what Pierre would have done at that moment if Hélène had not run out of the room.

A week later Pierre gave his wife a full power for the management of all his Great-Russian estates, which constituted the greater half of his fortune, and went by himself to St. Petersburg.

VII.

Two months had passed since the news had been received at Lýsyya Góry about the battle of Austerlitz and the disaster to Prince Andréy. In spite of all the letters sent through the embassy and of all the search made, his body had not been found, and he was not among the number of the captives. His relatives felt his loss the more terribly since there was a hope left that he had been picked up by the inhabitants on the field of battle, and was lying somewhere convalescing or dying, all alone among strangers, powerless to give any information about himself. In the gazettes, from which the old prince for the first time learned about the defeat at Austerlitz, it said, very indistinctly and briefly, as always, that after brilliant battles the Russians had been compelled to retreat and that the retreat took place in complete order. The old prince understood from this official statement that our army had been beaten. A week after this gazette had brought the news of the Austerlitz battle, there arrived a letter from Kutúzov, who informed the prince of the fate which had befallen his son.

"Your son fell before my eyes," Kutúzov wrote, "with the flag in his hands, in front of the regiment, — a hero worthy of his father and his country. To the regret of the whole army and of myself, we have not yet found out whether he is alive or not. I flatter you and myself with the hope that your son is alive, for otherwise he would have been mentioned among the number of officers found on the field of battle, a list of whom was given me by the bearers of flags of truce."

The old prince received this news late in the evening, when he was all alone in his cabinet. On the following morning he took his customary walk, but he was reticent with his clerk, his gardener, and his architect, and though he looked angry, he did not say a word to any one.

When Princess Márya came to him at the appointed time, he was standing at the lathe and turning something upon it; he did not look back at her, just as usual.

"Ah! Princess Márya!" he suddenly said, in an unnatural voice, throwing away the chisel.

The wheel continued to turn from the impulse which it had received. Princess Márya for a long time remembered that dying squeak of the wheel, which for her blended with that which followed.

Princess Márya moved up toward him, and when she saw his face, something seemed suddenly to have dropped within her. Her eyes stopped seeing plainly. She saw by her father's face, which was not sad, nor crushed, but angry and struggling unnaturally to control itself, that a terrible misfortune, the worst of her life, was impending, ready to crush her, — a misfortune which she had not yet experienced, an irreparable, incomprehensible misfortune, the death of him whom she loved.

"*Mon père! André!*" the graceless, awkward princess said, with such an inexpressible charm of sorrow and self-forgetfulness that her father could not withstand her glance, but turned his face away and burst out weeping.

"I have had some news: he is not among the captives, nor among the killed. Kutúzov writes," he shouted in a piercing voice, as though wishing to drive the princess away with this shout, "he is killed!"

The princess did not fall down, nor did she feel like fainting. She was already pale, but when she heard these words, her face became changed and something sparkled in her beautiful, beaming eyes. It was as

though joy, a higher joy, independent of the sorrows and joys of this world, had suddenly spread over that strong sorrow which was within her. She forgot all her fear of her father, went up to him, took his hand and drew it toward her, and embraced his dry, venous neck.

"*Mon père*," she said, "do not turn away from me! Let us weep together!"

"Rascals, scoundrels!" cried the old man, turning his face away from her. "To ruin an army, to ruin people! For what? Go, go, and tell Líza!"

The princess fell powerless into an armchair near her father and burst out into tears. She now saw her brother at the moment when he was bidding Líza and her good-bye, with his tender and at the same time haughty aspect. She saw him at the moment when he tenderly and sarcastically put on the talisman.

"Did he believe? Did he repent his unbelief? Is he there now? There, in the abode of eternal peace and bliss?" she thought.

"*Mon père*, tell me how it happened," she said to her father through tears.

"Go, go! He was killed in a battle to which they took out the best Russian men to be killed and the Russian glory to be trampled upon. Go, Princess Márya! Go and tell Líza! I will be there."

When Princess Márya returned from her father, the little princess was sitting at her work; she glanced at Princess Márya with that peculiar expression of inward calm and happiness which is characteristic of pregnant women. It was evident that her eyes did not see Princess Márya, but were looking within herself, at something blissful and mysterious that was taking place in her.

"*Marie*," she said, turning away from the embroidery frame and leaning back, "let me have your hand!"

She took the hand of the princess and put it on her abdomen.

Her eyes smiled a smile of expectancy and her down-covered lip rose and remained in that position, which gave her the appearance of childish happiness.

Princess Márya knelt down before her and concealed her face in the folds of the dress of her sister-in-law.

"Now, now, do you hear? It makes me feel so strange. Do you know, *Marie*, I shall love him so much!" said Líza, looking at her sister-in-law with sparkling and happy eyes.

Princess Márya could not lift her eyes: she was weeping.

"What is the matter with you, Márya?"

"Nothing — I feel so sad — so sad about Andréy," she said, wiping her tears on Líza's knees.

Princess Márya began several times during the morning to prepare her sister-in-law, and every time burst out weeping. These tears, the cause of which the little princess could not comprehend, agitated her, however little observing she was. She did not say anything, but kept looking around, as though in search of something. Before dinner the old prince, of whom she was always afraid, entered her room; he now had a peculiarly restless and evil expression on his face; he went out again without saying a word. She looked at Princess Márya, then fell to musing with that expression of her eyes turned inwardly toward herself, which one sees in pregnant women, and suddenly burst out weeping.

"Have you heard anything from Andréy?" she asked.

"No, you know that there has not been time for any news, but *mon père* is anxious about him, and I feel terribly."

"So there is nothing?"

"Nothing," said Princess Márya, looking firmly at her sister-in-law with her beaming eyes.

She decided not to tell her anything and persuaded her father to keep the news from her until the birth of the

child, which was to happen in a few days. Princess Márya and the old prince bore and concealed their grief as best they could. The old prince refused to have any hope: he decided that Prince Andréy was killed, and, although he sent an official to Austria to find a trace of his son, he ordered a monument to be made in Moscow, intending to place it in his garden, and told everybody that his son had been killed. He tried to continue his former mode of life, but his strength failed him: he walked less, ate less, slept less, and became weaker from day to day. Princess Márya hoped. She prayed for her brother as for one living, and waited for his return at any minute.

VIII.

"MA *bonne amie,*" the little princess said, after breakfast on the morning of the 19th of March, and her down-covered lip rose as usual; but ever since the receipt of the terrible news there was an expression of sorrow in every smile and word and even step of all the persons in the house, and even now the smile of the little princess, succumbing to the general mood, though she did not know the cause of it, was such as only to remind one more forcibly of the common grief.

"*Ma bonne amie, je crains que le fruschtique* (*comme dit* Fóka the cook) *de ce matin ne m'aie pas fait du mal.*"

"What is the matter with you, my dear? You are pale. Oh, you are so pale," said Princess Márya, in fright, running up to her sister-in-law, with her heavy, though soft steps.

"Your Serenity, had we not better send for Márya Bogdánovna?" asked one of the chambermaids who was present. Márya Bogdánovna was the midwife from the county-seat, who had been living at Lýsyya Góry for more than a week.

"That is so," Princess Márya interposed, "it may be necessary. I will go for her. Courage, *mon ange!*"

She kissed Líza and was on the point of leaving the room.

"Oh, no, no!" and on the face of the little princess there was, in addition to her paleness and physical suffering, an expression of childish terror before the inevitable suffering.

"*Non, c'est l'estomac — dites que c'est l'estomac, dites, Marie, dites —*" and the princess began to weep and wring her little hands, with a certain show of pretence, just as ailing and capricious children do. The princess ran out of the room to fetch Márya Bogdánovna.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Oh!" she could hear her sister-in-law calling out behind her.

The midwife, rubbing her small, plump, white hands, was coming toward her, with a calm and significant expression on her face.

"Márya Bogdánovna! I think it has begun," said Princess Márya, looking at the midwife with open and frightened eyes.

"Thank God, princess," said Márya Bogdánovna, without accelerating her steps. "You young girls ought not to know anything about it."

"How is it the doctor has not yet arrived from Moscow?" asked the princess. At the request of Líza and of Prince Andréy, an accoucheur had been sent for from Moscow, and he was expected at any moment.

"Never mind, princess, do not worry," said Márya Bogdánovna, "everything will go well without a doctor."

Five minutes later the princess, sitting in her room, heard something heavy carried. She looked out and saw the lackeys carrying into the sleeping-room a leather sofa which had been standing in the cabinet of Prince Andréy. There was something solemn and quiet in the faces of the lackeys.

Princess Márya sat all alone in her room, listening to the sounds in the house, now and then opening the door when somebody passed by, and watching what was going on in the corridor. Several women softly passed to and fro, looking at the princess and turning away from her. She did not dare to put any questions to them, closed the door, returned to her room, and now sat down in her arm-chair, now picked up her prayer-book, and now again

knelt before the shrine. To her misfortune and surprise she felt that praying did not calm her agitation. Suddenly the door of her room was softly opened, and on the threshold there appeared her old nurse, Praskóvya Savíshna, her head wrapped in a kerchief; the nurse never entered her room, having been forbidden to do so by the prince.

"Márya, my angel, I have come to sit with you," said the nurse, "and I have brought the princess's marriage tapers to light them before the images of the saints," she said, with a sigh.

"Oh, how glad I am, nurse!"

"God is merciful, my little dove!"

The nurse lighted the gold-foil-covered tapers before the shrine and sat down with a stocking at the door. Princess Márya took a book and began to read. Only when steps or voices were heard, the princess cast a frightened and interrogative glance at the nurse, who replied with a reassuring look. The sentiment which Princess Márya was experiencing in her room reigned in all the corners of the house. There being a superstition that the fewer people knew of the suffering of a woman in childbirth, the less she suffered, all pretended not to know anything about it; nobody spoke of it, but, in addition to the usual reserve and respectfulness of good manners which reigned in the house of the prince, there could be seen in the countenances of all people a common care, a humility of spirit, and the consciousness of something great and incomprehensible which was taking place at that moment.

No laughter was heard in the large maids' room. In the officiating-room all sat in silence, ready for any call. The manorial servants burnt torches and candles, and did not sleep. The old prince walked on his heels in his cabinet and sent Tíkhon to Márya Bogdánovna to find out how things stood.

"Just say that the prince has commanded you to

find out how it is, and come back and tell me what she says!"

"Inform the prince that the labour has begun," said Márya Bogdánovna, with a significant look at the messenger.

Tíkhon went away and reported to the prince.

"Very well," said the prince, closing the door after him, and Tíkhon no longer heard a single sound in the cabinet. After awhile Tíkhon entered the cabinet, as though to snuff the candles, but, upon seeing that the prince was lying on the sofa, Tíkhon gazed at him, at his disturbed face, after which he silently went up to the prince and, kissing his shoulder, again left the room, without snuffing the candles and without saying for what purpose he had come.

The most solemn of mysteries in the world was still taking place. The evening passed, and night came, and the sentiment of expectancy and humility of spirit before the incomprehensible did not subside, but continued to grow. Nobody was sleeping.

It was one of those March nights when it looks as though winter wanted to regain its power, and when it discharges its last storms and snows with desperate fury. To meet the German doctor from Moscow, who was expected at any moment and for whom post-horses had been sent out on the highway, where it turned into the cross-road, men with lanterns now went on horseback, to take him over drifts and puddles.

Princess Márya had long ago put aside her book: she was sitting in silence, directing her beaming eyes upon the wrinkled face of her nurse, which she knew down to its minutest details: she looked at the strand of gray hair which peeped out from underneath her kerchief and at the loose skin bag under her chin.

Nurse Savíshna, holding the stocking in her hand, was

telling for the hundredth time, in a soft voice, herself not hearing and not understanding her own words, how the late princess had borne Princess Márya at Kíshinev, with a Moldavian peasant woman for a midwife.

"God is gracious and doctors are not needed," she said.

Suddenly a gust of wind jerked at the window-sash (by the will of the prince one of the double windows in each room was removed on the appearance of the swallows) and, tugging at the badly fastened bolt, made the cloth curtain flutter, and blew into the room a whiff of moisture and snow, which put out the candle. Princess Márya shuddered; the nurse put down the stocking and went up to the window, where she put out her head, trying to catch the loose sash. The cold wind flapped the edge of her kerchief and the loose strands of her gray hair.

"Princess, somebody is travelling along the avenue!" she said, holding the sash open. "They are with lanterns, so it must be the doctor —"

"O Lord! Thank God!" said Princess Márya, "I must go and meet him, for he cannot speak Russian."

Princess Márya threw a shawl over herself and ran out to meet the men who were coming. As she passed through the antechamber, she saw through the window a carriage and lanterns near the entrance. She went out on the staircase. On the post of the balustrade there stood a tallow dip, guttering in the wind. Lackey Filípp, with a frightened face and holding a candle in his hand, was standing lower down, on the first turn of the staircase. Lower still, beyond the turn, could be heard the soft steps of furred boots and what to Princess Márya seemed to be a familiar voice said:

"Thank God! And father?"

"He has deigned to retire," was heard the voice of majordomo Demyán, who was already at the bottom of the staircase.

Then the first voice said something again, Demyán

replied, and the steps in the felt boots were coming rapidly nearer around the turn, which Princess Márya could not see.

"That is Andréy!" though Princess Márya. "No, that is impossible! That would be too extraordinary!" she thought, and just as she was thinking this, the face and figure of Prince Andréy, in a fur coat, with its collar all covered with snow, made its appearance on the turn where the lackey stood with the candle. Yes, that was he, but pale and emaciated, and with a changed, remarkably soft, and troubled expression on his face. He ascended the staircase and embraced his sister.

"Did you not receive my letter?" he asked, and, without waiting for an answer, which he would not have received anyway, for the princess was unable to speak, he went back and with the accoucheur, who was following him (he had fallen in with him at the last station), again rapidly ascended the staircase and once more embraced his sister.

"What fate!" he muttered. "My dear Márya!" and, having taken off his fur coat and his boots, he went to the apartments of the little princess.

IX.

THE little princess was lying on pillows, wearing a white cap. She was just past a labour pain. Her black hair lay in strands on her inflamed and perspiring cheeks; her charming little mouth with the ruby, down-covered lip was open, and she smiled a pleasant smile. Prince Andréy entered the room and stopped near her, at the foot of the sofa on which she was lying. Her sparkling eyes fell upon him with a childish, frightened, and agitated glance, without changing their expression.

"I love you all, and have done nobody any harm, why, then, do I suffer? Help me!" this expression of hers seemed to say.

She saw her husband, but did not understand the meaning of his appearance. Prince Andréy walked around the sofa and kissed her on her brow.

"My darling," he said, which expression he had never before used to her. "God is merciful —"

She looked at him interrogatively and with childlike reproach.

"I was waiting for your aid, and there is nothing, nothing, and you, too!" her eyes seemed to say.

She was not surprised at his arrival; she did not comprehend that he had arrived. His arrival had no relation to her suffering and to its alleviation. The pain began once more, and Márya Bogdánovna advised Prince Andréy to leave the room.

The accoucheur entered the room. Prince Andréy went out and, meeting Princess Márya, again went up to her.

They spoke in a whisper, but their conversation died down every minute. They waited and listened.

"*Allez, mon ami,*" said Princess Márya.

Prince Andréy again went to his wife, and sat down in the adjoining room and waited. A woman came out of her room with a frightened face, looking confused at the sight of Prince Andréy. He covered his face with his hands and sat thus for several minutes. Pitiable, helpless, animal groans were heard in the next room. Prince Andréy rose, walked over to the door, and wanted to open it. Somebody was holding it on the other side.

"You can't, you can't!" a frightened voice was heard on the other side.

He began to walk up and down in the room. The cries died down, — a few more seconds passed. Suddenly a terrible cry, — not her cry, — she could not cry that way, — was heard in the adjoining room. Prince Andréy ran up to the door; the cry had stopped; there was heard the whimpering of a babe.

"Why did they take a babe there?" Prince Andréy thought, in the first second. "A babe? What babe? What is it doing there? Or was a babe born there?"

It was only then that he suddenly comprehended all the joyful meaning of that cry; tears choked him, and, leaning both his elbows on the window-sill, he sobbed and wept, as only children weep. The door opened. The doctor stepped out from that room, in his rolled-up shirt sleeves and without his coat; he was pale and his lower jaw quivered. Prince Andréy turned to him, but the doctor looked at him in confusion and went past him, without saying a word. A woman came running out and stopped in embarrassment at the door, when she noticed Prince Andréy. He entered his wife's room. She lay dead in the same position in which he had seen her but five minutes before, and the same expression, in spite of the arrested eyes and the paleness of her cheeks, was on

that charming, childish little face with the lip that was covered with black down.

"I love you all, and have done no harm to anybody, — and see what you have done with me!" said her charming, pitiable dead face.

In the corner of the room something small and red grunted and whimpered in the white, trembling hands of Márya Bogdánovna.

Two hours later Prince Andréy softly entered his father's cabinet. The old man had heard everything. He was standing at the door, and the moment it opened, he silently embraced his son with his rough hands, as with a vise, and burst out weeping like a child.

Three days later mass was held for the little princess, and, bidding her farewell, Prince Andréy mounted the steps of the catafalque. In the coffin lay the same face, though with eyes shut. "Ah, what have you done with me?" it said, and Prince Andréy felt that something heavy was lying on his heart, that he was to blame for something which he could never mend, nor forget. He could not weep. The old man also ascended the catafalque and kissed her waxen hand, which lay calmly and high above the other, and her face said to him: "Ah, what have you done with me, and why have you done it?" And the old man gloomily turned away, as he saw her face.

Five days later, the young Prince Nikoláy Andréevich was christened. The nurse held the swaddling-clothes with her chin, while the priest with a goose-quill anointed the boy's wrinkled red palms and soles.

His grandfather, who was the godfather, trembling and fearing lest he should drop him, carried the babe around the dented tin font and handed him to his godmother,

Princess Márya. Prince Andréy sat in another room with a sinking heart, lest they should drown the child, waiting for the end of the sacrament. He joyfully looked at the child, when the nurse brought him out, and approvingly nodded, when the nurse informed him that the piece of wax with a lock of child's hair upon it, which had been thrown into the font, had not gone down, but continued to swim.

X.

Rostóv's participation in the duel of Dólokhov and Pierre was quashed by the solicitation of the old count, and, instead of being degraded, as he had expected to be, Rostóv was appointed as an adjutant to the governor-general of Moscow. For this reason he was unable to go to the country with his family, and remained all summer in Moscow, attending to his duties. Dólokhov got well, and Rostóv became very intimate with him during his convalescence. During his illness, Dólokhov was with his mother, who loved him passionately and tenderly. Old Márya Ivánovna, who loved Rostóv for his friendship with Fédya, frequently spoke to him about her son.

"Yes, count, he is too noble and pure of heart," she would say, "for our corrupt world, such as it is nowadays. Nobody loves virtue, — it only acts as a reproach. Tell me, count, was it just and honest of Bezúkhi? Fédya, in his magnanimity, loved him, and even now says nothing bad of him. The jokes they played in St. Petersburg with the captain of police, they played all together. Well, Bezúkhi did not suffer for it, while Fédya had to take it all on his shoulders! How he suffered for it. It is true he has been restored to his place, but how could they help doing it? I think there were not many such brave sons of our country down there. Now, this duel! Have these people any feeling, or honour? How shameless! They knew that he was an only son, and yet they challenged him and shot straight at him! It was fortunate God was merciful to us. What was it all for? Who

in our day has no intrigues? What of it, if he is so jealous? He might have given him to understand before, but no, he let it go on for a whole year. Well, he challenged him to a duel, supposing that Fédya would not fight, because he owed him some money. What baseness! What abomination! I know, my dear count, that you understand Fédya, and so, believe me, I love you with all my heart. There are not many who understand him. He is such an exalted, such a divine soul!"

Dólokhov himself, during his convalescence, spoke to Rostóv in a manner which one could hardly have expected of him.

"I am considered a bad man," he would say. "I know it. Well, let them! I do not care to know anybody but those I love; but whom I love, I love so much that I will give my life for them, while the others I will strangle, if they get in my way. I have an adorable, priceless mother, two or three friends, you among them, and to all the others I pay attention only in so much as they are useful or harmful to me. They are nearly all of them harmful, especially the women. Yes, my friend," he continued, "I have met loving, noble, exalted men; but of women I have met none but venal creatures, no matter whether they are countesses or cooks. I have not yet met that divine purity and devotion, for which I am looking in women. If I found such a woman, I would give my life for her. But these!"—he made a contemptuous gesture. "Will you believe me, if I at all still value life, I do so because I hope to meet that divine being who will regenerate, purify, and elevate me. But you do not understand this."

"On the contrary, I do," said Rostóv, who was under the influence of his new friend.

In the autumn, Rostóv's family returned to Moscow. In the beginning of winter, Denísov, too, returned, and

he stopped at the house of the Rostóvs. This first part of the winter of the year 1806, which Nikoláy passed in Moscow, was one of the happiest and merriest for him and his whole family. Nikoláy attracted many young people to the house of his parents. Vyéra was twenty years old and a pretty young lady; Sónya was a sixteen-year-old girl, with all the charm of a newly budded flower; Natásha was half a young lady, half a girl, now childishly funny, and now girlishly seductive.

In the house of the Rostóvs there was just now a certain atmosphere of love, such as is in houses where there are very sweet and very young girls. Every young man who came to the house of the Rostóvs and who looked at these youthful, impressionable girlish faces smiling at something (no doubt, at their own happiness), and at that animated life, who heard that inconsequent, but kindly, spontaneous, hopeful babble of the young women, and who heard these inconsequent sounds, and their singing and music, experienced the same readiness to love and the same expectancy of happiness, which was experienced by all the young people in the house of the Rostóvs.

Among the young men introduced by Rostóv, Dólokhov was one of the first. He found favour with all in the house except with Natásha. She almost had a quarrel with her brother on account of Dólokhov. She insisted that he was a bad man, that in his duel with Bezúkhi Pierre had been right, and Dólokhov wrong, and that he was disagreeable and unnatural.

"There is nothing for me to understand," Natásha cried, with perverse obstinacy, "he is a bad man and devoid of feelings. Now, I love your Denísov, though he is a carouser and such things, still, I love him, consequently I understand him. I do not know how to tell it to you, only everything is calculated in him, and that I do not like. Denísov —"

"Well, Denísov is another matter," replied Nikoláy, giving her to understand that in comparison with Denísov even Dólokhov was nothing. "You must understand what a soul this Dólokhov has! You must see him with his mother — what a heart he has!"

"I know nothing about that, but I do not feel at ease in his presence. And do you know that he is in love with Sónya?"

"How foolish — "

"I am convinced of it, and you will see."

Natásha's prediction came true. Dólokhov, who was not fond of women's society, came frequently to the house, and the question for whose sake he came was soon solved, though nobody spoke of it. He came to see Sónya. And Sónya, although no one would have dared to say it, knew it and blushed like a lobster every time Dólokhov made his appearance.

Dólokhov frequently dined at the Rostóvs, never missed a spectacle which they attended, and went to the adolescent balls at Iohel's, to which the Rostóvs always went. He showed exceptional attention to Sónya and looked at her with such eyes that, not only she was unable to meet his glance without a blush, but even the old countess and Natásha blushed whenever they noticed it.

It was evident that this strong and strange man was under the irresistible influence produced on him by this swarthy, graceful girl who was in love with another.

Rostóv observed that something new was going on between Dólokhov and Sónya; but he did not render himself any account of what these relations really were.

"Those girls are all in love with somebody," he thought of Sónya and Natásha. He no longer felt so much at ease with Sónya and Dólokhov, and remained at home less often.

In the fall of 1806 all began to speak again about a war with Napoleon, and with greater ardour than in the

previous year. There was to be a levy of ten recruits for every thousand, and of nine additional men for each thousand for the militia. Bonaparte was openly cursed everywhere, and in Moscow the impending war was an all-absorbing subject of conversation. For the Rostóv family the whole interest of these preparations for the war consisted in the fact that Nikoláy would under no conditions consent to stay in Moscow, and was only waiting for the end of Denísov's furlough in order to leave with him for the regiment after the holidays. The impending departure did not keep him from amusing himself: it only encouraged him to make as merry as possible. The greater part of his time he passed away from the house, at dinners, evening parties, and balls.

XI.

On the third day of Christmas, Rostóv dined at home, which at that time was rare with him. It was a kind of an official farewell dinner, since he and Denísov were to leave for the army after Epiphany. There were about twenty people at the dinner, among them Dólokhov and Denísov.

Never before had the atmosphere of love been felt so powerfully in the house of the Rostóvs as during these holidays. "Seize the minutes of happiness, compel others to love you, and yourself fall in love! This alone is real in this world, — everything else is nonsense. This is our only occupation here below," this atmosphere seemed to say.

Nikoláy, who, as always, had worn out two spans of horses without having called in all the places where he ought to have been and where he had been invited, returned home immediately before dinner. The moment he entered, he noticed and felt the tension in the atmosphere of love in the house, and he also became aware of a strange embarrassment which existed between certain members of that company. Most agitated were Sónya, Dólokhov, the old countess, and, to a certain degree, Natásha. Nikoláy saw that something must have happened between Sónya and Dólokhov before dinner, and, with a refinement which was characteristic of him, he was particularly gentle and careful in his treatment of both of them during the dinner.

On the same evening there was to be one of those balls

at Iohel's (the dancing-master's), which he gave on holidays for all of his pupils.

"Nikoláy, will you go to Iohel's? Do go!" Natásha said to him. "He particularly asked you to come, and Vasíli Dmítrich (Denísov) is going to be there."

"Where would I not go at the command of the countess?" said Denísov, who in the house of the Rostóvs had jocularly assumed the rôle of Natásha's knight. "I will even dance the *pas de châle*."

"If I have time! I have promised to be at the Arkhárovs, — they give an evening entertainment," said Nikoláy. "And you?" he turned to Dólokhov. The moment he put the question, he noticed he ought not to have asked him.

"Yes, perhaps —" Dólokhov replied, coldly and angrily, looking at Sónya and glancing with a frown at Nikoláy, with the expression with which at the club dinner he had looked at Pierre.

"Something has happened," thought Nikoláy. He was strengthened in his belief when Dólokhov left soon after dinner. He called out Natásha, and asked her what the matter was.

"I have been looking for you," said Natásha, running out to him. "I told you all the time, but you would not believe me," she said, triumphantly. "He has proposed to Sónya."

However little Nikoláy was at that time interested in Sónya, something gave way in him when he heard this. Dólokhov was a decent, and in some ways a brilliant, match for dowerless and orphaned Sónya. From the point of view of the old countess and of the world he ought not to be refused. Consequently, the first impression which Nikoláy received upon hearing this was that of anger at Sónya. He was getting ready to say: "That is nice, of course! We must forget our childish vows and accept the proposition," but before he had said this —

"Just think of it! She has refused him, has refused him pointblank!" said Natásha. "She told him that she loved another," she added, after a moment's silence.

"My Sónya could not have acted otherwise!" thought Nikoláy.

"No matter how much mamma begged her, she refused, and I know that she will not change anything she makes up her mind to — "

"And mamma begged her!" Nikoláy said, reproachfully.

"Yes," said Natásha. "Do you know, Nikoláy, don't get angry, — I am sure you will not marry her. I know, God knows how, but I know for sure that you will not marry her."

"You know nothing about that," said Nikoláy. "But I must speak with her. What a charming girl Sónya is!" he added, with a smile.

"She is so charming! I will send her to you," and kissing her brother, Natásha ran away.

A minute later Sónya entered, frightened and confused, as though guilty of something. Nikoláy went up to her and kissed her hand. This was the first time since his arrival that they had spoken without witnesses and of their love.

"*Sophie*," he said, at first timidly, and then ever bolder and bolder, "if you wish to refuse not only a brilliant and advantageous match — but he is a fine and noble man — he is my friend — "

Sónya interrupted him.

"I have already refused him," she said, hurriedly.

"If you refuse him on my account, then I am afraid that — "

Sónya again interrupted him. She looked at him with a frightened and imploring glance.

"*Nicolas*, don't tell me that," she said.

"No, I must. Maybe it is a *suffisance* on my part, but

it is better for me to say it. If you refuse for my sake, I must tell you the whole truth. I love you, I think, better than anybody — "

"That is enough for me," Sónya said, blushing.

"But I have been a thousand times in love and will be so again, although I have no such feeling of friendship, confidence, and love for any one but you. Besides, I am young. Mamma does not want it. In short, I promise nothing. I ask you to think of Dólokhov's proposal," he said, with difficulty pronouncing the name of his friend.

"Don't say that to me! I do not want anything. I love you as a brother and will always love you and want nothing else."

"You are an angel. I am not worthy of you, and I am afraid of being false to you."

Nikoláy again kissed her hand.

XII.

IOHEL'S balls were the merriest in Moscow. So the mothers said, watching their adolescents dance the newly learned steps; so said the adolescents themselves, dancing to exhaustion; so said the young men and women who came to these balls with the intention of coming down to the level of the younger people and who found in this their greatest pleasure. During the year two marriages had been due to these balls. The two pretty Countesses Gorchakóv had found their matches, whom they married, and so increased the fame of these balls. The special feature of these balls was the absence of a host or hostess: there was only good-natured Iohel, flying about like fluff, scuffing according to the rules of his art, and receiving the tickets for the lessons from his guests; another feature was this, that only those attended who wanted to dance and to amuse themselves, as do thirteen or fourteen-year-old girls who for the first time put on long dresses.

All, with rare exceptions, were or seemed to be pretty: they all smiled with such transport, and their eyes sparkled so. Sometimes the best pupils, among whom Natásha, remarkable for her grace, was the leading one, danced the *pas de châle;* but at this, the last ball, they danced only the écossaise, the English, and the mazurka, which was just becoming fashionable. The hall was rented by Iohel in Bezúkhi's house, and all agreed that the ball was a great success. There were many pretty girls present, and the Rostóv young ladies were among the prettiest. They were both particularly happy and merry. On that

evening, Sónya, proud of Dólokhov's proposal, of her refusal, and of her explanation with Nikoláy, had been whirling about at home, making it hard for her maid to finish combing her braid, and now she was transparent with ebullient joy.

Natásha, not less proud of being out for the first time in a long dress, at a real ball, was happier still. Both wore white muslin dresses with rose-coloured ribbons.

Natásha was in love the moment she entered the ball. She was not in love with any one in particular, but with all in general. She was in love with him upon whom she happened to be looking at any given moment.

"Oh, how nice it is!" she kept saying as she ran up to Sónya.

Nikoláy and Denísov walked from one room to another, graciously and condescendingly surveying the dancers.

"How sweet she is! She will be a beauty," said Denísov.

"Who?"

"Countess Natásha," replied Denísov. "And how she dances! What grace!" he again said, after a moment's silence.

"About whom are you speaking?"

"About your sister," Denísov exclaimed, angrily.

Rostóv smiled.

"*Mon cher comte, vous êtes l'un de mes meilleurs écoliers, il faut que vous dansiez,*" said small Iohel, walking over to Nikoláy. "*Voyez combien de jolies demoiselles.*"

He turned with the same request to Denísov, also his former pupil.

"*Non, mon cher, je ferai tapisserie,*" said Denísov. "Do you not remember how badly I profited by your lessons?"

"Not at all!" Iohel hastened to say, in order to console him. "You were only inattentive; but you had ability, yes, you had it."

Again the music struck up, playing a mazurka. Nikoláy could not refuse Iohel, and invited Sónya. Denísov sat down by the side of the old ladies and, leaning on his sabre and marking time with it, was amusing the old ladies with some merry tale, while watching the youthful dancers. Iohel formed the first couple with Natásha, who was his pride and best pupil. Softly and gracefully moving his little feet in the dancing shoes, Iohel was the first to fly across the hall with timid Natásha, who, however, carefully executed her steps. Denísov did not take his eyes off her and kept beating time with his sabre with an expression which clearly said that he did not dance because he did not wish to, and not because he did not know how. In the middle of the figure he called up Rostóv who was passing near him.

"It is not at all that," he said. "Do you call this a Polish mazurka? But she dances excellently."

Knowing that Denísov had been famous even in Poland for his masterly dancing of the mazurka, Nikoláy ran up to Natásha.

"Go and choose Denísov! He is a fine dancer!" he said.

When it was again Natásha's turn, she rose and, rapidly moving her little feet in her ribboned shoes, timidly ran all alone across the hall to the corner where Denísov was sitting. She saw that all were looking at her and waiting to see what would happen. Nikoláy saw that Denísov and Natásha were smiling and disputing something, and that Denísov was refusing, with a joyful smile. He ran up to them.

"Please, Vasíli Dmítrich," Natásha was saying, "come, let us dance!"

"Countess, excuse me," said Denísov.

"Come now, Vásya!" said Nikoláy.

"You are trying to persuade me like Vásya the cat," Denísov said, jestingly.

"I will sing for you the whole evening," said Natásha.

"A fairy can do everything she pleases with me!" said Denísov, unbuckling his sabre. He walked out from behind the chairs, firmly clasped his lady's hand, raised his head, and put forward his foot, waiting for the beat. It was only on horseback and at a dance that one did not notice Denísov's low stature, and he appeared that dashing fellow whom he felt himself to be.

When the proper beat was struck he looked sidewise at his lady, with a triumphant and jocular glance, suddenly stamped the floor with one foot, and, like a ball, rebounded from the floor and flew forward in a circle, drawing his lady along with him. He softly flew on one foot across half of the hall and did not seem to see the chairs in front of him, toward which he was tending; but suddenly, clattering his spurs and spreading his feet, he stopped on his heels, remained about a second in this attitude, with a clanking of his spurs struck his feet against each other, standing in the same spot, rapidly whirled around and, striking his right foot with his left, again flew in a circle. Natásha divined what he intended to do, and, herself not knowing how, followed him and entirely abandoned herself to him. Now he pirouetted with her, holding her right hand, and now her left; now he dropped down on a knee and swung all around her, and again leaped up and rushed headlong with such rapidity as though he intended to run through all the rooms without drawing breath; but suddenly he stopped and again made a new evolution on his knee. When he, briskly whirling his lady around in front of her seat, clattered with his spurs and bowed to her, Natásha forgot to make her bow of acknowledgment. She looked at him in perplexity and smiled, as though she did not recognize him.

"What is this?" she muttered.

Although Iohel did not recognize this mazurka as a regular dance, all were delighted with Denísov's mastery

and constantly chose him to dance with, while the old men began to converse about Poland and the good old times. Denísov, heated by the mazurka and wiping off his perspiration with his handkerchief, sat down by Natásha's side and did not leave her all the evening.

XIII.

For two days after this Rostóv did not meet Dólokhov at his own house, nor did he find him at home; on the third he received a note.

"Since I do not intend to call again at your house, for reasons which you know, and since I am about to depart for the army, I shall give this evening a farewell party to my friends. Come to the English Hotel."

Returning from the theatre, where he had been with his family and with Denísov, at ten o'clock, he went to the English Hotel. He was immediately taken to the best apartment, which for that night was occupied by Dólokhov. On the table lay money, in gold and in assignats, and Dólokhov kept bank. Nikoláy had not seen him since his proposal and Sónya's refusal, and he was a little embarrassed at the thought of meeting him. Dólokhov's clear and cold glance met Rostóv at the door, as though he had long been waiting for him.

"We have not seen each other for quite awhile," he said. "Thank you for having come. Let me finish keeping bank, and then Ilyúshka will come with his choir."

"I have called at your house," Rostóv said, blushing.

Dólokhov made no reply.

"You may punt," he said.

Rostóv happened just then to recall the strange conversation which he once had with Dólokhov. "Only fools play for luck," Dólokhov then said.

"Are you afraid to play with me?" Dólokhov now said, smiling, as though guessing Rostóv's thought.

In this smile of his Rostóv saw that peculiar mood which he had displayed at the dinner in the club and, in general, on such occasions when, tiring of the monotonousness of every-day life, he felt the necessity of issuing from it by some strange, more especially by some cruel, act.

Rostóv was ill at ease; he looked in vain in his mind for some pleasantry with which to reply to Dólokhov's words. But, before he had a chance to do so, Dólokhov, looking straight into Rostóv's face, said to him slowly and distinctly, so that all could hear him:

"Do you remember how we once spoke about gambling? I said that a man was a fool to play for luck; one must be sure in playing, but still, I will try."

"Does he want to try for luck, or for sure?" thought Rostóv.

"Yes, you had better not play!" he said, and, flinging down a torn pack of cards, he added: "Bank, gentlemen!"

Dólokhov moved up the money and was getting ready to deal the cards. Rostóv sat down near him and at first did not play. Dólokhov kept looking at him.

"Why do you not play?" said Dólokhov.

Strange to say, Nikoláy felt the necessity of taking a card, putting a small stake upon it, and of beginning to play.

"I have no money with me," said Rostóv.

"I will trust you!"

Rostóv put five roubles on the card and lost; he put five more, and lost again. Dólokhov killed, that is, won, ten cards in succession from Rostóv.

"Gentlemen," he said, having dealt the cards for some time, "please put the money on your cards, or else I shall get mixed up in the accounts."

One of the players said that he hoped he could be trusted.

"Yes, you may be trusted, but I am afraid of getting mixed up. I ask you to place money on your cards," replied Dólokhov. "Don't feel embarrassed, for we shall square accounts later," he added to Rostóv.

The game went on. A lackey kept pouring out champagne.

All of Rostóv's cards were beaten, and eight hundred roubles were written up against him. He had just written eight hundred roubles on a card, but, as the champagne was brought around, he changed his mind and wrote down a more moderate stake of twenty roubles.

"Leave it," said Dólokhov, although he did not seem to be looking at Rostóv, "you will win back quicker. Others win of me, but you get beat. Or are you afraid of me?" he repeated.

Rostóv obeyed, left the eight hundred written down on the card and picked up a seven of hearts from the ground and, tearing off a corner, placed it on the table. He put down the seven of hearts, with a broken piece of chalk wrote the figure eight hundred upon it in round, straight ciphers, drank a glass of warm champagne which had been handed to him, smiled at Dólokhov's words, and, with sinking heart waiting for the seven, began to watch the hands of Dólokhov, who was holding the cards.

The gain or loss of this seven of hearts meant a great deal for Rostóv. The previous Sunday Count Ilyá Andréevich had given his son two thousand roubles, and he, who had never liked to speak of money matters, told his son that this was the last money until May, and that, therefore, he asked him to be careful with it. Nikoláy had told him that it was more than enough, and that he gave him his word of honour he would not take any more from him until spring. Now only twelve hundred roubles of that money were left. Consequently, the seven of

hearts meant not only the loss of sixteen hundred roubles, but also the necessity of breaking his given word of honour.

He was looking with a sinking heart at Dólokhov's hands and thinking: "Come now, let me have that card at once, and I will take my cap and go home to sup with Denísov, Natásha, and Sónya, and never again will take a card into my hands."

Just then his domestic life, his jokes with Pétya, his conversations with Sónya, his duets with Natásha, the piquet with his father, and even the quiet bed in the house on Povárskaya Street, appeared before him with such force, such clearness, and such allurement, as though it all were a long past, lost, and unappreciated happiness. He could not admit that a stupid chance, which would make the seven fall on the right rather than on the left, could deprive him of all this newly conceived and illuminated happiness and plunge him into the abyss of an unfamiliar and indefinite misfortune. It could not be, and yet he with a sinking heart watched Dólokhov's hands. These broad-boned, reddish hands, with the hair peeping out underneath his shirt, placed the pack of cards down and took up a glass of wine, which was offered him, and his pipe.

"So you are not afraid to play with me?" repeated Dólokhov, and, as though to tell a merry story, he put down his cards, leaned back in his chair, and slowly began to speak, smiling all the time:

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been told that there is a rumour abroad in Moscow that I am a cheat at cards, and so I advise you to be careful with me."

"Go on dealing!" said Rostóv.

"Oh, the Moscow gossips!" said Dólokhov, smiling and taking up his cards.

"Oh, oh!" Rostóv almost shouted, taking hold of his hair with both his hands. The seven which he needed

was already lying face upward, the first card in the pack. He had lost more than he was able to pay.

"Don't get so despondent," said Dólokhov, looking askance at Rostóv, and continuing to deal his cards.

XIV.

An hour and a half later the majority of the gamesters were considering their game but lightly. The whole attention was centred on Rostóv. Instead of sixteen hundred roubles, there was marked up against him a long column of figures, which he had made out to be somewhere in the tens of thousands, but which, he had a dim idea, must be now somewhere in the neighbourhood of fifteen thousand. In reality, the sum he owed had passed twenty thousand.

Dólokhov no longer was telling stories; he followed every motion of Rostóv's hands, and then cast a cursory glance at his account with Rostóv. He decided to continue the game until the account reached the sum of forty-three thousand roubles. He chose this figure because forty-three was the sum of his and Sónya's joint ages. Rostóv, bending his head on both his arms, was sitting at the table, which was marked up with chalk, drenched with wine, and covered with cards. One tormenting impression did not leave him: these broad-boned, reddish hands, with their hair peeping out underneath the shirt, these hands which he loved and hated, were holding him in their power.

"Six hundred roubles, an ace, a corner, a nine, — it is impossible to win back! — How cheerful it would have been at home! — Valet on the *p* — impossible! — Why does he do it with me?" Rostóv thought.

Now and then he punted on a big card; but Dólokhov refused to beat him, and himself indicated the stakes.

Nikoláy submitted to him. He now prayed to God as he had prayed on the bridge at Amstetten; now he tried to convince himself that the first card which he picked up from a mass of bent cards under the table would save him; now he figured out how many cords there were on his jacket and tried to stake the whole loss on a card representing as many points; now he looked for succour from the other players; and now he gazed at Dólokhov's cold face, trying to penetrate that which was beneath it.

"He knows what this loss means to me. He certainly does not want my destruction? He is my friend. I have loved him so much — But he is not to blame; he cannot help having such unusual luck. And I am not to blame, either," he said to himself. "I have done no wrong. Have I killed or offended any one, or done one any harm? Whence this terrible misfortune? When did it begin? It is but a short time ago I came up to this table with the wish of winning one hundred roubles with which to buy mamma a small case for her name-day, and of going immediately home. I was so happy, so free, and so cheerful! When did it end, and when did that new and terrible condition begin? What determined this change? — I have been sitting all the time at this table, choosing and putting down cards, and looking at these broad-boned, agile hands — When did it happen, and what did happen? I am well and strong, and the same I always was, and sitting in the same place as before. No, it cannot be! No doubt it will all end in nothing."

He was red in his face and in a perspiration, although it was not warm in the room. His face was terrible and pitiful, especially on account of his vain endeavour to appear calm.

The sum reached the fatal number of forty-three thousand. Rostóv prepared a card which was to be a corner on three thousand roubles, which he just won, when

Dólokhov slapped the pack of cards and put it aside. He took up the chalk and, writing in a strong, legible hand, began to add up the column of Rostóv's account.

"To supper! It is time to eat! Here are the gipsies!"

Indeed some swarthy men and women, talking in their gipsy brogue, had just come in from the outside. Nikoláy knew that all was ended; but he said, in an indifferent voice:

"Well, will you not play a little more? I have prepared an excellent little card."

He acted as though the pleasure of playing interested him more than anything else.

"All is ended, and I am lost!" he thought. "All that is left for me to do is to send a bullet through my brain," and at the same time he said, in a merry voice:

"Come, one more card."

"All right," replied Dólokhov, having finished the addition, "all right! It goes at twenty-one roubles," he said, pointing to the figure twenty-one, by which amount his sum differed from forty-three thousand. He picked up the pack of cards and began to deal.

Rostóv carefully unbent the corner and instead of six thousand wrote down twenty-one.

"It makes no difference to me," he said. "All I am interested to know is whether you will beat my ten spot, or whether you will give it to me."

Dólokhov began to deal with a serious look. Oh, how Rostóv at that moment despised those reddish hands with the short fingers and with the hair which peeped out beneath the shirt, which held him in their power. The ten spot fell for him.

"You owe me forty-three thousand, count," said Dólokhov. He stretched himself and rose from the table. "One gets tired sitting down so long," he added.

"Yes, I am tired myself," said Rostóv.

As though to remind him that it was not proper to jest, Dólokhov interrupted him, by saying:

"Count, when may I get the money?"

Rostóv blushed and called Dólokhov out to the adjoining room.

"I cannot pay the whole sum at once. Will you take a note?" said Rostóv.

"Listen, Rostóv," said Dólokhov, with a bland smile and looking straight into Rostóv's eyes, "you know the proverb, 'Lucky in love, unlucky in cards.' Your cousin is in love with you, — I know it."

"Oh, it is terrible to feel oneself in the power of this man," thought Rostóv. Rostóv knew what a shock it would be to his parents when he should tell them of his loss; he knew what happiness it would be to get rid of all this; he knew that Dólokhov was aware of the fact that he could free him of all this shame and sorrow, and that he was only playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

"Your cousin —" Dólokhov began once more, but Nikoláy interrupted him.

"My cousin has nothing to do with us, and there is no reason for mentioning her!" he shouted, in rage.

"So when can I get it?" asked Dólokhov.

"To-morrow," said Rostóv, leaving the room.

XV.

It was not difficult to say "To-morrow" and to preserve appearances; but it was terrible to come home all alone to see his sisters, his brother, and his parents, and to make a confession and ask for money to which he had no right after the word of honour which he had given.

His people were not yet asleep. The young Rostóvs had had their supper, after their return from the theatre, and were now sitting at the clavichord. The moment Nikoláy entered the parlour, he was surrounded by that poetical atmosphere of love, which had been reigning in their house during that winter, and which now, after Dólokhov's proposal and Iohel's ball, seemed to have become denser, like the air before a storm, about Sónya and Natásha. Sónya and Natásha, dressed in the blue dresses which they had worn in the theatre, beautiful and conscious of their beauty, and happy, stood, smiling, at the clavichord. Vyéra was playing chess with Shinshín in the drawing-room. The old countess, waiting for the arrival of her husband and her son, was laying a solitaire with the aid of an old gentlewoman who was living in her house. Denísov, with sparkling eyes and dishevelled hair, was sitting at the clavichord. His feet were thrown back, and, striking the keys with his short fingers, he took chords and, rolling his eyes, sang, in his small, hoarse, but correct voice, the poem, "The Fairy," which he had composed, trying to pick out the music for it.

"Fairy, tell me, pray, what power draws me
To the strings which I abandoned long ago!
In my heart what sacred fire awes me,
And what transports 'neath thy fingers flow!"

He sang in an impassioned voice, flashing his black agate eyes upon frightened and happy Natásha.

"Beautiful! Excellent!" cried Natásha. "Another verse!" she said, not noticing Nikoláy's arrival.

"Everything is as of old with them," thought Nikoláy, looking into the drawing-room, where he saw Vyéra and his mother with the old lady.

"Ah, here is Nikoláy!" Natásha ran up toward him.

"Is papa at home?" he asked.

"How glad I am that you have arrived!" Natásha said, without answering his question. "We are having such a nice time. Vasíli Dmítrich, you know, has remained over a day for my sake."

"No, papa has not yet arrived;" said Sónya.

"Nikoláy, come here, my dear!" the countess in the drawing-room called out.

Nikoláy went up to his mother, kissed her hand, and, silently seating himself at the table, began to watch her hands which were laying the solitaire. In the parlour could be heard laughter and merry voices, begging Natásha to do something.

"All right, all right," cried Denísov, "you can't refuse now: it is your turn to play the barcarolle, and I beg you to do so."

The countess looked around at her taciturn son.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked Nikoláy.

"Oh, nothing," he said, as though he were annoyed by this monotonous question. "Will papa be back soon?"

"I think so."

"They are still happy. They do not know anything! Where shall I go to?" thought Nikoláy, walking into the parlour, where stood the clavichord.

Sónya was sitting at the clavichord and playing the prelude to that barcarolle of which Denísov was so fond. Natásha was getting ready to sing. Denísov was looking at her with eyes of transport.

Nikoláy began to pace up and down in the parlour.

"What nonsense to make her sing! She cannot sing! And where is the fun here?" thought Nikoláy.

Sónya took the first chord of the prelude.

"O Lord, I am lost! I am a disgraced man. All that there is left for me to do is to send a ball through my head, and not to sing," he thought. "I shall go away! But whither? It makes no difference, — let them sing!"

Nikoláy continued to walk up and down in the room, looking gloomily at Denísov and at the girls, and avoiding their glances.

"Nikoláy, what is the matter with you?" asked Sónya's glance, which was directed toward him. She saw at once that something had happened to him.

Nikoláy turned away from her. Natásha, with her usual sensitiveness, had almost immediately noticed the condition of her brother. She had observed it, but she was so happy at that moment, so far removed from grief, and sorrow, and reproaches, that she purposely deceived herself, as young people often do.

"I am too happy now to spoil my happiness by sympathizing with somebody else's sorrow," she felt, and she said to herself: "No, I must be mistaken: he is, no doubt, as happy as I am."

"Come now, Sónya," she said, stepping toward the centre of the parlour, where, in her opinion, the resonance was best. Raising her head and allowing her lifeless arms to droop, as dancers do, Natásha with an energetic motion changed the position of her feet from the heels to the toes, made a few steps on tiptoe, and stopped.

"That is what I am!" she seemed to say, in response to Denísov's ecstatic glance which followed her.

"What is she so happy about?" thought Nikoláy, as he glanced at his sister. "How can she help feeling dull and ashamed!"

Natásha sang her first note; her throat expanded, her

chest straightened up, her eyes assumed a serious expression. She was not thinking of anybody or of anything at that moment, and from her mouth, which was formed for a smile, there issued sounds, those sounds which anybody may produce in the same intervals of time, but which leave us cold a thousand times, and make us shudder and weep the one thousand and first time.

During that winter Natásha for the first time began to sing in earnest, more especially because Denísov was in ecstasy over her singing. She now no longer sang in childish fashion: there was no longer that comical precision; but still she did not yet sing well, as all good judges of singing said. "Her voice is not yet trained; but it is beautiful and ought to be trained," all said. These remarks were always made long after she had stopped singing. But so long as that untrained voice with its irregular respiration and forced transitions lasted, even the judges said nothing and only listened to that untrained voice, and wanted to hear it again. In her voice there was that virgin purity, that unconsciousness of her strength, and that untrained velvetiness which so united with the imperfections of her art of singing that it seemed impossible to change anything in it without spoiling it.

"What is it?" thought Nikoláy, hearing her voice and opening his eyes wide. "What has happened to her? How she sings to-night!" he thought. Suddenly his whole world centred in the expectation of the next note, the next phrase, and everything in the world was divided into three beats: "*Oh mio crudele affetto* — one, two, three — one, two, three — one — *Oh mio crudele affetto* — one, two, three — one. Oh, our stupid life!" thought Nikoláy. "All this, misfortune, and money, and Dólokhov, and anger, and honour, — all this is nonsense, — but here is the real — Well, Natásha, my dear, my little dove! — How will she take this *si?* Well done! Thank

God!" and, without knowing that he was singing, he, to strengthen this *si*, seconded it by taking a high third. "O Lord! How good! Did I take it? What happiness!" he thought.

Oh, how that third quivered, and how it touched something in Rostóv's heart that was good and pure. This something was independent of the whole world, and higher than anything in this world. What were losses, and Dólokhovs, and words of honour in comparison with it? — All was nonsense! One can kill and steal, and yet be happy —

XVI.

Rostóv had not for a long time experienced such pleasure from music as on that day. But the moment Natásha had finished her barcarolle, reality again burst upon him. He left the room without saying a word, and went down-stairs to his room. Fifteen minutes later the old count returned, happy and satisfied, from the club. Upon hearing that he had arrived, Nikoláy went to see him.

"Well, have you amused yourself?" said Ilyá Andréevich, smiling a happy and proud smile at his son.

Nikoláy wanted to say, "Yes," but was unable to do so: he almost burst out sobbing. The count was lighting his pipe and so did not notice his son's condition.

"Well, it is unavoidable!" Nikoláy thought, for the first and last time. And suddenly he said in a most careless tone, so that he was ashamed of himself, as though he were asking for the carriage to drive downtown:

"Papa, I have come to you on business. I almost forgot. I need some money."

"Indeed?" said his father, who was in a peculiarly happy frame of mind. "I told you there would not be any. How much is it?"

"Very much," Nikoláy said, blushing, and with a stupid and careless smile, for which he later could not forgive himself for a long time. "I have lost some at cards, that is, a great deal, very much, forty-three thousand."

"What? To whom? — You are jesting!" shouted

the count, suddenly blushing with an apoplectic redness in his neck and at the back of his head, as old men blush.

"I have promised to pay it to-morrow," said Nikoláy.

"Well!" said the old count, waving his hands and sinking powerless down on the sofa.

"What is to be done? To whom has that not happened?" his son said, in a bold and careless voice, although at heart he regarded himself as a good-for-nothing, a scoundrel, who could not atone for his crime with his whole life. He felt like kissing the hands of his father, like kneeling down and begging his forgiveness, and yet he said, in a careless and even rude voice, that that happened to others, too.

Count Ilyá Andréevich lowered his eyes when he heard these words of his son, and in embarrassment looked around for something.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, "it will be hard, it will be hard, I am afraid, to get it — to whom has it not happened? Yes, to whom has it not happened? — "

The count cast a sidewise glance at his son and left the room. Nikoláy had prepared himself for a defence, but had not expected this.

"Papa! Pa-pa!" he cried after him, bursting into sobs, "forgive me!" And, seizing his father's hand, he pressed his lips to it and wept.

While the father was having an explanation with his son, a not less important discussion took place between mother and daughter. Natásha came running to her mother in great excitement.

"Mamma! — Mamma! — He has made — "

"What has he made?"

"He has made, he has made a proposal to me. Mamma! Mamma!" she cried.

The countess could not believe her ears. Denísov had

proposed. To whom? To that tiny girl Natásha, who but lately had been playing with dolls, and who was still taking lessons.

"Natásha, stop your foolishness!" she said, hoping that it was only a jest.

"No, it is no foolishness. I am telling you the truth," Natásha said, angrily. "I come to ask your advice, and you tell me that it is foolishness —"

The countess shrugged her shoulders.

"If it is true that Monsieur Denísov has proposed to you, go and tell him that he is a fool, and that is all."

"No, he is not a fool," Natásha said, looking serious and offended.

"What, then, do you want? You are all in love to-night. Well, if you are in love, go and marry him!" the countess said, with an angry laugh. "God aid you!"

"No, mamma, I am not in love with him, I think I am not."

"Well, go and tell him so!"

"Mamma, are you angry? Don't be angry, my dear! It is not my fault."

"My dear, do you want me to tell him?" said the countess, smiling.

"No, I will tell him myself, only teach me how. It is easy for you," she added, in response to her smile. "You ought to have seen how he told it to me! I know he did not mean to tell it to me, he just said it by accident."

"Still you must refuse him."

"No, not at all! I am so sorry for him. He is such a dear!"

"Well, then accept his proposal! It is time for you to get married," her mother said, angrily and sarcastically.

"Mamma, I am so sorry for him. I do not know how to tell it to him."

"You do not have to tell him, — I will tell him my-

self," said the countess, feeling provoked because somebody had dared to look upon this little Natásha as upon a grown-up young lady.

"No, why should you? I will tell him myself, while you listen at the door," and Natásha ran through the drawing-room to the parlour, where Denísov was still sitting on the same chair, at the clavichord, covering his face with his hands.

He jumped up at the sound of her light feet.

"Natásha," he said, going up to her with rapid steps, "decide my fate. It is in your hands!"

"Vasíli Dmítrich, I am so sorry for you! — No, but you are such a fine fellow — but you must not — this — and I will love you all the time."

Denísov bent over her hand, and she heard strange, unfamiliar sounds. She kissed his black, dishevelled, curly head. Just then was heard the noise of the countess's rustling gown. She went up to them.

"Vasíli Dmítrich, I thank you for the honour," the countess said, in a confused voice, which to Denísov appeared stern, "but my daughter is so young, and I thought that as the friend of my son you would first come to me. In that case you would not have placed me in a position to refuse you."

"Countess," said Denísov, with drooping eyes and a guilty glance. He wanted to say something else, but hesitated.

Natásha could not calmly endure the pitiable sight of him. She began to sob out loud.

"Countess, I am guilty toward you," continued Denísov, in a broken voice, "but I must tell you that I so adore your daughter and your family that I will give two lives —" He looked at the countess and, upon noticing her stern face, he said, "Good-bye, countess!" He kissed her hand and, without looking at Natásha, with rapid, determined steps, left the room.

On the following day Rostóv saw Denísov off, as he refused to stay another day in Moscow. Denísov's Moscow friends celebrated his departure with a band of gipsies, and he did not remember how he was placed in the sleigh, nor how he travelled the first three stations.

After Denísov's departure, Rostóv, waiting for the money, which the old count could not collect at once, passed two more weeks at Moscow, staying all the time at home, and passing most of his time in the room of the young ladies.

Sónya was more tender and more devoted to him than before. She seemed to be anxious to show him that his loss was an exploit for which she would love him so much the more; but Nikoláy now considered himself unworthy of her.

He scribbled the girls' albums full of verses and notes, and, without bidding any of his acquaintances good-bye, and at last sending the forty-three thousand to Dólokhov and receiving from him a receipt for them, he departed in the end of November to join his regiment, which was already in Poland.

PART THE FIFTH

I.

AFTER his explanation with his wife, Pierre left for St. Petersburg. At the Torzhók post-station there were no horses, or the inspector did not wish to give him any. Pierre had to wait. He lay down, without undressing, on a leather sofa near a round table, put his large feet in the furred boots on that table, and fell to musing.

"Do you wish the portmanteaus brought in? Shall I make a bed for you, and get tea ready?" asked his valet.

Pierre made no reply, because he did not see or hear anything. He had become absorbed in reflections at the previous station, and all the way kept thinking of one thing, which was so important to him that he paid no attention to what was going on all about him. He was not interested in the question how soon he should arrive at St. Petersburg, or whether he should find a place to sleep in at the next station; that was a matter of indifference to him in comparison with those thoughts which occupied him now, and he did not care whether he was to pass a few hours or his whole life at his present halting-place.

The inspector, his wife, the valet, a woman with Torzhók embroidery entered the room, offering their services. Pierre did not change the position of his towering feet; he looked at them over his glasses and could not comprehend what it was they wanted or how they could live without solving those questions which troubled him. He

himself had been troubled by one and the same series of thoughts ever since the day when he returned after the duel at Sokólniki and passed his first tormenting, sleepless night; but only now, in the isolation of his journey, did they take complete possession of him. No matter what he happened to think about, he continually recurred to the same questions which he could not solve, and which he could not keep away. It was as though the chief screw on which his whole life depended had suddenly broken its thread. The screw did not go in any farther, nor did it come out, but kept turning in the same groove of the nut without catching in it, and it was impossible to stop turning it.

The inspector came in and began humbly to ask his Serenity to wait two little hours, after which he would get his Serenity courier-horses, cost what it might. The inspector was obviously lying, wishing only to extort money from the traveller.

"Was it good or bad?" Pierre asked himself. "For me it was good, for the other traveller it was bad, and for him it is unavoidable, because he has nothing to eat; he said that an officer had beaten him; but the officer beat him because he was in a hurry. And I shot Dólokhov because I regarded myself as insulted; and Louis XVI. was executed because he was regarded as a criminal; a year later they killed those who executed him, for some reason or other. What is bad? What is good? What ought to be loved, and what hated? What must we live for, and what am I? What is life? and what death? What power controls all?" he asked himself. And there was no answer to even one of these questions, except one, which was not logical, and no answer at all to these questions. This answer was: "When you die, all is ended. When you die, you will find out everything, or you will cease asking altogether." But it was terrible to die.

The Torzhók peddler woman in a squeaky voice offered her wares, especially kid slippers. "I have hundreds of roubles which I do not know what to do with, and she stands there in a torn fur coat and looks timidly at me," thought Pierre. "What good is there in this money? Could this money add one hair's breadth of happiness and peace to her soul? Can anything in the world make her and me less subject to evil and to death? Death, which will end all and which must come to-day or to-morrow, — in any case in a moment, in comparison with eternity." And he again pressed against the threadless screw, and the screw turned around in one and the same spot.

His servant handed him a half-cut book, it being a novel in letters, by Mme. Souza. He began to read about the suffering and the virtuous struggle of some Amélie de Mansfeld. "Why did she struggle against her seducer," he thought, "since she loved him? God could not have filled her soul with desires contrary to His will. The one who was my wife did not struggle, and, perhaps, she was right. Nothing has been invented," Pierre again said to himself, "nothing has been discovered. We can know only that we know nothing, and this is the acme of human wisdom."

Everything in him and around about him appeared to be confused, senseless, and disgusting. But in this very disgust for everything that surrounded him, Pierre discovered a certain kind of irritating pleasure.

"I take the liberty of asking your Serenity to crowd yourself a little, for this gentleman," said the inspector, entering the room and bringing in with him another traveller, who had to stop over for the lack of post-horses. The traveller was a thick-set, broad-boned, sallow, wrinkled old man, with gray, overhanging brows over sparkling eyes of an indefinite gray colour.

Pierre took his feet down from the table, rose, and lay

down on the bed which was made for him, now and then looking at the newcomer, who, with a gloomy and tired look, without paying any attention to Pierre, was taking off his wraps with the aid of his servant. Being left in his worn, nankeen-covered, sheepskin coat and with his felt boots on his lean, bony legs, the traveller sat down on the sofa, leaned his large, broad-browed, short-cropped head against the back of the sofa, and looked at Bezúkhi. Pierre was struck by the austere, intelligent, and penetrating expression of this glance. He wanted to strike up a conversation with the traveller, but as he got ready to turn to him with a question concerning the road, the traveller had already closed his eyes and, folding his wrinkled hands, on the finger of one of which there was a large cast-iron ring with the representation of a skull upon it, was sitting motionless, as though resting, or thoughtfully and calmly reflecting on something, as Pierre thought. The traveller's servant was all covered with wrinkles, and was also of a sallow complexion, but he had no beard or moustache, not because he was not shaved, but apparently because they had never grown at all. The agile old servant took things out of the lunch-basket, arranged the tea-table, and brought the boiling samovár. When all was ready, the traveller opened his eyes, moved up toward the table, and, having filled a glass of tea for himself, filled another for the beardless old man and handed it to him. Pierre began to be restless; he felt the necessity, nay, even the unavoidableness, of entering into a conversation with him.

The servant brought back his empty glass turned upside down, with an unfinished piece of sugar, and asked his master whether there was anything he wanted.

"Nothing. Let me have the book," said the traveller.

The servant brought him a book, which Pierre took to be of religious contents, and the traveller became absorbed in reading. Pierre looked at him. The traveller suddenly put aside his book, and, making a sign in it, closed it; he

closed his eyes and, leaning back against the back of the sofa, assumed his old position. Pierre continued to gaze at him; he had barely had time to turn his face away, when the old man opened his eyes and fixed his firm and austere glance at Pierre's face.

Pierre felt confused and wanted to turn away from this fixed glance, but the old man's sparkling eyes attracted him irresistibly.

II.

"I HAVE the honour of speaking to Count Bezúkhi, if I am not mistaken," the traveller said, leisurely and in a loud voice.

Pierre looked silently and interrogatively at his interlocutor, gazing at him above his glasses.

"I have heard of you," continued the traveller, "and of the misfortune which has befallen you, sir." He seemed to underline the word "misfortune," as though to say, "Yes, a misfortune, however you may call it; I know that which has happened to you in Moscow is a misfortune."

"I am very sorry for you, sir."

Pierre blushed and, hurriedly putting his legs down from the bed, he bent down to the old man, smiling an unnatural and timid smile.

"I have mentioned this not from curiosity, sir, but for far more important reasons."

He grew silent and, without taking his eyes away from Pierre, moved a little on the sofa, thus inviting Pierre to sit down at his side. Pierre did not care to enter into a conversation with this old man, but, instinctively submitting to his wish, he went up and sat down near him.

"You are unfortunate, sir," he continued. "You are young, I am old. I should like to aid you according to my strength."

"Oh, yes," Pierre said, with an unnatural smile. "I am very thankful to you — May I ask you where you are coming from?"

The traveller's face was not gracious; it was even cold

and stern, but, in spite of it, the stranger's speech and face acted upon Pierre with irresistible charm.

"If for some reason my discourse should displease you," said the old man, "you must tell me so, sir."

He again unexpectedly smiled a fatherly, tender smile.

"Oh, no, not at all, on the contrary, I am very glad to make your acquaintance," said Pierre. He looked once more at the hands of his new acquaintance, especially at his ring. He made out the skull upon it, which he knew to be the token of Freemasonry.

"Permit me to ask you," he said, "are you a Mason?"

"Yes, I belong to the brotherhood of Freemasons," said the traveller, looking deeper and deeper into Pierre's eyes. "In their name and in mine do I extend my fraternal hand to you."

"I am afraid," said Pierre, smiling, and wavering between the confidence with which the personality of this Mason inspired him, and the habit of ridiculing the beliefs of the Masons, "I am afraid that I am very far from comprehending, how shall I say it? I am afraid that my manner of thinking in respect to the whole universe is so opposed to yours that we shall not understand each other."

"I am acquainted with your manner of thinking," said the Mason, "and this manner of thinking, of which you speak and which you regard as the product of your mental labour, is the manner of thinking with the majority of men, — it is the invariable fruit of pride, indolence, and ignorance. Excuse me, sir, but if I had not known it, I should have refrained from speaking to you. Your manner of thinking is a sad delusion."

"Just as I may suppose that you are in error," said Pierre, with a feeble smile.

"I shall never dare to say that I know the truth," said the Mason, surprising Pierre more and more by his definiteness and firmness of speech. "Nobody can attain the truth by himself; only by adding one stone to another,

with the participation of all the millions of generations, from our ancestor Adam up to the present, has the temple been building, which shall be a worthy edifice of the Great God," said the Mason, shutting his eyes.

"I must tell you that I do not believe — I do not believe in God," Pierre said, with compassion and with a certain effort, feeling the necessity of telling him the whole truth.

The Mason looked attentively at Pierre and smiled, as a rich man, having millions in his hands, would smile at a beggar saying that he did not have five roubles to make him happy.

"Yes, you do not know Him, sir," said the Mason. "You cannot know Him. You do not know Him, and so you are unhappy."

"Yes, yes, I am unhappy," Pierre confirmed him, "but what shall I do?"

"You do not know Him, sir, and so you are very unhappy. You do not know Him, but He is here; He is within me; He is in my words; He is in thee, and even in those blaspheming words which thou hast just pronounced!" the Mason said, in a stern and quavering voice.

He stopped and sighed, apparently trying to compose himself.

"If He were not," he said, softly, "thou and I would not be speaking of Him, sir. Of what, of whom have we been speaking? Whom hast thou denied?" he suddenly said, with ecstatic severity and with an expression of command in his voice. "Who has invented Him, if He is not? Why has the supposition appeared in thee that there is such an incomprehensible being? Why has the whole world, and thou, too, assumed the existence of such an incomprehensible being, an almighty, eternal being who is endless in all his attributes?"

He stopped and was silent for a long time.

Pierre could not and would not interrupt that silence.

"He is, but it is hard to comprehend Him," the Mason spoke again, looking at Pierre's face, all the time turning over the pages of the book with his hands, which he could not control on account of his inner agitation. "If it were a man whose existence thou hadst doubted, I should have brought that man to thee, should have taken him and pointed him out to thee. But how am I, insignificant mortal, to show all His almightiness, all His eternity, all His mercy to him who is blind, or to him who shuts his eyes in order that he may not see and understand Him, and that he may not see and understand all his own abomination and sinfulness?" He was silent for awhile. "Who art thou? What art thou? Thou deemest thyself a wise man because thou wert able to pronounce those blasphemous words," he said, with a gloomy and contemptuous smile, "but thou art more stupid and more senseless than a child who, playing with the parts of an ingeniously made watch, should dare to say that because he does not understand the purpose of that watch he could not believe in the master who has made it. It is difficult to comprehend Him — We have been working for ages, from the time of our forefather Adam until now, to comprehend Him, and we are infinitely remote from attaining our end; but in our lack of understanding we see only our weakness and His grandeur — "

Pierre listened to him with trepidation, looking with sparkling eyes at the face of the Mason; he heard him and did not interrupt him, did not ask him questions, but with his whole soul believed that which the strange man was telling him. Whether he believed those clever arguments in the old man's speech; or whether he believed, as children believe, the intonations, the persuasiveness, and the sincerity in the Mason's speech, the quivering voice which at times made him stop speaking, or his sparkling eyes which had grown old in this conviction, or that calm, that firmness, and that consciousness of his destiny, which

breathed in his whole being, and which affected Pierre more than anything else, in comparison with his own moral lassitude and hopelessness, — he wanted with his whole soul to believe, and he believed and experienced a joyous feeling of calm, of regeneration, and of a return to life.

"He is comprehended not by the mind, but by life," said the Mason.

"I do not understand," said Pierre, conscious of a nascent doubt. He was afraid of the indistinctness and weakness of his interlocutor's arguments; he was afraid lest he would not believe him. "I do not understand," he said, "how human intelligence cannot grasp that knowledge of which you speak."

The Mason smiled his mild, fatherly smile.

"The higher wisdom and truth is like the purest moisture which we wish to receive," he said. "Can I receive this pure moisture in an unclean vessel and judge of its purity? Only by an internal purification of myself can I make the moisture pure which I imbibe."

"Yes, yes, that is so!" Pierre said, joyously.

"The higher wisdom is not based on reason alone, not on those worldly sciences of physics, history, chemistry, and so forth, into which the intellectual sciences are divided. The higher wisdom is one. The higher wisdom has one science, — the science of all, the science which explains the universe and the position occupied in it by man. In order to obtain this science, it is necessary first to purify and renovate the inner man, and so, before knowing, one must believe and perfect oneself. In order that we may attain this end, the divine light, called conscience, has been placed in our souls."

"Yes, yes," Pierre confirmed him.

"Look with thy spiritual eyes at thy inner man and ask thyself whether thou art satisfied with thyself. What hast thou obtained, being guided by thy reason alone? What art thou? You are young, you are rich, clever,

cultured, sir. What have you done with all the gifts in your power? Are you satisfied with yourself and with your life?"

"No, I hate this life," Pierre muttered, frowning.

"Thou hatest, — then change it, purify thyself, and in measure of thy purification wilt thou have wisdom. Look at your life, sir. How have you passed it? In riotous orgies and debauchery. You obtained your wealth, receiving everything from society, and giving it nothing. How have you employed your wealth? What have you done for your neighbour? Have you thought of the tens of thousands of your slaves? Have you succoured them physically and morally? No. You have made use of their labours in order to lead a life of debauch. That is what you have done. Have you chosen a place in which to serve, in order to be of use to your neighbours? No. You passed your life in indolence. Then you got married, sir; you took upon yourself the responsibility of guiding a young woman, — and what have you done? You did not aid her, sir, to find the path of truth, but plunged her into the abyss of falsehood and misfortune. A man offended you, and you killed him, and now you say that you do not know God and that you despise your life. There is no wisdom in this, sir!"

After these words, the Mason, as though fatigued by his prolonged discourse, again leaned against the back of the sofa and shut his eyes. Pierre looked at this stern, immovable, old, almost dead, face, and kept moving his lips. He wanted to say, "Yes, an abominable, indolent, debauched life," but did not dare to break the silence.

The Mason hoarsely cleared his throat and called his servant.

"What about the horses?" he asked, without looking at Pierre.

"They have brought the relay horses," replied the servant. "Will you not rest yourself?"

"No. Tell them to hitch up."

"Is it possible he will leave me all alone, without finishing his arguments and without offering me any aid?" thought Pierre, rising and lowering his head. He now and then looked at the Mason, and began to pace up and down in the room. "Yes, I have not thought of it, but I have led a contemptible, immoral life; but I did not like it and did not want it," thought Pierre. "This man knows the truth, and if he wants, he can reveal it to me," Pierre wanted to say so to the Mason, but did not dare to tell him so.

Having packed his things, the traveller buttoned his sheepskin coat. Having finished this, he turned to Bezúkhi and said to him, in a calm and civil voice:

"Whither are you travelling now, sir?"

"I?— To St. Petersburg," Pierre replied, in a childish, indecisive voice. "I thank you. I agree with you in everything. But don't imagine that I am as bad as all that. I wish with all my heart to be that which you want me to be; but I have never found any help from anybody— However, it is, above all, my own fault. Help me! Teach me! Maybe I shall be—" Pierre could not proceed: he cleared his nose and turned his face away.

The Mason was silent for quite awhile, apparently reflecting on something.

"Succour is given only by God," he said, "but that measure of aid which our order is able to give, it will give you, sir. You are going to St. Petersburg, so give this to Count Willárski!" He took out his portfolio, and on a large sheet of paper, folded in four, wrote down a few words. "Permit me to give you one piece of advice. Upon arriving in the capital, devote your first time to isolation and self-study, and do not return to your former paths of life. And now I wish you a happy journey, sir," he said, upon noticing his servant, who had just entered, "and success—"

The traveller was Ósip Aleksyéevich Bazdyéev, as Pierre found out from the inspector's book. Bazdyéev was one of the most famous Masons and Martinists of the days of Nóvikov. After his departure, Pierre for a long time paced up and down in the station room. He did not lie down or ask for horses, but reflected on his sinful past and with the ecstasy of regeneration represented to himself his blissful, reproachless, virtuous future, which appeared so easy to him. He was sinful, he thought, only because he had accidentally forgotten how good it was to be virtuous. In his soul not a trace of his former doubts was left. He firmly believed in the possibility of the brotherhood of man united for the purpose of supporting each other on the road of virtue, and such Freemasonry seemed to him to be.

III.

UPON arriving at St. Petersburg, Pierre did not inform any one of his arrival, made no calls, and passed whole days reading Thomas à Kempis, which some unknown person had sent him. Reading this book, Pierre understood only one thing: he experienced the unfamiliar enjoyment of believing in the possibility of attaining perfection, and in the possibility of a fraternal and active love between people, which had been revealed to him by Ósip Aleksyéevich. A week after his arrival, the young Polish Count Willárski, whom Pierre had known superficially in St. Petersburg society, called on him in the evening, with that official and solemn aspect with which Dólokhov's second had called on him, and, closing the door behind him, and convincing himself that there was no one in the room but Pierre, addressed him as follows:

"Count, I come to see you by request and to make you a proposition," he said to him, without sitting down. "A person who occupies a very prominent place in our brotherhood has solicited your being accepted in the brotherhood before the appointed time, and has proposed that I should be your surety. I consider it my sacred duty to fulfil the will of that person. Do you wish to enter the brotherhood of Freemasons under my guarantee?"

The cold and stern tone of a man whom Pierre had nearly always seen at balls with a smile on his lips, in the company of the most brilliant women, perplexed Pierre.

"Yes, I do," said Pierre.

Willárski inclined his head.

"Another question, count," he said, "to which I ask you to reply in all sincerity, not as as a future Mason, but as a man of honour: have you recanted your past opinions? Do you believe in God?"

Pierre reflected awhile.

"Yes — yes, I believe in God," he said.

"In that case — " began Willárski, but Pierre interrupted him:

"Yes, I believe in God," he repeated.

"In that case we may go," said Willárski. "My carriage is at your services."

Willárski was silent during the whole journey. To Pierre's questions what he must do and how he should answer questions, Willárski told him only that brothers, worthier than he, would test him, and that all Pierre had to do was to tell the truth.

After driving through the gate of a large house, where the lodge was, and passing along a dark staircase, they entered a small lighted antechamber, where they took off their wraps without the aid of lackeys. From the antechamber they passed into another room. A man in a strange garb appeared at the door. Willárski went up to him and softly told him something in French; then he walked over to a small safe, in which Pierre noticed some habiliments, such as he had never seen before. Willárski took a kerchief out of the safe, placed it on Pierre's eyes, and tied it behind into a knot, catching some of his hair into it so as to cause him pain. Then he bent down toward him, kissed him, and, taking his hand, led him away somewhere. The pain caused by the pulling of his hair made Pierre frown, and yet he smiled as though ashamed of something. His enormous figure, with pendent arms, frowning and smiling countenance, and uncertain, timid gait, followed Willárski.

After leading him some ten steps, Willárski stopped.

"Whatever happens to you, you must bear manfully if you have firmly decided to enter our brotherhood."

Pierre nodded his head in the affirmative.

"When you hear a knock against the door you will untie your bandage," added Willárski. "I wish you courage and success." And, pressing Pierre's hand, Willárski went out.

Having been left alone, Pierre continued to smile. Once or twice he shrugged his shoulders, raised his hand to the kerchief as though wishing to take it off, and again dropped it. The five minutes which he passed with his eyes tied seemed to him to be an hour. His arms felt heavy and his feet tottered; he thought he was tired. He experienced the most complicated and varied sensations. He felt terribly about what was going to happen, and still more terribly at the thought of expressing his fear. He was curious to know what would happen to him and what would be revealed to him; but, above all, he was happy that the moment had at last arrived when he would enter upon that path of renovation and of an active, virtuous life, of which he had been dreaming ever since his meeting with Ósip Aleksyéevich.

Heavy taps were heard against the door. Pierre took off his bandage and looked about him. The room was pitch-dark; only in one spot a little lamp was burning in something white. Pierre went up to it and saw that the lamp was standing on a black table, on which lay an open book. The book was the Gospel; the something white in which the lamp was burning was a human skull with its eye-sockets and teeth. After reading the first words of the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God," Pierre walked around the table and saw a large open box filled with something. It was a coffin full of bones. He was not at all surprised by what he saw. As he hoped to enter upon an entirely new life, quite different from the one he had been leading,

he expected all kinds of unusual things, more unusual than what he saw. The skull, the coffin, the Gospel,— it seemed to him that he had expected all that and much more. He looked about him, trying to evoke in himself a sentiment of humility. "God, death, love, brotherhood of men," he said to himself, connecting with these words dim but joyous images of something. The door opened and some one entered.

In the dim light, to which Pierre had in the meantime become accustomed, he saw enter a man of small stature. He apparently came from the light into the darkness, and stopped for awhile; then he cautiously moved up toward the table and placed upon it his small hands that were covered with leather gloves.

This low-statured man wore a white leather apron which covered his chest and part of his legs; on his neck he wore something that resembled a necklace, and underneath that necklace, a large white jabot encased his elongated face, which was lighted up from below.

"Why have you come here?" the newcomer asked, turning in the direction where Pierre had stirred. "Why have you, who do not believe in the truths of the world and who do not see the light, come here? What do you want of us? Wisdom, virtue, enlightenment?"

At the moment that the door had opened and the stranger had entered, Pierre had experienced a sensation of fear and awe, similar to what he had experienced in his childhood at a confession; he was conscious of being face to face with a man who, according to the conditions of life, was an entire stranger to him, and who, according to the brotherhood of men, was near to him. Pierre moved with a beating heart which took his breath away toward the conductor[1] (thus the brother is called who in a Masonic lodge prepares for the initiation the one who seeks admission). Pierre came nearer and recognized in the

[1] In the Russian original he is called "rhetor."

conductor an acquaintance, Smolyanínov, and it offended him to discover that the man who had entered was an acquaintance of his: he was only a brother and a virtuous instructor. Pierre could not pronounce a word for some time, so that the conductor had to repeat every question:

"Yes, I — I — want renovation," Pierre said, with an effort.

"Very well," said Smolyanínov, immediately continuing: "Have you any idea about the means which our holy order employs in aiding you to attain your aim?" The conductor spoke calmly and rapidly.

"I — hope for — a guide — help — in the renovation," said Pierre, with a quivering voice and a hesitation in his speech, due both to his agitation and to his lack of familiarity in expressing himself in Russian about abstract matters.

"What idea have you of Freemasonry?"

"I assume that Freemasonry is a *fraternité* and equality of men for virtuous purposes," said Pierre, feeling ever more ashamed because his words did not correspond to the solemnity of the occasion. "I assume — "

"Very well," the conductor said, hurriedly, apparently quite satisfied with his answer. "Have you looked for means of attaining this end through religion?"

"No, I considered it untrue, and have not followed it," Pierre said in such low tones that the conductor did not hear him and asked him to repeat his words. "I was an atheist," replied Pierre.

"You are seeking for truth in order to apply its laws to life; consequently you are seeking wisdom and virtue; am I right?" said the conductor, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, yes," Pierre assured him.

The conductor cleared his throat, crossed his gloved hands over his chest, and began to speak:

"Now I must reveal to you the main purpose of our

order," he said, "and if that aim coincides with yours, you will enter our fraternity with profit. The first and foremost aim and chief foundation of our order, upon which it rests, and which no human power can destroy, is the preservation of a certain mystery and its transmission to posterity, a mystery which has reached us from the most remote times, even from the first man, and on which, perhaps, the fate of the human race depends. But since this mystery is of such a character that nobody can know it or make use of it who has not been prepared by a prolonged and thorough purification of himself, not everybody may hope to come soon into its possession. For that reason we have a second aim, which consists in preparing our members, as much as is possible, to mend their hearts and purify and enlighten their intellects through those means which have been by tradition revealed to us by those men who have laboured in the search of this mystery, and thus to make them fit to receive the same. By purifying and mending our members, we try, in the third place, to mend the whole human race, by furnishing in our members the models of veneration and virtue, and thus we try with all our strength to resist the evil which reigns in the world. Think of this, and I will come again to you," he said, leaving the room.

"To resist the evil which reigns in the world —" Pierre repeated, and he imagined that his future activity would be in this sphere. He saw before him such men as he himself had been but two weeks before, and he mentally exhorted them. He presented to himself sinful, unhappy men, whom he aided with words and deeds; he saw the oppressors, from whom he saved their victims. Of the three aims mentioned by the conductor, this last, the regeneration of the human race, was particularly near to Pierre. The certain important mystery which the conductor mentioned provoked his curiosity but did not appear essential to him. The second aim, the purifica-

tion and regeneration of himself, interested him little, because at that moment he already was joyfully conscious of having given up his former vices and of being prepared only to do good.

Half an hour later the conductor returned, in order to inform the candidate of the seven virtues, which corresponded to the seven steps of Solomon's temple, and which every Mason must develop in himself. Those virtues were: (1) modesty, the preservation of the mystery of the order: (2) obedience to the higher ranks of the order; (3) mannerliness; (4) love of humanity; (5) courage; (6) generosity, and (7) love of death.

"In the seventh place, try," said the conductor, "by frequent reflections upon death, to bring yourself to look upon it not as your terrible enemy, but as your friend, who liberates the soul which in this miserable life has exhausted itself in labours of virtue, in order to take it to an abode of reward and of peace."

"Yes, that must be so," thought Pierre, when the conductor again left him after these words, leaving him to solitary reflections. "It must be so, but I am still so weak that I love this life whose meaning is only now being revealed to me." But the other five virtues, which Pierre tried to recall by counting them out on his fingers, he felt he possessed: courage, and generosity, and mannerliness, and love of humanity, and especially obedience, which he did not even regard as a virtue, but as some kind of happiness. It was such a joy to him now to free himself from his arbitrariness and to submit his will to those who knew the indisputable truth. The seventh virtue Pierre had forgotten and was unable to recall.

The conductor returned for the third time, after a shorter interval, and asked Pierre whether he was still firm in his intentions, and whether he was ready to submit to everything that would be expected of him.

"I am ready for everything," said Pierre.

"I must also inform you," said the conductor, "that our order imparts its instructions not only by words, but also by other means, which on a true seeker after wisdom and virtue act, perhaps, even more strongly than mere verbal explanations. The decoration of this very room, as you see it, must be more eloquent to your heart, if it is sincere, than words could be; you will, perhaps, see a similar mode of explaining things in your further initiation. Our order follows the example of ancient societies, which revealed their mysteries by means of hieroglyphics. A hieroglyphic," the conductor said, "is the designation of an object which is not of a sensual character and which contains qualities like the object which it represents."

Pierre knew quite well what a hieroglyphic was, but did not dare to say so. He listened in silence to the conductor, feeling that the trials would soon begin.

"If you are firm, I must proceed to the initiation," said the conductor, coming nearer to Pierre. "In token of your generosity, I ask you to turn over to me all your precious things."

"But I have nothing with me," said Pierre, assuming that he was asked to turn over everything he had.

"Whatever you have on your person: a watch, money, rings —"

Pierre hastened to take out his purse and his watch, but for a long time was unable to get his wedding-ring off his fat finger. When he had succeeded, the Mason said:

"In token of obedience, I ask you to undress yourself."

Pierre took off his dress coat, his waistcoat, and his left boot, according to the indications of the conductor. The Mason opened Pierre's shirt on his left breast and, bending down, pulled his left trouser leg above his knee. Pierre hastened to take off his right boot and to roll up his pantaloons, in order to save the stranger the trouble, but the Mason told him that that was unnecessary and

gave him a slipper for his left foot. Pierre stood, with a childish smile of bashfulness, doubt, and self-abasement, which involuntarily appeared upon his face, in front of the brother conductor, waiting for his new commands.

"Finally, in sign of the purity of your heart, I ask you to reveal to me your chief passion," he said.

"My passion! I have had so many of them," said Pierre.

"That passion which more than any other has made you waver on the path of virtue," said the Mason.

Pierre tried to find it.

"Wine? Gluttony? Indolence? Laziness? Temper? Malice? Women?" he rummaged through his vices, mentally balancing them, and not knowing to which to give the preference.

"Women," Pierre said, in a soft, scarcely audible voice.

The Mason did not stir, and did not speak for a long time after that answer. Finally he moved up to Pierre, took the kerchief which was lying on it, and again bandaged his eyes.

"I tell you for the last time: turn your whole attention upon yourself! Place chains on your passions, and seek for bliss not in the passions but in your heart. The source of blissfulness is not without, but within us."

Pierre had for a long time been feeling this vivifying source of blissfulness, which now filled his soul with joy and tenderness.

IV.

Soon after that there came into the dark room, not the former conductor, but Pierre's surety, Willárski, whom he recognized by his voice. To new questions in regard to the firmness of his intentions, Pierre replied:

"Yes, yes, I am willing!" and walking in one boot and one slipper, with a beaming, childish smile, his fat breast being wide open, he followed Willárski, who held an unsheathed sword to his naked breast. From the room he was led along corridors, turning to and fro, until, at last, he was brought to the door of the lodge. Willárski cleared his throat; he was answered by Masonic gavel taps; the door opened before them. Somebody's bass voice (Pierre's eyes were still bandaged) put questions to him in regard to who he was, where and when he was born, and so forth. Then he was again led somewhere, his eyes being still covered, and during his walk he was told allegories about the difficulties of his journey, about sacred friendship, about the eternal Creator of the universe, about courage, with which he must endure labours and dangers.

During this journey, Pierre noticed that he was called now "the seeker," now "the sufferer," and now "the demander," and that each time the gavels and swords were struck in a different manner. Just as he was being led up to some object, he noticed that some confusion took place among his guides. He heard the people who surrounded him discuss some matter, while one of them insisted that he be led over some carpet. After that they

took his right hand and placed it on something, while with his left he was told to put a pair of compasses against his breast; he was told to repeat the words which some one was reading, and to swear his allegiance to the laws of the order. Then the lights were put out, a spirit-lamp was lighted, as Pierre could tell by the odour, and he was told that he would see the small light.

The bandage was taken away from his eyes, and Pierre saw, as though in a dream, in the dim light of the spirit-lamp, several men who, in similar aprons to the one which the conductor wore, stood opposite him and held swords which were directed toward his breast. Among them stood a man in a blood-stained shirt. Upon seeing all this, Pierre moved his breast forward against the swords, in order to receive them in his flesh. But the swords were removed, and the bandage was again put on his eyes.

"Now you have seen the little light," somebody's voice exclaimed. Then candles were again lighted, and he was told that he must see the full light, and again his bandage was taken off, and more than ten voices suddenly said: "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

Pierre began slowly to collect himself and to survey the room, in which he was, and the persons present. Around a long table covered with a black cloth sat about a dozen men wearing the same kind of garments as he had seen before. A few of these Pierre knew from St. Petersburg society. In the master's chair sat a young man with a peculiar cross on his neck; Pierre did not know him. At the right sat the Italian abbot whom Pierre had seen two years before at the house of Anna Pávlovna. Here also were a very important dignitary and a Swiss tutor, who had once lived at the house of the Kurágins. All kept a solemn silence, listening to the words of the presiding officer, who was holding a gavel in his hand. To the wall was attached a flaming star.

At one side of the table there was a small rug with various representations; at the other there was something like an altar, with a Gospel and a skull upon it. About the table there were seven large candlesticks, resembling those used in churches. Two of the brethren led Pierre up to the altar, put his feet at right angles to each other, and ordered him to lie down, saying that he was prostrate at the gates of the temple.

"He must first get a trowel," one of the brethren said, in a whisper.

"Oh, never mind," said another.

Pierre did not obey at once, but turned his perplexed, near-sighted eyes all about him, and he was suddenly assailed by doubt. "Where am I? What am I doing? Are they not making fun of me? Shall I not be ashamed to recall it all?" But this doubt lasted but a moment. Pierre glanced at the serious faces which surrounded him, recalled all he had already gone through, and understood that he must not stop in the middle of the road. He was terrified at his own doubt, and, trying to evoke in himself the previous sentiment of humble submission, lay down prostrate at the gates of the temple. And indeed, a feeling of humility, stronger than before, came over him.

After lying thus for awhile, he was told to get up, and a white leather apron was put on him, such as the others wore, and he was given a trowel and three pairs of gloves, and then the grand master addressed him. He told him to endeavour not to soil in any way the whiteness of that apron, which represented fortitude and immaculateness; about the inexplicable trowel, he said that he should try to clean his heart from vices with it, and condescendingly to smooth the heart of his neighbour. Then he told him that he could not know the meaning of the first pair of gentlemen's gloves, but that he should keep them; the second pair he was to wear at the meetings; finally, about

the third pair, which were for ladies, he said: "Dear brother, these woman's gloves are also destined for you. Give them to the woman whom you will respect more than anybody else. By this gift you shall give evidence of the immaculateness of your heart to the one whom you will choose for yourself as a worthy she-Mason." After a little silence, he added: "But beware, dear brother, lest these gloves adorn impure hands!" While the grand master was saying these words, it seemed to Pierre that the presiding officer became confused. Pierre was embarrassed even more, blushed to tears, as only children blush, began to look restlessly about him, and there ensued an awkward silence.

The silence was interrupted by one of the brethren who led Pierre up to the rug and began to read to him the explanation of all the figures represented upon it: the sun, the moon, the mallet, the plumb, the trowel, the rough and the cubic stone, the pillar, the three windows, and so forth. Then Pierre was given a seat; he was told the Masonic signs and the password, and was permitted to sit down. The grand master began to read the constitution of the order. It was very long, and Pierre from joy, agitation, and shame was unable to understand what was being read. He listened only to the last words of the constitution, which he remembered.

"In our temples we know no other degrees," read the grand master, "but those which are between virtue and vice. Beware of making any distinction which may impair the equality. Fly to the aid of thy brother, whoever he may be; instruct him who is erring; lift him who has fallen, and never nurture anger or enmity against a brother. Be gracious and affable. Rouse in the hearts of all the fire of virtue. Share thy happiness with thy neighbour, and let envy never trouble that pure enjoyment. Forgive thine enemy; do not revenge thyself on him, unless by doing him good. By thus execut-

ing the higher law, wilt thou find the traces of thy ancient and lost grandeur."

He stopped and, rising, embraced Pierre and kissed him. Pierre, with tears of joy in his eyes, looked about him, not knowing what to reply to the congratulations and renewals of acquaintances, with which they surrounded him. He did not recognize any acquaintances; in all these men he saw only brethren, with whom he was burning with impatience to begin to work.

The grand master tapped his gavel, all seated themselves, and a Mason read an exhortation on the necessity of humility.

The grand master proposed that the Masons should fulfil this latter duty, and the important dignitary, who bore the name of alms-gatherer, began to make the round of the brethren. Pierre felt like writing down on the list all the money which he had, but he was afraid of showing pride, and so he only wrote down as much as the others had offered.

The meeting was over. Upon returning home, it seemed to Pierre as though he had just arrived from a distant journey, where he had passed dozens of years; he was changed and had departed from the previous order and habits of life.

V.

On the day following his initiation, Pierre was sitting at home and reading a book. He was trying to grasp the meaning of the square, one side of which represented God, another the moral world, a third the physical world, a fourth the union of the two. Now and then he tore himself away from the book and the square, and in his imagination represented to himself his new plan of life. On the previous evening he had been told that the rumour of the duel had reached the emperor, and that it would be wiser for him to leave St. Petersburg. Pierre proposed to go to his southern estates and there to busy himself with his peasants. He joyfully reflected on this new life, when suddenly Prince Vasíli entered his room.

"My friend, what have you done in Moscow? Why have you quarrelled with Hélène, *mon cher?* You are in error," said Prince Vasíli. "I have found out everything; I can assure you that Hélène is innocent before you, as Christ was before the Jews."

Pierre wanted to answer him, but he interrupted him.

"Why did you not come straight to me? I know everything; I understand everything," he said. "You have acted as is proper for a man who values his honour; maybe you were a little too hasty, but of that we shall not judge. Just think, however, in what position you place her and me in the eyes of society and even of the court," he added, lowering his head. "She is living in Moscow, and you are here in St. Petersburg. Remember, my dear," he jerked his hand down, "there is nothing but

a misunderstanding here; I think you feel that way yourself. Let us together write a letter, and she will come here, and all will be explained; otherwise, my dear, I must tell you that you may suffer." Prince Vasíli looked at him in an impressive manner. "I know from safe sources that the empress-dowager is taking a lively interest in the whole matter. You know that she is very gracious to Hélène."

Pierre endeavoured several times to speak, but on the one hand Prince Vasíli did not give him a chance to say anything, and on the other Pierre himself was afraid to speak in that tone of definite refusal, in which he had firmly determined to reply to his father-in-law. Besides, the words of the Masonic code which said, "Be gracious and affable," suddenly occurred to him. He frowned, blushed, rose, and again sat down, labouring in the most difficult affair for him,—which was, to say something disagreeable to a man's face, something that the man was not expecting, whoever he be. He had been so accustomed to submit to that tone of Prince Vasíli's careless self-confidence, that he felt that he would not be able even now to oppose him; at the same time he knew that on what he should say his future fate would depend,—whether he should walk on the old path, or whether he should walk on the new, which had so enticingly been pointed out to him by the Masons, and on which, he was sure, he would find his regeneration for a new life.

"Well, my dear," jestingly said Prince Vasíli, "say 'yes' to me, and I will write to her in my own name, and we will kill the fatted calf." But Prince Vasíli had barely finished speaking, when Pierre, with an expression of fury in his face, which reminded one of his father, and without looking at his interlocutor, exclaimed, in a whisper:

"Prince, I have not sent for you. Go, if you please, go!" He jumped up and opened the door for him. "Go!"

he repeated, hardly believing his own boldness and glad to see the expression of perplexity and terror which had appeared on the countenance of Prince Vasíli.

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"Go!" he again said, in a quivering voice.

And Prince Vasíli was compelled to leave without having received an explanation.

A week later, Pierre, bidding his new friends, the Masons, farewell, and leaving large sums for charity, left for his estates. His new brethren gave him letters to the Masons in Kíev and Odessa, and promised to write to him and to guide him in his new activity.

VI.

PIERRE'S affair with Dólokhov was squelched, and in spite of the emperor's severity in matters of duel, neither the two antagonists nor the seconds suffered any consequences. But the history of the duel, confirmed by Pierre's separation from his wife, was bruited about in society. Pierre, who was treated with condescension when he was only an illegitimate son, who was petted and praised when he was the best match in the Russian Empire, after his marriage, when marriageable girls and mothers had nothing more to expect from him, lost a great deal in public opinion, the more so since he did not know how to gain the good-will of society, nor at all cared to gain it. Now he alone was blamed for what had happened; people said that he was senselessly jealous, and that he was subject to the same fits of bloodthirsty rage as his father. When, after Pierre's departure, Hélène returned to St. Petersburg, she was received by her acquaintances not only with open hands, but also with a certain shade of deference due to her misfortune. Whenever her husband was mentioned in a conversation, Hélène assumed a dignified expression which she, owing to her innate tact, had appropriated, without understanding its meaning. This expression said that she had decided to bear her misfortune without murmuring, and that her husband was her cross sent her by God. Prince Vasíli expressed his opinion more freely. He shrugged his shoulders whenever Pierre's name was mentioned, and, pointing to his forehead, said:

" *Un cerveau fêlé, je le disais toujours.*"

" I said long ago," Anna Pávlovna said about Pierre, " I then said immediately, and I was the first to say it " (she insisted on her priority), " that he was a senseless young man, who was spoiled by the corrupt notions of the age. I said it then when all were delighted with him and he had just arrived from abroad. Do you remember how he tried that evening at my house to act like a Marat? And this is what it has come to! I did not like that marriage then, and predicted all that would happen."

Anna Pávlovna still continued to give her evening parties, for which she had a special organizing capacity, parties at which gathered *la crême de la véritable société, la fine fleur de l'essence intellectuelle de la société de Pétersbourg,* as Anna Pávlovna herself said. In addition to this refined selection of her company, Anna Pávlovna at her entertainments offered to her society some new, interesting person, and nowhere but at her evenings could the political thermometer, which showed the mood of the Legitimist court society at St. Petersburg, be read with such precision and certainty.

Toward the end of the year 1806, when all the sad details of the defeat of the Prussian army by Napoleon at Jena and Auerstädt and of the surrender of the greater part of the Prussian fortresses had been received, when our troops had already entered into Prussia, and our second war with Napoleon had begun, Anna Pávlovna gave an evening party. *La crême de la véritable bonne société* consisted of the charming, unfortunate, abandoned Hélène, Mortemart, charming Prince Ippolít, just fresh from Vienna, two diplomatists, her aunt, one young man, who in the drawing-room passed under the appellation of *un homme de beaucoup de mérite,* a freshly created lady of honour with her mother, and a few other less important persons.

The special novelty to which Anna Pávlovna treated her guests on that evening was Borís Drubetskóy, just arrived as a courier from the Prussian army and serving as an adjutant to a very prominent person.

The political thermometer, presented to the company on that evening, read as follows: "No matter how much all the European sovereigns and generals tried to be subservient to Bonaparte, in order to cause *me* and, in general, *us* these annoyances and aggravations, our opinion in regard to Bonaparte cannot be changed. We will not cease expressing our imperturbable opinion on this point, and all we can say to the Prussian king and to others is: So much the worse for you. *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin*, that is all we can say." It was this that the political thermometer pointed to at the soirée of Anna Pávlovna. When Borís, who was to be served up to the guests, entered the drawing-room, nearly all the company were present, and the conversation, guided by Anna Pávlovna, ran on our diplomatic relations with Austria, and on the hope of an alliance with her.

Borís, wearing the dandyish uniform of an adjutant, looking manly, fresh, and ruddy, entered the drawing-room with an easy manner and, as was proper, was taken to greet the aunt, after which he was introduced to the general circle.

Anna Pávlovna permitted him to kiss her lean hand, made him acquainted with a few unfamiliar persons, characterizing them to him in a whisper:

"*Le Prince Hyppolite Kouragine — charmant jeune homme. M. Krouq, chargé d'affaires de Copenhague — un esprit profond,*" and simply "*M. Shittoff — un homme de beaucoup de mérite*" about the person whom this characterization fitted. Thanks to Anna Mikháylovna's cares, to his own tastes and self-control, Borís had succeeded, during the time of his service, in rising to a very important position. He was an adjutant to a very prominent per-

son, had had an important mission to Prussia, and had just returned as a courier. He had well learned that lesson of the unwritten subordination, which had pleased him so much at Olmütz, according to which a lieutenant could stand incomparably higher than a general, and according to which, for success in service, not effort, labours, bravery, constancy were needed, but only an ability to get along with those who reward for services, — and he frequently himself marvelled at his rapid progress and at the inability of others to grasp it. In consequence of this discovery, his whole mode of life, all his relations with his former acquaintances, all his plans for the future, were completely changed. He was not rich, but he used the last kopek he had in order to be dressed better than anybody else; he would have gladly deprived himself of many pleasures, rather than travel in a bad-looking carriage, or appear in an old uniform in the streets of St. Petersburg. He sought the acquaintance and friendship of only such people as stood higher than himself, and who, therefore, could be useful to him. He loved St. Petersburg and despised Moscow. His memory of the house of the Rostóvs and of his childish love for Natásha was disagreeable to him, and he had not once called at their house since his departure for the army.

In the drawing-room of Anna Pávlovna, the invitation to which he regarded as an important promotion in service, he immediately comprehended the rôle he was playing, and permitted Anna Pávlovna to make use of him and of the interest which then was connected with him; but he carefully scanned each face and weighed the advantages which would accrue to him from cultivating this or that acquaintance. He sat down on the seat indicated to him, near beautiful Hélène, and listened to the general conversation.

"*Vienne trouve les bases du traité proposé tellement hors d'atteinte, qu'on ne saurait y parvenir même par une con-*

tinuité de succès les plus brillants, et elle met en doute les moyens qui pourraient nous les procurer. C'est la phrase authentique du cabinet de Vienne," said the Danish *chargé d'affaires.*

"*C'est le doute qui est flatteur!*" said the *homme à l'esprit profond,* with a delicate smile.

"*Il faut distinguer entre le cabinet de Vienne et l'Empereur d'Autriche,*" said Mortemart. "*L'Empereur d'Autriche n'a jamais pu penser à une chose pareille; ce n'est que le cabinet qui le dit.*"

"*Eh, mon cher vicomte,*" Anna Pávlovna interposed, "*l'Urope*" (she for some reason pronounced it *l'Urope,* as a finesse of the French language, which she could allow herself in her conversation with a Frenchman), "*l'Urope ne sera jamais notre alliée sincère.*"

Immediately after, Anna Pávlovna turned the conversation to the manliness and firmness of the King of Prussia, in order to bring Borís into action.

Borís attentively listened to the one who was speaking, waiting for his own turn; at the same time he succeeded in ogling his neighbour, beautiful Hélène, who, smiling, several times exchanged glances with the handsome young adjutant.

Speaking of the condition of Prussia, Anna Pávlovna most naturally asked Borís to tell of his journey to Glogau, and of the condition in which he found the Prussian army. Borís, speaking leisurely, told, in pure and correct French, very many interesting details of the troops and of the court, carefully avoiding, while reciting, any expression of his personal opinion about the facts of which he was informing them. For some time, Borís monopolized the whole attention, and Anna Pávlovna felt that the novelty presented to her guests had been received gratefully. The greatest attention during his story was evinced by Hélène. She several times asked him about certain details of his journey and seemed to be very much

interested in the condition of the Prussian army. The moment he had finished, she turned to him with her customary smile:

"*Il faut absolument que vous veniez me voir*," she said to him in such a tone of voice that it seemed as though certain considerations, of which he could not know, made his visit peremptory.

"*Mardi, entre les huit et neuf heures. Vous me ferez grand plaisir.*"

Borís promised to come, and was on the point of starting a conversation with her, when Anna Pávlovna called him away under the pretext of taking him to her aunt, who wanted to hear him.

"You know her husband?" said Anna Pávlovna, shutting her eyes and pointing to Hélène, with a sad gesture. "Ah, she is such an unfortunate and charming woman! Do not speak to her about him, please don't! It is too hard for her!"

VII.

WHEN Borís and Anna Pávlovna returned to the general circle, Prince Ippolít had monopolized the conversation.

He moved forward in his armchair and said: "*Le Roi de Prusse!*" and, saying this, burst out laughing. All turned to him. "*Le Roi de Prusse?*" asked Ippolít, again laughing, and calmly and seriously seating himself back in his chair. Anna Pávlovna waited a little longer, but as Ippolít did not seem to wish to say anything more, she began telling how godless Bonaparte had seized Frederick's sword at Potsdam.

"*C'est l'épée de Frédéric le Grand que je* —" she began, but Ippolít interrupted her with the words:

"*Le Roi de Prusse* —" but when he was again addressed, he excused himself and grew silent. Anna Pávlovna frowned. Mortemart, Ippolít's friend, turned to him with the decided question:

"*Voyons, à qui en avez-vous avec votre Roi de Prusse?*"

Ippolít laughed, as though he were ashamed of his laughter. "*Non, ce n'est rien, je voulais dire seulement* —" He was trying hard to repeat a witticism which he had heard at Vienna, and which he had been trying all the evening to introduce. "*Je voulais dire seulement que nous avons tort de faire la guerre pour le Roi de Prusse.*"

Borís smiled cautiously, so that his smile might be taken either as ridicule, or as an approval of the joke, no matter how it should be received. All laughed.

"*Il est très mauvais, votre jeu de mot, très spirituel, mais*

injuste," Anna Pávlovna said, threatening him with her little finger. "*Nous ne faisons pas la guerre pour le Roi de Prusse, mais pour les bons principes. Ah, le méchant, ce Prince Hippolyte!*" she said.

The conversation did not slacken all the evening, and turned mostly about political news. Toward the end of the evening it became unusually animated, when the rewards given by the emperor were mentioned.

"Last year N—— N—— received a snuff-box with a portrait," said *l'homme à l'esprit profond,* "why, then, can't S—— S—— get the same reward?"

"*Je vous demande pardon, une tabatière avec le portrait de l'empereur est une recompense, mais point une distinction,*" said the diplomatist, "*un cadeau plutôt.*"

"*Il y eut plutôt des antécédents, je vous citerai Schwarzenberg.*"

"*C'est impossible,*" retorted another.

"I'll wager. *Le grand cordon, c'est différent* —"

When all rose, in order to leave, Hélène, who had spoken very little during the evening, again turned to Borís, asking him, and kindly and significantly commanding him, to be at her house on Tuesday.

"I need it very much," she said, with a smile, looking at Anna Pávlovna; and Anna Pávlovna, with that sad smile which had accompanied her words about her august protectress, confirmed Hélène's wish. One might have thought that there was something in the words said by Borís in respect to the King of Prussia which had suddenly made it necessary for Hélène to see him. She seemed to promise him to explain to him the circumstance on Tuesday, when he should call at her house.

Upon arriving on Tuesday evening in Hélène's magnificent salon, Borís received no clear explanation why she wanted him to come. There were other guests present, and the countess spoke little; only as he was on the point of leaving and kissing her hand, she suddenly said

to him, with a strange absence of a smile, and in a whisper:

"*Venez demain dîner — le soir. Il faut que vous veniez — Venez!*"

During this stay in St. Petersburg, Borís became an intimate friend of Countess Bezúkhi.

VIII.

THE war was in full sway, and its theatre approached the boundaries of Russia. On all sides could be heard anathemas directed against Bonaparte, the enemy of the human race. The militia and recruits were gathering in the villages, and from the theatre of war came contradictory news, which was, as always, false and variously interpreted.

The life of the old Prince Bolkónski, of Prince Andréy, and of Princess Márya, had changed much since 1805.

In the year 1806 the old prince was appointed to be one of the eight commanders-in-chief of the militia, who were then designated for the whole of Russia. The old man, in spite of his decrepitude, which had become especially noticeable during the period when he regarded his son as dead, did not think it proper to refuse attending to a duty to which he had been appointed by the emperor himself, and this new activity stirred him and invigorated him. He was continually travelling about in the three Governments under his charge. He was pedantically exact in the execution of his duties, severe to the point of cruelty with his subordinates, and himself inquired into the minutest details of his business. Princess Márya no longer took lessons in mathematics from him, and only in the morning went, accompanied by the nurse who carried little Prince Nikoláy, as his grandfather called him, to her father's cabinet when he was at home. The baby Prince Nikoláy occupied with his nurse and with Savíshna the apartments of the deceased princess,

and Princess Márya passed the greater part of the day in the nursery, taking, so far as she could, a mother's place with her little nephew. Mlle. Bourienne also seemed to love the little boy, and Princess Márya frequently deprived herself of the pleasure of caring for the little angel, as she called her nephew, and of playing with him, in order to turn him over to her friend.

Near the altar of the church at Lýsyya Góry a chapel had been built over the grave of the little princess, and inside of the chapel was placed a marble monument which had been brought from Italy, and which represented an angel with spreading wings and ready to fly to heaven. The angel's upper lip was a little raised, and once Prince Andréy and Princess Márya, coming out of the chapel, confessed to each other that the face of the angel strangely reminded them of the face of the deceased princess. But what was stranger still and what Prince Andréy did not tell his sister, was the fact that in the expression which the sculptor had accidentally given to the angel, Prince Andréy read the same words of mild reproach which he had then read on the face of his dead wife: "Ah, why have you done that to me?"

Soon after the return of Prince Andréy, the old prince apportioned a separate property to his son by giving him the large estate of Boguchárovo, which was about forty versts distant from Lýsyya Góry. Partly on account of the painful memories connected with Lýsyya Góry, partly because Prince Andréy did not always feel himself equal to enduring his father's character, and partly because he needed solitude, Prince Andréy made use of Boguchárovo, building there and passing the greater part of his time there.

Prince Andréy, after the Austerlitz campaign, firmly decided not to serve again in the army; and when the war began and all had to serve, he, to get rid of active service, accepted a position under his father in the organi-

zation of the militia. After the campaign of 1805 the old prince and his son seemed to have exchanged parts. The old prince, stirred by his new activity, expected the very best from the impending campaign; Prince Andréy, on the contrary, who did not take part in the war and who in the secrecy of his heart regretted it, foresaw nothing but evil.

On February 26th of the year 1807, the old prince started on a circuit through his territory. Prince Andréy remained at Lýsyya Góry, as generally during the absences of his father. Little Nikoláy had been ill for four days. The coachmen, who took the old prince away, returned from town, bringing papers and letters for Prince Andréy.

Not finding the young prince in his cabinet, the valet went with the letters to the apartments of Princess Márya; but he was not there, either. He was told that the prince had gone to the nursery.

"If you please, your Serenity, Petrúsha has come with papers," said one of the girl assistants of the nurse, turning to Prince Andréy, who was sitting in a small child's chair and with trembling hands and with a frown dropping some medicine from a bottle into a wine-glass half-full of water.

"What is it?" he said, angrily, and, with a careless jerk of his hand, put too many drops into the wine-glass. He poured the medicine out of the wine-glass on the floor and asked for more water. The girl handed him some.

In the room stood a crib, two trunks, two chairs, a table, and a child's table and chair, the one on which Prince Andréy was sitting. The windows were darkened, and on the table burned a single candle, which was shielded by a bound volume of music, so that the light did not strike the crib.

"My dear," Princess Márya, turning to her brother, said at the crib, where she was standing, "you had better wait — later —"

"Oh, leave me alone! You are speaking foolishly. You have been waiting all this time, and what did you get?" Prince Andréy said, in a malicious whisper, apparently wishing to sting his sister.

"My dear, really it will be best not to wake him: he has fallen asleep," the princess said, in an imploring voice.

Prince Andréy rose and on tiptoe walked over to the crib with the wine-glass in his hand.

"Do you think we had better not wake him?" he said, with indecision.

"As you please — really — I think, — well, as you please," said Princess Márya, apparently embarrassed and ashamed because her opinion had prevailed. She pointed to the girl who had called him in a whisper.

It was now the second night that neither of them had slept, passing all the time at the bedside of the boy, who was in a high fever. During these two days they did not trust the judgment of their family doctor, but sent to town for another one, and, while waiting for him, they tried all manner of means. Worn out by their sleeplessness and agitated by the boy's illness, they put their sorrow on each other's shoulder, reproaching each other, and quarrelling.

"Petrúsha has come with some papers from your papa," whispered the girl.

Prince Andréy left the room.

"The devil take them!" he muttered, and, after having listened to the verbal instructions of his father, he took the envelopes handed to him and his father's letter, and returned to the nursery.

"Well?" asked Prince Andréy.

"Still the same. Wait, for the Lord's sake! Karl Iványch always says that sleep is the most precious thing," Princess Márya whispered, with a sigh.

Prince Andréy walked over to his child and touched him. He was burning.

"Get away with your Karl Iványch!"

He took the wine-glass with the drops of the medicine, and again went up to the crib.

"*André*, it is not necessary!" said Princess Márya.

But he frowned at her in anger and as though in pain, and with the glass bent over his child.

"I want it," he said. "I beg you, give it to him!"

Princess Márya shrugged her shoulders, but submissively took the glass, and, calling up the nurse, began to give him the medicine. The child wept and choked. Prince Andréy's face fell; he seized his head, left the room, and sat down in the adjoining room on a sofa.

All the letters were in his hand. He opened them mechanically and began to read. The old prince wrote on blue paper, in his large, oval handwriting, using contractions now and then. He wrote as follows:

"I have just received by courier a very joyful piece of news, if it is not a lie. Bénigsen is said to have obtained a full victory over Buonaparte at Eylau. In St. Petersburg all rejoice, and an endless number of rewards have been sent to the army. Though he is a German, I congratulate him. I cannot make out what the Kórcheva chief, a certain Khandrikóv, is doing: so far no additional men and no supplies have been sent. Gallop there at once and tell him that I will take his head off, and that everything must be here within a week. I have had a letter from Pétya about the battle at Preussisch-Eylau, — he took part in it, — it is all true. If those who have no business do not interfere, even the Germans can beat Buonaparte. They say he is fleeing in great disorder. Be sure and gallop at once to Kórcheva and do as I order!"

Prince Andréy sighed and broke the seal of another envelope. It was a closely written letter on two small sheets. He put it down without reading it, and again read his father's letter, which ended with the words, "Gallop at once to Kórcheva and do as I order!"

"I beg your pardon, but I will not go now, so long as my child is not better," he thought. He went up to the door and looked into the nursery. Princess Márya was still standing at the crib and softly rocking the child.

"Yes, what other disagreeable thing was it that my father wrote me about?" Prince Andréy tried to recall the contents of the letter. "Yes. Our army has obtained a victory over Bonaparte when I am not serving. Yes, yes, he is making fun of me — Well, let him do it, if it gives him pleasure," and he began to read Bilíbin's French letter. He read, without understanding half of what was written; he read merely to forget even for a moment what he had been thinking of so long, so exclusively, and so painfully.

IX.

BILÍBIN was now in the capacity of a diplomatic officer at the headquarters of the army, and, though writing in French, with French jokes and turns of speech, he described the campaign with an exclusively Russian fearlessness in judging or ridiculing our acts. Bilíbin wrote that his diplomatic discretion tormented him, and that he was happy to have a safe correspondent in Prince Andréy, before whom he could pour out his bile which had accumulated in him at the sight of what was going on in the army. It was an old letter, having been written before the battle at Preussisch-Eylau.

"Since our great success at Austerlitz, you know, my dear prince, that I do not leave the headquarters. I am really getting the taste of war, and I like it. What I have seen these three months is incredible.

"I shall begin *ab ovo*. The enemy of the human race, as you know, is attacking the Prussians. The Prussians are our faithful allies who have betrayed us only three times in the last three years. We are taking their part in earnest. But it so happens that the enemy of the human race pays no attention to our fine speeches, and with his rude and savage manner rushes against the Prussians, without giving them a chance to finish the parade which they had begun, wallops them, and completely demolishes them in two rounds, and takes up his abode in the palace at Potsdam.

"'I am very anxious,' the King of Prussia writes to Bonaparte, 'that your Majesty be received and treated in

my palace in the pleasantest manner possible, and with that point in view I have with the greatest care taken all the measures which the circumstances have allowed me. I hope I have been successful!' The Prussian generals make a display of their politeness before the French, and lay down their arms at the first summons.

"The chief of the garrison at Glogau, with ten thousand men, is asking the King of Prussia what he is to do if summoned to surrender. All these are positive facts.

"In short, having hoped to impose simply by our military attitude, it turns out that we are drawn into the war in earnest, and what is more, into a war on our own borders, with and for the King of Prussia.[1] Everything is complete with us, but we lack a little thing, namely, a commander-in-chief. Since it turns out that the successes at Austerlitz might have been of a more positive character, if the commander-in-chief had not been so young, a review is made of the octogenarians, and between Prozorófski and Kámenski the preference is given to the latter. The general arrives in a kibítka *à la* Suvórov, and he is received with joyous and triumphant acclamations.

"On the 4th the first courier arrives from St. Petersburg. The bags are taken into the cabinet of the field-marshal, who likes to do everything himself. I am called in to help distribute the letters and select those which are intended for us. The field-marshal watches us and waits for the packages which are addressed to him. We look,—there are none. The field-marshal grows impatient, himself takes a hand in it, and finds the emperor's letters for Count T——, for Prince V——, and for others. Then he goes into a rage. He hurls fire and flame against the whole world, takes possession of the letters, breaks the seals, and reads those the emperor has addressed to others. 'Oh, that

[1] In the original this letter is in French, and the pun *pour le Roi de Prusse* is untranslatable.

is the way I am treated! I am not trusted! I am to be watched! Very well: go!' Then he writes the famous order of the day to General Bénigsen.

"'I am wounded; I cannot ride, consequently cannot command the army. You have brought your *corps d'armée* all shattered to Pultusk: here it is without protection, and without wood and without forage; something must be done, and as you yourself yesterday addressed Count Buxhövden, you must think of retreating to our borders, which is to be executed at once.'

"'During my travels,' he writes to the emperor, 'the saddle has so chafed me that I am unable to mount a horse and command such a large army; therefore I have transferred the command of the same to the senior officer after me, General Buxhövden, having sent over to him all the business of the day and everything appertaining thereunto, and having advised him, in case bread is wanting, to retreat nearer to the interior of Prussia, because there was grain left only for one day, while some regiments had none, as reported to me by the commanders of divisions, Ósterman and Sedmoryétski, and everything the peasants had has been eaten up. I myself will remain in the hospital at Ostrolénko until I get well again. I herewith most humbly inform you of the date of that report, and must add that if the army remains at the present bivouac fifteen days longer, there will not be one man left fit for service by spring.

"'Permit an old man to retire to the country; he is disgraced enough for not having been able to do justice to his great and glorious functions to which he has been chosen. I will be waiting here in the hospital for your most august permission, for fear of playing the part of a *scribe*, and not of a *commander*, with the army. My retirement from the army will produce no greater stir than if a blind man left it. There are thousands of such men in Russia as I am.'





"The field-marshal is angry with the emperor and punishes us all. That is logical, is it not?

"That is the first act. In what follows the interest and the ridiculous situations keep multiplying, as is only natural. After the departure of the field-marshal, it turns out that we are facing the enemy, and that it is necessary to give battle. Buxhövden is general-in-chief by dint of seniority, but General Bénigsen does not share that view, the more so since he is with his troops in plain sight of the enemy and because he wishes to profit by the opportunity of a battle '*auf eigene Hand*,' as the Germans say. He gives it. It is the battle of Pultusk, which is reported to be a great victory, but which, according to my opinion, is not. We civilians have a villainous habit of deciding the gain or loss of a battle. The one who has retreated after a battle has lost it, we say, and so judged, we have lost the battle of Pultusk. In short, we retreat after the battle, but we send a courier to St. Petersburg to carry the news of a victory, and the general does not cede the command in chief to Buxhövden, hoping to receive from St. Petersburg the title of commander-in-chief in recognition of his victory. During this interregnum we begin an exceedingly interesting and original plan of manœuvres. It is not our aim, as it ought to be, to evade or attack the enemy, but simply to evade General Buxhövden, who by right of seniority should be our chief. We pursue this end with so much energy that even in crossing an unfordable river we burn the bridges, in order to separate ourselves from our enemy, who, for the moment, is not Bonaparte, but Buxhövden. General Buxhövden came within an inch of being attacked and taken by the superior forces of the enemy on account of our fine manœuvres which were saving us from him. Buxhövden pursues us, and we skip. The moment he crosses on our side of the river, we pass to the other. At last our enemy Buxhövden catches us and attacks us.

The two generals are mad, and there is even a challenge to a duel on the side of Buxhövden and an epileptic fit on the side of Bénigsen. But at the critical moment the courier who took the news of our victory to St. Petersburg brings us back our nomination as commander-in-chief, and the first enemy, Buxhövden, is crushed: we now can think of the second, of Bonaparte.

"But, behold, there arises before us a third enemy, the *Orthodox* army, which begins to clamour loudly for bread, meat, hardtack, hay, and what not! The stores are empty; the roads impassable. The *Orthodox* take to marauding in a manner of which the last campaign cannot give you the faintest idea. Half of the regiments form themselves into free troops, which overrun the country, putting everything to the sword and setting everything on fire. The inhabitants are completely ruined, the hospitals are crowded with the sick, and famine is all about us. Twice have the headquarters been attacked by gangs of marauders, and the commander-in-chief has been compelled to ask a battalion to chase them away. During one of these attacks they carried off my empty portmanteau and my morning-gown. The emperor wants to grant the right to the chiefs of divisions to shoot the marauders, but I am afraid that that would compel one-half the army to shoot the other."

Prince Andréy at first read with his eyes only, but later that which he read involuntarily began to interest him more and more, although he knew that Bilíbin could not be trusted entirely. Upon reaching this point, he crumpled the letter and threw it away. Not that which he read in the letter angered him, but that that strange, foreign life could agitate him so much. He shut his eyes, rubbed his brow with his hand, as though expelling every participation in that which he was reading, and listened to what was going on in the nursery. Suddenly he thought he heard a strange sound behind the door. He

was overcome by terror: he was afraid that something might have happened while he had been reading the letter. He went on tiptoe up to the door of the nursery, and opened it. Just as he was entering, he saw the nurse hiding something from him with a frightened glance, and that Princess Márya was no longer at the crib.

"My dear," he heard behind him what he thought to be a whisper of despair, uttered by Princess Márya. As is frequently the case after long vigils and agitation, he was overcome by groundless fear: it occurred to him that the child had died. All he saw and heard seemed to confirm his fear.

"All is ended," he thought, and a cold perspiration came out on his forehead. He went up distracted to the crib, convinced that he should find it empty, because the nurse had concealed the dead child. He pulled aside the curtains, and his frightened, roving eyes could not for a long time find the child. Finally he saw him: the ruddy-faced boy had tossed himself across the bed and was lying with his head below the pillow, smacking and moving his lips in his sleep, and breathing evenly.

Prince Andréy was rejoiced when he saw the boy, just as though he had really lost him. He bent down and, as his sister had instructed him, tried with his lips to see whether the child had any high fever. His tender brow was moist; he touched the boy's head with his hand: the hair, too, was moist, — so great was the perspiration the child was in. He had not died, but, on the contrary, it was evident that the crisis had passed and that he was on his way to recovery. He felt like picking up and crushing and pressing against his breast that tiny, helpless being; he did not dare do it. He stood over him, watching his head, his hands, and his little feet that were defined underneath his coverlet. He heard a rustling noise near him, and a shadow appeared under the bed-curtain. He did not turn back, but continued to watch

the even breathing of the child. The dark shadow was that of Princess Márya, who had approached the crib with soft steps, had raised the curtain, and dropped it after her. Prince Andréy recognized her, without looking back, and extended his hand to her. She pressed it.

"He is in a perspiration," said Prince Andréy.

"I was on my way to tell you so."

The child barely moved in his sleep; he smiled and rubbed his forehead on the pillow.

Prince Andréy looked at his sister. The beaming eyes of Princess Márya sparkled, in the dim half-light of the curtain, more than usual from the happy tears which stood in them. Princess Márya leaned over to her brother and kissed him, getting lightly caught in the curtain. They jestingly threatened each other and stood for awhile in the dim light underneath the bed-curtain, as though they did not wish to depart from this little world, where the three of them were separated from the world at large. Prince Andréy was the first to walk away from the crib, his hair catching in the gauze of the curtain.

"Yes, this is all that is now left for me," he said, with a sigh.

X.

Soon after his initiation in the Masonic lodge, Pierre departed for the Government of Kíev, where the greater part of his peasants were, carrying with him an instruction which he had composed for his own use.

Upon arriving at Kíev, Pierre called all the superintendents to the main office, and explained to them his intentions and wishes. He told them that measures would immediately be taken completely to liberate the peasants from their serfdom, that until then the peasants should not be burdened with labour, that the women and children should not be sent out to work at all; that the peasants were to receive aid; that the punishments to be meted out were to be hortative, and not corporal; that in every estate there were to be established hospitals, asylums, and schools. A few of the superintendents (there were among them half-educated men) listened to him in fright, interpreting the young count's speech to the effect that he was dissatisfied with their management and their stealing of money; others, after their first fright was passed, found Pierre's lisping and his new, unheard-of words very funny; a third class of superintendents simply enjoyed their master's speech; a fourth group, the most intelligent of them, among them the chief superintendent, immediately determined from his remarks how they had to treat the master in order to obtain their ends.

The chief superintendent expressed his great sympathy with Pierre's intentions, but remarked that in addition to these reforms it was necessary to attend to matters that were in a bad shape.

In spite of Count Bezúkhi's enormous fortune, Pierre felt himself much less rich when he received an income of what people estimated to be five hundred thousand roubles a year than when he received ten thousand from the late count. He had a dim idea of the following budget: He paid into the Council about eighty thousand; about thirty thousand went to the maintenance of his suburban estate and his Moscow house, and for the support of the princesses; about fifteen thousand went for pensions, and as much for charitable institutions; the countess received for her alimony 150,000; the interest on debts amounted to seventy thousand; the construction of a new church had cost him ten thousand for the last two years; the rest, about one hundred thousand, was spent, he did not know himself how, and he was compelled nearly every year to borrow money. Besides, the chief superintendent kept writing every year, now about fires, now about the failure of crops, and now about the necessity of making repairs in the factories and plants. And so the very first thing that presented itself to Pierre was business, for which he had the least ability and no inclination.

Pierre looked into business matters with his chief superintendent every day; but he felt that his occupations did not advance his affairs a single step. He felt that his occupations were independent of the matter at hand, that they did not fit in with the state of affairs, and did not make it move. On the one hand, the chief superintendent presented the state of affairs in the worst possible light, pointing out to Pierre the necessity of paying off his debts and undertaking new work by means of the serf labour, to which Pierre would not agree; on the other, Pierre demanded the immediate emancipation of the peasants, to which the chief superintendent retorted that it was first necessary to pay the debt of the Guardianship Council, and that, therefore, the emancipation could not be executed at once.

The superintendent did not say that it was altogether impossible; he proposed for this purpose the sale of the forests in the Government of Kostromá, and of the lowlands and the Crimea estate. But all these operations were in the speech of the superintendent connected with such a complicated mass of litigations, removals of injunctions, amortizations, powers of sale, and so forth, that Pierre was only confused and kept saying: "Yes, yes, do it!"

Pierre did not have that tenacity in practical affairs which would have made it possible for him to take hold of things at once, and so he did not like it and only pretended before his superintendent that he was occupying himself with affairs. The superintendent, on his side, tried to act before the count as though he regarded these occupations as very useful for his master and very laborious for himself.

In the large city Pierre came across some acquaintances: strangers hastened to make his acquaintance and received with open arms the newly arrived nabob, the largest proprietor of their Government. The temptations in respect to Pierre's chief weakness, to which he had confessed at his initiation, were so strong that he could not withstand them. Again whole days, weeks, and months of Pierre's life passed as busily between evening entertainments, dinners, breakfasts, balls, as at St. Petersburg, giving him as little time to think as before. Instead of the new life which Pierre had hoped to lead, he lived his former life, only in new surroundings.

Pierre was conscious of not fulfilling the one of the three obligations of the Masons, which enjoined him to be a model of a moral life, and of the seven virtues he was totally devoid of two, of decorum and of love of death. He consoled himself with the thought that instead he would fulfil the other purpose, the regeneration of the human race, and had other virtues, love of his neighbour and, especially, generosity.

In the spring of 1807, Pierre decided to return to St. Petersburg. On his way back he intended to visit all his estates and to convince himself in person that his injunctions were carried out, and to see in what condition the people were who had been entrusted to him by God, and to whom he was trying to do good.

The chief superintendent, who regarded all the plans of the young count as mere insanity, which was disadvantageous for himself, for him, and for the peasants, made concessions. He continued to show the impossibility of emancipating the serfs, but ordered the building of large structures for schools, hospitals, and asylums in all the estates, for the master's visit. Everywhere he arranged deputations, not pompous and solemn ones, which he knew would displease Pierre, but such as had a character of religious thanksgiving, with images and bread and salt, just such as, if he at all understood his master, ought to affect him and deceive him.

The southern spring, the calm, rapid journey in a Viennese carriage, and the solitude of the road had a cheering influence on Pierre. The estates, which he had not seen before, were one more picturesque than the other; the people everywhere appeared to be doing well and were touchingly grateful for benefits received. Everywhere there were deputations, which, though they embarrassed him, in the depth of his heart evoked a pleasurable sensation. In one place the peasants brought him bread and salt and an image of Peter and Paul, and asked permission to erect a new altar in the church at their own expense, in honour of his saints, Peter and Paul, and in token of their gratitude for the many benefits bestowed upon them by him. In another place he was met by women with their suckling babes, thanking him for having been freed from their hard work. In a third estate the priest met him with a cross, surrounded by children whom he, by the liberality of the count, taught reading and religion. In all the

estates Pierre saw, with his own eyes, the uniform stone buildings partly erected, partly in process of construction, hospitals, schools, charitable institutions, which were to be opened shortly. Everywhere Pierre saw the accounts of the superintendents, in which the manorial labour was diminished in comparison with former times, and for this received touching delegations of peasants in blue caftans, who came to thank him for it.

But what Pierre did not know was that there where the bread and salt were brought to him and an altar to Peter and Paul was being built, there was a commercial village, and a fair on St. Peter's Day, and that the altar had been built by the rich peasants of the village, the same who came to him as a deputation, and that nine-tenths of the village population lived in the greatest misery. He did not know that, in consequence of his order not to send the women with suckling babes out to do manorial labour, these very women had to do so much harder work on their own land. He did not know that the priest, who had received him with the cross, was burdening the peasants by levies of his own, and that the pupils who gathered at his house were given to him by their parents with tears in their eyes, and were bought off with large sums. He did not know that the stone buildings, which were all erected according to one plan, were being built by his own workmen, increasing the manorial labour which was diminished only on paper. He did not know that there where the superintendent showed him in the book the diminution by one-third of the manorial dues, the manorial labour had been increased by one-half. And thus Pierre was delighted with his journey over his estates, and completely returned to that philanthropic mood with which he had left St. Petersburg, and wrote ecstatic letters to his brother instructor, as he called the grand master.

"How easy it is, and how little effort it takes to do so

much," thought Pierre, "and how little we trouble ourselves about it!"

He was happy to hear the expressions of gratitude, but felt ashamed when he received them. This gratitude reminded him how much more he might have been able to do for these simple and good people.

The chief superintendent, a very stupid, but shrewd man, who fully understood the clever, but naïve count, and who played with him as with a toy, upon seeing the effect produced on Pierre by the receptions, now more boldly brought forward his arguments about the impossibility, and, above all, the futility of freeing the peasants who were happy as it was.

In the depth of his heart Pierre agreed with the superintendent that it was difficult to imagine happier people, and that God knew what awaited them if they were freed; but he insisted, though involuntarily, that justice demanded their liberation. The superintendent promised to use all his effort to carry out the count's will, knowing full well that the count would never be able to verify his acts and find out whether he had employed all measures possible to sell the forests and estates, for the purpose of clearing the indebtedness in the Council, and that, no doubt, he would never find out that the newly built structures stood empty and that the peasants continued to do manorial labour and pay the manorial dues as much as peasants elsewhere, that is, as much as they possibly could.

XI.

On returning in the happiest frame of mind from his southern journey, Pierre carried out his old intention of visiting his old friend Bolkónski, whom he had not seen for two years.

Boguchárovo lay in an uninteresting, flat locality, covered with fields and with fir and birch forests, many of which had been cut down. The manor was at the end of a large village which lay along a straight road, and back of a newly dug, full pond, the banks of which were not yet overgrown with grass, amidst a young forest, with a few pines among them.

The manorial buildings consisted of a threshing-floor, stables, bath-house, a wing, and a large stone house with a semi-circular façade, in the course of construction. Around the house a young orchard had been planted. The fences and gates were solid and new; under the penthouse stood two hose-carriages and a barrel, painted green; the roads were straight, and the bridges strong and with balustrades. On all lay the imprint of precision and order. The manorial servants, whom Pierre met, pointed, in reply to the question where the prince lived, to a small, new little house which stood at the edge of the pond. The old valet of Prince Andréy, Antón, helped Pierre out of his carriage, saying that the prince was at home. He led him to a clean, little antechamber.

Pierre was struck by the simplicity of the clean, but small house, as compared with those brilliant conditions of life under which he had last seen his friend at St. Petersburg. He hurriedly entered a small parlour, still

redolent with the pine and not yet whitewashed, and was on the point of going farther, when Antón ran forward on tiptoe and knocked at the door.

"What is it again?" was heard a piercing, disagreeable voice.

"A guest," replied Antón.

"Ask him to wait," and a chair was removed.

Pierre rushed up to the door and ran into Prince Andréy, who, frowning and looking old, had come out to see him. Pierre embraced him and, raising his eyeglasses, kissed him on his cheeks and looked closely at him.

"I did not expect you. I am so glad!" said Prince Andréy.

Pierre said nothing. He looked at his friend in surprise, riveting his eyes upon him. He was struck by the change which had taken place in Prince Andréy. His words were kind, there was a smile on the lips and the face of Prince Andréy, but his glance was dim and dead, and, in spite of his apparent desire to do so, he was unable to impart a joyous and merry sparkle to them. His friend had not only grown thin and pale, and looked manlier, but his glance and the wrinkle on his brow, which expressed a long concentration on something, perplexed Pierre, until he became accustomed to them.

At this their meeting the conversation, as often happens, could not for a long time assume any definite form; they asked each other questions and replied briefly to them, although they knew that they ought to be answered at a greater length. Finally the conversation became more settled and ran on the questions, abruptly touched upon before, the questions of their past lives, the plans for the future, Pierre's journey, his occupations, the war, and so forth. That concentration and crushed appearance, which Pierre had noticed in the glance of Prince Andréy, now was more strongly expressed in the smile with which he listened to Pierre, especially when Pierre spoke with

joyful enthusiasm about the past and the future. It looked as though Prince Andréy wished to take interest in what he was saying, but was unable to do so. Pierre began to feel that, in the presence of Prince Andréy, transport, reveries, hopes of happiness and goodness were improper. He felt ashamed to express all his new Masonic ideas, especially those which had been stirred up in him and had found new fuel during his last journey. He restrained himself, fearing lest he should be naïve; at the same time he was burning to show to his friend that he now was a different, a better Pierre than he had known at St. Petersburg.

"I cannot tell you how much I have lived through during this time. I should not recognize myself."

"Yes, we have changed much, very much since then," said Prince Andréy.

"Well, and you?" asked Pierre. "What are your plans?"

"Plans?" ironically repeated Prince Andréy. "My plans?" he repeated, as though marvelling at the meaning of the word. "You see, I am building. I want to settle here next year altogether."

Pierre looked fixedly and in silence at Prince Andréy's aged face.

"No, I ask you," said Pierre, but Prince Andréy interrupted him:

"What is the use of speaking of me? You had better tell me about your journey, about everything you have done on your estates."

Pierre began to tell him of what he had done on his estates, trying as much as possible to conceal the part which he had taken in the improvements. Prince Andréy several times anticipated Pierre, as though all Pierre had done was an old story, and he listened to him without any interest, as though ashamed of what Pierre was telling him.

Pierre felt embarrassed and even ill at ease in the company of his friend. He grew silent.

"Listen, my dear," said Prince Andréy, who obviously was himself not at ease with his guest. "I am only bivouacking and inspecting here. I shall return to-day to my sister's. I will make you acquainted with her; but I think you know her already," he said, apparently entertaining his guest, with whom he now seemed to have nothing in common. "We shall leave after dinner. Don't you want to see my estate now?"

They went out and walked about until dinner, discussing the political news and their common acquaintances, like people who were not on a footing of friendship. Prince Andréy, however, spoke with some animation and interest, on subjects connected with his new estate and mansion, but even here, as they were standing on the scaffolding, and Prince Andréy was explaining to Pierre the future arrangement of the mansion, he suddenly stopped in the middle of his conversation.

"However, there is nothing interesting in this. Come, let us go to dinner!"

At dinner the conversation turned on Pierre's marriage.

"I was very much surprised when I heard of it," said Prince Andréy.

Pierre blushed, just as he always did at the mention of it, and hurriedly said:

"I will tell you sometime how it all happened. But you know that it is all ended, and for ever."

"For ever?" said Prince Andréy. "Nothing is for ever."

"But you know how it all ended? Have you heard about the duel?"

"Yes, you have passed even through that."

"There is one thing for which I am thankful to God, and that is that I have not killed that man," said Pierre.

"Why?" said Prince Andréy. "It is very proper to kill a mad dog."

"No, it is not good, not just, to kill a man — "

"Why is it not just?" repeated Prince Andréy. "It is not given to man to judge of what is just, and what not. Men have always erred and always will err, and in nothing more so than in what they regard as just and unjust."

"Unjust is that which is bad for another man," said Pierre, noticing with delight that this was the first time since his arrival that Prince Andréy had become animated, and wanted to speak, and to tell him what had made him such as he now was.

"And who has told you what is bad for another man?" he asked.

"What is bad? Bad?" said Pierre. "We all know what is bad for us."

"Yes, we do; but what is bad for me, I cannot inflict upon another," Prince Andréy said, with ever growing animation, apparently wishing to tell Pierre his new view on things. He spoke in French. "*Je ne connais dans la vie que deux maux bien réels: c'est le remord et la maladie. Il n'est de bien que l'absence de ces maux.* To live for myself, escaping these two evils, that is now my wisdom."

"And the love for your neighbour? and self-sacrifice?" Pierre hastened to say. "No, I cannot agree with you. It is not enough to live in such a way as not to wrong and not to have remorse. I lived so: I lived for myself and wasted my life. And only now that I live, at least that I try" (Pierre modestly corrected himself) "to live for others, only now have I grasped the whole happiness of life. No, I will not agree with you, and you yourself do not believe what you say."

Prince Andréy glanced silently at Pierre and smiled a sarcastic smile.

"Wait until you see my sister, Princess Márya. You will agree together," he said. "Maybe you are right in your own case," he continued, after a moment's silence,

"but everybody lives according to his fashion: you lived for yourself, and you say that you almost wasted your life in that way, and that you found your happiness only when you began to live for others. But I have experienced the very opposite. I lived for glory. (Now what is glory? The same love of others, the desire to do something for them, the desire to get their praise.) And so, I lived for others, and I not only came very near wasting my life, but near losing it entirely. I have become calmer only from the moment I began to live for myself."

"But how can one live for oneself?" Pierre asked, getting excited. "And your son, your sister, your father?"

"They are my ego, and not others," said Prince Andréy. "But others, your neighbour, *le prochain*, as you and Princess Márya call them, are the chief source of error and evil. *Le prochain* are your Kíev peasants, whom you wish to benefit."

He looked at Pierre with a sarcastic and provoking glance. He evidently challenged Pierre.

"You are jesting," Pierre said, growing ever more excited. "What error and evil can there be in my having wished (even though I have accomplished little), in my having wished to do good, and having done a little? What evil can there be in the fact that unfortunate people, our peasants, men who are like ourselves, who grow up and die without any other conception of God and truth than what they get from ceremonies and meaningless prayers, will be instructed in the consoling beliefs of a future life, retribution, reward, consolation? What error and evil is there in offering material aid to men who die of diseases, in giving them a physician and a hospital, and in giving an old man an asylum? And is it not a palpable and certain benefit if I afford rest and leisure to a peasant and a woman with a babe, who have no rest, either in the daytime, or at night?" said Pierre, speaking rapidly and lisping. "I did that, though badly,

though insufficiently, still, I did something toward it, and you not only cannot persuade me that that which I did was not good, but even that you believe it to be bad. But, above all," continued Pierre, "I know, and know it firmly, that the pleasure of doing good is the only real happiness of life."

"Yes, if you put the question like that, then it is a different matter," said Prince Andréy. "I build a house, plant a garden, while you build hospitals. Either is a good pastime. But what is just and what good, let him judge who knows everything, and not us. If you want to dispute, very well, let us dispute," he added.

They left the table and sat down on the porch, which took the place of a balcony.

"Let us discuss it," said Prince Andréy. "You talk about schools," he continued, bending down one finger, "instruction, and so forth, that is, you want to bring him out," he said, pointing to a peasant who passed by them and pulled off his hat, "from his animal state and give him moral needs, whereas to me the only possible happiness is the animal happiness, of which you want to deprive him. I envy him, and you want to make him like me, without giving him my means. Secondly, you say you want to ease his labours, whereas, in my opinion, physical labour is just such a necessity, just such a condition of life for him, as mental labour is for you and me. You cannot stop thinking. I lie down to sleep at three o'clock; thoughts come to me, and I cannot fall asleep; I toss about and do not sleep until morning because I think and cannot refrain from thinking, just as he cannot keep from ploughing, or mowing; otherwise he will go to the tavern, or will grow ill. Just as I cannot endure his terrible physical labour, and should die in a week from it, so he will not be able to endure my physical indolence, from which he would only grow fat and die. Thirdly, what was it you said?" Prince Andréy bent down his third finger.

"Oh, yes, hospitals, medicine. He has an apoplectic stroke, he dies, and you bleed him and cure him. He will be walking about a cripple for ten years, a burden to everybody. It is more convenient and simple for him to die. Others are born, and there are too many of them, anyway. If you were sorry to lose a labourer, I could understand it, but no, you want to cure him out of love for him. He does not want that; and besides, what an idea to imagine that medicine has ever cured a man! I can understand that it kills!" he said, with an evil frown, and turning away from Pierre.

Prince Andréy expressed his thoughts so clearly and distinctly that it was evident he had thought of it before, and he spoke cheerfully and rapidly, like a man who had not spoken for a long time. His glance grew more animated in measure as his judgments became more hopeless.

"Ah, this is terrible, terrible!" said Pierre. "But I cannot understand how one can live with such ideas. I have been assailed by such minutes; it happened only lately, in Moscow and on my journey, and then I fall to such an extent that I do not live, — everything repels me — especially, I myself. Then I do not eat, do not wash myself — well, how is it with you?"

"Why should I not wash myself? That is not clean," said Prince Andréy. "On the contrary, one must try to make life as pleasant as possible. I live not by my will, consequently I must live as well as I can until my death, without being in anybody's way."

"But what impels you to live with such ideas? It will only lead to sitting indolently, without undertaking anything — "

"Life does not leave us alone. I should be very happy not to have to do anything, but on the one hand, the nobility of this neighbourhood have done me the honour of choosing me for their marshal, and I had the greatest

difficulty in declining that honour. They could not understand that I lack that which they need; that I have not that good-natured and solicitous platitude which is needed in that place. Then, here was the house that I had to get built, in order to have a corner in which to be at rest. Now we have the militia."

"Why do you not serve in the army?"

"After Austerlitz?" Prince Andréy said, gloomily. "No, much obliged. I have vowed that I would not serve in the active Russian army, and I would not, if Bonaparte were here, near Smolénsk, threatening Lýsyya Góry. No, I would not serve in the Russian army even then. And so I told you," Prince Andréy continued, after calming down, "now we have the militia on our hands: father is commander-in-chief of the third district, and my only chance of freeing myself from active service is to be attached to him."

"So you serve?"

"Yes."

He was silent for awhile.

"Why, then, do you serve?"

"I will tell you why. My father is one of the most remarkable men of his age. But he is getting old, and he is not so much cruel, as overactive. He is terrible in his habits of unlimited power, and in the especial power granted to the commanders-in-chief by the emperor. If I had two weeks ago been two hours late he would have hanged the protocolist at Yúkhnov," Prince Andréy said, with a smile. "And so I serve, because no one has any influence with my father but myself, and I now and then save him from acts which later would cause him torments."

"Now you see?"

"Yes, *mais ce n'est pas comme vous l'entendez*," continued Prince Andréy. "I have not wished that scoundrel of a protocolist the least good, for he stole some boots

from the militia; I should even have liked very much to see him strung up; but I was sorry for my father, that is, again for myself."

Prince Andréy was getting more and more animated. His eyes sparkled feverishly as he was trying to prove to Pierre that in his acts there never was any desire for any good to his neighbour.

"You want to free the peasants," continued he. "That is very nice, but not for you (I do not suppose you have ever had a peasant flogged to death or sent to Siberia), and still less is it good for the peasants. If they are beaten, flogged, and sent to Siberia, I do not think they are any worse for it. In Siberia they lead the same bestial lives, and the scars on their bodies will heal, and they will be as happy as before. But those who really need it are the people who perish morally, who by their acts fill themselves with remorse, who suppress this remorse, and grow coarse, because they have the power of punishing arbitrarily. It is for these people that I am sorry, and for their sakes I should like to liberate the peasants. You may never have seen it, but I have seen good people, who have been educated in the traditions of this unlimited power, with their advancing age, when they become more irritable, grow cruel and coarse; they know it, but cannot control themselves, and grow ever more unhappy."

Prince Andréy was speaking with such vim that Pierre instinctively thought that these ideas had been inspired in Andréy by his father. He made no reply to him.

"It is for these people that I am sorry. I am sorry for their human dignity, their peace of conscience, their purity, and not for the peasants' backs and heads, which, no matter how much you flog and shave them, remain the same backs and heads they were before."

"No, no, and a thousand times no, — I will never agree with you," said Pierre.

XII.

In the evening Prince Andréy and Pierre seated themselves in the carriage and drove to Lýsyya Góry. Prince Andréy, glancing at Pierre, now and then interrupted the silence by discourses which proved that he was in a happy frame of mind.

He pointed to the fields and spoke of his improvements. Pierre kept a sullen silence, answering in monosyllables, and seeming to be absorbed in thought.

Pierre was thinking that Prince Andréy was unhappy and in error, and did not know the true light, and that he must go to the aid of Prince Andréy, enlightening and lifting him up. But the moment Pierre began to think of what he was going to tell him, he felt that Prince Andréy would with one word, with one judgment, overthrow all his precepts, and so he was afraid to begin and to expose himself to the possibility of having his beloved holiness ridiculed.

"Why do you think," Pierre suddenly began, lowering his head, and assuming the look of a butting ox, "why do you think that way? You must not think that way."

"What do I think about?" Prince Andréy asked him, in wonderment.

"About life, about man's destiny. That must not be. I thought so myself, and I was saved, do you know by what? By Freemasonry. No, do not smile! Freemasonry is not a religious sect, given to ceremonies, as I myself used to think, but the best and only expression of the best and everlasting sides of humanity."

He began to expound Freemasonry to Prince Andréy, as he understood it.

He told him that Freemasonry was the teaching of Christianity, liberated from governmental and religious fetters, the teaching of equality, brotherhood, and love.

"Our sacred brotherhood is the only thing that has a real meaning in life; everything else is a dream," said Pierre. "You must know, my friend, that outside this association everything is full of falsehood and lies, and I agree with you that an intelligent and good man has nothing to do but, like yourself, to live out his days, trying not to interfere with anybody else. But make yourself familiar with our fundamental convictions, enter our brotherhood, give yourself to us, permit yourself to be guided, and you will feel yourself at once, as I have felt myself, a part of that immense, invisible chain, the beginning of which is lost in heaven," said Pierre.

Prince Andréy listened to Pierre's discourse in silence, looking straight in front of him. Several times, when the noise of the carriage prevented his catching Pierre's words, he asked him to repeat them. Pierre saw, from the peculiar sparkle which flamed up in Prince Andréy's eyes, that his words were not uttered in vain, and that Prince Andréy would not interrupt him, and would not laugh at his words.

They approached a river which had overflowed its banks, and they had to cross it in a ferry. While the carriage and the horses were being put on, they walked down to the ferry. Prince Andréy, leaning on the balustrade, looked silently down the river, which was gleaming in the setting sun.

"What do you think of this?" asked Pierre. "Why are you silent?"

"What do I think? I am listening to you. You are right," said Prince Andréy, "but you say: enter our brotherhood, and we will show you the aim of life and

the destiny of man, and the laws governing the universe. Who are those 'we'? How is it you know everything? Why do I alone not see that which you see? You see upon earth the kingdom of good and truth, but I do not see it."

Pierre interrupted him.

"Do you believe in the future life?" he asked.

"The future life?" repeated Prince Andréy, but Pierre gave him no time to reply, and accepted his repetition as a negation, the more so since he knew Prince Andréy's former atheistic convictions.

"You say that you cannot see the kingdom of good and truth upon earth. I, too, did not see it, and could not see it, so long as I looked upon life as the end of everything. Upon earth, particularly upon this earth" (Pierre pointed to the field), "there is no truth, — all is falsehood and evil; but in the world, in the whole world, there is the kingdom of truth, and we are — now — the children of earth, and in eternity — the children of the whole universe. Do I not feel in my soul that I form a part of this immense, harmonious whole? Do I not feel that in this immense, endless number of beings, in which the Divinity — call it the higher power, if you please — is manifested, I constitute one link, one step from the lower beings to the higher? Since I clearly see the staircase which leads from the plant to man, why should I suppose that this staircase breaks off with me, and does not lead higher? I feel that I cannot disappear, as nothing disappears in the universe, and that I shall always be, as I have always been. I feel that besides me there are spirits above me, and that there is truth in the universe."

"Yes, that is Herder's teaching," said Prince Andréy, "but that, my friend, will not convince me; nothing but life and death convinces. What convinces you is that you see a precious being, who is united with you, whom you have wronged, and whose wrongs you hope to mend"

(Prince Andréy's head quivered, and he turned his face away), "and suddenly that being suffers, is in agony, and ceases to exist — Why? It is impossible that there should be no answer to it! I believe that there is one — It is this that convinces, and it has convinced me," said Prince Andréy.

"Yes, yes," said Pierre, "do I not say the same?"

"No. All I say is that you are convinced of the necessity of a future life, not by arguments, but by this: when you go through life hand in hand with a person, and suddenly that person disappears there in the void, and you yourself stop before that abyss and look into it — And I have peered into it — "

"Very well! You know that there is a *there*, and that there is *somebody?* The *there* is the future life, and the *somebody* is God."

Prince Andréy made no reply. The carriage and the horses had long been on the other shore, and hitched, and the sun was half-hidden, and the evening frost had cast stars on the puddles near the ford, but Pierre and Andréy, to the surprise of the lackeys, the coachmen, and the ferrymen, were still standing on the ferry, and talking.

"If there is a God and a future life, then there is truth, there is virtue; and the highest happiness of man consists in striving after it. We must live, we must love, we must believe," said Pierre, "that we live not only to-day, on this globe of earth, but that we have lived and shall live in eternity there, in everything." (He pointed to heaven.)

Prince Andréy stood, leaning against the balustrade of the ferry, and, listening to Pierre, did not take his eyes off the ruddy gleam of the sun on the bluish expanse of the water. Pierre grew silent. There was a complete calm. The ferry had landed long ago, and only the waves of the stream splashed with a feeble sound against the hulk. It seemed to Prince Andréy that this splash-

ing of the waves kept saying, to Pierre's words: "It is true, believe it!"

Prince Andréy heaved a sigh and looked, with a beaming, childlike, tender glance at the heated, ecstatic face of Pierre, who was still timid in the presence of his superior friend.

"Yes, if it all were so!" he said. "Come, now, let us get into the carriage," added Prince Andréy, and, upon leaving the ferry, he looked at the heaven, to which Pierre had pointed, and for the first time, after the battle of Austerlitz, he now saw that high, eternal heaven, which he had seen, lying on the field of battle, and something long dormant, something that was best in him, suddenly awoke joyfully and youthfully in his soul. That sensation disappeared the moment Prince Andréy again entered upon the habitual conditions of life, but he knew that the feeling which he did not know how to develop was living within him. His meeting with Pierre was for him an epoch, with which a new life in his inner world began, though externally it seemed to be the same.

XIII.

It was dark, when Prince Andréy and Pierre drove up the main driveway of the manor at Lýsyya Góry. As they were approaching it, Prince Andréy with a smile directed Pierre's attention to the agitation which took place at the back porch. A stooping old woman, with a wallet on her shoulder, and a low-statured man in black, wearing long hair, started running back to the gate. Two women ran out after them, and all four, looking back at the carriage, ran frightened up the back porch.

"These are Márya's *God's people*," said Prince Andréy. "They took us for her father. This is the only thing in which she disobeys him: he orders these pilgrims to be driven away, and she receives them."

"What are God's people?" asked Pierre.

Prince Andréy had no time to answer him. The servants came out to meet them, and he asked them where the old prince was, and how soon he was expected back.

The old prince was still in town, and he was expected back at any moment.

Prince Andréy took Pierre to his room, which was always ready to receive him in the house of his father, and himself went to the nursery.

"Let us go to my sister," Prince Andréy said to Pierre upon returning. "I have not yet seen her; she is now hiding from me and sitting with her God's people. Serves her right: she will be embarrassed, and you will see the God's people. *C'est curieux, ma parole.*"

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que* God's people?" asked Pierre.

"You will see."

Princess Márya was actually confused; she blushed in spots, when they entered. In her cosy room, with lamps before the shrines, a young boy, with a long nose and long hair, wearing a monk's hood, was sitting near her on the sofa, not far from a samovár. In an armchair near by sat a lean, wrinkled old woman, with the meek expression that is characteristic of a childish face.

"*André, pourquoi ne pas m'avoir prévenue?*" she said, with a mild rebuke, standing in front of her pilgrims, like a hen before her chicks.

"*Charmée de vous voir. Je suis très charmée de vous voir,*" she said to Pierre, while he kissed her hand.

She had known him as a child, and now his friendship with Andréy, his misfortune with his wife, and, above all, his good, simple face disposed her favourably toward him. She looked at him with her beautiful, beaming eyes, and seemed to say: "I love you very much, but please do not ridicule my people." Having exchanged the first few greetings in French, they sat down.

"Ah, Iványushka, too, is here," said Prince Andréy, indicating the young pilgrim with his smile.

"*André!*" Princess Márya said, imploringly.

"*Il faut que vous sachiez que c'est une femme,*" Andréy said to Pierre.

"*André, au nom de Dieu,*" repeated Princess Márya.

It was evident that Prince Andréy's sarcastic attitude to the pilgrims and the futile defence put up for them by Princess Márya were the customary, well-established relations between them.

"*Mais, ma bonne amie,*" said Prince Andréy, "*vous devriez au contraire m'être reconnaisante de ce que j'explique à Pierre votre intimité avec ce jeune homme.*"

"*Vraiment?*" Pierre said, with a curious and a serious look, for which Princess Márya was especially grateful to him. He glanced above his glasses at the face of

Ivánushka, who, seeing that they were talking of him, cast his cunning eyes upon them all.

Princess Márya had no cause to feel embarrassed for her people. They were not in the least intimidated. The old woman, lowering her eyes, but looking sidewise at the newcomers, turned her cup upside down on the saucer and placed her unfinished piece of sugar near by. She sat calm and immovable in her chair, waiting to have another cup of tea offered to her. Ivánushka drank his tea from the saucer and kept looking stealthily with his cunning, feminine eyes at the young people in the room.

"Where have you been, in Kíev?" Prince Andréy asked the old woman.

"Yes, father," replied the garrulous old woman, "I have had the pleasure of receiving the holy and divine communion from the saints, at Christmas. But now, father, I am from Kolyázin, where a great grace has been revealed —"

"And has Ivánushka been with you?"

"I wander all by myself, benefactor," said Ivánushka, trying to speak in a bass voice. "It was only in Yúkhnov that I fell in with Pelagéyushka—"

Pelagéyushka interrupted her companion; she evidently wanted to tell what she had seen.

"In Kolyázin, father, a great grace has been revealed."

"What is it? New relics?" asked Prince Andréy.

"Stop, Andréy," said Princess Márya. "Don't tell him, Pelagéyushka!"

"Why not, mother? Why not tell him? I love him. He is good, he is the chosen of God: he, my benefactor, once gave me ten roubles, and I remember him. When I was in Kíev, Kiryúsha said to me, — Kiryúsha is a saintly fool, a true man of God, — he goes barefoot in winter and summer, — 'Why do you wander in wrong places?' says he, 'Go to Kolyázin, there a new miracle-working image

of the most holy Mother of God has appeared.' When I heard that, I took leave of the saints and went — "

All were silent; only the pilgrim spoke in an even voice, sucking in the air.

"I came, father, and the people said to me: 'A great grace has been revealed, — myrrh is dripping from the cheek of the most holy Mother of God — '"

"All right, all right, you will tell later," said Princess Márya, blushing.

"Permit me to ask her," said Pierre. "Did you see it with your own eyes?" he asked.

"Of course, father, I was deemed worthy to see it. There was such a light on her cheek, just like the heavenly light, and from her cheek it kept dripping and dripping — "

"But that is deception," naïvely remarked Pierre, who had attentively listened to the pilgrim.

"Ah, father, don't say that!" Pelagéyushka said, in terror, turning to Princess Márya for succour.

"That is the way the people are deceived," he repeated.

"O Lord Jesus Christ!" the old woman said, making the sign of the cross. "Oh, father, don't say that! There was a 'jineral' who did not believe it; he said that the monks were deceiving, and the moment he said that, he grew blind. And he dreamt that the Virgin of Péchersk came to him and said: 'Believe in me, and I will cure you!' And so he began to beg to be taken to her. I am telling you the gospel truth, — I saw it myself. He was brought blind, as he was, to her; he went up, fell down, and said: 'Cure me, and I will give you,' says he, 'all the Tsar has granted me!' I saw it myself, father, and I saw the decoration that is attached to her. Well, he regained his sight! It is sinful to talk that way. God will punish you," she turned, exhortatively, to Pierre.

"How did the decoration get on the image?" asked Pierre.

"Was the Virgin promoted to the rank of general?" Prince Andréy asked, smiling.

Pelagéyushka suddenly grew pale and wrung her hands in despair.

"Father, it is sinful for you to speak thus, — you have a son!" she said, suddenly passing from paleness to a purple colour.

"Father, may God forgive you for what you have said." She made the sign of the cross. "O Lord, forgive him! Mother, what is this?" she turned to Princess Márya.

She rose and, almost weeping, began to take up her wallet. She evidently felt afraid and ashamed of having received benefaction in that house, where they could talk that way, and at the same time, was sorry henceforth to forego the benefactions.

"Why do you do that?" said Princess Márya. "Why did you come here?"

"I am only jesting, Pelagéyushka," said Pierre. "*Princesse, ma parole, je n'ai pas voulu l'offenser*, I did not mean to. Don't take it to heart; I only jested," he said, with a timid smile, and anxious to wipe out his guilt.

"I did it, but he only jested."

Pelagéyushka stopped, with an incredulous glance, but on Pierre's face there was such a sincere repentance, and Prince Andréy looked so timidly at Pelagéyushka and at Pierre, that she soon calmed down.

XIV.

THE pilgrim composed herself and, again invited to speak, for a long time told them about Father Amfilókhi, who had been such a holy man that he smelled of incense, about how her friends, the monks, during her last pilgrimage to Kíev gave her the keys to the Grottoes, and how she, taking hardtack with her, passed forty-eight hours with the saints in the Grottoes. "I would pray to one, and then to another. Then I would sleep awhile, and would again lie down with a saint; how calm it was in there, and what grace! I did not feel at all like coming out to God's world."

Pierre listened to her attentively and in all seriousness. Prince Andréy left the room. And soon after, leaving the God's people to finish their tea, Princess Márya led Pierre to the drawing-room.

"You are very kind," she said to him.

"Oh, I really did not mean to offend her: I understand and appreciate these feelings!"

Princess Márya looked at him in silence, and smiled tenderly. "I have known you for a long time, and I love you like a brother," she said. "How did you find Andréy?" she asked hurriedly, giving him no time to say anything in response to her kind words. "He troubles me a great deal. In the winter his health is better, but last spring the wound opened up, and the doctor said that he ought to go somewhere to get cured. I am also afraid for his moral condition. He is not such as we women are, who find alleviation in our sorrow by weeping. He

carries it within him. To-day he is merry and animated; but it is your arrival that has affected him so: he is rarely in such a mood. If you could persuade him to go abroad! He needs activity, and this even, quiet life ruins him. Others do not see that, but I do."

At ten o'clock the servants rushed to the porch, upon hearing the bells of the approaching carriage of the old prince. Prince Andréy and Pierre also went out on the porch.

"Who is this?" asked the old prince, as he, getting out of the carriage, noticed Pierre.

"Ah! Very glad to see you! Kiss me!" he said, upon learning who the stranger was.

The old prince was in a happy frame of mind and was kind to Pierre. Before supper, Prince Andréy, upon returning to his father's cabinet, found the old prince in a heated conversation with Pierre. Pierre was proving to him that the time would come when there would be no war. The old prince, without getting angry, but with raillery, maintained the opposite.

"Let the blood out of the veins and fill them with water, — then there will be no war. Women's talk, women's talk!" he said, kindly slapping Pierre's shoulder, and walking over to the table, where Prince Andréy, who evidently did not wish to take part in the conversation, was rummaging through the papers brought from town by his father. The old prince went up to him and began to speak about affairs:

"The marshal of nobility, Count Rostóv, has not furnished one-half of the men. He came to town, and took it into his head to invite me to dinner — I gave him such a dinner — Look at this — Well, my dear," Prince Nikoláy Andréevich turned to his son, slapping Pierre's shoulder, "your friend is a fine fellow, — I like him! He stirs me up. Many a fellow talks clever things, but I do not feel like listening to him, but he rants and stirs

me, an old man. Go, go!" he said, "maybe I will come to sit with you at your supper. I will dispute with him once more. You must love my silly girl, Princess Márya," he called out to Pierre through the door.

It was only now, during his visit at Lýsyya Góry, that Pierre fully appreciated the whole strength and charm of his friendship with Prince Andréy. This charm was expressed in his relations not only with him, but also with all his relatives and home-folk. Pierre at once felt himself as an old friend of the stern old prince and of meek and timid Princess Márya, although he scarcely knew them. They all loved him. Not only Princess Márya, who was won over by his gentle relations with the pilgrims, looked at him with beaming glances, but the one-year-old Prince Nikoláy, as his grandfather called him, also smiled at Pierre and went to his arms. Mikhaíl Iványch and Mlle. Bourienne looked at him with a smile of joy, when he talked with the old prince.

The old prince came out to supper, which he apparently did for Pierre's sake. During the two days of his stay at Lýsyya Góry he was very kind to Pierre and invited him to come again.

When Pierre had left, and all the members of the family were together, they began to pass their opinions on him, as is always the case after the departure of a stranger, and, as rarely happens, they had nothing but good things to say of him.

XV.

Upon his return from his furlough, Rostóv for the first time found out how strong his attachment was for Denísov and for the whole regiment.

As Rostóv came nearer to the regiment he experienced a feeling akin to the one which he had experienced upon approaching the house in Povárskaya Street. When he saw the first hussar in the unbuttoned uniform of his regiment, when he recognized red-haired Deméntev and saw the pickets of the red horses, when Lavrúshka joyfully called out to his master, "The count has arrived!" and shaggy-haired Denísov, who had been sleeping on his bed, came running out of his earth hut and embraced him, and the officers came out to greet the newcomer, Rostóv experienced the same feeling as when his mother, his father, and his sisters had embraced him, and tears of joy, which rose in his throat, prevented his speaking. The regiment was also a home, and just as unchangeable and dear a home as the home of his parents.

As he called on the commander of the regiment, received his appointment in his old squadron, went down to see the officers of the day and the foraging grounds, entered into all the minutest details of the regiment, and felt himself deprived of liberty and fettered within a narrow and invariable frame, he experienced the same quietude, the same moral support and consciousness of being at home as he experienced under his paternal roof. There was not all that disorder of the free world, in which he found no place for himself and continually erred in his

choice; there was not Sónya, with whom it was necessary to have explanations or avoid them. There was not the possibility of calling here and not being able to call there; there were not those twenty-four hours of the day that could be utilized in so many different ways; there was not that endless throng of men, of whom nobody was nearer and nobody farther; there were not those indistinct and undetermined monetary affairs with his father, and no memory of his terrible loss to Dólokhov.

Here in the regiment everything was simple and clear. The whole world was divided into two uneven parts; one was our Pavlográdski regiment, and the other everything else. With this everything else he had nothing to do. In the regiment everything was known, — who was the lieutenant, who the captain, who was a good man and who not, and, above all, who was a comrade. The sutler gave on credit, and the pay came regularly every four months; there was nothing to think about or to choose, but to keep from doing that which was regarded as bad in the Pavlográdski regiment; when you were sent anywhere you had to carry out distinctly and clearly the orders given you, and all was well.

Upon entering again on these definite conditions of his army life, Rostóv experienced joy and quietude, such as a tired man feels when he lies down to rest himself. During this campaign the army life was the more acceptable to Rostóv since, after his loss to Dólokhov (a deed for which, in spite of the consolations of his relatives, he could not forgive himself), he decided not to serve as before, but, in order to atone for his guilt, to serve well and be a perfect comrade and officer, that is, a perfect man, a thing which is so difficult in the *world*, and in the army seems so easy.

Rostóv, ever since his loss, had decided that in five years he would pay back his debt to his parents. They sent him ten thousand a year; he decided to take only

two thousand and to leave the rest to pay off his debt with.

After repeated retreats, advances, and battles at Pultusk and at Preussisch-Eylau, our army was concentrated near Bartenstein. They were waiting for the arrival of the emperor, and for the beginning of a new campaign.

The Pavlográdski regiment, which was in that part of the army that had taken part in the expedition of the year 1805, had been newly made up in Russia and was too late for the first engagements of the campaign. It had been neither at Pultusk nor at Preussisch-Eylau, and in the second half of the campaign was attached to the army in action under Plátov's detachment.

Plátov's detachment acted independently from the rest of the army. The Pavlográdians took part in skirmishes with the enemy, made some prisoners, and once even captured the carriages of Marshal Oudinot. In the month of April the Pavlográdski regiment encamped for several weeks near a completely ruined German village without moving from the spot.

It was thawing, the roads were muddy, it was cold, the ice on the rivers was breaking, the roads were impassable; for several days no provision was given to either men or horses. As the supplies could not be carried over the roads, the soldiers scattered over the deserted villages around about to look for potatoes, but it was hard to find even those.

Everything had been eaten up, and the inhabitants had fled; those who remained were worse off than mendicants, and there was nothing that could be taken from them. The soldiers, little given to compassion, frequently refused to make use of anything that belonged to them, and even gave them the last of their own.

The Pavlográdski regiment had lost only two men in wounded during its engagements, but about one-half of

the men died from hunger and diseases. The men were so sure to die in the hospitals that the soldiers who suffered from the ague or from swellings, caused by their bad food, preferred to do military service, with difficulty dragging their feet along in the ranks, rather than go to the hospitals. With the opening of spring the soldiers began to find a plant which grew up from the ground like asparagus and which they for some reason called "Mary's sweet root," and scattered over the fields and meadows in search of that "Mary's sweet root" (which was very bitter), digging it out with their swords and eating it, in spite of the order not to eat that injurious plant. In the spring a new disease made its appearance, — a swelling of the legs, arms, and face, the cause of which the physicians ascribed to the use of that root. Despite the prohibition, the soldiers of Denísov's squadron continued to eat chiefly "Mary's sweet root," because the last hardtack had been stretched out for two weeks, giving only half a pound to each man, while the potatoes of the last consignment were frostbitten and sprouting.

The horses, too, had been fed for two weeks on the straw thatches of the houses, and they looked horribly lean and were still covered with their winter fur, which came off in tufts.

In spite of such misfortune, the soldiers and officers continued living as of old; though their faces were pale and swollen, and though they wore tattered uniforms, the hussars aligned themselves as usual, tended their horses, groomed them, burnished their weapons, dragged down the straw from the roofs to be used as fodder, and went to the kettles to eat, although they always rose hungry, jesting about their nasty food and their empty stomachs. Just as before, the soldiers made camp-fires when not on duty, warming themselves naked at the fires, smoking, cleaning and baking the putrescent, sprouting potatoes, telling stories about the campaigns with Potémkin and

Suvórov, or fairy-tales about Alésha the Sly, or about Mikólka, the swain of Popóv.

The officers, too, lived as before, by two or three together, in unthatched, half-dilapidated houses. The older officers busied themselves with obtaining potatoes and straw, that is, with the means of subsistence for their men, while the younger ones, as always, were busy playing cards (there was much money on hand, though no provisions), or some innocent game, such as skittles or knuckle-bones. Little was said about the general state of affairs, partly because nothing definite was known, and partly because they had a dim presentiment that the general condition of the war was bad.

Rostóv lived, as before, with Denísov, and their relations of friendship were now much closer than before the furlough. Denísov never spoke of Rostóv's family, but from the tender friendship which the commander showed for his officer, Rostóv felt that the unhappy love of the old hussar for Natásha had something to do with his intensified friendship. Denísov tried to subject Rostóv to dangers as little as possible, took care of him, and after an engagement expressed his especial delight when he saw him hale and unharmed.

During one of his reconnoitring tours, Rostóv, in search of some supplies, came to a deserted, ruined village, and there found the family of an old Pole and his daughter with a suckling babe. They were almost naked and starving, and could not leave, as they had no means. Rostóv took them to his stopping-place, lodged them in his quarters, and supported them for several weeks, while the old man was regaining his strength. One of Rostóv's comrades, talking about women, began to laugh at Rostóv, saying that he was more cunning than all of them, and that it would do him no harm to introduce the pretty Polish woman he had saved to all his friends. Rostóv took the jest as an insult, and, flaring up, told the officer

such rude things that Denísov had great difficulty in keeping the two officers from fighting a duel. When the officer left and Denísov, who did not know Rostóv's relations with the Polish woman, began to upbraid him for his temper, Rostóv said to him:

"I am sorry, but she is like a sister to me, and I cannot describe to you how that offended me — because, well, because — "

Denísov slapped him on the shoulder and began rapidly to walk up and down in the room, without looking at Rostóv, which was his way of doing when he was under great excitement.

"What a foolish race the Rostóvs are!" he muttered, and Rostóv saw tears in Denísov's eyes.

XVI.

In April the troops were stirred by the news that the emperor was coming to see the army. Rostóv did not take part in the review which the emperor made at Bartenstein: the Pavlográdski regiment was doing outpost duty far beyond Bartenstein.

They were bivouacking. Denísov and Rostóv were living in an earth hut which the soldiers had dug for them and which was covered with boughs and turf. The hut was built in the following manner, which was then coming into fashion: A ditch was dug an arshín and a half in width, two in depth, and three and a half in length. At one end of the ditch, steps were made, and that was the descent, — the porch; the ditch itself was the room, in which, with the more fortunate officers, such as the commander of the squadron, there was placed at the end opposite the entrance a board on sticks, and that was the table. On both sides of the ditch, the dirt was removed about one arshín in width, and those were the two beds and the sofas. The roof was constructed in such a way that it was possible to stand upright in the middle of the room, and on the bed one could even sit up, if one moved up toward the table. In the hut of Denísov, who lived luxuriously, because the soldiers of his squadron loved him, there was a board in the façade of the roof, with a broken, pasted-up window-pane in it. When it was very cold, the soldiers brought to the steps (which part of the dugout Denísov called his antechamber) hot coals from the camp-fires, and that warmed up the hut to

such an extent that the officers, of whom there were always a great number with Denísov and Rostóv, could take off their coats.

In April Rostóv was officer of the day. At eight o'clock in the morning, upon returning home after a sleepless night, he ordered live coals brought to him, changed his linen, which was wet through from the rain, prayed, drank tea, warmed himself, put his things in order in his corner and on the table, and with a weather-beaten, burning face, in his shirt-sleeves, lay down on his back, placing his arms under his head. He was reflecting with joy that in a few days he would get a promotion to the next rank for his last reconnoitring, and was waiting for the return of Denísov. Rostóv was anxious to have a chat with him.

Outside of the hut could be heard the pealing shouts of Denísov, who apparently was excited. Rostóv moved up to the window to see with whom he was talking, and saw Sergeant-Major Topchéenko.

"I have told you not to let them chew that root, Mary's root, or what do you call it?" shouted Denísov. "I saw it myself: Lazarchúk brought it from the field."

"I told them so, but they do not obey me, your Excellency," replied the sergeant-major.

Rostóv again lay down on his bed, thinking joyfully: "Let him have his trouble now, but I have done my work, and I will lie here, — it is nice!" He could hear outside now not only the sergeant-major, but also Lavrúshka, Denísov's wide-awake, roguish orderly. Lavrúshka was telling about some teams, hardtack, and oxen, which he had seen on his way to fetch supplies.

Outside of the hut again could be heard Denísov's receding call and the words: "Second platoon, saddle!"

"I wonder where they are going," thought Rostóv.

Five minutes later Denísov entered the hut, lay down with his dirty feet on his bed, angrily smoked a pipe,

scattered his things all about him, put on his Cossack whip and his sabre, and started to leave the dugout. To Rostóv's question whither he was going, he replied, indefinitely, that he had something to do.

"Let God and the great Tsar judge me!" said Denísov, on leaving. Rostóv heard outside the splashing of the feet of several horses in the mud. Rostóv did not even take the trouble to find out whither Denísov had gone. After warming himself up in his corner, he fell asleep, and left the hut only in the evening. Denísov had not yet returned. The weather had cleared off: near the adjoining earth hut two officers and a yunker were playing at skittles, using long radishes for poles, which they were sticking into the soft ground, under general laughter. Rostóv joined them. In the middle of their game, the officers saw some carts coming toward them; about fifteen hussars on horseback were following them. The carts, which were under the convoy of the hussars, approached the pickets, and a throng of hussars surrounded them.

"And Denísov has been worrying all the time," said Rostóv. "At last the supplies have come."

"How happy the soldiers will be!" said the officers.

A little distance behind the hussars rode Denísov, accompanied by two officers of infantry, with whom he was talking. Rostóv went up to them.

"I warn you, captain," said one of the officers, a small, haggard fellow, who apparently was in a rage.

"I told you I would not give it back to you," replied Denísov.

"You will be responsible for it, captain, — this is robbery, — to take the transports away from your own people! Our soldiers have not had anything to eat for two days."

"And mine have not eaten anything for two weeks," replied Denísov.

"This is highway robbery, and you will be responsible

for it, dear sir!" the officer of infantry repeated, raising his voice.

"What do you want of me? Eh?" shouted Denísov, suddenly getting excited. "I will be responsible for it, and not you! And you had better not buzz around here, if you know what is good for you. March!" he cried to the officers.

"Very well," the little officer exclaimed, not in the least intimidated, "if you are going to rob, I will —"

"To the devil march, at double-quick, while you are able to!" And Denísov turned the horse on the officer.

"All right, all right," said the officer, with a threat, and, turning his horse around, he rode off at a trot, shaking in the saddle.

"A dog on a fence, a live dog on a fence," Denísov called out, applying to them the most offensive ridicule which a cavalryman can use to an infantry officer on horseback. Riding up to Rostóv, he burst out laughing: "I have captured it from the infantry, I have captured a transport by force!" he said. "Well, our soldiers could not be expected to starve, could they?"

The carts which drove up to the hussars had been intended for a regiment of infantry, but, upon learning from Lavrúshka that the transport was not protected, Denísov, with his hussars, captured it. The soldiers received an abundant supply of hardtack, and there was enough left to give to the other squadrons.

On the following day, the commander of the regiment called up Denísov, to whom he said, covering his eyes with his open fingers: "I look at it like this; I know nothing, and will begin no action; but I advise you to ride down to the staff, and there, in the commissary department, to straighten out matters, and, if possible, to sign a receipt for the supplies, otherwise they will be put to the account of the regiment of infantry, and the case may be taken up and end badly for you."

Denísov rode from the commander of the regiment directly to the staff, with the sincere desire of carrying out his advice. In the evening he returned to his hut in a condition in which Rostóv had never before seen his friend. Denísov could not speak, and was choking. When Rostóv asked him what the matter was, he only pronounced unintelligible curses and threats in a hoarse and feeble voice.

Frightened by Denísov's condition, Rostóv asked him to undress himself and to drink some water, and sent for the doctor.

"To try me for robbery, oh! Let me have some more water. Let them try me, but I will always beat rascals, and I will tell the emperor. Let me have some ice," he muttered.

The regimental doctor said that it was necessary to bleed him. A deep plate full of black blood came out of Denísov's shaggy arm, and only then was he able to tell what had happened.

"I arrive," said Denísov. "'Where is your chief?' They showed me. 'Won't you wait awhile?' 'I am on duty, and I have ridden thirty versts to get here: I have no time to wait, — so report to him.' All right, the arch-thief comes out; he takes it into his head to reprimand me: 'This is highway robbery!' 'Not he commits robbery,' I said, 'who takes provisions to feed his soldiers with, but he who takes them to put the money in his pocket! So, please, shut up!' All right. 'Sign a receipt at the commissary's, and your affair will take the regular course.' I arrive at the commissary's. I walk in, — who, do you think, is at the table? No, guess! — Who is starving us?" shouted Denísov, striking the table so powerfully with the fist of his weakened arm that the table almost fell down, and the glasses leaped up. "Telyánin! 'What, so it is you who are starving us?' I struck him on his snout as hard as I could. 'You scoundrel!' he shouted, and such like, but still, I have had my

fun," cried Denísov, showing his white teeth underneath his black moustache, with an expression of joy and malice. "I should have killed him if they had not taken me away."

"Don't shout so, calm yourself!" said Rostóv. "Your blood is flowing again: wait, I have to change your bandage."

Denísov's wound was dressed, and he was put down to sleep. On the next day he awoke happy and calm.

But at noon the adjutant of the regiment came with a serious and sad face to Denísov's and Rostóv's common hut, and with a sad expression showed them the formal document addressed to Major Denísov from the commander of the regiment, in which an inquiry was made about the occurrences of the previous day. The adjutant informed them that the affair necessarily would take a very bad turn, that a court martial had been appointed, and that under the existing severe laws against marauding and the insubordination of the troops, the affair, in the most favourable case, would end with degradation.

The offended parties represented the case in such a way that it appeared that, after capturing the transport, Major Denísov, without any provocation, appeared in a drunken condition before the commissary-in-chief, calling him a thief and threatening to assault him, and that, being led out from him, he rushed into the chancery, where he gave blows to two officials and wrenched the hand of a third.

To Rostóv's new questions, Denísov replied, laughing, that another man must have turned up there; that it was all nonsense; that he was not going to be afraid of any courts, and that if those rascals should dare to tackle him, he would answer them in such a way that they would remember him.

Denísov spoke contemptuously of the whole affair; but Rostóv knew him too well not to observe that in his heart, though he concealed it from others, he was afraid of the

court martial and was tormented by this affair which, apparently, was going to end badly. Every day new inquests were made; there were summons to the court, and on the 1st of May Denísov was ordered to transfer the command of his squadron to the senior officer below him, and to appear at the staff to give explanations in the cases of assault at the commissariat. On the day preceding, Plátov had made a reconnoitring of the enemy with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denísov, as always, rode out in front of the cordon, parading his bravery. One of the bullets from a French sharpshooter's gun struck him in the soft part of his thigh. At any other time Denísov probably would not have left the regiment with such a light wound, but this time he made use of the occasion and, going to the hospital, declined to appear at the staff in response to the summons.

XVII.

In June took place the battle of Friedland, in which the Pavlográdski regiment did not take part, and soon after a truce was declared. Rostóv, who felt deeply the absence of his friend, had received no news from him since his departure, and, being worried by the course of his affair and by the condition of his wound, he took advantage of the truce and asked permission to visit Denísov in the hospital

The hospital was in a small Prussian town, which had twice been destroyed by the Russian and the French troops. Even because it was summer, when it is so pleasant in the fields, this place, with its broken roofs and fences and with its obstructed streets, ragged inhabitants, and drunken and sick soldiers, who loafed in it, presented an unusually gloomy appearance.

The hospital was in a stone building, standing in a yard with the remnants of a broken fence. Its window-sashes and panes were broken. Several bandaged, pale, and swollen soldiers were walking and sitting in the yard in the sun.

The moment Rostóv entered through the door of the house, he was overwhelmed by the odour of decaying flesh and of the lazaretto. On the staircase he met a Russian military surgeon, with a cigar in his mouth. He was followed by a Russian assistant.

"I cannot tear myself to pieces," said the doctor. "Come in the evening to Makár Aleksyéevich, — I will be there."

The assistant again asked for something.

"Oh, do as you know best! What difference does it make?"

The doctor noticed Rostóv, who was coming up the steps.

"What do you want here, your Honour?" said the doctor. "What do you want? Is it that you want to catch the typhus, because you have escaped the bullets? Here, my friend, is the house of the plague-stricken."

"Why?" asked Rostóv.

"It is the typhus, dear sir. Whoever comes here is sure to die. Only Makéev" (he pointed to the assistant) "and I manage to live here. Some five of us doctors have died here already. Any new man that comes here is dead in a week," the doctor said, with apparent pleasure. "We have summoned Prussian doctors, but our allies don't like that."

Rostóv explained to him that he wanted to see Major Denísov of the hussars, who was somewhere in the hospital.

"I do not know him, dear sir. You must consider that I have to attend by myself to three hospitals, with more than four hundred patients. It is lucky the Prussian charitable ladies send us coffee and about two pounds of lint a month, or else we should be entirely lost." He laughed. "There are four hundred of them? Eh?" He turned to the assistant.

The assistant looked exhausted. He was evidently waiting for the garrulous doctor to leave.

"Major Denísov," repeated Rostóv, "he was wounded at Molliten."

"I think he is dead. Eh, Makéev?" the doctor asked the assistant, with indifference.

The assistant did not confirm his words.

"Is he a big, red-haired fellow?" asked the doctor.

Rostóv described Denísov's exterior.

"There was, yes, there was such a fellow," the doctor

said, as though with pleasure, "but he must be dead; however, I will look it up, — I have some lists. Have you got them, Makéev?"

"Makár Aleksyéevich has the lists," said the assistant. "Please go to the officers' department and you will see for yourself," he added, turning to Rostóv.

"You had better not go there, dear sir," said the doctor, "or you will remain here yourself."

But Rostóv bowed himself away, and asked the assistant to take him there.

"Only don't blame me," the doctor called out at the foot of the staircase.

Rostóv and the assistant went into the corridor. The hospital odour was so strong in this dark corridor that Rostóv clutched his nose and had to stop to collect himself and be able to proceed. A door on the right opened, and a haggard, sallow man, barefooted and wearing nothing but his underwear, came out of it, walking with crutches. He leaned against the door-post and looked with sparkling, envious eyes at the passers-by. Rostóv looked through the door and saw that the sick and the wounded lay there on the floor, on straw and on their overcoats.

"May I go in and look at them?" asked Rostóv.

"What is there to look at?" said the assistant.

But Rostóv went into the soldiers' room, even because the assistant obviously did not want him to go there. The odour, to which he managed to get accustomed in the corridor, was even stronger here. The odour was a little changed: it was more pronounced, and it was apparent that it originated there.

In a long room which was brightly illuminated by the sun, shining through large windows, the sick and the wounded lay in two rows, with their heads against the walls, leaving a passage in the middle. The majority of them were unconscious and paid no attention to the per-

sons entering. Those who were in their senses raised their bodies, or their haggard, sallow faces, and all looked fixedly at Rostóv with the same expression of hope for succour, of reproach, and of envy of his health. Rostóv walked up to the middle of the room, looked into the doors of the neighbouring rooms, which were open, and everywhere saw the same spectacle. He stopped, looking in silence all about him. He had not expected to see it. In front of him a sick soldier, apparently a Cossack, to judge from the cut of his hair, was lying on the bare floor, almost across the middle passage. This Cossack lay on his back, stretching out his enormous legs and arms. His face was purple, his eyes were so turned that only the whites could be seen, and on his bare red legs and arms the veins were swollen like ropes. He kept striking his head against the floor, hoarsely repeating one and the same word. Rostóv listened attentively to him and was able to make out his word; it was: "Drink, drink, drink!" Rostóv looked around, trying to find somebody who would put the sick man back to his place and would give him some water to drink.

"Who is attending here to the patients?" he asked the assistant.

Just then a soldier of the baggage train, a hospital attendant, came out from the adjoining room. Upon noticing Rostóv, he stopped in military fashion and saluted.

"We wish you health, your Honour!" shouted the soldier, rolling his eyes on Rostóv, whom he apparently took for some hospital authority.

"Take him away and give him water to drink," said Rostóv, pointing to the Cossack.

"Yes, your Honour," the soldier readily responded, rolling his eyes more than before and straightening himself up, but still not budging from the spot.

"No, nothing is to be done here," thought Rostóv, low-

ering his eyes. He was on the point of leaving, when, on the right, he was conscious of a significant glance directed at him, and this made him turn around. Almost in the corner an old soldier, with a sallow, deathly lean, and stern face, was sitting in an overcoat, looking stubbornly at Rostóv. Rostóv saw that the old man wanted to ask him something. He went up to him and saw that only one leg of the old man was bent, the other having been taken off above the knee. A neighbour of this old man, who was lying motionless, with his head thrown back, at some distance from him, was a young soldier with a waxen paleness on his snub-nosed, freckled face, with his eyes rolled back beyond the lids. Rostóv looked at that snub-nosed soldier, and a chill ran up his spine.

"But this one seems to be —" he turned to the assistant.

"I asked to have him taken away, your Honour," said the old soldier, with a trembling of his lower jaw. "He died in the morning. They are people and not dogs —"

"I will send somebody at once to take him away," hurriedly said the assistant. "Please, your Honour!"

"Let us go, let us go!" hurriedly said Rostóv, and, lowering his eyes and stooping, as though wishing to pass unnoticed between these rows of reproachful and envious eyes, he left the room.

XVIII.

PASSING along the corridor, the assistant took Rostóv to the officers' department, which consisted of three rooms, with the doors all open. In these rooms there were beds; sick and wounded soldiers were sitting and lying upon them. Several of them walked about the room in hospital cloaks. The first person, whom Rostóv met in the officers' department, was a small, lean man without an arm, in a nightcap and a hospital cloak, walking around in the room, with a pipe in his mouth. Rostóv scanned his face and tried to recall where he had seen it before.

"So God has granted us to meet here," said the little man. "Túshin, Túshin, you remember, carried you on his gun-carriage at Schöngraben! You see they have cut off a piece of me —" he said, smiling, and showing him the empty sleeve of his cloak. "Are you looking for Vasíli Dmítrievich Denísov? He is my roommate," he said, upon finding out whom it was Rostóv wanted to see. "Here, here!" and Túshin led him to another room, from which proceeded the laughter of several voices.

"How can they laugh, how can they even live here?" thought Rostóv, still smelling the odour of decayed flesh, with which he had become permeated in the hospital of the soldiers, and still seeing the envious faces that accompanied him on both sides, and the face of the young soldier with the eyes turned up.

Denísov, having covered himself above his head with his coverlet, was sleeping on his bed, although it was noon.

"Ah, Rostóv? Glad to see you," he shouted, in the same voice with which he spoke in the regiment; but Rostóv noticed with sadness that back of this habitual nonchalance and animation a new, evil, hidden feeling was apparent in Denísov's face, intonations, and words.

His wound, in spite of its lightness, had not healed up, although six weeks had passed since he had been wounded. In his face there was the same pale swelling which was perceptible on all the faces in the hospital. But it was not that which surprised Rostóv; he was surprised to see that Denísov did not seem to be glad of his coming and smiled unnaturally at him. Denísov did not make any inquiries in regard to the regiment, nor in regard to the general course of events. When Rostóv said anything about it, Denísov did not hear him.

Rostóv noticed also that it displeased Denísov to be reminded of the regiment and, in general, of that free life outside the hospital. He seemed to be anxious to forget his former life, and was interested only in his affair with the officials of the commissariat. In response to Rostóv's question, in what condition his affair was, he immediately fetched from underneath his pillow a document which he had received from the court martial, and his rough copy of the reply to it. He grew animated when he began to read his paper, and directed Rostóv's attention to the sharp rejoinders which he made to his enemies. Denísov's hospital comrades, who had surrounded Rostóv, the newcomer from the free world without, began to scatter the moment Denísov began to read the document. Rostóv saw by their faces that these gentlemen had more than once heard the story, of which they had become tired. Only his neighbour on a bed, a fat uhlan, remained sitting on his cot, frowning gloomily and smoking a pipe, while little Túshin, with the one arm, continued to listen, disapprovingly shaking his head. In the middle of his reading the uhlan interrupted Denísov.

"In my opinion," he said, turning to Rostóv, "it would be better just to petition the emperor for mercy. They say there will be great rewards given now, and he will certainly be pardoned — "

"I to beg the emperor?" said Denísov, in a voice to which he wished to give its former energy and fire, but which sounded only like useless irritation. "For what? If I were a robber, I would ask his mercy, whereas I am to be tried for showing up the robbers. Let them try me, — I am not afraid of anybody. I have honestly served the emperor and my country, and I have not stolen! And I am to be disgraced and — Listen, I tell them straight out: 'If I were a pilferer of the treasury — '"

"Very cleverly written, I must say," said Túshin. "But that is another matter, Vasíli Dmítrievich," he also turned to Rostóv. "He must submit, and Vasíli Dmítrievich does not want to. The auditor told you that your case was bad."

"Let it be bad!" said Denísov.

"The auditor has written a petition for you," continued Túshin, "and you ought to sign it and send it by this gentleman. This gentleman" (he pointed to Rostóv) "no doubt has some friend on the staff. You will not get a better chance."

"But I said that I would not act basely," Denísov interrupted him, continuing the reading of his paper.

Rostóv did not dare to persuade Denísov, although he felt instinctively that the road proposed by Túshin and the other officers was the safest, and although he would have been happy to have a chance to aid Denísov: he knew how imperturbable Denísov's will was, and how just the cause of his excitement.

When the reading of Denísov's venomous papers, which lasted more than an hour, was ended, Rostóv said nothing. He was in the saddest frame of mind, and passed the rest of the day in the company of Denísov's hospital friends,

who had again gathered about him, telling them what he knew, and listening to the stories of the others. Denísov kept a sullen silence during the whole afternoon.

Late in the evening Rostóv got ready to leave, and asked Denísov whether he had any message to send.

"Yes, wait!" said Denísov, glancing at the officers. He took his documents from underneath his pillow, went up to the window, where his inkstand was standing, and sat down to write.

"Evidently a whip cannot strike as hard as an axe-head," he said, walking away from the window and handing Rostóv an envelope.

It was the petition to the emperor composed by the auditor, in which Denísov, saying nothing about the guilt of the commissariat, only asked to be pardoned.

"Hand it in! Apparently — "

He did not finish his sentence, and smiled a sickly, false smile.

XIX.

Upon returning to the regiment, Rostóv reported to the commander what condition Denísov's affair was in, and with the letter journeyed to Tilsit to see the emperor.

On the 13th of June the Emperors of France and of Russia met at Tilsit. Borís Drubetskóy asked the important person, whose adjutant he was, to be appointed to the suite of the emperor at Tilsit.

"*Je voudrais voir le grand homme,*" he said, speaking of Napoleon, whom he had heretofore called Buonaparte, as everybody else called him.

"*Vous parlez de Buonaparte?*" the general said, smiling.

Borís looked interrogatively at his general, and he saw at once that he was testing him in a jocular manner.

"*Mon prince, je parle de l'Empereur Napoléon,*" he replied.

The general smiled and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You will go far," he said to him, and took him along.

Borís was among the few on the Nyéman on the day of the meeting of the emperors; he saw the ferry-boats with the monograms, and Napoleon riding on the other shore, along the French guards; he saw the melancholy face of Emperor Alexander as he sat in the tavern on the shore of the river Nyéman, waiting for the arrival of Emperor Napoleon; he saw both emperors get into the boats, and Napoleon, who was the first to land on the ferry-boat, walk in a rapid gait and, meeting Alexander, give him his hand, and then both disappear in the pavilion.

Ever since Borís had found his way into the higher spheres, he had made it his habit carefully to watch everything which was going on all around him, and to make a note of it. During the meeting at Tilsit, he inquired about the names of those persons who arrived with Napoleon, about the uniforms which they wore, and attentively listened to the words uttered by important persons. He looked at his watch the moment the two emperors entered the pavilion, and did not fail to look at it again when Alexander came out of it. The meeting had lasted one hour and fifty-three minutes: he noted down this fact in the evening, among a number of other occurrences which, so he felt, had a historical significance. As the suite of the emperor was very small, it was a very important thing to be present at the meeting of the emperors at Tilsit, if one was anxious to be successful in the service, and Borís, who was fortunate enough to be there, felt that his position was firmly established. He was not only known, but men had become accustomed to him. Twice he attended in person on the emperor, so that the emperor knew him by face, and all the people about him no longer looked upon him with disfavour as being a new person, but would have been surprised if he were not there.

Borís was living with another adjutant, Count Zylínski, a Pole. Zylínski, who had been educated in Paris, was rich and passionately fond of the French, so that nearly every day, during their stay at Tilsit, French officers of the Guard and of the general staff gathered at the rooms of Zylínski and Borís for dinners and for lunches.

On the evening of the 24th of June, Count Zylínski, Borís's roommate, arranged a dinner for his French acquaintances. At this supper the guest of honour was one of Napoleon's adjutants; there were also several officers of the French Guard and a young boy, the descendant of an old aristocratic family in France, who was

a page to Napoleon. On that very evening, Rostóv, taking advantage of the darkness, in order not to be recognized, arrived at Tilsit in a civilian's dress, and went to the quarters occupied by Zylínski and Borís.

In Rostóv, as also in the whole army, from which he now arrived, there had not yet taken place that transformation in respect to Napoleon and the French, who from enemies had suddenly become friends, which had taken place at headquarters and in Borís. In the army they still continued to experience the former mixed feeling of malice, contempt, and terror before Bonaparte and the French. It was but lately that Rostóv, with an officer of Plátov's Cossacks, insisted that if Napoleon were taken prisoner, he would not be treated as an emperor, but as a criminal. Even during his journey, Rostóv, upon meeting a wounded French colonel, grew excited, proving to him that there could be no peace between a legitimate emperor and the criminal Bonaparte. For that reason Rostóv was unpleasantly surprised in Borís's room by the sight of the French officers in the very uniforms on which he had been in the habit of looking quite differently at the flanking cordon. The moment he saw a French officer issue from the door, the feeling of the war and of hostility, which he always experienced at the sight of the enemy, suddenly took possession of him. He stopped on the threshold and asked in Russian whether Drubetskóy was living there. Borís, hearing a strange voice in the antechamber, came out to see who it was. His face in the first moment, when he recognized Rostóv, expressed annoyance.

"Oh, it is you! Very glad, very glad to see you," he, however, said, smiling and moving up to him.

But Rostóv had noticed his first movement.

"I seem to come inopportunely," he said. "I should not have come, but I have some business," he said, coldly.

"I was merely wondering how you got away from the

regiment. *Dans un moment je suis à vous,*" he replied to a voice calling him.

"I see that I have come inopportunely," repeated Rostóv.

The expression of annoyance had already disappeared from Borís's face. Having apparently considered and decided what to do, he with remarkable calm took hold of both his hands and led him into the adjoining room. Borís's eyes, which had looked calmly and firmly at Rostóv, seemed to be veiled now, as though the blue glasses of social intercourse were put on them. So Rostóv thought.

"Please, don't say that! How can you be inopportune?" said Borís.

Borís took him to the room where the supper was set, introduced him to the guests, to whom he explained that he was not a civilian, but an officer of hussars, and an old friend of his.

"Count Zylínski, le Comte N—— N——, le Capitaine S—— S——," he named his guests.

Rostóv looked gloomily at the Frenchmen, greeted them stiffly, and kept silent.

Zylínski was apparently not satisfied with this new Russian person in his circle, and said nothing to Rostóv. Borís did not seem to notice the embarrassment due to the newcomer, and tried to enliven the conversation with the same agreeable calm and the same veiling of his eyes with which he had received Rostóv. One of the Frenchmen turned to stubbornly taciturn Rostóv with customary French civility, asking him whether it was not for the purpose of seeing the emperor that he had come to Tilsit.

"No, I have some business," Rostóv replied, curtly.

Rostóv had been in an unhappy frame of mind ever since he had noticed the dissatisfaction in Borís's face, and, as is always the case with people who are not in a good mood, it seemed to him that all looked hostilely at him

and that he was in everybody's way. And, indeed, he was in everybody's way, and himself remained outside the general conversation struck up by the company. "Why is he sitting here?" the glances which the guests cast upon him seemed to say. He rose and walked over to Borís.

"I embarrass you," he said to him, softly. "Come, let us speak about my affair, and I will leave."

"Not in the least," said Borís. "But if you are tired, let us go to our room, and you can lie down there and rest."

"Indeed —"

They entered a small sleeping-room, where Borís slept. Rostóv did not sit down, but began with irritation, as though Borís were guilty of something, to tell him of Denísov's affair, asking him whether he would and could intercede for him before the emperor through his general, by transmitting the letter. When they were left alone, Rostóv convinced himself for the first time that he could not look at his ease into Borís's eyes. Borís, crossing one leg over the other and patting with his left hand the slender fingers of his right, listened to Rostóv, as a general listens to a report of his subordinate, now looking to one side, now gazing with the same veiled glance straight into Rostóv's eyes. Rostóv felt awkward every time he did so, and lowered his eyes.

"I have heard about some such affair, and I know that the emperor is very severe in such cases. I think it would be better not to bring it to the notice of his Majesty. In my opinion it would be best just to ask the commander of the corps — But, in general, I think —"

"If you do not want to do anything, say so!" Rostóv almost shouted, without looking at Borís.

Borís smiled.

"On the contrary, I will do what I can, only I thought —"

Just then Zylínski's voice calling Borís was heard at the door.

"Go, go!" said Rostóv. He refused to go to the supper and, remaining all alone in the little room, he kept pacing it up and down and listening to the merry French conversation in the neighbouring room.

XX.

Rostóv arrived in Tilsit on a day which was least favourable for presenting Denísov's case. He could not go himself to the general of the day, because he was in his dress coat and had come to Tilsit without the permission of his superiors, and Borís could do nothing on the following day, even if he wanted to. On that day, the 27th of June, the first conditions of the peace were signed. The emperors exchanged decorations: Alexander received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and Napoleon that of St. Andrew of the first degree, and for that day was set a banquet given by a battalion of the French Guard to a battalion of the Preobrazhénski regiment. The emperors were to be present at this banquet.

Rostóv felt so ill at ease with Borís that, when Borís came to see him after supper, he pretended to be asleep; on the following morning he left the house, without seeing him. Nikoláy roved through the town in his dress coat and round hat, watching the Frenchmen and their uniforms, and looking at the houses occupied by the emperors. He saw in the square the tables set and the preparations that were being made for the dinner, and the decorations in the streets, with the Russian and French colours, and the large monograms of A. and N. In the windows of the houses were also flags and monograms.

"Borís does not want to help me, and I do not wish to ask for his aid. So much is certain," thought Nikoláy. "Everything is ended between us; but I will not leave before having done all in my power for Denísov and,

above all, before handing the letter to the emperor. To the emperor? He is here!" thought Rostóv, involuntarily again walking up to the house occupied by Alexander.

In front of the house stood his riding-horses, and the suite was coming together, apparently to ride out with the emperor.

"I may see him any moment," thought Rostóv. "If I only could hand him the letter in person and tell him all! Should I be arrested for being in a dress coat? Impossible! He would understand on whose side justice is. He understands everything, knows everything. Who can be juster and more magnanimous than he? Even if I should be arrested for being here, what of it?" he thought, looking at an officer who entered the house occupied by the emperor. "Other people walk in, why not I? So, nonsense! I will go and hand the petition to the emperor: so much the worse for Drubetskóy, who has brought me to this."

And with a determination which he had not expected of himself he walked toward the house occupied by the emperor.

"No, I will not miss the chance now, as I missed it after the battle of Austerlitz," he thought, expecting any moment to meet the emperor and feeling his blood rushing up to his heart at this thought. "I will fall down before his feet and will implore him. He will raise me up, will listen to me, and will even thank me. 'I am happy to be able to do good, but to correct an injustice is the greatest happiness,'" were the words which Rostóv imagined the emperor would say. He went, past people who looked at him with curiosity, up the porch of the house occupied by the emperor.

From the porch a broad staircase led straight up-stairs; on the right a closed door was seen. Under the staircase there was a door to the lower story.

"Whom do you want?" somebody asked.

"I want to hand a letter, a petition, to his Majesty," Nikoláy said, in a trembling voice.

"A petition goes to the officer of the day, this way." A door down-stairs was pointed out to him. "Only it will not be received."

Upon hearing this indifferent voice, Rostóv became frightened at what he was doing. The thought that he might see the emperor any moment was so seductive and, therefore, so terrible to him that he was ready to run, but the harbinger whom he had met opened the door to the officer of the day, and Rostóv entered.

A plump man of short stature, of about thirty years of age, wearing white pantaloons and jack-boots, was standing in the room. He had no coat on, and a valet was fastening a pair of beautiful, new, silk-embroidered suspenders over his batiste shirt; Rostóv for some reason noticed these suspenders. That man was speaking with some one in the next room.

"*Bien faite et la beauté du diable*," he said. Upon seeing Rostóv, he stopped speaking and frowned.

"What do you want? A petition?—"

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" somebody asked from the next room.

"*Encore un petitionnaire*," replied the man in the suspenders.

"Tell him to come later. He will come out at once, and will ride out!"

"Later, later, to-morrow. It is late—"

Rostóv turned around and was on the point of leaving, but the man in the suspenders asked him:

"From whom is it? Who are you?"

"From Major Denísov," replied Rostóv.

"Who are you? An officer?"

"A lieutenant. Count Rostóv."

"What boldness! Hand it to your superior officer!

Go, go!" And he began to put on the uniform brought to him by his valet.

Rostóv again went out into the vestibule and saw that there were already on the porch a number of officers and generals in parade uniform, by whom he had to pass.

Cursing his boldness and trembling at the thought that he might meet the emperor at any moment and be arrested and disgraced in his presence, fully understanding the impropriety of his act, and repenting it, Rostóv, lowering his eyes, got out of the house, which was surrounded by a brilliant suite, when somebody's familiar voice called him and somebody's hand stopped him.

"What are you, my dear, doing here in a dress coat?" a bass voice asked him.

It was the general of cavalry, the former chief of the division in which Rostóv had served; during this last campaign he had gained the emperor's special favour.

Rostóv was frightened and began to justify himself, but, upon noticing the good-natured and jocular face of the general, he stepped aside with him and in an agitated voice told him of the affair and asked him to intercede for Denísov, whom the general knew. The general, having listened to Rostóv's story, shook his head with a serious look.

"I am sorry, real sorry for the man. Let me have the letter!"

Rostóv had barely had time to give him the letter and tell him the whole affair of Denísov, when rapid steps with spurs were heard on the staircase, and the general walked away from him and moved up to the porch. The gentlemen of the emperor's suite ran down-stairs and rushed up to the horses. Groom Ennet, the same who had been at Austerlitz, brought up the emperor's horse, and on the staircase was heard a soft creak of steps, which Rostóv recognized at once. Forgetting his danger of being recognized, Rostóv moved up with several curious

townspeople to the very porch, and, after two years, he again saw the same adorable features, the same face, the same glance, the same gait, the same union of grandeur and of meekness. And the feeling of transport and love for the emperor arose in its former strength in Rostóv's soul. The emperor, in the uniform of the Preobrazhénski regiment, in white chamois-leather pantaloons and tall jack-boots, with a decoration which was not familiar to Rostóv (it was the decoration of the Legion of Honour), came out on the porch, holding his hat under his arm, and putting on his glove. He stopped, looking about him and illuminating everything with his glance. He said a few words to a few of the generals. He also recognized the former chief of the division to which Rostóv had belonged, and he smiled at him, and called him up.

The whole suite stepped aside, and Rostóv saw that the general was speaking quite awhile with the emperor.

The emperor said a few words to him and moved forward toward his horse. Again the group of the suite and the throng of the people in the street moved up toward the emperor. Stopping at his horse and taking hold of the saddle with one hand, the emperor turned to the general of cavalry and spoke in a loud voice, with the evident intention of being heard:

"I cannot, general. I cannot because the law is stronger than I," said the emperor, putting his foot into the stirrup. The general respectfully bent his head, and the emperor seated himself in the saddle and rode down the street at a gallop. Rostóv, beside himself with enthusiasm, ran with the crowd after him.

XXI.

In the square, toward which the emperor was riding, there stood, facing each other, on the right, a battalion of the Preobrazhénski regiment, on the left, a battalion of the French Guard in bearskin caps.

While the emperor was approaching one wing of the battalions, who presented arms, another group of horsemen galloped up to the other wing, and in front of them Rostóv recognized Napoleon. It could be no one else. He wore a small hat, the sash of St. Andrew over his shoulder, an open blue uniform over a white waistcoat, and was riding at a gallop on a spirited and thoroughbred Arabian gray steed, caparisoned with a crimson, gold-embroidered housing. Upon approaching Alexander, he raised his hat, and at this motion Rostóv's eye of a cavalryman did not fail to observe that Napoleon did not sit firmly in his saddle. The battalions shouted "Hurrah!" and "*Vive l'empereur!*" Napoleon said something to Alexander. Both emperors got down from their horses and took each other's hands. On Napoleon's face there was a disagreeable smile of dissimulation. Alexander was telling him something with a kind expression of his countenance.

Despite the pressure exerted by the horses of the French gendarmes, who were holding the crowds in check, Rostóv watched the movements of Emperor Alexander and of Bonaparte without taking his eyes off them. He was exceedingly surprised to find Alexander treating Napoleon as an equal, and Napoleon turning quite freely

to Alexander, as to an equal, as though the nearness to an emperor were a natural and habitual thing with him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with a long procession of their suites, walked over to the right wing of the Preobrazhénski battalion, precisely where the throng of people was standing. The crowd suddenly found itself so close to the two emperors that Rostóv, who was standing in the front row, was frightened lest he should be recognized.

"*Sire, je vous demande la permission de donner la Légion d'honneur au plus brave de vos soldats,*" spoke a sharp, clear voice, enunciating every letter. It was undersized Bonaparte who was saying it. He looked up straight into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what he was saying, and, bending his head, smiled a pleasant smile.

"*A celui qui s'est le plus vaillament conduit dans cette dernière guerre,*" added Napoleon, sharply accentuating every syllable, with provoking calm and self-confidence surveying the ranks of the Russian soldiers who stood before him, still presenting arms and immovably looking into the eyes of their emperor.

"*Votre Majesté me permettra-t-elle de demander l'avis du colonel?*" said Alexander, hurriedly making several steps toward Prince Kozlóvski, the commander of the battalion. In the meantime Bonaparte was taking off the glove from his small white hand, but, tearing it, he threw it away. An adjutant rushed up from behind and picked it up.

"To whom shall it be given?" Emperor Alexander softly asked Kozlóvski in Russian.

"To whom may it please you to give it, Majesty?"

The emperor frowned instinctively and, looking around, said:

"He must have an answer."

Kozlóvski looked at his ranks with a determined glance, and in this glance took in also Rostóv.

"Does he mean me?" thought Rostóv.

"Lázarev!" the colonel commanded, with a frown, and the first soldier in order, Lázarev, briskly came forward.

"Where are you going? Stand here!" several voices whispered to Lázarev, who did not know where to go.

Lázarev stopped, looking frightened and sidewise at the colonel, and his face twitched, as happens with soldiers who are called out before the ranks.

Napoleon barely turned his head around and put back his plump little hand, as though wishing to take something. The men of his suite, who immediately guessed what the matter was, began to move around and to whisper, transmitting information from one to another, and the page, the one Rostóv had seen the night before at Borís's, ran forward and, respectfully bending before the extended hand, placed into it the decoration with the red ribbon, not letting him wait a minute for it. Napoleon pressed two fingers together, without looking back. The decoration was between them. Napoleon walked over to Lázarev, who, rolling his eyes, kept looking stubbornly at his emperor; he turned back to look at Emperor Alexander to show him that that which he was doing now he was doing for his ally. The small white hand with the decoration touched the button of the soldier Lázarev, as though Napoleon knew that, in order that this soldier might be for ever happy, rewarded, and distinguished above everybody else in the world, it was only necessary for Napoleon's hand to touch his breast. Napoleon only touched Lázarev's breast with the cross and, dropping his hands, turned to Alexander, as though he knew that the cross ought to stick to Lázarev's breast. The cross did stick to it.

Obliging Russian and French hands immediately seized the cross and attached it to his uniform. Lázarev looked

gloomily at the little man with the white hands, who had done something to him, and, continuing to present arms, again started to look straight into Alexander's eyes, as though to ask him whether he should stand there, or walk away, or do something else. But nothing was said to him, and he continued standing quite awhile in that immovable attitude.

The emperors mounted upon their horses and rode away. The soldiers of the Preobrazhénski regiment, breaking ranks, mingled with the French Guardsmen and sat down at the tables prepared for them.

Lázarev sat in the place of honour; both Russian and French officers embraced and congratulated him, and pressed his hands. Crowds of officers and of the people came up to take a look at Lázarev. The din of the Russo-French conversation and laughter hovered about the tables in the square. Two officers with heated faces, merry and happy, walked past Rostóv.

"It is a fine treat! All on silver," said one. "Have you seen Lázarev?"

"Yes."

"They say that the Preobrazhénski battalion will entertain them to-morrow."

"What luck this Lázarev has! Twelve hundred francs as a life pension."

"I call this a cap, boys!" shouted a Preobrazhénski soldier, putting on the shaggy cap of a Frenchman.

"It is superb, just excellent!"

"Did you hear the parole?" said one officer of the Guard to another. "The other day it was *Napoléon, France, bravoure;* yesterday it was *Alexandre, Russie, grandeur;* one day our emperor gives the parole, and the next it is Napoleon. To-morrow the emperor will send the cross of St. George to the bravest of the French Guardsmen. He can't do otherwise: he has to return the compliment."

Borís, with his companion, Zylínski, also came to look at the banquet of the Preobrazhénski regiment. Upon returning, Borís noticed Rostóv, who was standing at the corner of a house.

"Rostóv, how are you? We have not seen each other again," he said to him. He could not keep from asking him what the matter was with him, for Rostóv's face looked so strange and gloomy, and so distracted.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Rostóv.

"Will you call again?"

"Yes, I will."

Rostóv stood for a long time at the corner, looking at the banqueting soldiers from a distance. A painful labour was taking place in his brain, and he was unable to end it. Terrible doubts began to rise in his soul. Now he thought of Denísov with his changed expression and his submissiveness, and the whole hospital with those torn arms and legs, and with its filth and its diseases. So vividly did it seem to him that he smelled the hospital odour of decaying flesh, that he looked around to see whence that odour proceeded. Then again he thought of that self-satisfied Bonaparte with his white hand, who now was an emperor, and whom Emperor Alexander loved and respected. What then, were those torn arms and legs, and those dead people for? And again he thought of Lázarev rewarded and Denísov punished and unpardoned. He caught himself thinking such strange thoughts that he was frightened of them.

The savour of the food of the Preobrazhénski regiment and his hunger brought him out of that condition: he had to eat something before leaving. He went to a hotel which he had seen in the morning. In the hotel he found such a mass of people, of officers, who, like him, had arrived in civilian's clothes, that he had great difficulty in getting a dinner. Two officers of the same division with him joined him. The conversation naturally turned on the peace.

The officers, Rostóv's companions, like the greater part of the army, were dissatisfied with the peace which had been concluded after Friedland. They said that if they could have held out a little longer Napoleon would have been ruined, because his troops had no more hardtack, and no ammunition. Nikoláy ate, but more particularly drank, in silence. The inner work, which was going on in him, still tormented him. He was afraid to abandon himself to his thoughts, and could not keep away from them. Suddenly, in response to the words of one of the officers that it was a shame to look at the French, Rostóv began to shout in unjustifiable excitement, which very much surprised the officers:

"How can you judge what would be better?" he cried, while his face was suffused with blood. "How can you judge of the emperor's actions? What right have we to censure him? We cannot understand the aim or the acts of the emperor."

"But I have not said a word about the emperor," the officer tried to justify himself, being unable to explain Rostóv's rage, except that he was drunk.

But Rostóv did not listen to him.

"We are not diplomatic officials, but soldiers, and nothing else," he continued. "If we are told to die, let us die! If we are punished, it means that we are guilty; it is not for us to pass judgment. If it pleases the Tsar, our emperor, to recognize Bonaparte as an emperor and to conclude a peace with him, it is right that he should. If we were going to pass judgment on everything, there would be nothing sacred. In the same way we may proceed to say that there is no God, nothing," Nikoláy shouted, striking the table with his fist, which, to the understanding of his interlocutors, was irrelevant, but which, according to the march of his ideas, was quite proper.

"It is our business to do our duty, to fight, and not to think, — that is all," he concluded.

"And to drink," said one of the officers, who did not wish to have an altercation.

"Yes, and to drink," Nikoláy called out. "Oh, there! Another bottle!" he shouted.

PART THE SIXTH

I.

In the year 1808 Emperor Alexander journeyed to Erfurt for a new meeting with Emperor Napoleon, and in the higher society of St. Petersburg much was said about the grandeur of that solemn meeting.

In 1809 the close friendship of the two lords of the world, as Napoleon and Alexander were called, reached such a point that, when, in that year, Napoleon declared war against Austria, a Russian corps crossed the border in order to coöperate with Alexander's former enemy, Bonaparte, against his former ally, the Emperor of Austria; and that in the higher spheres the marriage between Napoleon and one of the sisters of Emperor Alexander was spoken of as a possibility. But, in addition to the external political combinations, the attention of Russian society was at that time turned with peculiar vividness to the internal reforms which were being produced in all the parts of the administration.

In the meantime the actual lives of men, with their material interests of health, disease, work, rest, with their interests of ideas, science, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatred, passions, went on, as always, independently and outside of the political friendship or enmity toward Napoleon Bonaparte, and outside of all possible reforms.

Prince Andréy for two years did not leave the country. All the undertakings on his estates, which Pierre

had been considering without accomplishing anything, eternally passing from one thing to another, all these undertakings had been accomplished by Andréy, without telling anybody about it and without any apparent labour.

He possessed in the highest degree that practical persistency, which Pierre was lacking, and which gave motion to his work, without any effort or violence.

One of his estates of three hundred souls of peasants was registered as consisting of free agriculturists (that was one of the first cases in Russia); in others the corvee was changed into tenant pay. In Boguchárovo a trained midwife was installed by him to aid in childbirths, and the priest for a salary taught the rudiments to the children of the peasants and of the manorial servants.

Half of his time Prince Andréy passed at Lýsyya Góry with his father and his son, who was still in the hands of the nurses; the other half he lived in his Boguchárovo hermitage, as his father called his village. In spite of the indifference to all external occurrences in the world, such as he had evinced in the presence of Pierre, he zealously kept in touch with them and received many books, and he noticed, to his surprise, that when people came to see his father or him from St. Petersburg, from the very whirlpool of life, these people were, in the knowledge of external and internal politics, far behind himself, who never left the country.

In addition to his occupations on the estates and the general reading of the greatest variety of books, Prince Andréy busied himself at that time with critical considerations on the conduct of our unfortunate last two campaigns and with the composition of a project for the reform of our military statutes and regulations.

In the spring of the year 1809, Prince Andréy went to the Ryazán estates of his son, whose guardian he was.

Warmed by the vernal sun, he was sitting in his carriage, looking at the first grass, the first leaves of the

birches, and the first puffs of the white clouds scudding over the bright azure of the sky. He was not thinking of anything, but looking cheerfully and thoughtlessly on both his sides.

They crossed the ferry on which he had had a conversation with Pierre the year before. They passed a dirty village, threshing-floors, gardens, an incline with the snow still lodging near the bridge, a rutted clay slope, strips of fields and of green bushes here and there, and entered a birch forest on both sides of the road. In the forest it was almost warm; no breeze was stirring. The birches, all besprinkled with green, viscid leaves, did not stir, and beneath last year's leaves, raising them, sprouted the first green grass and lilac flowers. The small pines which were scattered here and there through the birches by their coarse perennial verdure disagreeably reminded one of winter. The horses snorted as they entered the forest and began to sweat more heavily.

Lackey Peter said something to the coachman, and the coachman made an affirmative answer. But apparently Peter was not satisfied with the coachman's sympathy; he turned back on his box.

"Your Serenity, it is so light!" he said to his master, with a respectful smile.

"What?"

"It is light, your Serenity!"

"What is he talking about?" thought Prince Andréy. "Yes, no doubt about spring," he thought, looking about on both sides of him. "Everything is green now — how early! The birches, the bird cherries, and the elders are green. But the oaks do not show yet. Here is an oak."

At the edge of the road stood an oak. It was, no doubt, ten times as old as any birch composing the forest, and it was ten times as thick and twice as tall as any birch. It was an immense oak, which two men could scarcely encompass; its boughs had apparently been broken off long

ago, and its torn bark was overgrown with old knots. With its immense, unsymmetrical, towering, gnarled arms and fingers, it stood, an old, cross, disdainful monster, among the smiling birches. Only the dead and eternally green small pine-trees, which were scattered through the wood, together with the oak, did not want to submit to the charms of spring, and wished to see neither spring, nor sun.

"Spring, and love, and happiness!" this oak seemed to say. "How is it you do not get tired of this eternal, stupid, senseless deception. Always the same, and always a deception! There is no spring, no sun, no happiness. See, there they sit, the crushed, dead pines, eternally the same; and I, too, stand sprawling with my broken and torn fingers, wherever they may grow, — whether from my back, or from my sides; as they have grown, so I stand, and I do not believe in your hopes and your deceptions."

Prince Andréy several times looked back at that oak, as he passed through the forest, as though he were expecting something from it. There were flowers and grass under the oak, but the oak continued to stand frowning, immovable, monstrous, and stubborn among them.

"Yes, the oak is right, a thousand times right," thought Prince Andréy. "Let others, younger ones, submit to that deception, but we know life, — our life is ended!" A whole new series of thoughts, hopeless, but sad and agreeable, rose in Prince Andréy's soul in connection with that oak. During this journey he seemed to reflect on his whole past life, and came to the same soothing, though hopeless, conclusion as before, that there was nothing new for him to undertake, and that he ought to live his days out, doing no evil, not troubling himself about anything, and wishing nothing.

II.

PRINCE ANDRÉY had to see the county marshal of nobility, in matters relating to his guardianship of the Ryazán estate. The marshal was Count Ilyá Andréevich Rostóv, and in the middle of May Prince Andréy went to see him.

It was already the warm period of spring. The forest was all clad in verdure; the roads were dusty, and it was so hot that, driving past the water, he felt like taking a swim.

Prince Andréy, in no happy frame of mind and busy reflecting on the questions which he would have to put to the marshal, was approaching, over a garden avenue, the mansion of the Rostóvs at Otrádnoe. On the right, he heard a merry noise of female voices and saw a bevy of girls running across his road. In front of all, nearest to the carriage, ran a black-haired, very slender, strangely slender, black-eyed girl in a yellow chintz dress, her head tied with a white handkerchief, beneath which peeped out strands of loose hair. The girl was shouting something, but, upon seeing a stranger, she ran back laughing, without looking at him.

Prince Andréy suddenly felt pained. The day was so beautiful, the sun so bright, everything around him so merry; and this slender, pretty child did not know and did not wish to know of his existence, and was satisfied and happy with her separate, no doubt foolish, but happy and jolly life.

"What is she so happy about? What is she thinking

about? Certainly not of the military code, nor of the arrangement of the tenant pay in the Ryazán estates. What is she thinking about? And what makes her so happy?" Prince Andréy instinctively asked himself with curiosity.

Prince Ilyá Andréevich was living in the year 1809 at Otrádnoe just as in former years, that is, receiving almost the whole Government as his guests, with hunts, theatres, dinners, and musicians. He was glad to see Prince Andréy, as he would have been to see any new guest, and made him stay overnight almost by force.

In the course of a tiresome day, during which he was entertained by the elder hosts and by the more honoured of the guests, with whom the house of the old count was full on account of an approaching name-day, Bolkónski, watching Natásha, who kept laughing and making merry among the younger part of the company, asked himself: "What is she thinking about? What is she happy about?"

In the night, being all alone in a new place, he could not fall asleep for a long time. He read, then put out the candle, and again lighted it. The room, with its inside shutters, was warm. He was angry at that foolish old man (so he called Rostóv), who detained him by saying that the necessary documents had not yet been forwarded from the city, and he was angry at himself for having stayed.

Prince Andréy rose and went up to the window in order to open it. The moment he opened the shutters, the moonlight, as though it had long been keeping watch at the window, burst into the room. He opened the window. It was a fresh, motionless, bright night. Underneath the window was a row of clipped trees black on one side, and silvery in the moonshine on the other. Under the trees there was a lush, wet, curly verdure, with here and there silvery blades and stems. Farther away, beyond

the black trees, there was a roof sparkling with dew; to the right stood a curly tree, with bright trunk and branches, and above it was the almost full moon in the clear, almost starless, vernal sky. Prince Andréy leaned on the window, and his eyes rested on that sky.

The room of Prince Andréy was in the middle story. The rooms above him were also occupied; their inmates were not asleep. He heard feminine voices above him.

"Only once more," said a woman's voice, which Prince Andréy recognized at once.

"But when will you sleep?" replied another voice.

"I will not, I cannot, — what shall I do? Now, for the last time — "

Two feminine voices sang a musical phrase, which was the end of something.

"Oh, how excellent! Now let us sleep, and let there be an end of it!"

"You go to sleep, but I cannot," answered the first voice, coming nearer to the window. She apparently was leaning over the sill, because the rustling of her dress and even her breathing could be heard. Everything was calm and as though petrified, even the moon and its light and shadows. Prince Andréy himself was afraid to move, for fear of betraying his involuntary presence.

"Sónya, Sónya!" again was heard the first voice. "How can you sleep! See how charming it is! Oh, how beautiful! Get up, Sónya," she said, almost with tears in her voice. "There has never before been such an exquisite night."

Sónya reluctantly made some reply.

"No, you must see for yourself what a moon it is! Oh, how exquisite! Come here! My dear, darling, come here! Well, do you see? I just feel like sitting down on tiptoe, like this, and putting my hands below my knees, — tighter, tighter, as tight as possible, and like pressing hard and flying away. Like this!"

"Look out, you will fall down!"

A struggle was heard and Sónya's dissatisfied voice: "It is two o'clock!"

"Oh, you only spoil everything for me. Go, go!"

Again everything was quiet, but Prince Andréy knew that she was still sitting there: he now and then heard her move, and sometimes sigh.

"O Lord, Lord! What is this?" she suddenly exclaimed. "It is time to go to sleep!" and she slammed the window.

"No care has she for my existence!" thought Prince Andréy, while listening to her conversation, for some reason fearing and expecting her to say something about him. "Again she! As though on purpose!" he thought. In his soul there suddenly rose such an unexpected tangle of youthful thoughts and hopes, which contradicted all his life, that he, feeling himself incapable of explaining his condition, immediately fell asleep.

III.

On the following day Prince Andréy bade the count good-bye, without waiting for the ladies to make their appearance, and departed.

It was now the beginning of June when Prince Andréy, returning home, again drove through the birch grove, in which the old, gnarled oak had made such a strange and memorable impression upon him. The bells sounded more muffled than six weeks before, for the foliage in the forest was full grown, shady and dense, and the young pine-trees, scattered through the woods, did not impair the universal beauty, but, harmonizing with the general character, sent forth their tender, green, and puffy shoots.

It had been hot the whole day; a storm was gathering somewhere, but only a small cloud sprinkled down on the dust of the road and on the lush foliage. The left side of the forest was dark, being in the shade; the right side was wet and glistened in the sun, barely swaying in the wind. Everything was in bloom; the nightingales trilled and rolled their songs, now near, and now far.

"Yes, here, in this forest, was that oak, with which we were in accord," thought Prince Andréy. "Where is it?" again thought Prince Andréy, looking at the left side of the road, and, without knowing it, nor recognizing the tree, enjoying the sight of the tree which he was looking for. The old oak, all transformed, spreading like a tent its lush, dark foliage, gleamed, lightly swaying, in the rays of the evening sun. Neither the gnarled fingers, nor the scars, nor the old misgivings and sorrow, — nothing

was to be seen. Through the rough century bark young, lush leaves, without stems, sprouted, so that it was hard to believe that the old fellow had brought them forth.

"Yes, it is the same oak," thought Prince Andréy, and he was suddenly overcome by a causeless, vernal feeling of joy and renovation. All the best moments of his life suddenly burst upon him at the same moment. Austerlitz with the high heaven, and the dead, reproachful face of his wife, and Pierre on the ferry-boat, and the girl who was agitated by the beauty of the night, and the night itself, and the moon, and — all that suddenly occurred to him.

"No, life is not ended at thirty-one years," Prince Andréy suddenly decided definitely, and without appeal. "It is not enough for me to know what is within me, others must know it too: Pierre, and the girl who wanted to fly to heaven, all must know, that my life may not flow for myself alone, that they may not live so independently of my life, that it be reflected on all, and that they may all live with me!"

Upon returning from his journey, Prince Andréy decided to go in the fall to St. Petersburg, and was trying to find all kinds of excuses for such a determination. A whole series of clever, logical arguments, why he ought to go to St. Petersburg and why he should even serve, were each moment at his service. He could not understand how he could ever have doubted the necessity of taking an active part in life, just as a month before he could not have believed that the idea of leaving the country would ever occur to him. It seemed clear to him that all his experience of life would be vain and meaningless, if he did not apply it to affairs and did not take an active interest in life. He could not comprehend how before, on the basis of just such poor, clever arguments, it had appeared clear that he would lower himself if now, after

his lessons of life, he should again believe in the possibility of being useful, and in the possibility of happiness and love. Now reason dictated something quite different to him. Andréy began to feel dull in the country; his former occupations did not interest him, and frequently, while sitting all alone in his cabinet, he got up, walked over to the mirror, and for a long time looked at his face. Then he turned aside and looked at the portrait of Líza, who, with her locks gathered *à la grecque*, looked tenderly and merrily at him out of her gold frame. She no longer told her husband those terrible words; she looked simply and merrily at him. And Prince Andréy, putting his hands behind his back, for a long time walked in the room, now frowning, now smiling, thinking those senseless, inexpressible thoughts, secret as a crime, which were connected with Pierre, with glory, with the girl at the window, with the oak, with feminine beauty and love, which had changed his whole life. If, at such moments, somebody entered the room, he was especially dry, severely determined, and, more particularly, disagreeably logical.

"*Mon cher*," Princess Márya would tell him, when coming upon him at such a moment, "Nikoláy cannot go out to-day: it is too cold."

"If it were warm," Prince Andréy would answer her dryly at such a moment, "he would have on nothing but his shirt, but, as it is cold, you must put on his warm wraps, which have been invented for just such occasions. It is this that follows from the fact that it is cold, and not that the child should stay in when it needs fresh air," he would say, with extraordinary logicalness, as though to punish somebody for all that secret, illogical mental work which was going on within him. Princess Márya at such moments thought how mental work only dried up the hearts of men.

IV.

Prince Andréy arrived in St. Petersburg in the month of August of the year 1809. It was the apogee of the glory of young Speránski and of the energy of the reforms introduced by him. In that same month the emperor, having been thrown out of a carriage, had hurt his leg, and so remained three weeks in Peterhof, having daily and exclusive meetings with Speránski. At that time there were prepared not only the two famous ukases, which so frightened society, about the abolition of the court ranks, and about the examinations for the ranks of college assessor and Councillor of State, but also the whole constitution of the realm, which was to have changed the whole existing judicial, administrative, and financial order of the Russian government, from the Council of State down to the township organization. Now were being realized and materialized those indistinct, liberal dreams, with which Emperor Alexander had ascended the throne, and which he had attempted to realize with the aid of his coadjutors, Czartoryzski, Novosíltsov, Kochubéy, and Stroganóv, whom he jestingly called the *comité de salut publique*.

Now Speránski took their place in the civil administration, and Arakchéev in military matters. Prince Andréy, soon after his arrival, appeared at court, being a gentleman of the chamber, and was present at the appearance of the emperor. The emperor, meeting him twice, did not bestow a single word on him. Prince Andréy had thought even before that he was not agreeable to the emperor, that his face and his whole being displeased

him. In the dry, distant glance, with which the emperor looked at him, Prince Andréy, more than before, found a confirmation of his suspicion. The courtiers explained to Prince Andréy that the emperor's inattention to him was due to the fact that his Majesty was dissatisfied because Bolkónski had not served since the year 1805.

"I know myself that we are powerless in our sympathies and antipathies," thought Prince Andréy, "and so it would be useless for me to think of presenting to the emperor in person my note in regard to the military code, and the affair must speak for itself."

He mentioned his note to the old field-marshal, the friend of his father. The field-marshal appointed an hour, received him kindly, and promised that he would report to the emperor. A few days later Prince Andréy was informed that he was to appear before the minister of war, Count Arakchéev.

At nine o'clock of the appointed day, Prince Andréy appeared in the reception-room of Count Arakchéev.

Prince Andréy did not know Arakchéev in person, and had never seen him, but everything he knew of him inspired him with little respect for that man.

"He is the minister of war, a trusty servant of the emperor; nobody has anything to do with his personal characteristics; he has been commanded to examine my note, consequently he alone can give it currency," thought Prince Andréy, waiting among many important and unimportant persons, in the waiting-room of Count Arakchéev.

Prince Andréy, during his service, which had nearly always been that of an adjutant, had seen a large number of persons waiting for an audience, and the characters of such persons were quite clear to him. The persons who were waiting in Arakchéev's waiting-room had an entirely different character. On the faces of the less important

persons waiting for their turn, there was written the feeling of bashfulness and submission; on the more distinguished faces there was a common expression of awkwardness, concealed under an apparent ease and banter at themselves and their condition, and at the expense of the minister. Some walked thoughtfully up and down; others whispered and laughed, and Prince Andréy heard them use the nickname of Síla Andréich, and the words, "We'll catch it from the uncle," which referred to Count Arakchéev. One general, an important person, apparently offended because he had to wait so long, was sitting down with legs crossed and smiling contemptuously at himself.

But the moment the door was opened, nothing but terror was expressed in the faces of all. Prince Andréy asked the officer of the day to give his name a second time, but he was ridiculed, and the officer told him that his turn would come in proper time. After a few persons had been led in and brought out again by the adjutant from the cabinet of the minister, an officer, who had startled Prince Andréy by his humble and frightened look, was let in through the terrible door. The officer's audience lasted for a long time. Suddenly the peals of a disagreeable voice were heard beyond the door, and the pale officer, with trembling lips, came out and passed through the waiting-room, clasping his head.

After him, Prince Andréy was taken to the door, and the officer of the day said to him, in a whisper: "To the right, at the window."

Prince Andréy entered a clean, unpretentious cabinet, and at the table saw a man of forty years of age, with a long body, a wrinkled, long, closely cropped head, with scowling brows over brownish green, dull eyes, and a pendent, red nose. Arakchéev turned his head toward him, without looking at him.

"What do you ask for?" asked Arakchéev.

"I ask for nothing, your Serenity," Prince Andréy said, softly.

Arakchéev's eyes were turned upon him.

"Sit down!" said Arakchéev. "Prince Bolkónski?"

"I ask for nothing, but the emperor has deigned to send my note to your Serenity —"

"Permit me to tell you, my dear, that I have read your note," Arakchéev interrupted him, uttering kindly only the first few words, without looking at Prince Andréy, and falling more and more into a grumbling and disdainful tone. "You propose new military laws? There are many laws, and there is no one to carry out the old ones. Everybody is writing laws nowadays, — it is easier to write than to do."

"I have come at the request of the emperor to find out from your Serenity what course you will give to the note?" Prince Andréy said, civilly.

"I have put a resolution on your note and have sent it to the committee. I do *not* approve," said Arakchéev, rising and getting a paper down from the table. "Here it is!" He handed it to Prince Andréy.

Across the paper there was written, without capitals, without orthography, without punctuation marks: "Improperly composed because of an imitation copied from the french military code and unnecessarily departing from the military statutes."

"To what committee has the note been given?" asked Prince Andréy.

"To the committee on the military code, and I have proposed your Honour as a member, — only without salary."

Prince Andréy smiled.

"I do not wish it."

"A member without salary," repeated Arakchéev. "I have the honour! Oh, there, call them in! Who is it now?" he shouted, bowing to Prince Andréy.

V.

WHILE waiting for the official announcement of his having been put on the committee, Prince Andréy renewed his old acquaintance, especially with those persons who, he knew, were powerful and might be useful to him. He experienced in St. Petersburg a feeling which was akin to what he had felt on the eve of the battle, when he was assailed by restless curiosity and was insuperably drawn to the higher spheres, where the future was prepared on which the fate of millions depended. He felt, from the irritation of the old men, the curiosity of the uninitiated, the reserve of the initiated, the haste and agitation of all, the endless number of committees and commissions, of the existence of which he learned something new every day, that now, in 1809, they were getting ready here in St. Petersburg to give an enormous civil battle, of which the commander-in-chief was an unfamiliar, mysterious, and apparently brilliant man, Speránski. And the question of the reform, which he understood but dimly, and Speránski, the chief factor in it, began so to absorb all his attention that his preoccupation with the military code soon began to take a secondary place in his consciousness.

Prince Andréy was most fortunately circumstanced in order to be well received by all the higher circles of the St. Petersburg society of his day. The party of the reformers received him with open arms, in the first place, because he had a reputation for cleverness and was thought to be a well-read man, and, in the second, because by the emancipation of his serfs he passed for a liberal. The party of the dissatisfied old men turned to him for

sympathy in their condemnation of the reforms, expecting him to share the views of his father. The society of women received him with open arms, because he was a rich and distinguished match, and almost a new person with the aureole of a romantic history concerning his supposed death and the tragic end of his wife. Besides, the general opinion of all those who had known him before was to the effect that he had changed much for the better in the last five years, having become softer in manners and more manly, that there was no longer in him the former simulation, haughtiness, and sarcasm, but that calm which is acquired with age. All spoke of him, all were interested in him and wanted to see him.

On the evening of the day after his visit to Count Arakchéev, Prince Andréy was at the house of Count Kochubéy. He told Count Kochubéy about his meeting with "Síla Andréich" (Kochubéy spoke of Arakchéev that way, with the same indefinite smile which Prince Andréy had seen in the waiting-room of the minister of war).

"*Mon cher,* even in this you will not escape Mikhaíl Mikháylovich. *C'est le grand faiseur.* I will tell him about it. He promised to be here this evening —"

"But what has Speránski to do with military statutes?" asked Prince Andréy.

Kochubéy smiled and shook his head, as though marvelling at Bolkónski's naïveté.

"I spoke with him about you the other day," continued Kochubéy. "We spoke of your free agriculturists —"

"So it is you, prince, who have freed your peasants?" said an old man of the times of Catherine, turning contemptuously toward Bolkónski.

"It was a small estate which brought me no income," replied Bolkónski, trying to minimize his act in order not to irritate the old man in vain.

"*Vous craignez d'être en retard,*" said the old man, looking at Kochubéy.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," continued the old man: "Who will plough the land if they are to be made free? It is easy to write laws, but hard to govern. Just as in the present case, count, I should like to ask you who will be a chief of a chancery if all have to pass examinations?"

"Those who will pass their examinations, I suppose," replied Kochubéy, crossing his legs and looking around.

"Now here is Pryanítchnikov, an official of mine, a fine man, a treasure of a man, — he is sixty years old, so he is to pass an examination?"

"Yes, that is troublesome because of education not being disseminated, but — " Count Kochubéy did not finish his sentence; he rose, took Prince Andréy's hand, and went with him to meet a tall, bald-headed, blond man of about forty years of age, with a large, open brow, and an unusual strange whiteness on his long face. The newcomer wore a blue dress coat, a cross on his neck, and a star on his left breast. This was Speránski. Prince Andréy immediately recognized him, and he had a twinge in his heart, as in decisive moments of life: he did not know whether it was respect, envy or expectancy. The whole figure of Speránski had a special type by which he could be recognized. In the society in which Prince Andréy moved, he had never seen such a calm and such self-possession united with awkward and sluggish movements, such a firm, and yet soft, glance of the half-closed and moist eyes, such firmness in a meaningless smile, such a fine, even, soft voice, and, above all, such a tender whiteness as that of his face and especially of his somewhat broad, but exceedingly plump, gentle, white hands. Such a whiteness and softness of face Prince Andréy had seen only in the case of soldiers who had passed a long time in a hospital. This was Speránski, secretary of state, the emperor's secretary and his companion at Erfurt, where he frequently met Napoleon and conversed with him.

Prince Andréy attentively watched Speránski's every word and movement. As is frequently the case with people, especially with those who severely judge their neighbours, Prince Andréy, upon meeting a new person, especially such as Speránski was, whom he knew by reputation, always wanted to find in him all human perfections.

Speránski said to Kochubéy that he was sorry not to have been able to come earlier, as he had been detained at court. He did not say that he had been detained by the emperor. Prince Andréy noticed this affectation of modesty. When Kochubéy gave him the name of Prince Andréy, Speránski slowly transferred his eyes to Bolkónski, keeping the same smile, and looking at him in silence.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you, as everybody has," he said.

Kochubéy said a few words about the reception given Bolkónski by Arakchéev. Speránski smiled a little more.

"The director of the commission of the military code is a good friend of mine, Magnítski," he said, clearly enunciating every word, "and if you wish it, I will make you acquainted with him." He stopped on the period. "I hope that you will have his sympathy, and that you will find him ready to coöperate with anything sensible."

Immediately a circle was formed about Speránski, and the old man who had mentioned his official, Pryanichnikov, turned with a question to Speránski.

Prince Andréy did not take part in the conversation, but kept watching every motion of Speránski, that man that but a short time ago had been an insignificant seminarist, and that now held in his hands — those plump, white hands — the fate of Russia. Prince Andréy was surprised to see that unusual, disdainful calm with which Speránski replied to the old man. He seemed to be addressing his condescending words from an immeasurable

height. When the old man began to speak too loudly, Speránski smiled and said that he could not judge of the advantage or disadvantage of that which pleased the emperor.

After having spoken awhile in the general circle, Speránski rose, and, walking over to Prince Andréy, called him aside to the other end of the room. It was evident that he considered it necessary to occupy himself with Bolkónski.

"I have not had a chance of speaking with you, count, during that animated conversation, into which I was drawn by that estimable old gentleman," he said, smiling a meek, contemptuous smile, as though to suggest that Prince Andréy and he fully comprehended the insignificance of those men with whom he had just been speaking. This address flattered Prince Andréy. "I have known you for a long time: in the first place, on account of your affair with the peasants, it being the first example of the kind, which it would be so desirable to see imitated by others; and, in the second, because you are one of those gentlemen of the chamber who have not considered themselves offended by the new ukase concerning the court ranks, which have called forth so much discussion and censure."

"Yes," said Prince Andréy, "my father did not want me to take advantage of that right: I began serving from the lower ranks."

"Your father, a man of the past generation, apparently stands higher than his contemporaries, who condemn this measure which only reëstablishes natural justice."

"However, I think there is some ground for this censure," said Prince Andréy, trying to struggle against Speránski's influence, which he was beginning to feel. It was not pleasant for him to agree in everything with him: he wanted to contradict. Prince Andréy, who generally spoke easily and well, was now embarrassed for words,

when speaking with Speránski. He was too much occupied with observing the personality of the famous man.

"The ground is probably that of personal vanity," Speránski calmly interposed.

"Partly also for reasons of state," said Prince Andréy.

"What do you mean by that?" said Speránski, softly lowering his eyes.

"I am an admirer of Montesquieu," said Prince Andréy. "His idea that *le principe des monarchies est l'honneur, me parait incontestable. Certains droits et privilèges de la noblesse me paraissent être des moyens de soutenir ce sentiment.*"

The smile disappeared on Speránski's white face, and his physiognomy was the gainer by it. Apparently Prince Bolkónski's idea seemed interesting to him.

"*Si vous envisagez la question sous ce point de vue,*" he began, speaking French with evident hesitation, and enunciating the words more slowly than in Russian, but still calmly. He said that honour, *l'honneur*, could not be supported by privileges that were injurious to the service, that honour, *l'honneur*, was either a negative conception of the non-commission of prejudicial acts, or a well-known source of emulation for the gaining of approval and of rewards, in which this emulation found its expression.

His arguments were compressed, simple, and clear.

"The institution which supports this honour, the source of emulation, is an institution resembling the *Légion d'honneur* of the great Emperor Napoleon, which is not harmful to the success of the service, but coöperates with it, and not class or court privileges."

"I do not gainsay; but it cannot be denied that the court privileges have reached the same ends," said Prince Andréy: "every courtier regards it as his duty worthily to bear his position."

"But you did not wish to make use of it, prince," said Speránski, showing by his smile that he wished with a

pleasantry to terminate the discussion which was awkward for his interlocutor. "If you will do me the honour of calling at my house on Wednesday," he added, "I, having had a conversation with Magnítski, will inform you of that which may interest you, and, besides, I will have the pleasure of conversing more freely with you."

He shut his eyes, bowed, and *à la française,* without bidding farewell and trying to be unnoticed, left the parlour.

VI.

DURING the first of his stay in St. Petersburg, Prince Andréy felt that the whole composition of his thoughts, which had been worked out in his solitary life, was completely overshadowed by the petty cares which took hold of him in St. Petersburg.

Upon returning home of an evening, he wrote down in a memorandum four or five necessary visits or rendezvous for appointed hours. The mechanism of life, the division of the day in such a way as to get everywhere in time, took away the greater part of the energy of life. He did nothing, and did not even think of anything, or get time for thinking, but only spoke, and he spoke successfully, that which he had had leisure to reflect upon in the country.

He sometimes noticed with displeasure that he frequently had occasion, on one and the same day, to repeat the same thing in various societies. But he was so busy for days at a time that it did not occur to him that he was not thinking of anything in particular.

Speránski had made a strong impression on Prince Andréy, both at his first meeting with him at the house of Kochubéy, and also later, at his own house, on Wednesday, where Speránski had received him privately and had had a long talk with him.

Prince Andréy regarded such an enormous number of men as despicable and useless beings, he was so anxious to find in another that living ideal of perfection toward which he was tending, that it was quite natural for him

to believe that in Speránski he had found this ideal of an absolutely sensible and virtuous man. If Speránski had belonged to the same class of society from which Prince Andréy himself had sprung, with the same general education and moral habits, he would soon have discovered his weak, human, unheroic sides, but now Speránski's peculiar, logical trend of mind inspired him with greater respect, the less he understood him. Besides, Speránski, either because he esteemed the ability of Prince Andréy, or because he found it necessary to gain him over, coquetted before him with his unbiassed, calm intellect, and flattered him with that refined flattery, in connection with a display of self-confidence, which consists in the tacit recognition of his interlocutor as the only man, outside of himself, capable of understanding the stupidity of *everybody else* and the cleverness and depth of his own thoughts.

During their long conversation on Wednesday evening, Speránski frequently said: "*We* look at everything which rises above the general level of deep-rooted habit —" or, with a smile: "But *we* want the wolves to be satisfied and the sheep unharmed —" or: "*They* cannot understand it —" with an expression which said: "We, you and I, understand who *they* and who *we* are."

This first, long conversation with Speránski only intensified Andréy's feeling which he had had at his first meeting with Speránski. He saw in him a clever, severely logical man with an enormous intellect, who by energy and persistency had obtained the power which he was using for the benefit of Russia. Speránski was, to Prince Andréy's thinking, a man who explained sensibly all the phenomena of life, who regarded as important only that which was sensible, and who knew how to apply to everything that measure of reasonableness which he wished himself to attain to. Everything appeared so simple, so clear, in Speránski's exposition that Prince Andréy involuntarily agreed with him in everything. If he retorted or disputed,

he did so because he purposely wanted to be independent and did not wish unconditionally to submit to Speránski. Everything was good and well, but there was one thing which troubled Prince Andréy, and that was Speránski's cold, mirrorlike glance, which did not permit one to penetrate into his soul, and his tender, white hand, at which Prince Andréy instinctively looked, as one looks at the hands of one who has power. The mirrorlike glance and the tender hand for some reason irritated Prince Andréy. Another thing which affected Prince Andréy disagreeably was the unusual contempt for people, which he had observed in Speránski, and the wealth of methods in the arguments which he adduced in confirmation of his opinions. He employed all the possible weapons of thought but comparison, and, as it seemed to Prince Andréy, he passed too boldly from one to another. Now he placed himself in the arena of the practical reformer, from which he censured the dreamers, and now he assumed the attitude of a satirist, and ironically ridiculed his adversaries; now he became severely logical, and now again he rose into the spheres of metaphysics. (This latter weapon of argumentation he employed most frequently.) He transferred the question to metaphysical heights, passed to the definition of space, time, and thought, and, carrying away from there refutations, again descended to the level of the question under discussion.

In general, the chief characteristic of Speránski's mind, which had struck Prince Andréy, was an unquestioned, imperturbable faith in the power and legality of mind. Apparently, Speránski could never be assailed by the thought, so natural to Prince Andréy, that it was impossible to express every thought, and he could never be assailed by doubt that all he thought and believed might be nonsense. It was this peculiar trend of Speránski's mind which more than anything else made him attractive to Prince Andréy.

During the first of his acquaintance with Speránski, Prince Andréy experienced for him an impassioned feeling of transport, similar to that which he had once experienced for Bonaparte. The fact that Speránski was the son of a priest, whom foolish people could despise as a seminarist, as many actually did, caused Prince Andréy to be especially cautious with his feeling for Speránski, and unconsciously only intensified it in him.

On that first evening passed in his house, while speaking of the commission to formulate laws, Speránski ironically told Prince Andréy that a commission of laws had existed for 150 years, that it had cost millions, without accomplishing anything, and that Rosenkampf had pasted labels on all the articles of comparative legislation.

"This is all for which the government has paid millions!" he said.

"We wish to give a new judicial power to the Senate, and we have no laws. For that reason it is a shame that such people as you, prince, should not be serving."

Prince Andréy said that for that one ought to have a legal education, which he did not have.

"But nobody has it, so what of it? It is a *circulus viciosus* from which we must issue by force."

A week later, Prince Andréy was a member of the commission for the formation of a military code, and, what he had never expected, the chief of the department of the commission for drawing up the laws. At Speránski's request, he took the first part of the civil code under discussion and, with the aid of the Napoleonic code and of Justinian, he worked on the part entitled "The Rights of Individuals."

VII.

Two years before, in 1808, Pierre, upon returning to St. Petersburg, after his journey to his estates, involuntarily had come to stand at the head of the St. Petersburg Freemasonry. He founded table and grave lodges, solicited new members, and worked for the union of different lodges and for the acquisition of original charters. He gave his money for the building of temples, and, so far as he could, made up the deficiencies of the alms, to which the majority of the members contributed parsimoniously and irregularly. He supported, almost at his own expense, an asylum for the poor, which the order had founded in St. Petersburg.

In the meantime his life went on as of old, with the same distractions and the same looseness of manners. He was fond of eating and drinking well, and, although he regarded it as immoral and degrading, was unable to keep away from the entertainments of bachelors, which he attended freely.

In the whirl of his occupations and distractions, Pierre, nevertheless, began to feel, at the end of a year, that the soil of Freemasonry, on which he was standing, was slipping away from him, as he tried to stand more firmly upon it. At the same time he felt that the deeper the soil was sinking underneath his feet, the more he was united with it, almost against his will. When he had joined the Masons, he had experienced the sensation of a man who trustingly places his foot on the surface of a bog. Putting his foot upon it, he goes down. In order to convince himself of the firmness of the soil on which he is standing,

he puts down the other foot, and sinks lower still, and against his will walks knee-deep through the bog.

Ósip Aleksyéevich was not in St. Petersburg. He had of late withdrawn from the affairs of the St. Petersburg lodges, and was living in Moscow, which city he never left. All the brothers, the members of the lodges, were people whom Pierre knew in life, and it was hard for him to see in them only brothers in Freemasonry, and not Prince B——, Iván Vasílevich D——, and so forth, whom he knew in life mostly as weak and insignificant men. Beneath their Masonic aprons and insignia, he saw their uniforms and crosses, for which they were eagerly striving in life. Many a time, when collecting alms and finding only twenty or thirty roubles signed for the parish by some ten members, the majority of these only promising to pay, though half of them were as rich as he, Pierre recalled the Masonic oath that every brother promised to give all his property for his neighbour; and in his soul rose doubts, on which he endeavoured not to dwell.

All the brothers whom he knew he divided into four classes. Among the first he counted those brothers who did not take an active part either in the affairs of the lodges, or in human affairs, but who were exclusively occupied with questions such as the triple appellation of God, or the three elements, sulphur, mercury, and salt, or the meaning of the square and of all the figures of the temple of Solomon. Pierre respected this class of Masons, to which belonged mostly the older brothers, but Ósip Aleksyéevich, in Pierre's opinion, did not share their interests. His heart did not lie in the mystic side of Freemasonry.

Among the second class Pierre counted himself and brothers like him, who were seeking and wavering, who had not yet found the straight and intelligent path in Freemasonry, but who hoped to find it sometime.

Among the third class he counted such brothers (these

constituted the largest number) who saw in Masonry nothing but external forms, caring nothing for its contents and meaning. Such were Willárski and even the grand master of the main lodge.

Finally, among the fourth class there was also a large number of brothers, especially of such as had joined the brotherhood recently. Those people who, according to Pierre's observation, believed in nothing, wished for nothing, and who entered the lodge only in order to cultivate the acquaintance of young, rich men who were influential by their connections and by birth, and were numerous in the lodge.

Pierre began to feel himself dissatisfied in his activity. The Freemasonry, especially that which he knew here, he sometimes thought, was based on nothing but externals. It did not occur to him to doubt Freemasonry itself, but he suspected that the Russian Freemasonry was on a wrong path and had deviated from its source. For that reason Pierre went, at the end of a year, abroad, in order to devote himself to the higher mysteries of the order.

In the summer of the year 1809 Pierre returned to St. Petersburg. From the correspondence of our Masons with those abroad it was learned that Bezúkhi had gained the confidence of many distinguished persons, had become familiar with many secrets, had been promoted to the highest degree, and was bringing home with him many things for the common good of Freemasonry in Russia. The St. Petersburg Masons all called on him, trying to gain his favour, and all thought that he was concealing and preparing something.

A solemn meeting of the second degree was called, and Pierre promised to transmit to the St. Petersburg brothers the information given him by the higher guides of the order. The meeting was well attended. After the usual ceremonies, Pierre rose and began his speech.

"Dear brethren," he began, blushing and hesitating, with a written speech in his hands. "It is not enough to conceal our mysteries in the secrecy of our lodges, — it is necessary to act — to act. We are dormant, but we must act."

Pierre took his book and began to read.

"In order to disseminate the pure truth and in order to coöperate in the victory of virtue," he read, "we must purify men from prejudices, spread the rules which are in conformity with the spirit of the times, take upon ourselves the education of youth, unite in indissoluble bonds with the wisest of men, boldly and at the same time wisely overcome prejudices, unbelief, and stupidity, form from those who are loyal to us men who shall be united by unity of purpose and who shall have power and strength.

"In order to attain this end, virtue must be made to outweigh vice, and we must see to it that an honest man shall obtain even in this world an eternal reward for his virtues. But very many things hinder us in these our great purposes, especially the external political institutions. What is to be done at such a state of affairs? Shall we favour revolutions, overthrow everything, drive force out by force? No, we are far remote from that. Every violent reform is blameworthy, because this will not mend the evil so long as people are such as they are, and because wisdom has no need of force.

"The whole plan of the order must be based on the education of firm, virtuous men, united by the community of convictions which are, that everywhere and at all cost vice and stupidity are to be persecuted, and talents and virtues rewarded: we must extract from the dust worthy men, by adding them to our brotherhood. Then only will our order have the power of insensibly tying the hands of the protectors of disorder, and of keeping watch over them in such a way that they shall not notice it. In short, it

is necessary to found a universal mode of government, which shall spread over the whole world, without impairing the civil ties, so that all the governments may be continued in their usual way and that they may be enabled to do everything but that which is counter to the great aim of our order, which is the triumph of virtue over vice. Christianity itself had this aim in view. It taught men to be wise and good, and for their own advantage to follow the example and the injunctions of the best and wisest of men.

"Then, when everything was merged in darkness, preaching naturally sufficed: the newness of the truth gave it special force, but nowadays we need much stronger means. Nowadays it is necessary for man, who is guided by his senses, to find sensuous charms in virtue. It is impossible to eradicate the passions; all that is necessary to do is to direct them toward noble ends, and so it is necessary that each shall satisfy his passions within the limits of virtue, and that our order shall furnish the means for it.

"As soon as there shall be a certain number of worthy men in each State, each of them shall form two others, and they shall be closely connected, — then everything will be possible for our order, which has already done much good to humanity."

This speech not only produced a strong impression, but also an agitation in the lodge. The majority of the brothers, seeing in this speech dangerous designs of illuminism, received Pierre's speech with a coldness which surprised him. The grand master began to retort to Pierre. Pierre began to expound his ideas with increasing ardour. There had not been such a stormy meeting for a long time. Parties were formed: some accused Pierre of illuminism; others supported his views. Pierre was for the first time at this meeting struck by the endless diversity of human opinions, which causes the same truth to appear differently

to any two persons. Even those of the members who seemed to be on his side comprehended him in their peculiar fashion, with limitations and changes to which he could not agree, because the chief purpose of Pierre consisted in transmitting his thought to others in the precise form in which he understood it.

At the end of the meeting, the grand master malevolently and ironically reprimanded Bezúkhi for his ardour and because he had been guided in his discussion, not so much by his love of virtue as by the excitement of the contest. Pierre made no reply to him and only asked curtly whether his proposition would be accepted. He was told that it would not, and Pierre, without waiting for the customary formalities, left the lodge and drove home.

VIII.

PIERRE was again assailed by that ennui, of which he was afraid. After his speech at the lodge, he passed three days at home on the sofa, without receiving any one or going anywhere.

Just then he received a letter from his wife, who begged for a meeting with him, writing him about her anxiety to see him, and about her wish to devote all her life to him.

At the end of the letter she informed him that in a few days she should return to St. Petersburg from abroad.

Soon after the letter, one of the less respected brother Masons broke into Pierre's solitude. Leading up the conversation to Pierre's marital relations, he gave him brotherly advice, by telling him that his severity to his wife was unjust, and that Pierre was sinning against the first laws of Freemasonry, which ordered him to forgive a repenting person.

At the same time his mother-in-law sent for him, imploring him to come to see her for a few moments, in order to discuss a very important matter with him. Pierre saw that there was a conspiracy against him and that they wanted to bring his wife and him together, which was not at all disagreeable to him in the condition in which he was. It did not make any difference to him: Pierre regarded nothing in life as a matter of great consequence, and under the influence of his ennui, which had taken complete possession of him, he did not think much of his freedom, nor of his desire to punish his wife.

"Nobody is right, nobody is wrong, — consequently she is not guilty, either," he thought. If Pierre did not at once consent to unite again with his wife, it was so because in the condition of ennui, in which he was, he felt unable to undertake anything. If his wife had come to him then, he would not have driven her away. What difference could it make to Pierre whether he was living with his wife, or not, in comparison with that which now interested him?

Without giving any reply to his wife, or to his mother-in-law, Pierre, late one evening, got ready to travel and left for Moscow, in order to see Ósip Aleksyéevich. Pierre wrote in his diary as follows:

"*Moscow, November 17.* I have just returned from my benefactor, and I hasten to note down everything which I there experienced. Ósip Aleksyéevich lives poorly and has been suffering dreadfully for nearly three years from his bladder. No one has ever heard a groan of his, or a word of murmuring. From early morning until late at night, with the exception of the hours when he eats the simplest kind of food, he works at science. He received me graciously and made me sit down on the bed on which he was lying; I made to him the sign of the Knights of the Orient and of Jerusalem, and he answered with the same, and with a mild smile asked me of what I had learned and acquired in the Prussian and Scotch lodges. I told him everything as best as I could; I told him of the propositions which I had made in our St. Petersburg lodge, and informed him of my bad reception and of the rupture between me and the brothers. Ósip Aleksyéevich, after some silence, during which time he was reflecting something, expounded to me his view, which momentarily enlightened me on the whole past and on my future path on which I should have to travel. He surprised me by asking me whether I remembered what the triple purpose of the order was. It was (1) to guard and perceive the

secret; (2) to purify and perfect oneself for the reception of the same; (3) to perfect the human race by means of the desire for such a purification. What is the chief and first purpose of these three? Of course, the perfection and purification of oneself. Toward this aim we can all tend independently of circumstances. But, at the same time, this aim demands the greatest labour from us, and so, blinded by pride, we, forgetting this aim, interest ourselves in the mystery which in our impurity we are unworthy to perceive, or in the perfection of the human race, when we ourselves present an example of abomination and debauch. Illuminism is not a pure doctrine, because it has been carried away by social activities and because it is puffed up with pride. For this reason Ósip Aleksyéevich condemns my speech and my whole activity. I agree with him in the depth of my heart.

"Concerning our conversation about my domestic affairs, he said to me: 'The chief duty of a true Mason, as I have told you, consists in self-perfection. Frequently we think that by removing all the difficulties we attain that aim so much the quicker; on the contrary, sir,' he said to me, 'only amidst worldly agitation can we attain the three chief aims: (1) self-knowledge, — for man can know himself only by comparison; (2) perfection, — for it is obtained only through struggle; and (3) the chief virtue, — love of death. Only the vicissitudes of life can show us its vanity, and can coöperate with our innate love of death or regeneration to a new life.'

"These words are the more remarkable since Ósip Aleksyéevich, in spite of his painful physical suffering, is never tired of life; he loves death, but, in spite of his whole purity and the exaltation of his inner man, he does not deem himself sufficiently prepared for it. Then my benefactor explained to me the full meaning of the square of creation and showed to me that the numbers three and seven were at the base of everything. He advised me

not to detach myself from the company of the St. Petersburg brothers and, occupying in the lodge only offices of the second degree, to try to divert the brothers from paths of pride and to take them to the true road of self-knowledge and perfection. In addition to this he advised me personally to watch myself first of all, and for this purpose he gave me a note-book, the one in which I am now writing, and in which I shall in the future write all my acts."

"*St. Petersburg, November 23.* I am again living with my wife. My mother-in-law came to me in tears and told me that Hélène was here and that she implored me to listen to her, that she was innocent, that she was unhappy on account of my desertion, and many things more. I knew that if I ever admitted her to my presence, I should not be able to refuse her any request. In my misgivings I did not know to whom to go for aid and advice. If my benefactor were here, he would have told me what to do. I retired to my room, read the letters of Ósip Aleksyéevich, recalled my conversations with him, and concluded from it all that I must not refuse a supplicant and that I must extend a helping hand to all, especially to a person so closely connected with me, and that I ought to bear the cross. But if I have forgiven her for virtue's sake, then my union with her should have only a spiritual aim. Thus I decided, and thus I wrote to Ósip Aleksyéevich. I told my wife that I asked her to forget the past, that I begged her to forgive me for any wrong I may have done her, but that I had nothing to forgive her for. It gave me pleasure to tell her so. She need not know how hard it was for me to see her again. I have taken up the upper apartments in the large house, and I am experiencing the happy sensation of regeneration."

IX.

As at all times, the higher society of those days, which came together at court and at grand balls, was divided into several circles, each with its own nuance. Among them the most numerous was the French circle, of the Napoleonic alliance, of Count Rumyántsev and Caulaincourt. In this circle Hélène occupied one of the most prominent places, the moment she settled with her husband in St. Petersburg. At her house gathered the gentlemen of the French embassy and a large number of men who were known for their wit and their amiability, and who belonged to that circle.

Hélène had been at Erfurt during the famous meeting of the emperors, and from there brought with her an acquaintance with the most distinguished men of Europe who were about Napoleon. Napoleon himself, noticing her in the theatre, said about her: "*C'est une superbe animal!*" Her success in her capacity of a beautiful and elegant woman did not surprise Pierre, because with her advancing years she had become more beautiful than ever. But what did surprise him was that during these two years his wife had managed to earn the reputation "*d'une femme charmante, aussi spirituelle que belle.*" The famous Prince de Ligne wrote her eight-page letters. Bilíbin kept his *mots* in store, to tell them for the first time in the hearing of Countess Bezúkhi. To be received in the salon of Countess Bezúkhi was regarded as a diploma of wit; young people read books before any soirée given by Hélène so as to have something to talk about in her

salon, and secretaries of legations and even ambassadors confided diplomatic secrets to her, so that Hélène was to a certain extent a power. Pierre, who knew that she was dreadfully stupid, sometimes was present, with a strange feeling of doubt and fear, at her soirées and dinners, where the guests talked politics, poetry, and philosophy. At these soirées he experienced the feeling which a legerdemain performer must experience, who is in constant fear that his deception will be discovered at any moment. But, either because stupidity was necessary for the success of such a salon, or because the people deceived found pleasure in the deception, the deception was not discovered, and the reputation *d'une femme charmante et spirituelle* was so firmly established in the case of Hélène Vasílevna Bezúkhi, that she could say the greatest banalities and insipidities, and yet all were delighted with every word of hers and tried to find its hidden meaning, which she herself did not suspect.

Pierre was the kind of a husband this brilliant society woman needed. He was that absent-minded original, that *grand seigneur*, who was in nobody's way, and who did not spoil the general impression of the high tone of her drawing-room, but, on the contrary, by his contrast to the elegance and tact of his wife, served as a convenient background for her.

Pierre, on account of his long continued concentration on other than material matters and on account of his sincere contempt for everything else, had, in the last two years, acquired, in the company of his wife, which did not interest him, that tone of indifference, of carelessness, and of benevolence in respect to all persons, which is not acquired artificially and which, for some reason, inspires involuntary respect. He entered his wife's drawing-room as he would a theatre; he was acquainted with everybody, was equally glad to see all, and equally indifferent to everybody. Now and then he entered into a conversation

which interested him, and then he, without reference to the presence or absence of *les messieurs de l'ambassade*, lisping, expressed his opinions, which frequently were not at all in keeping with the tone of the moment. But the opinion about the odd husband of *la femme la plus distinguée de Pétersbourg* was so well established, that no one took his sallies in earnest.

Among the many young men who daily frequented the house of Hélène, Borís Drubetskóy, who had in the meantime advanced far in service, was the most intimate person in the house of the Bezúkhis, after Hélène's return from Erfurt. Hélène called him "*mon page*" and treated him like a child. Her smile to him was the same as to any one else, but now and then Pierre hated that smile. Borís treated Pierre with peculiar, dignified, and melancholy respect. This shade of respect also troubled Pierre. Pierre had so painfully suffered three years before from the insult offered him by his wife, that now he saved himself from the possibility of a similar insult, in the first place, because he was not her husband, and, in the second, because he did not allow himself to suspect.

"No, having now become a *bas-bleu*, she has for ever given up her former passion," he said to himself. "There are no examples of a *bas-bleu* ever being carried away by affairs of the heart," he repeated to himself a rule which he had read somewhere and in which he had absolute faith. But, strange to say, the presence of Borís in his wife's drawing-room (he was nearly always there) had a physical effect upon Pierre: it fettered all his limbs and destroyed the unconsciousness and freedom of his movements.

"What a strange antipathy!" thought Pierre. "Formerly I used to like him quite well."

In the eyes of the world, Pierre was a great lord, a somewhat blind and funny husband of a famous woman, a clever original, who was doing nothing and harming no

one, a fine good fellow. But in Pierre's soul there was at that time taking place a complicated and difficult labour of inner development, which revealed much to him and led him to many spiritual doubts and pleasures.

X.

He continued his diary, and this is what he wrote down during that time:

"*November 24.* Arose at eight o'clock and read the Holy Writ; then I went to the office" (Pierre, by the advice of his benefactor, had entered the service, being appointed on one of the committees), "returned home, and dined alone (the countess has many guests whom I do not like); I ate and drank in moderation, and after dinner I copied some pieces for the brothers. Toward evening I went down to the countess and there told a funny story about B——, and only when all were laughing loud recalled that I ought not to have done so.

"I am going to bed in a happy and calm spirit. O Lord, help me to walk on Thy path, (1) to vanquish anger by meekness and hesitation, (2) passion, by abstinence and disgust, (3) to depart from vanity, but not to withdraw (*a*) from affairs of state, (*b*) from domestic cares, (*c*) from relations of friendship, and (*d*) from economic occupations."

"*November 27.* Arose late and, upon awakening, lay for a long time on my bed, abandoning myself to laziness. O Lord! Help me and strengthen me that I may be able to walk in Thy path! Read the Holy Writ, but without the proper feeling. Brother Urúsov came, and we talked of worldly affairs. He told about the new projects of the emperor. I began to censure them, but thought of my rules, and of the words of my benefactor that a true Mason must be a zealous worker in the country, when his interest is demanded, and a calm observer of that

to which he is not called. My tongue is my enemy. Brothers G—— V—— and O—— called on me to have a preliminary talk about the admission of a new brother. They impose upon me the duty of a conductor. I feel myself weak and unworthy. Then we talked of the meaning of the seven pillars and the seven steps of the temple, the seven sciences, seven virtues, seven vices, seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. Brother O—— was very eloquent. In the evening the initiation took place. The new quarters added much to the grandeur of the spectacle. Borís Drubetskóy was initiated. I proposed him, and I was the conductor. A strange feeling agitated me during the whole time I passed with him in the dark temple. I discovered in myself the feeling of hatred toward him, which I am trying in vain to overcome. It is for this reason that I should sincerely like to save him from evil and to lead him on the path of truth, but the evil thought respecting him did not leave me. It seemed to me that his purpose in entering into the brotherhood consisted only in the desire to cultivate the acquaintance of people, and to curry the favour of those who are in our lodge. Outside of the reasons that he several times asked whether such and such persons were in our lodge (to which I could make no reply to him), and that, in my opinion, he is not capable of feeling any respect for our holy order, and that he is too occupied and satisfied with the external man to desire any spiritual perfection, I had no reasons for having any doubts about him; but I thought that he was not sincere, and during the whole time that I was face to face with him in the dark temple, I thought that he contemptuously smiled at my words, and I really felt like pricking his bare breast with the sword placed against it. I could not be eloquent, and was unable to communicate my doubts to the brothers and to the grand master. Great Architect of Nature! Aid me to find the true paths that lead out of the labyrinth of falsehood!"

After that three sheets were omitted in the diary, and then came this:

"I had a long, instructive, private conversation with Brother V——, who advised me to stick to Brother A——. Much was revealed to me, though I am unworthy. Adonai is the name of Him who created the universe. Elohim is the name of Him who rules all. The third name is unutterable and means the *All*. The conversations with Brother V—— strengthen, refresh, and confirm me on the path of virtue. In his presence there is no place for doubts. I now clearly see the difference between the poor teaching of the human sciences and that of our holy, all-embracing teaching. The human sciences divide everything in order to comprehend, and kill everything in order to examine. In the sacred science of our order all is one, all is conceived in its totality and while living. The trinity, the three elements of things, consists of sulphur, mercury, and salt. Sulphur is of an oily and of a fiery property; in connection with salt, it by its fieriness evokes in the salt a craving, by means of which it attracts the mercury, grasps it, holds it, and in union with it produces various bodies. Mercury is a liquid and volatile spiritual substance, — Christ, the Holy Ghost, He."

"*December 3.* Rose late, read the Holy Writ, but was insensible. Then went out and walked in the parlour. Wanted to think, but, instead, my imagination presented an occurrence which took place four years ago. Mr. Dólokhov, meeting me in Moscow after my duel, told me that he hoped that I now enjoyed complete spiritual calm, in spite of the absence of my wife. I then made no reply. Now I recalled all the details of that meeting, and in my heart I spoke the most malicious of words to him, and gave him most stinging answers. I came to my senses and abandoned that thought only when I found myself at a white heat of anger; I have

not repented sufficiently for it. Then came Borís Drubetskóy and began to tell all kinds of occurrences; but I was dissatisfied with his visit from the start, and told him something unpleasant. He replied. I flew in a passion and told him many unpleasant and even rude things. He was silent, and I bethought myself when it was too late. O Lord, I do not know how to treat him! My egotism is the cause of it. I place myself higher than him, and so become much worse than he, for he is lenient with my rudeness, while I, on the contrary, feel contempt for him. O Lord, grant that I in his presence may better see my baseness and act in such a manner that he, too, may profit from it! After dinner I fell asleep, and just as I fell asleep I clearly heard a voice say: 'It is your day.'

"In my sleep I saw that I was walking in darkness, and suddenly I was surrounded by dogs, but I continued to walk without fear; suddenly a small dog caught me with its teeth at my hip, and would not let go of me. I began to choke it with my hands. The moment I tore it away from me, another, a larger dog, began to bite me. I began to lift it, and the more I lifted it, the larger and heavier it grew. Suddenly Brother A—— appeared, and, taking me by my hand, he led me along, up to a building, to enter which I had to walk over a narrow plank. I stepped upon it, and the plank bent back and fell down, and I began to climb on the fence, which I barely could touch with my hands. After great efforts I dragged my body along in such a way that my feet were hanging on one side of the fence, and the rest of my body on the other. I looked around and saw that Brother A—— was standing on the fence and indicating to me a large avenue and a garden, and in the garden there was a large and beautiful building. I awoke. O Lord, Great Architect of Nature! Help me to pull off the dogs — my passions and the last of them, which includes the strength of all

of the former ones, and help me to enter that temple of virtue, the vision of which I had in my sleep."

"*December 7.* I dreamt that I saw Ósip Aleksyéevich in my house. I was very happy and wanted to treat him hospitably. I was talking to others without cessation, when suddenly it occurred to me that that might not please him, and I wished to approach him and embrace him. The moment I came near, I saw that his face was transformed, — it had become young, and he was softly telling me something from the teaching of the order, so softly that I could not make it out. Then we all left the room, and something strange happened. We were sitting or lying on the floor. He was telling me something. I wanted to show him my sensitiveness, and so, without listening to his words, I began to examine the condition of my inner man and the grace of God overshadowing me. And tears appeared in my eyes, and I was satisfied because he had noticed them. But he looked at me in anger and leaped up, interrupting his speech. I became frightened and asked him whether what he had said had any reference to me; but he made no reply, and looked kindly at me, after which we were transferred to my sleeping-room where my double bedstead is standing. He lay down on the edge of it, and I burned with the desire to fondle him and to lie down near him. And he asked me: 'Tell me in truth what your chief passion is? Have you found it out? I think you have.' I was embarrassed by that question and replied that I was living with my wife, as he had advised me to do, but not as her husband. To this he replied that it was not right to deprive my wife of love, and gave me to understand that it was my duty to show her love. But I replied that I was ashamed of it, and suddenly everything disappeared. I awoke, and found in my thought the text of Holy Writ, 'The life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.' Ósip

Aleksyéevich's face was youthful and bright. On this day I received a letter from my benefactor in which he writes to me about the duties of the conjugal state."

"*December 9.* I had a dream from which I awoke with a quivering heart. I seemed to be at home in Moscow, in my house, in the large sofa-room, and from the drawing-room came Ósip Aleksyéevich. It seemed as though I immediately discovered that the process of regeneration had taken place with him, and rushed up against him. I kissed his face and his hands, and he said to me: 'Have you noticed that my face is changed?' I looked at him, continuing to hold him in my embrace, and saw that his face was young, but that he had no hair on his head, and that his features were all changed. I said to him: 'I should have recognized you if I had met you accidentally,' and at the same time I thought: 'Am I telling the truth?' And suddenly I saw that he was lying like a corpse; then he slowly came to and went with me to my large cabinet, holding a large book in writing, of the size of royal folio. I said: 'I have written it.' And he replied by the inclination of his head. I opened the book, and all the pages had beautiful drawings. I knew that these pictures represented the amorous adventures of the soul with her lover. And on these pages I saw the beautiful representation of a maiden in transparent raiment, and with a transparent body, flying to the clouds. And I knew that this maiden was nothing but the representation of the Song of Songs. And, looking at these drawings, I felt that I was doing wrong and that I could not tear myself away from them. O Lord, aid me! O Lord, if Thy abandonment of me is Thy action, Thy will be done! but if I myself be the cause of it, instruct me what to do! I shall perish from my perversity, if Thou abandonest me altogether."

XI.

THE monetary affairs of the Rostóvs did not improve in the course of the two years that they passed in the country.

Although Nikoláy Rostóv, firmly sticking to his intentions, continued to serve in oblivion in a forgotten regiment, spending comparatively little money, the life in Otrádnoe was such, and Mítenka, in particular, so conducted the affairs, that the debts grew larger with every year. The only way out of the difficulty, which presented itself to the old Count Rostóv, was to serve, and so he came to St. Petersburg to find some place and, at the same time, to give the girls a last good time, as he said.

Soon after the arrival of the Rostóvs in St. Petersburg, Berg proposed to Vyéra, and his proposal was accepted.

Although in Moscow the Rostóvs belonged to the higher society, without knowing themselves or thinking of what society they belonged to, in St. Petersburg their society was mixed and indefinite. In St. Petersburg they were provincials, to whom those very people that the Rostóvs had entertained at Moscow, without asking to what society they belonged, would not deign to descend.

The Rostóvs lived as hospitably at St. Petersburg as they had lived in Moscow, and the greatest diversity of people came to take supper with them: there were Otrádnoe neighbours, old, impoverished landed proprietors with their daughters, and the lady of honour, Perónski, and Pierre Bezúkhi, and the son of the county postmaster, who was serving in St. Petersburg. Of the men, the

intimate friends of the house in St. Petersburg very soon came to be Borís, Pierre, whom the old count, upon meeting in the street, took to his house, and Berg, who passed whole days at a time at the Rostóvs, paying such attention to the elder Countess Vyéra as a young man pays who intends to propose.

Berg had shown everybody his right hand which had been wounded at Austerlitz, and had told how he had held the entirely useless sword in his left. He had been telling this event with such persistency and such importance that all believed in the purpose and merit of his deed, and he received two rewards for Austerlitz.

He had also distinguished himself in the war in Finland. He had picked up a piece of a grenade, by which the adjutant had been killed by the side of the commander-in-chief, and had brought it to his chief. Just as at Austerlitz, he had continued so long telling persistently of his deed that all came to believe that what he did was right, and Berg received two rewards for the war in Finland. In 1809 he was a captain of the Guard, with decorations, and occupied an advantageous office in St. Petersburg.

Although some unbelievers smiled whenever the deserts of Berg were mentioned to them, they could not help admitting that Berg was a brave officer who did his duty well and stood in good repute with the authorities, and a moral young man with a brilliant career ahead of him and with an assured position in society.

Four years before, Berg, meeting a German comrade of his in the parterre of the Moscow theatre, pointed to Vyéra Rostóv and said in German: "*Das soll mein Weib werden,*" and even then he determined to marry her. Now, in St. Petersburg, he considered the position of the Rostóvs and his own, and he decided that the time had come, and so he made the proposal.

Berg's proposal was at first received with a perplexity

which was not at all flattering to him. At first it appeared strange that the son of an obscure Livonian nobleman should propose to Countess Rostóv; but the chief characteristic of Berg consisted in such a naïve and good-natured egotism that the Rostóvs instinctively thought that it would be well since he himself was convinced that it was well, and even very well. Besides, the affairs of the Rostóvs were in bad shape, a fact which the suitor must have known, and, above all, Vyéra was twenty-four years old; she went out in society, and although she was unquestionably pretty and sensible, no one had ever proposed to her. The consent was given.

"Do you see," Berg said to his companion, whom he called a friend only because he knew that all people had friends, "do you see, I have considered everything well: I should not marry if I had not considered it, or if it for any reason were inconvenient. But now, on the contrary, my parents are taken care of, for I have fixed them as tenants in the Baltic provinces, and I can live in St. Petersburg with my salary and with her dowry, and, considering my moderation, I can live well. I do not marry her for her money, — that I regard as disgraceful, but a wife must bring with her her part, just as the husband brings his. I serve, and she has connections and some means. This means something in our days, does it not? And, above all, she is a beautiful, respectable girl, and she loves me — "

Berg blushed and smiled.

"And I love her because she is sensible, and has a very good character. Now, her sister, she is of the same family, and yet she is something quite different, — she has a disagreeable character, and no intelligence, and — you know — just disagreeable. But my fiancée — Well, you will come to — " continued Berg, intending to say "dine with us," but he changed his mind and said "take tea with us," and rapidly thrusting forward his tongue, he

let out a small, round ring of tobacco smoke, which was a complete expression of his dreams of happiness.

After the first sensation of perplexity, evoked in the parents by Berg's proposal, there reigned in the house that solemnity and joy which is habitual in such cases, but the joy was not sincere: it was only external. In the feelings of the relatives as regards this marriage there could be observed embarrassment and shamefacedness, as though they were conscience-stricken for having loved Vyéra so little and getting her so readily off their hands. The old count was embarrassed more than the rest. He probably would have been unable to say what the cause of his embarrassment was, whereas, in reality, it was the state of his financial affairs. He had positively no knowledge of what he possessed, what his debts were, and what he would be able to apportion to Vyéra as her dowry. When the daughters were born, for each of them three hundred souls were set aside as a dowry; but one of these villages had already been sold, and the other was mortgaged and soon to be sold for the debt, consequently it was impossible to give her an estate. Nor did he have any money.

Berg had been a fiancé for more than a month, and only a week was left to the wedding, and the count had not yet solved the question of the dowry and had not yet spoken to his wife about the matter. Now the count thought of giving Vyéra the Ryazán estate, and now of selling the timber, and now again of borrowing money on a personal note. A few days before the wedding, Berg early in the morning entered the cabinet of the count and with an agreeable smile respectfully asked his future father-in-law to let him know what the dowry of Countess Vyéra would be. The count was so confused at this expected question that he said the first thing that occurred to him.

"I am glad to see you care about it, I am glad. You will be satisfied — "

And, patting Berg on the shoulder, he rose, wishing to cut short the conversation; but Berg, with a pleasant smile, explained to him that if he did not know for sure what Vyéra would receive, and did not get at least a part of it in advance, he would be compelled to withdraw his word.

"Because you will see for yourself, count, that if I permitted myself to marry without having any definite means for the support of my wife, I should be acting basely —"

The count, wishing to be magnanimous and to avoid being subjected to new requests, made an end to the conversation by saying that he would give him a personal note for eighty thousand roubles. Berg smiled a meek smile, kissed the count on his shoulder, and told him that he was very thankful to him, but that he was absolutely unable to begin the new life without receiving thirty thousand in cash.

"At least twenty thousand, count," he added, "and then you will make the personal note out for sixty thousand."

"Yes, yes, all right," the count said, hurriedly, "but, my dear, I will give you the twenty thousand, and, besides, a note for eighty thousand, — that is what I will do. Kiss me!"

XII.

NATÁSHA was sixteen years old, and it was the year 1809, four years since she had kissed Borís and had promised to wait for him. Since then she had not once seen Borís. Before Sónya and her mother she freely admitted, whenever Borís was mentioned, that all was over, that what had been before was mere childishness which ought not to be mentioned and which had been forgotten long ago. But in the very depth of her heart, the question whether her obligation to Borís was a jest or a serious matter, a binding promise, tormented her often.

Borís had not seen the Rostóvs since the year 1805, when he left Moscow for the army. He had been in Moscow several times during that period, or had passed near to Otrádnoe, but he never called on the Rostóvs.

It sometimes occurred to Natásha that he did not want to see her, and her guesses were confirmed by the sad tones in which the elder ones spoke of him:

"Nowadays people do not remember their old friends," said the countess, whenever Borís's name was mentioned.

Anna Mikháylovna, who of late had not called so often on the Rostóvs, also kept herself with peculiar dignity and always spoke ecstatically and gratefully of the high qualities of her son and of the brilliant career which he was making. When the Rostóvs arrived in St. Petersburg, Borís called on them.

He drove to their house without any agitation. The memory of Natásha was for Borís a most poetical memory. At the same time, he went there with the firm intention

of giving both her and her relatives clearly to understand that his childish relations with Natásha could not be obligatory either for her or for him. He occupied a brilliant position in society, thanks to his intimacy with Countess Bezúkhi, and a brilliant position in the service, thanks to the protection of a distinguished person whose full confidence he had, and he had some germinating plans of marrying one of the wealthiest matches in St. Petersburg, which might easily be realized. When Borís entered the drawing-room of the Rostóvs, Natásha was in her room. Upon hearing of his arrival, she rushed blushing into the drawing-room, beaming with more than a kindly smile.

Borís remembered Natásha in a short dress, with black eyes gleaming underneath her locks, and with a desperate, childish laughter, as he had known her four years before, and so, when Natásha entered and looked quite different, he became embarrassed, and his face expressed ecstatic surprise. This expression on his countenance gave Natásha pleasure.

"Well, do you recognize your little teasing friend?" said the countess.

Borís kissed Natásha's hand, and said that he was surprised at the change which had taken place in her.

"How pretty you have grown to be!"

"I should say I am!" said Natásha's laughing eyes.

"And does papa look older?" she asked.

Natásha sat down and, without entering into Boris's conversation with the countess, silently surveyed her childish fiancé down to the smallest details. He was conscious of the burden of that stubborn, kindly glance, and now and then looked at her.

Borís's uniform, spurs, necktie, manner of wearing the hair, were of the very latest and *comme il faut*. Natásha noticed that at once. He was sitting a little sidewise on his chair, near the countess, fingering with his right hand the painfully clean, tightly fitting glove of his left, spoke

with a peculiar pressure of his lips about the entertainments of high life at St. Petersburg, and with mild ridicule recalled the former times at Moscow and his Moscow acquaintances. Not by accident, so Natásha thought, he mentioned, in connection with the higher aristocracy, the ball of some ambassador, which he had attended, and the invitation which he had received from this or that person.

Natásha sat all the time in silence, looking stealthily at him. This glance irritated and confused Borís more and more. He kept looking back at Natásha, and frequently broke off his sentences. He sat not longer than ten minutes and then rose to bow himself out. The same curious, provoking, and slightly sarcastic eyes were looking at him. After his first visit, Borís said to himself that Natásha was as attractive to him as she had been before, but that he must not submit to this feeling because marrying that girl, who had hardly any fortune, would be the death of his career, and while the renewal of his former relations without any marriage in view would be an ignoble act. Borís decided to avoid meeting Natásha, but, in spite of his determination, he came back after a few days, and began to call often and to pass whole days at the house of the Rostóvs. He felt that he had to have an explanation with Natásha, to tell her that the past had to be forgotten, that in spite of everything she could not be his wife, that he had no fortune, and that her parents would never give her to him. But he somehow never had a chance to make that explanation, and he was too embarrassed to talk to her about it. With every day he became more and more entangled. Natásha, so her mother and Sónya thought, seemed to be in love with Borís, as of old. She sang her favourite songs to him, showed him her album, compelling him to write something in it, did not allow him to mention the past, and, instead, gave him to understand that the present was nice; every day he went away in a mist

without saying that which he had intended to say, not knowing what he was doing or why he had come, or how it would all end. Borís quit calling on Hélène, received every day reproachful letters from her, and still continued passing whole days at a time with the Rostóvs.

XIII.

One evening, when the old countess, wearing a night-cap and nightgown and having put away her false locks, and displaying only a thin strand of hair which escaped underneath her white calico cap, was, with sighs and groans, making the low obeisances of the evening prayer, her door creaked, and Natásha, herself in a nightgown and with her hair put up in curl-papers and wearing slippers on her bare feet, ran into the room. The countess looked around and frowned. She was saying her last prayer, "Will my bed be my grave?" Her devout mood was gone. Natásha, red in her face and agitated, stopped in her run, when she saw her mother praying, sat down, and instinctively put out her tongue, as though threatening herself. When she saw that her mother continued to pray, she ran on tiptoe up to the bed, rapidly rubbed one little foot against another so as to rid herself of the slippers, and jumped on that bed which the countess was afraid might be her grave. It was a high feather bed, with five diminishing pillows upon it. Natásha leaped upon it, sunk down in the feather bed, rolled over to the wall, and began to toss about under the coverlet, now lying straight, now bending up her knees to the chin, or kicking and laughing a barely audible laugh, and now covering up her head, and now again looking at her mother. The countess finished her prayer and with a stern face walked over to the bed; but, upon seeing that Natásha lay there, with her head all covered up, she smiled her kindly, feeble smile.

"Well, well, well!" said the mother.

"Mamma, may I talk with you? Yes?" asked Natásha. "Well, let me kiss you just once under the chin, and once more, and that is all." And she embraced her mother's neck and kissed her under the chin. In her treatment of her mother, Natásha evinced an external rudeness of manners, but she was so cautious and quick that, no matter how she embraced her mother, she was able to do so without causing her any pain or unpleasantness.

"What is it to-night?" said her mother, having adjusted herself on her pillows. She waited until Natásha, having twice rolled over her, was lying by her side under the same coverlet, with her hands stretched out and with a serious expression on her face.

These nightly visits of Natásha, which lasted until the count's return from the club, were one of the favourite pleasures of daughter and mother.

"What is it to-night? I, for my part, must tell you —"

Natásha closed her mother's mouth with her hand.

"About Borís — I know," she said, with a serious look, "and it is for this reason that I have come to see you. Don't say it! I know it myself. No, you may say it." She took her hand away. "Say it, mamma! Is he not sweet?"

"Natásha, you are sixteen years old, and at your age I was married. You say that Borís is sweet. He is very sweet, and I love him like a son, but what do you wish? — What do you think about it? You have completely turned his head — I see that —"

Saying this, the countess looked back at her daughter. Natásha was lying quiet, looking straight ahead of her at one of the redwood sphinxes carved at the corners of the bed, so that the countess could see only her daughter's profile. This face startled the countess by its peculiarly serious and concentrated expression.

Natásha was thinking and making combinations.

"Well?" she said.

"You have turned his head. Why have you done so? What do you want of him? You know that you cannot marry him."

"Why?" said Natásha, without changing her position.

"Because he is young; because he is poor; because he is a relative of yours; because you yourself do not love him."

"How do you know it?"

"I do know it. It is not good, my dear."

"But if I want to —" said Natásha.

"Stop saying silly things," said the countess.

"But if I want to —"

"Natásha, I am serious —"

Natásha did not allow her to finish her sentence. She drew up to her the countess's large hand and kissed its back, and then its palm, then turned it back and began to kiss it on the knuckles of the lower joints, and then in the intervals, and again on the knuckles, saying all the time, "January, February, March, April, May."

"Speak, mamma! Why are you silent? Speak!" she said, looking at her mother, who was casting a tender glance at her daughter, which contemplation seemed to make her forget what she wanted to say.

"It is not good, my darling. Everybody will not understand your childish union, and it may hurt you in the eyes of other young men who come to see you and find you so close to him, and, above all, it torments him. He may have found a rich match, which is to his liking, but now he is simply beside himself."

"Is he?" asked Natásha.

"I will tell you about myself. I had a cousin —"

"I know, Kiríll Matvyéevich. But he is an old man?"

"He was not always old. But listen, Natásha, I will have a talk with Borís. He must not call so often —"

"Why must he not, if he likes to?"

"Because I know that it will all end in nothing."

"How do you know? No, mamma, you must not talk to him. How foolish!" said Natásha, in the tone of a person who is about to be deprived of his property. "Suppose I shall not marry him: let him come to see me, if it gives him pleasure!"

Natásha smiled and looked at her mother.

"Not to marry, but *so*," she said.

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, *so!* What of it if I do not marry? Let him come, *so*."

"*So, so*," repeated the countess, and, shaking with her whole body, she laughed out with the kindly, sudden laughter of an old woman.

"Stop laughing, stop!" cried Natásha. "You are shaking the whole bed. You are dreadfully like myself: just such a giggler — Wait —" She grasped both of the countess's hands, kissed one of them on the knuckle of the little finger, "June," and continued to kiss July, August, on the other hand.

"Mamma, is he very much in love? What do you think? Were they ever as much in love with you? He is so sweet, so sweet, so sweet! Only, he is not quite after my taste, — he is as thin as the dining-room clock — Don't you understand? — He is thin, gray, bright —"

"What nonsense are you talking there?" said the countess.

Natásha proceeded:

"Don't you understand? Nikoláy would have understood, — Bezúkhi, — that blue, that dark blue fellow with the red, is on the square."

"You are coquetting with him, too," the countess said, laughing.

"No, he is a Freemason, so I have learned. He is a fine fellow, dark blue with red, — how shall I explain it to you —"

"Little countess," was heard the count's voice behind the door, "are you not asleep?"

Natásha jumped down in her bare feet, grabbed the slippers in her hands, and ran to her room.

She could not fall asleep for a long time. She was thinking all the time that nobody could understand what she understood, and what there was in her.

"Sónya?" she thought, looking at the sleeping, rolled up kitten with the enormous braid. "No, she can't! She is so virtuous. She is in love with Nikoláy and does not want to know anything else. Mamma does not understand, either. How strange that I am so clever and — she is so sweet," she continued, speaking of herself in the third person, and imagining that a very clever man, the cleverest and best of men, was saying it to her. "There is everything, everything in her," continued that man. "She is uncommonly clever, sweet, and, then, pretty, uncommonly pretty, and agile, — she swims, she rides excellently, and her voice! Indeed, one may say she has a remarkable voice!" She sang her favourite musical phrase from Cherubini's opera, threw herself down on the bed, laughed at the joyous thought that she would soon be asleep, called out to Dunyásha to put out the light, and, before Dunyásha had left the room, she had passed to another, a still more happy, world of dreams, where everything was easy and nice, as in reality, but somehow better, because it was in a different way.

On the following day the countess invited Borís to her house. She had a talk with him, after which he stopped calling on the Rostóvs.

XIV.

On the 31st of December, on the eve of the year 1810, a ball was given at the house of a dignitary of the reign of Catherine. The diplomatic corps and the emperor were to be there. The well-known house of the dignitary on the English Quay was illuminated by an endless number of lights. At the brilliantly lighted entrance, decorated with red cloth, stood the police: there were not only the gendarmes, but the chief of police himself was there with dozens of police officers. Carriages drove away, and ever new carriages, with lackeys in red and with lackeys with feathers in their hats, kept driving up. Out of the carriages stepped men in uniforms, decorations, and sashes; ladies in velvets and ermines cautiously stepped down the noisily thrown back carriage steps, and hastily and noiselessly walked up the carpets of the entrance.

Whenever a new carriage drove up, a whisper ran through the crowd, and hats were taken off.

"The emperor? No, a minister — a prince — an ambassador — Do you not see the feathers?" were the words heard in the crowd. One of the crowd, dressed better than the rest, seemed to know everybody, and he gave the names of the more famous dignitaries of the time.

One-third of the guests had already arrived at the ball, but at the Rostóvs', who were to be there, hurried preparations in the way of dressing were still going on.

There had been many conversations and preparations for this ball in the family of the Rostóvs, and many fears

that the invitation would not arrive, that the dresses would not be ready, and that nothing would go as it ought to go.

With the Rostóvs was going Márya Ignátevna Perónski, a friend and relative of the countess, a lean, sallow maid of honour of the old court, who was guiding the provincial Rostóvs in the higher St. Petersburg society.

At ten o clock in the evening the Rostóvs were to call for the lady of honour at the Tauric Garden; it was now five minutes to ten, and the ladies were not yet dressed.

This was Natásha's first grand ball. She rose on that day at eight o'clock in the morning and passed the whole day in a feverish activity and in worry. All her strength had been directed since morning toward having everybody, herself, mamma, and Sónya, dressed in the best possible manner. Sónya and the countess entrusted themselves entirely to her. The countess was to wear a peony velvet dress, while the two girls were to wear white crape over rose-coloured silk slips, with roses in the corsage. The hair was to be dressed *à la grecque.*

Everything essential had been done: the feet, arms, neck, ears, had been carefully washed, perfumed and powdered, as was proper for a ball; the silk open-work stockings were already on their legs, and the white velvet shoes with the ribbons were on their feet; the hairdressing was almost complete. Sónya was getting through dressing, and so was the countess; but Natásha, who had attended to everybody, was still dressing. She was sitting before the mirror, with a dressing-sack over her thin shoulders. Sónya, dressed, was standing in the middle of the room, attaching the last ribbon, which produced a squeaking sound under the pin, as she drove it in with her small finger, making it smart.

"Not like that, not like that, Sónya," said Natásha, turning her head away and with her hands clutching the hair which the maid, who was holding it, had had no

time to let out of her hands. "You must not wear the ribbon in that fashion. Come here!"

Sónya squatted down, and Natásha put the ribbon on in a different way.

"Excuse me, lady, but I cannot comb you," said the maid who was holding Natásha's hair.

"O Lord! you can do it later. Like this, Sónya!"

"Will you be done soon?" was heard the voice of the countess. "It is ten o'clock."

"Directly, directly. And are you ready, mamma?"

"I need only pin on my toque."

"Don't do it without me," cried Natásha. "You'll not do it right!"

"But it is ten already."

It had been decided to arrive at the ball at ten, and Natásha had still to be dressed, and the drive to the Tauric Garden.

After finishing her hair-dressing, Natásha, in a and skirt, underneath which could be seen her ball shoes, in her mother's sack, ran up to Sónya to examine her after which she went to her mother. She turned her head sidewise and pinned on her toque, and, giving her mother a passing kiss on her gray hair, again ran back to the maids who were hemming her skirt.

The trouble was that Natásha's skirt was too long, and two maids kept biting off threads and hurriedly hemming the skirt. A third, with pins between her lips and teeth, was running from the countess to Sónya, while a fourth was holding the whole crape dress high up in her hand.

"Mavrúsha, hurry up, my dear!"

"Let me have the thimble, countess!"

"How soon will you be done?" said the count, who came in from another room. "Here is some perfume. Miss Perónski must be tired waiting."

"It is done, lady," said the maid, lifting the shortened crape dress, and blowing and shaking something off, as

though to express by that gesture her consciousness of the airiness and purity of that which she was holding in her hand.

Natásha began to put on the dress.

"In a minute, papa! Don't come in!" she called out to her father, who had opened the door, while she was under the crape of the skirt, which covered her whole face.

Sónya slammed the door to. A minute later the count was admitted. He wore a blue dress coat, stockings and shoes, and was perfumed and pomaded.

"Oh, papa, how nice you look! It is just fine!" said Natásha, standing in the middle of the room and straightening out the folds of the crape.

"Excuse me, lady, excuse me!" said the maid, kneeling down, pulling the dress in shape, and with her tongue transferring the pins from one side of her mouth to the other.

"As you please!" Sónya called out, with an expression of despair in her voice, as she examined Natásha's dress. "As you please, only it is again too long!"

Natásha walked off a little way to look at herself in the pier-glass. The dress was too long.

"Upon my word, lady, it is not too long," said Mavrúsha, creeping on the floor after her mistress.

"Well, if it is too long, we will tack it, — in one moment it will be done," said determined Dunyásha, taking a pin out of the kerchief over her breast, and beginning to work once more on the floor. Just then the countess, in her toque and velvet dress, entered bashfully and with soft steps.

"Oh, my beauty!" cried the count. "She is nicer than both of you!" He wanted to embrace her, but she, blushing, turned away, so as not to have her dress crushed.

"Mamma, your toque a little more to one side!" said

Natásha. "I will change it for you," and she rushed forward, which caused the girls, who were sewing and who could not follow her at once, to tear off a small piece of crape.

"O Lord! What is this? Upon my word, it is not my fault — "

"Never mind, I'll tack it, and it won't be seen," said Dunyásha.

"My beauty, — a very queen!" said the nurse, coming through the door. "And Sónya! Oh, what beauties!"

At fifteen minutes past ten they finally seated themselves in the carriages and drove away. It was still necessary to go to the Tauric Garden.

Miss Perónski was ready. In spite of her old age and homeliness, the same thing had taken place with her, as at the house of the Rostóvs, though not with the same haste (it was a common occurrence with her); just as there, her old, homely body was perfumed, washed and powdered; just as carefully she was washed behind her ears, and, just as at the house of the Rostóvs, her old maid went into ecstasies over the raiment of her mistress, when she appeared in the drawing-room in a yellow dress with the decoration of a maid of honour. She praised the toilets of the Rostóvs.

The Rostóvs praised her good taste and toilet, and, carefully watching their dresses and their coiffures, seated themselves in the carriages at eleven o'clock and drove to the ball.

XV.

NATÁSHA had not had a moment of rest since morning and had not had a single chance to think of what was awaiting her.

In the damp, cold air, in the narrow space and half-darkness of the carriage, she for the first time formed a vivid picture of what was in store for her there, at the ball, in the illuminated halls: the music, the flowers, the dances, the emperor, the whole brilliant youth of St. Petersburg. What awaited her was so beautiful, that she did not even believe that it would all be: it was all so incompatible with the impression of the cold, and the narrowness and darkness of the carriage. She understood completely what was in store for her only when she walked over the red carpet of the entrance, entered the vestibule, took off her furs, and went with Sónya, in front of her mother, between the flowers of the illuminated staircase. Only then she recalled how she had to act at the ball, and she tried to assume that majestic attitude which she regarded as necessary for a girl at a ball. But, fortunately, she felt that her eyes were roving: she saw nothing clearly, her pulse beat one hundred times a minute, and her blood began to pound at her heart. She was unable to assume that attitude which would have made her ridiculous, and she walked along in trepidation, which she was endeavouring to conceal. And this was precisely the manner which suited her most. Guests came in in front of them and behind them, and they, too, spoke softly to each other, and they, too, wore ball dresses. The

mirrors on the staircase reflected ladies in white, blue, pink dresses, with diamonds and pearls on their bare hands and necks.

Natásha looked into the mirrors, but could not tell herself from the rest in the reflection: everything was blended into one brilliant procession. Upon entering the first hall, the even din of voices, steps, and greetings deafened Natásha; the light and splendour blinded her. The host and hostess, who had been standing at the door for half an hour and saying to each guest, "*Charmé de vous voir*," also met the Rostóvs and Miss Perónski.

The two girls in white dresses, with similar roses in their black hair, made a similar curtsey, but the hostess instinctively cast a more prolonged glance at slender Natásha. She looked at her, and gave her a special smile, in addition to her smile as a hostess. Looking at her, the hostess, perhaps, thought of her golden, irretrievable maiden days, and of her first ball. The host, too, followed Natásha with his eyes, and asked the count which one was his daughter.

"*Charmante!*" he said, kissing the tips of his fingers.

In the hall stood the guests, crowding at the entrance door, waiting for the emperor. The countess placed herself in the first row of that throng. Natásha heard several persons ask about her, and she was conscious of their gaze. She saw that she had found favour in the eyes of those who were looking at her, and this observation calmed her a little.

"There are some here who look like us, and some look even worse," she thought.

Miss Perónski pointed out the more distinguished guests to the countess.

"This is the Dutch ambassador, — you see that gray-haired man," she said, pointing to an old man, with a silvery grayness to his profuse, curly hair, surrounded by ladies, whom he was making laugh by something he said.

"And there she is, the queen of St. Petersburg, Countess Bezúkhi," she said, pointing to Hélène, who had just entered.

"How beautiful! She does not fall behind Márya Antónovna; see how the young and the old are courting her. She is beautiful and clever. They say Prince —— is desperately in love with her. Now these two are not so pretty, but they have an even greater following."

She pointed to a lady and her homely daughter who were crossing the hall.

"This girl is worth millions," said Miss Perónski, "and here are the would-be bridegrooms."

"This is the brother of Countess Bezúkhi, Anatól Kurágin," she said, pointing to the handsome chevalier-guardsman who went past them, who from the height of his raised head was looking at something beyond the ladies. "How handsome he is! He is spoken of in connection with that rich girl. Your cousin, Drubetskóy, is also paying her attentions. They say she has millions. — Why, that is the French ambassador," she said of Caulaincourt, about whom the countess was asking her. "Just look at him! He walks about like a king. And yet the Frenchmen are very pleasant people. There are no pleasanter people in society. And there she is! No, our Márya Antónovna is best of them all! How simply she is dressed! Charming! — And that one there, the fat man in glasses, is the universal Freemason," she said, pointing to Bezúkhi. "Put him in a line with his wife, and he will appear like a scarecrow!"

Pierre was walking, swaying his heavy body, pushing his way through the crowd, lurching to the right and left as though he were crossing a crowd in the market-place. Apparently he was in search of somebody.

Natásha was glad to see the familiar face of Pierre, the scarcecrow, as Miss Perónski had called him, and she knew that Pierre was looking for them in the crowd, and

particularly for her. Pierre had promised her to be at the ball and to introduce her to gentlemen.

But, before reaching them, Bezúkhi stopped near a handsome, dark-complexioned man of low stature, in a white uniform, who, standing at the window, was talking with a tall man with decorations and a sash. Natásha immediately recognized the young man in the white uniform: it was Bolkónski, who seemed to her much younger, more cheerful, and better looking than before.

"Here is another acquaintance, Bolkónski, — do you see him, mamma," said Natásha, pointing to Prince Andréy. "Do you remember? He stayed overnight at our house at Otrádnoe."

"Oh, you know him?" said Miss Perónski. "I can't bear him. *Il fait à present la pluie et le beau temps.* There is no limit to his pride! He is like his father. He has connected himself with Speránski, and is writing some kind of projects. See how he treats the ladies! She is talking to him, but he has turned away," she said, pointing to him. "I would teach him a lesson if he tried to treat me like that!"

XVI.

SUDDENLY everybody came into motion. The crowd began to speak, moved forward, and back again, and between two receding rows, at the sound of the music which struck up a tune, entered the emperor. Behind him came the host and the hostess. The emperor walked rapidly, bowing to the right and left, as though trying as fast as possible to get rid of this first minute of the meeting. The musicians played a polonaise, which was at that time famous for the words which had been composed for it. They began with "Alexander, Elizabeth, you delight us!" The emperor went to the drawing-room, and the throng rushed after him to the door; several persons hurriedly surged to and fro, with changed expressions on their faces. The crowd again whirled back from the door of the drawing-room, in which the emperor appeared, speaking with the hostess. A young man with a frightened expression pressed against the ladies, asking them to step aside. Several ladies, with faces which expressed complete forgetfulness of all the conditions of society, and ruining their toilets, pressed forward. Men came up to the ladies, and they began to arrange themselves in pairs for the polonaise.

All drew back, and the emperor, smiling and leading the hostess by the hand, without keeping time with the music, came out of the door of the drawing-room. He was followed by the host with Mme. M. A. Naryshkin, then the ambassadors, the ministers, and a number of generals, whose names Miss Perónski mentioned one after

the other. More than half the ladies had gentlemen and were walking or were getting ready to walk in the polonaise. Natásha felt that she was going to be left with Sónya and her mother among the minority of the ladies, who were pressed back to the wall and had not been invited for the polonaise. She was standing, dropping her slender arms, and, with an evenly rising, scarcely defined bosom, holding her breath, and with sparkling, frightened eyes was looking in front of her, with an expression which said that she was ready for the greatest joy and the greatest sorrow. She was interested neither in the emperor, nor in all the distinguished persons to whom Miss Perónski was pointing. She had but one thought: "Is it possible nobody will come up to me? Is it possible that I shall not be among the first to dance? Will none of these men who are here notice me? They do not seem to see me now, and if they do, they look at me with an expression which says, 'It is not she, so there is nothing to look at.' No, it cannot be!" she thought. "They must know how I want to dance, how excellently I dance, and how nice it will be for them to dance with me."

The sounds of the polonaise, which had been heard for quite awhile, were beginning to sound sad in Natásha's ears, as a distant memory. She felt like weeping. Miss Perónski had walked away from them. The count was at the other end of the hall; the countess, Sónya, and she were standing all alone in this crowd, as though they were in the woods, of no interest and no use to any one. Prince Andréy passed by them with a lady without recognizing them. Handsome Anatól, smiling, was saying something to the lady whom he was leading, and he looked at Natásha's face with the expression with which one looks at a wall. Borís twice passed near them and each time turned his face away. Berg and his wife, who were not dancing, walked over to them.

Natásha felt offended by this family reunion, there at the ball, as though there were no other place for family chats but at a ball. She paid no attention to Vyéra, who was telling her something about her green dress.

Finally the emperor stopped near his last lady (he had danced with three), and the music ceased. A busy adjutant rushed up against the Rostóvs and asked them to step aside, although they were standing at the wall, and from the gallery were heard the distinct, cautious, enticingly even sounds of a waltz. The emperor smiled and looked down the hall. A minute passed, and no one had yet begun. The adjutant in charge of the ball walked over to Countess Bezúkhi and invited her. She smiled, and raising her hand, placed it, without looking, on the shoulder of the adjutant. The adjutant, who was a complete master of himself, confidently, leisurely, and evenly clasped his lady's waist, and started at first in a gliding fashion along the outer circle, and at the corner of the hall caught her left hand and turned her around, and through the accelerated sounds of the music could be heard only the measured clicks of the spurs of the adjutant's rapid and agile feet, and after every three beats the velvet dress of his lady puffed up and fluttered at each turn. Natásha looked at them and was ready to weep, because it was not she who was dancing the first turn of the waltz.

Prince Andréy, in the white uniform of a colonel of the cavalry, in stockings and shoes, animated and merry, was standing in the first row of the circle, not far from the Rostóvs. Baron Fürhof was talking with him about the first meeting of the Council of State, which was to take place on the next day. Prince Andréy, as a man who was standing near to Speránski and who was taking part in the labours of the commission of legislation, could give definite information about the coming meeting, concerning which there were conflicting rumours. But he was not listening to what Fürhof was saying to him, and was

looking now at the emperor, now at the gentlemen who were getting ready to dance, but who did not have the courage to enter the inner circle.

Prince Andréy was watching these gentlemen who were timid in the presence of the emperor, and the ladies who were dying to be invited.

Pierre went up to Prince Andréy and took his hand.

"You always dance. There is here one of my protégées, young Miss Rostóv, so invite her!" he said.

"Where?" asked Bolkónski. "Excuse me," he said, turning to the baron, "we will finish this conversation in some other place, but at a ball we must dance." He walked ahead, in the direction pointed out to him by Pierre. He was at once struck by Natásha's despairing face, expressive of a sinking heart. He recognized her, divined her feeling, saw that she was a débutante, recalled her conversation at the window, and with a happy expression on his face walked over to Countess Rostóv.

"Permit me to make you acquainted with my daughter," the countess said, blushing.

"I have the pleasure of knowing her, if the countess will remember me," Prince Andréy said, with a civil, low bow, which was at odds with Miss Perónski's remarks about his rudeness. He went up to Natásha and put forth his arm to clasp her waist, even before he had finished his invitation for the dance. He proposed to dance the waltz with her. The timorous expression of Natásha's face, which was ready for despair and for transport, suddenly was lighted up by a happy, grateful, childish smile.

"I have been waiting for you so long," this frightened and happy girl seemed to say by her smile, which appeared instead of the tears that were ready to well up, as she raised her arm to place it on the shoulder of Prince Andréy. They were the second pair that entered the circle. Prince Andréy was one of the best dancers of his

time. Natásha danced superbly. Her little feet, in the velvet ball shoes, were doing their work swiftly, lightly, and independently of her, while her face beamed with the ecstasy of happiness. Her bare neck and arms were thin and not beautiful in comparison with Hélène's shoulders. Her shoulders were thin, her bosom not yet defined, her arms slender; but Hélène seemed to be covered with a varnish from the thousands of glances which glided down her body, while Natásha looked like a girl who had a low-cut dress on for the first time, and who would certainly have been ashamed of it, if she had not been assured that it was proper.

Prince Andréy was fond of dancing and, wishing as soon as possible to rid himself of political and clever conversations, with which he was approached by everybody, and wishing at the earliest time possible to break that annoying circle of hesitation, due to the emperor's presence, had started to dance and had chosen Natásha, because Pierre had pointed her out to him, and because she was the first pretty woman upon whom his eyes had fallen; but the moment he had embraced that slender, flexible waist, and she stirred close to him, and smiled close to him, the wine of her charm went to his head: he felt as though vivified and grown younger, when, drawing breath again and having brought her back, he stopped and began to look at the dancers.

XVII.

After Prince Andréy, Borís walked over to Natásha and invited her to dance with him; then came also the adjutant who had started the ball, and other young men, and Natásha, turning her superfluous gentlemen over to Sónya, was happy, and, red with excitement, did not stop dancing the whole evening. She neither saw nor heard anything which interested everybody else at that ball. She not only did not notice that the emperor had for a long time been speaking with the French ambassador, and that he spoke with particular kindness to one of the ladies; that such and such a prince said or did this or that; that Hélène had an enormous success and had attracted the special attention of so and so; she did not even see the emperor, and noticed his absence only from the fact that the ball became livelier after his departure. Before supper, Prince Andréy again danced with Natásha, this time a cotillon. He reminded her of their first meeting in the avenue at Otrádnoe, and of her having been unable to fall asleep during the moonlit night, and told her that he involuntarily had overheard her. Natásha blushed at this recollection and tried to find excuses, as though there had been something disgraceful in the feeling which Prince Andréy had involuntarily been a witness of.

Prince Andréy, like all people grown up in society, was fond of meeting those who did not bear the society imprint on them. And such Natásha was, with her surprise, her joy, her timidity, and even her blunders in

speaking French. He treated her with especial tenderness and care. Sitting near her and speaking with her about the simplest and most insignificant subjects, Prince Andréy admired the joyous gleam of her eyes and smile, which had reference not to the remarks made, but to her inner happiness. Whenever Natásha was chosen, and she rose with a smile and danced through the hall, Prince Andréy admired especially her timorous gracefulness. In the middle of the cotillon, Natásha, having finished a figure, and still breathing heavily, was walking over to her seat. A new gentleman again invited her to dance. She was tired and out of breath and evidently intended to refuse, but immediately again joyfully raised her arm on her gentleman's shoulder, and smiled at Prince Andréy.

"I should be glad to rest and sit with you, — for I am tired; but you see how I am sought after, and I am happy and love all, and you and I understand it all," and many, many more things her smile said. When the gentleman left her Natásha ran across the hall in order to take two ladies for the figures.

"If she walks over first to her cousin, and then to another lady, she will be my wife," Prince Andréy unexpectedly said to himself, as he looked at her.

She first went up to her cousin.

"What nonsense sometimes comes to one!" thought Prince Andréy. "But it is certain that this girl is so sweet, so original, that she will not dance a month before she will be married. She is rare here," he thought, when Natásha, adjusting a rose which had slipped in her corsage, sat down near him.

At the end of the cotillon the old count, in his blue dress coat, walked over to the dancers. He invited Prince Andréy to his house and asked his daughter whether she was amusing herself. Natásha made no reply and only smiled a reproachful smile which said, "How can you ask such a question?"

"I have never in my life had such a time!" she said, and Prince Andréy noticed how rapidly her arms rose to embrace her father and immediately fell again. She was at that highest stage of happiness when a person becomes absolutely good and does not believe in the possibility of evil, misfortune, and sorrow.

At this ball, Pierre for the first time felt himself offended by the position which his wife occupied in the higher spheres. He was gloomy and absent-minded. There was a broad wrinkle across his brow, and, standing at the window, he was looking over his glasses, without seeing any one.

Natásha, on her way to supper, passed by him.

She was struck by Pierre's gloomy, unhappy face. She stopped opposite him. She wanted to help him, to transmit to him part of her happiness.

"How merry this is, count!" she said. "Don't you think so?"

Pierre smiled absent-mindedly, apparently not understanding what she had said to him.

"Yes, I am very glad," he said.

"How can people be dissatisfied with anything?" thought Natásha. "Especially such a good man as this Bezúkhi?"

To Natásha's thinking, all the people at the ball were equally good, nice, fine people, who loved each other: nobody could offend anybody else, and therefore all ought to be happy.

XVIII.

On the following day, Prince Andréy recalled the ball of the previous evening, but he did not long dwell on it. "Yes, it was a very brilliant ball. And — yes, Miss Rostóv is very sweet. There is something fresh, something original, non-Petersburgian in her, which distinguishes her from the rest." That was all he thought of the ball. He drank his tea and sat down to work.

But, either from fatigue or from a sleepless night (it was not a good day for work, and Prince Andréy could do nothing), he criticised his own work, as often was the case with him, and was glad to hear that some one had called on him.

The guest was Bítski, who served in different commissions, who went to all societies in St. Petersburg, — an impassioned advocate of new ideas and of Speránski, and a busy newsmonger of St. Petersburg, — one of those men who choose a direction like a garment, according to the fashion, but who, for that very reason, seem to be the warmest partisans of that direction. He ran into Prince Andréy's room with a careworn expression on his face, and, barely having had time to take off his hat, began to talk at once. He had just learned the details of the morning meeting of the Council of State, which was presided over by the emperor, and told of them with enthusiasm. The emperor's speech had been remarkable. It was one of those speeches which are made only by constitutional monarchs.

"The emperor said openly that the Council and the



Senate constituted the *estates* of the realm; he said that the government must have for its base, not arbitrary power, but *firm principles.* The emperor said that the finances should be reformed, and the budget should be made public," said Bítski, with special emphasis on certain words, and opening his eyes wide.

"Yes, to-day's event is an era, the greatest era in our history," he concluded.

Prince Andréy listened to the story of the opening of the Council of State, for which he had been waiting with such impatience, and to which he ascribed great importance, and he was surprised that this event, after it had happened, not only did not stir him, but appeared more than unimportant to him. He listened to Bítski's story with a calm smile. The very simple thought ran through his head: "What business have Bítski and I with what it has pleased the emperor to say in the Council! Can all that make me happier and better?"

This simple reflection suddenly destroyed for Prince Andréy all his former interest in the reforms which were being accomplished. On that day Prince Andréy was to dine at Speránski's, "*en petit comité,*" as the host had told him as he invited him. The dinner in the circle of his family and of his friends, given by a man whom he had admired so much, had at first interested Prince Andréy very much, the more so since he had not seen Speránski heretofore in his domestic circle; but now he did not feel like going there.

However, at the appointed hour, Prince Andréy entered Speránski's small house near the Tauric Garden. In the parquetted dining-room of the small house, which sparkled in its cleanliness (reminding one of monastic cleanliness), Prince Andréy, who was a little late, found at five o'clock the whole company of the *petit comité,* composed of Speránski's intimate friends, all gathered. There were no ladies except Speránski's young daughter (with a long

face, resembling that of her father) and her governess. The guests were Gervais, Magnítski, and Stolýpin. While in the antechamber, Prince Andréy heard loud voices and a clear, melodious laugh, such as people laugh on the stage. Somebody was speaking in a voice resembling that of Speránski, accentuating every "ha." Prince Andréy had never heard Speránski laugh, and this thin, melodious laugh of the statesman surprised him.

Prince Andréy entered the dining-room. The whole company was standing between two windows at the small table with the appetizers. Speránski, in a gray dress coat, with the decoration, apparently in the same white waistcoat and high white necktie, in which he had been at the famous meeting of the Council of State, was standing at the table, with a happy expression on his countenance. The guests surrounded him. Magnítski, turning to Mikhaíl Mikháylovich, was telling an anecdote. Speránski listened, laughing in advance, to what Magnítski was going to say. As Prince Andréy entered the room, Magnítski's words were again drowned in laughter. Stolýpin was laughing in a loud bass, chewing a piece of bread and cheese; Gervais hissed in a soft giggle, and Speránski was laughing a clear, thin laugh.

Speránski, still laughing, gave Prince Andréy his white, tender hand.

"Very glad to see you, prince," he said. "One minute," he turned to Magnítski, interrupting his story. "We have agreed to have a dinner for pleasure, and so not a word of business." And he again turned to the story-teller and again laughed.

Prince Andréy in wonderment and disappointed sadness listened to his laughter, and looked at laughing Speránski. It was not Speránski, but another man, so Prince Andréy thought. Everything which before had appeared so mysterious and attractive in Speránski, now became clear and unattractive to Prince Andréy.

At the table the conversation did not die down for a moment, and seemed to consist of a collection of funny anecdotes. Magnítski had barely finished his story when somebody else expressed his readiness to tell something which was funnier still. The anecdotes referred not so much to the world of the government service as to the officials in that service. It looked as though in this society the insignificance of these men had been definitely settled, and that the only relation which could exist to them was one of good-natured banter. Speránski told how at the Council of that morning a deaf dignitary, to the question what his opinion was, replied that he was of the same opinion. Gervais told a whole story about the revision, which was remarkable for the stupidity of all persons concerned. Stolýpin, stammering, broke in on the conversation, and began fervently to tell of the disorders and abuses of the old order of things, threatening to give a serious turn to the conversation. Magnítski began to jest Stolýpin for his fervour. Gervais put in a joke, and the conversation assumed the former merry turn.

Apparently Speránski liked after his labours to rest and make merry in the circle of his friends, and all of his guests, comprehending his desire, tried to amuse him while amusing themselves. But this merriment appeared heavy and the opposite of merry to Prince Andréy. The thin voice of Speránski affected him unpleasantly, and the incessant laughter somehow offended his feelings by its false note. Prince Andréy did not laugh and was afraid that he would be out of place with the company. But nobody noticed his being out of tune with the general mood, — they were all too happy to see it.

He tried several times to take part in the conversation, but his words were every time thrown out, like a cork from the water, and he was unable to jest with them.

There was nothing bad or improper in what they were

saying: everything was sharp and clever, and might have been funny; but something which is the salt of merriment was lacking, and they did not even know that it existed.

After dinner Speránski's daughter and her governess rose. Speránski patted his daughter with his white hand and kissed her; but the gesture appeared unnatural to Prince Andréy. The men remained, in English fashion, at the table, drinking port. In the middle of an incipient conversation about the Spanish affairs of Napoleon, of which all approved, Prince Andréy began to contradict them. Speránski smiled, and, evidently wishing to turn the conversation from this new direction, told an anecdote, which had no relation to the matter in hand. For a few moments all were silent.

After remaining for some time at the table, Speránski corked the wine-bottle and, saying, "Nowadays good wine does not run at will," gave it to the servant and rose from table. All got up and, speaking just as noisily, went to the drawing-room. Two envelopes, which were brought by a courier, were handed to Speránski. He took them and went to his cabinet. When he came out, the general merriment died down, and the guests began to speak softly to each other.

"Let us have a declamation!" said Speránski, coming out of the cabinet. "A wonderful talent!" he turned to Prince Andréy.

Magnítski immediately got up, struck a pose, and began to declaim French jocular verses which he had composed to ridicule well-known persons in St. Petersburg, and he was several times applauded. Prince Andréy, at the end of the declamation, walked over to Speránski to bid him good-bye.

"Where are you going so early?" asked Speránski.

"I promised to be at an evening entertainment —"

They were silent. Prince Andréy looked close by into

those mirrorlike, impermeable eyes, and it appeared funny to him how he could have expected anything from Speránski and from all the activity which was connected with him, and how he could have ascribed any seriousness to Speránski. That accurate, cheerless laugh kept for a long time dinning in the ears of Prince Andréy, even after he left Speránski.

Upon returning home, Prince Andréy began to recall his St. Petersburg life for the last four months, as though it were something new. He recalled his efforts, his requests, the history of his project of the military code, which was taken under advisement, and which they were trying to suppress only because another project, a very bad one, had been written out already and had been presented to the emperor; he thought of the meetings of the committee, of which Berg was a member; he recalled how in these meetings they had submitted to very careful and minute discussion everything which had any reference to the form and the process of the meetings of the committee, and how carefully and expeditiously everything was obviated which had anything to do with the essence of the case. He recalled his work in the matter of the code of legislation, his assiduous translation of the articles of the Roman and French codes into Russian, and he felt ashamed of himself. Then he vividly thought of his Boguchárovo, of his occupations in the country, of his journey to Ryazán; he thought of his peasants, of Elder Dron, and, applying to them the "rights of individuals," which he had been dividing into paragraphs, he began to wonder how he could have wasted his time so long on such useless work.

XIX.

On the following day Prince Andréy made calls at certain places where he had not yet been, and among them he called on the Rostóvs, with whom he had renewed his acquaintance at the last ball. Not only did propriety demand that he should call on them, but he wanted to see at her own house that peculiar, animated girl, who had left such a pleasant impression on him.

Natásha was one of the first to meet him. She wore a blue dress, the one she generally wore at home, and which made her even more attractive to Prince Andréy than she had appeared to him in the ball dress. She and the whole family of the Rostóvs received Prince Andréy simply and with open arms, as an old friend. The whole family, which Prince Andréy had severely criticized before now seemed to him to be composed of good, simple, nice people. The hospitality and frankness of the old count, especially agreeable and striking in St. Petersburg, were such that Prince Andréy could not refuse an invitation to dinner.

"Yes, they are good, excellent people," thought Bolkónski. "Of course, they have not the dimmest notion of the treasure they have in Natásha; but they are good people, who form the best background against which this extremely poetical, exquisite girl, who is full of life, stands out sharply."

Prince Andréy felt in Natásha the presence of an entirely new and strange world, full of unknown joys, of that strange world which had so vexed him then, in the

avenue of Otrádnoe, and at the window, in the moonlit night. Now this world no longer vexed him, it was not a strange world to him; and he, having entered it himself, was discovering new enjoyment in it.

After dinner, Natásha, at the request of Prince Andréy, went to the clavichord and began to sing. Prince Andréy was standing at the window, talking with the ladies and listening. In the middle of a phrase Prince Andréy grew silent and suddenly felt that a lump was rising in his throat, of the possibility of which he had never been conscious in himself. He glanced at singing Natásha, and something new, which gave him happiness, took place in his soul. He was happy, and at the same time he was sad. He had absolutely no cause for weeping, but he was ready to weep. For what? For his former love? For the little princess? For his disappointments? For his future hopes? Yes and no. The chief thing for which he felt like weeping was the suddenly realized vivid consciousness of the terrible contrast between something infinitely great and indefinable, which had been in him, and something narrow and corporeal, which he himself, and even she, was. This contrast vexed him and gave him pleasure during her singing.

The moment Natásha had finished singing, she went up to him and asked him how he liked her voice. She asked it and only then became confused, seeing that she ought not to have asked that question. He smiled, looking at her, and said that he liked her singing as much as everything else which she did.

Prince Andréy left the Rostóvs late in the evening. He lay down to sleep from habit, but he soon saw that he could not fall asleep. He lighted a candle and sat up in his bed, then rose, again lay down, not feeling in the least annoyed by his sleeplessness: he had such a new, joyous feeling as though he had come out from a close room into the fresh air. It did not occur to him that he was in love

with Natásha; he was not thinking of her; he only presented her to his mind, and thus his whole life appeared to him in a new light.

"Why do I worry and vex my life away in this narrow, closed frame, when life, the whole of life with all its joys, is open to me?" he said to himself. And he began, for the first time after a long period, to make happy plans for the future. He decided that he must think of the education of his son, by finding an educator for him, and entrusting his son to him; then he would take his dismissal, and would go abroad, to England, Switzerland, and Italy.

"I must make use of my liberty, so long as I feel so much strength and such youth in me," he said to himself. "Pierre was right when he said that one must believe in the possibility of happiness, and I now believe in it. Let the dead bury the dead, but while I am alive, I must live and be happy," he thought.

XX.

ONE morning Colonel Adolph Berg, whom Pierre knew, as he knew everybody in Moscow and St. Petersburg, came, in a brand-new uniform, and having his hair pomaded over his forehead, just as the Emperor Alexander Pávlovich wore it, to see him about some matter.

"I have just called on the countess, and was so unfortunate as not to get my request granted; I hope that I will be more fortunate with you, count," he said, smiling.

"What do you wish, colonel? I am at your service."

"I have now fully settled in my new quarters," Berg informed him, apparently supposing that it would give Pierre pleasure to hear it, "and so I should like to give a small party for my friends and those of my wife." He smiled a sweeter smile. "I wanted to ask the countess and you to do me the honour of taking tea and supper with us."

It was only Countess Hélène Vasílevna, who regarded the society of the Bergs as below her dignity, who could have been so cruel as to refuse the invitation. Berg gave such a clear explanation why he wished to have a small select company at his house, and why this would give him pleasure, and why he would be stingy with money for cards or for something bad, but would not stint himself to have a select company at his house, that Pierre could not refuse and promised to come.

"Only don't come late, count, if I may ask you! Say ten minutes to eight, if I dare ask you. We shall have a party. Our general will be there. He is very kind to

me. We shall eat supper, count. So please do me the favour!"

Contrary to his customary habit of being late, Pierre on that night arrived at the house of the Bergs at fifteen, instead of ten, minutes to eight.

The Bergs were already prepared for their guests.

Berg and his wife were sitting in a clean, bright cabinet, which was ornamented with small busts and pictures and new furniture. Berg was sitting near his wife, wearing a new uniform, which was all buttoned up, and was explaining to her that it was always proper to have acquaintances among people who stand higher, because only then is there any pleasure in having acquaintances. "You learn something, and you may ask for something. See how I have risen from the first ranks!" Berg did not count his life by years, but by imperial rewards. "My comrades are still nothing, and I am in command of a regiment *pro tem.* I have the pleasure of being your husband" (he rose and kissed Vyéra's hand, but on the way toward her straightened out a corner of a rug). "How did I obtain this all? Chiefly by my ability to choose my acquaintances. Of course, one must be virtuous and prompt."

Berg smiled at the thought of his superiority over his weak wife, and grew silent, considering that his sweet wife was, after all, a weak woman who could not grasp all the worth of a man, what it was "*ein Mann zu sein.*" Vyéra, too, smiled at the same time, being conscious of her superiority over her virtuous and good husband, who, according to Vyéra's ideas, understood life wrongly, as did all men. Berg, judging all women from his wife, regarded them all as weak and silly. Vyéra, judging from her husband and generalizing her observation, concluded that all men ascribed great intellect to themselves, while in reality they did not understand anything, and were proud and egotistical.

Berg rose and, cautiously embracing his wife, in order not to crumple her lace pelerine, for which he had paid a great sum, kissed her in the middle of her lips.

"But, — we must not have children too soon," he said, by an unconscious association of ideas.

"Yes," replied Vyéra, "I do not want them myself. We must live for society."

"Princess Yusúpov had one just like it," said Berg, with a happy and kindly smile pointing to the pelerine.

Just then the arrival of Count Bezúkhi was announced. Husband and wife exchanged a self-satisfied smile, both ascribing the honour of this visit to themselves.

"This is what it means to know how to make acquaintances," thought Berg. "This is what it means to know how to bear oneself!"

"Only please, when I entertain the guests," said Vyéra, "do not interrupt me, because I know how to entertain each, and what is to be said to the different people."

Berg smiled.

"That won't do, because now and then men must talk together about men's affairs," he said.

Pierre was received in the brand-new drawing-room, in which it was impossible to sit down anywhere without impairing the symmetry, cleanliness, and order, and so it was naturally not strange if Berg proposed for the sake of the distinguished guest to disturb the symmetry of a chair, or sofa, but, apparently being himself in a state of morbid indecision in regard to this matter, he left the solution of this question to the choice of the guest. Pierre broke the symmetry, by drawing a chair toward him, and Berg and Vyéra immediately began the evening, interrupting each other and entertaining the guest.

Vyéra, who had made up her mind that Pierre was to be entertained by a conversation dealing with the French embassy, went at it at once. Berg, however, deciding to have a masculine subject of conversation, interrupted his

wife's speech by touching on the war with Austria, and involuntarily jumped from the general subject to personal considerations regarding the offer that had been made to him to take part in the Austrian campaign, and about the causes which led him to decline the offer. Although the conversation was not very logical, and Vyéra was angry at her husband's interference, both husband and wife felt with delight that, although only one guest was present, the *evening* had begun very well, and that it resembled any other evening with its conversation, its tea, and its burning lights, just as one drop of water resembles another.

Soon Borís, Berg's old comrade, arrived. He treated Berg and Vyéra with a certain shade of superiority. After Borís there arrived a lady with her husband, a colonel, and then the general himself, then the Rostóvs, and then the evening was certainly like any other evening. Berg and his wife could not restrain a happy smile at the sight of the motion in their drawing-room, at the sound of the incoherent talk, and the rustling of dresses, and scuffing of feet. Everything was as anywhere else; most natural was the general, who praised the quarters, slapped Berg on the shoulder, and, with paternal arbitrariness directed the position of the card-table. The general sat down by the side of Count Ilyá Andréevich, as the most distinguished guest after himself. The old people with the old, the young with the young, the hostess at the tea-table, on which there were just such patties in a silver tray as there had been at the evening at the Pánins, — everything was just as anywhere else.

XXI.

PIERRE, as one of the most distinguished guests, was to play boston with Ilyá Andréevich, the general, and the colonel. At the card-table Pierre came to sit opposite Natásha, and he was struck by the change that had taken place in her since the ball. Natásha was taciturn, and she was not only not so beautiful as at the ball, but would have been decidedly homely, if she did not look so gentle and indifferent.

"What is the matter with her?" thought Pierre, looking at her. She was sitting by the side of her sister, at the tea-table, and was reluctantly saying something to Borís, who had sat down near her. Pierre had just received a full hand and, to the delight of his partner, took five points, but, as he heard greetings exchanged and the sound of somebody's steps that entered the room just as he was to receive the money, he again looked at her.

"What has happened to her?" he said to himself, still more astonished than before.

Prince Andréy was standing in front of her, with a respectful and gentle expression on his face, talking to her. She, raising her head and blushing, was looking at him, trying at the same time to restrain her impulsive breathing. Again there flamed up the bright light of an inner, dormant fire. She was all transformed. She was again the beautiful girl she had been at the ball.

Prince Andréy walked over to Pierre, and Pierre noticed a new, youthful expression on the face of his friend.

Pierre several times changed his seat during the game,

now facing Natásha, and now sitting with his back to her, but during all the six rubbers he kept watching her and his friend.

"Something very important is taking place between them," thought Pierre, and a joyful and at the same time bitter feeling agitated him and made him forget his own sorrow.

After six rubbers the general rose, saying that it was impossible to play that way, and Pierre was set at liberty. Natásha was at one side talking with Sónya and Borís, while Vyéra, with a delicate smile, was conversing with Prince Andréy. Pierre went up to his friend and, asking whether it was not a secret what they were talking about, sat down near them. Vyéra, who had noticed the attention which Prince Andréy was paying to Natásha, found that at an evening, a real evening, it was absolutely necessary to make delicate remarks about sentiments, and, availing herself of the opportunity when Prince Andréy was alone, she began to talk to him about sentiments in general and about her sister in particular. She felt that she had to apply her diplomatic art to such a clever man as she knew Prince Andréy to be.

When Pierre came up to them, he noticed that Vyéra was in a self-satisfied transport of conversation, while Prince Andréy seemed to be embarrassed, which was rare with him.

"What is your opinion about it?" Vyéra was saying, with a delicate smile. "You, prince, are so penetrating, and you at once can see through the character of people. What do you think about Natalie? Is she capable, like other women" (Vyéra meant herself), "of loving a man and for ever remaining faithful to him? I regard this as real love. What do you think, prince?"

"I know your sister too little," Prince Andréy replied, with a sarcastic smile, behind which he tried to conceal his confusion, "to be able to decide such a delicate

question; besides, I have noticed that the less a woman is attractive, the more constant she is," he added, looking at Pierre, who had just walked over to them.

"Yes, it is so, prince! In our day," continued Vyéra (speaking of "our day" in the same strain as all narrow-minded people speak of it, who suppose that they have discovered and properly value the peculiarities of our time, and that the character of people changes with the times), "in our day a girl has so much liberty, that *le plaisir d'être courtisée* frequently suppresses the real feeling in her. *Et Natalie, il faut l'avouer, y est très sensible.*"

The return to Natásha again made Prince Andréy frown unpleasantly; he wanted to get up, but Vyéra continued with a still more refined smile:

"I think no one has been *courtisée* so much as she," said Vyéra, "but until lately no one has seriously pleased her. Do you know, count," she turned to Pierre, "even our dear Cousin Borís, who had been, *entre nous*, very, very much *dans le pays du tendre* — "

Prince Andréy frowned and kept silent.

"You are acquainted with Borís?" Vyéra said to him.

"Yes, I know him — "

"He has no doubt told you about his childish love for Natásha?"

"Oh, there has been a childish love?" Prince Andréy asked, with a sudden blush.

"Yes. *Vous savez entre cousin et cousine cette intimité mène quelquefois à l'amour: le cousinage est un dangereux voisinage. N'est-ce pas?*"

"Oh, no doubt," said Prince Andréy, and suddenly becoming animated, he began to jest with Pierre about the necessity of his being careful with his fifty-year-old cousins at Moscow. In the middle of his jesting remarks he rose, and, taking Pierre by his arm, led him to one side.

"Well, what is it?" asked Pierre, looking in surprise at

the strange animation of his friend, and noticing the glance which he in rising cast at Natásha.

"I must. I must speak with you," said Prince Andréy. "You know our lady's gloves" (he meant the Masonic gloves which were given to a newly chosen brother to be bestowed by him on the beloved woman). "I— No, I will speak to you later about it." And with a strange gleam in his eyes and a restlessness in his motions, Prince Andréy went up to Natásha and sat down near her. Pierre saw Prince Andréy ask her something, and she blushed as she gave him an answer.

But just then Berg went up to Pierre, asking him persistently to take part in a discussion between the general and the colonel concerning the Spanish affairs.

Berg was satisfied and happy. His smile of joy did not leave his face. The evening was very fine and precisely such as all other evenings which he had seen. Everything was just right: the refined ladies' conversations, the cards, the general at the cards, raising his voice, the samovár, the pastry; but one thing was lacking, which he had seen at other evenings, and which he was anxious to imitate. There had been no loud dispute between the men about some important subject. The general had just begun it, and it was for this that Berg wanted Pierre.

XXII.

On the next day Prince Andréy went to the Róstovs for dinner, having been invited by Count Ilyá Andréevich, and remained there the whole day.

Everybody in the house knew for whom it was Prince Andréy was calling, and he did not conceal the fact that he tried to be the whole day with Natásha. Not only in the soul of Natásha, who was frightened, but happy and transported, but in the whole house a dread was felt of what was going to happen. The countess looked with sad and stern eyes at Prince Andréy as he talked with Natásha, and timidly and pretending to be interested began some petty talk, whenever he looked back at her. Sónya was afraid to leave Natásha, and yet was afraid of being in the way, whenever she was with them. Natásha paled from the dread of expectancy, when she was for a moment left alone with him. Prince Andréy surprised her by his timidity. She felt that he had something to tell her, but that he could not make up his mind to it.

When Prince Andréy left in the evening, the countess went up to Natásha and said, in a whisper:

"Well?"

"Mamma, for the Lord's sake, don't ask me now! I can't talk about that," said Natásha.

But notwithstanding this, Natásha lay that night agitated and frightened, with motionless eyes, for a long time in her mother's bed. She told her mother how he had praised her, how he told her that he would soon go abroad, and how he asked her where they would be in the summer, and how he had inquired all about Borís.

"But — but there has never been anything like it with me!" she said. "Only I feel so much afraid in his presence, oh, so much afraid! What does it mean? Does it mean that it is the real thing? Mamma, are you asleep?"

"No, my dear, I am afraid myself," replied her mother. "Go!"

"I will not sleep, anyway. How foolish it is to sleep! Mamma, mamma, I have never felt like that before," she said, with surprise and fear of the feeling of which she was conscious. "Who could have expected it?"

It seemed to Natásha that she had been in love with him the first time she had seen him at Otrádnoe. She was afraid of that strange, unexpected happiness which was that the one she had chosen then (she was firmly convinced of it) should be the one she now met again, and that he, so she thought, should not be indifferent to her. "Why should he have to come to St. Petersburg just when we are here? And how strange that we should meet at that ball! It is all fate. It is evident that it is fate, that everything has been tending toward it. When I saw him then for the first time, I had a peculiar feeling."

"What was he telling you? Some poetry? Read it to me —" her mother said, pensively, asking her about the verses which Prince Andréy had written into her album.

"Mamma, is it not a disgrace because he is a widower?"

"Stop, Natásha! Pray to God! *Les mariages se font dans les cieux.*"

"Darling mother, how I love you! How happy I am!" cried Natásha, weeping tears of happiness and agitation, and embracing her mother.

At this very time Prince Andréy was sitting with Pierre, and telling him of his love for Natásha and of his firm determination to marry her.

On that day Countess Hélène Vasílevna gave a grand entertainment, to which came the French ambassador, the

prince who of late had become a constant visitor at the house of the countess, and many elegant ladies and gentlemen. Pierre was down-stairs, where he walked from one parlour to another and startled the guests by his concentrated, absent-minded, and gloomy look.

Pierre of late felt the approach of fits of hypochondria and was trying with desperate effort to struggle against it. Since the intimacy of the prince with his wife, Pierre had suddenly been appointed a gentleman of the chamber, and ever since then he had begun to feel ashamed and oppressed in grand society, and he was assailed more and more by his former gloomy thoughts about the vanity of everything human. His gloomy mood was intensified by the observation of the contrast of the sentiment existing between his protégée Natásha and Prince Andréy on the one hand and of his own condition on the other. He endeavoured to avoid thinking of his wife, as well as of Natásha and Prince Andréy. Again everything appeared insignificant to him in comparison with eternity, and again the question arose, "For what?" And so he compelled himself to work day and night at Masonic labours, hoping in that way to ward off the approach of the evil spirit. Leaving the apartments of the countess at midnight, Pierre sat down up-stairs in an old morning-gown in a smoke-filled, low room, at a table, in order to copy out original Scotch acts, when somebody entered his room. It was Prince Andréy.

"Oh, it is you," said Pierre, with a distracted and dissatisfied look. "I am working, as you see," he said, pointing to his copy-book with that expression of retirement from the inclemencies of life with which unhappy men look upon their work.

Prince Andréy, with a beaming, transported face, turned once more to life, stopped before Pierre and, without noticing his sad countenance, smiled at him with the egotism of happiness.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I wanted to tell you something yesterday, and I have come to see you for that very purpose. I have never experienced anything like it. I am in love, my friend."

Pierre suddenly drew a deep sigh and dropped his heavy body down on the sofa by the side of Prince Andréy.

"With Natásha Rostóv, eh?" he said.

"Yes, yes, who else could it be? I should never have believed it, but the feeling is stronger than I. Yesterday I was tormented, and I suffered, but even this torment I would not give up for anything in the world. I have not lived heretofore. Only now I live, but I cannot live without her. But can she love me? — I am too old for her — Why do you not speak? — "

"I? I? What did I tell you?" Pierre suddenly said, rising and beginning to walk up and down in the room. "I always thought so — This girl is a treasure, such a treasure — She is a rare girl — My dear friend, I ask you not to philosophize, not to doubt, but to marry her, to marry her, to marry her — I am sure that there will not be a happier man than you."

"But she!"

"She loves you."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Prince Andréy, smiling, and looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"She loves you, I know it," Pierre cried, angrily.

"Listen to me!" said Prince Andréy, taking hold of his arm and stopping him. "Do you know what condition I am in? I must tell somebody everything."

"All right, all right, talk, — I am glad to hear it," said Pierre, and his face changed, the wrinkles left his face, and he cheerfully listened to Prince Andréy.

Prince Andréy looked like a different man. Where was his ennui, his contempt for life, his disenchantment? Pierre was the only man before whom he had the courage

to tell his secret; and he unburdened his whole heart to him. Now he boldly and easily made plans for a long time in the future, saying how he could not sacrifice his happiness for the caprice of his father, how he would make his father give his consent to this marriage, and love her, or how he would marry her without his consent; now he marvelled at the sentiment which had taken possession of him, as though it were something strange, foreign, and detached from him.

"I should not have believed it if anybody had told me that I was capable of such love," said Prince Andréy. "It is not at all the feeling which I had before. The whole world is divided for me into two halves: the one is she, and there is all the happiness of hope, the light; the other is everything else where she is not, and there is pining and darkness — "

"Darkness," repeated Pierre, "yes, yes, I understand it."

"I cannot help loving the light, — it is not my fault that I do. And I am so happy! Do you understand me? I know that you are glad for my sake."

"Yes, yes," Pierre assured him, looking at him with emotion and with sadness. The brighter the fate of Prince Andréy appeared to him, the gloomier did his own seem to him.

XXIII.

For the marriage his father's consent was necessary, and so Prince Andréy on the following day went to see his father.

His father received his son's communication with outward calm, but with inward fury. He could not understand how one should want to change his life and bring something new into it, while his own was on the decline. "If they would only let me live out my days as I wish, — and then they can do as they please," the old man said to himself. But with his son he used the diplomacy which he used in important cases. He assumed a calm tone, and considered the whole matter.

In the first place, the marriage was not a brilliant one as regards family, wealth, and distinction. In the second place, Prince Andréy was not in his first youth and not strong (the old man dwelt more especially on this), while she was very young. In the third, he had a son whom it was a pity to leave in the hands of a young girl. "Finally, in the fourth," said his father, looking sarcastically at his son, "I ask you to delay the matter for a year, during which time go abroad, get cured, find a German for Prince Nikoláy, as you intended to do, and if then your love, passion, stubbornness, whatever you may call it, is still strong, marry her. This is my last word, remember, my last!" the prince ended in such a voice that it became apparent that nothing would make him change his determination.

Prince Andréy saw clearly that the old man hoped that

his feeling or that of his bride would not stand the test of a year, or that he himself, the old prince, would die by that time, and he decided to do his father's will: to propose and to put off the marriage for a year.

Three weeks after his last evening at the Rostóvs, Prince Andréy returned to St. Petersburg.

On the day after her conversation with her mother, Natásha waited a whole day for Bolkónski, but he did not come. On the next day, and three days later, it was the same. Pierre, too, did not come, and Natásha, who did not know that Prince Andréy had gone to see his father, could not explain his absence.

Thus three weeks passed. Natásha did not want to go out anywhere, and walked, indolently and sadly, like a shadow, from one room to another; in the evenings she wept in secret, and did not come to see her mother at night. She kept blushing and was irritated. She thought that all knew of her disappointment, and that they laughed at her and pitied her. With all her real sorrow, this grief from vanity only intensified her misfortune.

Once she came to the countess, with the intention of telling her something, and suddenly burst out weeping. Her tears were those of an offended child, who does not know what it is punished for.

The countess began to calm Natásha. Natásha, who at first was listening to her mother's words, suddenly interrupted her:

"Stop, mamma! I am not thinking, and I do not want to think of it! He came, and then he just stopped, just stopped —"

Her voice trembled, and she came very near crying again, but she regained her composure and calmly proceeded:

"I do not want to marry at all. And I am afraid of him: I am now calm, very calm —"

On the following day after this conversation, Natásha put on her old dress which she always wore in the morning and in which she had so often made merry, and there began with her her former mode of life, which she had given up since the ball. She drank her tea, went to the parlour which she liked for its excellent resonance, and began to sing her solfeggios. After finishing her first lesson, she stopped in the middle of the parlour and repeated a musical phrase which she liked especially well. She listened with delight to the charm (as though unexpected to her) with which these sounds filled the emptiness of the hall and again died down, and she was happy. "What is the use of thinking about it? I am happy as it is," she said to herself, and began to walk up and down in the room, stepping not with simple steps over the parqueted floor, but from the heels to the toes (she wore a new pair of her favourite shoes), and, with the same delight with which she had been listening to the sounds of her voice, she now listened to the thud of the heels and the creak of her toes. As she passed by a mirror, she looked into it. "It is I!" the expression of her face seemed to say at the sight of herself. "All right! I do not need anybody."

A lackey wanted to come in and fix something in the parlour, but she did not let him in, and, closing the door after him, continued her walk. She returned on that morning to her favourite condition of love of herself and self-admiration. "What a charming girl this Natásha is!" she again said to herself, in the words of a third, collective, masculine person. "She is pretty, has a good voice, is young, and does not trouble any one, — so let her alone!" But, no matter how much she was left alone, she could not have her peace, and that she was conscious of.

The outer door of the vestibule was opened, somebody asked, "Are they at home?" and somebody's steps were heard. Natásha was looking in the mirror, but she did

not see herself. She heard sounds in the antechamber. When she, finally, saw her face, it was pale. It was *he*. She was sure of that, although she had hardly heard his voice behind the closed door.

Pale and frightened, Natásha ran into the drawing-room.

"Mamma, Bolkónski has come!" she said. "Mamma, it is terrible! It is intolerable! I do not want to — suffer! What shall I do?"

The countess had had no time to answer her, when Prince Andréy entered the drawing-room with a disturbed and serious expression on his face. The moment he saw Natásha, his face began to beam. He kissed the hands of the countess and of Natásha, and sat down near the sofa.

"We have not had the pleasure for quite awhile —" the countess began, but Prince Andréy interrupted her, answering her question and evidently hurrying to say what he had to say.

"I have not called all this time because I was at my father's: I had to see him on a very important matter. I returned only last night," he said, turning to Natásha. "I must speak to you, countess," he added, after a moment of silence.

The countess heaved a deep sigh and lowered her eyes.

"I am at your service," she muttered.

Natásha knew that she ought to leave, but she was unable to do so: something compressed her throat, and she looked rudely and with open eyes straight at Prince Andréy.

"Directly? This very minute? — No, it cannot be!" she thought.

He again looked at her, and this glance convinced her that she had made no mistake. Yes, this very minute her fate was to be decided.

"Go, Natásha, I will call you," said the countess, in a whisper.

Natásha looked with frightened and imploring eyes at Prince Andréy and at her mother, and went out.

"I have come, countess, to ask for the hand of your daughter," said Prince Andréy.

The face of the countess was flushed, but she did not say anything.

"Your proposition," the countess began, speaking deliberately. He was silent, and looked her straight in the eye. "Your proposition" — she was getting embarrassed — "is agreeable to us, and I accept your proposition, — I am glad of it. And my husband — I hope — but it will depend on her — "

"I will tell her only when I have your consent — Do you give it to me?" asked Prince Andréy.

"Yes," said the countess, extending her hand to him, and, with a mixed feeling of aloofness and tenderness, she pressed her lips to his brow, as he leaned over her hand. She wanted to love him as her son; but she felt that he was a stranger and a terrible man for her. "I am convinced that my husband will give his consent," said the countess, "but your father — "

"My father, to whom I have communicated my plans, has made it an absolute condition of his consent that the wedding is not to be for a year. And I wanted to inform you of this," said Prince Andréy.

"It is true, Natásha is still very young, but so long!"

"It could not be otherwise," Prince Andréy said, with a sigh.

"I will send her to you," said the countess, leaving the room.

"O Lord, have mercy on us!" she thought, as she went to look for her daughter.

Sónya said that Natásha was in the sleeping-room. Natásha was sitting on her bed, pale, with dry eyes, looking at the images and making the sign of the cross, as she

was whispering something. Upon seeing her mother she leaped down and rushed up toward her.

"What is it, mamma? What?"

"Go, go to him! He asks for your hand!" the countess said coldly, as Natásha thought. "Go, go!" her mother said, in sadness and reproach, to her daughter, who was running away. She heaved a deep sigh.

Natásha did not remember how she entered the drawing-room. Upon passing through the door and seeing him, she stopped. "Is it possible this strange man has now become everything to me?" she asked herself, and immediately she said: "Yes, everything: he is now dearer to me than everything in the world."

Prince Andréy walked over to her, lowering his eyes.

"I have loved you ever since I saw you for the first time. May I hope?"

He looked at her, and was struck by the serious passionateness of the expression of her face. Her face said: "Why ask? Why doubt what one cannot help knowing? Why speak, since it is impossible in words to express the feelings?"

She came near him and stopped. He took her hand and kissed it.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, yes," Natásha muttered, as though in anger. She heaved a loud sigh, and another, oftener and oftener, and burst out weeping.

"What is it about? What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I am so happy," she replied, smiling through tears. She bent down toward him, thought for a second, as though asking herself whether she might do so, and kissed him.

Prince Andréy held her hand, looked into her eyes, and did not find in his soul his former love for her. In his soul something seemed to have dropped down: there was no longer the former poetical and mysterious charm of

desire, but a pity for her womanly and childish weakness, a fear before her devotion and confidence, an oppressive and at the same time joyful consciousness of obligations which for ever bound him to her. The present feeling, though not as bright and poetical as before, was more serious and stronger.

"Has your mamma told you that it cannot be for a year yet?" said Prince Andréy, continuing to look into her eyes.

"Is it possible that I, that child-girl (all speak thus of me)," thought Natásha, "am now, from this moment on, the *wife*, the equal, of this strange, dear, clever man, who is respected even by my father? Is it true? Is it true that from now on I no longer may jest with life, that I am an adult, that from now on I am responsible for every deed and word of mine? What was it he asked me?"

"No," she replied, but she did not understand what it was he was asking her.

"Forgive me," said Prince Andréy, "but you are so young, and I have experienced so much in life! I am afraid for you. You do not know yourself."

Natásha was listening with concentrated attention, trying to make out the meaning of his words, but in vain.

"Though the year which delays my happiness will be hard for me to bear," continued Prince Andréy, "you will have time to verify your feelings during that period. I ask you to make me happy in a year; but you are free. Our engagement will remain a secret, and, if you convince yourself that you do not love me, or that you love an—" said Prince Andréy, with an unnatural smile.

"Why do you say that?" Natásha interrupted him. "You know that I loved you on that day when I saw you for the first time at Otrádnoe," she said, being firmly convinced that she was telling the truth.

"In a year you will know yourself—"

"A who-ole year!" suddenly said Natásha, only now

fully comprehending that the marriage had been put off. "But why a year? Why a year?"

Prince Andréy began to explain to her the cause of the delay. Natásha was not listening to him.

"And can it not be otherwise?" she asked. Prince Andréy made no reply, but in his face was expressed the impossibility of changing that decree.

"It is terrible! No, it is awful, awful!" Natásha suddenly exclaimed, again bursting out into tears. "I shall die waiting a year: it is impossible, it is terrible!"

She looked into the face of her fiancé and she saw upon it an expression of compassion and perplexity.

"No, no, I will do everything," she said, suddenly stopping her flow of tears, "I am so happy!"

Her father and her mother entered the room and blessed the pair.

From that day on Prince Andréy began to call on the Rostóvs as Natásha's fiancé.

XXIV.

THERE was no announcement made of Bolkónski's engagement to Natásha; Prince Andréy insisted on the secret being kept. He said that since he was the cause of the delay, he had to bear the whole burden of it. He said that he had bound himself for ever by his word, but that he did not wish to bind her, and gave her full liberty. If she should feel in six months that she did not love him, she would be right to refuse him. Of course, neither the parents nor Natásha wanted to hear of it; but Prince Andréy insisted upon it.

Prince Andréy called every day at the house of the Rostóvs, but he did not act as Natásha's fiancé: he said "you" to her and kissed only her hand. Between Prince Andréy and Natásha there established themselves, after the proposal, entirely different relations from those before: they were more sincere and more simple. They thought they had not known each other before. Both were fond of recalling how they had looked upon each other, when they were still *nothing;* now they felt themselves to be entirely different beings: then they pretended, but now they were simple and frank.

At first the family felt awkward with Prince Andréy; he appeared to them as a man from a strange world, and it took Natásha quite awhile to make them understand Prince Andréy; she assured them all with pride that he only seemed to be so different, but that he was in reality like everybody else, and that she was not afraid of him, and that nobody ought to fear him. In a few days the whole

family became accustomed to him, and they without embarrassment carried on the former mode of life, in which he took an active part. He knew how to talk about farm matters with the count, and about dresses with the countess and with Natásha, and about albums and embroidery with Sónya. Sometimes the family, either when left alone, or in Prince Andréy's presence, wondered how it had all happened, and how everything seemed to have been predetermined: the arrival of Prince Andréy at Otrádnoe, and their arrival in St. Petersburg, and the resemblance between Natásha and Prince Andréy, which the nurse had observed during his first visit, and the conflict of Prince Andréy with Nikoláy in the year 1805, and many other signs of what had happened were now taken notice of by the family.

In the house reigned that poetical ennui and silence, which always accompany the presence of a promised pair. Frequently all who were present were silent. At times they rose and left, and the pair, being left alone, also remained silent. They seldom spoke of their future life. Prince Andréy felt terribly at the thought of it. Natásha shared his feeling, as she shared all his other feelings, which she continually divined. Once Natásha began to ask him about his son. Prince Andréy blushed, a thing which now frequently happened to him, and which Natásha was especially fond of. He said that his son would not live with them.

"Why?" Natásha asked, in fright.

"I cannot take him away from his grandfather, and then —"

"How I should love him!" said Natásha, immediately divining his thought. "But, I know, you do not want any pretext for accusing yourself and me."

The old count now and then walked over to Prince Andréy, kissed him, and asked his advice in respect to Pétya's education or Nikoláy's service. The old countess

sighed, looking at them. Sónya was afraid that she was all the time a superfluous person with them, and tried to find excuses for leaving them alone, even when they did not want it. When Prince Andréy spoke (he was an excellent raconteur), she listened to him with pride; when she spoke, she observed with fear and joy that he looked attentively and inquisitively at her. She asked herself in perplexity: "What is he trying to find in me? What does he want to get with his glance?" Now and then she entered into her peculiar, senselessly merry mood, and then it gave her special pleasure to hear Prince Andréy laugh. He did not laugh often, but when he did, he abandoned himself completely to his laughter, and after every such laugh she felt herself drawn nearer to him. Natásha would have been quite happy, if the thought of the imminent separation had not frightened her, just as he grew pale and cold at the very thought of it.

On the eve of his departure from St. Petersburg, Prince Andréy brought Pierre with him, who had not called on the Rostóvs since the ball. Pierre seemed to be distracted and confused. He was talking to the mother. Natásha sat down with Sónya to the chess-table, thus inviting Prince Andréy to sit down near them.

"You have known Bezúkhi for quite awhile?" he asked. "Do you like him?"

"Yes, he is an excellent man, but so funny."

And, as always when she spoke of Pierre, she began to tell anecdotes about his absent-mindedness, anecdotes which frequently were wrongly ascribed to him.

"You know I have confided our secret to him," said Prince Andréy. "I have known him since childhood. He is a treasure. I ask you, Natalie," he suddenly said, seriously, — "I am leaving, — God knows what may happen. You may stop lov— Well, I know I ought not to say that. Whatever may happen to you when I am away — "

"What can happen?"

"Whatever sorrow you may have," continued Prince Andréy, "I beg you, Mlle. Sophie, — whatever it may be, — turn to him alone for advice and aid. He is the most absent-minded and the funniest of men, but he is a treasure."

Neither the parents, nor Sónya, nor Prince Andréy himself could have foreseen how the separation from her fiancé would affect Natásha. She kept walking that day through the house, looking red in her face and agitated, and with dry eyes, busying herself with the most trifling things, as though she did not understand what awaited her. She did not weep even at the moment when he, bidding her good-bye, for the last time kissed her hand. "Don't leave!" was all she said. She said it in a voice which made him think that he ought really to stay, and which he did not forget for a long time afterward. When he left she did not weep; but she sat several days in her room without weeping, not interested in anything, and saying, now and then: "Ah, why has he gone?"

But two weeks after his departure, she, unexpectedly to those who surrounded her, awoke from her moral illness, and became the same she had been, but with a changed moral physiognomy, just as children get up after a prolonged illness with a changed countenance.

XXV.

THE health and the character of Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski became very much enfeebled during this last year of his son's departure. He became more excitable than ever, and all the outbursts of his causeless anger generally fell on the head of Princess Márya. He seemed to seek out all her sore spots, in order to cause her as cruel moral sufferings as possible. Princess Márya had two passions, and consequently two joys, her nephew Nikoláy and religion, and both were favourite themes for the attacks and the ridicule of the prince. No matter what the subject under discussion was, he always turned the conversation to the superstition of old maids, or to the spoiling of children.

"You want to make him an old maid like yourself, — but it is useless. Prince Andréy needs a son, and not a girl," he would say. Or, turning to Mlle. Bourienne, he asked her, in the presence of Princess Márya, how she liked our popes, and the images, and himself made fun of them.

He never ceased offending Princess Márya painfully, but his daughter did not even have to make an effort over herself in order to pardon him. Could he be guilty before her? and could her father, who, she knew, nevertheless loved her, be unjust to her? And what is justice? The princess never thought of that proud word, "justice." All the complex laws of humanity centred for her in one simple and clear law, — the law of love and self-renunciation, enjoined by Him who in love had suffered for

humanity, while He Himself was God. What business did she have with the justice and injustice of other people? She had herself to suffer and love, and this she did.

In the winter Prince Andréy arrived at Lýsyya Góry, and he was happy, gentle, and meek, as Princess Márya had not seen him for a long time. She felt that something had happened to him, but he did not tell Princess Márya about his love. Before his departure, Prince Andréy for a long time conversed with her father about something, and Princess Márya noticed that before his leaving they were both dissatisfied with each other.

Soon after the departure of Prince Andréy, Princess Márya wrote a letter to her friend in St. Petersburg, Julie Karágin, whom Princess Márya was dreaming, as girls always dream, of getting married to her brother, and who at that time was in mourning for her own brother, who had been killed in Turkey.

"Sorrows are, apparently, our common lot, my dear and tender friend Julie.

"Your loss is so terrible that I cannot explain it in any other way than as an especial dispensation of God, who, loving you, wants to try you and your excellent mother. Ah, my friend, religion, and religion alone, can deliver us from despair, if not console us; religion alone can explain to us what, without its aid, man cannot comprehend: why, wherefore, good, exalted beings, who know how to find happiness in life, who harm nobody, but who are necessary for the happiness of others, are called to God, and why such are left to live as are bad, useless, harmful, or such as are a burden to themselves and to others. The first death which I have seen and which I shall never forget, — the death of my dear sister-in-law, — has produced such an impression on me. Just as you ask fate why your beautiful brother should have died, just so I asked why that angel, Líza, died, who not only had done no harm to anybody, but who never harboured any other

than kind thoughts about any one. My friend, five years have passed since then, and I, with my insignificant mind, begin to understand why she had to die, and in what way that death was only an expression of the infinite grace of the Creator, all the acts of whom, though we generally do not understand them, are only manifestations of His infinite love toward His creation. I often think that perhaps she was too angelic and too innocent to have been able to bear all the duties of motherhood. She was faultless as a young wife; perhaps she could not be such a mother. Now, she not only has left to us, but especially to Prince Andréy, the purest sympathy and the purest memories, but she, no doubt, will get there a place which I dare not expect for myself. And her untimely and terrible death has had a propitious effect, not only upon herself, but also upon me and upon my brother, in spite of all the grief it has caused us. Then, at the moment of loss, these thoughts did not occur to me; then I should have driven them away in terror, but now it is all clear and indubitable.

"I write all this to you, my friend, to convince you of the truth of the Gospel, which for me has become the rule of my life; not one hair will fall from our heads except by His will. But His will is guided only by His infinite love for us, and so everything which happens to us is for our good.

"You ask me whether we shall pass the next winter in Moscow. In spite of all my desire to see you, I do not think I can, nor do I wish it. You will be surprised to hear that Buonaparte is the cause of it. It is like this: the health of my father is getting perceptibly weaker; he cannot bear contradictions and is growing ever more irritable. This irritability is directed mainly against political affairs. He cannot get over it that Buonaparte is having relations with all the emperors of Europe, as with his equals, but especially with our emperor, the grandson of the Great Catherine! As you know, I am entirely

indifferent to political affairs, but from the words of my father and from his conversations with Mikhaíl Ivánovich I know what is going on in the world, and especially all the honours which are bestowed on Buonaparte, who, as it seems, is regarded as a great man and as the Emperor of France everywhere in the world but in Lýsyya Góry. My father cannot get over this. It seems to me that my father, more especially on account of his view of the political affairs and foreseeing the conflicts which he will have, on account of his habit of expressing his thoughts freely, irrespective of anybody, does not like to talk about the journey to Moscow. All he would gain from his cure, he would lose on account of his disputes about Buonaparte, which are unavoidable. In any case this will be decided soon.

"Our domestic life proceeds as of old, except for the absence of brother Andréy. As I have already written to you, he has changed very much of late. After his grief, he has morally revived only now, during this last year. He is such as I used to know him in his childhood: good, tender, with a treasure of a heart, the like of which I do not know. He has come to see, I think, that life is not ended for him. But, while morally changed, he is physically enfeebled. He is thinner than he used to be, and more nervous. I am afraid for him, and am glad that he has undertaken this journey abroad, which the physicians have been prescribing for him for a long time. I hope it will mend him.

"You write to me that in St. Petersburg they talk of him as of one of the most active, cultivated, and clever young men. You will forgive me my family pride, — I have never doubted it. It is impossible to recount here all the good he has done here, beginning with the peasants and ending with the gentry. When he came to St. Petersburg, he received only his due.

"I wonder how rumours reach Moscow from St.

Petersburg, especially such false ones as the one you write to me about, — the rumour of the proposed marriage of my brother to little Miss Rostóv. I do not think that Andréy will ever marry, especially her, and for these reasons: in the first place, I know that, although he seldom speaks of his deceased wife, the grief of this loss is too deeply rooted in his heart ever to allow him to think of giving her a successor, and a stepmother to our little angel; in the second, because, so far as I know, that girl is not the kind of a woman to please Prince Andréy. I do not think that Prince Andréy has chosen her for his wife, and I will say it frankly, I do not wish it.

"I have been prattling too much, — for this is my second sheet. Good-bye, my dear friend! May God take you under His holy and mighty protection! My dear friend, Mlle. Bourienne, sends her kisses to you."

XXVI.

In the middle of summer, Princess Márya received an unexpected letter from Prince Andréy in Switzerland, in which he informed her of a strange and unexpected piece of news. Prince Andréy informed her of his engagement to Natásha Rostóv. His whole letter breathed of a transport of love for his fiancée, and of tender friendship for his sister and confidence in her. He wrote her that he had never loved as now, and that only now he had come to understand life; he begged his sister to forgive him for not having said anything to her about it during his stay at Lýsyya Góry, though he had spoken of his determination to his father. He had not told her because she would have asked her father to give his consent, and, not being able to attain her aim, she only would have irritated him, and would have had to bear all the brunt of his displeasure.

"However," he wrote, "then the matter was not so settled as it is now. Then my father set a time, which was a year; and now six months, one-half of the time, has passed, and I am firmer than ever in my determination. If the doctors did not detain me here, at the watering-place, I would now be in Russia, but now I must delay my return for another three months. You know me and my relations with my father. I need nothing of him; I always have been and always will be independent of him, but it would destroy half my happiness to do anything contrary to his will, to earn his anger, when it is perhaps only a short time that he will be among us. I am writing him a letter about the same matter, and I ask you to choose a good moment in which to transmit it

to him and to inform me how he looks upon the whole matter, and whether there is any hope of his willingness to shorten the time by four months."

After much hesitation, and many doubts and prayers, Princess Márya handed the letter to her father. On the following day the old prince calmly said to her:

"Write to your brother to wait until my death — It is not long — I will deliver him — "

The princess wanted to retort, but her father gave her no chance, and began to raise his voice higher and higher.

"Get married, get married, my dear! Fine family! — Clever people, eh? Rich, eh? Yes. Nikoláy will have a good stepmother! Write him to get married to-morrow, if he wants to. She will be Nikoláy's stepmother, and I will marry the Bourienne woman! — Ha, ha, ha, he won't be without a stepmother himself! Only that he must know that I do not want any more women in my house. Let him marry her, but he will have to live by himself. Maybe you will go to live with him?" he turned to Princess Márya. "God be with you, tinkle along the snow, along the snow, — along the snow!"

After that outburst, the prince never again mentioned the matter. But the repressed annoyance at his son's pusillanimity found its expression in the relations of the father to the daughter. To the former excuses for ridicule was now added a new one, the conversation about the stepmother, and his kindness to Mlle. Bourienne.

"Why should I not marry her?" he said to his daughter. "She will make an excellent princess!"

To the consternation of Princess Márya, her father really began to get on a footing of greater intimacy with the Frenchwoman. Princess Márya wrote to Prince Andréy of the reception which his letter had had, but she consoled her brother and said that she hoped to get her father used to the idea.

Nikoláy and his education, Andréy and religion, were

the consolations and joys of Princess Márya; but, as every person must besides have some personal hope, there was in the deepest secrecy of Márya's heart a hidden dream and hope, which gave her the chief contentment in life. This consoling dream and hope she found in the God's people, — the saintly fools and pilgrims, who visited her secretly from the prince. The more Princess Márya lived, the more she became acquainted with life, the more she was surprised by the nearsightedness of men who were seeking enjoyments and happiness here, upon earth; who were labouring, suffering, struggling, and doing each other harm, in order to obtain that impossible, visionary, and sinful happiness. Prince Andréy had loved his wife, and she had died; he is not satisfied with it, but wants to unite his happiness with another woman. Her father did not want it, because he desired a more distinguished and a richer match for him. And all of them struggle and suffer, and are vexed, and ruin their souls, their eternal souls, in order to attain happiness, the term of which is but a moment.

"Not only do we know it by our own knowledge, but Christ, the son of God, came down upon earth to tell us that this is only a temporal life, a test, and yet we hold to it and think to find happiness in it. Why has no one comprehended it?" thought Princess Márya. "None but these despised God's people, who with wallets on their shoulders come to see me by the back entrance, fearing lest they be noticed by the prince, not that they may not suffer from him, but that they may not cause him to commit a sin. To leave the family, the home, and all the cares of worldly matters, in order, without clinging to anything, to walk about in ragged garments of coarse cloth, under a strange name, without doing any harm to any one, and praying for them, praying for those who drive them, and for those who protect them, — there is no higher truth and no higher life than this!"

There was one pilgrim, Fedósyushka, a little, quiet, pockmarked woman of fifty years, who for more than thirty years had been walking barefoot and in chains. Princess Márya was especially fond of her. Once, when Fedósyushka in a dark room, illuminated by but one little lamp, was telling about her life, Princess Márya was suddenly struck with such force by the idea that Fedósyushka was the only one who had found the true path of life that she decided to start out on pilgrimages herself. When Fedósyushka went to sleep, Princess Márya for a long time thought about it, and finally decided that, however strange it might appear, she ought to go on pilgrimages. She confided her intention only to a monk, who was her spiritual father, Father Akínfi by name, and he approved of her intention. Under the pretext of getting a present for the pilgrim women, Princess Márya provided herself with a full pilgrim outfit, — a shirt, bast shoes, a caftan, and a black kerchief. Princess Márya often went up to the secret drawer, asking herself in indecision whether the time had not yet come to carry out her intention.

Frequently, when listening to the stories of the pilgrims, she was stirred by their simple speeches, which, though they were mechanical for the pilgrims, were full of meaning to her, so that she was several times ready to throw everything away and run away from the house. In her imagination she already saw herself walking with Fedósyushka, wearing a coarse shirt, marching with a staff and a wallet over the dusty road, directing her pilgrimage, without envy, without human love, without wishes, from saints to saints, and finally there where there is no sorrow, no sobs, but only eternal joy and bliss.

"I will come to one place, and I will pray; before I shall get used to it and like it, I will move on. And I will walk until my feet refuse to walk any farther, and I will lie down and die somewhere, and finally shall

arrive at that eternal, calm harbour where there is no sorrow, no sighing!" thought Princess Márya.

But when she saw her father and especially little Nikoláy, she weakened in her determination, wept softly, and felt that she was a sinner: she loved her father and her nephew more than God.

PART THE SEVENTH

I.

THE Biblical tradition says that the absence of labour — indolence — was the condition of blissfulness of the first man previous to his fall. The love of indolence has remained the same in the fallen man, but the curse still weighs down man, and not only for the reason that we must earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but because according to our moral natures we cannot be indolent and inactive. A secret voice tells us that we ought to be guilty for having been indolent. If a man could find a condition in which, being indolent, he could feel himself useful and doing his duty, he would be rediscovering one side of primeval bliss. Such a condition of obligatory and reproachless indolence is enjoyed by a whole class, the military. In this obligatory and reproachless indolence the chief attractiveness of the military service has always consisted.

Nikoláy experienced this bliss fully, continuing after the year 1807 to serve in the Pavlográdski regiment, in which he now commanded a squadron, which he took over from Denísov.

Rostóv was a good fellow, though a little rude in manners; his Moscow acquaintances would have found him to be a little "*mauvais genre*," but he was loved and respected by his companions, his subordinates, and his superiors, and he was satisfied with life. Later on, in 1809, his mother kept complaining more and more fre-

quently in her letters to him that their affairs were getting worse and worse, and that it would soon be time for him to come home, in order to give his old parents pleasure and to allay their worry.

Reading these letters, Nikoláy was terrified at the idea that they wished to take him out of the circle in which he, having fenced himself in from all the turmoil of life, was living so calmly and so quietly. He felt that sooner or later he would have to enter again into that whirlpool of life, with improvements and ruinous state of affairs, with accounts of superintendents, disputes, intrigues, connections, and society, with Sónya's love and the promise made to her. All that was terribly difficult and mixed, and he replied to his mother's letters with cold, classical letters, beginning with, "*Ma chère, maman,*" and ending with, "*Votre obéissant fils,*" without saying anything about the time when he intended to return.

In 1810 he received a letter from his relatives, in which he was informed of Natásha's engagement to Bolkónski, and that the wedding would be in a year because the old prince would not give his consent. This letter pained and offended Nikoláy. In the first place, he was sorry to see Natásha leave the house, because he loved her more than anybody else in the family; in the second place, he, from his point of view as a hussar, was sorry that he had not been present, because he would have shown that Bolkónski that the family union with him was not such a great honour, and that, if he loved Natásha, he could get along without the consent of his crazy father. For a moment he hesitated in his intention of asking for a furlough, that he might see Natásha as a fiancée; but the time for the manœuvres was at hand, and there were the considerations about Sónya and about the whirlpool of life, and Nikoláy postponed it again. But in the spring of the same year he received a letter from his mother, who wrote to him without her husband's

knowledge, and this letter convinced him that he must go. She wrote to him that, if Nikoláy did not come to look after matters, the whole estate would be sold under the hammer and all would have to go a-begging. The count was so weak, had so confided in Mítenka, and was so good, and all cheated him so much, that everything was going worse and worse. "For the Lord's sake, I implore you, come at once if you do not wish to make me and your whole family miserable," wrote the countess.

The letter had an effect upon Nikoláy. He had that common sense of mediocrity which showed him what was to be done.

Now he had to take at least a furlough, if not his dismissal. He did not know why he had to go; but, after a good afternoon nap, he ordered his gray Mars to be saddled, which had not been ridden for a long time and which was a terribly spirited stallion, and, after returning home with his stallion in a lather, he informed Lavrúshka (Denísov's lackey remained with Rostóv) and his comrades who came to see him in the evening that he was asking for a furlough and that he was going home. Though it was hard and strange for him to think that he should leave without hearing from the staff (in which he was interested very much), whether he was promoted to the rank of captain, or whether he would get the decoration of St. Anna for his last manœuvres; although it looked strange to him that he should leave without selling Count Goluchówski a tróyka of sorrels, which the Polish count had been trying to buy of him, and on which he had bet that he would sell them for two thousand; although it seemed incomprehensible that even without him the ball would be given by the hussars to Miss Przazdziécki, to get even with the uhlans who had given a ball to Miss Borzozówski, — he knew that he had to leave this clear, good world for some other place where there is nonsense and a tangle. His furlough came in a

week. The hussars, his comrades, not only in the regiment, but also in the brigade, gave Rostóv a dinner which cost fifteen roubles a head by subscription, — there were two bands of music and two choirs of singers; Rostóv danced the national trepák with Major Básov; the drunken officers swung and embraced him, and then let him fall down; the soldiers of the third squadron swung him again and cried, "Hurrah!" Then Rostóv was placed in a sleigh and accompanied as far as the first station.

During the first half of the journey, from Kremenchúg to Kíev, all the thoughts of Rostóv, as is always the case, were behind him, — in the squadron; but, having started on his second half, he began to forget his Sergeant-Major Dozhoyvéyko, and restlessly began to ask himself how he should find things at Otrádnoe. The nearer he approached it, the more intensely he thought of his home (as though a moral feeling were subject to the law of accelerated motion, which is in proportion with the square of the distance). At the last station, before reaching Otrádnoe, he gave the driver a *pourboire* of three roubles, and, upon coming in sight of the house, he rapidly ran up the porch.

After the transports of the first meeting, and after that strange feeling of disappointment in comparison with what was expected ("They are all the same, why, then, did I hurry home?"), Nikoláy began to get used to his old domestic life. His parents were the same as ever, only a little older. The only new thing about them was a certain restlessness and sometimes a disagreement between them, which had not been before, and which, as Nikoláy soon learned, was due to the disturbed state of affairs. Sónya was in her twentieth year. She had stopped growing pretty and promised nothing more than what was already; but even that was enough. She breathed happiness and love from the moment that Nikoláy arrived, and the true, imperturbable love of that girl

gave him much pleasure. Nikoláy was most surprised at Pétya and at Natásha. Pétya was now a big, thirteen-year-old, handsome, clever, mischievous boy, whose voice was just beginning to change. Nikoláy wondered, looking at Natásha, and he said, laughing:

"You are a different woman."

"Well, have I lost my good looks?"

"Not at all, but how important you look! Princess!" he said to her, in a whisper.

"Yes, yes, yes," Natásha said, joyously.

Natásha told him her romance with Prince Andréy and of his arrival at Otrádnoe, and showed him his last letter.

"Well, are you glad?" asked Natásha. "I am now so calm and so happy!"

"I am very glad," replied Nikoláy. "He is an excellent man. Well, are you in love?"

"How shall I say it?" replied Natásha. "I was in love with Borís, with my teacher, with Denísov, but this is quite different. I feel calm and firm. I know that there are no better men than he is, and I feel so calm and happy now. It is different from what it was —"

Nikoláy expressed to Natásha his dissatisfaction at the postponement of the wedding for a year; but Natásha made a furious onslaught on her brother, proving to him that it could not have been different, that it would have been bad to enter the family against the will of his father, and that she herself wanted it.

"You do not understand a thing," she said.

Nikoláy grew silent and agreed with her.

Her brother frequently marvelled at her. She did not look a bit like a fiancée in love, who was separated from her intended. She was even, calm, and merry, as at any time before. Nikoláy was surprised at it, and he even looked incredulously on Bolkónski's engagement. He did not believe that her fate was already settled, the more so

since he did not see Prince Andréy with her. He could not help thinking that something was wrong in the proposed marriage.

"Why this delay? Why were they not publicly engaged?" he thought. Upon speaking at one time to his mother about his sister, he, to his surprise and partly to his joy, found that his mother in the depth of her heart sometimes looked incredulously at this marriage.

"Here he writes," she said, showing her son a letter from Prince Andréy, with that secret feeling of displeasure which a mother always has with the future conjugal happiness of her daughter, "he writes that he will not be back before December. What affair is it that can detain him? No doubt his health! He is very feeble. Don't tell Natásha! Don't be deceived by her happy looks: she is living her last girlish days now, but I know how she feels every time we get a letter from him. However, if God grants it so, everything will go well," she concluded every time. "He is an excellent man."

II.

DURING the first of his stay, Nikoláy was serious and lonesome. He was vexed by the impending necessity of taking part in those stupid affairs of the estates, for which his mother had sent for him. In order to throw this burden down from his shoulders as soon as possible, he on the third day after his arrival went angrily, without telling any one whither, to the wing, and, with a scowl, asked Mítenka to give him an *account of everything.* What this *account of everything* was, Nikoláy knew even less than terrified and puzzled Mítenka. The conversation and Mítenka's account did not last long. The elder, the assistant village mayor, and the scribe, who had been waiting in the antechamber of the wing, with terror and delight heard the booming of the rising voice of the young count, and the terrible curses which were uttered one after the other.

"Robber! Ungrateful creature!— I will cut to pieces such a dog! You are not dealing with papa— Thief—" and so forth.

Then these people saw, with no less delight and terror, how the young prince, red in his face and with his eyes suffused with blood, pulled Mítenka out by the collar, how he, with great agility and at the proper time, interlarded his words with a kick with his foot and knee in Mítenka's back, crying, "Out with you! Rascal, let me not hear your breath again!"

Mítenka went sprawling down six steps and ran away into a thicket. (This thicket was the place of refuge of

the culprits at Otrádnoe. Mítenka himself used to conceal himself in this thicket whenever he came back intoxicated from town, and many inhabitants of Otrádnoe, who ran away from Mítenka, knew the salutary effect of this thicket.)

Mítenka's wife and sisters-in-law, with frightened faces, rushed into the vestibule from the room, in which was boiling a clean samovár, and in which rose a tall clerk's bed under a crazy-quilt.

The young count, out of breath and paying no attention to them, walked past them with determined steps and went into the house.

The countess, who had learned at once from the maids what had happened in the wing, on the one side felt satisfied that now their state of affairs would improve, and, on the other, was very much disturbed about how her son would stand it. She came up several times on tiptoe to his door, and only heard him smoke one pipe after another.

On the following day, the old count called his son aside and said to him, with a timid smile:

"Do you know, my dear, you have excited yourself in vain! Mítenka has told me everything."

"I knew," thought Nikoláy, "that I would never understand anything here, in this stupid world."

"You became excited because he had not entered those seven hundred roubles. They are all transferred to the other side, where you did not look."

"Papa, he is a scoundrel and a thief, I know. What I have done, I have done; and if you do not want me to, I sha'n't say a word to him."

"No, my dear!" (The count was himself embarrassed. He felt that he was a poor manager of his wife's estate, and that he was blameworthy before his children, but he did not know how to mend matters.) "No, I ask you to look after things, for I am old, I —"

"No, papa, you must forgive me if I have caused you any unpleasantness; I know less than you about this."

"The deuce take them, with these peasants, and with the money, and the transference on pages!" he thought. "I know what paroli at six levees is, but transference on another page is beyond me," he said to himself, and from that time on never again had anything to do with affairs. Only once the countess called in her son and informed him that she had a note of Anna Mikháylovna for two thousand roubles, and asked Nikoláy what he was going to do about it.

"I will do like this," replied Nikoláy. "You tell me that it depends on me: I do not like Anna Mikháylovna, nor do I like Borís, but they have been friendly with us and they were poor. So I will do like this!" and he tore the note, making the old countess weep tears of joy at this deed of his. After that, young Rostóv no longer meddled with business matters, but devoted himself with passion to the chase with hounds, which, though the old count devoted himself to it on a grand scale, was new to Nikoláy.

III.

It was now the time of the first frosts, when the rain-soaked earth in the autumn appeared congealed in the morning; the grass had begun to curl up and its dark verdure stood out from the strips of the dark brown winter fields, which the cattle had trodden down, and from the light yellow fields of spring grain and the red rectangle of buckwheat. The elevated places and the forests, which at the end of August had been green islands among the black winter fields and stubbles, were now golden and dark red islands amidst dark green winter fields. The gray rabbit had already half his winter coat; the young foxes were beginning to scatter, and the wolf cubs were of the size of dogs. It was a fine time for hunting. The hounds of the impassioned young hunter, Rostóv, were in hunting trim, but they were a little worn out, and so it was decided at a general council of the hunters to give them three days' rest, and on September 16th to go on the chase, by beginning in an oak forest where there was an untouched litter of wolves.

Such was the state of affairs on September 14th.

All that day the hunting party stayed at home; it was beginning to freeze and the wind was sharp, but toward evening it grew milder and it thawed. On the following morning, Rostóv, in his morning-gown, looked out of the window, and he saw that there could be no better day for the hunt: it looked as though the sky were melting and coming to the earth without any wind. The only motion which there was in the air was the soft motion of the

slowly descending microscopic drops of mist. Transparent drops hung on the bared limbs of the garden trees, and they fell on the freshly fallen leaves. The earth in the truck garden looked shining wet, like poppy seeds, and in the near distance blended with the dim and moist shroud of the mist.

Nikoláy stepped out on the porch which was wet with the fresh mud which had been carried upon it. There was an odour of withering leaves and of hounds in the air. The broad-backed, black-spotted bitch Mílka, with large, bulging black eyes, rose when she saw her master, drew back, and lay down in rabbit fashion, then suddenly jumped up and licked his nose and moustache. Another greyhound in the garden walk, upon seeing his master, bent his back and rushed headlong to the porch and, raising his tail, began to rub against Nikoláy's feet.

"O hoy!" was at that time heard that inimitable hunter's call which combines the deepest bass with the thinnest tenor, and around the corner came the master of the hounds, Danílo, a gray-haired, wrinkled hunter, with his hair clipped in a semicircle, in Ukráinian fashion; he carried a bent whip in his hand, and had that expression of independence and contempt for the whole world which is found only in hunters. He took off his Circassian cap before his master, and looked disdainfully at him. This disdain was not offensive to the master: Nikoláy knew that this disdainful and superior man, Danílo, was, after all, his man and his hunter.

"Danílo!" said Nikoláy, feeling timidly that at the sight of this hunting weather, of these hounds, and the hunter, he was already seized by that insuperable hunting feeling in which a man forgets all his previous resolves, just as a man in love acts in the presence of his sweetheart.

"What is your order, Serenity?" he asked in the bass of a proto-diaconus, which had become hoarse from urging

on the dogs, and two black, sparkling eyes looked stealthily at the silent master. "Well, will you hold out?" these eyes seemed to say.

"It is a fine day, is it not? Fine for hunting, and fine for baiting, eh?" said Nikoláy, scratching Mílka behind the ear.

Danílo made no reply and only winked.

"I sent Uvárka out at daybreak to listen," was heard his bass, after a moment's silence. "He says that the she-wolf has gone with her cubs into the Otrádnoe forest,—they have been howling there." This forest, surrounded on all sides by fields, was about two versts from the manor.

"I suppose we shall have to go there?" said Nikoláy. "Come to me with Uvárka."

"As you please!"

"So wait with the feeding!"

"Yes, sir."

Five minutes later Danílo and Uvárka were standing in Nikoláy's large cabinet. Although Danílo was small of stature, the sight of him produced the same effect as though one were to see a horse or a bear on the floor, in the midst of the paraphernalia of human existence. Danílo felt that himself and, as usual, was standing at the very door, trying to speak in as low a voice as possible and not to move, so as not, perchance, to break any of the rooms belonging to his master, and was trying to get through with what he had to say as soon as possible and walk out into the fresh air, from underneath a ceiling to out under the sky.

Having finished his inquiries and having made Danílo confess that the hounds were all right (Danílo himself was anxious to ride out), Nikoláy ordered the horses saddled. Just as Danílo was on the point of leaving, Natásha, not yet combed and dressed, wrapped in her nurse's shawl, ran rapidly into the room. Pétya came with her.

"You are going?" said Natásha. "I knew you would! Sónya said you would not go, but I knew that this was a day that you could not miss."

"We are going," Nikoláy replied, reluctantly, as he did not wish to take Natásha and Pétya, since it was going to be a serious chase. "We are going, but only for wolves: it will not be interesting for you."

"You know that it is my greatest pleasure," said Natásha. "It is not nice of you: you are going all by yourself, — you have told them to saddle, and we heard nothing about it."

"Vain to the Russes are all obstacles, — we are going too!" shouted Pétya.

"But you can't! Mamma said that you must not," Nikoláy said, turning to Natásha.

"I will go, by all means," Natásha said, in a determined voice. "Danílo, have our horses saddled, and let Mikháyla take out my leash," she turned to the master of the hounds.

Danílo, to whom it appeared indecent and difficult enough to be in a room, felt that it was quite impossible for him to have anything to do with a lady. He lowered his eyes and hastened to get out, as though he was not concerned in that, and feared that he might in some strange manner harm the lady.

IV.

THE old count, who always hunted on a grand scale, and who now had turned the whole chase over to his son, on that 15th of September was himself getting ready to go out on the chase.

An hour later the hunting party was all ready and at the porch. Nikoláy, with a serious and stern expression, which showed that he had no time to devote to trifles, passed by Natásha and Pétya, who were telling him something. He examined all the parts of the chase, sent several leashes and the hunters to ambush, mounted his bay Donéts and, whistling to the dogs of his leash, started across the yard of the threshing-floor into the field, which led to the Otrádnoe grove. The horse of the old count, a cream-coloured gelding, called Viflyánka, was led by the count's groom; he himself was to reach his hiding-place in a vehicle.

There were in all fifty-four hounds under the charge of six keepers. Outside of the masters, there were eight men who looked after more than forty greyhounds which were following them, so that with the leashes of all the hunting party there were in all 130 dogs, in charge of twenty mounted hunters.

Every dog knew his master and the call. Every hunter knew his business, his place, and his purpose. The moment they all left the enclosure, they noiselessly and silently spread evenly along the road and the field which led to the Otrádnoe forest.

The horses went over the field as over a fluffy carpet,

now and then splashing in puddles, when they crossed roads. The misty sky continued imperceptibly and evenly to descend to the earth. The air was calm, warm, soundless. Now and then could be heard the soft whistling of a hunter, or the snorting of a horse, or a blow with the hunting whip, or the whimpering of a dog out of his place.

Having ridden for about a verst, five riders with their dogs issued from the mist, riding up toward the Rostóv chase. In front of them was a fresh-looking, handsome old man with a long gray moustache.

"Good morning, uncle," said Nikoláy, when the old man rode up to him.

"Sure thing, march! — I knew," said the uncle (he was a distant relative of the Rostóvs and had a small estate in the neighbourhood). "I knew that you would not hold out, and you did well to ride out. Sure thing, march!" he repeated his favourite phrase. "Take the grove at once, for my Girchík has reported to me that the Ilágins are with their chase in the brush: they will take your litter away under your very nose, sure thing, march!"

"I am making for it. Well, shall we mix the packs?" asked Nikoláy.

The greyhounds were put together into one pack, and the uncle rode by Nikoláy's side. Natásha, wrapped in shawls, underneath which could be seen her animated face with her sparkling eyes, galloped up to them, accompanied by Pétya, hunter Mikháyla, and a groom, whom the nurse had sent along to keep close watch on her. Pétya was laughing at something, and striking and jerking his horse. Natásha was sitting firmly and gracefully on her black Arábchik, and she checked him with a sure hand and without any effort.

The uncle looked disapprovingly at Pétya and at Natásha. He did not like to mingle fun with the serious business of the chase.

"Good morning, uncle! We are out, too!" cried Pétya.

"Good morning, good morning, but don't crush the dogs," the uncle said, sternly.

"Nikoláy, what an excellent dog Truníla is! He has recognized me," said Natásha, in reference to a hound.

"In the first place, Truníla is not a dog, but a hound," thought Nikoláy, looking sternly at his sister and trying to let her feel the distance which ought to have separated them at that moment. Natásha understood it.

"Don't think, uncle, that we are going to be in anybody's way!" said Natásha. "We will stand in our places and we will not move."

"And well it will be, little countess," said the uncle. "Only don't fall off your horse," he added, "otherwise sure thing, march! there is nothing to hold on to."

The oasis of the Otrádnoe forest could be seen within seven hundred feet, and the hound-keepers were approaching it. Rostóv and the uncle decided from which side the hounds were to be let in. Nikoláy pointed out a place where Natásha was to stand, and where there was no possibility of anything running past, and himself rode up toward his ambush above a ravine.

"Well, nephew, you are taking a stand for the big wolf," said the uncle. "Don't let him escape you!"

"That depends on luck," replied Rostóv. "Here, Karáy!" he shouted, replying by this call to the words of the uncle. Karáy was a homely, whiskered old dog who was known for tackling a full-grown wolf all by himself. All took up their places.

The old count, who knew his son's passion for the chase, hurried so as not to be late, and before the hound-keepers had taken up their stands, Ilyá Andréevich, happy, ruddy, with bagging cheeks, drove up with his black horses to his stand. Having fixed his short fur coat and put on the necessary hunter's appliances, he climbed on his sleek, well-fed, gentle, good Viflyánka, which was

getting as gray as he himself was. The vehicle was sent back. Count Ilyá Andréevich, though not an impassioned hunter, knew well all the laws of the chase: he rode into a thicket near which he was stationed, fixed his reins, adjusted himself in the saddle, and, feeling that everything was in order, looked back with a smile.

Near him stood his valet, an old rider now too heavy for the saddle, Semén Chekmár. Chekmár held three hounds in the leash; these three wolf-killing dogs were, like their master and his horse, entirely too fat. Two other intelligent old dogs, not in the leash, lay down on the ground. About a hundred feet farther off, at the edge of the forest, stood another groom of the count's, Mítka, a dare-devil rider and impassioned hunter. Following his old custom, the count had before the chase drunk a silver cup of hunter's mulled brandy, and had washed down his lunch with half a bottle of his favourite Bordeaux.

Ilyá Andréevich was a little red from his wine and from the ride; his moist eyes sparkled with a peculiar brilliancy, and he, wrapped in his short fur coat and sitting in his saddle, had the aspect of a child taken on an outing.

Lean Chekmár, with his sunken cheeks, having attended to his duties, was looking at his master, with whom he had lived on close terms for thirty years, and, seeing his happy frame of mind, he expected a pleasant conversation with him. A third person cautiously came up to them (apparently he was trained for it) from the forest and stopped back of the prince. This person was an old man with a gray beard, in a woman's capote and a tall night-cap. It was the buffoon Nastásya Iványovna.

"Well, Nastásya Iványovna," winking to him, the count said in a whisper. "You scare the beast, and you will catch it from Danílo."

"I myself have whiskers," said Nastásya Iványovna.

"Hush!" hissed the count, turning to Semén.

"Have you seen Natálya Ilínichna?" he asked Semén. "Where is she?"

"Peter Ilích and she are standing near the Zhárov steppe," Semén replied, smiling. "Though she is a lady, she knows the chase."

"Don't you admire her manner of riding, eh?" asked the count. "It is good enough for any man!"

"Of course I do. It is daring and fine!"

"And where is Nikoláy? Is he above the Lyádov height?" the count asked, in a whisper.

"Yes. He knows where to stand. He knows the chase so well, that Danílo and I have often wondered," said Semén, who knew how to please his master.

"He rides well, eh? How does he look on horseback, eh?"

"Like a picture! The other day he chased a fox in the Zavárzin steppe. He took some terrible leaps,— his horse is worth a thousand roubles, but there is no price to the rider himself. Yes, it would be hard to find such a fine fellow!"

"It would be hard to find," repeated the count, apparently sorry that Semén's speech had already come to an end. "To find?" he said, turning back the skirt of his fur coat and taking out his snuff-box.

"The other day he came out from mass in full regalia, and then Mikhaíl Sidórych —" Semén did not finish his sentence, for in the quiet air he could hear clearly the chase accompanied by the yelping of not more than two or three hounds. He listened with bent head and silently threatened his master. "They have struck the litter," he whispered, "and they are making straight for the Lyádov height."

The count forgot to erase the smile that was on his face and kept looking into the distance along a vista, holding his snuff-box in his hand, without taking a pinch. Soon after the barking of the dogs there resounded Danílo's

bass horn, announcing the wolf ; the pack joined the first three hounds, and they could be heard barking that prolonged hounds' bark with the peculiar whimpering, which indicates that they are on the track of a wolf. The keepers no longer urged them on, but kept calling " Ulyulyu ! " and Danílo's voice, now in a deep bass, and now in a piercing tenor, rose above them all. Danílo's voice seemed to fill the whole woods, to leave the forest, and to sound far into the field.

After listening for a few seconds in silence, the count and his groom convinced themselves that the hounds had divided up into two packs: one of these, the larger one, which was howling excitedly, began to recede; the other part of the pack rushed down the forest, past the count, and with this pack could be heard the " Ulyulyu " of Danílo. Both these packs blended their sounds, and both were getting farther away. Semén sighed and bent down to fix the leash in which a young dog had become entangled; the count, too, sighed, and, noticing his snuff-box in his hand, opened it and took a pinch. " Back ! " Semén cried at the dog who had run out of the forest. The count shuddered and dropped his snuff-box. Nastásya Ivánovna climbed down and started to pick it up.

The count and Semén were looking at him. Suddenly, as often happens, the cry of the pack sounded near by, as though the barking mouths of the hounds and Danílo's call of " Ulyulyu " were right in front of them.

The count looked back, and to the right of him saw Mítka, who with rolling eyes was looking at the count and, raising his cap, was pointing forward to the other side.

" Look out ! " he shouted, in a voice which showed that this word had long been working painfully to find vent. He let the hounds go and himself galloped in the direction of the count. The count and Semén leaped out from the forest and saw the wolf to the left of them. He was

galloping with a soft waddle and gentle leaps in the direction of the clearing where they were standing. The furious hounds whined and, tearing away from the leash, rushed against the wolf, past the feet of the horses.

The wolf checked himself, like one sick with the quinsy, awkwardly turned his broad head to the dogs, and, waddling as softly as before, jumped two or three times and, swishing his brush between his legs, disappeared in the forest. At the same time, one, two, three hounds leaped out from the opposite side of the clearing, and the whole pack bore over the field, with a bark, resembling weeping, and made for the place where the wolf had again made for the woods. Behind the hounds, the hazel-brush was swayed aside, and there appeared Danílo's brown horse, now blackened by sweat. On its long back, rolled up in a bundle and leaning forward, sat Danílo without a cap, with his dishevelled gray hair over his red, perspiring face.

"Ulyulyulyu, ulyulyu!" he shouted. When he saw the count, lightning flashed in his eyes.

"D——" he shouted, threatening the count with his raised whip.

"To lose the wolf!— What hunters!" and, as though regarding the frightened and confused count as unworthy of any further remarks, he with all the fury which he had in store for the count struck the sunken sides of the perspiring dark brown gelding and bore down after the hounds. The count stood like one punished, looking around and trying with a smile to get Semén to express his compassion with his condition. But Semén was not there: he was making his way through the brush to cut off the wolf's retreat to his hiding-place. The men with the greyhounds, too, cut off his escapes from the sides. But the wolf went through the brush, and not one hunter intercepted him.

V.

In the meantime Nikoláy Rostóv was standing in his place, waiting for the beast. By the approaching or the receding of the chase, by the sound of the voices of the dogs with which he was familiar, by the nearness and rise of the voices of the hound-keepers, he was conscious of something going on in the forest. He knew that in the wood there were young and full-grown wolves; he knew that the hounds were broken into two packs, that they were baiting a wolf somewhere, and that something untoward had happened. He was waiting for the wolf to appear at any time. He was making a thousand different combinations of how the beast would run and from what side, and how he would bait it. His hope was giving way to despair. He turned several times to God with the prayer that the wolf might come out as soon as possible; he prayed with that impassioned and conscience-stricken feeling, with which people pray in moments of great excitement which depends on some insignificant cause.

"What would it cost Thee," he said to God, "to do this for me? I know that Thou art great, and that it is a sin to ask Thee for it; but, for God's sake, let a full-grown wolf come out on my side, so that Karáy, in plain view of 'uncle,' who is looking at me from over there, may clutch his throat with a death-grip."

During that half-hour, Rostóv cast a thousand persistent, strained, restless glances at the clearing in the forest, with its two lonely oaks and their aspen underbrush, and at the ravine, with the washed-out edge, and

at the uncle's cap, which could barely be seen behind some bushes on the right.

"No, I shall not have that piece of good luck," thought Rostóv, "no, it will not be! I never have any luck, neither in cards, nor in war." Austerlitz and Dólokhov flashed brightly, one after the other in rapid succession, through his imagination. "All I ask for is to have just one chance in my life to bait a full-grown wolf!" he thought, straining his hearing and his sight, looking at the left and again at the right, and trying to distinguish all the minutest shades of the sounds of the chase. He again looked at the right, and he saw something running over the open field and straight at him. "No, it cannot be!" thought Rostóv, with a deep sigh, as a man sighs when that which he has been expecting for a long time suddenly comes to pass. The greatest happiness was being realized, and it was all so simple, without any noise, without splendour, without any previous tokens. Rostóv did not believe his eyes, and that doubt lasted longer than a second. The wolf ran forward and, with difficulty, took a ditch which was in his way. It was an old, gray-backed beast, with a well-filled, reddish belly. He was running leisurely, apparently convinced that nobody saw him. Rostóv looked at his dogs, without daring to breathe. They were lying down or standing, and did not see the wolf, nor did they know what was up. Old Karáy, turning back his head and showing his yellow teeth, was growling and snapping at a flea on his hind thigh.

"Ulyulyulyu!" Rostóv exclaimed, in a whisper, opening wide his lips. The hounds, clanking their chains, leaped up and pricked their ears. Karáy finished scratching his thigh and got up, and, pricking his ears, slightly swayed his tail, on which the hair hung in tufts.

"Shall I let them loose, or not?" Nikoláy said to himself, while the wolf was moving up toward him, getting

away from the forest. Suddenly the whole physiognomy of the wolf changed; he shuddered, upon seeing directed against him a pair of human eyes, which, no doubt, he had never before seen. He slightly turned his head toward the hunter, and stopped. "Forward or back? Oh, it makes no difference, — forward!" he seemed to be saying to himself, and dashed ahead with his soft, free, leisurely, but determined leaps, without turning to look back.

"Ulyulyu!" Nikoláy cried, in an excited voice, and his good horse of his own accord ran down-hill, leaping over ruts to cut off the wolf's escape; and faster still bolted the hounds. Nikoláy did not hear his own shout; he did feel that he was galloping; he did not see the dogs, nor the place where he was galloping; he only saw the wolf which, increasing his pace, was running in the same direction, down a ravine. The first hound to reach the wolf seemed to be black-spotted, broad-backed Mílka, who was gaining all the time on the wolf. Nearer, nearer — now she caught up with him. But the wolf barely threw a side glance at her, and, instead of dashing forward, as Mílka always did, she suddenly raised her tail and pressed against her fore legs.

"Ulyulyulyulyu!" shouted Nikoláy.

Red Lyubín rushed ahead of Mílka, went headlong for the wolf and caught him by his hind legs, but immediately jumped frightened over on the other side. The wolf squatted, gnashed his teeth, and again rose and galloped ahead, accompanied within three feet by all the hounds, who did not dare approach him.

"He will get away! No, it is impossible!" thought Nikoláy, continuing to cry in a hoarse voice.

"Karáy! Ulyulyu!" he shouted, looking with his eyes for the old dog, his only hope. Karáy, with all his old strength, stretching forward as much as he could and looking at the wolf, galloped heavily at one side of the

wolf, so as to cut off his escape. But from the swiftness with which the wolf leaped, and from the slowness of the dog's gait, it was evident that Karáy's calculation was faulty. Nikoláy saw, but a short distance before him, that forest where the wolf would be sure to disappear, if he once reached it. In front of them appeared some dogs and a hunter, who was galloping almost straight toward them. There was some hope left. A strange, dark brown, long dog of somebody else's leash flew in front of the wolf and almost knocked him down. The wolf rose faster than one would have expected him to and made for the dark brown dog, and buried his teeth in him; the blood-stained dog, with his side slit open, whining pitifully, stuck his head into the ground.

"Darling Karáy! Darling!" wept Nikoláy.

The old dog, with the tufts of hair flapping on his thighs, thanks to the delay caused by crossing the wolf's path, was now already within five steps of him. The wolf seemed to see his danger, looked askance at Karáy, hid his brush between his legs, and increased his gait. Just then Nikoláy saw that something happened to Karáy, — he was at once on the wolf's back, and with him rolled a somersault into a rut which was in front of them.

The moment when Nikoláy saw the wolf and hounds wallowing in the rut, and underneath the hounds the gray fur of the wolf, his stretched out leg, and his frightened head with the dropping ears, vainly trying to breathe (Karáy was holding him by the neck), — the moment when Nikoláy saw all this was the happiest in his life. He took hold of the bow of the saddle, ready to dismount, in order to stab the wolf, when, suddenly, the head of the beast stuck out of all that mass of dogs, and then his fore legs stood out of the rut. The wolf gnashed his teeth (Karáy was no longer clutching his throat), jumped with his hind legs out of the rut, and, taking his tail between his legs, got away from the dogs and moved ahead.

Karáy, with bristling fur, having apparently been hurt or wounded, with difficulty raised himself from the rut.

"O Lord! Why am I punished so?" Nikoláy cried, in despair.

The hunter of the uncle was galloping from the other direction to cut off the wolf's escape, and his dogs again stopped the beast. He was again surrounded.

Nikoláy, his groom, the uncle, and his hunter kept circling about the beast, calling "Ulyulyu," getting ready at any minute to dismount whenever the wolf got on his haunches, and every time moving onward, when the wolf shook off the dogs and moved toward the brush which was to save him.

In the beginning of this baiting, Danílo, having heard the calls, ran out to the clearing. He had seen Karáy taking hold of the wolf, and he had stopped his horse, supposing that all was ended. But when the hunters did not dismount, and the wolf shook off the dogs and started to run, Danílo gave the reins to his horse, not to reach the wolf, but to make in a straight line for the brush, so as to cut off his escape, and Karáy ran in that same direction. Thanks to the direction which he took, he reached the wolf just as the uncle's dogs stopped him for the second time.

Danílo galloped in silence, holding his unsheathed dagger in his left hand, and thrashing with his whip the drawn sides of his dark brown horse.

Nikoláy did not see or hear Danílo until his horse, breathing heavily, passed by him, and he heard the sound of a falling body and saw Danílo lying on the wolf's back, trying to catch his ears. It was evident to the dogs, and the hunters, and the wolf, that now everything was ended. The beast, dropping his ears in fright, tried to rise, but the hounds clung to him. Danílo raised himself a little, took a falling step, and with his whole weight, as though lying down to rest, fell upon the wolf, taking hold of his

ears. Nikoláy wanted to stab, but Danílo said, in a whisper: "It is not necessary, — we will gag him!" and, changing his position, he stepped on the wolf's neck. A stick was put into the wolf's jaws and he was tied up as though the leash were put upon him, his legs were fastened together, and Danílo turned him two or three times from one side to the other.

In sight of the tired, but happy faces, the live, full-grown wolf was thrown on a recalcitrant and snorting horse, and, accompanied by the yelping dogs, he was taken to the spot where all were to gather. All rode or walked up to see the wolf, which, dropping his high-browed head with the stick in his mouth, turned his large, glassy eyes on all that crowd of hounds and men which surrounded him. When he was touched, he, shuddering with his fettered legs, looked wildly and at the same time simply at everybody. Count Ilyá Andréevich, too, came up and touched him.

"Oh, what a big one!" he said. "Is he full-grown, eh?" he asked Danílo, who was standing near him.

"Yes, he is, your Serenity," replied Danílo, hastening to take off his cap.

The count recalled his missing the wolf and his conflict with Danílo.

"But, my friend, you are a cross man," said the count.

Danílo said nothing and only smiled bashfully a childishly meek and pleasant smile.

VI.

THE old count rode home; Natásha and Pétya promised to come home soon. The chase was continued, as it was early yet. In the middle of the day the hounds were sent into a ravine which was overgrown with a dense young forest. Nikoláy, standing on a stubble field, could see all his hunters.

Opposite to Nikoláy there were green fields, and there one of his hunters was standing all alone behind a protruding hazel-bush. The hounds had just been brought out, when Nikoláy heard the peculiar call of one of his dogs, Voltórn. The other dogs joined him, now growing silent, and now again starting the pursuit. A minute later the horn was blown in the forest, announcing the presence of a fox, and the whole pack ran over a mound, in the direction of the green fields away from Nikoláy.

He saw the hound-keepers in red caps galloping at the edges of the overgrown ravine; he saw also the dogs, and was waiting for the fox to appear at almost any time on the other side, in the field.

The hunter who was standing in the ditch moved and let out the dogs, and Nikoláy saw a small, strange, red fox, which, spreading its bush, was racing over the field. The hounds were coming up to it. Now they were near; now the fox began to move in circles, to the right and left, whirling his bush all around him; and suddenly somebody's white dog rushed up upon him, and then a black dog, and all became mixed, and the hounds stood in star shape, barely moving, and showing their diverging

backs. Two hunters galloped up to the hounds: one in a red cap, and another, a stranger, in a blue caftan.

"What is this?" thought Nikoláy. "Where does this hunter come from? It is not the uncle's hunter!"

The hunters took away the fox, but stood for a long time on foot, without tying up the game. Near them the horses with their protruding saddles were tethered, and the dogs lay around. The hunters were swinging there arms and doing something with the fox. From there also proceeded the sound of the horn, — the conventional signal for a fight.

"It is Ilágin's hunter who is having a fight with our Iván," said Nikoláy's groom.

Nikoláy sent his groom to call up his sister and Pétya, and rode at a pace to the spot where the hound-keepers were collecting the hounds. A few hunters galloped up to the place of the fight.

Nikoláy dismounted from his horse and stopped near the hounds with Natásha and Pétya, who had come up in the meantime, waiting to see how the matter would end. From the clearing came the fighting hunter with the fox in straps; he rode up to the young master. He took off his cap from a distance and tried to speak respectfully; but he was pale and out of breath, and his face showed rage. He had one black eye, but, apparently, he did not know it.

"What was the matter there?" asked Nikoláy.

"Why, he wanted to hunt the fox with our hounds! And it was my mouse-coloured bitch that caught him. Go and straighten it out with him! He grabbed the fox. Well I gave it to him with the fox. Now he is in the straps. Maybe you want this!" said the hunter, pointing to his dagger, and evidently imagining that he was still speaking with his enemy.

Nikoláy exchanged no further words with the hunter, asked his sister and Pétya to wait for him, and rode up to the place where was the hostile chase of Ilágin.

The victorious hunter rode into the crowd of the hunters, and there, surrounded by sympathetic and curious hearers, told them of his exploit. The trouble was that Ilágin, with whom the Rostóvs were at odds and in litigation, was hunting in places which were supposed to belong to the Rostóvs, and it looked as though he had ordered his hunters to go on purpose to the forest in which the Rostóvs were hunting, and had allowed one of his hunters to bait the fox with hounds not his own.

Nikoláy had never seen Ilágin, but, as was his habit, not knowing any moderation in his judgments and in his feelings, he, upon hearing of the arbitrariness of this landed proprietor, hated him with his whole soul and regarded him as his worst enemy. He now rode up in rage and agitation toward him, clutching his whip in his hand, fully prepared for the most determined and perilous actions against his enemy.

He had barely ridden out of a jutting strip of forest, when he saw riding up to him a stout gentleman in a beaver cap, mounted on a beautiful black horse and accompanied by two grooms.

Instead of an enemy, Nikoláy found in Ilágin a distinguished-looking, civil man, who was very anxious to get acquainted with the young count. Riding up to Rostóv, Ilágin raised his beaver cap and said that he was sorry for what had happened; that he would have the hunter punished for having allowed himself to bait with dogs not his own, and that he solicited the count's acquaintance, and offered him his possessions in which to hunt.

Natásha, who was afraid that her brother would do something terrible, followed him at some distance, in agitation. When she saw that the enemies were bowing politely to each other, she rode up to them. Ilágin raised his beaver cap higher when he saw Natásha, and, with a pleasant smile, he said that the countess represented Diana,

both on account of her passion for the chase, and also on account of her beauty, of which he had heard a great deal.

In order to atone for his hunter's guilt, Ilágin persistently asked Rostóv to come with him to his uplands, which were a verst away, and which he kept for his special use ; according to his words it was chock-full of hares. Nikoláy consented to go, and the chase, now double in size, started.

To reach Ilágin's uplands it was necessary to cross fields. The hunters divided into groups. The masters rode together. The uncle, Rostóv, Ilágin kept looking stealthily at each other's dogs, and restlessly tried to find among them such as would be rivals of their own.

Rostóv was particularly struck by the beauty of a small thoroughbred, lean, red-spotted bitch in Ilágin's leash, with its firm muscles, fine nose, and bulging black eyes. He had heard of the speed of Ilágin's dogs, and in this beautiful bitch he saw a rival to his Mílka.

In the middle of a calm discussion about the crops of that year, which Ilágin had started, Nikoláy pointed to the red-spotted bitch.

" You have a fine bitch there ! " he said, in a careless tone. " Does she speed well ? "

" This one ? Yes, she is good — she hunts well," Ilágin spoke in an indifferent tone about his red-spotted Erzá, for which the year before he had given his neighbour three families of manorial servants. " So up your way, count, they do not brag of the harvest ? " he continued the conversation which he had begun ; but, considering it a sign of politeness to pay the young count back in the same coin, Ilágin surveyed his dogs and selected Mílka, who attracted his attention by her breadth.

" Your black-spotted dog is fine ! " he said.

" Yes, she is fair, — a good racer," replied Nikoláy.

" If now a full-grown hare should run across the field, I would show you the kind of a dog she is ! " he thought,

and, turning to his groom, he said that he would give a rouble to him who would find a couching hare.

"I cannot understand hunters who are envious of a beast or of the dogs," continued Ilágin. "Let me tell you about myself, count. It gives me pleasure to be out riding; what greater pleasure can there be than falling in with such company?" He again took off his beaver cap before Natásha. "But it makes no impression on me how many skins I bring home."

"Yes."

"Nor does it offend me to see somebody else's dog, and not mine, catching the game. All I care for is to watch the sport, — is not that right, count? And so I judge — "

"Atú!" was just then heard the prolonged call of one of the greyhound-keepers. He was standing on a small mound in the stubble-field, with raised whip, and once more repeated his drawling "Atú!" This sound and the raised whip meant that he saw a couching hare in front of him.

"Ah, he has espied one," Ilágin said, carelessly. "Well, shall we have some sport, count?"

"Yes, we must ride up. Shall we go together?" replied Nikoláy, closely watching Erzá and the uncle's red Rugáy, the two dogs of his rivals, with whom he had never had a chance to compare his hounds. "Suppose they should outrun my Mílka!" he thought, moving by the side of the uncle and of Ilágin toward the hare.

"Is it a full-grown hare?" asked Ilágin, riding up to the hunter who had espied him, looking around with some excitement and whistling to Erzá.

"And you, Mikhaíl Nikánorych?" he turned to the uncle. The uncle was looking morose.

"Why should I contend with you, since yours are a sure thing, march! Your dogs are worth thousands, and a village has been paid for each of them. You try your dogs, but I will look on!"

"Rugáy! Here, here!" he cried. "Rugáyushka!" he added, involuntarily expressing by this diminutive his tenderness and the hope which he placed in his red dog. Natásha saw and felt the agitation which the two old men and her brother tried to conceal, and she was agitated herself.

The hunter on the mound was standing with uplifted whip, and the masters rode up to him at a pace; the hounds, which were walking near the horizon, were turning away from the hare; the hunting crew was also away. Everything was moving slowly and in even measure.

"Which way does his head lie?" asked Nikoláy, riding up to within one hundred steps of the hunter who had espied him. Before the hunter had any chance to answer, the gray hare, anticipating danger, got up and started to run. The pack of hounds in braces darted with a howl downhill after the hare; on all sides, the greyhounds, that were not on the leash, rushed after the hounds and the hare. All the slowly moving hound-keepers, calling "Halt!" to their dogs, and the greyhound-keepers, calling "Atú!" to set theirs against the hare, galloped across the field. Calm Ilágin, Nikoláy, Natásha, and the uncle flew, themselves not knowing how and where, seeing only the dogs and the hare, and fearing lest they should lose a single moment of the sport. It happened to be a full-grown and swift-footed hare. He leaped up, but did not run at once, but only moved his ears and listened to the noise and tramp, which were heard on all sides. He took some ten leisurely leaps, letting the dogs get close to him, and finally, choosing his direction and weighing the danger, dropped his ears and flew at the highest speed. He had been lying in the stubbles, but before him were the green fields, which were soft. The two dogs of the hunter who had espied him, being nearest to the hare, were the first to start in his pursuit; but before they had run any distance, Ilágin's red-spotted Erzá rushed out, came within a dog's

length of the hare, started after him with terrible rapidity, aiming for the hare's tail, and, thinking that he had caught him, turned a somersault. The hare bent his back and flew faster still. Back of Erzá darted broad-backed, black-spotted Mílka, who was rapidly gaining on the hare.

"Mílka, darling!" was heard Nikoláy's triumphant call. It looked as though Mílka would strike the hare at any moment; but the hare suddenly stopped, and Mílka flew beyond him. Handsome Erzá once more bolted after him and kept close to his tail, figuring on getting hold of his hind leg, in order not to make a mistake again.

"Erzá, dear!" was heard Ilágin's tearful voice. Erzá paid no attention to his prayer. Just at the moment when all expected that she had him, he darted sidewise on the balk between the sowed field and the stubbles. Again Erzá and Mílka, like a span, running abreast, were gaining on the hare; but the hare had an easier time on the balk, and the dogs could not get up so close to him.

"Rugáy, Rugáyushka! A sure thing, march!" a new voice shouted, and Rugáy, the uncle's red, hunchbacked dog, stretching himself out and bending his back, ran abreast with the other two dogs, got ahead of them, strained all his strength with terrible self-oblivion, knocked him from the balk into the ploughed field, made another greater effort in the field, sinking in it up to his knees, and all that could be seen was his turning a somersault with the hare and getting his back all smeared with mud. The pack of dogs surrounded him in the form of a star. A minute later all stood near the crowding dogs. The happy uncle dismounted and cut off the hare's hind leg. He shook him, to let the blood run off, and in agitation looked all about him, with roving eyes, unable to find a place for his hands and feet, and kept talking, not knowing to whom, or what he was saying.

"Now this is a sure thing, march — I call this a

dog — he has outrun thousand-rouble dogs, — sure thing, march!" he said, out of breath and looking angrily about him, as though scolding somebody and as though all were his enemies and had offended him, and he at last had found a way of justifying himself. "Here are your thousand-rouble dogs, — sure thing, march!"

"Rugáy, here is a hare's foot for you!" he said, throwing down to him the mud-covered foot, which he had cut off. "You have deserved it, — sure thing, march!"

"She got fagged out, — she had taken three runs all by herself," said Nikoláy, paying attention to no one, and not caring whether they heard what he said, or not.

"Well, he just ran across the hare!" said Ilágin's groom.

"When she gets tired, any cur will catch the hare," said Ilágin, red in his face and with difficulty drawing breath from excitement and the hard ride.

At the same time Natásha screeched so joyfully and with such transport that the sound rang in the ears. With this screech she expressed all that which the other hunters had expressed by their simultaneous expressions. That screech was so strange that at any other time she would have been ashamed of it, and all would have been perplexed. The uncle himself tied the hare to his saddle, throwing him briskly and nimbly over the horse's back, as though rebuking all with that motion, and, with an expression which said that he did not care to speak to anybody, he mounted his sorrel and rode off. The rest, looking morose and offended, scattered in various directions, and only after some time could they regain their former pretence of indifference. They kept looking for a long time at red Rugáy, who, with his mud-bespattered, hunch-backed spine, clattering with the chain, walked behind the legs of the uncle's horse, with the calm expression of a victor.

"Well, I am just like the rest so long as there is noth-

ing to hunt; but at a chase it is a different thing!" this dog's expression seemed to say, so Nikoláy thought.

When, a long time afterward, the uncle rode up to Nikoláy and began to speak with him, Nikoláy felt flattered because the uncle, after all that had happened, deigned to speak with him.

VII.

WHEN, in the evening, Ilágin bade Nikoláy good-bye, Nikoláy was such a distance from home that he accepted the uncle's invitation to stay at his house, in his village of Mikháylovka.

"If you turned in to my house, — sure thing, march!" said the uncle, "it would be very well; you see the weather is damp," said the uncle, "you would rest yourself, and the countess could be taken home in a vehicle."

The uncle's proposition was accepted, and a man was sent to Otrádnoe for the vehicle; Nikoláy, Natásha, and Pétya rode to the uncle's manor.

Five male manorial servants, large and small, rushed out on the main porch to receive their master. Dozens of women, old and young, made their appearance on the back porch, to get a glimpse of the company. The presence of Natásha, a lady on horseback, carried the curiosity of the uncle's manorial servants to such bounds that many, unembarrassed by her presence, moved up toward her, looking straight into her eyes and making remarks about her in her hearing, as though she were a wonder, and not a human being, and could not hear nor understand what was being said of her.

"Árinka, just look, she is sitting sidewise! She is sitting, but the skirt is fluttering — And she has a horn!"

"O Lord, and a knife!"

"A regular Tartar woman!"

"How is it you haven't turned a somersault?" asked the boldest of them, turning directly to Natásha.

The uncle got down from his horse at the porch of his frame house, in the middle of a wild-growing garden, and, surveying his servants, shouted a command for the superfluous people to disappear, and to get everything ready for the reception of the guests of the chase.

All scattered. The uncle took Natásha down from her horse and, taking her hand, led her up the frail board steps of the porch. In the house, which was not whitewashed, the bare wood forming the walls, it was not particularly clean: it did not appear that the purpose of the inmates was to have no spots, — at the same time there was no neglect. The vestibule smelled of fresh apples, and wolf and fox skins were hanging there.

The uncle took his guests through the antechamber into a small parlour with a round birch table and a sofa, then into his cabinet with a ragged sofa, worn rug, and with portraits of Suvórov, of the host's father and mother, and of himself in military uniform. The cabinet had a strong odour of tobacco and of dogs. In the cabinet the uncle asked his guests to sit down and to make themselves at home, while he himself went out. Rugáy, his back still muddy, entered the cabinet and lay down on the sofa, cleaning himself with his teeth and tongue. From the cabinet there went a corridor, in which could be seen a screen with torn curtains. Beyond the screen could be heard women's laughter and whispering. Natásha, Nikoláy and Pétya took off their wraps and sat down on the sofa. Pétya leaned on his arm and at once fell asleep; Natásha and Nikoláy sat in silence. Their faces were burning; they were very hungry and very happy. They looked at each other (after the chase, in the room, Nikoláy no longer regarded it as necessary to show his masculine superiority over his sister); Natásha winked to her brother, and neither of them could hold back long. They burst out into a melodious laugh, without being able to discover any good cause for it.

A little later, the uncle came in in a short coat, blue pantaloons, and short boots. Natásha felt that this very costume, in which she had seen him with surprise and ridicule in Otrádnoe, was a real costume, which was in no way worse than long coats or dress coats.

The uncle, too, was in a happy frame of mind. He was not in the least offended by the laughter of brother and sister (it never would have occurred to him that they would laugh at his manner of life), and himself joined their groundless merriment.

"Really, young countess, — sure thing, march! — I have never seen a finer one than you!" he said, handing Nikoláy a pipe with a long stem, and with a habitual gesture placing another, a short one, between his own three fingers.

"You have passed a day which would be hard enough for any man, and yet you do not show it!"

Soon after uncle had entered, the door was opened by a barefoot woman, as could be told by the sound of her steps, and a fat, ruddy, good-looking woman, of about forty years of age, with a double chin, and full, ruby lips, entered carrying a number of things on a tray. She surveyed the guests with hospitable dignity and attractiveness in her eyes and all her motions, and respectfully bowed to them with a kindly smile. Notwithstanding her more than usual obesity, which compelled her to protrude her chest and abdomen and hold back her head, this woman (the uncle's stewardess) stepped very lightly. She walked over to the table, put down the tray, and nimbly took with her white plump hands the bottles, the lunch, and the dessert from the tray and placed it all on the table. Having finished this, she walked away, and with a smile on her face stopped at the door.

"I am she! Do you understand your uncle now?" her appearance said to Nikoláy. Why not understand him? Not only Nikoláy, but even Natásha understood

the uncle and the meaning of the frown and of the happy, self-satisfied smile which barely wrinkled his lips at the time when Anísya Fédorovna entered the room. On the tray there were herb brandy, berry wine, mushrooms, buttermilk, rye cakes, fresh and boiled honey, mead, apples, raw and roasted nuts, and nuts in honey. Then Anísya Fédorovna brought honey and sugar jams, and ham, and a chicken which had just been roasted.

All that had been gathered, prepared, and cooked by Anísya Fédorovna. All that, by its taste and odour, reminded one of Anísya Fédorovna. All was savoury and clean, and reminded one of neatness and of an agreeable smile.

"Eat, countess," she kept saying, as she handed this or that to Natásha. Natásha ate of everything, and she thought that such buttermilk cakes, with such a flavour of jams, such honeyed nuts, and such a chicken she had never seen or eaten before. Anísya Fédorovna left the room. Rostóv and the uncle, washing down the supper with cherry brandy, were discussing the past and the future chases, and talking of Rugáy and of Ilágin's dogs. Natásha, with sparkling eyes, was sitting straight on the sofa, listening to them. She tried several times to wake up Pétya, in order to give him something to eat, but he said something unintelligible, evidently without waking up. Natásha felt so happy, so at ease in these new surroundings, that she was only afraid lest they should come too soon with the vehicle. After a silence which accidentally ensued, as frequently happens with people who for the first time receive acquaintances at their house, the uncle said, replying to the thought which was in the minds of his guests:

"This is the way I am ending my days — When I die, — sure thing, march, — nothing will be left. Why then sin?"

The uncle's face was interesting and even handsome, as he said this. Rostóv involuntarily thought of the good things he had heard his father and the neighbours say of the uncle. He had in the circuit the reputation of being a most noble and unselfish original. He was called in to settle family disputes; he was made executor; secrets were confided to him, and he was elected to be a judge and to hold other offices, but he stubbornly refused to be in public service, and passed his fall and spring in his field on his sorrel gelding, in the summer at home, lying in his wild-growing garden.

"Why don't you serve, uncle?"

"I have served, but I gave it up. I am not fit for it, sure thing, march, I can't make out anything. That is your affair, — but I have not enough brains for that. When it comes to the chase, that is another matter, that is a sure thing, march! — Open the door!" he shouted. "Why did you shut it?"

The door at the end of the corridor led into the bachelor hunters' room; thus was called the servants' room for the hunters. A rapid plashing of bare feet was heard, and an invisible hand opened the door into the hunters' room. From the corridor could be heard the distinct sounds of the balaláyka, on which apparently a master of his art was playing. Natásha had been listening quite awhile to these sounds, and now she stepped out into the corridor, in order to hear them more distinctly.

"Mítka the coachman is playing it — I bought him a good balaláyka, — I like it," said the uncle.

It was a custom with the uncle every time he returned from the chase, to have Mítka play on the balaláyka. The uncle was fond of this kind of music.

"How nice! Really it is fine!" said Nikoláy, with a certain involuntary nonchalance, as though he were ashamed to confess that he was fond of this music.

"How nice?" reproachfully said Natásha, conscious of

the tone in which her brother had said it. "It is not nice, but simply a joy!"

Just as the mushrooms, the honey, and the herb brandy of uncle seemed to be the best in the world, so this song at that moment appeared to her to be the acme of musical perfection.

"More, please, more," Natásha said through the door, the moment the balaláyka stopped. Mítka tuned up and again dashingly strummed "The Lady" with chords and variations. The uncle sat and listened, bending his head sidewise with a barely perceptible smile. The motive of "The Lady" was repeated a hundred times. The balaláyka was tuned several times, and again the same sounds were heard, and the hearers did not get tired, but wanted to hear more and more of it. Anísya Fédorovna entered and leaned her obese body against the door-post.

"Just listen to him," she said to Natásha, with a smile, which remarkably resembled that of the uncle. "He is a fine musician," she said.

"He does not play this part right," the uncle suddenly said, with an energetic gesture. "There ought to be trills here, — sure thing, march! — trills — "

"Can you play yourself?" asked Natásha.

The uncle made no reply, and only smiled.

"See, Anísya, whether the strings are all on the guitar! I have not had it in my hands for quite awhile, — sure thing, march! I have neglected it."

Anísya Fédorovna readily went with her light step to execute the order of her master and brought the guitar.

Without looking up, the uncle blew off the dust, with his bony fingers tapped on the lid of the guitar, tuned it, and adjusted himself in his chair. He grasped the guitar above the fingerboard (with something of a theatrical gesture, by arching the elbow of his left arm), and, beckoning to Anísya Fédorovna, began to play, not "The Lady," but, after taking one clear, melodious chord, evenly,

calmly, and firmly, in a slow measure to strum the well-known song, "On the pavement of the street." The motive of the song ran out in Nikoláy's and Natásha's souls, keeping time with his playing, and in harmony with that measured merriment, which breathed in Anísya Fédorovna's whole being. Anísya Fédorovna blushed and, covering her face with her kerchief and laughing, left the room. The uncle continued to play clearly, carefully, energetically, looking with an inspired look at the place which Anísya Fédorovna had left. There was a mere suggestion of a smile on one side of his face, underneath his gray moustache; especially was this noticeable when the song became livelier, the time faster, and the arpeggios more frequent.

"Exquisite, exquisite, uncle! More, more!" cried Natásha, the moment he had ended. She leaped up from her seat, embraced her uncle, and kissed him. "Nikoláy, Nikoláy!" she said, looking at her brother, as though asking him, "What is this?"

Nikoláy, too, was very much pleased with his playing. Anísya Fédorovna's smiling face again appeared at the door, and with her there were other faces.

"To the sparkling spring goes she,—
Says he, Maiden, wait for me!"

played the uncle, took another arpeggio, abruptly stopped, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Go ahead, go ahead, dear uncle," Natásha groaned with an imploring voice, as though her whole life depended upon it. The uncle rose, and he looked as though there were two men in him: one of them smiled a serious smile at the merrymaker, and the merrymaker made a naïve and correct step before the dance.

"Well, niece!" cried the uncle, swinging to Natásha the hand which had just taken a chord.

Natásha threw off her shawl, which she had thrown over herself, ran in front of the uncle and, with arms akimbo, moved her shoulders, and stopped.

Where, how, when had the young countess, who had been educated by an emigrant Frenchwoman, imbibed this spirit from the Russian air which she breathed? Where did she learn this manner of dancing, which the *pas de châle* ought to have eradicated long ago? The spirit and the manner were inimitable, untutored, Russian, such as the uncle expected from her. The moment she stood there, smiling triumphantly, proudly, roguishly, the first fear which had seized Nikoláy and all the persons present, the fear that she would not do the right thing, passed away, and they freely admired her.

She did it right and so well, so absolutely well, that Anísya Fédorovna, who immediately handed her the necessary kerchief, had tears in her eyes, though she was laughing, as she looked at this slender, graceful, strange little countess, brought up in silk and velvet, who was able to understand that which was in Anísya, and in Anísya's father, and in her aunt, and in her mother, and in every Russian man.

"Well, little countess, — sure thing, march!" the uncle said, with a merry smile, having finished the dance. "Come now, niece! If we could only get you a fine husband, — sure thing, march!"

"She has one," Nikoláy said, smiling.

"Oh?" the uncle said, in surprise, looking interrogatively at Natásha. Natásha, with a happy smile, nodded her head affirmatively.

"And a fine one at that!" she said. But the moment she said this, a new series of thoughts and feelings rose in her. "What meant Nikoláy's smile, as he said, 'She has one'? Is he glad of it, or not? He seems to think that my Bolkónski would not have approved of this our

merriment, and would not have understood it. Yes, he would have understood everything. Where is he now?" thought Natásha, and her face suddenly became serious. But this lasted only a second. "I must not think, I must not dare think of it!" she said to herself and, smiling, again sat down near the uncle, asking him to play something else.

The uncle played another song and a waltz; then, after some silence, he cleared his throat and sang his favourite hunting-song.

"Fluffy snowflakes fell at night,
And the hare-tracks could be seen—"

The uncle sang as the people sing, with the full and naïve conviction that the whole meaning of the song was in its words, that the musical accompaniment came of its own accord, and that there was no separate tune, but that the tune was merely to give measure to the words. For this reason his unconscious accompaniment, like the song of a bird, was exceedingly beautiful. Natásha was in ecstasy at the uncle's singing. She decided that she would not study any longer on the harp, but that she would play only the guitar. She asked the uncle to let her have his guitar, and immediately picked out chords on it for the song.

After nine o'clock there arrived a line-carriage and a buggy for Natásha and Pétya, and with them came three men on horseback, sent out to find them. The count and the countess did not know where they were, and were worrying about them, so the messenger said.

Pétya was carried like a dead body and deposited in the line-carriage; Natásha and Nikoláy sat down in the buggy. The uncle wrapped up Natásha and bade her good-bye with unwonted tenderness. He accompanied them on foot as far as the bridge, where the carriages had

to ford the brook, and ordered the hunters to precede them with lanterns.

"Good-bye, dear niece," he shouted from the darkness, not in the voice in which Natásha had generally heard him speak, but in the one in which he had sung, "Fluffy snowflakes fell at night."

In the village, through which they were driving, red fires could be seen, and there was a pleasant odour of smoke in the air.

"What a charming man the uncle is!" said Natásha, when they reached the highway.

"Yes," said Nikoláy. "Are you not cold?"

"No, I am comfortable, quite comfortable. I feel so well," Natásha said, with some perplexity. They were silent for quite awhile.

It was a dark, damp night. The horses could not be seen; they could only be heard splashing through the invisible mud.

What was going on in that childish, impressionable soul, which so eagerly caught and retained the most varied impressions of life? How did everything lodge in her soul? In any case, she was very happy. They were not far from home when she suddenly sang the motive of the song, "Fluffy snowflakes fell at night," a motive which she had been trying to catch all the way home, and which she finally caught.

"Have you caught it?" said Nikoláy.

"What were you thinking about just now, Nikoláy?" Natásha asked him.

They were in the habit of asking each other this question.

"I?" said Nikoláy, as though regaining consciousness. "You see, at first I thought that red Rugáy resembled the uncle, and that if he were not a dog, but a man, he would be keeping the uncle, not for the chase, but for his looks. Is not the uncle fine? What have you been thinking about?"

"I? Wait, wait! Yes, at first I thought we were travelling and thinking that we were going home, while we were going God knows whither in the darkness, and that we should soon find out that we were not at Otrádnoe, but in some fairy kingdom. And then I thought — No, nothing more."

"I know, no doubt you were thinking about him," Nikoláy said, smiling, as Natásha could tell by the sound of his voice.

"No," replied Natásha, although in reality she had been thinking about Prince Andréy and how he would have liked the uncle. "And then I kept repeating all the way, 'How well Anísya walked, how well —'" said Natásha.

And Nikoláy heard her sonorous, causeless, happy laugh.

"Do you know," she suddenly said, "I know that I shall never be so happy and calm again as I am now."

"What nonsense, stupid nonsense!" said Nikoláy, thinking at the same time, "What a fine girl my Natásha is! I shall never have such a friend as she is. What good is there in her getting married? We could be travelling this way all the time!"

"What a fine boy this Nikoláy is?" thought Natásha. "Oh! There is still a light in the drawing-room," she said, pointing to the windows of the house, which gleamed beautifully in the damp, velvety darkness of the night.

VIII.

Count Ilyá Andréevich gave up his office as marshal of the nobility because it caused him too many expenses. But his affairs did not improve. Natásha and Nikoláy frequently saw their parents having secret, disquieting talks, and heard rumours of the intended sale of the large family home of the Rostóvs and of the suburban estate. Having given up the office of marshal, Rostóv no longer kept such an open house, and the life at Otrádnoe went on more calmly than in former years; but the immense manor and the wing were just as full of people, and more than twenty sat down at the table. All these were inmates of the house, almost members of the family, or such as necessarily had to live in the house of the count. Such were the Dimmlers, the musician and his wife, Vogel, the teacher of dancing with his family, the old maid Byélov, who had always lived in the house, and many others: Pétya's teachers, the former governess of the young ladies, and simple people who found it more advantageous or more comfortable to live with the count than at home. There were not so many guests as formerly; but, on the whole, life ran in the same old way, without which life would have been unthinkable to the count and the countess. There was the same chase as before, except that Nikoláy had increased it; there were the same fifty horses and fifteen coachmen in the stable; the same expensive gifts on name-days, and great gala-dinners for the whole county; there were the same whist and boston

parties, when he so displayed his own cards that his neighbours could not help beating him every day out of hundreds of roubles, so that they came to look on the privilege of playing with Ilyá Andréevich as the most profitable of investments.

The count walked about in his affairs as in an enormous net, trying not to believe that he was enmeshed, though with every step he became more and more entangled; he felt that he was unable to tear the net which held him, and at the same time did not have the patience cautiously and assiduously to unravel it. The countess, with her loving heart, felt that her children were being ruined, that the count was not to blame, that he could not act otherwise than he did, and that he himself suffered, without being able to mend matters, from the ruinous condition of his own fortune and of that of his children, and she tried to find means for helping the matter. From her feminine standpoint there was but one means, and that was Nikoláy's marrying a rich girl. She felt that this was her last hope, and that if Nikoláy should refuse the match which she had found for him, they would have for ever to give up the hope of mending matters. This match was Julie Karágin, the daughter of good, virtuous parents, who had been known to the Rostóvs since her childhood, and who now, through the death of her last brother, became a very rich match.

The countess wrote directly to Madame Karágin in Moscow, proposing to her a marriage between their children, and received a favourable reply from her. Madame Karágin replied that she, on her side, was satisfied, and that everything would depend on her daughter's wish. She invited Nikoláy to visit them in Moscow.

With tears in her eyes, the countess several times told her son that now that her daughters were provided for, her only wish was to see him married. She said that she would be ready to go quietly to her grave, if that happened. Then

she said that she had a fine girl in mind and tried to get his opinion on marriage.

In other conversations she praised Julie and advised Nikoláy to go for the holidays to Moscow. Nikoláy saw what his mother's talks were tending to, and at one of these conversations he invited her to make a full and frank statement. She told him that the only hope of improving matters now was based on his marrying Julie Karágin.

"If I loved a girl without a fortune, would you, mamma, want me to sacrifice my feeling and honour for a fortune?" he asked his mother, without seeing the cruelty of his question and meaning only to give expression to his nobility of thought.

"No, you did not understand me," said his mother, being at a loss to justify herself. "You did not understand me, Nikoláy. I wish you happiness," she added, feeling that she was not telling the truth, and that she was all mixed up. She burst out weeping.

"Mamma, don't weep! Tell me that you wish it, and you know that I will give up my whole life, — everything, — in order to make you happy," said Nikoláy. "I will sacrifice for you everything, even my feelings."

But the countess did not wish to put the question like that: she did not want her son's sacrifice; she would have preferred to make sacrifices herself.

"No, you did not understand me. Let us not talk about it!" she said, wiping away her tears.

"Yes, maybe I am loving a poor girl," Nikoláy said to himself. "Shall I sacrifice my feelings and my honour for a fortune? I wonder how mother could have told me such a thing. Because Sónya is poor, I cannot love her," he thought, "I cannot respond to her true, loyal love! I am sure I shall be happier with her than with such a doll as Julie. I can always sacrifice my feelings for my relatives," he said to himself, "but I am unable to command

my feelings. If I love Sónya, my feeling is stronger and higher than anything else for me."

Nikoláy did not go to Moscow. The countess did not renew her conversation about marriage with him, and with sadness, and at times with anger, noticed how her son was becoming ever more intimate with dowerless Sónya. She upbraided herself for it, but could not help grumbling and finding fault with Sónya, whom she frequently stopped and addressed as "you" instead of "thou" and called "my dear." The good countess was more particularly angry at Sónya because this poor, black-eyed niece of hers was so meek, so good, so devoted and grateful to her benefactors, and so sincerely, unchangeably, and with such self-oblivion in love with Nikoláy that it was impossible to rebuke her for anything.

Nikoláy stayed the whole time of his furlough in the house of his parents. From the fiancé, Prince Andréy, a letter, the fourth, was received from Rome, in which he wrote that he would have been long ago on his way to Russia, if his wound had not suddenly opened up in the warm climate, so that he was compelled to delay his journey until the next year. Natásha was as much in love with her fiancé, as much satisfied with this love, and as easily impressed by all the pleasures of life; but, at the end of the fourth month of their separation, she began to be assailed by moments of sadness, against which she fought in vain. She was sorry for herself, sorry to be pining away all this time to no purpose, whereas she felt herself so capable of loving and of being loved.

There was sadness in the house of the Rostóvs.

IX.

It was the time of the Christmas holidays, but, except for a grand mass, and the solemn and tedious congratulations of the neighbours and manorial servants, and the new garments worn by all, there was nothing peculiar to indicate the holidays, whereas the windless frost of twenty degrees Réaumur, the bright, blinding sunshine, and the starlight of the winter nights demanded a definite celebration of this time of the year.

On the third day of Christmas, all the inmates of the house scattered to their rooms after dinner. It was the most tedious time of the day. Nikoláy, who in the morning had been calling on the neighbours, was asleep in the sofa-room. The old count was resting in his cabinet. In the drawing-room, Sónya was sitting at a round table, copying a design. The countess was playing solitaire. Nastásya Ivánovna, the buffoon, was sitting with a sad face at the window, by the side of two old women. Natásha entered the room, walked over to Sónya, looked to see what she was doing, then went up to her mother, and there stood without saying anything.

"Why are you walking about like a homeless person?" said her mother. "What do you want?"

"I want him — directly, this very minute," said Natásha, with sparkling eyes, and without a smile.

The countess raised her head and looked steadily at her daughter.

"Don't look at me! Mamma, don't look, or I shall burst out weeping."

"Sit down! Stay with me awhile," said the countess.

"Mamma, I want him! Why do I suffer so, mamma?" Her voice broke, tears gushed from her eyes, and she rapidly turned around, in order to conceal them, and left the room.

She went to the sofa-room, where she stood awhile in thought, and then went to the maids' room. There an old chambermaid was grumbling at a young girl, who, out of breath, had just come in from the cold.

"Stop your playing!" said the old woman. "There is a time for everything."

"Let her go, Kondrátevna!" said Natásha. "Go, Mavrúsha, go!"

Having sent Mavrúsha away, Natásha went through the parlour to the antechamber. An old servant and two lackeys were playing cards. They stopped playing and rose at the sight of the young lady.

"What shall I do with them?" thought Natásha.

"Oh, Nikíta, go — Where shall I send him? Oh, yes, go to the barn-yard and bring me, if you please, a cock; and you, Mísha, bring me some oats!"

"A little oats you wish?" Mísha said, cheerfully, ready to run the errand.

"Go, begone!" said the old man.

"Fédor, and you get me a piece of chalk!"

As she went past the buffet-room, she ordered the samovár to be prepared, though it was not at all the time for tea.

Butler Fóka was the crossest man in the whole house. Natásha was fond of trying her power on him. He did not believe her, and went to ask whether it was so.

"Oh, the young lady!" said Fóka, with a simulated frown at Natásha.

Nobody in the house sent the people so much on errands and gave them so much to do as Natásha. She could not look indifferently at people without sending

them somewhere. It looked as though she was trying to find out whether she could make them angry; but the servants were always ready to execute her orders.

"What shall I do now? Where shall I go?" thought Natásha, walking slowly along the corridor.

"Nastásya Ivánovna, what is born of me?" she asked the buffoon, who, in his woman's jacket, was coming up toward her.

"Of you are born fleas, dragon-flies, grasshoppers," replied the buffoon.

"O Lord, O Lord, it is still the same! Where shall I go? What shall I do with myself?" and, with a rapid clatter of her feet, she ran up-stairs to where the Vogels were living. In the room of the Vogels were sitting the two governesses; on the table stood plates with raisins, walnuts, and almonds. The governesses were discussing where it was cheaper to live, whether in Moscow or in Odessa. Natásha sat down, listened to their conversation with a serious and thoughtful face, and then got up. "The island of Madagascar," she muttered. "Ma-da-gas-car," she repeated, pronouncing each syllable separately and distinctly, and, without replying to the question of Madame Schoss as to what she was saying, she left the room.

Pétya, with his valet, was also up-stairs: he was getting some fireworks ready, which he intended to fire off in the evening.

"Pétya, Pétya!" she called out to him. "Take me down-stairs."

Pétya ran up to her and offered her his back. She jumped on it and embraced his neck with both her hands, and he started to run down-stairs with her.

"No, I do not want to, — the island of Madagascar," she said, and, leaping down, went down-stairs by herself.

After having made the circuit of her kingdom, having tried her power, and having convinced herself that all

were loyal to her, even though it was all very tiresome, Natásha went to the parlour, took the guitar, sat down in a dark corner behind a safe, and began to strum the bass strings, trying to play a phrase which she happened to remember from an opera which she had heard in St. Petersburg while in Prince Andréy's company. For any outsiders, her music would have had no meaning, but in her imagination a whole series of recollections arose from these sounds of the guitar. She sat back of the safe, gazing at a beam of light which fell through the open door of the buffet-room, and listened to her own thoughts, and passed into reveries. She was in a reminiscent mood.

Sónya crossed the parlour with a wine-glass, on her way to the buffet-room. Natásha looked at her and at the crack in the buffet-room door, and it appeared to her that she was recalling that there had once been that crack and Sónya had passed by with a wine-glass.

"Yes, it was just like that," thought Natásha. "Sónya, is it you?" Natásha called out, strumming on the bass string.

"Oh, you are here!" Sónya said, with a shudder, walking up and listening to the music. "What is it, — 'The Storm'?" she said, timidly, being afraid that she was making a mistake.

"Precisely in this way she shuddered then, and came up to me, and smiled timidly," Natásha thought, "and just so I then thought that something was lacking in her."

"No, it is the choir from the 'Watercarrier,' — don't you hear?" and Natásha sang the rest of the motive, so that Sónya might understand it.

"Where were you going?" asked Natásha.

"I wanted to change the water in the wine-glass. I am finishing the design."

"You are always busy, but I can't be," said Natásha. "Where is Nikoláy?"

"I think he is asleep."

"Sónya, go and wake him up!" said Natásha. "Tell him that I want him to come and sing with me!"

She remained sitting and reflecting on how strange it was that it seemed to have all happened before, and without solving this question, nor caring any more about it, she was in her imagination once more transferred to the time when she had been with *him*, and he had been looking at her with the eyes of a lover.

"If he only would come at once! I am so afraid that it will not be! The main thing is that I am getting old, — that is where the trouble is! There will not be in me that which there is now. Maybe he will come today, at once. Maybe he has arrived, and is sitting in the drawing-room. Maybe he came yesterday, and I have forgotten it."

She rose, put down the guitar, and went to the drawing-room. All the inmates of the house, the teachers, governesses, and guests were already sitting at the tea-table. The servants were standing around the table, but Prince Andréy was not there, and there was no change in the course of events.

"Ah, there she is," said Ilyá Andréevich, upon noticing Natásha, who had just entered. "Come, sit down by my side!"

But Natásha stopped near her mother, looking around, as though in search of something.

"Mamma!" she said, "give him to me, give him to me, mamma! Quick, quick!" and again she had difficulty in restraining her tears.

She sat down at the table and listened to the conversation of the elders and of Nikoláy, who had come to the table.

"O Lord, O Lord! The same faces, the same talk, and papa holds the cup and blows upon the tea in just the same fashion!" thought Natásha, in terror feeling the

disgust which was rising within her against all the people of her home for being all the time the same.

After tea, Nikoláy, Sónya, and Natásha went to the sofa-room, to their favourite corner, where they always began their intimate conversations.

X.

"DOES it ever happen with you," Natásha said to her brother, after they had seated themselves in the sofa-room, "that it seems to you that there will be nothing, nothing, and that everything which is good has been? And don't you feel, not exactly lonesome, but sad?"

"I should say it does," he said. "I have had it happen that every one else would be in a happy and cheerful frame of mind, while it would occur to me that it was all dreadfully tiresome, and that it was time for all to die. One day, while in the regiment, I did not go to the esplanade where the music was playing — and I suddenly felt so lonely — "

"Oh, I know that. I know, I know," Natásha interrupted him. "When I was very small, it used to happen to me, too. Do you remember, once I was punished for the cherries, and you were all dancing, while I was sitting in the class-room and sobbing; I shall never forget it: I felt so sad, and I was so sorry for everybody, and for myself, and for everybody, for everybody. And, above all, I had done no wrong," said Natásha. "Do you remember?"

"I do," said Nikoláy. "I remember that I came to you afterward, and wanted to console you, and, do you know? — I was ashamed to do it. We were awfully funny. I then had a wooden doll, and I wanted to give it to you. Do you remember it?"

"And do you remember," said Natásha, with a thoughtful smile, "how a long, long time ago, when we were tiny children, our uncle called us into his cabinet, in the old

house, and it was dark in there, — and we went there, and there stood — "

"A negro," Nikoláy finished the sentence, with a smile of joy. "Of course I remember it. I do not know to the present moment whether it really was a negro, or whether we dreamt of it, or we were told about it."

"He was gray, you remember, and had white teeth. He was standing and looking at us — "

"Do you remember, Sónya?" asked Nikoláy.

"Yes, yes, I have a dim recollection of something," Sónya replied, timidly.

"I have asked father and mother about that negro," said Natásha. "They say that there was no negro. And yet you yourself remember him!"

"I should say I do. I can see his teeth even now."

"How strange! It is as though I had dreamt about it. I like such things."

"And do you remember how we rolled eggs in the parlour, and suddenly two women began to whirl around on the carpet. Did it happen, or not? Do you remember how nice it was?"

"Yes. And do you remember how father, dressed in a blue fur coat, fired off his gun on the porch?"

They rummaged, smiling joyful smiles of recollection, not through the sad memories of advanced age, but through the memories of poetical youth, — those impressions from the distant past, where dreams blend with reality, — and they laughed softly, as though having a definite pleasure.

Sónya, as always, did not keep up with them, though they had all memories in common. Sónya did not remember many of the things which they now recalled, and what she did remember did not rouse in her that poetical feeling which they were experiencing. However, she shared the joy of their memories, and endeavoured to experience it herself. But she did take a heartfelt interest

in their recollections of her first arrival. Sónya told them how she had been afraid of Nikoláy, because he had some cords on his blouse and because the nurse told her that she, too, would be sewn up in cords.

"I remember how I was told that you had been born under a head of cabbage," said Natásha, "and I also remember that I did not dare to disbelieve it, although I knew that it was not so, and how odd I felt."

During this conversation the head of a chambermaid was thrust through the back door of the sofa-room.

"Countess, they have brought the cock!" the maid said, in a whisper.

"I do not want it! Pólya, tell them to take him back!" said Natásha.

In the middle of the conversation which was going on in the sofa-room, Dimmler entered the room and walked over to the harp, which was standing in a corner. He took off the cover, and the harp produced a false sound.

"Éduard Karlych, please play us my favourite nocturne of Mr. Field," was heard the voice of the old countess from the drawing-room.

Dimmler took a chord and, turning to Natásha, Nikoláy, and Sónya, he said: "Young people, how quietly you sit there!"

"Yes, we are philosophizing," said Natásha, turning back her head. Then she continued the conversation, which now turned on dreams.

Dimmler began to play. Natásha softly, on tiptoe, went to the table, took the candle, carried it out, and, after returning, quietly sat down in her old place. In the room, especially on the sofa, where they were sitting, it was dark, but through the large windows the silvery light of the full moon fell on the floor.

"Do you know, I think," Natásha said, in a whisper, moving up toward Nikoláy and Sónya, after Dimmler had finished playing and was softly fingering the strings,

apparently in indecision whether to stop or to begin a new piece, "that when you begin to recall things, you go back and back in your memory, beyond the time when you were in the world — "

"That is metempsychosis," said Sónya, who had always studied well and had a good memory. "The Egyptians believed that our bodies had been in animals and would again return into animals."

"No, I do not believe that we were once animals," Natásha said, in the same whisper, though the music had stopped, "but I know for sure that we were once angels up there and down here, and so we remember — "

"May I join you?" said Dimmler, who had softly come up to them, seating himself near them.

"If we once were angels, why should we have fallen?" asked Nikoláy. "No, that is not possible!"

"We have not fallen! Who told you so? How do I know that I existed before?" Natásha retorted, convincingly. "The soul is immortal — consequently, if I shall live for ever, I must have existed before, through eternity."

"Yes, but it is hard for us to imagine eternity," said Dimmler, who had come up to the young people with a meek, disdainful smile, but now was speaking just as softly and seriously as they.

"Why is it difficult to imagine eternity?" said Natásha. "There is to-day, there will be to-morrow, there has always been, always will be, yesterday, two days ago — "

"Natásha! Now it is your turn! Give us a song!" was heard the countess's voice. "Why are you sitting there like conspirators?"

"Mamma, I do not feel like singing!" said Natásha, but she rose nevertheless.

They did not feel like interrupting the conversation, and even grown-up Dimmler did not like to leave the cosy corner of the sofa-room, but Natásha got up, and

Nikoláy sat down at the clavichord. Natásha, as always, stood in the middle of the parlour, choosing the best place for the resonance, and began to sing her mother's favourite song.

She had said that she did not feel like singing, but not for a long time before, nor afterward, did she sing so well as on that evening. Count Ilyá Andréevich heard her singing in the cabinet, where he was talking to Mítenka, and, like a pupil, who, reciting a lesson, gets mixed in his words, when he is in a hurry to get out to play, so he mixed up the orders to his manager, and finally grew silent, while Mítenka, himself listening in silence, stood smiling before the count. Nikoláy riveted his eyes on his sister, and breathed deeply whenever she did so. Sónya listened, thinking all the time what an enormous difference there was between her and her friend, and how impossible it was for her to be anywhere near as enticing as her cousin. The old countess was sitting with a smile of sadness and happiness on her face and tears in her eyes, now and then shaking her head. She was thinking of Natásha, and of her own youth, and of the unnatural and terrible in the future marriage of Natásha to Prince Andréy.

Dimmler sat down near the countess and, shutting his eyes, was absorbed in listening to the song.

"Really, countess," he said at last, "she has a European talent, — there is nothing for her to learn. Such softness, tenderness, power — "

"Oh, how I am afraid for her, how I am afraid!" said the countess, forgetting to whom she was speaking. Her maternal feeling told her that there was something too much in Natásha, which would keep her from being happy. Natásha had not yet finished singing, when fourteen-year-old, excited Pétya ran into the room with news that the masks had come.

Natásha suddenly stopped.

"Fool!" she cried to her brother, ran up to a chair, fell

down upon it, and burst out weeping so hard that she could not stop for a long time.

"It is nothing, mamma, really nothing. Pétya has just frightened me," she said, trying to smile, but the tears kept coursing, and sobs choked her throat.

The manorial servants, in the mummery of bears, Turks, tavern-keepers, ladies, looking terrible and funny, and bringing in with them the cold and merriment, at first crowded timidly in the antechamber; then, hiding one behind the other, they pushed their way into the parlour; and, at first bashfully, then more boldly and more merrily, they began to sing and dance, and play the Christmas games. The countess, having recognized certain masks and having laughed heartily at them, went into the drawing-room. Count Ilyá Andréevich sat with a beaming smile in the parlour, applauding the players. The young people had disappeared.

Half an hour later there appeared, among the masks, an old lady in a crinoline, — that was Nikoláy; a Turkish woman, — that was Pétya; a clown, — that was Dimmler; a hussar, — Natásha, and a Circassian, — Sónya, with burnt-cork moustaches and eyebrows.

The spectators did not recognize them and expressed their surprise and admiration. The young people found their costumes so fine that they thought they ought to let others see them. Nikoláy, who wanted to take all out riding in his tróyka over the excellent road, suggested that they should take about ten masks with them and go to see the uncle.

"No, you must not, — you will only excite the old man," said the countess. "Besides, there is not enough space there to turn around. If you must go, go and see the Melyukóvs."

Madame Melyukóv was a widow with children of all ages, and with various tutors and governesses, living within four versts of the Rostóvs.

"Now, this, *ma chère*, is clever," the old count chimed in, getting excited himself. "Wait, I will put on a costume myself and will go with you. I'll stir up Pashéta."

But the countess refused to let the count go, because he had been suffering with a sore leg for the last few days. It was decided that Ilyá Andréevich could not go, but that if Luíza Ivánovna (Madame Schoss) would go, the ladies could be taken to the Melyukóvs. Sónya, who was always timid and bashful, began to beg Luíza Ivánovna not to refuse them the pleasure.

Sónya's make-up was the best. Her moustache and eyebrows became her exceedingly well. All said that she was uncommonly pretty, and she was in an animated and energetic frame of mind, which was unusual with her. An inner voice told her that that evening or never her fate would be decided, and in her male attire she appeared an entirely different person. Luíza Ivánovna gave her consent, and half an hour later four tróykas with bells, with their runners creaking and whining on the frozen snow, drove up to the porch.

Natásha was the first to give the tone to the Christmas merriment, and this merriment, reflected from one to another, growing and growing, reached its height just as all came out into the cold air and, talking and shouting, laughing and calling to each other, seated themselves in the sleighs.

Two tróykas were of an ordinary kind; the third was that of the old count, with an Orlóv trotter in the centre; the fourth was Nikoláy's, with his small, black, shaggy centre horse. Nikoláy, in his old woman's attire, over which he had put on a hussar's overcoat, tucked up at the waist, was standing in the middle of his sleigh, holding the reins in his hands.

It was so light that he could see the harness plates gleaming in the moonshine, and the eyes of the horses,

who looked in fright at the noisy merrymakers under the dark roof of the entrance.

Nikoláy's sleigh was occupied by Natásha, Sónya, Madame Schoss, and two maids. Dimmler with his wife and Pétya seated themselves in the sleigh of the old count; the masked manorial servants occupied the other two.

"Forward march, Zákhar!" Nikoláy called out to his father's coachman, in order to have a chance to overtake him on the road.

The tróyka of the old count with squeaking runners, as though freezing fast to the snow, moved forward, tinkling a deep-sounding bell. The side horses pressed against the shafts and, pressing their feet against the solid shining snow, cut it into pieces like sugar.

Nikoláy started after the first tróyka; the other two squeaked and whined behind him. At first they drove at a slow trot over a narrow road. So long as they went past the garden, the shadows from the bared trees often fell across the road and concealed the bright moonlight, but the moment they drove beyond the enclosure, the snow-covered plain, sparkling like diamonds, with a grayish blue sheen, all bathed by the gleam of the moon, and motionless, lay on all sides. Suddenly the front sleigh was jarred by getting into a rut; in the same manner the following sleighs were jarred, and, boldly breaking the fettered calm, they began to stretch out one behind the other.

"A rabbit track, many tracks!" was heard Natásha's sonorous voice in the frosty air.

"How bright it is, Nicolas!" said Sónya.

Nikoláy looked back at Sónya and bent down so as to see her face better. An entirely new, sweet face, with a black moustache and eyebrows, looked at him, in the moonlight, out of sable furs.

"This was once Sónya," thought Nikoláy. He looked closer at her and smiled.

"What is it, Nicolas?"

"Nothing," he said, again turning to his horses.

When they reached the travelled highway, which was all sleek from the runners, and all cut up by the sponge tracks, visible in the moonlight, the horses began themselves to pull on the reins and to increase their gait. The left side horse, bending its head, tugged at its traces in leaps. The centre horse swayed to and fro, moving its ears, as though asking, "Shall I begin, or is it too early yet?" In front, far away, tinkling its deep-voiced bell, could be clearly made out Zákhar's black tróyka on the white snow. From his sleigh could be heard loud calls and the laughter of the masks.

"Come now, my darlings!" shouted Nikoláy, pulling the reins on one side, and drawing back his hand with the whip. Only by the stronger wind which seemed to blow into their faces, and by the tugging of the side horses and their changed gait, could they see how fast the tróyka flew. Nikoláy looked back. The other tróykas, shouting and screaming, and waving their whips over the centre horses, were coming up from behind. The centre horse of Nikoláy's tróyka swayed evenly under his arch, being ready even to increase his pace, whenever there should be any need for it.

Nikoláy caught up with the first tróyka. They drove down an incline and came out on a broad, well-travelled road over a meadow, near the river.

"Where are we?" thought Nikoláy. "I suppose on the upland meadow. No, this is something new, something which I have never seen before. It is not the upland meadow, nor Démkin's mound, but God knows what! This is something new and fairylike. I do not care what it is!" And, shouting to his horses, he began to drive past the first tróyka.

Zákhar checked his horses and turned back his face, which was covered to the eyebrows with hoarfrost.

Nikoláy sent his horses forward; Zákhar stretched out his arms and, smacking his lips, let his horses fly.

"Look out, master," he cried. The tróykas, side by side, flew faster still, and swiftly alternated the legs of the galloping horses. Nikoláy was gaining on Zákhar. Zákhar, without changing the position of his extended arms, raised one hand with the reins.

"You are mistaken, master," he shouted to Nikoláy. Nikoláy let his horses go at a gallop, and passed beyond Zákhar. The horses scattered the fine, dry snow on the people in the sleigh; near them could be heard the various sounds of the bells, and they could see the rapidly moving feet of their horses, mingling with the shadow from the other sleigh. The squeak of the runners over the snow and the screams of the women resounded on all sides.

Again stopping his horses, Nikoláy looked all around him. There was the magic plain, all saturated with the moonlight and glistening with its scattered stars.

"Zákhar is calling for me to turn to the left; why to the left?" thought Nikoláy. "Are we going to the Melyukóvs? Is this Melyukóvka? God knows where we are travelling, and God knows what is happening to us, and what is happening to us is so strange and so good."

He looked back into the sleigh.

"Look, his moustache and lashes are all white," said one of the strange, good-looking men, with a thin moustache and eyebrows.

"This one, I think, was once Natásha," thought Nikoláy, "and this one is Madame Schoss; and maybe not. I do not know who this Circassian with the moustache is, but I love him."

"Are you not cold?" he asked.

They did not answer him, and only laughed. Dimmler, in the sleigh behind them, was shouting, apparently something funny, but it was not possible to hear him.

"Yes, yes," laughing replied the voices.

"See what a magic forest with changeable black shadows and diamond sparkles, and a row of marble steps, and silver roofs of magic buildings, and the piercing squeak of animals! And if this is indeed Melyukóvka, then it is exceedingly strange that we should have travelled God knows where and yet come out at Melyukóvka," thought Nikoláy.

It was indeed Melyukóvka, and maids and lackeys, carrying candles, rushed out, with merry faces, to the porch.

"Who is it?" some one on the porch asked.

"The count's masks, — so I see by the horses," said some voices.

XI.

Pelagéya Danílovna Melyukóv, a broad-chested, energetic woman in eye-glasses and an ample capote, was sitting in the drawing-room, surrounded by her daughters, whom she was trying to amuse. They were quietly pouring wax and watching the shadows of the figures arising from it, when the voices and steps of the masks were heard in the anteroom.

The hussars, ladies, witches, clowns, and bears, having in the antechamber cleared their throats and wiped off their faces which were covered with hoarfrost, entered the parlour, where candles were hurriedly lighted. Clown Dimmler with Nikoláy, the lady, started the dance. Surrounded by yelling children, the masks, covering their faces and changing their voices, bowed before the hostess and stationed themselves in the room.

"Oh, it is impossible to tell them! Why, this is Natásha! See what she looks like! Really, she reminds me of somebody. How nice Éduard Kárlych looks! I did not recognize him. How he dances! O Lord, and there is a Circassian! How becoming it is to Sónya. And who is this? Well, you have given us lots of fun! Take away the tables. Nikíta! Ványa! And we were sitting here so quietly."

"Ha, ha, ha!— What a hussar! Just like a boy, and look at her feet!— I can't see—" voices were heard saying.

Natásha, the favourite of the young Melyukóvs, with them disappeared in the back rooms, to which were

brought cork and all kinds of gowns and pieces of male attire, which bared arms of girls received through the doors from the lackeys. Ten minutes later, the whole family of the young Melyukóvs joined the masks.

Pelagéya Danílovna, having given orders to clear up the place for the guests and to treat the gentlemen and manorial servants, without taking off her glasses and with a repressed smile walked between the masks, looking straight into their faces and not recognizing one of them. She not only could not tell the Rostóvs and Dimmler, but not even her own daughters, nor the male gowns and uniforms which they had on.

"Who is this woman?" she said, turning to her governess, and looking into the face of one of her daughters representing a Kazán Tartar. "It must be one of the Rostóvs. And you, Mr. Hussar, in what regiment are you serving?" she asked Natásha. "Give a pastille to the Turk, to the Turk, I say," she said to the butler who was carrying around refreshments. "Their religion does not prohibit that."

Now and then, as she looked at the strange and funny capers which the dancers cut, having decided that so long as they were in disguise and no one would recognize them there was no cause for feeling embarrassed, Pelagéya Danílovna covered her face with her handkerchief, and her whole obese body shook with the irrepressible, kindly laughter of an old person.

"Oh, darling Sásha! Sásha dear!"

After the Russian dances and the round dance, Pelagéya Danílovna combined all the gentlefolk of the party and the manorial servants into one large circle. A ring, a cord, and a rouble were brought, and the games began.

In an hour all the costumes were crumpled and crushed and the burnt cork moustaches and eyebrows were smeared all over the perspiring, heated, merry faces. Pelagéya Danílovna began to recognize the masks, expressed her

delight at the excellent make-up, at the way the costumes were becoming, especially to the ladies, and thanked all for having given her such a good time. The guests were called to supper in the drawing-room, while the manorial servants were treated in the parlour.

"To tell fortunes in the bath-house is terrible!" an old maid, who was living at the house of the Melyukóvs, said at the supper.

"Why?" asked the eldest daughter of the Melyukóvs.

"You won't go there! It takes courage —"

"I will go," said Sónya.

"Tell us what happened to the young lady," said the second Miss Melyukóv.

"It was like this: a young lady went," said the old maid, "and she took with her a cock and two covers, — as is proper, and sat down. She sat awhile, and suddenly she heard some one driving up — with little bells, and the sleigh stopped. Then she heard him come. He came in, in human shape, like an officer. He came and sat down with her at the table."

"Ah, ah!" cried Natásha, rolling her eyes in terror.

"What, and he could talk?"

"Yes, like a man, just as is proper, and he began to persuade her to go with him, and she ought to have entertained him until cockcrow; but she lost her courage; she lost her courage and covered her face with her hands. And then he seized her. It was lucky the maids just then came running in —"

"What is the use of frightening them?" said Pelagéya Danílovna.

"Mamma, you yourself used to tell fortunes —" said one of her daughters.

"How do you tell fortunes in the granary?" asked Sónya.

"Well, you just go up to the granary and listen. If you hear somebody driving in a peg, and tapping, — then it is bad; but if you hear grain poured in, it is good."

"Mamma, tell us what happened to you in the granary?"

Pelagéya Danílovna smiled.

"Oh, I have forgotten it—" she said. "None of you will go there, will you?"

"Why not, I will. Pelagéya Danílovna, let me go!" said Sónya.

"All right, if you are not afraid."

"Luíza Ivánovna, may I?" asked Sónya.

While they had been playing the ring, the cord, or the rouble game, or while they were talking as they were doing then, Nikoláy did not leave Sónya, and kept looking at her with entirely different eyes. It seemed to him that only now, thanks to her painted moustache, he had for the first time found out who she really was. Sónya was indeed very happy, animated, and pretty on that evening, more so than Natásha had ever seen her before.

"So this is what she is! And I am a fool!" he thought, looking at her beaming eyes and at her happy smile of transport, which caused her cheek to dimple under the moustache, and which he had not observed in her before.

"I am not afraid of anything," said Sónya. "May I go at once?"

She rose. She was told where the granary was, and how she had to stand in silence and listen, and a fur coat was handed to her. She threw it over her head and cast a glance at Nikoláy.

"What a charming girl!" he thought. "What have I been thinking about all this time!"

Sónya went out into the corridor in order to go to the granary. Nikoláy hurried out by the main entrance, saying that he felt warm. It was, indeed, very close in the house from the crowd which was gathered within.

In the open there was the same motionless cold, and the same moon, only brighter than when they had come out. The light was so strong and there were so many

stars on the snow that one did not care to look at the heavens and did not notice the real stars. The heavens looked dark and lonesome, — on earth there was merriment.

"Fool! I am a fool! What have I been waiting for so long?" Nikoláy thought, and, running down on the porch, he went around the corner of the house, along the path which led to the back entrance. He knew that he should find Sónya there. In the middle of the road there stood cords of wood, covered with snow, and casting shadows; over them and at their sides, intermingling, shadows of leafless lindens fell upon the snow and upon the path. The path led to the granary. The log wall of the granary and the roof were covered with snow and shone in the moonshine as though cut out of some precious stone. A tree crackled in the garden, and again all was quiet. The lungs seemed to inhale not air, but some eternally young power and joy.

On the maids' porch feet clattered on the steps and gave a sonorous squeak on the last step which was covered with snow, and the voice of an old maid was heard saying:

"Straight out, along the path, lady. Don't look around!"

"I am not afraid," replied Sónya, and on the path, in the direction toward Nikoláy, Sónya's feet in thin shoes squeaked and whined on the snow.

Sónya was wrapped in her fur. She was within two steps of him when she saw him; she saw him not such as she had known him and as she used to be a little afraid of him. He wore a woman's attire and dishevelled hair, and had a happy smile for Sónya, which was new to her. Sónya ran up to him.

"She is entirely different, and still the same," thought Nikoláy, looking at her face, which was all lighted up in the moonshine. He put his hands under the fur coat

which covered her head, embraced her, pressed her to his breast, and kissed her lips, above which was the moustache smelling of burnt cork. Sónya kissed him in the very middle of his lips and, straightening out her little hands, took hold of both his cheeks.

"Sónya! — Nicolas!" was all they said. They ran up to the granary, and each returned by a different entrance.

XII.

When all went back from Pelagéya Danílovna, Natásha, who always saw and noticed everything, arranged things in such a way that Luíza Ivánovna and she took seats in Dimmler's sleigh, while Sónya went with Nikoláy and the maids.

Nikoláy no longer raced, but travelled leisurely home, and, scanning Sónya's face in the strange moonlight, tried to find, in this transforming light and underneath the eyebrows and the moustache, his former and his present Sónya, from whom he decided he would never part. He looked at her and, as he recognized both and recalled the smell of burnt cork, mixed with the sensation of the kiss, he inhaled the frosty air with full lungs, and, as he looked at the receding earth and the gleaming sky, he again felt himself to be in a magic kingdom.

"Sónya, are you comfortable?" he asked her now and then.

"Yes," Sónya replied. "And you?"

In the middle of the road, Nikoláy gave the reins to the coachman and ran for a moment to Natásha's sleigh, where he stood on the wing. "Natásha," he said to her in a whisper, in French, "do you know, I have made up my mind in respect to Sónya."

"Have you told her so?" asked Natásha, all agleam with joy.

"Oh, how strange you look with your moustache and eyebrows, Natásha! Are you glad?"

"I am so glad, so glad! I was getting angry with

you. I have not told you that you were not treating her right. Nicolas, she is such a good soul! How glad I am! I am sometimes bad, but I should have been ashamed to be happy without Sónya," Natásha continued. "Now I am so happy! Go, run to her!"

"No, wait! How funny you are!" said Nikoláy, looking at her all the time, and discovering in his sister, too, something new, unusual, and enticingly tender, which he had not seen in her before. "Natásha, it is fairylike, don't you think so?"

"Yes," she replied, "you have done well."

"If I had seen her before such as she now is," thought Nikoláy, "I should have asked her long ago what to do, and should have done everything she told me to, and all would have been well."

"So you are glad, and I have done well?"

"Yes, so well! It is just lately that I had a quarrel with mamma about it. Mamma said that she was setting her cap for you. How can she say that? We almost came to words. I will never allow anybody to say or think anything bad about her, because there is nothing but goodness in her."

"So it is good?" said Nikoláy, again watching the expression of his sister's face, in order to find out whether it was true, and, creaking with his boots, he leaped down from the wing and ran back to his sleigh. The same happy, smiling Circassian, looking at him underneath her sable cloak, was sitting there, and this Circassian was Sónya, and this Sónya was certainly going to be his happy and loving wife.

After arriving home and telling their mother how they had passed their time at the Melyukóvs', the young ladies went to their rooms. They undressed themselves, but they did not wash off their moustaches for a long time, and sat up talking about their happiness. They were telling each other how they would live when married,

how their husbands would be friends, and how they would be happy. On Natásha's table stood the mirrors which Dunyásha had fixed for her in the evening.

"When will it all be? I am afraid never. It is too good to be true!" said Natásha, rising and walking up to the mirrors.

"Sit down, Natásha! Maybe you will see him," said Sónya.

Natásha lighted some candles and sat down.

"I see somebody with a moustache," said Natásha, who saw her face.

"You must not laugh, lady!" said Dunyásha.

With the aid of Sónya and of the maid, Natásha found the proper position for the mirror: her face assumed a serious look and she grew silent. She sat there for a long time, looking at the row of receding candles in the mirrors, thinking (in accordance with the superstition) that she would see either a coffin, or *him*, Prince Andréy, in the last dim, blended square. But, however much she was inclined to regard the smallest spot as a human figure, or as a coffin, she did not see anything. She began to blink, and went away from the mirror.

"Why do others see, while I see nothing?" she said. "Sónya, sit down yourself! You must to-night by all means," she said. "Look for me, — I am so frightened to-night!"

Sónya sat down at the mirror, arranged to suit herself, and began to look.

"Now Sónya Aleksándrovna will certainly see something," Dunyásha said, in a whisper, "but you laugh too much."

Sónya heard these words and she heard Natásha answering in a whisper:

"I know that she will see it; she saw it last year, too."

About three minutes all were silent.

"By all means!" Natásha whispered, without finishing the sentence.

Suddenly Sónya pushed aside the mirror which she was holding, and closed her eyes with her hand.

"Oh, Natásha!" she said.

"Did you see anything? Did you?" cried Natásha, holding up the mirror.

Sónya had not seen anything. She had just wanted to blink and to get up when she heard Natásha's voice, saying "By all means!" She did not wish to deceive Dunyásha, or Natásha, and she was tired. She did not know herself why or how the sound had escaped her, as she had covered her eyes.

"Did you see him?" asked Natásha, taking hold of her hand.

"Yes. Wait — I — saw him," Sónya said, instinctively, herself not knowing whom it was Natásha meant by "him," whether it was Nikoláy, or Prince Andréy.

"Why can't I say that I saw something? Others say that they do! And who is there to accuse me of having seen or not seen anything?" it suddenly flashed through Sónya's mind.

"Yes, I saw him," said Sónya.

"How was he? How? Standing or lying?"

"No, I saw — There was nothing at first, and then I saw him lying."

"Andréy lying? Is he ill?" Natásha asked, riveting her frightened eyes upon her companion.

"No, on the contrary. He had a pleasant face, and he turned to me," and as she was saying this, she actually believed things had happened as she was telling them.

"Well, and then?"

"Then I did not make out: there was something blue and red — "

"Sónya, when will he come back? When shall I see him? O Lord, how I am afraid for him and for myself,

and how terribly I feel about everything — " Natásha said, and, without replying a word to the consolations offered by Sónya, she lay down on her bed, and long after the candle was extinguished she lay motionless, with open eyes, and looked at the chill moonlight shining through the frozen windows.

XIII.

Soon after the Christmas holidays Nikoláy informed his mother of his love for Sónya and of his firm determination to marry her. The countess, who had for a long time been noticing what was going on between Sónya and Nikoláy, and who had been expecting this explanation, listened to him in silence and told him that he could marry whomsoever he wished, but that neither she nor his father would give him their blessing for such a union. Nikoláy felt for the first time that his mother was dissatisfied with him, and that, in spite of her whole love for him, she would not yield. With a cold demeanour and without looking at her son, she sent for her husband; and when he came, the countess wanted to inform him, coldly and abruptly, in the presence of her son, of the matter in hand, but she gave way and wept tears of vexation, and left the room. The old prince began in indecision to admonish his son and to ask him to abandon his intention. Nikoláy replied that he could not be untrue to his word, and his father, heaving a sigh and apparently embarrassed, suddenly interrupted his speech and went out to see the countess. In all his conflicts with his son, the count was not able to rid himself of the consciousness of his own guilt for the bad state of affairs, and so he was not angry with him for his refusal to marry a rich girl and his choice of dowerless Sónya; indeed, he could not help thinking so much the more vividly that, if the affairs were not in such a bad shape, Nikoláy could not have found a better wife than Sónya,

and that only he, with his Mítenka and his own invincible habits, was responsible for the whole state of affairs.

The parents never again mentioned the matter to their son; but a few days later the countess called in Sónya, and with severity, which neither the one nor the other had expected, upbraided her niece with having enticed her son and with ingratitude. Sónya, in silence and with drooping eyes, listened to the cruel words of the countess, and did not understand what was demanded of her. She was ready to sacrifice everything for her benefactors. The thought of self-renunciation was her favourite idea; but now she was unable to comprehend what she was to sacrifice and for whom. She could not help loving the countess and the whole family of the Rostóvs, nor could she help loving Nikoláy and knowing that his happiness depended on that love. She was taciturn and sad, and made no reply. Nikoláy felt that he could not bear this situation much longer, and so he went to have an explanation with his mother. Nikoláy now begged his mother to forgive him and Sónya and give her consent to their marriage, and now threatened that he would marry her secretly, if they did not stop persecuting her.

The countess, with a coldness which he had never seen in her, replied to him that he was of age, that Prince Andréy was going to marry without his father's consent, and that he could do the same, but that she would never recognize the "intrigante" as her daughter.

Exploding at the word "intrigante," Nikoláy, raising his voice, told his mother that he had never thought that she would make him sell his feelings, and that if it was so, he was talking for the last time with her. But he did not succeed in saying the final word which, judging by the expression of his face, his mother had been expecting in terror, and which would for ever have remained as a cruel recollection for both of them. He had not finished his

sentence when Natásha, with a pale and serious face, entered through the door, where she had been standing and listening.

"Nikoláy, you are speaking nonsense. Keep quiet, keep quiet! I tell you, keep quiet!" she almost shouted, in order to drown his voice.

"Mamma, darling, it is not so — dear, poor mother," she turned to her mother, who, feeling herself on the brink of a separation, looked in terror at her son, but who, carried away by the conflict and through stubbornness, did not wish to and could not surrender.

"Nikoláy, I will tell you later, — go away! Listen to me, mother dear!" she said to her mother.

Her words had no meaning, but they had the desired effect.

The countess sobbed out loud and buried her face in her daughter's bosom, and Nikoláy got up, clasped his head, and left the room.

Natásha undertook the work of pacification, and carried her efforts so far that Nikoláy received his mother's promise that Sónya should not be persecuted, and himself promised that he would not do anything in secret.

In the beginning of January, Nikoláy, sad and serious, at variance with his parents, but, as he thought, passionately in love, left for his regiment, with the firm intention of settling affairs in the army, taking his dismissal, and coming home to marry Sónya.

After his departure the house of the Rostóvs looked sadder than ever. The countess became ill from mental anxiety. Sónya was sad, both on account of the separation from Nikoláy, and still more on account of the hostile attitude which the countess involuntarily assumed toward her. The count was more than ever worried over the precarious state of affairs, which demanded definite measures. It became necessary to sell the Moscow house and the suburban estate, and for this it became necessary

to go to Moscow; but the health of the countess compelled him to delay the journey from one day to another.

Natásha, who at first had easily and cheerfully borne the absence of her fiancé, now became more agitated and impatient. The thought that her best time, which she would have employed in loving him, was passing uselessly, worried her continuously. His letters generally angered her. It offended her to think that, while she only lived thinking of him, he was living an actual life, seeing new places and new people, which certainly caused him pleasure. The more interesting his letters were, the more they vexed her. Her own letters to him gave her no consolation, and appeared to her as a tedious and false duty. She did not know how to write because she could not see the possibility of giving a correct picture of even one-thousandth part of what she was wont to express by her voice, her smile, and her look. She wrote to him classical, monotonous, dry letters, to which she herself ascribed no significance, and in the rough copy of which the countess corrected her spelling.

The health of the countess did not improve; but it was impossible to delay the journey to Moscow much longer. It was necessary to get a dowry and to sell the house, and, besides, Prince Andréy was expected to arrive first in Moscow, where during that winter Prince Nikoláy Andréevich was living. Natásha was sure that he had already arrived.

The countess remained in the country, and the count, taking Sónya and Natásha with him, at the end of January started for Moscow.

PART THE EIGHTH

I.

AFTER the engagement of Prince Andréy to Natásha, Pierre, without any apparent cause, suddenly felt that it was impossible for him to continue his former life. No matter how firmly he was convinced of the truths which had been revealed to him by his benefactor; no matter how pleasurable had been to him at first the transport caused by the inner work of his self-perfection to which he had abandoned himself with such fervour, the whole charm of his former life suddenly disappeared after the engagement of Andréy to Natásha and after the death of Ósip Aleksyéevich, of which he heard at almost the same time. There was only left the skeleton of life: his house with his brilliant wife, who now enjoyed the graces of a very important person, his acquaintance with the whole of St. Petersburg, and his service with its tedious formalities. This former life suddenly appeared to Pierre as an abomination. He stopped keeping his diary, avoided the company of the brothers, began once more to frequent the club, to drink much, and to cultivate the acquaintance of bachelor societies, and began to lead such a life that Countess Hélène Vasílevna found it necessary to reprimand him severely. Pierre felt that she was right and, in order not to compromise his wife, left for Moscow.

The moment he reached his immense Moscow house, with the withered and withering princesses and with the

immense retinue of servants; the moment he saw, upon driving through the city, the Íver chapel, with the endless candle-lights in front of the gold foil, the Kremlin square with the untouched snow, the cabmen and the miserable huts of the Sívtsev Vrazhók; when he saw the Moscow old men, who wished for nothing and lived out their days without being in a hurry; when he saw the old Moscow ladies, the Moscow balls, and the English club, — he felt that he was at home, in a quiet harbour. In Moscow he was overcome by a sensation of calm, warmth, comfort, and dirt, such as one experiences in an old morning-gown.

Moscow society, from the old women down to the children, received Pierre as their long-expected guest, for whom a place had always been reserved. For Moscow society Pierre was the dearest, best, cleverest, merriest, most magnanimous of odd men, absent-minded and sincere, — a Russian lord of the old pattern. His purse was always empty, because it was always open for everybody.

Benefits, bad pictures, statues, charitable institutions, gipsies, schools, subscription dinners, carousals, Masons, churches, books, — nobody and nothing received a refusal, and if it had not been for two of his friends, who had borrowed large sums of money from him and had taken him under their care, he would have given everything away. In the club there was no dinner, no evening entertainment without him. The moment he seated himself comfortably on the sofa after two bottles of Château-Margaux, he was surrounded by a throng of friends, and there began conversations, disputes, and jokes. Where there was any quarrel, he, with his mere kindly smile and appropriate joke, made peace between the contending parties. The Masonic table lodges were tedious and insipid if he was not present.

When, after a bachelor supper, he, with a kindly and sweet smile, got up, in deference to the request of the

whole company, in order to go with them, joyous, triumphant shouts went up among the young people. He danced at balls if there was a scarcity of gentlemen. The young women and girls liked him because, without courting them, he was equally amiable with all, especially after supper.

"*Il est charmant, il n'a pas de sexe*," they said of him.

Pierre was an ex-gentleman of the chamber, good-naturedly living out his days like hundreds of others in Moscow. How shocked he would have been if, seven years before, upon his return from abroad, some one had told him that he ought to look for nothing and think of nothing, that his rut had been made long ago and was predetermined, and that, no matter how much he might writhe, he would be what all in his position had been! He would not have believed it. Did he not wish with his whole soul to make a republic of Russia, or himself to be a Napoleon, or a philosopher, or a tactician, a conqueror of Napoleon? Did he not see the possibility, and did he not have the passionate wish to regenerate the sinful human race and to bring himself to the highest degree of perfection? Had he not founded schools and hospitals, and had he not freed his peasants?

But, despite all that, here he was, the rich husband of an unfaithful wife, an ex-gentleman of the chamber, fond of something good to eat and drink, and, unbuttoning himself slightly, of censuring the government, — a member of the English club of Moscow, and a favourite member of Moscow society. He could not for a long time get used to the thought that he was that ex-gentleman of the chamber in Moscow, the type of whom he had so heartily abhorred seven years before.

Now and then he consoled himself with the thought that the life he led was only temporary; but then he was horrified by the other thought that so many men had entered this life and this club with sound teeth and full

heads of hair, and had come out of it without a single tooth or hair.

In moments of pride, when he thought of his situation, it seemed to him that he was an entirely different man, quite apart from those ex-gentlemen of the chamber, whom he used to despise; and that those had been base and stupid, and satisfied with their situation, "while I am even now dissatisfied, and all the time wish to be doing something for humanity," he said to himself in moments of pride. "And maybe all my companions had struggled just as I, had sought a new path in life, and, like myself, were, by force of circumstance, of society, and of their breeding, by that elementary force, against which man is powerless, brought to the same end to which I have arrived," he said to himself in moments of modesty; and, after having lived in Moscow for some time, he no longer despised, but began to love, respect, and pity those companions of his who shared the same fate with him.

Pierre was no longer assailed, as formerly, by moments of despair, melancholy, and contempt for life; but the same disease, which before had found its expression in violent attacks, now was driven inward, and did not abandon him even for a moment. "What for? Why? What is going on in the world?" he asked himself in perplexity several times a day, instinctively brooding over the meaning of the phenomena of life; but, knowing by experience that there were no answers to these questions, he hastened to turn away from them, picked up a book, or drove to the club, or to Apollón Nikoláevich, to discuss the gossip of the city.

"Hélène Vasílevna, who has never loved anything but her own body, and is one of the most stupid of women in the world," thought Pierre, "appears to people as the acme of intellect and refinement, and they bow before her. Napoleon Bonaparte was despised by all so long as he was great, but the moment he has become a miserable

comedian, Emperor Francis is trying his best to offer his daughter to him as an illegitimate wife. The Spaniards, through the Catholic clergy, send up prayers to God in gratitude for having conquered the French on the 14th of June, and the French, through the same Catholic clergy, send up their prayers for having conquered the Spaniards on the 14th of June. My brother Masons swear by their blood that they are ready to sacrifice everything for their neighbours, and yet fail to pay a rouble toward a collection for the poor, and intrigue Astreus against the Seekers of the Manna, and are concerned about the Scotch carpet and about the charter, the meaning of which even he who wrote it did not know, and which nobody wants. All of us profess the Christian creed of forgiving offences and of love for our neighbour, a creed in consequence of which we have erected 'forty forties' of churches in Moscow, and yet yesterday they killed a fugitive by flogging, and the minister of this creed gave the soldier the cross to kiss before the execution."

Thus Pierre thought, and all this universal, accepted lie, no matter how much he was accustomed to it, surprised him every time, as though it were something entirely new.

"I understand this lie and tangle," he thought, "but how am I to tell them all which I understand? I have tried them, and have found that in the depth of their souls they understand this as well as I do, but that they try not to see it. Consequently it must be right as it is! But I, what shall I do with myself?" thought Pierre.

He possessed the unfortunate characteristic, common to many men, especially Russians, of seeing and believing in the possibility of goodness and truth, and of seeing the evil and falsehood of life too clearly in order to be able to take any serious part in it. Every field of labour in his eyes was connected with evil and deceit. No matter what he tried to be, or what he wished to undertake, — the evil

and the falsehood repelled him and barred all the ways for his activity. And yet, it was necessary to live, it was necessary to be occupied. It was too terrible to be under the pressure of these unsolvable questions of life, and he abandoned himself to the first distractions that offered themselves, only to forget himself. He frequented all kinds of societies, drank much, bought pictures, and reared buildings, and, above all, he read books.

He read everything which fell into his hands. When he arrived at home and the lackeys undressed him, he picked up a book and read, and from the reading passed to sleep, and from sleep to idle prattle in drawing-rooms and in the club, from the prattle to carousals and women, from a carousal again to talking, reading, and wine. The drinking of wine became for him an ever increasing physical as well as moral necessity. Although the doctors told him that, with his corpulence, wine was dangerous for him, he continued drinking a great deal. He was entirely at his ease only when, not noticing himself how, he had poured into his big mouth several glasses of wine and thus experienced an agreeable warmth in his body, a tenderness toward all his neighbours, and a readiness of mind so as to respond superficially to every thought, without entering into its essence. Only after drinking a bottle or two of wine, he became dimly conscious of the fact that the terrible, tangled knot of life, which had appalled him before, was not so terrible as it had seemed to be. With a din in his head, talking with people, listening to some conversation, or reading a book after dinner or supper, he eternally saw this knot from some one side of it. But, under the influence of wine, he said to himself, "That is nothing. I will disentangle it, — indeed, I have an explanation ready. Now I have no time, — but later I will consider it all!" But this *later* never came.

Early in the morning, on an empty stomach, all former questions appeared just as insolvable and terrible, and

Pierre hastened to pick up a book, and was ever so glad if some one came to see him.

Pierre now and then recalled the story he had heard of soldiers who, when they are under fire in the trenches and have nothing else to do, try to discover some kind of an occupation, in order the more easily to bear the danger. To Pierre, all people appeared as such soldiers, who were trying to save themselves from life: one through ambition, another through cards, through making laws, through women, through playthings, through horses, through the chase, through wine, or through affairs of state. "There is nothing insignificant, nothing important, — it is all the same. If I can only save myself from it!" thought Pierre. "Only not to see *it*, that terrible *it*."

II.

In the beginning of winter, Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski and his daughter arrived in Moscow. By his past, by his intellect and originality, especially on account of the dampened enthusiasm for the reign of Emperor Alexander, and of that anti-French and patriotic tendency which at that time reigned in Moscow, Prince Nikoláy Andréevich at once became the object of especial reverence for the Muscovites, and the centre of the Moscow opposition to the government.

The prince had aged very much during the year. There appeared in him pronounced signs of decrepitude: sudden attacks of sleepiness, the forgetfulness of recent events and the recollection of remote occurrences, and the childish vanity with which he assumed the rôle of the head of the Moscow opposition. At the same time, when the old man came out in his short fur coat and powdered wig, especially in the evening, to tea, and, stirred by somebody's remarks, began his abrupt stories of the past, and his still more abrupt and sharp judgments of the present, he roused in all his guests an equal sentiment of respectful veneration. To the visitors all this old house, — with its immense pier-glasses, ante-revolutionary furniture, its lackeys in powdered wigs, and the brusque and clever old man himself, who belonged to the previous century, with his meek daughter and pretty Frenchwoman, who worshipped him, — presented an agreeable and majestic spectacle. But the visitors did not think that, outside of the two or

three hours during which they saw the hosts, there were twenty-one or more hours in the day, during which a secret internal life was going on in the house.

During this last stay in Moscow, this inner life became very oppressive for Princess Márya. She was here deprived of her best joys, — her conversations with the God's people and of solitude, which had refreshed her so much in Lýsyya Góry — and had none of the advantages and joys of the life in the capital. She did not go into society; all knew that her father did not let her go without him, and that he himself could not make any calls on account of his illness, and so she was not invited to dinners or evening entertainments. Princess Márya abandoned all hope of ever getting married. She saw the coldness and irritation with which Prince Nikoláy Andréevich received and saw off the young men, who occasionally called at his house, and who might be prospective matches. Princess Márya had no friends: during this sojourn in Moscow she became disappointed in her two nearest friends. Mlle. Bourienne, in whom, before this, she had not been able frankly to confide, now became quite distasteful to her, and she began for certain reasons to keep aloof from her.

Julie, who was in Moscow, and with whom Princess Márya had been corresponding for five years in succession, turned out to be a complete stranger to her, as soon as Princess Márya again met her personally. Julie, who, after the death of her brothers, had become one of the richest matches of Moscow, was now passing her time in a whirl of worldly pleasures. She was surrounded by young people, who, she thought, had suddenly come to appreciate her superior qualities. She was in that period of an aging society lady when she feels that her last chance for marrying has come, and that now or never her fate is to be decided. Princess Márya with a sad smile thought on Thursdays that she had now no person to write to, because Julie, whose presence gave her no

pleasure, was there and came to see her every week. Like an old emigrant who refused to marry the lady at whose house he had passed all his evenings for years, Princess Márya regretted that Julie was there, thus depriving her of the possibility of writing letters to some one. Princess Márya had no one in Moscow with whom she could talk, no one to confide her sorrows to, and there was much new sorrow she suffered of late.

The time for the return of Prince Andréy and for his wedding was getting near, and yet his request to prepare his father for it had not yet been fulfilled; on the contrary, the business seemed to be thoroughly spoiled, and the mention of Countess Rostóv only excited the old prince, who now seldom was in a good mood. The new sorrow which was added to Princess Márya's old sorrows consisted in the lessons which she was giving to her six-year-old nephew. In her relations with him, she to her terror discovered her father's irritability in herself. No matter how often she said to herself that it was not right to become excited when teaching her nephew, she, seating herself with a pointer at the French A B C, wanted in the easiest and quickest manner possible to pour her own knowledge into the boy, who was afraid that his aunt would get angry, and so, at the slightest inattention on the side of the boy, she trembled, hurried, grew excited, raised her voice, occasionally pulled his little hand, and made him stand in the corner. When she so punished him, she herself began to weep over her bad, mean character, and her nephew, imitating her sobs, without permission left his corner, walked over to her, pulled her wet hands away from her face, and began to console her.

But the greatest sorrow was caused to the princess by the irritability of her father, which was always directed against his daughter, and which of late had reached the point of cruelty. If he had made her make obeisances all night long, if he beat her and compelled her to carry wood

and water, it would never have occurred to her that her condition was a hard one; but this loving tormentor, the more cruel since he loved her and for this reason tormented himself and her, knew how purposely to offend her and humble her, and also to prove to her that she was always and in everything to blame. Of late there had appeared a new feature in him, which more than anything else tormented Márya, and that was his growing intimacy with Mlle. Bourienne. The joke which had occurred to him in the first moment, when the news of his son's intention had been received, the thought that, if Prince Andréy was going to marry, he himself would marry the Bourienne woman, had apparently given him pleasure, and he persistently showed his attention to Mlle. Bourienne, in order, so Princess Márya thought, to offend her, and he expressed his love for Mlle. Bourienne, in order to indicate his dissatisfaction with his daughter.

Once, in Moscow, the old prince, in the presence of his daughter (she thought her father had done so on purpose), kissed Mlle. Bourienne's hand and, drawing her toward him, embraced her lovingly. Princess Márya flared up and left the room. A few minutes later Mlle. Bourienne entered Princess Márya's room, smiling and telling her something funny in her pleasant voice. Princess Márya hurriedly wiped her tears, with determined steps approached Mlle. Bourienne, and, without knowing what she was doing, in angry haste and with explosions of her voice began to cry at the Frenchwoman: "It is base, mean, inhuman to make use of a weakness —" She did not finish her sentence. "Get out of my room!" she cried and burst out weeping.

On the following day the prince said nothing to his daughter; but she noticed that at dinner he ordered the lackey to attend first to Mlle. Bourienne. At the end of the dinner, when the butler, following his old habit, offered a cup of coffee first to Princess Márya, the prince sud-

denly flew into a rage, threw his crutch at Filípp, and immediately ordered him to be put into the army.

"They pay no attention to me! I told him twice! They do not obey me! She is the first person in this house; she is my best friend," he shouted. "If you permit yourself," he cried in anger, for the first time turning to Princess Márya, "as you dared last night, to forget yourself before her, I will show you who is the master in this house. Out of here! Let me not see you! Beg her forgiveness!"

Princess Márya begged the forgiveness of Amáliya Evgénevna Bourienne and of her father, for her own sake and for the sake of butler Filípp, who begged her to take his part.

At such moments there rose in the soul of Princess Márya a feeling akin to the pride of the victim. At such moments her father, whom she censured, might be looking for his glasses, fingering all around them without seeing them, or he might forget that which had just happened, or make a false step with his feeble feet and look around to see whether any one had seen him, or, what was worse still, he might at dinner, when there were no guests to excite him, drop his napkin and fall asleep, lowering his nodding head over his plate.

"He is old and feeble, and I dare pass judgment upon him!" she at such moments thought of herself in disgust.

III.

In the year 1811, there was living in Moscow a fashionable French doctor, a man of immense size, handsome, amiable, as Frenchmen are, and, as was said in Moscow, a physician of uncommon skill, Métivier by name. He was received in the homes of the highest society, not as a doctor, but as an equal.

Prince Nikoláy Andréevich, who made fun of medicine, upon Mlle. Bourienne's advice, admitted this doctor and became accustomed to him. Métivier came to see the prince twice a week.

On St. Nicholas Day, the name-day of the prince, all of Moscow was at the entrance of his house, but he gave orders not to receive anybody. He invited a few persons to dinner, however, giving the list of them to Princess Márya.

Métivier, who arrived in the morning to offer his congratulations, found it proper, in his capacity of physician, *de forcer la consigne*, as he told Princess Márya, and so he went in to see the prince. It so happened that on that name-day the old prince was in one of his very worst moods. He had been walking around the whole morning, finding fault with everybody in the house and pretending that he did not understand what he was told, and that people did not understand him. Princess Márya knew very well this condition of quiet irritation which generally broke loose in a storm of rage, and she was walking about, as though in front of a loaded and cocked gun, ready for the inevitable shot. The morning, previous

to the arrival of the doctor, had gone by favourably. Having admitted the doctor, Princess Márya sat down with a book in the drawing-room, near the door, where she could hear everything which was going on in the cabinet.

At first she heard only the voice of Métivier, then her father's voice, then both spoke together, the door was opened wide, and on the threshold appeared the frightened, handsome figure of Métivier, with his black head of hair, and the figure of the prince, in nightcap and morning-gown, and with a face which was distorted by rage and with drooping pupils of his eyes.

"You do not understand?" shouted the prince. "But I do understand! French spy, Bonaparte's slave, spy, out of my house, — out, I say!" and he slammed the door.

Métivier, shrugging his shoulders, walked over to Mlle. Bourienne, who came running in from the adjoining room, upon hearing the noise.

"The prince is not quite well, — *la bile et le transport au cerveau. Tranquillisez-vous, je repasserai demain,*" said Métivier, and, putting his finger to his lips, he hurried away.

Through the door could be heard the steps of slippered feet and the cry: "Spies, traitors, everywhere traitors! I have not a moment of rest in my own home!"

After Métivier's departure, the old prince called in his daughter, and the whole force of his fury came down upon her. She was to blame for having admitted the spy. Had he not told her distinctly to make a list of the invited guests, and had he not given strict order not to admit any one else? Why had that scoundrel been let in? She was the cause of everything. He could not have a moment of rest with her, and he could not die in peace, he said.

"No, my dear, we shall have to separate, to separate, let

me tell you! I cannot stand it any longer," he said, leaving the room. And, being afraid lest she should find some consolation, he returned to her, and, trying to assume a quiet look, he added: "Don't imagine that I told you this in a moment of anger. No, I am calm, and I have considered the matter well. This will happen, and you had better find a place for yourself!" but he did not hold out, and with the fury which can be only in a man who loves he, apparently suffering himself, shook his fists and shouted to her: "If only some fool would marry her!" He slammed the door, called in Mlle. Bourienne, and calmed down in his cabinet.

At two o'clock the six select persons were gathered for the dinner. The guests were the famous Count Rostopchín, Prince Lopúkhin with his nephew, General Chatróv, an old war comrade of the prince, and, of the younger men, Pierre and Borís Drubetskóy; they were waiting for him in the drawing-room.

Borís, who had lately arrived in Moscow on a furlough, had wished to be introduced to Prince Nikoláy Andréevich, and he knew so well how to gain his favour that the prince made an exception of him among all the unmarried men, whom he did not receive.

The house of the old prince was not what is called "society;" it was a small circle of which little was heard in the city, but to which it was very flattering to be admitted. Borís had perceived this to be so the week before when Rostopchín in his presence told the commander-in-chief, who invited him to dine with him on St. Nicholas Day, that he could not come.

"On that day I shall always go to make my prostrations before the relics of Prince Nikoláy Andréevich."

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the commander-in-chief. "How is he?"

The small company, which was gathered before dinner in the old-fashioned, high-studded drawing-room, with its

old furniture, resembled a solemn gathering of judges sitting in council. All were silent; if they had to say anything, they spoke in whispers. Prince Nikoláy Andréevich entered, serious and taciturn. Princess Márya looked more timid and quieter than usual. The guests did not like to address her, because they saw that she did not care for their conversation. Count Rostopchín all alone held the thread of the conversation, telling the last local and political news.

Lopúkhin and the old general did not take much part in it. Prince Nikoláy Andréevich listened, just as a supreme judge listens to a report which is being made to him, occasionally indicating by a silence or by a short sentence that he was taking under advisement that which was being reported. The tone of the conversation was such that it was evident that nobody approved of the events in the political world. They told of occurrences which apparently confirmed their view that everything was getting worse and worse; but, in everything which was related and in every judgment passed, it was striking to see the narrator stop himself or get stopped, every time there was danger that the judgment would be a censure on the emperor.

At dinner some one mentioned the last political news, Napoleon's seizure of the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg, and the hostile note to Napoleon, which the Russian government had sent out to all the European courts.

"Napoleon treats Europe as a pirate treats a conquered ship," said Count Rostopchín, repeating the phrase which he had used several times before. "One only wonders at the long-suffering or the blindness of crowned heads. Now it is the Pope's turn: Bonaparte is not in the least embarrassed in his desire to depose the head of the Catholic religion, and all keep quiet! Our emperor was the only one to protest against the seizure of the pos-

sessions of the Duke of Oldenburg. And — " Count Rostopchín grew silent, feeling that he was standing on the border where no further judgment was possible.

" Other possessions were proposed to the Duke of Oldenburg," Prince Nikoláy Andréevich remarked. " He transfers dukes, as though I were to take my peasants from Lýsyya Góry to Boguchárovo and to the Ryazán estates."

" *Le Duc d'Oldenbourg supporte son malheur avec une force de caractère et une résignation admirable*," said Borís, respectfully taking part in the conversation. He made this statement because on his way from St. Petersburg he had had an opportunity of introducing himself to the duke.

Prince Nikoláy Andréevich looked at the young man as though he wanted to make some reply to that, but he changed his mind, considering him to be too young for it.

" I have read our protest against the Oldenburg affair and I have wondered at the poor redaction of this note," Count Rostopchín said, in the careless tone of a man who is passing judgment on an affair he is well acquainted with.

Pierre looked with naïve wonderment at Rostopchín, being unable to understand why the poor redaction of the note should bother him.

" What difference does it make how the note is written, count," he said, " provided its contents are strong ? "

" *Mon cher, avec nos 500,000 hommes de troupes il serait facile d'avoir un beau style*," said Count Rostopchín.

Pierre now understood why Count Rostopchín was annoyed by the style of the note.

" There seems to be too large a brood of scribblers nowadays," said the old prince. " There, in St. Petersburg, they do nothing but write, not only notes, but some kinds of new laws. My Andréy has written a whole volume of laws for Russia. Nowadays they do

nothing but write!" And he smiled an unnatural smile.

The conversation died down for a moment; the old count attracted everybody's attention by clearing his throat.

"Have you heard of the last event at the review in St. Petersburg? how the new French ambassador has acted?"

"What? Yes, I have heard something. He said something awkward in the presence of his Majesty."

"His Majesty directed his attention to the division of grenadiers and to the ceremonial march," continued the general, "and the ambassador, they say, paid no attention to it and allowed himself to make the remark that in France they no longer paid any attention to such foolish things. The emperor deigned to make no reply. At the following review the emperor, they say, did not once address him."

All were silent. No judgment was possible on this act, which was a personal reference to the emperor.

"He was bold!" said the prince. "Do you know Métivier? I drove him out of the house this morning. He was here, and he was admitted to my room, though I had asked that no one be admitted," said the prince, looking angrily at his daughter.

He told his whole conversation with the French doctor and gave the reasons why he thought that Métivier was a spy. Although these reasons were very insufficient and not at all clear, nobody made any reply.

With the roast champagne was brought in. The guests rose from their seats to congratulate the old prince. Princess Márya, too, went up to him.

He looked at her with a cold, malicious glance, and offered her his wrinkled, cleanly shaven cheek. The whole expression of his face said that he had not forgotten his morning conversation and that it was only on account

of the presence of the guests that he did not mention it again.

When all went to the drawing-room to drink coffee, the old men seated themselves together. Prince Nikoláy Andréevich became more enlivened and expressed his view on the impending war.

He said that our wars with Bonaparte would be disastrous so long as we would look for alliances with the Germans and would busy ourselves with European affairs, into which we were drawn by the peace of Tilsit. We had no business fighting for Austria, nor against Austria. Our whole politics was in the East, and against Bonaparte there was but one thing, and that was an army at our borders and firmness in politics, and then he would never dare to cross the Russian boundary as he had done in 1807.

"How can we fight against the French, prince?" said Count Rostopchín. "Can we arm ourselves against our teachers and gods? Look at our young people! Look at our young ladies! Our gods are the French, our kingdom of heaven is Paris."

He began to speak louder, so that all might hear him.

"We have French costumes, French ideas, French feelings! You have kicked out Métivier, because he is a Frenchman and a worthless man, but our young ladies creep before him. Last night I was at an entertainment, where out of five young ladies three were Catholics who with the Pope's dispensation were embroidering on Sunday. They were sitting almost naked, like the figures on the signs of the public baths — excuse me for saying this. As I look at our young people, prince, I feel like taking the stick of Peter the Great out of the Museum, and in good Russian fashion belabouring their sides, and then, I am sure, all their foolishness would leave them!"

All were silent. The old prince looked at Rostopchín with a smile on his face, and approvingly shook his head.

"Well, good-bye, your Serenity, and take care of yourself!" said Rostopchín, rising with his characteristic rapidity of motion and extending his hand to the prince.

"Good-bye, my dear! Your words are music, and I like to listen to them!" said the old prince, holding his hand and offering him his cheek for a kiss. With Rostopchín rose all the others.

IV.

PRINCESS MÁRYA, who had been sitting in the drawing-room and hearing the conversations and censures of the old men, did not understand anything they said; she had been thinking all the time that all the guests must have noticed the hostile relations of her father toward her. She did not even notice the especial attention paid to her during the dinner by Drubetskóy, who now was for the third time in their house.

Princess Márya turned, with a disturbed, interrogative glance at Pierre, who was the last of the guests to leave, and who, with his hat in his hand and with a smile on his face, walked over to her after the prince had left and they were alone in the drawing-room.

"May I stay awhile?" he said, letting his heavy body sink into an armchair near Princess Márya.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Did you not notice anything?" her glance seemed to say.

Pierre was in an agreeable, postprandial frame of mind. He looked in front of him and smiled softly.

"How long have you been knowing that young man?" he said.

"Whom?"

"Drubetskóy."

"A short time."

"Well, do you like him?"

"Yes, he is a pleasant young man — Why do you ask me?" said Princess Márya, continuing to think of her morning conversation with her father.

"Because I have observed that a young man generally comes from St. Petersburg to Moscow on a furlough, in order to marry a rich girl."

"So you have made this observation?" said Princess Márya.

"Yes," continued Pierre, with a smile, "and this young man manages to be everywhere where there are rich heiresses. I read him like a book. He is now undecided whom to attack, whether it is to be you, or Mlle. Julie Karágin. *Il est très assidu auprès d'elle.*"

"Does he call on them?"

"Yes, very often. Do you know the new fashion of courting?" Pierre said, with a merry smile, being evidently in that merry mood of good-natured banter, for which he so frequently upbraided himself in his diary.

"No," said Princess Márya.

"In order to please the young ladies nowadays, *il faut être mélancolique. Et il est très mélancolique auprès de Mlle. Karágin,*" said Pierre.

"*Vraiment?*" said Princess Márya, looking into Pierre's good face and thinking all the time of her sorrow. "I should not feel so oppressed," she thought, "if I could make up my mind to confide my feelings to somebody. I should like, above all, to tell everything to Pierre. He is so good and so noble. I should feel easier afterward. He would advise me!"

"Would you marry him?" asked Pierre.

"Ah, my God, there are moments, count, when I would marry anybody," Princess Márya said, unexpectedly to herself, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, how hard it is to love a relative of yours and to feel," she continued, in a trembling voice, "that you can't do anything for him but cause him grief, and to know that it is impossible for you to change this. All there is left to do is to go away, but whither shall I go?"

"What is it, princess? What is the matter with you?"

But the princess burst out weeping before she had finished her words.

"I do not know what is the matter with me to-day. Don't listen to me! Forget what I have told you!"

All of Pierre's merriment had vanished. He asked the princess with concern to tell him everything, to confide her grief to him; but she only repeated that she wished him to forget what she had said, that she herself did not remember what she had said, and that she had no other sorrow than what he knew of, the sorrow that the marriage of Prince Andréy threatened to bring discord between father and son.

"Have you heard anything about the Rostóvs?" she asked, in order to change the subject. "I have been told that they will soon be here. I am also expecting Andréy at any time. I wish they would meet here."

"How does he look upon the matter now?" asked Pierre, meaning the old prince.

The princess shook her head.

"What is to be done? Only a few months are left to the end of the year. And it cannot be. I should only like to save my brother the first few minutes. I wish they would come soon. I hope to get more closely acquainted with her. You have known them for a long time," said Princess Márya, "so tell me, with your hand on your heart, the whole truth, what kind of a girl she is, and what you think of her. But tell me the whole truth, because you know that Andréy is risking a great deal, since he is doing this against his father's will, and I should like to know —"

An indistinct feeling told Pierre that in this insistence and these repeated requests to tell her the whole truth there was expressed the princess's malevolence against her future sister-in-law, and that she was anxious for Pierre not to approve of Prince Andréy's choice; but Pierre told her that which he rather felt than believed.

"I do not know how to answer your question," he said, blushing, not knowing himself why. "I positively do not know what kind of a girl she is: I am quite unable to analyze her. She is enticing; why, I do not know: that is all I can tell you about her."

Princess Márya sighed, and the expression of her face said: "Yes, I expected this, and was afraid of it."

"Is she clever?" asked Princess Márya.

Pierre fell to musing.

"I think not," he said, "or, yes, she is. She does not think it worth while to be clever. But no, she is charming, and nothing more."

Princess Márya again shook her head disapprovingly.

"Oh, I want so much to love her! Tell her so, if you see her before I do."

"I heard that they would be here in a few days," said Pierre.

Princess Márya informed Pierre of her plan of getting intimately acquainted with her future sister-in-law, as soon as the Rostóvs arrived, and of endeavouring to get the old prince used to her.

V.

Borís did not succeed in finding a rich heiress in St. Petersburg, and so he had come to Moscow for the same purpose. In Moscow Borís wavered between two of the richest matches, Julie and Princess Márya. Though Márya, in spite of her plainness, seemed more attractive to him than Julie, he could not bring himself to court Princess Márya. During his last visit, on the name-day of the old prince, she answered at haphazard to all his attempts at striking up a conversation with her, and apparently she did not listen to what he said.

Julie, on the contrary, received his attentions cheerfully, though in her own peculiar way. Julie was twenty-seven years old. After the death of her brothers she became very rich. She was quite homely now, but she thought that she was not only as pretty as ever, but even more attractive than before. She was sustained in this delusion, in the first place, by her having become such a rich heiress, and, in the second place, because the older she grew, the less dangerous she was to men, the more freely men could cultivate her acquaintance and take advantage of her suppers, her evening entertainments, and the animated company which gathered at her house, without subjecting themselves to any obligations. A man who ten years before would have been afraid to call every day in a house where there was a seventeen-year-old girl, lest he compromise her and bind himself, now called with impunity every day and treated her not as a marriageable girl, but as a sexless acquaintance.

The house of the Karágins was during this winter the

most agreeable and the most hospitable house in Moscow. In addition to the dinners and suppers by invitation, there gathered every day at the house of the Karágins a large company, mainly of men, who ate supper at midnight and frequently remained there until three o'clock. There was not a ball, a picnic, a theatre, which Julie missed. Her toilets were always the most fashionable. And yet, in spite of it all, Julie seemed to be disappointed in everything, and told everybody that she did not believe in friendship, nor in love, nor in any pleasures of life, and that she was expecting peace only *there*. She assumed the tone of a girl who had met with a great disenchantment, of a girl who had lost a beloved man or who had been cruelly deceived by him. Although nothing of the kind had ever happened to her, she was regarded as such, and she herself actually believed that she had suffered very much in life. This melancholy, which did not interfere with her pleasures, did not prevent the young men who called at her house from passing the time pleasantly. Every guest who came to see her paid his debt to the melancholy mood of the hostess and then passed over to worldly conversations, and dances, and intellectual games, and bouts-rimés, which were then in fashion at the Karágins. Only a few young men, among whom was Borís, entered more deeply into her melancholy mood, and with these young men she carried on lengthy conversations about the vanity of all earthly things, and to them she opened her albums, which were filled with melancholy pictures, saws, and verses.

Julie was particularly kind to Borís: she regretted his early disenchantment with life, offered him those consolations of friendship which she had at her disposal, having herself suffered so much in life, and opened her album to him. Borís drew two trees in it, and wrote: "*Arbres rustiques, vos sombres rameaux secouent sur moi les ténèbres et la mélancolie.*"

In another place he drew a tomb and wrote

" La mort est secourable et la mort est tranquille, —
Ah ! contre les douleurs il n'y a pas d'autre asyle."

Julie said that it was charming.

" Il y a quelque chose de si ravissant dans le sourire de la mélancolie," she said to Borís, repeating a sentence which she had copied word for word out of a book. *" C'est un rayon de lumière dans l'ombre, une nuance entre le douleur et le désespoir qui montre la consolation possible."*

To this Borís wrote the following verses:

"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 sombre retraite,
Et mêle une douceur secrète
A ces pleurs que je sens couler."

Julie played for Boris the most melancholy nocturnos on the harp. Borís read aloud to her " Poor Líza,"[1] and often interrupted the reading from agitation which strangled him. Whenever they met in grand society, Julie and Borís looked upon each other as the only people in the world, who were otherwise indifferent, but who understood each other.

Anna Mikháylovna, who frequently called on the Karágins, sought out the company of Julie's mother and tried to get exact information as to Julie's dowry. She found out that two Pénza estates and the Nízhni-Nóvgorod forests were her dowry. Anna Mikháylovna looked with submission to the will of Providence and with a sense of humbleness on the refined melancholy which united her son with rich Julie.

[1] Sentimental novel by Karamzín.

"*Toujours charmante et mélancolique, cette chère,* Julie," she said to the daughter. "Borís tells me that he finds a rest for his soul in your house. He has been so disappointed in life, and he is so sensitive," she said to her mother.

"Oh, my friend, how attached I have become to Julie of late!" she said to her son. "I can hardly tell you how I love her! Who can help loving her? She is such an angelic creature! Oh, Borís, Borís!" She grew silent for a moment. "How sorry I am for her mamma," she continued. "She showed me the reports and letters from Pénza to-day (they have such an enormous estate), and the poor woman is all alone: they cheat her so much!"

Borís now smiled perceptibly, as he heard his mother talking. He meekly laughed at her simple-minded cunning, but he listened to her, and carefully inquired about her Pénza and Nízhni-Nóvgorod estates.

Julie had long been expecting a proposal from her melancholy adorer, and was ready to accept him; but a certain feeling of disgust for her, for her passionate desire to get married, for her lack of naturalness, and the feeling of terror at the thought of renouncing the possibility of a real love, held Borís back. The term of his furlough was expiring. He passed whole days at a time and every day in the house of the Karágins, and, discussing the matter with himself, Borís said to himself that he would propose on the next day. But, in the presence of Julie, as he looked at her red face and chin, which were nearly always covered with powder, at her moist eyes, and at the expression of her face, which betrayed a permanent readiness at once to pass from melancholy to an unnatural transport of conjugal happiness, Borís was unable to pronounce the decisive word, although he in his imagination had long been regarding himself as the proprietor of the Pénza and Nízhni-Nóvgorod estates, and had apportioned the use of all income from them. Julie saw Borís's indecision, and

now and then the thought occurred to her that she was repulsive to him; but immediately her feminine self-deception gave her consolation in the thought that he was bashful from love. Her melancholy, however, began to pass into irritation and, a few days before Borís's departure, she determined on a definite plan. Just as Borís's furlough was coming to an end, Anatól Kurágin appeared in Moscow and, naturally, in the house of the Karágins, and Julie, suddenly abandoning her melancholy, became very attentive to Kurágin and cheerful in his company.

"*Mon cher*," Anna Mikháylovna said to her son, "*je sais de bonne source que le Prince Basile envoie son fils à Moscou pour lui faire épouser Julie.* I am so fond of Julie, that I should be sorry for her. What do you think of it, my dear?" said Anna Mikháylovna.

The thought of being fooled and losing in vain the whole month of hard, melancholy service to Julie, and of seeing all the properly classified and cautiously apportioned income from the Pénza estates in the hands of another, especially in the hands of stupid Anatól, offended Borís. He went to the Karágins with the firm determination of proposing. Julie met him with a happy and careless look, nonchalantly telling him how nicely she had passed her time at the ball of the previous evening, and asking him when he was going to leave. Notwithstanding the fact that Borís had come with the intention of declaring his love, and that he, therefore, had intended to be tender, he began with irritation to speak of feminine inconstancy: he said that women could easily pass from melancholy to joy, and that their moods depended on the man who was paying them attention. Julie felt offended and said that it was so, that women needed diversion, and that the same thing eternally would tire anybody.

"And so I would advise you —" Borís began, intending to sting her; but in a flash he was assailed by the offensive thought that he might leave Moscow without

having attained his end, and that he would have lost his labours for nothing (which was never the case with him). He stopped in the middle of his sentence, lowered his eyes, in order not to see her unpleasantly irritated and undecided face, and said: "I have not come here to quarrel with you. On the contrary — " He looked at her, to convince himself that he might proceed. All her irritation suddenly vanished, and her restless, imploring eyes were directed upon him in eager expectancy.

"I can always arrange matters in such a way that I will not have to see her often," thought Borís. "The work has been begun and it must be finished!" He blushed, raised his eyes to her, and said:

"You know my feelings for you!"

There was no need of proceeding: Julie's face beamed in triumph and contentment; but she compelled Borís to tell her everything which is said under such circumstances, namely, that he loved her and that he had never loved any woman more than he loved her. She knew that she could demand this of him in return for her Pénza estates and Nízhni-Nóvgorod forests, and she received what she demanded.

The engaged pair no longer mentioned the trees that shed darkness and melancholy upon them, but made plans for the future arrangement of a brilliant house at St. Petersburg, and they went out calling, and prepared everything for the brilliant wedding.

VI.

Count Ilyá Andréevich, with Natásha and Sónya, arrived in Moscow at the end of January. The countess was still ill and had been unable to go with them, and there was no possibility of waiting for her recovery. Prince Andréy was expected any day in Moscow; besides, it was necessary to buy the trousseau and to sell the suburban estate, and it was necessary to make use of the presence of the old prince in Moscow, in order to introduce his future daughter-in-law to him. The house of the Rostóvs in Moscow had not heen heated for some time, they came only for a short stay, and the countess was not with them, and so Ilyá Andréevich decided to stop at the house of Márya Dmítrievna Akhrosímov, who had for a long time offered him her hospitality.

Late in the evening four sleighs of the Rostóvs drove into the yard of Márya Dmítrievna's house, in the street of the Old Mews. Márya Dmítrievna lived there all alone. Her daughter was married and her sons were all out in the army.

She was just as blunt as ever, told everybody bluntly, loudly, and definitely her opinion, and with her whole being seemed to reproach all people for their weaknesses, passions, and preoccupations, the possibility of which she did not recognize. She put on a jacket early in the morning, and at once proceeded to attend to her house duties; later in the day she drove out on holidays, to mass, and from the church to the prisons and penitentiaries, where she had some business which she never mentioned to any-

body; on week-days she dressed herself and received at home all kinds of petitioners, who came to see her every day, and then she dined; at dinner, which was abundant and savoury, there were always three or four guests; after dinner she formed a boston party, and at night she had somebody read to her the gazettes and new books, while she herself knit stockings. She rarely made an exception in her manner of life, in order to go out calling, and when she did, she went to see only the most distinguished persons in the city.

She had not yet retired, when the Rostóvs arrived and the door of the antechamber creaked on its hinges, letting in the Rostóvs and their servants from the cold outside. Márya Dmítrievna, with her spectacles resting way down on her nose, and throwing back her head, was standing in the door of the parlour, and with a stern, angry look surveying the persons entering. She looked as though she were in a rage against the newcomers, and would drive them out in a minute, only at the same time she gave careful orders to her servants how and where to place her guests and their baggage.

"The count's? Take them this way!" she said, pointing to the portmanteaus, without greeting anybody. "Young ladies, this way, to the left! Well, why are you in such a flutter?" she shouted to the maids. "Get the samovár ready! — You have filled out and grown prettier," she said, taking hold of Natásha's head-wrapping and drawing her toward herself. Natásha's cheeks were flushed from the frost. "Pshaw, you are cold! Take off your wraps at once!" she called out to the count, who wanted to take her hand. "I am afraid you are all frozen. Let us have rum with the tea! Sónya, *bonjour!*" she said to Sónya, wishing with this French greeting to shade her slightly disdainful and yet kind attitude toward Sónya.

When all had taken off their wraps and had warmed

themselves, they went to the tea-table, and Márya Dmítrievna kissed one after the other.

"I am heartily glad that you have arrived and that you are stopping at my house," she said. "It is high time," she said, casting a significant look at Natásha, "the old man is here, and the son is expected at any time. You must, you must get acquainted with him. Well, we will speak later of it," she added, casting a glance at Sónya, which showed that she did not wish to discuss the matter in Sónya's presence. "Listen now," she turned to the count, "what do you want? For whom will you send? For Shinshín?" she bent down one finger. "For blubberer Anna Mikháylovna? — Two. She is here with her son. Her son is getting married! Then Bezúkhi, I suppose. He is here with his wife. He has run away from her, and she has come for him. He dined with me last Wednesday. Well, and these girls," she pointed to the young ladies, "I will take to-morrow to the church of the Holy Virgin of Íver, and then we will go to see Aubert Chalmé. Of course, you will get new things for her! Don't pattern after me, — nowadays they wear sleeves like this! The other day the young Princess Irína Vasílevna came to see me; it was just terrible to see her sleeves which were as big as two barrels. Nowadays there is a new fashion every day. And what business have you yourself?" she sternly turned to the count.

"Everything turned up at the same time," replied the count. "I have come to buy her trousseau, and there is also a purchaser for my suburban estate and for the house. If it will not displease you, I will choose the proper time to run to Márinskoe for a day, and will leave the girls with you then."

"All right, all right! No harm will come to them in my house. They are as safe here as in the Guardianship Council. I will take them where it is proper, and I will scold them, and fondle them," said Márya Dmítrievna,

touching with her large hand the cheek of her favourite and godchild, Natásha.

The next morning, Márya Dmítrievna took the girls to the Íver church and to Madame Aubert Chalmé, who was so much afraid of Márya Dmítrievna that she always sold her garments at a loss just to get rid of her as quickly as possible. Márya Dmítrievna ordered nearly the whole trousseau. Upon returning home, she sent everybody but Natásha out of the room, and called her favourite up to her chair.

"Now we will have a chat. I congratulate you on your fiancé. You have caught a fine fellow! I am glad for your sake; I have known him ever since he was as high as this." She pointed to within three feet of the ground. Natásha blushed for joy. "I love him and all his family. Now listen! You know that the old prince, Nikoláy, was very much opposed to his son's proposed marriage. He is a stubborn old man! Of course, Prince Andréy is not a child and can get along without him, but it is not good to enter a family against its will. Everything must be done peacefully and amicably. You are a clever girl, and you will know what to do. Act cleverly! That is all, and everything will come out all right."

Natásha was silent, Márya Dmítrievna thought, from bashfulness, but in reality it displeased Natásha to see others meddle with her love for Prince Andréy, which to her appeared such a different thing from every human affair that no one, in her opinion, could comprehend it. She loved and knew only Prince Andréy, and he loved her and was to come in a few days and take her. This was all she wanted to know.

"You see, I have known him for a long time, and I love Márya, your sister-in-law. Sisters-in-law are gossips, the proverb says, but she would not offend a fly. She has asked me to introduce you to her. You will go there to-morrow with your father. Be kind to her: you are

younger than she is. When your intended comes, you must be acquainted with his sister and his father, and they must love you. Am I right? Will it not be better this way?"

"Yes," Natásha replied, reluctantly.

VII.

On the next day, Count Ilyá Andréevich, following Márya Dmítrievna's advice, went with Natásha to call on Prince Nikoláy Andréevich. The count was not in a happy mood as he started out to make this visit: he felt terribly. Count Ilyá Andréevich had not forgotten his last meeting with him during the levy of the militia, when, in response to his invitation of the prince to dinner, he heard a withering reprimand for not furnishing the proper quota of men.

Natásha put on her best garment and was, on the contrary, in a very happy frame of mind.

"It is impossible for them not to love me," she thought. "Everybody has always loved me. I am prepared to do anything for them that they may wish, and I am prepared to love him, because he is his father, and her, for being his sister, so that they will have to love me!"

They drove up to an old, gloomy house on the Vzdvízhenka, and entered the vestibule.

"The Lord be merciful to us!" said the count, half in jest, half in earnest; but Natásha noticed that her father was in a hurry, as he entered the antechamber, and that he asked timidly and softly whether the prince and the princess were at home. After the announcement of their arrival, there was a confusion among the servants. The lackey, who ran to announce them, was stopped in the parlour by another lackey, and they exchanged some words in a whisper. Then a chambermaid ran into the parlour, and she hurriedly said something about the prin-

cess. Finally an old, angry-looking lackey came out to announce to the Rostóvs that the prince could not receive them, but that the princess asked them to come to see her. The first to meet them was Mlle. Bourienne. She met father and daughter with extreme civility and led them to the princess.

The princess, with an agitated and frightened face, covered with red spots, ran out, stepping heavily, to meet the guests, trying in vain to appear at her ease and affable. Natásha did not please Princess Márya from the start. Natásha appeared to her too much primped up, frivolously merry, and egotistical. Princess Márya forgot that even before seeing her future sister-in-law she had been inimically disposed to her on account of her involuntary envy of her beauty, her youth, and her happiness, and on account of her jealousy of her brother's love. Outside of this invincible feeling of antipathy to her, Princess Márya was at that moment agitated because, upon announcing the arrival of the Rostóvs, the prince had called out that Princess Márya could receive them if she wanted to, but that he did not need them, and that they should not be admitted into his presence. Princess Márya decided to receive them, but was all the time afraid that the prince would come out and make a scene, as he seemed to be very much excited by the visit of the Rostóvs.

"So here is the singer whom I have brought to you, princess," said the count, scuffing and looking restlessly about him, as though afraid that the old prince would come in. "I am so glad that you will get acquainted with each other — What a pity the prince is not well!" and, after saying a few more general phrases, he rose. "If you will permit me, princess, to leave my Natásha for fifteen minutes with you, I will drive down to Dog Square, just a short distance from here, to call on Anna Seménovna, after which I will come back to fetch her."

Ilyá Andréevich had invented this piece of diplomacy

in order to give the future sisters-in-law time to get acquainted with each other (so he informed his daughter afterward) and also in order to escape the possibility of meeting the old prince, of whom he was afraid. This he did not tell his daughter; but Natásha understood this fear and restlessness of her father and felt offended. She blushed for her father, grew angry for having blushed, and with a bold, provoking glance, which said that she was not afraid of anybody, looked at the princess. The princess told the count that she was very glad to have Natásha and asked him to stay as long as possible at Anna Seménovna's. Ilyá Andréevich departed.

Mlle. Bourienne, in spite of the restless glances which Princess Márya, wishing to speak with Natásha without witnesses, cast at her, did not leave the room, and stuck to a conversation about Moscow entertainments and the theatre. Natásha was offended by the confusion which had taken place in the antechamber, by the restlessness of her father, and by the unnatural tone of the princess, who, so she thought, was doing her an especial favour in receiving her. Everything displeased her. She did not like Princess Márya. Princess Márya appeared to her homely, pretentious, and dry. Natásha suddenly bristled up morally and involuntarily assumed a nonchalant air which only repelled Princess Márya so much the more. After five minutes of an oppressive, feigned conversation, there were heard the approaching steps of some one walking rapidly in slippers. The face of Princess Márya expressed terror. The door opened and the prince entered in a white nightcap and in a morning-gown.

"Ah, lady," he said, "lady, countess — Countess Rostóv, if I am not mistaken — I ask you to excuse me — I did not know, madam. God knows I did not know that you had honoured us with your visit, — I just came to see my daughter in this costume. I ask you, forgive me, — God knows I did not know," he repeated, in an unnatural

manner, emphasizing the word "God," and in such a disagreeable manner that Princess Márya stood with drooping eyes, not daring to look either into the eyes of her father, or into those of Natásha. Natásha got up and sat down again and did not know what to do. Mlle. Bourienne was the only one who kept her composure and smiled pleasantly.

"I beg you to excuse me, I beg you to excuse me! God knows I did not know," growled the old man. After examining her from head to foot, he left.

Mlle. Bourienne was the first one after this performance to show her composure: she began to speak about the illness of the prince. Natásha and Márya looked at each other in silence, and the longer they kept looking at each other, without saying that which they ought to have said, the more malevolently they thought of each other.

When the count returned, Natásha expressed her joy to the point of impoliteness, and hastened to leave: at that moment she almost hated that old and dry princess for having put her in such an awkward position and for having passed half an hour with her without mentioning the name of Prince Andréy.

"Certainly, I could not begin speaking of him in the presence of that Frenchwoman!" thought Natásha. Princess Márya was tormented by a similar consideration. She knew what she ought to have told Natásha, but she was unable to say it, both because Mlle. Bourienne was in her way and because for some inexplicable reason she found it hard to begin talking about the marriage. When the count had left the room, Márya approached Natásha with rapid steps, took her hand, and, heaving a deep sigh, said: "Wait! I must — "

Natásha looked sarcastically at Princess Márya, without knowing herself what her sarcasm was meant for.

"Dear Natalie," said Princess Márya, "you must

know that I am glad that my brother has found his happiness — "

She stopped, feeling that she had told an untruth. Natásha noticed her hesitation and guessed the cause of it.

" I think, princess, that it is not convenient to speak of it now," said Natásha, with external dignity and coldness, and with tears which she felt rising in her throat.

" What have I said ! What have I done ! " she thought, the moment she left the room.

They waited that day for a long time for Natásha to come down to dinner. She was sitting in her room and sobbing and snivelling like a child. Sónya stood over her and kissed her hair.

" Natásha, what is it about ? " she said. " What do you care for them ? It will all pass, Natásha ! "

" If you only knew how offensive it is ! As though I were — "

" Don't speak, Natásha ! It is not your fault, so what do you care ? Kiss me," said Sónya.

Natásha raised her head and, kissing her friend on her lips, pressed her wet face against her.

" I cannot tell you, — I do not know. Nobody is to blame," said Natásha. " I am to blame. But it is all so painful. Oh, why does he not come ? "

She went to dinner with her eyes all red. Márya Dmítrievna, who knew how the prince had received the Rostóvs, looked as though she did not notice Natásha's disturbed face, and at table jested in a loud and firm voice with the count and with the other guests.

VIII.

On that evening the Rostóvs went to the opera, for which Márya Dmítrievna had provided the tickets.

Natásha did not feel like going, but she could not decline Márya Dmítrievna's kindness, which was intended for her in particular. When she was dressed and came to the parlour, waiting for her father, she looked into the mirror and saw that she was pretty, very pretty, and this saddened her still more, but it was only an amorous sadness.

"O Lord, if he were here, I would not act before him with foolish timidity as before, but I would embrace him in a new, simple manner, and press close to him, and would compel him to look at me with those inquisitive, curious eyes, with which he so often looked at me, and then I would make him laugh as he laughed then, and his eyes, oh, how I see those eyes!" thought Natásha. "What do I care for his father and sister? I love only him, him, with those eyes, that face, that smile of his, both manly and childish — No, it is better not to think of him, not to think, to forget, entirely to forget until he comes. I will not endure this long waiting, I will burst out weeping," and she walked away from the mirror and made an effort over herself to keep from crying. "How can Sónya love Nikoláy so evenly, so calmly, and wait so long and so patiently!" she thought, looking at Sónya, who, all dressed up, came into the room, with a fan in her hand.

"She is an entirely different girl; but I cannot do it!"

Natásha felt herself at that moment so full of tender emotion that it was not enough for her to love and to know that she was loved: she wanted now, at once, to embrace the object of her love and speak words of love to him, and hear him utter them, for her heart was full of love. While she was travelling in the carriage, sitting by the side of her father, and pensively looking at the lamplights which flitted past the frozen window, she felt herself even more in love and sadder, and she forgot with whom she was sitting or where she was going. The carriage of the Rostóvs fell in with a whole procession of carriages, wheels of which slowly squeaked on the snow, and Natásha and Sónya leaped out, lifting their dresses; the count, supported by lackeys, walked out, and, passing between ladies and gentlemen and sellers of programmes, all three entered the corridor of the pit. The music could already be heard through the closed doors.

"*Natalie, vos cheveux!*" whispered Sónya. An usher politely and rapidly rushed past the ladies and opened the door of the box. The music could now be heard more clearly; there flashed the illuminated rows of the boxes with the bared shoulders and arms of the ladies and the noisy pit, agleam with uniforms. A lady who was entering the adjoining box cast an envious look at Natásha. The curtain had not yet risen, and they were playing an overture. Natásha adjusted her dress, walked forward with Sónya, and sat down, gazing at the illuminated rows of the boxes on the other side. The long forgotten sensation of having hundreds of eyes directed to her bared arms and neck suddenly gave her both a pleasurable and an unpleasant impression, calling forth a whole corresponding series of recollections, wishes, and agitation.

The two remarkably pretty girls, Natásha and Sónya, with Count Ilyá Andréevich, who had not been seen in Moscow for a long time, attracted universal attention. Besides, all had a dim idea of Natásha's engagement to Prince Andréy,

and knew that the Rostóvs had been living in the country all that time, and all looked with curiosity at the fiancée of one of the best matches in Russia.

Natásha had grown more beautiful in the country, so all told her; but on that evening she, thanks to her agitation, was especially beautiful. She struck people by the fulness of her life and beauty, which was united with an indifference to her surroundings. Her black eyes gazed at the crowd, looking for nobody, and her thin arm, which was bared above the elbow, and was resting on the velvet parapet, was now compressed and now relaxed, apparently keeping time unconsciously with the overture, and crumpling the programme.

"Look, there is Miss Alénin," said Sónya, "with her mother, I think!"

"O Lord! Mikhaíl Kiríllych has grown so much stouter!" said the old count.

"Look over there! Our Anna Mikháylovna wears a toque!"

"The Karágins, Julie, and Borís with them! You can see a bridal pair at once! Drubetskóy has proposed to her!"

"I just heard to-day that you were here," said Shinshín, entering the box of the Rostóvs.

Natásha looked in the direction in which her father was looking, and saw Julie, who, with pearls on her fat, red neck (Natásha knew that it was covered with powder), was sitting with a happy look by the side of her mother.

Back of them, Borís's well-groomed, handsome head could be seen leaning, with a smile, its ear down to Julie's mouth. He looked stealthily at the Rostóvs and told his fiancée something, with a smile.

"They are talking about us, — about him and me!" thought Natásha. "He, no doubt, is appeasing his fiancée's jealousy of me: they worry in vain! If they only knew how little I care for any of them!"

Behind them sat Anna Mikháylovna, wearing a green toque; her happy, solemn face was expressive of submission to the will of God. In their box there was that atmosphere of an engaged couple, which Natásha knew and loved so well. She turned aside, and suddenly everything which had been so humiliating in her morning visit flashed through her mind.

"What right has he not to wish to receive me in his family? Oh, it is better not to think of this, — not to think of it until his arrival!" she said to herself, and began to survey the familiar and unfamiliar faces in the pit. In front, in the very middle, leaning with his back against the parapet, stood Dólokhov, with an immense, towering stack of curly hair, wearing a Persian costume. He stood in sight of the whole theatre, knowing that the attention of all the spectators was directed toward him, and his attitude was as free and easy as though he were standing in the middle of his own room. Near him crowded the most brilliant youth of Moscow, but he apparently excelled them all.

Count Ilyá Andréevich, laughing, nudged blushing Sónya, as he pointed to her former adorer.

"Do you recognize him?" he asked. "Where does he come from? I understand he was lost somewhere!"

"Yes, he was," replied Shinshín. "He has been in the Caucasus. He ran away from there and is said to have been the minister of some Persian sovereign prince. He there killed Shákhov's brother: now all the Moscow young ladies are losing their senses over him. *Dolochoff le Persan* is all the go. Nothing is now done without Dólokhov: they swear by him, and invite people to see him, as though he were a sterlet," said Shinshín. "Dólokhov and Anatól Kurágin are driving all our young ladies insane."

The adjoining box was entered by a tall, beautiful lady with an enormous braid and much bared and very white,

full shoulders and neck, on which there was a double row of pearls. She rustled her heavy silk dress and was long in sitting down.

Natásha involuntarily looked at that neck, those shoulders, those pearls, that coiffure, and she admired the beauty of her shoulders and of her pearls. Just as Natásha was casting a second glance at her, she turned around and, meeting the eyes of Count Ilyá Andréevich, she nodded and smiled. It was Countess Bezúkhi, Pierre's wife. Ilyá Andréevich, who knew everybody, bent down and passed a few words with her.

"Have you been here long, countess?" he said. "I will come, I will, to kiss your hand. I am here on business, and I have brought my girls with me. They say that Seménova plays inimitably," said Ilyá Andréevich. "Count Peter Kiríllovich never forgot us. Is he here?"

"Yes, he said he would be here," said Hélène, looking attentively at Natásha.

Count Ilyá Andréevich again sat down in his seat.

"She is beautiful!" he said in a whisper to Natásha.

"Wonderfully so!" said Natásha. "Just to fall in love with!"

Just then the last chords of the overture were heard, and the conductor of the orchestra tapped his baton. The belated gentlemen in the pit went to their seats, and the curtain rose.

The moment the curtain went up, everything in the boxes and in the pit became calm, and all the men, old and young, in uniforms and dress coats, and all the women, with precious stones on their bare bodies, with eager curiosity riveted their attention on the stage. Natásha, too, directed her eyes upon it.

IX.

On the stage there were smooth planks in the middle; at the sides stood painted pictures, representing trees; in the background a canvas was drawn over boards. In the middle of the stage sat maidens in red corsages and white skirts. One of them, who was very stout and dressed in a white silk dress, was sitting apart on a low stool, to the back of which was pasted up a green pasteboard. They were singing something. When they had all finished their song, the maiden in white walked over to the prompter's box, and was accosted by a man in closely fitting silk trousers over stout legs, with feather and poniard, and he began to sing and to wave his arms.

First the man in the closely fitting pantaloons sang by himself, then she sang. Then both were silent, the music played, and the man began to finger the hand of the maiden in the white dress, apparently waiting for the proper beat in order to begin his part with her. They sang together, and all in the theatre began to applaud and to shout, while the man and the woman on the stage, who represented lovers, began, smiling, to wave their hands and to bow.

Coming fresh from the country and being in a serious mood, Natásha found all this savage and incomprehensible. She could not follow the opera, and did not even hear the music: she saw only painted pasteboard and strained men and women who moved, spoke, and sang strangely in the bright illumination; she knew that all that only represented something, but it was all so false and unnatural

that she felt ashamed for them and thought them ridiculous. She looked about her, at the faces of the spectators, trying to find in them the same ridicule and perplexity which she was conscious of; but all the faces were riveted on what was going on on the stage, and expressed, so Natásha thought, a feigned delight.

"No doubt that is proper!" thought Natásha. She looked, by turns, now at the rows of pomaded heads in the pit, and now at the bared women in the boxes, especially at her neighbour, Hélène, who, having taken off all her wraps, was looking, with a calm smile, at the stage, without taking her eyes away from it. She was conscious of the bright light in which the whole hall was bathed, and of the warm air, heated by the throng. Natásha by degrees came into her old condition of intoxication. She did not remember what she was doing, or where she was, or what was going on in front of her. She kept looking and thinking, and the strangest thoughts incoherently and suddenly flashed through her mind. Now she felt like jumping on the parapet and singing the aria which the actress was singing, and now she felt like touching an old man, who was not far from her, with her fan, and now like bending over to Hélène and tickling her.

At one of the moments when everything was quiet on the stage, waiting for the beginning of the aria, the door of a box, on the side where the Rostóvs were, creaked, and there were heard the steps of a belated gentleman.

"Here he is, Kurágin!" whispered Shinshín. Countess Bezúkhi turned around and smiled to the newcomer. Natásha looked in the direction of Countess Bezúkhi and saw an uncommonly handsome adjutant, who was walking up toward their box with a self-confident, though polite, look. It was Anatól Kurágin, whom she had long ago seen at a St. Petersburg ball. He now wore the uniform of an adjutant with one epaulet and shoulder-knot. He walked with a reserved, dashing gait, which would have been

ridiculous if he had not been so handsome, and if there had not been on his face such an expression of good-natured contentment and merriment. Though the play was going on, he continued to walk leisurely and evenly over the carpet of the corridor, slightly clattering with his spurs and his sword, and carrying high his perfumed handsome head. He cast a glance at Natásha, then walked over to his sister, placed his hand in its tightly fitting glove on the edge of the box, tossed his head, and, leaning down to her, inquired something, while pointing to Natásha.

"*Mais charmante!*" he said, evidently about Natásha, as she not so much heard as understood from the motion of his lips. Then he went to the first row in the pit, where he sat down by Dólokhov's side, nudging in a friendly and nonchalant manner that very Dólokhov whose acquaintance everybody sought so eagerly. He winked merrily at him and smiled, and pressed his foot against the parapet.

"How the brother and the sister resemble each other!" said the count. "And how handsome both are!"

Shinshín whispered to the count a story of Kurágin's intrigue in Moscow, and Natásha listened to it, for no other reason than because he had called her "*charmante.*"

The first act was over. All rose in the pit, left their seats, and began to walk around or to pass out.

Borís came into the box of the Rostóvs, very naturally accepted the congratulations, and, raising his eyebrows, with an absent-minded smile, transmitted to Natásha and Sónya his fiancée's request that they be at her wedding, after which he went away. Natásha, with a merry and coquettish smile, conversed with him and congratulated on his marriage the same Borís with whom she had been in love before. In that condition of intoxication in which she then was, everything seemed simple and natural to her.

Décolleté Hélène was sitting near her, and smiling the

same smile to all; Natásha smiled in the same way to Borís.

Hélène's box was filled and surrounded from the side of the pit by the most distinguished and clever men, who all seemed to vie in their desire to show that they were acquainted with her.

Kurágin stood during the whole intermission with Dólokhov at the parapet, looking at the box of the Rostóvs. Natásha knew that he was speaking of her, and this gave her pleasure. She even turned in such a way that her profile might be seen by him from what she thought to be her most advantageous side. Before the beginning of the second act, there appeared in the pit the figure of Pierre, whom the Rostóvs had not yet seen since their arrival. His face was sad, and he was even stouter than when Natásha had seen him the last time. Without looking at anybody, he passed to the first row. Anatól went up to him and began to tell him something, looking and pointing to the box of the Rostóvs. Pierre, upon seeing Natásha, became animated and hastened between the rows to walk over to their box. When he reached them, he leaned over and, smiling, spoke for a long time to Natásha. During her conversation with Pierre, she heard a male voice in the box of Countess Bezúkhi, and she knew that it was Kurágin's. She looked around, and their eyes met. He was almost smiling as he looked into her eyes with such an ecstatic, kindly glance that it seemed strange to her to be so close to him, to be looking at him, to be sure that she pleased him, and yet not to be acquainted with him.

In the second act there were pictures representing monuments, and there was a hole in the canvas, which represented the moon, and the shades on the parapet were lifted, and the horns and bass-viols began to play in low tones, and on the right and left men wearing black mantles began to come out. The actors began to wave their

hands, in which they held something resembling daggers; then some other men rushed in and began to carry away the maiden who before had worn a white dress, but now had on a blue garment. They did not carry her away at once, but first sang with her for a long time, then took her out. Behind the stage three strokes against something metallic were heard, and all got down on their knees and began to sing a prayer. All this performance was several times interrupted by ecstatic shouts of the spectators.

During this act Natásha, every time that she looked down into the pit, saw Anatól Kurágin, who had thrown his arm over the back of his chair and was looking at her. It gave her pleasure to see him so captivated by her, and it did not occur to her that there might be anything wrong in it.

When the second act was over, Countess Bezúkhi rose, turned to the box of the Rostóvs (her bosom was all bared), with her gloved finger beckoned to the old count to come to her, and, without paying any attention to the other callers in her box, began to speak to him, with a pleasant smile.

"Introduce me to your charming daughters," she said. "The whole city speaks of them, and I do not know them."

Natásha rose and seated herself near the magnificent countess. It gave Natásha so much pleasure to be praised by this brilliant beauty that she blushed from joy.

"I want myself to became a Muscovite," said Hélène. "Are you not ashamed to bury such pearls in the country!"

Countess Bezúkhi had justly the reputation of an enticing woman. She could say what she did not mean, and she knew more especially how to flatter in a simple and natural manner.

"My dear count, you must permit me to take care of your

daughters. Though I am here but for a short time, and so are you, I will try to amuse them. I have heard a great deal about you while I was in St. Petersburg, and wanted to make your acquaintance," she said to Natásha with her monotonous and beautiful smile. "I have also heard of you through my page, Drubetskóy. Have you heard that he is getting married? You have heard it, no doubt, from the friend of my husband, Bolkónski, Prince Andréy Bolkónski," she said, with a peculiar accent, to hint at her familiarity with Natásha's relations with him.

She asked Count Rostóv to permit one of the young ladies to stay the rest of the performance in her box, so as to give her a chance to get acquainted with her, and so Natásha walked into her box.

In the third act the stage represented a castle, in which there burned many candles and which was adorned by portraits of knights with little beards. In the middle stood apparently the king and the queen. The king waved his right hand and, evidently being embarrassed, sang badly, after which he sat down on a crimson throne. The maiden who had originally been in white and then in blue now wore nothing but a shirt, and her hair was all unbraided, as she stood near the throne. She sang some melancholy tune about something, as she turned to the queen; but the king sternly waved his hand, and from the sides came out men with bare legs and women with bare legs, and they all began to dance together. Then the violins played a merry tune in high notes, one of the maidens with fat bare legs and lean arms, separating from the rest, went behind the scenes, adjusted her corsage, stepped out to the middle, and began to jump, and rapidly to strike one foot against the other. All in the pit clapped their hands and cried "Bravo!" Then one man went into the corner. In the orchestra they played louder, with cymbals and horns, and this man with the bare legs began to jump very high and cut

capers with his feet. This man was Duport, who received sixty thousand roubles a year for this art. All in the pit, in the boxes, and in the gallery began to clap their hands and to shout with all their might, and the man stopped and began to smile and to bow on all sides. Then others, men and women, with bare legs, danced; then one of the kings again shouted something in musical notes, and all began to sing. But suddenly a storm rose; in the orchestra were heard chromatic gamuts and chords of the diminished seventh, and all ran to drag one of the men behind the scenes, and the curtain fell. Again there was a terrible noise and clatter among the spectators, and all began to shout with ecstatic faces, "Duport! Duport! Duport!" Natásha no longer found this strange. She looked joyfully about her, smiling a pleasant smile.

"*N'est-ce pas qu'il est admirable, Duport?*" said Hélène, turning to her.

"Oh, *oui*," replied Natásha.

X.

DURING the intermission, a whiff of cold air entered Hélène's box, and, bending and trying not to knock up against anybody, there entered Anatól.

"Permit me to make you acquainted with my brother," said Hélène, restlessly transferring her eyes from Natásha to Anatól.

Natásha turned her beautiful head to the handsome man beyond the bare shoulder, and smiled. Anatól, who was as handsome close by as from a distance, sat down by her side and told her that he had long wished to have the pleasure, ever since the Naryshkin ball at which he had had the unforgettable pleasure of seeing her. Kurágin was much more clever and simple in the society of women than he was with men. He spoke boldly and simply, and Natásha was strangely and agreeably surprised to see that there was nothing dangerous in this man, of whom so much was told, and that, on the contrary, he had a most naïve, merry, and good-natured smile.

Kurágin asked her about her impression of the show, and told her that at the previous performance Seménova had fallen down during her singing.

"Do you know, countess," he said, suddenly beginning to treat her like an old acquaintance, "we are getting up a merry-go-round in costumes; you ought to take part in it: it will be very jolly. They will all meet at the Karágins. Please come there! You will?" he said.

As he said this, he did not take his smiling eyes away from Natásha's face, and neck, and bare arms. Natásha was positive that he was charmed by her. This gave her pleasure, but, for some reason, she felt oppressed in his presence. When she did not look at him, she felt that he was looking at her shoulders, and she instinctively caught his glance, in order to make him rather look into her eyes. But, as she looked into his eyes, she felt in terror that between them there was not that barrier of bashfulness which she always felt between herself and all other men. She did not know herself how it happened, but after five minutes she felt herself terribly close to this man. When she turned her head away, she had a kind of fear that he would seize her bare arms from behind and would kiss her on her neck. They spoke of the commonest things, and she felt that she was nearer to him than she had ever been to any other man. Natásha looked back at Hélène and at her father, as though to ask them what it meant; but Hélène was busy talking to a general and did not reply to her glance, while her father's glance told her nothing but what it always said, "You are having a good time, and I am glad of it!"

During one of the moments of an awkward silence, during which Anatól with his bulging eyes was looking calmly and stubbornly at her, Natásha, in order to interrupt the silence, asked him how he liked Moscow. As she asked this, she blushed. It seemed to her all the time that she was doing something indecent in talking with him. Anatól smiled as though to encourage her.

"At first I did not like it much, because what makes a city agreeable, *ce sont les jolies femmes*, is it not so? But now I like it very much," he said, looking significantly at her.

"Will you go to the merry-go-round, countess? Do come!" he said, and, extending his hand toward her bouquet and lowering his voice, he said, "*Vous serez la plus*

jolie. Venez, chère comtesse, et comme gage donnez-moi cette fleur!"

Natásha did not understand what he said, just as he himself did not, but she felt that in the words which she did not comprehend there was an indecent meaning. She did not know what to say, and turned aside, as though she had not heard what he had said. But the moment she turned her face away, she thought that he was close behind her.

"What is he doing now? Is he embarrassed? Angry? Must I correct it?" she asked herself. She could not help looking back. She looked him straight in the eye, and his proximity and self-assurance and the good-natured kindliness of his smile vanquished her. Again she felt with terror that there was no barrier between them.

The curtain rose again. Anatól, calm and happy, left the box. Natásha returned to her father, having entirely succumbed to the world in which she was. Everything which was going on before her now appeared quite natural to her; at the same time all her former thoughts of her fiancé, of Princess Márya, of the country life, did not once enter her head, as though it had all happened long, long ago.

In the fourth act there was some kind of a devil who sang and waved his hand until some boards were removed underneath him and he sank through them. This was all Natásha saw of the fourth act: something agitated and tormented her, and the cause of this agitation was Kurágin, whom she instinctively sought out with her eyes. As they were leaving the theatre, Anatól went up to them, called their carriage, and helped them in. As he put Natásha in, he pressed her arm above the elbow. Natásha, agitated and blushing, looked back at him. He, gleaming with his eyes and smiling tenderly, was looking at her.

Only after she had come home was Natásha able clearly to reflect on what had taken place, and suddenly, as she thought of Prince Andréy, she became frightened, and while all were gathered at the tea-table after the theatre, she uttered a loud sigh and, blushing, rushed out of the room.

"O Lord! I am lost!" she said to herself. "How could I have permitted it?" she thought.

She sat for a long time, covering her red face with her hands, trying to render herself a clear account of what had happened to herself, and she was unable to comprehend what had happened, or what she felt. Everything seemed dark, dim, and terrible to her. There, in that immense, illuminated hall where Duport, wearing a tinsel jacket, had leaped with his bare legs over the wet floor to the sound of the music, and the young women and old men, and décolleté Hélène, with her calm and haughty smile, had in transport shouted "Bravo!" — there, under the shadow of that Hélène, everything had been clear and simple; but now that she was alone it all appeared incomprehensible to her. "What is it? What was that terror which I experienced toward him? What is this compunction which I am experiencing now?" she thought.

Only to the old countess would Natásha have been able in bed at night to tell all she thought. Sónya, she knew, with her stern and highly moral nature, would either not understand anything, or would be horrified at her confession. Natásha endeavoured herself to solve the cause of her torment.

"Am I lost for the love of Prince Andréy, or not?" she asked herself, and with a consoling smile she replied to herself: "How foolish I am to ask this question! What has happened to me? Nothing. I have done nothing, have not provoked it. Nobody will know anything about it, and I will never see him again," she said to herself. "Consequently it is clear that nothing has happened, that

there is no cause for repentance, that Prince Andréy can love such as I am! Such as I am! What am I, then? Ah, my God! Why is he not here?"

Natásha calmed herself for a moment, but soon an instinct told her that, although it was true and although nothing had happened, that all her former purity of love for Prince Andréy had vanished. And she again repeated in her imagination all her conversation with Kurágin, and represented to herself the face, the gestures, and the tender smile of that handsome and bold man, at the moment when he pressed her arm.

XI.

ANATÓL KURÁGIN was living in Moscow because his father had sent him away from St. Petersburg, where he had been spending more than twenty thousand a year in money, besides making very large debts, which the creditors tried to collect from his father. The father announced to his son that he would pay one-half of his debts for the last time, on condition that he should go to Moscow in the capacity of adjutant to the commander-in-chief, which office he had obtained for him, and would try there, at last, to make a good match. He pointed out to him Princess Márya and Julie Karágin.

Anatól accepted the conditions and went to Moscow, where he stopped in Pierre's house. Pierre at first received him reluctantly, but later he became accustomed to him; he occasionally went with him to carousals, and under the pretext of a loan gave him money.

Anatól, as Shinshín had justly remarked about him, had been driving all the Moscow ladies insane, ever since his arrival, especially because he neglected them and apparently preferred to them gipsies and French actresses, with the chief of which, Mlle. Georges, he was said to be on intimate relations. He did not omit a single carousal at Danílov's and at the other merrymakers of Moscow, drinking there whole nights at a time and beating all the others in these drinking contests, and went to all the evening entertainments and balls of the high life. There were rumours about several intrigues of his with Moscow ladies, and at the balls he courted several of them. But

he did not cultivate the acquaintance of young ladies, especially of rich heiresses, who were nearly all of them homely, especially because Anatól had been married two years before, which was a fact that none but his most intimate friends knew. Two years before, while his regiment was stationed in Poland, a poor Polish landed proprietor had compelled Anatól to marry his daughter.

Anatól very soon abandoned his wife, and, for the money which he agreed to send to his father-in-law, he retained the right to pass for a bachelor.

Anatól was always satisfied with his situation, with himself, and with others. He was instinctively convinced with his whole being that he could not live otherwise than he was living, and that he would never in all his life do anything bad. He was unable to consider how his acts would affect others, or what might result from this or that act. He was convinced that, as a duck was created in such a way that it must always live in the water, so he had been created by God in such a way as to spend thirty thousand a year and occupy a very high position in society. He believed this so firmly that others, looking at him, were also convinced of it and did not refuse him that high position in society, nor the money, which he borrowed from all who crossed his path, without ever troubling himself about paying his debts.

He was not a gambler, at least he never hankered for a winning game. He was not vain. It did not make the least difference to him what people thought of him. Still less could he be accused of ambition. He several times annoyed his father by ruining his career, and made light of all honours. He was not stingy, and never refused anything to those who asked him for a thing. There were two things he was addicted to, and those were merriment and women, and as, according to his view, there was nothing ignoble in these tastes of his, and as he was incapable of reflecting on what happened to others from the

gratification of his tastes, he in his soul regarded himself as an irreproachable man, heartily despised rascals and bad people, and with a calm conscience carried his head high.

The carousers, these male Magdalens, have a secret consciousness of their innocence, which is not unlike that maintained by the female Magdalens, and which is based on the same hope of forgiveness. "She will be forgiven because she has loved so much, and he will be forgiven because he has amused himself so much!"

Dólokhov, who during that year had again appeared in Moscow after his exile and Persian adventures, and who led the luxurious life of a gambler and a carouser, became very intimate with his old St. Petersburg comrade, Kurágin, and made use of him for his purposes.

Anatól sincerely loved Dólokhov for his intellect and for his daring. Dólokhov, who needed the name, the distinction, and the connections of Anatól Kurágin, in order to entice rich young men into his company of gamblers, gave his time to him, without letting him know what he needed him for. Outside of this calculation, for which he needed Anatól, the very process of directing somebody else's will was an enjoyment, a habit, and a necessity for Dólokhov.

Natásha had produced a strong impression on Kurágin. At the supper which followed the theatrical performance, he, with the knowledge of a connoisseur, expatiated before Dólokhov on the qualities of her arms, shoulders, feet, and hair, and declared to him his intention of paying her assiduous attention. Anatól was not able to see or comprehend, as he never did, what would be the result of his act.

"She is fine, my friend, but not for us," Dólokhov said to him.

"I will tell my sister to invite her to dinner," said Anatól. "Eh?"

"You had better wait until she gets married —"

"You know," said Anatól, "*j'adore les petites filles:* and this will soon be lost."

"You were caught once on a *petite fille*," said Dólokhov, who knew of his marriage. "Look out!"

"But I can't get caught twice on it? Eh?" said Anatól, with a good-natured smile.

XII.

On the day following the theatre the Rostóvs did not go out calling, and nobody called on them. Márya Dmítrievna had some secret conversations with Count Rostóv, so that Natásha could not hear them. Natásha divined that they were talking about the old prince, and that they were planning something, and this made her restless and offended her. She expected Prince Andréy at any moment, and on that day sent the janitor twice to the Vzdvízhenka to find out whether he had arrived. She was now more oppressed than during the first days of her arrival. To her impatience and pining for him there were now added the unpleasant recollection of her meeting with Princess Márya and with the old prince, and that terror and uneasiness, the cause of which she did not know. It seemed to her that he would never come, or that something would happen to her before he came. She could not, as she had been in the habit of doing, think calmly and persistently of him, when she was all alone. The moment she began to think of him, there immediately mingled with his memory the recollection about the old prince, about Princess Márya, about the last performance, and about Kurágin. The question again presented itself to her, whether she was not guilty, and whether her fidelity to Prince Andréy had not been impaired, and again she caught herself recalling, down to their minutest details, every word, every gesture, every shade of the play of features on the face of that man who had been able to rouse in her an incomprehensible and terrible sensation.

To the thinking of the people of the house, Natásha looked more animated than usual, but she was far from being so calm and happy as before.

On Sunday morning Márya Dmítrievna invited her guests to mass in her parish church of the Ascension in the Mogíltsi.

"I do not like these new-fashioned churches," she said, apparently priding herself on her liberalism. "God is the same everywhere. We have a fine pope; he serves beautifully and nobly, and so does the deacon. What holiness is there in having them give concerts in the choir? I do not like it, — it is not devotion."

Márya Dmítrievna was fond of the Sundays, and knew how to celebrate them. Her house was always washed and cleaned on Saturday; the servants and she herself did not work on Sunday, but, dressing themselves in gala attire, all went to the mass. Courses were added to the dinner, and the servants received vódka and a roast goose or pig. But in nothing was the holiday so perceptible as in the broad, stern face of Márya Dmítrievna, who on that day assumed an unchangeable expression of solemnity.

When coffee had been served after mass, in the drawing-room, where the slips had been removed from all the furniture, a lackey announced to Márya Dmítrievna that the carriage was ready, and she, wearing her gala shawl, in which she made visits, rose with a stern look and announced that she was going to Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski, to have a talk with him in regard to Natásha.

After Márya Dmítrievna's departure, a modiste from Madame Chalmé came to see Natásha, and Natásha, closing the door of the room adjoining the drawing-room, and glad to have a diversion, busied herself with trying on the new garments. Just as she had put on a basted, sleeveless bodice, and was turning back her head in order to see how

the back fitted, she heard in the drawing-room the animated voices of her father and another, a woman's voice, which made her blush. It was Hélène's voice. Natásha had not yet taken off the bodice, when the door was opened, and in came Countess Bezúkhi, wearing a dark olive velvet gown, with a high collar, and beaming with a good-natured and kindly smile.

"*Ah, ma délicieuse!*" she said to blushing Natásha. "*Charmante!* No, my dear count, this is abominable," she said to Ilyá Andréevich, who had followed her into the room, "to be in Moscow and not to go out calling. No, I will not desist! This evening Mlle. Georges is going to declaim in my house, and there will be a few guests, and if you will not bring your beauties, who are more beautiful than Mlle. Georges, I will not know you. My husband is away: he has gone to Tver, or else I should send him after you. Be sure to come, by all means, at nine o'clock."

She nodded to the modiste, whom she knew, and who made a respectful bow, and seated herself on a chair near the mirror, picturesquely scattering the folds of her velvet gown. She never stopped chatting good-naturedly and merrily, going all the time into ecstasies over Natásha's beauty. She examined her gowns and praised them, and she also spoke highly of her new gown *en gaze métallique* which she had received from Paris, and advised Natásha to get one like it.

"However, any gown will be becoming to you, my charming girl," she said.

A smile of joy never left Natásha's face. She felt herself happy, and blossomed out under the praises of this sweet Countess Bezúkhi, who before had appeared to her such a sinful and important lady, and who now was so good to her. Natásha felt happy, and was almost in love with such a beautiful and good-natured woman. Hélène, on her side, took sincere delight in Natásha and wanted

to give her a good time. Anatól had asked her to bring Natásha and him together, and so she had come to see the Rostóvs. She was pleased with the idea of bringing her brother together with Natásha.

Although she at one time had been annoyed at Natásha for having alienated Borís from her in St. Petersburg, she did not even think of it now, and with her whole soul, in her own way, wished Natásha good. As she was about to leave, she called her protégée to one side.

"My brother dined with me yesterday; we almost died with laughter, — for he did not eat anything and kept sighing for you, my charming maid. *Il est fou, mais fou amoureux de vous, ma chère.*"

Natásha blushed purple, as she heard these words.

"How she blushes, how she blushes, *ma délicieuse!*" said Hélène. "Come by all means! *Si vous aimez quelqu'un, ma délicieuse, ce n'est pas une raison pour se cloitrer. Si même vous êtes promise, je suis sure que votre promis aurait désire que vous alliez dans le monde en son absence plutôt que de perir d'ennui.*"

"Evidently she knows that I am a fiancée; evidently she and her husband, Pierre, that just Pierre," thought Natásha, "have spoken and laughed of it. Consequently it is all right." And again, under the influence of Hélène, that which formerly had seemed terrible now appeared simple and natural. "And she, such a *grande dame*, such a dear woman, evidently loves me with all her heart — Why should I not amuse myself?" thought Natásha, looking at Hélène with surprised, widely open eyes.

At dinner-time Márya Dmítrievna returned; she looked serious and taciturn, having evidently been defeated by the old prince. She was still too agitated from the conflict which had taken place to be able calmly to tell what had happened. To the count's question she replied that everything was well, and that she would tell him the next day about it. Upon hearing of the visit of Countess

Bezúkhi and of her having invited Natásha, Márya Dmítrievna said:

"I do not like to have anything to do with Countess Bezúkhi, and I advise you to keep away; but since you have already promised her, go and have a good time," she added, turning to Natásha.

XIII.

Count Ilyá Andréevich took his girls to Countess Bezúkhi. There were quite a number of people at her soirée, and nearly all were strangers to Natásha. Count Ilyá Andréevich noticed with displeasure that all the company consisted of men and women who were known for their dissoluteness. There were there also a few Frenchmen, among them Métivier, who, ever since the arrival of Hélène, had been an intimate of her house. Count Ilyá Andréevich decided not to sit down playing cards, not to leave his girls, and to go as soon as the declamation of Mlle. Georges was over.

Anatól had apparently been waiting at the door for the Rostóvs. Having exchanged greetings with the count, he went up to Natásha and followed her. The moment Natásha saw him, the same pleasurable sensation of vanity at pleasing him, which she had experienced in the theatre, and of fear on account of the absence of all moral barriers between them, took possession of her.

Hélène received Natásha with open hands, and was loud in the praise of her beauty and toilet. Soon after their arrival, Mlle. Georges left the room in order to change her attire. Chairs were being placed in the drawing-room, and people began to sit down. Anatól moved a chair up for Natásha and was on the point of sitting down by her side; but the count, who did not take his eyes off her, sat down by her side. Anatól sat down behind her.

Mlle. Georges, with fat, dimpled, bare arms, wearing a red shawl which was thrown over her shoulders, walked out through the aisle left open for her, and stood up in an unnatural pose. There was heard a whisper of transport.

Mlle. Georges sternly and morosely surveyed her audience and began to recite French verses, which treated of the criminal love of a mother for her son. She now raised her voice and now spoke in a whisper, triumphantly raising her head; occasionally she stopped, with a *râle* in her throat and rolling her eyes.

"*Adorable, divin, délicieux!*" was heard on all sides.

Natásha looked at fat Mlle. Georges, but did not hear anything, and did not see or comprehend what was going on before her; she only felt herself completely and irretrievably lost in this strange, senseless world, which was so remote from her former world, in that world where it was impossible to know what was good, what bad, what sensible, and what senseless. Anatól sat behind her, and she, conscious of his proximity, was waiting for something to happen.

After the first monologue the whole company rose and surrounded Mlle. Georges to express their delight.

"How beautiful she is!" Natásha said to her father, who rose with the rest and was making his way through the throng toward the actress.

"I do not find her so, as I look at you," said Anatól, who was following Natásha. He said this at a time when no one else could hear it. "You are charming — From the moment when I first saw you, I did not quit —"

"Come, come, Natásha," said the count, coming back after his daughter. "How beautiful she is!"

Without saying a word, Natásha walked over to her father and looked at him with surprised and interrogative eyes.

After having recited a few pieces, Mlle. Georges left, and Countess Bezúkhi asked her guests to the parlour.

The count wanted to leave, but Hélène begged him not to spoil her improvised ball. The Rostóvs remained. Anatól engaged Natásha for a waltz, and during the dance he, pressing her waist and hand, told her that she was

"*ravissante*" and that he loved her. During the écossaise, which she again danced with Kurágin, Anatól, being all alone with her, did not say anything, but only looked at her. Natásha was in doubt whether it was not in a dream that he had told her those things during the waltz. At the end of the first figure he again pressed her hand. Natásha raised her frightened eyes at him; but there was such a self-confident and tender expression in his kindly glance and smile that, looking at him, she was unable to tell him that which she ought to have told him. She lowered her eyes.

"Do not tell me such things, — I am engaged and love another — " she spoke rapidly. She looked at him.

Anatól was not embarrassed by what she had told him.

"Don't tell me about that! What do I care about it?" he said. "I tell you that I am insanely in love with you. Is it my fault that you are entrancing? We must begin."

Natásha, animated and agitated, looked about her with wide-open, frightened eyes, and looked more cheerful than ever. She comprehended hardly a thing of what was taking place on that evening. They danced an écossaise and a "grandfather," and her father asked her to go home, but she begged him to let her stay. Wherever she was, with whomsoever she spoke, she was conscious of his glance upon her. Then she remembered having asked her father's permission to go to the cloak-room in order to adjust her dress; she remembered that Hélène came out after her, telling her, laughingly, about her brother's love for her, and that in a small sofa-room she again met Anatól, when Hélène disappeared, and they were left alone, whereupon Anatól took her hand and said, in a tender voice:

"I cannot come to see you; but is it possible I shall never see you again? I am senselessly in love with you. Shall it never be?" and, barring her way, he approached his face to hers.

The glistening, large eyes of that man were so close to hers that she saw nothing but these eyes.

"Natalie?" his voice said, in an interrogative whisper, and somebody pressed her hand, painfully. "Natalie?"

"I understand nothing, — there is nothing for me to say," her glance said.

Burning lips were pressed upon hers, and at the same moment she felt herself again free, and in the room was heard the noise of steps and of Hélène's rustling gown. Natásha looked back at Hélène, then, blushing and trembling, gazed at him with a frightened glance, and walked over to the door.

"*Un mot, un seul, au nom de Dieu!*" said Anatól.

She stopped. She needed so much that word which would explain to her what had happened, and to which she would reply.

"*Natalie, un mot, un seul!*" he repeated, apparently not knowing what to say, and he kept repeating it until Hélène came up.

Hélène went with Natásha to the drawing-room. The Rostóvs left without staying for supper.

Upon returning home, Natásha did not sleep the whole night: she was tormented by the undecided question whom she was loving, Anatól or Prince Andréy. She loved Prince Andréy, — she remembered clearly how much she loved him. But she also loved Anatól, — there was no doubt about that.

"How could it have happened otherwise?" she thought. "If after that I was able, at parting, to reply with a smile to his smile, if I could have admitted all that, then it must be that I have loved him from the start. Consequently he is good, noble, and beautiful, and it was impossible not to love him. What shall I do, since I love him and also love another?" she said to herself, finding no answer to these terrible questions.

XIV.

THE morning came with its cares and tribulations. All rose, stirred, began to talk. The modistes came again, and again Márya Dmítrievna came out, and a lackey called to tea. Natásha, with wide-open eyes, as though wishing to catch every glance which might be directed toward her, looked restlessly at everybody and tried to look as usual.

After breakfast, Márya Dmítrievna (that was her best time), seating herself in her chair, called up Natásha and the old count.

"Well, my friends, I have now considered the whole matter, and here is my advice," she began. "Yesterday, as you know, I went to see Prince Nikoláy; well, I had a talk with him — He took it into his head to shout; but it is hard to outdo me in shouting! I gave it to him!"

"What did he say?" asked the count.

"What did he say? He was crazy, and did not want to listen. We have tormented the girl long enough," said Márya Dmítrievna. "It is my advice to settle your affairs here and go back to Otrádnoe — and wait there — "

"Oh, no!" cried Natásha.

"I say you must go back," said Márya Dmítrievna, "and there wait. When your fiancé comes back, there will be trouble; he will settle matters with the old man by himself, and then he will come to see you."

Ilyá Andréevich approved of this proposition, seeing at once how reasonable it was. If the old prince should yield, it would be better afterward to come to Moscow or

Lýsyya Góry; if they were to be married against his will, that would have to happen at Otrádnoe and nowhere else.

"Quite true," he said. "I am sorry that I went to see him and that I have brought her along," said the old count.

"No, why should you be sorry? Once here, you could not have done otherwise than pay him your respects. And if he does not want to, it is his affair," said Márya Dmítrievna, looking for something in her reticule. "Your trousseau is all ready, so why should you stay here any longer? I will send you such things as are not yet done. Though I hate to part from you, you had better go, and God be with you!" Having found in her reticule that which she had been looking for, she handed it to Natásha. It was a letter from Princess Márya. "Here is a letter for you. How the poor girl suffers! She is afraid lest you should think that she does not love you."

"She does not love me," said Natásha.

"Nonsense! Do not say that!" shouted Márya Dmítrievna.

"I will not believe a soul! I know that she does not love me," Natásha said, boldly, taking the letter, and in her face there was expressed dry, evil determination, which caused Márya Dmítrievna to look more steadily at her and to frown.

"My dear, don't talk that way!" she said. "What I say is sure. Write her an answer!"

Natásha made no reply and went to her room to read Princess Márya's letter.

Princess Márya wrote that she was in despair on account of the misunderstanding which they had had. Whatever the sentiments of her father might be, so Princess Márya wrote, she asked Natásha to believe that she could not help loving the one her brother had chosen, her brother, for whom she was prepared to sacrifice everything.

"Still," she wrote, "do not think that my father is ill-disposed toward you. He is an ailing old man, who has to be excused; but he is good and magnanimous, and will love the one who will make his son happy."

Princess Márya proceeded to ask Natásha to appoint a time when she could see her.

Having read the letter, Natásha sat down at the writing-table in order to write a reply. "*Chère princesse,*" she wrote rapidly and mechanically. What else could she write after what had happened the night before? "Yes, yes, all that has happened, and now everything is different," she thought, sitting over the letter which she had commenced. "Must I refuse him? Must I? It is terrible!" And, in order not to think these terrible thoughts, she went to Sónya, and began with her to study some designs.

After dinner Natásha went to her room, and again took up Princess Márya's letter. "Is all ended?" she thought. "Has really all happened so quickly, and has it destroyed what has been?" She recalled with all her power her former love for Prince Andréy, and, at the same time, felt that she loved Kurágin. She vividly imagined herself as the wife of Prince Andréy, represented to herself the frequently imagined picture of happiness with him, and, at the same time, heated with excitement, she thought of all the details of her meeting with Anatól of the previous evening.

"Why can it not be side by side?" she sometimes thought, in complete obfuscation. "Only then should I be entirely happy, but now I must choose, and yet I cannot be happy with only one of the two. It is equally impossible for me to tell Prince Andréy what has happened, or to conceal it," she thought. "With *this one* nothing has as yet been spoiled. But shall I for ever part from this happiness of love for Prince Andréy, by which I have lived so long?"

"Countess," a maid, entering the room, whispered to her in a mysterious way, "a man has asked me to give this to you." The girl handed her a letter. "Only for Christ's sake —" the girl continued to speak, while Natásha, without thought, mechanically broke the seal and read Anatól's love-letter, from which she understood only that it was from him, from a man whom she loved. "Yes, she loves, for how could otherwise that have happened which actually had happened? How could a love-letter have been in her hands?"

Natásha held with trembling hands this impassioned love-letter which had been composed for Anatól by Dólokhov, and, reading it, she found in it echoes of that which she thought she herself felt.

"With last night my fate has been decided: I must either be loved by you, or die. I have no other way," began the letter. Then he wrote that he knew her parents would not let him, Anatól, have her, that there were for it secret reasons which he could reveal to her in person only, and that, if she loved him, she had only to say the word "Yes!" and no human power would ever interfere with their bliss. Love conquers all. He would ravish her and would take her to the end of the universe.

"Yes, yes, I love him!" thought Natásha, reading his letter for the twentieth time, and trying to discover some especial, deep meaning in each word.

During that evening Márya Dmítrievna intended to go to the Arkhárovs, and invited the young ladies to go with her. Natásha remained at home, under the pretext of a headache.

XV.

UPON returning home late in the evening, Sónya entered Natásha's room, and, to her astonishment, found her undressed and asleep on the sofa. On the table near her, lay Anatól's letter. Sónya took it up and began to read it.

She read it and looked at sleeping Natásha, trying to find in her face an explanation of what she was reading, but in vain. Her face was calm, gentle, and happy. Clasping her bosom, in order not to strangle, Sónya, pale and trembling from fear and agitation, sat down in a chair and burst out weeping.

"How is it I did not see anything? How could it have gone so far? Is it possible she no longer loves Prince Andréy? And how could she have allowed Kurágin to go so far? He is a cheat and a rascal, so much is certain. What will become of Nicolas, of sweet, noble Nicolas, when he hears of this? So this is what her agitated, determined, and unnatural face of the other day, and yesterday, and to-day meant!" thought Sónya. "But it is impossible that she should love him! No doubt she did not know from whom it was when she opened this letter. No doubt she is offended. She cannot do this!"

Sónya wiped her tears and went up to Natásha, again to look into her face.

"Natásha!" she said to her, in a very low voice.

Natásha awoke and noticed Sónya.

"Oh, you have come back?"

And with the determination and tenderness frequently displayed at moments of waking, she embraced her friend; but, upon noticing the confusion in Sónya's face, her own expressed embarrassment and suspicion.

"Sónya, have you read the letter?" she asked.

"Yes," Sónya said, softly.

Natásha smiled a rapturous smile.

"No, Sónya, I cannot conceal it any longer!" she said. "I cannot keep it from you. You know, we love each other! Sónya, dear, he writes — Sónya —"

Sónya looked into Natásha's eyes, as though she did not believe her ears.

"And Bolkónski?" she said.

"Oh, Sónya, if you could only know how happy I am!" said Natásha. "You do not know what love is!"

"But, Natásha, is that other love all ended?"

Natásha looked at Sónya with her large, open eyes, as though she did not understand her question.

"Do you refuse Prince Andréy?" asked Sónya.

"Oh, you do not understand a thing. Don't speak such foolishness! Listen!" Natásha said, with passing annoyance.

"No, I cannot believe it," repeated Sónya. "I do not understand it. How could you have loved one man for a whole year, and then suddenly — You have seen him but three times. Natásha, I do not believe you, — you are only jesting. To forget so in three days, and so —"

"Three days!" said Natásha. "It seems to me that I have loved him for one hundred years. It seems to me that I have never before loved a man so much. You cannot comprehend it. Sónya, wait, sit down, here!"

Natásha embraced and kissed her.

"I have been told that these things happen, and you have no doubt heard of it, but it is only now that I am experiencing this love. It is quite different from what it was before. The moment I saw him I felt that he was

my lord, and I his slave, and that I could not help loving him. What can I do? What can I do, Sónya?" said Natásha, with a happy and frightened face.

"But just think what you are doing," said Sónya. "I cannot leave it this way. These secret letters — How could you have permitted it?" she said, in terror and disgust, which she could not conceal.

"I told you," answered Natásha, "that I have no will. Can't you understand me? I love him!"

"I will not let it come to anything: I will tell about it," Sónya cried, while her tears welled.

"For God's sake, what do you mean? If you tell it, you are my enemy," said Natásha. "You want my misfortune, — you want us to be separated —"

Upon seeing this fear of Natásha, Sónya wept tears of shame and pity for her friend.

"What has there been between you?" she asked. "What did he tell you? Why does he not call at the house?"

Natásha made no reply to these questions.

"For God's sake, don't tell anybody! Don't torment me!" Natásha implored her. "Remember that no one dare meddle with such matters. I have confided to you — "

"But why these secrets? Why does he not call at the house?" asked Sónya. "Why does he not ask for your hand in a straightforward manner? Prince Andréy has given you full liberty, if it comes to that; but I do not believe it. Natásha, have you thought what his secret causes may be?"

Natásha looked with wondering eyes at Sónya. Apparently the question presented itself to her for the first time, and she did not know what to say to it.

"I do not know what the causes are, — but there must be some causes!"

Sónya sighed and shook her head incredulously.

"If there were any causes —" she began.

But Natásha, divining her doubts, interrupted her in fright.

"Sónya, you must not doubt him, you must not! You understand?" she cried.

"Does he love you?"

"Does he love me?" Natásha repeated the question, with a smile of compassion for the weak comprehension of her friend. "You have read the letter, and you have seen him!"

"But if he is a man without honour?"

"He? A man without honour? If you only knew him!" said Natásha.

"If he is an honourable man, he must either announce his intention, or he must stop seeing you; and if you will not do it, I will: I will tell papa," Sónya said, with determination.

"I cannot live without him!" cried Natásha.

"Natásha, I do not understand you. What are you talking about? Think of your father and of Nicolas."

"I do not want to know anybody, — I do not love anybody but him. How dare you say that he is a man without honour? Do you not know that I love him?" cried Natásha. "Sónya, go away! I do not want to quarrel with you. Go away, for God's sake: you see how I suffer," angrily cried Natásha, in a voice of reserved irritation and despair.

Sónya burst out weeping and ran out of the room.

Natásha went up to the table and, without thinking a moment, wrote to Princess Márya the answer which she had been unable to sketch the whole morning. In this letter she briefly wrote to Princess Márya that all their misunderstandings were ended, that, making use of the magnanimity of Prince Andréy, who before departing had given her full liberty, she asked her to forget everything and to forgive her if she had done her any wrong, but that

she could not be his wife. All this seemed so easy, so simple, and so clear to her at that moment.

On Friday the Rostóvs were to leave for the country, and on Wednesday the count went with the buyer to his suburban estate.

On the day of the count's departure Sónya and Natásha were invited to dinner at the Karágins, and Márya Dmítrievna took them there. At this dinner Natásha again met Anatól, and Sónya noticed that Natásha spoke to him so as not to be heard, and that during the dinner she was more agitated than ever. Upon returning home, Natásha was the first to begin the explanation, for which Sónya had been waiting.

"Now, Sónya, you have been saying all kinds of foolish things about him," Natásha began, in the gentle voice in which children speak when they want to be praised. "We have had an explanation to-day."

"Well, what is it? What did he tell you? Natásha, how glad I am that you are not angry with me. Tell me the truth, the whole truth! What did he tell you?"

Natásha fell to musing.

"Ah, Sónya, if you knew him as I know him! He said — He asked me how I had promised Bolkónski. He was glad that I had it in my power to refuse."

Sónya heaved a sad sigh.

"But you have not refused Bolkónski," she said.

"Maybe I have! Maybe all is ended with Bolkónski. Why do you think so ill of me?"

"I do not think anything; but I do not understand —"

"Wait, Sónya, you will understand everything. You will see what kind of a man he is. You must not think ill of me, or of him. I do not think ill of anybody: I love everybody, and I pity everybody. But what shall I do?"

Sónya did not yield to the gentle tone with which Natásha turned to her. The softer and the more imploring Natásha's face became, the more severe and the more serious did Sónya's look.

"Natásha, you asked me not to speak with you, and so I did not say anything; but now you yourself have begun. Natásha, I do not trust him. Why this mystery?"

"Again, again!" Natásha interrupted her.

"Natásha, I am afraid for you."

"What is there to be afraid of?"

"I am afraid that you will ruin yourself," Sónya said, with determination, herself frightened at what she said.

Natásha's face again expressed anger.

"I will ruin myself; I will ruin myself as fast as I can. It is none of your business. It is I who will suffer from it, and not you. Leave me! Leave me! I hate you!"

"Natásha!" Sónya exclaimed, in fright.

"I hate you! I hate you! You are my enemy for ever."

Natásha ran out of the room.

Natásha did not speak again with Sónya and avoided her. With the same expression of agitated surprise and culpability, she kept walking from one room to another, taking up now one occupation, and now another, and immediately giving it up.

Though it was hard on Sónya, she followed her companion everywhere, without taking her eyes off her.

On the eve of the day when the count was to have returned, Sónya noticed that Natásha was sitting all morning at the window of the drawing-room, as though waiting for something, and that she made some kind of a sign to a military man who passed by in a carriage, and whom Sónya took to be Anatól.

Sónya began to watch her friend more carefully, and she noticed that Natásha was during the dinner and later

in the afternoon in a strange, unnatural state (answering questions at haphazard, beginning and not finishing sentences, and laughing at everything).

After tea Sónya saw a timid-looking chambermaid, who was waiting for her at Natásha's door. She allowed her to pass by and, listening at the door, she found out that a letter had been taken in.

Suddenly it dawned upon Sónya that Natásha had some desperate plan for the evening. Sónya knocked at her door. Natásha did not let her in.

"She will elope with him!" thought Sónya. "She is capable of everything. To-day there has been something pitiful and determinate in her face. She wept as she bade uncle good-bye," Sónya thought. "Yes, that is it: she will run away with him, — but what shall I do?" Sónya recalled all the signs which proved conclusively that Natásha had some terrible purpose in view. "The count is not here. What shall I do? Shall I write to Kurágin, asking for an explanation from him? Shall I write to Pierre, as Prince Andréy asked us to do in case of misfortune? But, maybe, she has already refused Bolkónski, as she says she has done." (Natásha had on the previous day sent the letter to Princess Márya.) "Uncle is not at home!" It seemed terrible to Sónya to tell to Márya Dmítrievna, who had such implicit faith in Natásha. "Some way or other," thought Sónya, standing in the dark corridor, "now or never has come the time to prove that I remember the benefactions of the family and that I love Nicolas. No, if I have to stay awake three nights, I will not leave this corridor, and by force I will prevent her going, and will not allow disgrace to come on their family," she thought.

XVI.

ANATÓL had of late moved to Dólokhov's quarters. The plan of Natásha's rape had been thought out and prepared by Dólokhov several days before, and on the day when Sónya, listening at Natásha's door, had made up her mind that she would watch over her, the plan was to be carried into effect. Natásha had promised to come out at ten o'clock by the back porch, in order to meet Kurágin. Kurágin was to put her in a tróyka which was ready waiting and to take her sixty miles away, to the village of Kámenka, where an unfrocked pope was to marry them. In Kámenka there was waiting for them a wagon, which was to take them out to the Warsaw highway, where a post-chaise was to take them abroad.

Anatól had a passport, and a travelling permit, and ten thousand roubles in money, which he had procured with Dólokhov's aid.

Two witnesses, Khvóstikov, an ex-scribe of the court, whom Dólokhov employed in his gambling transactions, and Makárin, an ex-hussar, a good-natured and weak man, who had an unlimited love for Kurágin, were sitting in the first room, drinking tea.

In Dólokhov's large cabinet, which was adorned from the ceiling to the floor with Persian rugs, bearskins, and weapons, Dólokhov, in travelling coat and boots, was sitting before an open bureau, on which lay an abacus and packages of money. Anatól, in an unbuttoned uniform, was walking from the room where the two witnesses were

sitting across the cabinet to a back room, where his French lackey and others were packing the last things for him. Dólokhov counted his money, and made some notes.

"Well," he said, "Khvóstikov has to get two thousand."

"All right, give him that amount!" said Anatól.

"Makárka" (thus they nicknamed Makárin) "will go unselfishly through fire and water for your sake. This is all there is to the account," said Dólokhov, showing him the note. "Is it correct?"

"Yes, of course, yes," said Anatól, who evidently was not listening to Dólokhov, and who was looking in front of him with a smile which never left his face.

Dólokhov shut the bureau drawer with a slam and turned to Anatól with a sarcastic smile. "Do you know what I advise you? Give it up, — there is time yet," he said.

"Fool!" said Anatól. "Stop talking nonsense. If you knew — The devil knows what it is!"

"Truly, give it up!" said Dólokhov. "I am telling you what is right. What you have undertaken is not a joke."

"Are you going to tease me again and again? Go to the devil! Eh?" Anatól said, frowning. "Really, I do not feel like listening to your stupid jokes."

He left the room.

Dólokhov smiled disdainfully and condescendingly, when Anatól had left.

"Wait," he cried through the door to Anatól. "I am not jesting. I am telling you what is right. Come here!"

Anatól again entered the room, and, trying to concentrate his attention, he looked at Dólokhov, apparently submitting to him involuntarily.

"Listen to me: I am talking to you for the last time. Why should I be jesting with you? Did I interfere with your plans? Who has arranged everything for you? Who found you a pope? Who took out a passport? Who procured the money? I did it all."

"Well, I am grateful to you for it. Do you think I am not?"

Anatól sighed and embraced Dólokhov.

"I have helped you. But still, I must tell you the truth: it is a dangerous business and, if you come to consider it, a stupid business. Grant that you take her away. Do you suppose that will be left unpunished? It will be found out that you are married already. You will be subject to criminal prosecution."

"Oh, foolishness, foolishness!" Anatól, frowning, said once more. "I have explained the whole matter to you. Eh?" And, with that peculiar bias for personal ratiocinations, which dull people possess, Anatól repeated the reflection which he had told Dólokhov a hundred times before. "I have told you that it is my firm will: if this marriage is void," he said, bending down one finger, "then I am not responsible; and if it is valid, then nobody will know anything abroad. How is this? Don't talk to me, don't talk to me!"

"Truly, give it up! You will only tie your hands —"

"Go to the devil!" said Anatól. Taking hold of his hair, he left the room; but he returned immediately and sat down with his feet on a chair near Dólokhov. "The devil knows what this is! Eh? See how it beats!" He took Dólokhov's hand and put it to his heart. "*Ah! quel pied, mon cher! Quel régard! Une déesse!* Eh?"

Dólokhov, smiling coldly and with a sparkle in his beautiful, impudent eyes, looked at him as though he wished to have his fun with him.

"When your money gives out, what then?"

"What then? Eh?" Anatól repeated, with sincere perplexity at the thought of the future. "What then? I do not know — What is the use of talking such nonsense?" He looked at his watch. "It is time!"

Anatól went to the back room.

"How much longer will it take you? You are dreadfully slow!" he shouted to the servants.

Dólokhov put away the money and, calling a servant to give him something to eat and drink before starting on the journey, he went to the room where sat Khvóstikov and Makárin.

Anatól lay in the cabinet on the sofa, leaning on his arm. He smiled while reflecting on something, and gently whispered something to himself with his handsome mouth.

"Go, eat something! Take a drink!" Dólokhov shouted to him from the other room.

"I do not want to!" replied Anatól, continuing to smile.

"Go! Balága has come."

Anatól rose and went to the dining-room. Balága was a well-known driver of tróykas, who had known Dólokhov and Anatól for more than six years, and had driven tróykas for them. More than once, when Anatól's regiment was stationed in Tver, he in the evening had started with him from Tver, getting him by daybreak to Moscow, and on the next evening just as expeditiously had taken him back to Tver. More than once had he driven Dólokhov away from pursuit; more than once had he taken them out over the city with gipsies and "little ladies," as he called them. More than once had he, working for them, crushed people and carriages in Moscow, and always his masters, as he called them, saved him from prosecution. He had killed more than one horse in their service. He had often been beaten by them, and often they had filled him up with champagne and Madeira, which he was fond of, and he knew more than one exploit of theirs which would have sent an ordinary man to Siberia. During their carousals they frequently called Balága in and made him drink and dance with the gipsies, and more than once a thousand roubles had

passed through his hands. In serving them, he twenty times a year risked his life and his hide, and in working for them he had worn out more horses than they had paid him for. But he loved them; he loved that reckless driving at eighteen versts an hour; he loved to tip over a cab and crush a passer-by in Moscow and to dart past at full speed through the streets. He loved to hear behind him that savage shout of drunken voices, "Faster! Faster!" when it was not possible to go faster than he did; he loved to give a peasant a painful whack over his back, though even without it he was frightened and more dead than alive in trying to get out of the way. "They are real gentlemen!" he thought of them.

Anatól and Dólokhov, too, loved Balága for his masterly driving, and because he was fond of what they themselves liked. With others Balága haggled, asking as much as twenty-five roubles for a two hours' ride, and with others he rarely went himself, but only sent some of his fine fellows. With his "masters," as he called them, he always drove himself and never asked anything for his work. But learning from their valets when they had money, he came once every few months, early in the morning, when he was still sober, and, bowing low, he asked them to get him out of trouble. The masters told him to sit down.

"Save me, dear sir Fédor Iványch," or "your Serenity," he would say. "I am without horses, so let me have as much as you can so I can go to the fair to buy some."

And Anatól and Dólokhov, being flush, gave him a thousand or two thousand roubles.

Balága was light-complexioned, with a red face and an especially red, stout neck, a thick-set, snub-nosed peasant of about twenty-seven years of age, with small, sparkling eyes and a small beard. He wore a thin blue caftan with silk lining, which he wore over a short fur coat.

He made the sign of the cross toward the front corner

and walked over to Dólokhov, extending his small tanned hand.

"My respect to Fédor Iványch!" he said, bowing.

"Good evening, friend. Here he is!"

"Good evening, your Serenity," he said to Anatól, who had just entered, extending his hand to him also.

"I tell you, Balága," said Anatól, putting his hands on his shoulders, "do you love me, or not? Eh? Do me now a great favour — What horses have you brought with you? Eh?"

"As your messenger has ordered it, — I have brought your savage ones," said Balága.

"Listen, Balága! Kill your whole tróyka, but you must get me there in three hours. Eh?"

"If I kill them, how shall we get there?" said Balága, winking.

"I will smash your mug, if you jest," Anatól suddenly shouted, rolling his eyes.

"Why should I jest?" the driver said, laughing. "You don't suppose I will be easy on the horses when I have to serve my masters! We will drive as fast as the horses can travel!"

"Ah!" said Anatól. "Sit down!"

"Why don't you sit down?" said Dólokhov.

"I can stand, Fédor Iványch."

"Don't talk nonsense, and sit down! Here, drink!" said Anatól, who had filled a large glass of Madeira for him.

The driver's eyes sparkled at the sight of the wine. At first he refused it for politeness' sake, then he drank it and wiped his lips with a silk handkerchief which lay inside his cap.

"Well, when are we to start, your Serenity?"

"At once —" Anatól looked at his watch. "This very minute. Remember, Balága! Eh? Will you make it?"

"If the start is all right, there is no reason why we

can't get there," said Balága. "I have taken you to Tver in seven hours. Your Serenity probably remembers it!"

"Do you know, I once was coming from Tver for Christmas," said Anatól, with a reminiscent smile, turning to Makárin, who was humbly gazing at Kurágin, "would you believe it, Makárka, we flew so that I could hardly breathe. We drove into a procession of wagons and leaped over two of them. Eh?"

"Those were fine horses!" Balága continued the story. "I then hitched young side horses with the sorrel centre horse," he addressed Dólokhov, "and would you believe it, Fédor Iványch, the beasts ran sixty versts; I could not hold the reins, my hands were so stiff from the frost. I threw down the lines and asked his Serenity to take them, and myself rolled down into the sleigh. There was no need of driving them: it was really hard to check them. The devils brought us to Moscow in three hours. Only the left horse died."

XVII.

ANATÓL left the room and a few minutes later returned in a fur coat girded with a silver belt, and in a sable cap which was dashingly poised on his head and which was very becoming to his handsome face. He looked at himself in the mirror and, striking the same attitude before Dólokhov, he took up a glass of wine.

"Well, Fédya, farewell! Thank you for everything,—farewell!" said Anatól. "Well, friends and companions"—he thought for a moment—"of my youth—farewell!" he turned to Makárin and the others.

Although all were going to travel with him, Anatól evidently wanted to make something pathetic and solemn out of his address to his companions. He spoke in a slow, loud voice, and, thrusting forward his chest, kept swinging one of his legs.

"All of you take your glasses! You, too, Balága. Well, companions, friends of my youth, we have caroused, and lived, and caroused. Eh? When shall we see each other again? I am going abroad. We have passed pleasant times, now farewell, boys! To your healths! Hurrah!" he said, drinking his glass and smashing it against the ground.

"Farewell," said Balága, also emptying his glass and wiping his lips with his handkerchief.

Makárin, with tears in his eyes, embraced Anatól.

"O prince, how it pains me to part with you!" he muttered.

"Let us start!" cried Anatól.

Balága was on the point of leaving the room.

"No, wait!" said Anatól. "Shut the door! Sit down! Like this!"

The door was shut and all sat down.

"Now, march, boys!" Anatól said, getting up.

Lackey Joseph handed Anatól his sabretasche and sabre, and all went out into the antechamber.

"Where is the fur coat?" said Dólokhov. "Oh, Ignátka! Go to Matréna Matvyéevna, and ask for a fur coat, a sable cloak. I know what is to be done when you elope," said Dólokhov, winking. "She will jump out of the house more dead than alive and having nothing over her. The least delay you make, there will be tears and all about papa, and mamma, and 'I am frozen!' and back home again, — but you receive her in a fur coat and carry her to the sleigh."

The lackey brought a woman's fox-fur cloak.

"Stupid, I told you a sable cloak! Oh, Matréshka, a sable cloak!" he shouted in such a voice that it could be heard through all the rooms.

A pretty, slender, pale gipsy woman, with sparkling black eyes and curly black hair with a bluish sheen, wearing a red shawl, came running out with a sable cloak on her arm.

"Well, I do not begrudge it," she said, apparently intimidated by her master and really sorry about her sable cloak.

Dólokhov took the cloak, without replying to her, threw it over Matréshka, and wrapped her up in it.

"Like this," said Dólokhov. "And then like this," he said, raising the collar about her head so as to leave a small opening in front of her face. "Then like this, — do you see?" and he moved Anatól's head up to the opening left by the collar, from which could be seen Matréshka's beaming smile.

"Good-bye, Matréshka," said Anatól, kissing her. "My carousals are at an end here! Give my regards to Stéshka. Good-bye! Good-bye, Matréshka! Wish me good luck!"

"May God grant you much happiness," said Matréshka, in her gipsy brogue.

At the porch stood two tróykas, which were held by two sturdy drivers. Balága sat down in the front tróyka and, raising high his elbows, he began to straighten out the reins. Anatól and Dólokhov entered his sleigh. Makárin, Khvóstikov and a lackey sat down in the other tróyka.

"Are you ready?" asked Balága.

"Let her go!" he shouted, winding the reins around his hands, and the tróyka flew down the Nikítski Boulevard.

"Whoa! Come now! Whoa!" were heard the shouts of Balága and the sturdy fellow who was sitting on the box. On the Arbát Square the tróyka caught in a carriage, something crackled, a shout was heard, but the tróyka flew down the Arbát.

After driving two blocks down the Podnovínski Boulevard, Balága began to check his horses and, turning back, stopped them at the cross street of the Old Mews.

The sturdy fellow leaped down to hold the horses by their bridles, while Anatól and Dólokhov walked down the sidewalk. As they reached a gate, Dólokhov whistled. There was a reply, and immediately afterward a maid ran out.

"Go in toward the door, or else you will be seen. She will come out at once," she said.

Dólokhov remained at the door. Anatól entered the yard after the maid, turned around a corner, and ran up a porch.

Gavrílo, the enormous footman of Márya Dmítrievna, met Anatól.

"Please come to the lady!" the footman said in a bass voice, barring his way.

"To what lady? And who are you?" Anatól asked, in a breathless whisper.

"If you please, I am told to take you there!"

"Kurágin, back!" shouted Dólokhov. "Treason! Back!"

Dólokhov fought at the gate, where he had stopped, with the janitor, who was trying to lock the gate after him. Dólokhov with his last effort pushed the janitor aside and, grasping the hand of Anatól, who came running out, pulled him out beyond the gate, and ran back with him to the tróyka.

XVIII.

MÁRYA DMÍTRIEVNA, finding tearful Sónya in the corridor, made her confess everything. Intercepting Natásha's note and reading it, Márya Dmítrievna with the note in her hand went in to see Natásha.

"Shameless girl! Disgraceful girl!" she said to her. "I do not want to hear a word!"

Pushing aside Natásha, who stood with wondering, but dry eyes, she locked the door, and, ordering the janitor to let in the men, who were to come in the evening, but not to let them out again, and telling the footman to bring these men into her presence, she sat down in the drawing-room to wait for the ravishers.

When Gavrílo came to report to Márya Dmítrievna that the men had run away, she rose with a frown and, folding her hands behind her back, walked up and down in the room and considered what was to be done. At midnight she felt for the key in her pocket and went to Natásha's room. Sónya was sitting in the corridor and sobbing.

"Márya Dmítrievna, let me go in and see her, for God's sake!" she said.

Márya Dmítrievna made no reply to her, but opened the door and entered.

"It is bad, it is base — In my house — Disgraceful girl! — I am only sorry for your father!" thought Márya Dmítrievna, trying to quench her anger. "However hard it may be, I will make every one keep quiet about it, and I will keep it secret from the count."

Márya Dmítrievna entered the room with determined steps. Natásha was lying on the sofa, with her hands on her head, and did not stir. She was lying in the same position in which Márya Dmítrievna had left her.

"Nice, very nice!" said Márya Dmítrievna. "To appoint a meeting for your lovers in my house! You need not pretend! Listen to what I have to say to you!" Márya Dmítrievna touched her hand. "Listen to what I have to tell you! You have disgraced yourself like the lowest kind of a girl. I should know what to do with you, but I am sorry for your father. I will conceal it."

Natásha did not change her position, but her whole body began to be convulsed with voiceless sobs, which choked her. Márya Dmítrievna looked back at Sónya and sat down on the sofa near Natásha.

"It is lucky for him that he has escaped from me; but I will find him," she said, in her coarse voice. "Do you hear what I am saying?"

She put her hand under Natásha's face, and turned her toward her. Márya Dmítrievna and Sónya were surprised when they saw Natásha's face. Her eyes sparkled and were dry, her lips were compressed; her cheeks were fallen in.

"Leave — me — what do I care — I will — die —" she said, tearing herself away from Márya Dmítrievna with an expression of anger, and returning to her old position.

"Natásha!" said Márya Dmítrievna. "I wish you nothing but good. Lie as you please, I will not touch you, but listen! I will not say anything about your guilt. You know that yourself. To-morrow your father will be back, — what shall I tell him?"

Again Natásha's body was convulsed with sobs.

"What will happen when he finds it out, and your brother, and your fiancé?"

"I have no fiancé, — I have refused him," exclaimed Natásha.

"It makes no difference," continued Márya Dmítrievna. "When they find it out, do you suppose they will leave it without consequences? If your father — I know him too well — calls him out to a duel, it will be nice, will it not? Eh?"

"Oh, leave me alone! Why did you interfere? Why? Why? Who asked you to?" cried Natásha, raising herself on the sofa and casting an angry glance at Márya Dmítrievna.

"What did you expect?" Márya Dmítrievna called out again, in excitement. "You were not locked up in the house, were you? What prevented his coming to the house? Why should he carry you away like some gipsy woman? Do you suppose that, if he had taken you away, he could not have been found? Your father, or brother, or fiancé would find him. But he is a worthless man and a scoundrel, that is what he is!"

"He is better than any of you," exclaimed Natásha, rising. "If you had not interfered — Ah, my God, what is this? What is it? Sónya, why do you treat me this way? Go away!"

And she burst out into sobs, with that despair with which people lament a sorrow of which they feel themselves to be the cause. Márya Dmítrievna began to speak once more; but Natásha shouted:

"Go away! You hate and despise me!" and she again threw herself down on the sofa.

Márya Dmítrievna continued for some time to admonish Natásha and to impress on her that all this must be concealed from the count, and that nobody would find out anything, if only Natásha would promise to forget everything and to look as though nothing had happened. Natásha made no reply. She did not even sob again, but she shook with a chill. Márya Dmítrievna fixed the pillow for her, covered her with two coverlets, and herself went to bring her linden tea, but Natásha paid no attention to her.

"Let her sleep!" said Márya Dmítrievna, as she left the room, thinking that she was asleep. But Natásha was not asleep: she gazed with wide-open, arrested eyes out of her pale face into the distance. That night Natásha did not sleep, nor weep, nor speak with Sónya, who got up several times and went to see her.

On the following morning, at breakfast, Count Ilyá Andréevich returned from the suburban estate. He was very happy: the matter had been settled with the purchaser, and nothing now kept him in Moscow, so he could go back to the countess, for whom he was getting homesick. Márya Dmítrievna met him and informed him that Natásha had become quite ill the day before, that a doctor had been sent for, and that now she was much better. Natásha did not leave her room on that morning. With compressed, cracked lips and dry, arrested eyes she sat at the window, looking restlessly at the passers-by in the street, and casting hurried glances at those who entered the room. She was apparently waiting for some news from him, or expecting him to come to see her or write her a letter.

When the count entered her room, she turned restlessly around at the sound of masculine steps, and her face assumed the old cold and even evil expression. She did not even get up to meet him.

"What is the matter with you, my angel? Are you ill?" asked the count.

Natásha was silent.

"Yes, I am ill," she replied.

To the uneasy questioning of the count why she looked so downcast and whether something had happened to her fiancé, she assured him that there was nothing the matter, and asked him not to worry. Márya Dmítrievna confirmed Natásha's assurances to him that nothing had happened. The count, judging from the feigned illness, the disturbed condition of his daughter, the confused faces of Sónya and

Márya Dmítrievna, saw plainly that something must have taken place during his absence. But it shocked him so much to think that anything disgraceful should have happened to his favourite daughter, and he was so very fond of his cheerful calm that he avoided any further questions and tried to persuade himself that nothing had taken place, and he worried only because her indisposition delayed the departure to the country.

XIX.

EVER since the arrival of his wife in Moscow, Pierre had been getting ready to leave, just so as not to be with her. Soon after the arrival of the Rostóvs, the impression which Natásha produced on him urged him to hasten the execution of his plan. He went to Tver to see Ósip Alekseyévich's widow, who had long ago promised to give him her husband's papers.

When Pierre returned to Moscow, he was handed a letter from Márya Dmítrievna, who called him to her house on an important matter which concerned Andréy Bolkónski and his fiancée. Pierre had been avoiding Natásha. It seemed to him that he experienced a feeling for her which was stronger than what a married man should have toward the fiancée of his friend. And yet some kind of fate kept bringing them together.

"What has happened? What do they want of me?" he thought, as he dressed himself, in order to call on Márya Dmítrievna. "If Prince Andréy would only come at once and marry her!" thought Pierre, on his way to Márya Dmítrievna.

On the Tver Boulevard somebody called him.

"Pierre! How long have you been back?" a familiar voice exclaimed. Pierre raised his head. In a sleigh drawn by a span of two gray trotters, which sent the snow flying against the dashboard, there flashed by Anatól with his constant companion, Makárin. Anatól was sitting straight, in the classical pose of army dandies, the lower

part of his head being wrapped in a beaver collar, and his head itself slightly inclined. His face was ruddy and fresh, his hat with the white panache was poised toward one side, displaying his curled and pomaded hair, which was bespattered with tiny snowflakes.

"Truly he is a real sage!" thought Pierre. "He does not see a thing beyond the present moment of pleasure, nothing troubles him, and so he is always happy, satisfied, and calm. What would I not give to be like him!" Pierre thought, with envy.

In the antechamber of Madame Akhrasímov the lackey, taking off Pierre's fur coat, said that Márya Dmítrievna asked him to come to her sleeping-room.

Upon opening the door of the parlour Pierre saw Natásha, who was sitting at the window with a pale, thin, and angry face. She looked back at him, frowned, and left the room with an expression of cold reserve.

"What has happened?" Pierre asked, as he entered Márya Dmítrievna's sleeping-room.

"Fine things," replied Márya Dmítrievna. "I have lived fifty-eight years in this world, without seeing a disgrace to equal this." And, making Pierre promise that he would keep to himself everything he was going to hear, Márya Dmítrievna informed him that Natásha had refused her fiancé without the knowledge of her parents, and that the cause of this refusal was Anatól Kurágin, into whose society she had been thrown by Pierre's wife, and with whom she had intended to elope during the absence of her father, in order to get clandestinely married to him.

Pierre raised his shoulders and opened wide his mouth, listening to what Márya Dmítrievna was telling him, and not believing his ears. For the fiancée of Prince Andréy, who was so loved by him, for that sweet Natásha Rostóv, to exchange Bolkónski for that fool of an Anatól, who was already married (Pierre knew the secret of his marriage), and so to fall in love with him as to be ready to

run away with him! Pierre could not understand it, and could not form a correct idea of it.

The gentle impression produced on him by Natásha, whom he had known since childhood, could not unite in his soul with the new concept of her baseness, stupidity, and cruelty. He recalled his wife. "They are all alike," he said to himself, thinking that he was not the only one whose sad lot it was to be united to a base woman. Still, he was heartily sorry for Prince Andréy, sorry for his injured pride. And the more he felt sorry for his friend, the more he thought with contempt, and even disgust, of this Natásha, who had just crossed the room with such an expression of cold disdain. He did not know that Natásha's soul was filled with despair, shame, humiliation, and that it was not her fault if her face expressed calm dignity and severity.

"To get married!" Pierre exclaimed, in response to Márya Dmítrievna's words. "He could not marry her, he is married already."

"It is getting worse and worse!" said Márya Dmítrievna. "A fine lad! What a scoundrel! And she is waiting for him, — has been waiting for him these two days. You must tell her so, then she will, at least, stop waiting."

Having learned of Pierre the details of Anatól's marriage, and having eased her anger by cursing him, Márya Dmítrievna informed him why she had sent for him: Márya Dmítrievna was afraid that the count or Bolkónski who might arrive any moment, would, upon learning of the matter, which she was trying to conceal, challenge Kurágin to a duel, and so she asked him to order his brother-in-law in her name to leave Moscow, and never to show himself to her. Pierre promised that he would carry out her wish, only now comprehending the danger which was threatening the old count and Nikoláy and Prince Andréy. Having briefly and clearly given him her

instructions, she allowed him to pass to the drawing-room.

"Remember, the count knows nothing!" she said to him. "And I will go and tell her that she has nothing to wait for. Stay to dinner if you want to," Márya Dmítrievna called out to Pierre.

Pierre met the old count. He was confused and disturbed. Natásha had told him that morning that she had refused Bolkónski.

"There is trouble, *mon cher*," he said to Pierre. "There is trouble with these girls, if their mothers are not with them: I am so sorry I came. I will be frank with you. She has refused her fiancé, without asking anybody's advice. I cannot say I was very happy about the forthcoming marriage. It is true, he is a good man, but there would be no happiness against his father's will, and Natásha will not be left without a husband. But still, it has been going on so long, and why should she have done it without her parents' knowledge? Now she is ill, and God knows what the matter is! There is trouble, count, there is trouble with daughters when the mother is not around —"

Pierre saw that the count was very much distracted, and so he tried to change the subject, but the count continually returned to his woe.

Sónya entered the room, with a disturbed expression on her face.

"Natásha is not very well; she is in her room and would like to see you. Márya Dmítrievna is with her and she, too, begs you to come."

"Yes, you are a great friend of Bolkónski's: no doubt she wants to send some message to him," said the count. "O Lord, O Lord! How good everything has been!" Clutching the sparse locks of his gray hair, the count left the room.

Márya Dmítrievna had informed Natásha that Anatól

was married. Natásha would not believe her and demanded a confirmation of this statement from Pierre. Sónya told this to Pierre as she was leading him through the corridor to Natásha's room.

Natásha sat pale and stern by Márya Dmítrievna's side, meeting Pierre at the very door with a feverishly glistening and interrogative glance. She did not smile, nor nod, but only looked stubbornly at him, and her glance seemed to ask whether he was her friend, or just such an enemy as the rest, so far as Anatól was concerned. Pierre in himself did not exist for her.

"He knows it all," said Márya Dmítrievna, pointing to Pierre and turning to Natásha. "He will tell you whether I am telling you the truth."

Just as a wounded and baited animal looks at the approaching dogs and the hunters, so Natásha looked now at one, and now at another.

"Natásha Ilínichna," began Pierre, lowering his eyes and experiencing a feeling of pity for her and of disgust for the operation which he was to undertake, — "it ought to make no difference to you whether it is true, or not, because — "

"So it is not true that he is married!"

"It is true."

"He has been married, and long?" she asked. "Your word of honour?"

Pierre gave her his word of honour.

"Is he still here?" she asked, rapidly.

"Yes. I have just seen him."

She had apparently no strength to proceed, and made signs with her hands to be left alone.

XX.

PIERRE did not remain to dinner, but immediately left the room and went away. He drove through the city to find Anatól Kurágin, at the thought of whom his whole blood rushed to his heart, and he experienced a difficulty in drawing breath. He was not on the hills, nor at the gipsies, nor at Comoneno's. Pierre drove to the club. In the club everything was going on in the usual manner: the guests who had come to dine were sitting in groups and telling each other the city news. They exchanged greetings with Pierre. A lackey, who saluted him, knowing his habit, informed him that a place was reserved for him in the small dining-room, that Prince N—— N—— was in the library, and T—— T—— had not yet arrived. One of Pierre's acquaintances asked, after having mentioned the condition of the weather, whether he had heard of the rape of Natásha Rostóv by Kurágin, of which everybody in the city was speaking, and whether it was true. Pierre, laughing, said that it was bosh, because he had just called on the Rostóvs. He asked all whether they had seen Anatól. One told him that he had not yet been in the club, while another informed him that he was to dine there. Pierre felt strangely as he looked at this indifferent crowd of people, who did not know what was going on in his soul. He walked up and down in the parlour, waited for all to assemble, and, without waiting for Anatól's arrival, and without dining, went home.

Anatól, whom he had been looking for, on that day

dined with Dólokhov, where he consulted him on what was to be done in order to mend the spoilt business. It seemed to him necessary to meet Natásha. In the evening he went to his sister, in order to discuss with her the means for arranging this meeting. When Pierre, having in vain searched for him throughout Moscow, returned home, the valet informed him that Count Anatól Vasílich was with the countess. The drawing-room of the countess was filled with guests.

Without greeting his wife, whom he had not seen since his arrival (she was more repulsive than ever to him), Pierre entered the drawing-room and, upon seeing Anatól, walked over to him.

"Ah, Pierre," said the countess, going up to him. "You do not know in what predicament our Anatól is!" She stopped when she saw in his drooping head, in his glistening eyes, and in his determined gait that terrible expression of rage and strength, which she was familiar with and which she had encountered herself after the duel with Dólokhov.

"Wherever you are, there is debauchery and evil," Pierre said to his wife. "Anatól, come, I have to talk to you!" he said to him, in French.

Anatól looked at his sister and got up submissively, ready to follow Pierre.

Pierre took hold of his arm, jerked him toward him, and left the room.

"*Si vous vous permettez dans mon salon,*" Hélène said, in a whisper; but Pierre left the room, without making any reply.

Anatól followed him with his usual dashing swagger, but there was unrest in his face.

Upon reaching his cabinet, Pierre shut the door, and turned to Anatól, without looking at him.

"Did you promise Countess Rostóv that you would marry her, and did you wish to carry her off?"

"My dear," Anatól replied in French (in which the whole conversation was carried on), "I do not consider myself under obligations to answer to questions put to me in such a tone."

Pierre's face, which had been pale before, was now disfigured by rage. He grabbed Anatól by the collar of his uniform with his large hand and began to shake him from side to side until Anatól's face assumed quite an expression of fright.

"When I say that I *must* speak with you —" repeated Pierre.

"But this is stupid. Eh?" said Anatól, fingering the button of his collar which had been pulled out with the cloth.

"You are a worthless man and a scoundrel, and I do not know what it is that keeps me from smashing your head with this," said Pierre, expressing himself so elaborately because he was speaking in French. He picked up a heavy paper-weight, raised it threateningly, and put it down hurriedly.

"Did you promise to marry her?"

"I — I — I did not mean to. Really, I never promised her, because —"

Pierre interrupted him.

"Have you her letters? Have you her letters?" Pierre repeated, moving up toward him.

Anatól looked at him, and immediately put his hand in his pocket and took out his pocket-book.

Pierre took the letter handed to him and, pushing aside a table which was in his way, threw himself down on a sofa.

"*Je ne serai pas violent, ne craignez rien,*" said Pierre, in response to Anatól's frightened gesture. "The letters are one thing," said Pierre, as though repeating a lesson to himself. "The second thing is," he continued, after a moment's silence, rising again and beginning to walk around, "that you must leave Moscow to-morrow."

"How can I?"

"The third thing," he continued, without listening to him, "you must never mention a word of what has been between you and the countess. I know that I cannot keep you from doing this, but if there is a spark of conscience in you — " Pierre crossed the room several times in silence.

Anatól sat at the table, frowning and biting his lips.

"You are unable to comprehend that outside your pleasure there is the happiness and peace of others, and that you are ruining a whole life because you want to amuse yourself. Amuse yourself with women who resemble my wife, — with these you are in your element, and they know what it is you want. They are armed against you by the same experience of debauchery; but to promise a girl to marry her — to deceive, steal — Can't you understand that that is as base as striking an old man or a child?"

Pierre grew silent and looked at Anatól, not with an angry, but with a questioning glance.

"I do not know that. Eh?" said Anatól, getting bolder in proportion as Pierre mastered his anger. "I do not know it, and do not want to know it," he said, without looking at Pierre, and with a slight quivering of his lower jaw, "but you have told me terrible words: 'base' and such like, which I *comme un homme d'honneur* will not allow any one to use."

Pierre looked at him in surprise, unable to comprehend what it was he wanted.

"Though it was not in the presence of witnesses," continued Anatól, "yet I cannot — "

"Well, you want satisfaction?" Pierre said, sarcastically.

"At least, you can take back your words. Eh? If you wish me to carry out your wish. Eh?"

"I take them back, I take them back," said Pierre, "and I ask you to excuse me." Pierre looked involuntarily

at the button of Anatól's uniform which was pulled off.

"I will give you money if you need it for the journey."

Anatól smiled.

The timid and base smile, an expression familiar to Pierre from his wife, completely upset him.

"Oh, base, heartless race!" he said, leaving the room.

On the next day Anatól left the city for St. Petersburg.

XXI.

PIERRE went to Márya Dmítrievna to inform her of the execution of her desire, — of the expulsion of Kurágin from Moscow. The whole house was in terror and agitation. Natásha was very ill; the very night that she had been informed of Anatól's marriage, she had poisoned herself with arsenic, which she had somehow procured. After having swallowed a little of it, she became so frightened that she woke up Sónya, to whom she told what she had done. The proper measures were taken at once, and now she was out of danger; but she was still so feeble that it was not possible to take her to the country, and the countess was sent for. Pierre saw the distracted count and tearful Sónya, but was unable to see Natásha.

On that day Pierre dined in the club, where he heard on all sides conversations about the attempted rape of Natásha, which he stubbornly denied, assuring every one that all there was to it was that his brother-in-law had proposed to her and had received a refusal. It seemed to Pierre that it was his duty to conceal the matter and to rehabilitate Natásha's character.

He was waiting in terror for the return of Prince Andréy, and he went every day to the old prince to find out whether he had arrived.

Prince Nikoláy Andréevich had learned through Mlle. Bourienne all the rumours which were current in the city, and had read the note to Princess Márya in which Natásha refused her fiancé. He seemed to be more cheerful than

ever, and with great impatience waited for the return of his son.

A few days after the departure of Anatól, Pierre received a note from Prince Andréy announcing his arrival and asking Pierre to call on him.

Prince Andréy, soon after his arrival in Moscow, received from his father Natásha's note to Princess Márya, in which she refused her fiancé (Mlle. Bourienne had abstracted it from Princess Márya, and had handed it to the old prince), and heard from his father an elaborated account of Natásha's rape.

Prince Andréy had arrived in the evening. Pierre called on him the following morning. Pierre had expected to find Prince Andréy in the same condition in which Natásha was, and so was surprised when, upon entering the drawing-room, he heard in the cabinet Prince Andréy's loud voice, telling with animation about some St. Petersburg intrigue. The old prince and somebody else's voice now and then interrupted him. Princess Márya came out to meet Pierre. She sighed, indicating with her eyes the door where Prince Andréy was, apparently wishing to express her compassion for his sorrow; but Pierre could see by Princess Márya's face that she was glad of what had happened, and of the way her brother had received the news of his fiancée's treason.

"He said that he had expected it," she said. "I know that his pride will not permit him to express his sentiments; still, he has borne it better, much better, than I had expected. Apparently it had to be —"

"But is it really all ended?" asked Pierre.

Princess Márya looked at him in surprise. She could not see how one could ask such a question. Pierre went to the cabinet. Prince Andréy, very much changed and obviously looking more mature, but with a new transverse wrinkle between his eyebrows, wearing a civilian's clothes, was standing opposite his father and Prince

Meshchérski, excitedly discussing something and making energetic gestures. They were talking about Speránski, the news of whose sudden deportation and supposed treason had just reached Moscow.

"Now all those who a month ago were in raptures over him judge and condemn him," said Prince Andréy, "and so do all those who are unable to comprehend him. It is very easy to condemn a man who is in disgrace, and to throw on his shoulders everybody's faults; but I will say that if anything good has been done in the present reign, it was done by him alone —" He stopped, when he saw Pierre. His face twitched and immediately assumed an evil expression. "Posterity will do him justice," he finished, and immediately turned to Pierre.

"How are you? You are getting fatter all the time," he said, with animation, but the new wrinkle cut a deep furrow on his brow. "Yes, I am well," he, smiling, replied to Pierre's question.

It was evident to Pierre that his smile meant: "I am well, but who cares for my health?" Having said a few words to Pierre about the terrible road from the Polish border on, and about how he had met people in Switzerland who knew Pierre, and about M. Desalles, whom he had brought with him from abroad as his son's tutor, Prince Andréy again returned with fervour to the conversation about Speránski, which had been continued between the two old men.

"If there were anything treasonable, and if there were any proofs of his secret relations with Napoleon, they would have been proclaimed," he said, speaking rapidly and excitedly. "I personally have never loved Speránski, but I love justice."

Pierre recognized in his friend the familiar necessity of becoming agitated and of disputing a matter which was foreign to him merely in order to drown his oppressive thoughts.

After Prince Meshchérski had left, Prince Andréy took Pierre's arm and invited him to his room, which had been prepared for him. A bed stood in the room, and portmanteaus and boxes lay open. Prince Andréy went up to one of them and took out a small casket. From the casket he took a small bundle wrapped up in paper. He did everything in silence and with rapid motions. He rose and cleared his throat. His face looked morose, and his lips were compressed.

"Forgive me for troubling you —"

Pierre understood that Prince Andréy wanted to speak of Natásha, and his broad face expressed compassion and sympathy. This expression of Pierre's face irritated Prince Andréy; he continued in a determined, sonorous, but disagreeable voice:

"I have received a refusal from Countess Rostóv, and rumours have reached me of the suit, or something of the kind, of your brother-in-law. Is it true?"

"Both true and untrue," began Pierre; but Prince Andréy interrupted him.

"Here are her letters and her portrait," he said.

He took the bundle from the table and handed it to Pierre.

"She is very ill," said Pierre.

"So she is still here?" said Prince Andréy. "And Prince Kurágin?" he quickly asked.

"He has left long ago. She came near dying —"

"I am very sorry for her illness," said Prince Andréy. He smiled coldly, malignantly, disagreeably, like his father.

"But it seems Prince Kurágin has not conferred his hand on Countess Rostóv?" said Prince Andréy. He snorted several times.

"He could not marry her because he is already married," said Pierre.

Prince Andréy smiled a disagreeable smile, again reminding one of his father.

"And where is he now, your brother-in-law?" he said.

"He has gone to St. Peter— However, I am not sure," said Pierre.

"Well, it makes no difference," said Prince Andréy. "Tell Countess Rostóv that she has been and still is quite free, and that I wish her much happiness."

Pierre took the bundle of papers into his hands. Prince Andréy, as though recalling whether he had to say anything more, or as though waiting for Pierre to say something, looked at him fixedly.

"Listen! Do you remember our discussion in St. Petersburg?" said Pierre. "Do you remember—"

"I do," Prince Andréy replied, hurriedly. "I said that one must forgive a fallen woman, but I did not say that I could. I cannot."

"Is there any comparison?" said Pierre.

Prince Andréy interrupted him. He cried, in a piercing voice:

"Yes, again to ask for her hand, to be magnanimous, and such like? Yes, that is very noble, but I am not capable of going *sur les brisées de monsieur*. If you want to be my friend, never speak to me again about this— about the whole matter. Well, good-bye. So you will transmit—"

Pierre left and went to the old prince and to Princess Márya.

The old man seemed to be more animated than ever. Princess Márya was the same as ever, but, back of her sympathy for her brother, Pierre saw her joy because of the rupture. Looking at them, Pierre understood what contempt they had had for the Rostóvs, and he saw that it was not even possible to mention the name of the one who had dared to exchange Prince Andréy for anybody else.

At dinner the conversation turned on the war, the approach of which seemed to be inevitable. Prince

Andréy talked without intermission, disputing now with his father, and now with Desalles, the Swiss tutor, and looked more animated than ever. The moral cause of this animation Pierre knew only too well.

XXII.

On that evening Pierre went to see the Rostóvs in order to carry out his orders. Natásha was in bed; the count was at the club, and Pierre, having turned over the letters to Sónya, went to see Márya Dmítrievna, who was interested to find out how Prince Andréy had received the news. Ten minutes later Sónya entered the room.

"Natásha wants to see Count Pierre Kirílovich at once," she said.

"Well, how can we take you there? The room is not at all tidied," said Márya Dmítrievna.

"No, she is dressed and is waiting in the drawing-room," said Sónya.

Márya Dmítrievna only shrugged her shoulders.

"When will the countess be here? She has worn me out. Beware of telling her everything," she turned to Pierre. "I have not the courage to scold her, — for I am so sorry for her!"

Natásha, emaciated, pale, and stern (not at all abashed, as Pierre had expected to find her), was standing in the middle of the drawing-room. When Pierre appeared at the door, she hesitated, apparently undecided whether she had better walk over to him or wait for him where she was.

Pierre hastened to come up to her. He thought that she would give him her hand, as usual, but she approached him and stopped, breathing heavily and allowing her arms to hang down lifelessly, precisely in the attitude in which

she used to walk out to the middle of the room, but with a different expression on her face.

"Pierre Kiríllovich," she began to speak rapidly, "Prince Bolkónski was your friend, — he is your friend," she corrected herself (it seemed to her that everything had been and was no longer). "He told me then to turn to you — "

Pierre snivelled, looking at her. He had been rebuking her, and had tried to despise her; but now he grew so sorry for her that there was no place for rebuke in his heart.

"He is here now, so tell him — to — forgive me."

She stopped and began to breathe more frequently, but she did not weep.

"Yes — I will tell him," said Pierre, "but — " He did not know what to say.

Natásha was apparently frightened at the idea which Pierre might have.

"No, I know that all is ended," she said, hurriedly. "No, that can never be. I am only tormented by the wrong that I have done him. Tell him only that I ask him to forgive, to forgive, to forgive me for everything — " She shook with her whole body and sat down on a chair.

An unfamiliar feeling of pity filled Pierre's soul to the brim.

"I will tell him. I will tell him once more," said Pierre. "But — I would like to know — "

"What?" Natásha's glance asked.

"I would like to know whether you have loved — " Pierre did not know how to name Anatól, and he blushed at the idea. "Have you loved that bad man?"

"Don't call him bad," said Natásha. "I know nothing — nothing — " She again burst out into tears.

And a still greater sensation of pity, tenderness, and love took possession of Pierre. He could feel his tears coursing under his spectacles, and he hoped that they would not be noticed.

"Let us not speak of it again, my friend," said Pierre.

This mild, gentle, heartfelt voice sounded so strange to Natásha.

"Let us not speak of it, my friend! I will tell him everything; but I will ask you for one thing: regard me as your friend, and if you need assistance or advice, or simply if you feel like opening your heart to any one, — not now, but when everything is clear in your soul, — remember me!" He took her hand and kissed it. "I will be happy if I am able — " Pierre became embarrassed.

"Do not speak to me this way: I do not deserve it!" cried Natásha. She wanted to leave the room, but Pierre held her hand. He knew that he had to tell her something; but after he had said it, he himself marvelled at his words.

"Stop, stop! All your life is ahead of you," he said to her.

"For me? No! For me all is lost," she said, in shame and self-humiliation.

"All is lost?" he repeated. "If I were somebody else, a most handsome, clever, and good man in the world, and free, I would on my knees ask for your hand and love."

Natásha for the first time after many days wept tears of gratitude and contrition. She looked at Pierre and left the room.

Pierre, too, ran out soon after her into the antechamber, repressing his tears of contrition and happiness, which choked him, and, without finding his way into the sleeves, put on his fur coat, and seated himself in the sleigh.

"Whither shall I go?" asked the coachman.

"Whither?" Pierre asked himself. "Whither can I go now? Shall I go to the club, or out calling?" All people seemed so pitiable, so poor in comparison with that feeling of contrition and love, which he was experiencing, in comparison with that last tender, grateful glance, which she had cast upon him through her tears.

"Home," said Pierre, throwing his bear-fur coat wide open over his broad, joy-breathing breast, in spite of the ten degrees below zero.

It was cold and clear. Over the dirty, half-dark streets, over the black roofs, stood the dark, starry heaven. Pierre, who only looked at the heaven, did not feel the offensive baseness of everything terrestrial in comparison with the height upon which his soul was. Upon reaching the Arbát Square, the enormous expanse of the starry, dark heaven was revealed to Pierre's eyes. Almost in the middle of this heaven, above the Prechístenski Boulevard, there stood, surrounded and besprinkled on all sides by stars, but differing from all by its nearness to the earth, by its white light, and its long, upturned tail, the enormous comet of the year 1812, the very comet which, so it was said, portended all kinds of horrors and the end of the world. But in Pierre this bright star with its long, translucent tail did not evoke any feelings of terror. On the contrary, Pierre, with eyes wet with tears, looked at this bright star, which, having crossed immeasurable space in a parabolic curve and with incredible rapidity, seemed suddenly, like an arrow piercing the earth, to have adhered to this one chosen spot on the black heaven, and to have stopped, energetically raising its tail, illuminating and scintillating with its white light among the other numberless twinkling stars. It seemed to Pierre that this star fully corresponded to what there was in his contrite and refreshened soul, which was blossoming for a new life.