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From Tolstoy's *War and Peace*

Volume One, Part Three
The battle of Austerlitz

XIV

At five o'clock in the morning it was still quite dark. The troops of the center, the reserves, and Bagration's right flank still stood motionless, but on the left flank the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery which were to be the first to descend from the heights in order to attack the French right flank and drive them back to the Bohemian Mountains, according to the disposition, had already begun to stir and get up from their night camp. The smoke of the bonfires, onto which everything superfluous was thrown, stung the eyes. It was cold and dark. Officers hastily drank tea and ate breakfast, soldiers chewed on biscuits, beat their feet to warm them up, and streamed towards the bonfires, throwing onto them the remains of their lean-tos, chairs, tables, wheels, barrels, everything superfluous which it was impossible to take with them. Austrian column leaders shuttled among the Russian troops and served as heralds of the departure. As soon as an Austrian officer appeared at a regimental commander's camp, the regiment began to stir: soldiers ran from the bonfires, stuffed pipes into boot tops, bags into wagons, took their muskets and fell in. Officers buttoned their coats, buckled on their swords and pouches, and strode along the ranks, calling out; carters and orderlies harnessed, packed, and tied down the wagons. Adjutants, battalion and regimental commanders mounted up,

crossed themselves, gave final orders, instructions, and commissions to those who were staying with the train, and the monotonous tramp of thousands of feet began. Columns started to move, not knowing where and, owing to the surrounding people, the smoke, and the thickening fog, seeing neither the place they were leaving nor the place they were going to.

A soldier in movement is as hemmed in, limited, and borne along by his regiment as a sailor by his ship. However far he may go, whatever strange, unknown, and dangerous latitudes he gets into, around him—as for the sailor always and everywhere there are the same decks, masts, and rigging of his ship—always and everywhere there are the same comrades, the same ranks, the same sergeant major Ivan Mitrich, the same company dog Zhuchka, the same superiors. A soldier rarely wishes to know what latitudes his whole ship has gotten to; but on the day of battle, God knows how and from where, a stern note is heard in the moral world of the troops, the same for everyone, which sounds the approach of something decisive and solemn and arouses in them an unaccustomed curiosity. On days of battle, soldiers excitedly try to get beyond the interests of their regiment, listen intently, look about, and greedily inquire into what is going on around them.

The fog was so thick that, though day was breaking, one could not see ten paces ahead. Bushes looked like enormous trees, level places like cliffs and slopes. Everywhere, on all sides, one might run into an enemy invisible ten paces away. But the columns marched for a long time through the same fog, going down and up hills, past gardens and fences, over new, incomprehensible terrain, without coming across the enemy anywhere. On the contrary, the soldiers realized that ahead, behind, on all sides, our Russian columns were moving in the same direction. Every soldier felt pleased at heart, knowing that many, many more Russian soldiers were going where he was going, that is, no one knew where.

"See there, the Kursky lads just marched by," came from one of the ranks.

"It's scary, brother, the troops we've gathered! Last night I looked, when they lit the fires, there was no end of them. Moscow—in short!"

Though none of the column leaders rode up to the ranks and spoke to the soldiers (the column leaders, as we saw at the council of war, were ill-humored and displeased with the action undertaken and therefore were only following orders and did not bother cheering up the soldiers), despite that, the soldiers marched on cheerily, as always when going into action, especially on the offensive. But, having gone for about an hour in the thick fog, the major part of the troops were forced to halt, and an unpleasant awareness of disorder and muddleheadedness passed through the ranks. How such awareness is conveyed is quite difficult to define; but it is unquestionable that it is conveyed with extraordinary sureness, and flows swiftly, imperceptibly and irresistibly, like water through a glen. If the Russian army had been alone, without allies, much time might still have passed before this awareness of disorder became a general conviction; but now, ascribing the cause of the disorder with particular pleasure and naturalness to the muddleheaded Germans, everyone became convinced that the harmful confusion taking place was the doing of the sausage-makers.

"What's the holdup? Is the way blocked? Or have we already run into the French?"

"No, doesn't sound like it. Otherwise they'd have started shooting."

"So they were in a hurry to get started, but once they got started—here we stand witless in the middle of a field—it's all these cursed Germans confusing things. What muddleheaded devils!"

"So I'd have let them take the lead. But no, they huddle in the rear. And now we stand here on empty stomachs."

"Well, how long will it be? They say the cavalry's blocked the road," said an officer.

"Eh, the cursed Germans, they don't know their own country!" said another.

"What division are you?" an adjutant shouted, riding up.

"The eighteenth."

"Then what are you doing here? You should have gone ahead long ago; now you won't get through till evening. Such stupid orders; they don't know what they're doing themselves," the officer said and rode off.

Then a general rode by and angrily shouted something not in Russian.

"Tafa-lafa, and there's no telling what he's mumbling," a soldier said, mimicking the general as he rode off. "I'd shoot the scoundrels!"

"We were ordered to be in place before nine, but we're not halfway there. What orders!" was repeated from different sides.

And the feeling of energy with which the troops had set out for action began to turn into vexation and anger at the muddle-headed orders and the Germans.

The reason for the confusion was that, while the Austrian cavalry was moving on the left flank, the superior officers decided that our center was too far from the right flank, and the entire cavalry was ordered to cross over to the right. Several thousand cavalry were advancing ahead of the infantry, and the infantry was forced to wait.

At the head, a confrontation took place between an Austrian column leader and a Russian general. The Russian general shouted, demanding that the cavalry be stopped; the Austrian insisted that the fault lay not with him but with the superior officers. The troops meanwhile stood there, bored and losing heart. After an hour's delay, the troops finally moved on and began to descend the hill. The fog, which was lifting on the hilltop, only grew thicker in the bottom where the troops were descending. At the head, in the fog, a shot rang out, then another, at first irregularly, at various intervals: trata . . . tat, then more regularly and rapidly, and the action at the Goldbach stream began.

Not counting on meeting the enemy below, by the stream, and coming upon them by chance in the fog, hearing not a word of encouragement from the superior officers, with the awareness spread among the troops that they were late, and, above all, seeing nothing ahead or around them in the thick fog, the Russians lazily and slowly exchanged fire with the enemy, moved forward and again halted, not receiving timely orders from the officers and adjutants, who wandered through the fog over the unfamiliar terrain, unable to find their units. Thus the action began for the first, second, and third columns, which had descended the hill. The fourth column, with which Kutuzov himself was, occupied the Pratzen heights.

In the bottom, where the action began, the fog was still thick; up above it had cleared, but nothing of what was happening ahead could be seen. Whether all the enemy forces were six miles away from us, as we supposed, or were there in that fog, no one knew until past eight o'clock.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. An unbroken sea of fog spread below, but at the village of Schlapanitz, on the heights, where Napoleon stood, surrounded by his marshals, it was perfectly light. Over him was the clear blue sky, and the enormous ball of the sun, like an enormous, hollow, crimson float, bobbed on the surface of the milky sea of fog. The whole French army, including Napoleon himself and his staff, not only were not on the far side of the streams and bottomland of the villages of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz, where we intended to take up a position and begin the action, but were on the near side, so close to our troops that Napoleon with his naked eye could distinguish between our troops on horseback and on foot. Napoleon sat a little in front of his marshals on a small gray Arabian horse, in his dark blue greatcoat, the same in which he had made the Italian campaign. He peered silently at the hills, which seemed to rise up from the sea of fog, and over which Russian troops were moving in the distance, and he listened to the sounds of gunfire in the hollow. On his face, still lean at that time, not a muscle stirred; his glistening eyes were fixed motionlessly on one place. His conjectures turned out to be correct. Part of the Russian army had already descended into the hollow towards the ponds and lakes, part was still clearing off from the Pratzen heights, which he intended to attack and considered the key to the position. He saw amidst the fog, in the depression between two hills near the village of Pratz, Russian columns, their bayonets glittering, moving all in one direction towards the hollows, and disappearing one after another into the sea of fog. From the information he had received in the evening, from the sounds of wheels and footsteps heard during the night at the outposts, from the disorderly movement of the Russian columns, from all his conjectures, he saw clearly that the allies considered him to be far ahead of them, that the columns moving near Pratz constituted the center of the Russian army, and that the center was already sufficiently weakened for him to attack it successfully. But he still did not begin the action.

That day was a solemn day for him—the anniversary of his coronation. Before morning he had dozed off for a few hours and, healthy, cheerful, fresh, in that happy state of mind in which everything seems possible and everything succeeds, he mounted his horse and rode out into the field. He stood motionless, gazing at the heights appearing from the fog, and on his cold face there was that particular tinge of self-confident, well-deserved happiness that can be seen on the face of a boy who has happily fallen in love. His marshals stood behind him, not daring to distract his attention. He looked now at the Pratzen heights, now at the sun floating out of the fog.

When the sun had fully emerged from the fog and its dazzling brilliance sprayed over the fields and the fog (it was as if he had only been waiting for that to begin the action), he took the glove from his beautiful white hand, made a sign to the marshals, and gave the order for the action to begin. The marshals, accompanied by adjutants, galloped off in various directions, and a few minutes later the main forces of the French army were moving swiftly towards those same Pratzen heights from which the Russian troops had cleared off more and more, descending to the left into the hollow.

XV

At eight o'clock Kutuzov rode to Pratz at the head of Miloradovich's fourth column, the one which was to take the place of the columns of Przebyszewski and Langeron, which had already gone down. He greeted the men of the head regiment and gave the order to move, thus showing that he intended to lead the column himself. Having ridden to the village of Pratz, he halted. Prince Andrei, one of the enormous number of persons constituting the commander-in-chief's suite, stood behind him. Prince Andrei felt excited, irritated, and at the same time restrainedly calm, as a man usually is when a long-desired moment comes. He was firmly convinced that this was the day of his Toulon or his bridge of Arcole. How it would happen, he did not know, but he was firmly convinced that it would be so. The locality and position of our troops were known to him, as far as they could be known to anyone in our army. His own strategic plan, which there obviously could be no thought of carrying out

now, was forgotten. Now, entering into Weyrother's plan, Prince Andrei pondered the possible happenstances and came up with new considerations, such as might call for his swiftness of reflection and decisiveness.

To the left below, in the fog, exchanges of fire between unseen troops could be heard. There, it seemed to Prince Andrei, the battle would concentrate, there an obstacle would be encountered, and "it's there that I'll be sent with a brigade or division, and there, with a standard in my hand, I'll go forward and crush everything ahead of me."

Prince Andrei could not look with indifference at the standards of the battalions going past him. Looking at a standard, he thought: maybe it is that very standard with which I'll have to march at the head of the troops.

By morning the night's fog had left only hoarfrost turning into dew on the heights, but in the hollows the fog still spread its milk-white sea. Nothing could be seen in that hollow to the left, into which our troops had descended and from which came the sounds of gunfire. Over the heights was a dark, clear sky, and to the right—the enormous ball of the sun. Far ahead, on the other shore of the sea of fog, one could make out the jutting, wooded hills on which the enemy army was supposed to be, and something was discernible. To the right the guards were entering the region of the fog, with a sound of tramping and wheels and an occasional gleam of bayonets; to the left, beyond the village, similar masses of cavalry approached and disappeared into the sea of fog. In front and behind moved the infantry. The commander-in-chief stood on the road out of the village, letting the troops pass by him. Kutuzov seemed exhausted and irritable that morning. The infantry going past him halted without any command, apparently because something ahead held them up.

"But tell them, finally, to form into battalions and go around the village," Kutuzov said angrily to a general who rode up. "Don't you understand, Your Excellency, my dear sir, that to stretch out in a defile through village streets is impossible when we're marching against an enemy?"

"I intended to form them up outside the village, Your Excellency," said the general.

Kutuzov laughed biliously.

"A fine sight you'd be, lining up in view of the enemy, a very fine sight!"

"The enemy's still far off, Your Excellency. According to the disposition . . ."

"The disposition!" Kutuzov exclaimed biliously. "Who told you that? . . . Kindly do as you're ordered."

"Yes, sir!"

"*Mon cher,*" Nesvitsky said to Prince Andrei in a whisper, "*le vieux est d'une humeur de chien.*"[1]

An Austrian officer in a white uniform with green plumes on his hat rode up to Kutuzov and asked on behalf of the emperor whether the fourth column had started into action.

Kutuzov turned away without answering him, and his gaze chanced to rest on Prince Andrei, who was standing close by. Seeing Bolkonsky, Kutuzov softened the angry and caustic expression of his gaze, as if aware that his adjutant was not to blame for what was going on. And, without answering the Austrian adjutant, he addressed Bolkonsky:

"*Allez voir, mon cher, si la troisième division a dépassé le village. Dites-lui de s'arrêter et d'attendre mes ordres.*"[2]

Prince Andrei had only just started when he stopped him.

"*Et demandez-lui si les tirailleurs sont postés,*" he added. *"Ce qu'ils font, ce qu'ils font!*"[3] he said to himself, still not answering the Austrian.

Prince Andrei galloped off to carry out his mission.

Overtaking all the advancing battalions, he stopped the third division and ascertained that there was in fact no line of riflemen in front of our columns. The regimental commander of the front regiment was very surprised by the order conveyed to him from the commander-in-chief to send out riflemen. The regimental commander stood there in the full conviction that there were more troops ahead of him, and that the enemy was no less than six miles away. In fact, nothing could be seen ahead but empty terrain sloping away and covered with thick fog. Having ordered on behalf of the commander-in-chief that the omission be rectified, Prince Andrei galloped back. Kutuzov still stood in the same place and, his corpulent body sagging over the saddle in old man's fashion, yawned deeply, closing his eyes. The troops were no longer moving, but stood at parade rest.

"Very good, very good," he said to Prince Andrei and turned to a general who stood there with a watch in his hand, saying it was

[1] My dear . . . the old man's in a foul humor.

[2] Go and see, my dear, if the third division has passed the village. Tell him to stop and wait for my orders.

[3] And ask him if the riflemen are posted . . . What they're doing, what they're doing!

time to move on, because all the columns of the left flank had already descended.

"We still have time, Your Excellency," Kutuzov said through a yawn. "We have time!" he repeated.

Just then, from well behind Kutuzov, came shouts of regimental greetings, and these voices began to approach quickly along the whole extended line of the advancing Russian columns. It was clear that the one being greeted was riding quickly. When the soldiers of the regiment Kutuzov was standing in front of began to shout, he rode slightly to one side and, wincing, turned to look. Down the road from Pratz galloped what looked like a squadron of varicolored horsemen. Two of them rode side by side at a great gallop ahead of the rest. One, in a black uniform with white plumes, rode a bobtailed chestnut horse, the other, in a white uniform, rode a black horse. These were the two emperors with their suite. Kutuzov, with the affectation of a front-line veteran, ordered his standing troops to "attention" and, saluting, rode up to the emperor. His whole figure and manner suddenly changed. He acquired the look of a subordinate, unthinking man. With affected deference, which obviously struck the emperor Alexander unpleasantly, he rode up and saluted him.

The unpleasant impression, like the remains of fog in a clear sky, passed over the emperor's young and happy face and disappeared. He was somewhat thinner that day, after his illness, than on the field of Olmütz, where Bolkonsky had seen him for the first time abroad, but there was the same enchanting combination of majesty and mildness in his beautiful gray eyes, and the fine lips had the same possibility of various expressions, with a prevalent expression of good-natured, innocent youth.

At the Olmütz review he was more majestic, here he was more cheerful and energetic. He was slightly flushed after galloping two miles and, reining in his horse, gave a sigh of relief and looked around at the faces of his suite, as young, as animated as his own. Czartoryski and Novosiltsev, and Prince Volkonsky and Stroganov, and the others, all richly clad, cheerful young men on splendid, pampered, fresh, only slightly sweaty horses, talking and smiling, stopped behind the sovereign. The emperor Franz, a ruddy, long-faced young man, sat extremely straight on his handsome black stallion and looked around him with a preoccupied, unhurried air. He called up one of his white adjutants and asked something. "Most likely what time they started," thought Prince Andrei, observing his old acquaintance, and recalling his

audience with a smile he was unable to repress. In the emperors' suite there were picked, fine young orderly officers, Russian and Austrian, from the guards and infantry regiments. Among them were grooms leading the handsome spare horses of the royalty in embroidered cloths.

As fresh air from the fields suddenly breathes through an open window into a stuffy room, so youth, energy, and certainty of success breathed upon Kutuzov's cheerless staff as these brilliant young men galloped up.

"Why don't you begin, Mikhail Larionovich?" the emperor Alexander hurriedly addressed Kutuzov, at the same time glancing courteously at the emperor Franz.

"I am waiting, Your Majesty," answered Kutuzov, inclining deferentially.

The emperor cupped his ear, frowning slightly and showing that he had not heard properly.

"I'm waiting, Your Majesty," Kutuzov repeated (Prince Andrei noticed that Kutuzov's upper lip twitched unnaturally as he said this "waiting"). "Not all the columns are assembled, Your Majesty."

The sovereign heard, but this reply clearly did not please him; he shrugged his slightly stooping shoulders, glanced at Novosiltsev, who stood nearby, as if complaining of Kutuzov by this glance.

"We're not on the Tsaritsyn Field, Mikhail Larionovich, where you don't start a parade until all the regiments are assembled," said the sovereign, again glancing into the eyes of the emperor Franz, as though inviting him, if not to take part, at least to listen to what he was saying; but the emperor Franz went on looking around and did not listen.

"That is just why I do not begin, Sire," Kutuzov said in a ringing voice, as if to forestall the possibility of not being heard, and again something twitched in his face. "I do not begin, Sire, because we are not on parade and not on the Tsaritsyn Field," he uttered clearly and distinctly.

All the faces in the sovereign's suite instantly exchanged glances with each other, expressing murmur and reproach. "Old as he may be, he should not, he simply should not speak that way," these faces expressed.

The sovereign looked fixedly and attentively into Kutuzov's eyes, waiting to see if he would say something more. But Kutuzov,

for his part, bowed his head deferentially and also seemed to be waiting. The silence lasted for about a minute.

"However, if you order it, Your Majesty," said Kutuzov, raising his head and again changing his tone to that of a dull, unthinking, but obedient general.

He touched up his horse and, calling to him the column leader Miloradovich, gave him the order to advance.

The troops stirred again, and two battalions of the Novgorodsky regiment and a battalion of the Apsheronsky regiment moved on past the sovereign.

While this Apsheronsky battalion was marching by, ruddy-faced Miloradovich, with no greatcoat, in his uniform tunic and decorations and a hat with enormous plumes, worn at an angle and brim first, galloped ahead hup-two, and with a dashing salute, reined in his horse before the sovereign.

"God be with you, General," said the sovereign.

"*Ma foi, sire, nous ferons ce que qui sera dans notre possibilité, sire!*"[4] he replied merrily, nevertheless calling up mocking smiles among the gentlemen of the suite with his bad French.

Miloradovich turned his horse sharply and placed himself slightly behind the sovereign. The Apsherontsy, excited by the presence of the sovereign, marched past the emperors and their suite at a dashingly brisk pace, beating their feet.

"Lads!" cried Miloradovich in a loud, self-assured, and merry voice, obviously so excited by the sounds of gunfire, the anticipation of battle, and the sight of his gallant Apsherontsy—his companions from Suvorov's time—marching briskly past the emperors, that he forgot the sovereign's presence. "Lads, it won't be the first village you've taken!" he shouted.

"We do our best, sir!" the soldiers shouted out.

The sovereign's horse shied at the sudden shout. This horse, who had carried the sovereign at reviews while still in Russia, also carried his rider here, on the field of Austerlitz, enduring the distracted nudges of his left foot, pricked up his ears at the sound of gunshots just as he did on the Field of Mars, understanding neither the meaning of the shots he heard, nor the presence of the emperor Franz's black stallion, nor anything of what his rider said, thought, or felt that day.

The sovereign turned with a smile to one of his retinue,

[4] By my faith, Sire, we will do that what which will be within our possibility, Sire!

pointing to the gallant Apsherontsy, and said something to him.

XVI

Kutuzov, accompanied by his adjutants, rode at a walk behind the carabineers.

Having gone less than half a mile at the tail of the column, he stopped by a solitary, deserted house (probably a former tavern), where the road forked. Both roads went down the hill, and troops were marching along both.

The fog began to lift, and enemy troops could be dimly seen about a mile and a half away on the heights opposite. To the left below, the gunfire was growing louder. Kutuzov stopped, talking with an Austrian general. Prince Andrei, standing slightly behind him, peered at the enemy and turned to an adjutant, wishing to borrow a field glass from him.

"Look, look," said this adjutant, looking not at the distant troops, but down the hill in front of him. "It's the French!"

The two generals and the adjutants began snatching at the field glass, pulling it away from each other. All their faces suddenly changed, and on all of them horror appeared. The French were supposed to be a mile and a half from us, and they suddenly turned up right in front of us.

"Is it the enemy? . . . No! . . . Yes, look, he's . . . for certain . . . What is this?" voices said.

With his naked eye, Prince Andrei saw below, to the right, a dense column of French coming up to meet the Apsherontsy, no further than five hundred paces from where Kutuzov was standing.

"Here it is, the decisive moment has come! Now it's my turn," thought Prince Andrei, and, spurring his horse, he rode up to Kutuzov.

"The Apsherontsy must be stopped, Your Excellency!" he cried.

But at that same moment everything became covered with smoke, there was the sound of gunfire nearby, and a naïvely frightened voice two steps from Prince Andrei cried: "Well, brothers, that's it for us!" And it was as if this voice was a command. At this voice everyone began to run.

Confused, ever increasing crowds came running back to the

place where, five minutes before, the troops had marched past the emperors. Not only was it difficult to stop this crowd, but it was impossible not to yield and move back with it. Bolkonsky tried only not to be separated from Kutuzov and looked around in perplexity, unable to understand what was happening in front of him. Nesvitsky, looking angry, red, and not like himself, shouted to Kutuzov that if he did not leave at once, he would certainly be taken prisoner. Kutuzov stood in the same place and, without responding, took out his handkerchief. Blood was flowing from his cheek. Prince Andrei forced his way to him.

"Are you wounded?" he asked, barely able to control the trembling of his lower jaw.

"The wound isn't here, it's there!" said Kutuzov, pressing the handkerchief to his wounded cheek and pointing to the fleeing men.

"Stop them!" he cried, and at the same time, probably realizing that it was impossible to stop them, spurred his horse and rode to the right.

A fresh crowd of fleeing men streamed past, caught him up, and carried him backwards.

The troops were fleeing in such a dense crowd that, once one landed in the middle of it, it was difficult to get out. Someone shouted, "Keep going, don't drag your feet!" Another, turning around, fired into the air; someone else struck the horse on which Kutuzov himself was riding. Extricating themselves with the greatest effort from the flow of the crowd to the left, Kutuzov and his suite, diminished by more than half, rode towards the sounds of nearby cannon fire. Extricating himself from the crowd of fleeing men, Prince Andrei, trying to keep up with Kutuzov, saw on the slope of the hill, amidst the smoke, a Russian battery still firing, and the French running up to it. Slightly higher stood Russian infantry, neither moving ahead to aid the battery, nor backwards in the direction of the fugitives. A general on horseback separated himself from the infantry and rode up to Kutuzov. There were only four men left in Kutuzov's suite. They were all pale and exchanged glances silently.

"Stop those villains!" Kutuzov said breathlessly to the regimental commander, pointing to the fleeing men; but at the same moment, as if in punishment for those words, bullets, like a flock of birds, flew whistling at the regiment and Kutuzov's suite.

The French had attacked the battery and, seeing Kutuzov, were shooting at him. With this volley, the regimental commander seized his leg; several soldiers fell, and an ensign holding a standard let it drop from his hands; the standard wavered and fell, stopped momentarily by the bayonets of the soldiers around it. The soldiers began firing without any orders.

"Oooh!" Kutuzov moaned with an expression of despair and looked around. "Bolkonsky," he whispered in a voice trembling with awareness of his old man's strengthlessness. "Bolkonsky," he whispered, pointing to the disordered battalion and the enemy, "what's going on?"

But before he finished saying it, Prince Andrei, feeling sobs of shame and anger rising in his throat, was already jumping off his horse and running towards the standard.

"Forward, lads!" he cried in a childishly shrill voice.

"Here it is!" thought Prince Andrei, seizing the staff of the standard and hearing with delight the whistle of bullets, evidently aimed precisely at him. Several soldiers fell.

"Hurrah!" cried Prince Andrei, barely able to hold up the heavy standard, and he ran forward with unquestioning assurance that the entire battalion would run after him.

And indeed he ran only a few steps alone. One soldier started out, another, and the whole battalion, with a shout of "Hurrah!" rushed forward and overtook him. A sergeant of the battalion ran up, took the standard that was wavering in Prince Andrei's hands because of its weight, but was killed at once. Prince Andrei again seized the standard and, dragging it by the staff, ran with the battalion. Ahead of him he saw our artillerists, some of whom were fighting, while others abandoned the cannon and came running in his direction; he also saw French infantrymen, who had seized the artillery horses and were turning the cannon. Prince Andrei and his battalion were now twenty paces from the cannon. Above him he heard the unceasing whistle of bullets, and soldiers ceaselessly gasped and fell to right and left of him. But he did not look at them; he looked fixedly only at what was happening ahead of him—at the battery. He clearly saw the figure of a red-haired gunner, his shako knocked askew, pulling a swab from one side, while a French soldier pulled it towards him from the other side. Prince Andrei saw clearly the bewildered and at the same time angry expression on the faces of the two men,

who evidently did not understand what they were doing.

"What are they doing?" Prince Andrei wondered, looking at them. "Why doesn't the red-haired artillerist run away, since he has no weapon? Why doesn't the Frenchman stab him? Before he runs away, the Frenchman will remember his musket and bayonet him."

In fact, another Frenchman with his musket atilt ran up to the fighting men, and the lot of the red-haired artillerist, who still did not understand what awaited him and triumphantly pulled the swab from the French soldier's hands, was about to be decided. But Prince Andrei did not see how it ended. It seemed to him as though one of the nearest soldiers, with the full swing of a stout stick, hit him on the head. It was slightly painful and above all unpleasant, because the pain distracted him and kept him from seeing what he had been looking at.

"What is it? am I falling? are my legs giving way under me?" he thought, and fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the fight between the French and the artillerists ended, and wishing to know whether or not the red-haired artillerist had been killed, whether the cannon had been taken or saved. But he did not see anything. There was nothing over him now except the sky—the lofty sky, not clear, but still immeasurably lofty, with gray clouds slowly creeping across it. "How quiet, calm, and solemn, not at all like when I was running," thought Prince Andrei, "not like when we were running, shouting, and fighting; not at all like when the Frenchman and the artillerist, with angry and frightened faces, were pulling at the swab—it's quite different the way the clouds creep across this lofty, infinite sky. How is it I haven't seen this lofty sky before? And how happy I am that I've finally come to know it. Yes! everything is empty, everything is a deception, except this infinite sky. There is nothing, nothing except that. But there is not even that, there is nothing except silence, tranquility. And thank God! . . ."

XVII

At nine o'clock, the action had not yet begun for Bagration on the right flank. Not wishing to agree to Dolgorukov's request to begin action, and wishing to avert responsibility from himself,

Prince Bagration suggested to Dolgorukov that he send to ask the commander-in-chief. Bagration knew that, with a stretch of nearly six miles separating one flank from the other, if the messenger was not killed (which was very probable), and even if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be quite difficult, he would not come back before evening.

Bagration looked over his suite with his big, expressionless, sleepy eyes, and Rostov's childlike face, involuntarily transfixed with excitement and hope, was the first thing that struck his eye. He sent him.

"And if I should meet His Majesty before the commander-in-chief, Your Excellency?" asked Rostov, holding his hand to his visor.

"You can give the message to His Majesty," said Dolgorukov, hastily cutting off Bagration.

After being relieved from the picket line, Rostov had managed to sleep for a few hours before morning, and he felt cheerful, bold, resolute, with that suppleness of movement, assurance of his good luck, and in that state of mind in which everything seems easy, cheerful, and possible.

All his wishes were being fulfilled that morning: general battle was to be given, he was to take part in it; moreover, he was an orderly officer of the bravest of generals; moreover, he was going with a message to Kutuzov and maybe to the sovereign himself. The morning was bright, the horse under him was good. He felt joyful and happy. On receiving the order, he started his horse and rode along the line. First he rode along the line of Bagration's troops, who had not yet gone into action and stood motionless; then he rode into the space occupied by Uvarov's cavalry, and here he noticed movement and signs of preparation for action; having passed Uvarov's cavalry, he clearly heard the sounds of cannon and gunfire ahead of him. The fire kept intensifying.

In the fresh morning air, the shooting was no longer as before—at irregular intervals, two or three gunshots, then one or two cannon shots—now on the slopes of the hills before Pratz one could hear rolling salvos of musket fire, interrupted by such rapid cannon fire that at times the separate shots could not be distinguished from each other, but merged into a general roar.

One could see the puffs of gunsmoke as if running and

chasing each other on the slopes, and the smoke of the cannon swirling, spreading, and merging together. One could see, from the gleam of bayonets amidst the smoke, the moving masses of infantry and the narrow strips of artillery with green caissons.

Rostov stopped his horse for a minute on a knoll, so as to see what was going on; but no matter how he strained his attention, he could neither understand nor make out what was going on: some sort of men were moving about in the smoke; some sort of sheets of troops were moving in front and behind; but why? who? where?—it was impossible to grasp. The sights and sounds not only did not arouse any sort of dejected or timid feelings in him, but, on the contrary, gave him energy and determination.

"More, more, step it up!" he addressed these sounds mentally, and again started riding along the line, penetrating further and further into the area of the troops already going into action.

"How it's going to be, I don't know, but all will be well!" thought Rostov.

Having ridden past some Austrian troops, Rostov noticed that the next part of the line (this was the guards) had already gone into action.

"So much the better! I'll see it close up," he thought.

He was riding almost along the front line. Several horsemen came riding in his direction. They were our life uhlans, who were returning from an attack in disorderly ranks. Rostov passed by them, involuntarily noticing that one of them was covered with blood, and rode on.

"It's none of my business!" he thought. He had not managed to go a few hundred paces after that, when to the left of him, cutting across, there appeared along the whole width of the field an enormous mass of cavalrymen on black horses, in white gleaming uniforms, coming straight at him at a canter. Rostov sent his horse into a full gallop to get out of the way of these cavalrymen, and he would have gotten away from them if they had continued at the same speed, but they kept increasing their pace, so that some of the horses were already galloping. Rostov heard their hoofbeats and the clanging of their weapons growing louder and louder, and saw their horses, their figures, and even their faces more and more clearly. These were our horse guards going into attack against the French cavalry, which was coming towards

them.

The horse guards galloped, but still holding back their horses. Rostov could now see their faces and heard the command: "Forward, forward!" uttered by an officer, letting his thoroughbred go at full speed. Rostov, afraid of being trampled or swept into the attack on the French, galloped along the front as hard as his horse could go, and still did not manage to avoid them.

The last horse guard, a pockmarked man of enormous height, frowned angrily, seeing Rostov in front of him, where he would inevitably run into him. This horse guard would certainly have knocked Rostov and his Bedouin down (Rostov felt himself so small and weak compared to these enormous men and horses), if it had not occurred to him to swing his whip at the eyes of the guardsman's horse. The heavy, black, twenty-hand horse shied, laying back his ears; but the pockmarked horse guard spurred him as hard as he could with his huge spurs, and the horse, tossing his tail and stretching his neck, raced on still faster. The horse guards had barely gone past Rostov, when he heard their shout of "Hurrah!" and, turning, saw their front ranks mingling with other, probably French, horsemen with red epaulettes. Beyond that nothing could be seen, because just after that cannon began firing from somewhere and everything was covered in smoke.

At the moment when the horse guards, going past him, disappeared into the smoke, Rostov hesitated whether to gallop after them or ride where he was supposed to. This was that brilliant attack of the horse guards which astonished the French themselves. Rostov was horrified to hear later that, of all that mass of enormous, handsome men, of all those brilliant, rich men, youths, officers, and junkers, who had ridden past him on thousand-rouble horses, only eighteen were left after the attack.

"Why should I envy them, mine won't go away, and now maybe I'll see the sovereign!" thought Rostov, and he rode on.

Having drawn even with the infantry guards, he noticed that cannonballs were flying over and around them, not so much because he heard the sound of the cannon, but because he saw uneasiness on the soldiers' faces, and on the officers' an unnatural military solemnity.

Riding behind one of the lines of the infantry guard regiments, he heard a voice call him by name.

"Rostov!"

"What?" he replied, not recognizing Boris.

"Imagine, we got into the front line! Our regiment went into an attack!" said Boris, smiling that happy smile which occurs in young men who have been under fire for the first time.

Rostov stopped.

"Really!" he said. "And what then?"

"We beat them back," Boris said animatedly, becoming talkative. "Can you imagine?"

And Boris began telling how the guards, taking up their position and seeing troops in front of them, took them for Austrians, and suddenly, from the cannonballs fired from those troops, realized that they were in the front line and had unexpectedly to go into action. Rostov, not hearing Boris out, touched up his horse.

"Where are you going?" asked Boris.

"To his majesty with a message."

"There he is!" said Boris, who thought he heard Rostov say "his highness" instead of "his majesty."

And he pointed him to the grand duke, who, a hundred paces from them, in a helmet and a horse guard's tunic, with his raised shoulders and frowning brows, was shouting something to a white and pale-faced Austrian officer.

"But that's the grand duke, and I need the commander-in-chief or the sovereign," said Rostov, and he touched up his horse.

"Count, Count!" cried Berg, as animated as Boris, running up to him from the other side. "Count, I'm wounded in the right hand," he said, showing his hand, bloody and bandaged with a handkerchief, "and I stayed in the line. I hold the sword in my left hand, Count: our race, the von Bergs, Count, were all knights."

Berg was still saying something, but Rostov did not listen any further and rode on.

Having gone past the guards and an empty space, Rostov, to avoid getting into the front line again, as he had during the attack of the horse guards, followed the line of the reserves, making a wide circle around the place where the hottest shooting and cannon fire were heard. Suddenly, ahead of him and behind our troops, in a place where he could never have supposed the enemy to be, he heard nearby musket fire.

"What can that be?" thought Rostov. "The enemy in the rear of our troops? It can't be," thought Rostov, and the terror of fear for himself and for the outcome of the whole battle suddenly came over him. "Whatever it may be, however," he thought, "there's no point now in going around. I must look for the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, then it's my business to perish along with everybody."

The bad presentiment that suddenly came over Rostov was confirmed more and more the further he rode into the space beyond the village of Pratz, occupied by crowds of different troops.

"What is this? What is this? Who's being shot at? Who's shooting?" asked Rostov, drawing even with Russian and Austrian soldiers running in mixed crowds across his path.

"Devil knows about them! He's beaten everybody! Perish them all!" answers came in Russian, German, and Czech from the crowds of fleeing men who, like himself, did not understand what was going on there.

"Shoot the Germans!" cried one.

"Devil take them—the traitors!"

"*Zum Henker diese Russen!* . . ."[5] a German grumbled.

Several wounded soldiers were walking down the road. Oaths, shouts, groans merged into one general clamor. The shooting died down, and, as Rostov learned later, it had been Russian and Austrian soldiers shooting at each other.

"My God! What is it?" thought Rostov. "Here, where the sovereign may see them at any moment! . . . But no, it must be just a few scoundrels. It will pass, that's not it, it can't be," he thought. "Just ride past them quickly, quickly!"

The thought of defeat and flight could not enter Rostov's head. Though he saw French guns and troops precisely on the Pratzen heights, in the very place where he had been told to look for the commander-in-chief, he could not and would not believe it.

XVIII

Rostov had been told to look for Kutuzov and the sovereign near the village of Pratz. But not only were they not there, but

[5] To the devil with these Russians! . . .

there was not a single superior officer, there were only various crowds of disorderly troops. He urged on his already tired horse so as to get quickly past these crowds, but the further he went, the more disorderly the crowds became. The high road he came out on was crowded with carriages, vehicles of all kinds, Russian and Austrian soldiers of all arms, wounded and not wounded. All this droned and swarmed confusedly, under the grim sound of cannonballs flying from the French batteries set up on the Pratzen heights.

"Where is the sovereign? Where is Kutuzov?" Rostov asked everyone he could stop, and he got no answer from any of them.

At last, seizing a soldier by the collar, he made him answer.

"Eh, brother! They all ran off ahead there long ago!" the soldier said to Rostov, laughing at something and trying to free himself.

Abandoning that soldier, who was obviously drunk, Rostov stopped the horse of an orderly or groom of some important person and began questioning him. The orderly announced to Rostov that the sovereign had been driven away at top speed in a carriage an hour earlier and that he was dangerously wounded.

"It can't be," said Rostov, "it must have been somebody else."

"I saw him myself," said the orderly with a self-assured grin. "I ought to know the sovereign by now: seems I saw him lots of times in Petersburg this close. He was sitting in the carriage pale as can be. Four black horses, saints alive, how they went rattling past us: seems I ought to know the tsar's horses and Ilya Ivanych by now; seems Ilya the coachman drives nobody but the tsar."

Rostov let go of his horse and wanted to ride on. Passing by, a wounded officer addressed him.

"Whom do you want?" asked the officer. "The commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannonball, hit in the chest in front of our regiment."

"Not killed, wounded," another officer corrected.

"Who? Kutuzov?" asked Rostov.

"Not Kutuzov, but what's his name—well, it makes no difference, there weren't many left alive. Go over there, to that village, all the superiors are assembled there," said this officer, pointing to the village of Hostieradek, and he passed by.

Rostov rode at a walk, not knowing why and to whom he was going now. The sovereign was wounded, the battle lost. It was

impossible not to believe it now. Rostov rode in the direction indicated to him and in which he could see a tower and a church in the distance. Why should he hurry? What was he to say now to the sovereign or to Kutuzov, even if they were alive and not wounded?

"Go that way, Your Honor, here you'll get killed straight off," a soldier cried to him. "Killed straight off!"

"Ah! What are you saying!" said another. "Where are you sending him? This way's closer."

Rostov pondered and went precisely in the direction in which he was told he would be killed.

"It makes no difference now! If even the sovereign is wounded, why should I look out for myself?" he thought. He rode into that space in which the most men fleeing from Pratz had been killed. The French had not yet taken this space, but the Russians—those who were alive or wounded—had abandoned it long ago. Over the field, like sheaves on good wheatland, lay dead or wounded men, ten to fifteen to an acre. The wounded crept together by twos and threes, and one could hear their unpleasant cries and moans, sometimes feigned, as it seemed to Rostov. He sent his horse into a canter, so as not to see all these suffering men, and he felt frightened. He was afraid, not for his life, but for the courage he needed and which, he knew, could not bear the sight of these wretches.

The French, who had stopped firing on this field strewn with dead and wounded because there was nothing left alive on it, seeing an adjutant riding across it, aimed a cannon and fired several shots. The sensation of these whistling, fearsome sounds and the surrounding dead merged for Rostov into a single impression of terror and pity for himself. He recalled his mother's last letter. "What would she feel," he wondered, "if she saw me here now, on this field, with cannon aimed at me?"

In the village of Hostieradek, he found Russian troops, confused, but heading away from the battlefield in greater order. The French cannon fire did not carry that far, and the sounds of shooting seemed a long way off. Here everyone already clearly saw and said that the battle was lost. No matter whom Rostov turned to, no one could tell him where the sovereign was, or where Kutuzov was. Some said that the rumor of the sovereign's wound was correct, others said it was not and explained the

spread of this false rumor by the fact that the grand marshal of the court, Count Tolstoy, who had ridden to the battlefield with others in the emperor's suite, had indeed galloped away from the battlefield, pale and frightened, in the sovereign's carriage. One officer told Rostov that he had seen someone from the high command to the left beyond the village, and Rostov went there, no longer hoping to find anyone, but only to keep his own conscience clear. Having ridden two miles and left behind the last of the Russian troops, Rostov saw two horsemen standing near a kitchen garden surrounded by a ditch. They were facing this ditch. One, with white plumes on his hat, seemed familiar to Rostov for some reason; the other, an unfamiliar horseman on a beautiful chestnut horse (the horse seemed familiar to Rostov), rode up to the ditch, spurred his horse and, releasing the reins, lightly jumped over the garden ditch. Only a little soil crumbled down the bank from the horse's hind hoofs. Turning his horse sharply, he leaped back over the ditch and courteously addressed the horseman with the white plumage, evidently suggesting that he do the same. The horseman whose figure seemed familiar to Rostov and for some reason involuntarily riveted his attention, made a negative gesture with his head and hand, and by this gesture Rostov instantly recognized his lamented, adored sovereign.

"But that can't be him, alone in the middle of this empty field," thought Rostov. Just then Alexander turned his head, and Rostov saw the beloved features so vividly imprinted on his memory. The sovereign was pale, his cheeks were hollow, his eyes sunken; but there was all the more loveliness and mildness in his features. Rostov was happy now to be assured that the rumor of the sovereign's wound was incorrect. He was happy to see him. He knew that he could, even must, address him directly and convey to him what Dolgorukov had ordered him to convey.

But as a young man in love trembles and thrills, not daring to utter what he dreams of by night, and looks about fearfully, seeking help or the possibility of delay and flight, when the desired moment comes, and he stands alone with her, so now Rostov, having attained what he desired more than anything in the world, did not know how to approach the sovereign and presented thousands of considerations to himself for why it was unsuitable, improper, and impossible.

"What! It's as if I was glad to take advantage of his being alone and dejected. It may be unpleasant and difficult for him to meet an unknown person at this moment of sorrow, and then, what can I say to him now, when at the mere sight of him my heart stops and my mouth goes dry?" Not one of the countless speeches to the sovereign that he had composed in his imagination came to his head now. Those speeches were for the most part held under quite different conditions, they were spoken for the most part in moments of victory and triumph, and predominantly on his deathbed from the wounds he had received, while the sovereign thanked him for his heroic deeds, and he, dying, voiced the love confirmed by his acts.

"And then, what am I to ask the sovereign about his orders for the right flank, when it is now past three in the afternoon and the battle is lost? No, decidedly, I should not approach him, should not disturb his thoughts. Better to die a thousand times than to get a bad look or a bad opinion from him," Rostov decided and rode away with sorrow and despair in his heart, constantly turning to look at the sovereign, still standing in the same attitude of indecision.

While Rostov was making these considerations and sorrowfully riding away from the sovereign, Captain von Toll happened to arrive in the same place and, seeing the sovereign, rode straight up to him, offered him his services, and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. The sovereign, wishing to rest and feeling unwell, sat down under an apple tree, and Toll stopped beside him. Rostov, from a distance, with envy and regret, saw von Toll say something to the sovereign at length and with ardor, and saw the sovereign, probably weeping, cover his eyes with his hand and press Toll's hand.

"And I could be in his place!" Rostov thought to himself and, barely holding back tears of pity over the sovereign's fate, rode on in complete despair, not knowing where he was going now or why.

His despair was the stronger in that he felt his own weakness was the cause of his grief.

He could . . . not only could, but should have ridden up to the sovereign. And that was a unique chance to show the sovereign his devotion. And he had not made use of it . . . "What have I done?" he thought. And he turned his horse and rode back to the place where he had seen the emperor; but there was no one now on the other side of the ditch. Only wagons and carriages drove

along. From one cart driver he learned that Kutuzov's staff was in a nearby village, where the train was going. Rostov followed them.

Ahead of him walked Kutuzov's groom, leading horses covered with cloths. Behind the groom came a wagon, and behind the wagon an old house serf in a peaked cap, a short coat, and with bandy legs.

"Titus, hey, Titus!" said the groom.

"What?" the old man asked distractedly.

"Titus! Don't bite us!"

"Eh, you fool! Pah!" the old man said and spat angrily. Some time passed in silent movement, and the same joke was repeated again.

By five o'clock in the afternoon, the battle had been lost at all points. More than a hundred cannon had already been captured by the French.

Przebyszewski and his corps laid down their arms. Other columns, having lost about half their men, were retreating in disorderly, confused crowds.

The remains of Langeron's and Dokhturov's troops, mixed together, crowded around the dams and banks of the ponds near the village of Augesd.

After five o'clock it was only at the dam of Augesd that the hot cannon fire of the French alone could be heard, from numerous batteries lined up on the slopes of the Pratzen heights and firing at our retreating troops.

In the rear guard, Dokhturov and others, drawing up some battalions, fired back at the French cavalry who were pursuing our troops. It was beginning to get dark. On the narrow dam of Augesd, on which for so many years an old miller in a cap used to sit peacefully with his fishing rods, while his grandson, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, fingered the silvery, trembling fish in the watering can; on this dam over which, for so many years, Moravians in shaggy hats and blue jackets had peacefully driven in their two-horse carts laden with wheat and had driven back over the same dam all dusty with flour, their carts white—now, on this narrow dam, between wagons and cannon, under horses and between wheels, crowded men disfigured by the fear of death, crushing each other, dying, stepping over the dying, and killing each other, only to go a few steps and be killed themselves just the same.

Every ten seconds, pushing through the air, a cannonball

smacked or a shell exploded in the midst of this dense crowd, killing and spattering with blood those who stood near. Dolokhov, wounded in the arm, on foot, with a dozen soldiers of his company (he was already an officer), and his regimental commander, on horseback, represented the remainder of the entire regiment. Drawn by the crowd, they pressed into the entrance to the dam and, hemmed in on all sides, stopped, because ahead of them a horse had fallen under a cannon and the crowd was pulling it out. One cannonball killed someone behind them, another landed in front and spattered Dolokhov with blood. The crowd pushed on desperately, shrank back, went a few steps, and stopped again.

"Get through these hundred steps and I'm saved for sure; stand here another two minutes and I'm sure to be dead," each man was thinking.

Dolokhov, who was standing in the middle of the crowd, tore his way to the edge of the dam, knocking two soldiers off their feet, and ran down onto the slippery ice that covered the pond.

"Turn off!" he cried, skipping over the ice, which cracked under him, "turn off!" he cried to the ordnance. "It holds! . . ."

The ice held him, but it sagged and cracked, and it was obvious that it would give way, not only under a cannon or a crowd, but under him alone. People looked at him and pressed to the bank, not yet daring to step onto the ice. The regimental commander, standing on horseback at the entrance, raised his arm and opened his mouth, addressing Dolokhov. Suddenly one of the cannonballs came whistling so low over the crowd that everybody ducked. There was a wet smack, and the general and his horse fell in a pool of blood. No one looked at the general, still less thought of picking him up.

"Go onto the ice! go onto the ice! Go! Turn off! Don't you hear? Go!" cried countless voices after the cannonball hit the general, themselves not knowing what and why they were shouting.

One of the rearmost cannon going onto the dam turned off onto the ice. Crowds of soldiers started running down off the dam onto the frozen pond. The ice cracked under one of the foremost soldiers and one foot went into the water; he tried to right himself and fell through to the waist. The nearest soldiers hesitated, the cannon-driver stopped his horse, but shouts were

still heard from behind: "Go onto the ice, don't stop, go! go!" And cries of terror were heard in the crowd. The soldiers around the gun waved at the horses and beat them to make them turn and move on. The horses set out from the bank. The ice that had held the foot soldiers gave way in one huge piece, and about forty of them rushed, some back, some forward, drowning each other.

The cannonballs went on regularly whistling and smacking into the ice, into the water, and most often into the crowd that covered the dam, the ponds, and the bank.

XIX

On the Pratzen hill, in the same place where he fell with the staff of the standard in his hands, Prince Andrei Bolkonsky lay bleeding profusely and, unbeknownst to himself, letting out soft, pitiful, and childlike moans.

Towards evening he stopped moaning and became completely still. He did not know how long he was unconscious. Suddenly he felt himself alive again and suffering from a burning and rending pain in the head.

"Where is it, that lofty sky, which I never knew till now and saw today?" was his first thought. "And I never knew this suffering either," he thought. "Yes, I knew nothing, nothing till now. But where am I?"

He began to listen, and heard the sounds of approaching hoofbeats and the sound of voices speaking French. He opened his eyes. Over him again was that same lofty sky with floating clouds rising still higher, through which showed the blue of infinity. He did not turn his head and did not see those who, judging by the sounds of hoofs and voices, had ridden up to him and stopped.

The horsemen who had ridden up were Napoleon accompanied by two adjutants. Bonaparte, riding over the battlefield, had given final orders about the reinforcement of the batteries firing at the dam of Augesd and was looking at the dead and wounded who were left on the battlefield.

"*De beaux hommes!*"[6] said Napoleon, looking at a dead Russian grenadier who, his face buried in the ground and his nape

[6] Fine men!

blackened, lay on his stomach, one of his already stiff arms flung far out.

"*Les munitions des pièces de positions sont épuisées, sire!*"[7] an adjutant said just then, having come from the batteries that were firing on Augesd.

"*Faites avancer celles de la réserve*,"[8] said Napoleon, and, riding on a few paces, he stopped over Prince Andrei, who lay on his back, the staff of the standard fallen beside him (the standard had already been taken as a trophy by the French).

"*Voilà une belle mort*,"[9] said Napoleon, looking at Bolkonsky.

Prince Andrei understood that it had been said about him, and that it was Napoleon speaking. He heard the man who had said these words being addressed as *sire*. But he heard these words as if he was hearing the buzzing of a fly. He not only was not interested, he did not even notice, and at once forgot them. He had a burning in his head; he felt that he was losing blood, and he saw above him that distant, lofty, and eternal sky. He knew that it was Napoleon—his hero—but at that moment, Napoleon seemed to him such a small, insignificant man compared with what was now happening between his soul and this lofty, infinite sky with clouds racing across it. To him it was all completely the same at that moment who was standing over him or what he said about him; he was only glad that people had stopped over him and only wished that those people would help him and bring him back to life, which seemed so beautiful to him, because he now understood it so differently. He gathered all his strength in order to stir and produce some sound. He stirred his leg weakly and produced a weak, painful moan that moved even him to pity.

"Ah! he's alive," said Napoleon. "Lift up this young man, *ce jeune homme*, and take him to the first-aid station!"

Having said that, Napoleon rode on further to meet Marshal Lannes, who was riding up to the emperor, taking off his hat and congratulating him on the victory.

Prince Andrei remembered nothing more: he lost consciousness from the terrible pain of being put on the stretcher, the jolting while he was being carried, and the probing of his wound at the first-aid station. He came to only at the end of the day, when he, along with other Russian wounded and captured

[7] The ammunition for the guns in position is exhausted, Sire!
[8] Bring up more from the reserves.
[9] There's a fine death.

officers, was taken to the hospital. During this transfer, he felt somewhat fresher and could look around and even speak.

The first words he heard when he came to were the words of the French convoy officer, who was saying hurriedly:

"We must stop here. The emperor will ride by now; it will give him pleasure to see all these gentlemen prisoners."

"There are so many prisoners today, almost the whole Russian army, that he must be bored with it," said another officer.

"Well, really! This, they say, is the commander of all the emperor Alexander's guards," said the first, pointing to a wounded Russian officer in the white uniform of the horse guards.

Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnin, whom he used to meet in Petersburg society. Next to him stood another wounded officer of the horse guards, a nineteen-year-old boy.

Bonaparte, riding up at a gallop, stopped his horse.

"Who's the senior man?"

They named the colonel, Prince Repnin.

"Are you the commander of the emperor Alexander's regiment of horse guards?" asked Napoleon.

"I commanded a squadron," replied Repnin.

"Your regiment fulfilled its duty honorably," said Napoleon.

"The praise of a great general is a soldier's best reward," said Repnin.

"I bestow it on you with pleasure," said Napoleon. "Who is this young man next to you?"

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

Napoleon looked at him and said, smiling:

"*Il est venu bien jeune se frotter à nous.*"[10]

"Youth is no impediment to bravery," Sukhtelen said in a halting voice.

"A fine answer," said Napoleon. "You'll go far, young man!"

Prince Andrei, who, to complete the trophy of prisoners, was also brought out before the eyes of the emperor, could not fail to attract his attention. Napoleon evidently remembered seeing him on the battlefield, and, turning to him, used the same appellation of young man, *jeune homme*, under which Bolkonsky had been imprinted on his memory the first time.

"*Et vous, jeune homme?* And you, young man?" he addressed

[10] He's young to go crossing swords with us.

him. "How do you feel, *mon bravé*?"

Though five minutes earlier Prince Andrei had been able to say a few words to the soldiers transporting him, now, with his eyes fixed directly on Napoleon, he was silent . . . To him at that moment all the interests that occupied Napoleon seemed so insignificant, his hero himself seemed so petty to him, with his petty vanity and joy in victory, compared with that lofty, just, and kindly sky, which he had seen and understood, that he was unable to answer him.

Then, too, everything seemed so useless and insignificant compared with that stern and majestic way of thinking called up in him by weakness from loss of blood, suffering, and the expectation of imminent death. Looking into Napoleon's eyes, Prince Andrei thought about the insignificance of grandeur, about the insignificance of life, the meaning of which no one could understand, and about the still greater insignificance of death, the meaning of which no one among the living could understand or explain.

The emperor, receiving no answer, turned away and, as he rode off, addressed one of the officers:

"Have these gentlemen looked after and taken to my bivouac; have my doctor Larrey examine their wounds. Good-bye, Prince Repnin." And, touching up his horse, he galloped on.

On his face was the radiance of self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers who had carried Prince Andrei and had taken from him the little golden icon hung on her brother by Princess Marya, seeing the kindness with which the emperor treated the prisoners, hastened to return the icon.

Prince Andrei did not see how or by whom it was put back on him, but suddenly, on his chest over the uniform, a little icon on a fine gold chain turned up.

"It would be good," thought Prince Andrei, looking at this icon which his sister had hung on him with such feeling and reverence, "it would be good if everything was as clear and simple as it seems to Princess Marya. How good it would be to know where to look for help in this life and what to expect after it, there, beyond the grave! How happy and calm I'd be, if I could say now: Lord, have mercy on me! . . . But to whom shall I say it? Either it is an indefinable, unfathomable power, which I not only cannot address, but which I cannot express in words—the great all or

nothing," he said to himself, "or it is that God whom Princess Marya has sown in here, in this amulet? Nothing, nothing is certain, except the insignificance of everything I can comprehend and the grandeur of something incomprehensible but most important!"

The stretchers began to move. At every jolt he again felt unbearable pain; his feverish state worsened, and he became delirious. Those reveries of his father, wife, sister, and future son, and the tenderness he had experienced on the night before the battle, the figure of the little, insignificant Napoleon, and the high sky over it all, constituted the main basis for his feverish imaginings.

He imagined a quiet life and peaceful family happiness at Bald Hills. He was already enjoying this happiness, when suddenly little Napoleon appeared with his indifferent, limited gaze, happy in the unhappiness of others, and doubts and torments set in, and only the sky promised tranquility. Towards morning all his reveries became confused and merged into the chaos and darkness of unconsciousness and oblivion, which, in the opinion of Larrey himself, Napoleon's doctor, would most likely end in death rather than recovery.

"*C'est un sujet nerveux et bilieux,"* said Larrey, *"il n'en réchappera pas.*"[11]

Prince Andrei, among other hopeless wounded, was handed over to the care of the local inhabitants.

[11] He's the nervous and bilious sort . . . he won't pull through.

Volume Two, Part Three
Natasha's first grand ball on New Year's Eve

XIV

On December 31, the eve of the new year 1810, for *le réveillon*,[1] a ball was given by a grand dignitary of Catherine's time. The ball was to be attended by the diplomatic corps and the sovereign.

The dignitary's well-known house on the English Embankment shone with countless lights. Police stood by the brightly lit porch laid with red baize, and not merely gendarmes, but a mounted police chief and dozens of police officers. Carriages drove away and new ones drove up with red-liveried footmen and footmen with feathers in their hats. Men in uniforms, stars, and sashes emerged from the carriages; ladies in satin and ermine carefully descended the noisily flipped down footrests, and stepped hastily and soundlessly over the baize of the porch.

Almost every time a new carriage drove up, a whisper ran through the crowd and hats were doffed.

"The sovereign? . . . No, a minister . . . prince . . . ambassador . . . Don't you see the feathers? . . ." came from the crowd. One person in the crowd, better dressed than the others, seemed to know everyone and called by name the most distinguished dignitaries of that time.

A third of the guests had already arrived at the ball, but the Rostovs, who were to be there, were still hurriedly preparing to dress.

There had been many discussions and preparations for this ball in the Rostov family, many fears that they would not receive an invitation, the dresses would not be ready, and everything would not be arranged as it ought to be.

The Rostovs were going to the ball together with Marya Ignatievna Peronsky, the countess's friend and relation, a skinny and yellow lady-in-waiting of the old court, who guided the provincial Rostovs through Petersburg high society.

[1] The New Year's Eve party.

At ten o'clock in the evening they were to pick up the lady-in-waiting near the Tavrichesky Garden; yet it was five minutes to ten, and the young ladies were still not dressed.

Natasha was going to the first grand ball of her life. She had gotten up that day at eight o'clock in the morning and had spent the whole day in feverish anxiety and activity. Since morning all her powers had been directed towards getting all of them—herself, mama, Sonya—dressed in the best possible way. Sonya and the countess put themselves entirely in her hands. The countess was to wear a damson velvet dress, and the two girls white gauze dresses over pink silk slips, with roses at the bodice. Their hair was to be done *à la grecque*.

All the essentials had already been done: feet, hands, neck, ears had been washed, perfumed, and powdered with special thoroughness for the ball; they already had on their silk lace stockings and white satin booties with bows; their hairdressing was nearly done. Sonya was finishing dressing, as was the countess; but Natasha, who had fussed over everybody, lagged behind. She was still sitting in front of the mirror, a peignoir thrown over her thin shoulders. Sonya, already dressed, stood in the middle of the room and, pressing painfully with her small finger, was pinning on a last ribbon, which squeaked as the pin went through it.

"Not that way, not that way, Sonya!" said Natasha, turning her head and putting both hands to her hair, which the maid who was holding it did not have time to let go of. "The bow's wrong, come here." Sonya crouched down. Natasha pinned the ribbon on another way.

"Please, miss, it's impossible this way," said the maid who was holding Natasha's hair.

"Ah, my God, wait, then! Like that, Sonya."

"Won't you hurry?" the countess's voice was heard. "It's already ten."

"Right away, right away. Are you ready, mama?"

"I only have to pin on my toque."

"Don't do it without me," cried Natasha, "you won't manage!"

"But it's already ten."

It had been decided to appear at the ball at half-past ten, but Natasha still had to dress, and they still had to drive to the Tavrichesky Garden.

Having finished doing her hair, Natasha, in a short petticoat,

her ball slippers showing from under it, and wearing her mother's bed jacket, ran up to Sonya, looked her over, and then ran to her mother. She turned her mother's head, pinned on the toque, and, quickly kissing her gray hair, again ran to the maids who were taking up her skirt.

The only thing now was Natasha's skirt, which was too long. Two maids were taking it up, hurriedly biting off the thread. A third, holding pins in her lips and between her teeth, kept running from the countess to Sonya; a fourth held the whole gauze dress on her high-raised arm.

"Mavrusha, darling, be quick!"

"Hand me the thimble there, miss."

"Will you hurry up, finally?" the count said, coming through the door. "Here's your scent. Mme Peronsky must be waiting."

"It's ready, miss," said the maid, lifting the taken-up gauze dress with two fingers, and shaking it and blowing at something, showing by this gesture an awareness of the airiness and purity of what she was holding.

Natasha began to put the dress on.

"One moment, one moment, don't come in, papa!" she cried to her father, who had opened the door, still under the gauze of her skirt, which covered her whole face. Sonya slammed the door. A moment later the count was admitted. He was wearing a dark blue tailcoat, stockings and shoes, was perfumed and pomaded.

"Papa, you look so handsome, it's lovely!" said Natasha, standing in the middle of the room and spreading the folds of the gauze.

"Let me, miss, let me," said the maid, getting on her knees, pulling at the dress, and moving the pins with her tongue from one side of her mouth to the other.

"Say what you like," Sonya cried with despair in her voice, looking at Natasha's dress, "say what you like, it's still too long!"

Natasha stepped back to look at herself in the pier glass. The dress was too long.

"By God, miss, it's not too long at all," said Mavrusha, who was crawling on the floor following her young lady.

"Well, if it's long, we can take it up, we can take it up in a minute," said the resolute Dunyasha, taking a needle out of the fichu on her breast and setting to work again on the floor.

Just then the countess came in bashfully, with quiet steps, in her toque and velvet dress.

"Ohh! my beauty!" cried the count. "Better than any of you! . . ." He was about to embrace her, but she retreated, blushing, so as not to have her dress rumpled.

"Mama, the toque more to one side," said Natasha. "I'll re-pin it," and she rushed forward, and the sewing girls, who had no time to follow her, tore off a piece of gauze.

"My God! What is this? It's not my fault, I swear . . ."

"Never mind, I'll stitch it up, it won't show," said Dunyasha.

"My beauty, my queen!" the nanny said, coming through the door. "And Sonyushka, too, what beauties! . . ."

At a quarter past ten they finally got into carriages and drove off. But they still had to stop by the Tavrichesky Garden.

Mme Peronsky was ready. Despite her old age and unattractiveness, the same things had gone on with her as at the Rostovs', though not as hurriedly (it was a habitual thing for her). Her old, unattractive body had been perfumed, washed, powdered in just the same way, she had been scrubbed behind the ears just as carefully, and, just as at the Rostovs', her old maid had delightedly admired her mistress's outfit, when she came out to the drawing room in a yellow dress with a monogram. Mme Peronsky praised the attire of the Rostovs.

The Rostovs praised her taste and attire and, mindful of their dresses and hair, put themselves into the carriages at eleven o'clock and drove off.

XV

Natasha had not had a free moment since the morning of that day and had never once had time to think about what lay ahead of her.

In the damp, cold air, in the incomplete darkness of the crowded, rocking carriage, she imagined vividly for the first time what awaited her there at the ball, in the brightly lit rooms—music, flowers, dancing, the sovereign, all the brilliant youth of Petersburg. What awaited her was so beautiful that she did not even believe it could happen: so out of keeping it was with the impression of the cold, the crowdedness, the darkness of the carriage. She understood what awaited her only when, having stepped over the red baize of the porch, she entered the front hall, took off her fur coat, and walked beside Sonya in front of

her mother between the flowers on the lighted stairway. Only then did she remember how one had to behave at a ball and try to assume the majestic manner she considered necessary for a girl at a ball. But, luckily for her, she felt her eyes looking everywhere at once: she saw nothing clearly, her pulse beat a hundred times a minute, and the blood began to throb in her heart. She was unable to assume that manner which would have made her ridiculous, and walked on, faint with excitement and only trying as hard as she could to conceal it. And this was the manner that was most becoming to her. Before them, behind them, also talking quietly and also in ball gowns, other guests were entering. The mirrors on the stairway reflected ladies in white, blue, pink dresses, with diamonds and pearls on their bare arms and necks.

Natasha looked in the mirrors and in the reflections could not distinguish herself from the others. Everything mixed into one brilliant procession. At the entrance to the first room, the monotonous noise of voices, footsteps, greetings deafened Natasha, the light and brilliance dazzled her still more. The host and hostess, who had already been standing by the door for half an hour saying the same words to the entering people: "*Charmé de vous voir*"[2]—greeted the Rostovs and Mme Peronsky in the same way.

The two girls in white dresses, with identical roses in their dark hair, curtsied identically, but the hostess involuntarily rested her gaze longer on the slender Natasha. She looked at her and smiled at her alone with a special smile, in addition to her hostess smile. Gazing at her, the hostess may have remembered the golden, irretrievable time of her girlhood, and her own first ball. The host also followed Natasha with his eyes and asked the count which one was his daughter.

"*Charmante!*" he said, kissing the tips of his fingers.

The guests stood in the ballroom, crowding by the door, waiting for the sovereign. The countess placed herself in the first rows of this crowd. Natasha heard and felt that several voices were asking about her and looking at her. She realized that she was liked by those who paid attention to her, and this observation reassured her somewhat.

"There are some like us, and some worse than us," she thought.

[2] Delighted to see you.

Mme Peronsky named for the countess the most important persons at the ball.

"That one is the Dutch ambassador, see, the gray-haired one," she said, pointing to a little old man with abundant, curly silver-gray hair, surrounded by ladies whom he made laugh at something.

"And here she is, the queen of Petersburg, Countess Bezukhov," she said, pointing to the entering Hélène.

"How beautiful! She yields nothing to Marya Antonovna. See how the men dangle after her, young and old. Both beautiful and intelligent. They say Prince —— has lost his mind over her. But these two here, though they're not beautiful, are still more surrounded."

She pointed to a lady who was crossing the room with a very unattractive daughter.

"She's a millionaire bride," said Mme Peronsky. "And here come the wooers."

"That's Madame Bezukhov's brother, Anatole Kuragin," she said, pointing to a handsome horse guard who walked past them, looking somewhere above the ladies from the height of his raised head. "Handsome, isn't he? They say he's to marry this rich one. And your cousin, Drubetskoy, is also dangling after her very much. Millions, they say. Why, but that's the French ambassador himself," she replied to the countess's question about who Caulaincourt was. "Look at him, like some sort of tsar. But all the same the French are nice, very nice. There's nothing nicer for society. Ah, here she is! No, she's the best, our Marya Antonovna! And so simply dressed. Lovely!"

"And that fat one in spectacles is the universal Freemason," said Mme Peronsky, pointing to Bezukhov. "Set him next to his wife: a real tomfool!"

Pierre walked along, rolling his fat body, parting the crowd, nodding to right and left as casually and good-naturedly as if he was walking through a marketplace crowd. He moved through the crowd, evidently searching for someone.

Natasha looked joyfully at the familiar face of Pierre, that tomfool, as Mme Peronsky had called him, and knew that Pierre was looking for them in the crowd, and for her in particular. Pierre had promised to be at the ball and to introduce partners to her.

But before he reached them, Bezukhov stopped beside a very handsome dark-haired man of medium height, in a white uniform, who was standing by a window talking to a tall man with stars and a sash. Natasha immediately recognized the young man of medium height in the white uniform: it was Bolkonsky, who seemed to her to have grown younger, more cheerful, and better looking.

"Here's another acquaintance, Bolkonsky, see, mama?" said Natasha, pointing to Prince Andrei. "Remember, he spent the night with us at Otradnoe."

"Ah, you know him?" said Mme Peronsky. "I can't bear him. *Il fait à présent la pluie et le beau temps.*[3] And such boundless pride! Takes after his papa. Got in with Speransky, drafting some sort of projects. Look how he treats the ladies! She's talking to him, and he turns away," she said, pointing to him. "I'd give it to him, if he behaved with me the way he does with these ladies."

XVI

Suddenly everything stirred, the crowd began to talk, moved together, parted again, and between the two rows of people, to the sounds of the struck-up music, the sovereign came in. Behind him walked the host and hostess. The sovereign walked quickly, nodding to right and left, as if trying to get quickly past this first moment of meeting. The musicians played a polonaise well-known then from the words written to it. These words began: "Alexander, Elizaveta, how we all admire you." The sovereign walked into the drawing room; the crowd surged towards the door; several persons with changed expressions hurriedly went there and back. The crowd surged away from the drawing room door again, and the sovereign appeared in it, talking with the hostess. A young man with a perplexed look pressed up to the ladies, asking them to step aside. Some ladies with faces that expressed a total obliviousness of all social conventions pushed forward, ruining their fancy dresses. Men began to approach the ladies and form couples for the polonaise.

Everyone made way, and the sovereign, smiling and out of step with the music, led the hostess through the drawing-room door.

[3] He runs the whole show now.

After him came the host with Mme M. A. Naryshkin, then ambassadors, ministers, various generals, whom Mme Peronsky kept naming without pause. More than half of the ladies had partners and were joining or preparing to join the polonaise. Natasha sensed that she would be left with her mother and Sonya among the smaller part of the ladies pushed back against the wall and not asked to the polonaise. She stood, her thin arms lowered, her barely defined bosom rising rhythmically, holding her breath, her shining, frightened eyes looking straight ahead with an expression of readiness either for the greatest happiness or for the greatest grief. She was interested neither in the sovereign nor in any of the important persons Mme Peronsky pointed out—she had one thought: "Can it be that no one will come up to me, can it be that I won't dance among the first, can it be that all these men won't notice me, who now don't even seem to see me, and if they look at me, it's with such an expression as if they were saying: 'Ah! it's not her, there's no point in looking!' No, it can't be!" she thought. "They must know how I want to dance, and how well I dance, and what fun it will be for them to dance with me."

The sounds of the polonaise, which had continued for quite a long time, were already beginning to seem sad—a reminiscence in Natasha's ears. She wanted to cry. Mme Peronsky left them. The count was at the other end of the room; the countess, Sonya, and she stood alone, as if in a forest, in this crowd of strangers, of no interest or need to anyone. Prince Andrei walked past them with some lady, obviously not recognizing them. The handsome Anatole, smiling, was saying something to the lady he was leading, and glanced at Natasha's face as one would glance at a wall. Boris walked past them twice and turned away each time. Berg and his wife, who were not dancing, came up to them.

For Natasha, this family intimacy here, at a ball, seemed offensive, as if there were no other place for family conversations except at a ball. She did not look at and did not listen to Vera, who was saying something to her about her green dress.

Finally, the sovereign stopped beside his last partner (he had danced with three), and the music ceased. A preoccupied adjutant ran up to the Rostovs, asking them to step aside somewhere, though they were standing at the wall, and from the gallery came the distinct, careful, and engagingly rhythmic sounds of a waltz. The sovereign looked over the room with a smile. A minute

passed—no one began yet. The adjutant master of ceremonies went up to Countess Bezukhov and asked her to dance. Smiling, she raised her arm and placed it, without looking at him, on the adjutant's shoulder. The adjutant master of ceremonies, an expert in these matters, confidently, unhurriedly, and rhythmically, keeping firm hold of his partner, set off with her at first in a glissade around the edge of the circle, then, at the corner of the room, took her left arm, turned her, and now, above the ever-quickening sounds of the music, one could hear only the rhythmic jingle of the spurs on the adjutant's quick and nimble feet, and at every third beat, the velvet dress of his partner seemed to flash, flying, as she turned. Natasha looked at them and was ready to weep that it was not she dancing this first turn of the waltz.

Prince Andrei, in his white cavalry colonel's uniform, stockings, and low boots, animated and merry, stood in the first rows of the circle, not far from the Rostovs. Baron Vierhoff was talking to him about the first session of the State Council, planned for the next day. Prince Andrei, being close to Speransky and taking part in the work of the legislative commission, could give accurate information about the next day's meeting, of which various rumors were circulating. But he was not listening to what Vierhoff was telling him, and looked now at the sovereign, now at the gentlemen preparing to dance, who had not yet ventured into the circle.

Prince Andrei was observing these gentlemen grown timid in the sovereign's presence and ladies faint with the desire to be invited.

Pierre came over to Prince Andrei and took him by the arm.

"You always dance. My protégée, the young Miss Rostov, is here. Ask her," he said.

"Where?" asked Bolkonsky. "I beg your pardon," he said, turning to the baron, "we can finish this conversation elsewhere —at a ball one must dance." He stepped forward, in the direction Pierre had indicated to him. Natasha's desperate, rapt face caught Prince Andrei's eye. He recognized her, guessed her feeling, realized that she was a *débutante*, remembered her conversation on the window ledge, and with a merry expression on his face went up to Countess Rostov.

"Allow me to introduce you to my daughter," the countess said,

blushing.

"I have the pleasure of being acquainted, if the countess remembers me," said Prince Andrei, with a courteous and low bow, totally contradicting Mme Peronsky's remark about his rudeness, going up to Natasha and raising his arm to put it around her waist even before he finished asking her to dance. He suggested a turn of the waltz. That rapt expression of Natasha's face, ready for despair and for ecstasy, suddenly lit up with a happy, grateful, childlike smile.

"I've been waiting a long time for you," this frightened and happy girl seemed to say by her smile, shining through ready tears, as she raised her arm to Prince Andrei's shoulder. They were the second couple to enter the circle. Prince Andrei was one of the best dancers of his time. Natasha's dancing was excellent. Her little feet in satin ball slippers did their work quickly, lightly, and independently of herself, and her face shone with the rapture of happiness. Her bared neck and arms were thin and unattractive compared to Hélène's shoulders. Her shoulders were thin, her bosom undefined, her arms slender; but on Hélène there was already a sort of varnish from all the thousands of gazes that had passed over her body, while Natasha looked like a young girl who was bared for the first time and would have been very ashamed of it, if she had not been assured that it had necessarily to be so.

Prince Andrei liked to dance and, wishing to rid himself quickly of the political and intellectual conversations with which everyone addressed him, and wishing to break quickly this vexatious circle of embarrassment caused by the presence of the sovereign, had gone to dance and had asked Natasha because Pierre had pointed her out to him and because she was the first pretty woman his eyes fell on; but as soon as he put his arm around her slender, mobile, quivering waist, and she began to move so close to him and smile so close to him, the wine of her loveliness went to his head: he felt himself revived and rejuvenated when, catching his breath and leaving her, he stopped and began to look at the dancers.

After Prince Andrei, Boris came up to Natasha and asked her to dance, then also that dancer adjutant who had opened the ball, and other young men, and Natasha, sending her surplus partners to Sonya, happy and flushed, did not stop dancing all evening. She noticed nothing and did not see any of what interested everyone at this ball. Not only did she not notice how the sovereign had a long talk with the French ambassador, how he talked with particular graciousness with a certain lady, how prince so-and-so did and said such-and-such, how Hélène had great success and was granted the special attentions of so-and-so; she did not even see the sovereign, and noticed that he had gone only because the ball became more animated after his departure. In one of the merry cotillions before supper, Prince Andrei danced again with Natasha. He reminded her of their first meeting in the Otradnoe avenue, and how she could not fall asleep on that moonlit night, and how he involuntarily overheard her. Natasha blushed at this reminder and tried to justify herself, as if there was something shameful in that feeling which Prince Andrei had involuntarily overheard from her.

Prince Andrei, like all people who have grown up in society, liked to encounter things in society that did not have the general society stamp on them. And Natasha was just that, with her astonishment, joy, and timidity, and even her mistakes in French. He treated her and talked to her with particular tenderness and care. Sitting next to her, talking with her about the simplest and most insignificant subjects, Prince Andrei admired the joyful shining of her eyes and smile, which referred not to what they were saying, but to her inner happiness. At those times when Natasha was chosen, and she got up with a smile and danced through the room, Prince Andrei especially admired her timid grace. In the middle of the cotillion, Natasha, having finished a figure, still breathing hard, was going to her seat. A new partner again asked her to dance. She was tired and out of breath, and obviously wanted to refuse, but then again cheerfully raised her arm to her partner's shoulder and smiled to Prince Andrei.

That smile said: "I'd be glad to rest and sit with you; I'm tired; but you see, I've been asked to dance, and I'm glad of it, and I'm happy, and I love everybody, and you and I understand all that," and much, much more. When her partner left her, Natasha ran across the room to invite two ladies for the figures.

"If she goes to her cousin first and then to another lady, she'll

be my wife," Prince Andrei quite unexpectedly said to himself, looking at her. She went to her cousin first.

"What nonsense sometimes comes into one's head!" thought Prince Andrei. "But the one sure thing is that this girl is so sweet, so special, that she won't spend a month dancing here before she gets married . . . It's a rarity here," he thought, as Natasha, straightening a rose that had gone awry on her corsage, was sitting down beside him.

At the end of the cotillion, the old count in his dark blue tailcoat came over to the dancers. He invited Prince Andrei to come and see him, and asked his daughter whether she was having a good time. Natasha did not reply and only smiled a smile which said with reproach: "How can you ask that?"

"I've never enjoyed myself so much in my life!" she said, and Prince Andrei noticed how her thin arms rose quickly to embrace her father and at once dropped again. Natasha was happier than she had ever been before in her life. She was in that highest degree of happiness when a person becomes perfectly kind and good, and does not believe in the possibility of evil, unhappiness, and grief.

At this ball Pierre felt insulted for the first time by the position his wife occupied in high spheres. He was sullen and distracted. There was a deep furrow across his brow, and, standing by the window, he looked through his spectacles, seeing no one.

Natasha walked past him on her way to supper.

Pierre's gloomy, unhappy face struck her. She stopped in front of him. She wanted to help him, to transfer to him the overflow of her own happiness.

"Such a merry time," she said, "isn't it, Count?"

Pierre smiled distractedly, obviously not understanding what was being said to him.

"Yes, I'm very glad," he said.

"How can they be displeased with anything," thought Natasha. "Especially such a nice man as this Bezukhov?" In Natasha's eyes, all who were at the ball were equally kind, nice, wonderful people, and loved each other: no one could offend anyone, and therefore they should all be happy.

XVIII

The next day Prince Andrei remembered yesterday's ball, but his thought did not dwell on it for long. "Yes, it was a very brilliant ball. And then, too . . . yes, Miss Rostov is very sweet. There's something fresh in her, something special, non-Petersburg, that makes her different." That was all he thought about the ball, and, having had tea, he sat down to work.

But from fatigue or lack of sleep, the day was not good for work, and Prince Andrei could do nothing, kept criticizing his own efforts, as often happened with him, and was glad when he heard someone arrive.

The visitor was Bitsky, who worked on various commissions, frequented all the societies of Petersburg, was a passionate admirer of the new ideas and of Speransky, an anxious Petersburg newsmonger, one of those people who choose a trend as they do their clothes—according to the fashion, but who, because of it, look like the most ardent partisans of the trend. He rushed into Prince Andrei's room and, barely managing to take his hat off, anxiously began talking. He had just learned the details of the session of the State Council that morning, opened by the sovereign, and was recounting it with rapture. The sovereign's speech had been extraordinary. It had been one of those speeches that only constitutional monarchs make. "The sovereign said straight out that the council and the senate were *estates* of the realm; he said that the government should be based not on arbitrariness, but on *firm principles*. The sovereign said that the finances should be reformed and the accounting made public," Bitsky recounted, emphasizing certain words and widening his eyes significantly.

"Yes, today's event marks an epoch, the greatest epoch in our history," he concluded.

Prince Andrei listened to his account of the opening of the State Council, which he had awaited with such impatience and to which he had ascribed such importance, and marveled that this event, now that it had taken place, not only did not move him, but seemed less than insignificant. With quiet mockery he listened to Bitsky's rapturous account. The simplest thought occurred to him: "What do Bitsky and I have to do with what the sovereign was pleased to say in the council? Can any of it make me happier and better?"

And this simple reflection suddenly destroyed for Prince Andrei all his former interest in the reforms being carried out. That same day Prince Andrei was supposed to dine at Speransky's "*en petit comité*,"[4] as the host had said when inviting him. This dinner in the circle of family and friends of the man whom Prince Andrei so admired had formerly interested him very much, the more so as he had not yet seen Speransky in his domestic surroundings; but now he did not want to go.

At the appointed dinner hour, however, Prince Andrei was already entering Speransky's modest private house near the Tavrichesky Garden. In the parqueted dining room of the modest house, distinguished by its extraordinary cleanliness (reminiscent of monastic cleanliness), Prince Andrei, who was slightly late, found that at five o'clock the whole company of that *petit comité* of Speransky's intimate acquaintances had already gathered. There were no ladies, except for Speransky's little daughter (with a long face resembling her father's) and her governess. The guests were Gervais, Magnitsky, and Stolypin. In the front hall Prince Andrei already heard loud voices and ringing, clipped laughter—laughter similar to what one hears on the stage. Some voice similar to Speransky's rapped out a distinct "ha, ha, ha." Prince Andrei had never heard Speransky laugh, and this ringing, high-pitched laughter from a statesman struck him as strange.

Prince Andrei entered the dining room. The whole company was standing between two windows, by a small table with hors-d'oeuvres. Speransky, in a gray tailcoat with a star, and evidently in the same white waistcoat and high white necktie he had worn at the famous session of the State Council, stood by the table with a merry face. The guests stood around him. Magnitsky, addressing Mikhail Mikhailovich, was telling an anecdote. Speransky listened, laughing beforehand at what Magnitsky was about to say. Just as Prince Andrei entered the dining room, Magnitsky's words were again drowned by laughter. Stolypin produced a loud bass, chewing a piece of bread and cheese; Gervais hissed out a quiet chuckle; and Speransky laughed his high and clipped laugh.

Speransky, still laughing, gave Prince Andrei his white, tender hand.

"Very glad to see you, Prince," he said. "Just a moment . . ." he

[4] in an informal meeting.

turned to Magnitsky, interrupting his story. "We've agreed that tonight will be a dinner for pleasure and not a word about business." He turned back to the speaker and laughed again.

Prince Andrei listened to his laughter and looked at the laughing Speransky with surprise and sad disappointment. This was not Speransky but another man, as it seemed to Prince Andrei. Everything in Speransky that had formerly seemed mysterious and attractive to Prince Andrei suddenly became clear and unattractive to him.

At the table the conversation did not let up for a moment and seemed to consist of a collection of funny anecdotes. Before Magnitsky finished his story, someone else announced his readiness to tell something still funnier. The anecdotes were for the most part concerned, if not with the world of government service, then with persons in the service. It seemed that the insignificance of those persons had been so definitely decided upon in this company that the only possible attitude towards them was a good-naturedly comic one. Speransky told how at the Council that morning a deaf dignitary, when asked his opinion, had replied that he was of the same opinion. Gervais recounted a whole case about an audit, remarkable for the senselessness of all the persons involved. Stolypin, stuttering, mixed into the conversation and began talking vehemently about abuses under the former order of things, threatening to give the conversation a serious character. Magnitsky began to make fun of Stolypin's vehemence. Gervais put in a joke, and the conversation resumed its former merry course.

Obviously, Speransky liked to relax after work and make merry in a friendly circle, and all his guests, understanding his wish, tried to make him merry and be merry themselves. But this merriment seemed heavy and cheerless to Prince Andrei. Speransky's high-pitched voice struck him as unpleasant, and his constant laughter for some reason offended Prince Andrei's feelings by its false note. Prince Andrei did not laugh and feared he would be a dead weight on the company. But no one noticed his lack of harmony with the general mood. They all seemed to be very merry.

He wanted several times to enter the conversation, but each time his word was thrown out, like a cork out of water; and he was unable to joke along with them.

There was nothing bad or inappropriate in what they said,

everything was witty and might have been funny; but that something which constitutes the salt of merriment was not only missing, but they did not even know it existed.

After dinner Speransky's daughter and her governess got up. Speransky stroked his daughter with his white hand and kissed her. And this gesture seemed unnatural to Prince Andrei.

The men remained at the table over the port, English-style. In the middle of the conversation that started up about Napoleon's Spanish campaign, of which they all held the same approving opinion, Prince Andrei began to contradict them. Speransky smiled and, obviously trying to divert the conversation from the direction it had taken, told an anecdote that had no relation to it. They all fell silent for several moments.

Having sat at the table for a while, Speransky corked the wine bottle and saying: "Good wine costs a pretty penny these days," handed it to the servant and got up. They all got up and with the same noisy talk went to the drawing room. Speransky was handed two envelopes brought by a courier. He took them and went to his study. As soon as he left, the general merriment died down, and the guests began talking sensibly and quietly with each other.

"Well, now for a declamation!" said Speransky, coming out of his study. "An astonishing talent!" he said to Prince Andrei. Magnitsky at once assumed a pose and began to recite humorous verses he had composed in French about certain persons well known in Petersburg, and was interrupted several times by applause. When the verses were over, Prince Andrei went up to Speransky to take his leave.

"Leaving so early?" said Speransky.

"I promised to be at a soirée . . ."

They fell silent. Prince Andrei looked closely into those mirror-like eyes which did not let anything in, and felt how ridiculous it was that he could have expected anything from Speransky and from all his activity connected with him, and that he could have ascribed importance to what Speransky was doing. That precise, mirthless laughter went on ringing in Prince Andrei's ears long after he had left Speransky.

On returning home, Prince Andrei began to recall his Petersburg life of those last four months as if it was something new. He recalled his solicitations, his petitioning, the story of his project for military regulations, which had been taken into consideration, but which they had tried to silence, solely because

another project, a very bad one, had already been developed and presented to the sovereign; he recalled the sessions of the committee of which Berg was a member; he recalled how, at these sessions, everything to do with the form and procedure of the committee's sessions was discussed carefully and at length, and everything to do with the essence of the matter was carefully and briefly dispensed with. He recalled his work on legislation, the concern with which he had translated the articles of the Roman and French codes into Russian, and he felt ashamed of himself. Then he vividly pictured Bogucharovo, his occupations in the country, his trip to Ryazan, recalled the muzhiks, the headman Dron, and applying to them the personal rights he had classified by paragraphs, he felt astonished that he could have been occupied with such idle work for so long.

XIX

The next day Prince Andrei went to visit certain houses he had not been to yet, among them the house of the Rostovs, with whom he had renewed his acquaintance at the last ball. Besides the rules of courtesy, according to which he ought to call on the Rostovs, Prince Andrei wanted to see at home that special, animated girl who had left him with such a pleasant memory.

Natasha was one of the first to meet him. She was wearing a dark blue everyday dress, in which she seemed still better to Prince Andrei than in a ball gown. She and the whole Rostov family received Prince Andrei like an old friend, simply and cordially. The whole family, which Prince Andrei used to judge so severely, now seemed to him to consist of wonderful, simple, and kind people. The old count's hospitality and good nature, which struck one especially nicely in Petersburg, was such that Prince Andrei could not refuse to stay for dinner. "Yes, they're kind, nice people," thought Bolkonsky, "who of course don't understand a whit of the treasure they have in Natasha; but kind people, who constitute the best backdrop for setting off this special girl, so poetic, lovely, and overflowing with life."

Prince Andrei sensed in Natasha the presence of a special world, completely foreign to him, filled with joys of a sort as yet unknown to him, that foreign world which even then, in the Otradnoe avenue and at the window on that moonlit night, had

enticed him so. Now that world no longer enticed him, it was no longer foreign; but he himself, having entered it, found in it a new delight.

After dinner Natasha, at Prince Andrei's request, went to the clavichord and began to sing. Prince Andrei stood by the window, talking with the ladies, and listened to her. In the middle of a phrase, Prince Andrei fell silent and suddenly felt choked with tears, which he did not know was possible for him. He looked at the singing Natasha and something new and happy occurred in his soul. He was happy, but at the same time he felt sad. He had decidedly nothing to weep about, but he was ready to weep. About what? His former love? The little princess? His disappointments? . . . His hopes for the future? . . . Yes and no. The main thing he wanted to weep about was a sudden, vivid awareness of the terrible opposition between something infinitely great and indefinable that was in him, and something narrow and fleshly that he himself, and even she, was. This opposition tormented him and gladdened him while she sang.

As soon as Natasha finished singing, she went over to him and asked him how he liked her voice. She asked it and became embarrassed just after she said it, realizing that it was not a question to be asked. He smiled, looking at her, and said that he liked her singing just as he liked everything she did.

Prince Andrei left the Rostovs' late in the evening. He went to bed as was his habit, but soon realized that he could not sleep. Lighting a candle, he would sit on the bed, then get up, then lie down again, not troubled in the least by his insomnia: he felt as joyful and new in his soul as if he had gone from a stuffy room into God's open world. It did not occur to him that he was in love with Miss Rostov; he was not thinking of her; he only pictured her to himself, and owing to that his whole life appeared to him in a new light. "Why do I thrash about, why do I fuss inside this narrow, limited frame, when life, the whole of life, with all its joys, is open to me?" he said to himself. And for the first time in a long while he began making happy plans for the future. He decided that he must occupy himself with the education of his son, by finding a tutor for him and entrusting the boy to the tutor; then he must retire from the service and go abroad, to see England, Switzerland, Italy. "I must use my freedom while I feel so much youth and strength in me," he said to himself. "Pierre was right when he said that one must believe in the possibility of happiness

in order to be happy, and I now believe in it. Let the dead bury their dead, but while I'm alive, I must live and be happy," he thought.

Volume Four, Part Three
The brief career of Petya Rostov

IV

It was a warm, rainy autumn day. The sky and the horizon were both the color of muddy water. Now the fog seemed to descend, now a slanting rain would suddenly come down in big drops.

Denisov, in a felt cloak and a papakha streaming with water, rode on a lean, purebred horse with draw-in flanks. Like his horse, who kept moving its head sideways and laying its ears flat, he winced from the slanting rain and peered ahead worriedly. His emaciated face, overgrown with a thick, short, black beard, looked angry.

Beside Denisov, also in a felt cloak and papakha, on a big, well-nourished Don stallion, rode a Cossack *esaul*[1]—Denisov's associate.

The *esaul* Lovaisky was a tall, white-faced, fair-haired man, flat as a board, with narrow, pale eyes and a calmly smug expression in his face and bearing. Though it was impossible to say what made for the peculiarity of the horse and rider, from a first glance at the *esaul* and at Denisov, one could see that Denisov felt wet and awkward—that he was a man sitting on a horse; while, looking at the *esaul*, one could see that he felt as comfortable and at ease as ever, and that he was not a man sitting on a horse, but a man who was one with a horse, a being of twice-increased strength.

A little ahead of them walked a soaking wet little peasant—their guide—in a gray kaftan and a white cap.

A little behind them, on a skinny, slender Kirghiz nag, with an enormous mane and tail and lips so torn that they bled, rode a young officer in a dark blue French greatcoat.

Beside him rode a hussar, with a boy in a tattered French uniform and blue cap sitting behind him on his horse's croup. The boy held on to the hussar with hands red from the cold,

[1] captain.

moved his bare feet in an effort to warm them, and, raising his eyebrows, looked around in surprise. This was the French drummer boy captured in the morning.

Behind, by threes, by fours, along the narrow, sodden, and much-traveled forest road, stretched hussars, then Cossacks, some in felt cloaks, some in French greatcoats, some with horse blankets pulled over their heads. The horses, bay and sorrel, all looked black from the rain streaming off them. The horses' necks seemed strangely thin because of their drenched manes. Steam rose from the horses. Clothes, saddles, reins—everything was wet, slippery, and soggy, like the ground and the fallen leaves that covered the road. The men sat looking ruffled up, trying not to stir, so as to keep the water warm that had seeped through to the body and not let in the new, cold water that flowed under their seats, knees, and behind their necks. Between the strung-out Cossacks, the two wagons, hitched to French and saddled Cossack horses, rumbled over stumps and branches and gurgled through the water-filled ruts of the road.

Denisov's horse, swerving around a puddle that was in its way, pulled to the side and bumped its rider's knee against a tree.

"Ah, the devil!" Denisov cried angrily and, baring his teeth, he gave his horse three strokes of the whip, splashing himself and his comrades with mud. Denisov was in a foul mood because of the rain, and because he was hungry (no one had eaten anything since morning), and above all because there was no word from Dolokhov and the man sent to take a prisoner had not come back.

"There could hardly be another such occasion as today for attacking the transport. To attack alone is too risky, but put it off to another day and some bigger party will snatch the booty right from under our noses," thought Denisov, constantly glancing ahead, hoping to see the expected messenger from Dolokhov.

Coming out into a clearing, where one could see far to the right, Denisov stopped.

"Somebody's coming," he said.

The *esaul* looked in the direction in which Denisov was pointing.

"There are two coming—an officer and a Cossack. Only it's not *presupposable* that it's the lieutenant colonel himself," said the *esaul*, who liked to use words unknown to the Cossacks.

The riders descended the hill, disappeared from sight, and

reappeared in a few minutes. In front, at a weary gallop, applying his whip, rode an officer—disheveled, soaked through, his trousers bunched up above his knees. Behind him, standing in the stirrups, trotted a Cossack. This officer, a very young boy with a broad, red-cheeked face and quick, merry eyes, galloped up to Denisov and handed him a wet envelope.

"From the general," said the officer, "sorry it's not quite dry . . ."

Denisov, frowning, took the envelope and began to open it.

"They keep saying it's dangerous, dangerous," said the officer, turning to the *esaul*, while Denisov read the letter handed to him. "Anyhow, me and Komarov," he pointed to the Cossack, "are ready. Each of us has two pist . . . But what's that?" he asked, seeing the French drummer boy. "A prisoner? You've already been in battle? Can I talk to him?"

"Ghrostov! Petya!" Denisov cried out just then, having looked through the envelope handed to him. "Why didn't you tell me who you were?" And Denisov turned with a smile and gave the officer his hand.

This officer was Petya Rostov.

On the way there, Petya had been preparing the way he, as a grown man and an officer, without hinting at their former acquaintance, would behave with Denisov. But as soon as Denisov smiled at him, Petya at once beamed, blushed for joy, and, forgetting his prepared officialness, began to tell how he had ridden past the French, and how glad he was that he had been given such an errand, and that he had already been in battle at Vyazma, and that a certain hussar had distinguished himself there.

"Well, I'm veghry glad to see you," Denisov interrupted him, and his face again assumed a preoccupied expression.

"Mikhail Feoklitych," he turned to the *esaul*, "this one is from the German again. He's attached to him." And Denisov told the *esaul* that the content of the letter just brought consisted of a repeated request to join him in attacking the transport. "If we don't take it tomoghrrow, they'll snatch it fghrom under our noses," he concluded.

While Denisov was talking with the *esaul*, Petya, abashed by Denisov's cold tone and supposing that the cause of it was the state of his trousers, was straightening them under his greatcoat, so that no one would notice, trying to look as martial as possible.

"Will there be any orders from your honor?" he said to

Denisov, putting his hand to his visor and returning again to the game of adjutant and general which he had prepared for, "or shall I stay with your honor?"

"Oghrders? . . ." Denisov said pensively. "But can you stay till tomoghrrow?"

"Ah, please . . . May I stay with you?" cried Petya.

"And exactly what did the geneghral tell you—to ghreturn at once?" asked Denisov. Petya blushed.

"He didn't tell me anything. I think I can?" he said questioningly.

"Well, all ghright," said Denisov. And turning to his subordinates, he gave instructions for the party to go to the appointed resting place by the guardhouse in the forest and for the officer on the Kirghiz horse (this officer functioned as an adjutant) to go looking for Dolokhov, to find out where he was and whether he would come in the evening. Denisov himself, with the *esaul* and Petya, intended to ride up to the edge of the forest that came out at Shamshevo, in order to look over the place where the French were camped, at which the next day's attack should be directed.

"Well, ghraybeard," he turned to the muzhik guide, "lead us to Shamshevo."

Denisov, Petya, and the *esaul*, accompanied by several Cossacks and the hussar who was carrying the prisoner, rode left across a ravine to the edge of the forest.

V

The light rain stopped; only mist fell and drops of water from the branches of the trees. Denisov, the *esaul*, and Petya silently rode after the muzhik in the cap, who, stepping lightly and noiselessly over the roots and wet leaves with his splayed feet in bast shoes, led them to the edge of the forest.

Going up a slope, the muzhik paused, looked around, and made for the thinning wall of trees. By a big oak still covered with leaves, he stopped and beckoned mysteriously with his hand.

Denisov and Petya rode up to him. From the place where the muzhik had stopped, the French could be seen. Just beyond the forest, a field of spring wheat descended over a low knoll. To the right, across a steep ravine, a small village and a manor house with broken-down roofs could be seen. In this village, and in the

manor house, and all over the knoll, in the garden, by the wells and the pond, and along the road uphill from the bridge to the village, no more than four hundred yards away, crowds of men could be seen through the undulating mist. One could clearly hear their non-Russian shouts at the horses pulling wagons up the hill and their calls to one another.

"Bghring the pghrisoner here," Denisov said in a low voice, without taking his eyes off the French.

The Cossack got off his horse, took the boy down, and went up to Denisov with him. Denisov, pointing to the French, asked what kind of troops these and those were. The boy, putting his chilled hands in his pockets and raising his eyebrows, looked at Denisov in fear and, despite his obvious wish to tell all he knew, became confused in his answers and only confirmed whatever Denisov asked. Denisov frowned, turned away from him, and addressed the *esaul*, telling him his considerations.

Petya, quickly turning his head, looked now at the drummer boy, now at Denisov, now at the *esaul*, now at the French in the village and on the road, trying not to miss anything important.

"Whether Dolokhov comes or not, we've got to take them! . . . Ghright?" said Denisov, with a merry sparkle in his eyes.

"It's a convenient place," said the *esaul*.

"We'll send the infantry from below, through the maghrshes," Denisov went on. "They'll sneak up on the garden. You and the Cossacks will ghride aghround from there," Denisov pointed to the forest behind the village, "and I'll come fghrom here with my hussars. And at the signal shot . . ."

"We can't go through the hollow—it's swampy," said the *esaul*. "The horses will get bogged down; we'll have to go around more to the left."

As they were talking like that in half-whispers, a shot cracked below, in the hollow by the pond, they saw a puff of white smoke, then another, and heard the concerted, merry-sounding shout of hundreds of voices of the French who were on the hillside. At the first moment, Denisov and the *esaul* drew back. They were so close that they thought they were the cause of the shots and shouts. But the shots and shouts had nothing to do with them. Below, across the marsh, ran a man in something red. Obviously, the French were shooting and shouting at him.

"Why, that's our Tikhon," said the *esaul*.

"Him! It's him!"

"What a ghrascal!" said Denisov.

"He'll get away!" the *esaul* said, narrowing his eyes.

The man they called Tikhon ran to the river, plopped into it with a splash, disappeared for a moment, and clambered out on all fours, black from the water, and ran on. The French who were running after him stopped.

"That's nimble," said the *esaul*.

"What a ghrogue!" Denisov said with the same expression of vexation. "What's he been up to all this time?"

"Who is he?" asked Petya.

"Our *plastun*.[2] I sent him to take a 'tongue.'"

"Ah, yes," said Petya, nodding his head at Denisov's first words as if he understood everything, though he decidedly did not understand a single word.

Tikhon Shcherbaty was one of the most necessary men in the party. He was a muzhik from Pokrovskoe, near Gzhat. When, at the beginning of his operations, Denisov had come to Pokrovskoe and, as usual, summoned the headman and asked what they knew about the French, the headman had answered as all headmen would, as if defending himself, that he knew nothing, had seen nothing. But when Denisov explained that his aim was to kill the French and asked whether the French had happened to come there, the headman said that, in fact, some "marowders" had been there, but that in their village only Gap-toothed Tishka concerned himself with such doings. Denisov told him to summon Tikhon and, having praised him for his activity, said a few words in front of the headman about loyalty to the tsar and the fatherland, and the hatred for the French that the sons of the fatherland should observe.

"We do no harm to the French," said Tikhon, clearly cowed by these words of Denisov's. "We just went hunting and had some fun with the lads. We did kill some couple of dozen 'marowders,' but otherwise we did no harm . . ." The next day, when Denisov, forgetting entirely about this muzhik, left Pokrovskoe, it was reported to him that Tikhon had attached himself to the party and asked to be allowed to stay with it. Denisov said he could stay.

Tikhon, who at first did the dirty work of making campfires, carrying water, skinning horses, and so on, soon showed great

[2] scout.

zeal and ability for partisan warfare. At night he went after booty, and came back each time bringing some French clothing or weapons, and, when told to, also brought in prisoners. Denisov relieved Tikhon from work, began taking him with him on patrol, and enlisted him as a Cossack.

Tikhon did not like riding and always went on foot, never lagging behind the cavalry. His weapons were a musketoon, which he strapped on mainly for amusement, a pike, and an axe, which he used as a wolf does its teeth, with equal ease picking fleas out of its fur or biting through thick bones. Tikhon, with equal precision, would swing his axe to split logs or, taking it by the butt, whittle thin pegs or carved spoons. In Denisov's party, Tikhon occupied his own exceptional place. When there was a need to do something especially difficult and nasty—to haul a cart out of the mud with one's shoulder, to pull a horse out of a swamp by its tail or skin it, to slip right into the middle of the French, to walk thirty miles a day—everyone pointed, chuckling, at Tikhon.

"What harm will it do the devil—he's sturdy as an ox," they said of him.

Once a Frenchman Tikhon was about to capture shot at him with a pistol and hit him in the soft hindquarters. This wound, which Tikhon treated only with vodka, internally and externally, was the object of the merriest jokes in the whole party, jokes to which Tikhon willingly yielded.

"Never again, eh, brother? All doubled up?" the Cossacks laughed at him, and Tikhon, doubling up on purpose and making faces, pretending to be angry, denounced the French with the funniest oaths. The only influence this incident had on Tikhon was that, after his wound, he rarely brought in prisoners.

Tikhon was the bravest and most useful man in the party. Nobody found more chances for attacking than he, no one captured or killed more of the French; and as a result of that, he was a buffoon for all the Cossacks and hussars, and willingly accepted that rank. Now Tikhon had been sent by Denisov to Shamshevo during the night, in order to take a "tongue." But, either because he was not satisfied with one prisoner, or because he had slept through the night, he had slipped by day into some bushes, right in the middle of the French, and, as Denisov had seen from the hill, had been discovered by them.

VI

Having talked a while longer with the *esaul* about the next day's attack, which Denisov, seeing the closeness of the French, now seemed to have definitively resolved upon, he turned his horse and rode back.

"Well, bghrother, now let's go and get dghry," he said to Petya.

Riding up to the forest guardhouse, Denisov stopped, peering into the forest. In the forest, among the trees, a man was walking with big, light strides, on long legs, with long, swinging arms, wearing a jacket, bast shoes, and a Kazan hat, with a gun over his shoulder and an axe in his belt. Seeing Denisov, this man hastily flung something into the bushes and, taking off his soaked hat with its drooping brim, went up to his commander. It was Tikhon. His pockmarked and wrinkled face, with its small, narrow eyes, beamed with self-satisfied merriment. Raising his head high, and as if trying to keep from laughing, he fixed his eyes on Denisov.

"Well, where did you disappear to?" said Denisov.

"Disappear to? I went after the French," Tikhon replied boldly and quickly, in a hoarse but melodious bass.

"Why did you slip in there during the day? Bghrute! So you didn't take . . ."

"I took one, I did," said Tikhon.

"Where is he?"

"I took him first thing at dawn," Tikhon went on, moving his flat, splayed feet in their bast shoes further apart, "and I led him into the forest. I saw he wasn't the right sort. I thought, why don't I go and take another more proper one?"

"See, he's a ghrascal, that's what," Denisov said to the *esaul*. "Why didn't you bring that one?"

"Why bring him," Tikhon interrupted crossly and quickly, "if he's no good? Don't I know what kind you need?"

"Sly dog! . . . So? . . ."

"I went after another," Tikhon continued. "I crawled into the forest like this and lay there," Tikhon unexpectedly and nimbly lay on his belly, acting out how he had done it. "One of them came along," he continued. "I grabbed him like this." Tikhon

jumped up quickly and lightly. "'Let's go to the colonel,' I said. He started jabbering. Four of them came. Fell on me with their little swords. I swung my axe like this: 'Come on, Christ help you,'" Tikhon cried, swinging his arms, scowling terribly, and thrusting out his chest.

"We saw from the hill how you cut and ran through the puddles," said the *esaul*, narrowing his bright eyes.

Petya wanted very much to laugh, but he saw that they all kept from laughing. He quickly shifted his gaze from Tikhon's face to the *esaul*'s and Denisov's, not understanding what it all meant.

"Don't play the fool," said Denisov, coughing crossly. "Why didn't you bghring the first one?"

Tikhon began to scratch his back with one hand, his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mug stretched into a beaming, foolish smile, revealing the missing tooth (for which he was nicknamed Shcherbaty—"Gap-toothed"). Denisov smiled, and Petya dissolved in merry laughter, in which Tikhon himself joined.

"No, but he was all wrong," said Tikhon. "Such poor clothes on him, there was no point bringing him here. And a crude one, Your Honor. 'It's like this,' he says, 'I'm a ginneral's son, I won't go,' he says."

"What a bghrute!" said Denisov. "I need to question . . ."

"But I did ask him," said Tikhon. "'Things are bad,' he says—in *signs*. 'There's a lot of us,' he says, 'but in poor shape; just in name only,' he says. 'One good whack,' he says, 'and you'll take them all,'" Tikhon concluded, glancing merrily and resolutely into Denisov's eyes.

"When you get a hundghred hot ones fghrom me, that'll teach you to play the fool," Denisov said sternly.

"Why get angry," said Tikhon, "as if I haven't seen your Frenchmen? Wait till it gets dark, I'll bring you any sort you like, even three of them."

"Well, let's go," said Denisov, and he rode on until they came to the guardhouse, silent and frowning angrily.

Tikhon walked behind, and Petya heard the Cossacks laughing with him and at him about some boots he had thrown into the bushes.

When the laughter that had came over him at Tikhon's words and smile passed, and Petya realized for a moment that this

Tikhon had killed a man, he felt uneasy. He glanced at the captive drummer boy and something stabbed his heart. But this uneasiness lasted only a moment. He felt a need to raise his head higher, to encourage himself, and to question the *esaul* about the next day's undertaking, assuming a significant air, so as not to be unworthy of the company he was in.

The officer who had been sent met Denisov on the way with the news that Dolokhov himself would come at once and that for his part all was well.

Denisov suddenly cheered up and called Petya to him.

"Well, tell me about yourself," he said.

VII

Petya, having left his family on their departure from Moscow, had joined his regiment, and soon after that was attached as an orderly to a general in command of a large detachment. Since the time of his promotion to officer, and especially since going on active duty, where he had taken part in the battle of Vyazma, Petya had constantly been in a state of happily excited joy that he was grown up, and in constantly rapturous haste not to miss any occasion for real heroism. He was very happy with what he had seen and experienced in the army, but at the same time it seemed to him all the time that he was not where what was most real and heroic was now happening. And he hurried to get where he was not.

When, on the twenty-first of October, his general expressed the wish to send someone to Denisov's detachment, Petya begged so pitifully to be sent that the general could not refuse. But as he was sending him, the general, recalling Petya's mad behavior at the battle of Vyazma, where, instead of taking to the road and going where he had been sent, he had galloped into the line under French fire and there twice shot off his pistol—as he was sending him, the general precisely forbade Petya to take part in any of Denisov's actions whatever. It was this that had made Petya blush and become confused when Denisov asked if he could stay. Until he rode out to the edge of the forest, Petya thought that, in strict fulfillment of his duty, he ought to return at once. But when he saw the French, saw Tikhon, learned that there would certainly

be an attack in the night, he, with a young man's quickness in changing his views, decided to himself that his general, whom till then he had respected very much, was trash, a German, that Denisov was a hero, and the *esaul* was a hero, and Tikhon was a hero, and it was shameful to leave them at a difficult moment.

Night was already falling when Denisov, with Petya and the *esaul*, rode up to the guardhouse. In the semidarkness they could see saddled horses, Cossacks, hussars, setting up little lean-tos in the clearing and making a glowing fire in the wooded ravine (so that the French would not see the smoke). In the front hall of the small cottage, a Cossack, his sleeves rolled up, was carving mutton. Inside the cottage itself, three officers from Denisov's party were setting up a table made from a door. Petya took off his wet things, handed them over to be dried, and at once began to assist the officers in setting up the dinner table.

Ten minutes later, the table was ready, covered with a cloth. On the table stood vodka, a flask of rum, white bread, and roast mutton with salt.

Sitting with the officers at the table and tearing at a greasy hunk of fragrant mutton with his hands, which dripped with fat, Petya was in a rapturous, childlike state of tender love for all people, and consequently of certainty that other people had the same love for him.

"So what do you think, Vassily Fyodorovich," he turned to Denisov, "is it all right if I stay with you for one little day?" And, not waiting for an answer, he answered himself: "I was told to find out, so I'll find out . . . Only let me go to the very . . . to the main . . . I don't need any rewards . . . But I'd like . . ." Petya clenched his teeth and looked around, tossing his raised head and swinging his arms.

"To the main . . ." Denisov repeated, smiling.

"Only, please, give me full command, so that I can be in command," Petya went on. "What is it to you? Ah, you need a knife?" he turned to an officer who wanted to cut some mutton. And he gave him his pocketknife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Keep it, please. I've got many like it . . ." Petya said, blushing. "Good heavens! I completely forgot," he suddenly cried. "I've got wonderful raisins, you know, the seedless kind. We have a new sutler—and such excellent things. I bought ten pounds. I'm used to something sweet. Would you like some? . . ." And Petya ran to

the front hall, to his Cossack, and brought back bags with some five pounds of raisins. "Eat, gentlemen, eat."

"And don't you need a coffee pot?" he turned to the *esaul*. "I bought one from our sutler, it's wonderful! He has excellent things. And he's very honest. That's the main thing. I'll make sure to send you one. Or maybe you're out of flints—they get used up, you know. I brought some along, I've got them here," he pointed to the bags, "a hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Please, take as many as you like, or even all of them . . ." And suddenly, afraid that he had let his tongue run away with him, Petya stopped and blushed.

He began to recall whether he had done any other stupid things. And, going through his memories of that day, he stopped at the memory of the French drummer boy. "It's fine for us, but how about him? Where have they put him? Have they fed him? Have they mistreated him?" he thought. But, realizing that he had gotten carried away with the flints, he was now wary.

"I could ask," he thought, "but they'll say: 'He's a boy himself and he feels sorry for a boy.' I'll show them tomorrow what sort of boy I am! Will it be shameful if I ask?" thought Petya. "Well, what difference does it make!"—and at once, blushing and looking fearfully at the officers to see if there was any mockery in their faces, he said:

"And can I call that boy you captured? to give him something to eat . . . maybe . . ."

"Yes, a pitiful lad," said Denisov, obviously finding nothing shameful in this reminder. "Call him here. His name's Vincent Bosse. Call him."

"I'll call him," said Petya.

"Call him, call him. A pitiful lad," Denisov repeated.

Petya was standing by the door when Denisov said that. He squeezed between the officers and went up close to Denisov.

"Allow me to kiss you, dear heart," he said. "Ah, how excellent! how good!" And, having kissed Denisov, he ran outside.

"Bosse! Vincent!" cried Petya, stopping by the door.

"Who do you want, sir?" a voice said from the darkness. Petya replied that it was the French boy who had been captured that day.

"Ah! Vesenny?" said a Cossack.

His name Vincent had already been changed into Vesenny by the Cossacks, into Visenya by the muzhiks and soldiers. Both

changes brought together a reminder of springtime with the idea of a young boy.

"He was warming up by the fire. Hey, Visenya! Visenya! Vesenny!" echoing voices and laughter were heard in the darkness.

"He's a sharp little lad," said a hussar who was standing by Petya. "We gave him something to eat earlier. He was dying of hunger!"

Footsteps were heard in the darkness, and the drummer boy, splashing barefoot through the mud, came up to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous!*" said Petya. "*Voulez-vous manger? N'ayez pas peur, on ne vous fera pas de mal*," he added, touching his hand timidly and tenderly. "*Entrez, entrez.*"[3]

"*Merci, monsieur*," the drummer boy replied in a trembling voice, almost a child's, and began wiping his muddy feet on the threshold. Petya would have liked to say many things to the drummer boy, but he did not dare. He stood beside him in the front hall, shifting from foot to foot. Then he took his hand in the darkness and pressed it.

"*Entrez, entrez*," he only repeated in a tender whisper.

"Ah, what can I do for him?" Petya said to himself and, opening the door, he let the boy go in past him.

When the drummer boy had entered the cottage, Petya sat down at some distance from him, considering that it was humiliating for him to pay attention to him. He only felt the money in his pocket, and wondered whether it would be shameful for him to give it to the drummer boy.

VIII

From the drummer boy, who, on Denisov's instructions, was given vodka and mutton, and whom Denisov ordered dressed in a Russian kaftan, so that he could stay with the party and not be sent away with the prisoners, Petya's attention was distracted by the arrival of Dolokhov. In the army, Petya had heard many stories of Dolokhov's extraordinary courage and cruelty to the French, and therefore, once Dolokhov entered the cottage, Petya

[3] Ah, it's you! . . . Would you like to eat? Don't be afraid, nobody will hurt you . . . Come in, come in.

gazed at him without taking his eyes away, and kept encouraging himself by tossing his raised head, so as not to be unworthy even of such company as Dolokhov.

Dolokhov's appearance struck Petya strangely by its simplicity.

Denisov was dressed in a Cossack coat, wore a beard and an icon of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker on his chest, and in his manner of speaking, in all his ways, expressed the singularity of his position. Dolokhov, on the contrary, who formerly in Moscow had worn Persian dress, now had the look of a most prim officer of the guards. His face was clean shaven, he was dressed in a padded guardsman's jacket with a St. George in the buttonhole and in a simple peaked cap set straight on his head. He took off his wet felt cape in the corner and, going up to Denisov, without greeting anyone, at once began asking him about business. Denisov told him about the designs that the large detachments had on their transport, about the sending of Petya, and about his response to the two generals. Then Denisov told him all he knew about the position of the French.

"That's all very well, but we must know what kind of troops they are and how many," said Dolokhov. "We'll have to go there. We can't go into action without knowing for certain how many they are. I like to do things neatly. So, gentlemen, does anyone want to go with me to their camp? I've got uniforms with me."

"Me, me . . . I'll go with you!" cried Petya.

"There's no need at all for you to go," said Denisov, addressing Dolokhov, "and him I won't let go for anything."

"That's just fine!" cried Petya. "Why can't I go? . . ."

"Because there's no need."

"Well, excuse me, because . . . because . . . I'm going, that's all. Will you take me?" he turned to Dolokhov.

"Why not . . ." Dolokhov answered distractedly, peering into the face of the French drummer boy.

"Have you had this little fellow long?" he asked Denisov.

"We took him today, but he doesn't know anything. I'm keeping him with me."

"And where do the rest disappear to?" asked Dolokhov.

"Meaning what? I send them off and take ghreceipts!" Denisov cried, suddenly turning red. "And I say boldly that I don't have a single man on my conscience. Is it hard for you to send thirty or even thghree hundghred men to town under escort, instead—I'll

say it outghright—instead of besmighrching the honor of a soldier?"

"Such niceties would be fitting for the little sixteen-year-old count here," Dolokhov said with a cold smirk, "but it's time you gave them up."

"What, I'm not saying anything, I'm only saying that I'll definitely go with you," Petya said timidly.

"But for you and me, brother, it's time to drop these niceties," Dolokhov went on, as if he found a special pleasure in talking about this subject, which irritated Denisov. "Now, why have you taken this one with you?" he said, shaking his head. "Because you feel sorry for him? We know those receipts of yours. You send off a hundred men, thirty will arrive. The rest will starve to death or be killed. Does it make any difference if you don't take them?"

The *esaul*, narrowing his pale eyes, nodded approvingly.

"That makes no diffeghrence, there's nothing to discuss. I don't want to take it on my soul. You say they'll die. Veghry well. As long as it's not because of me."

Dolokhov laughed.

"Who told them not to capture me twenty times over? But if they do—for me and for you, with all your chivalry, it's the same aspen tree." He paused. "Anyhow, we've got to get down to business. Send for my Cossack with the bundle! I have two French uniforms. Well, are you coming with me?" he asked Petya.

"Me? Yes, yes, definitely," cried Petya, blushing almost to the point of tears and glancing at Denisov.

While Dolokhov was arguing with Denisov about what to do with the prisoners, Petya had again felt uneasy and hurried; but again he had not quite managed to understand what they were talking about. "If the big, famous ones think like that, it means it must be so, it means it's good," he thought. "And, above all, Denisov mustn't think that I'll obey him, that he can command me. I'll definitely go to the French camp with Dolokhov. If he can, I can!"

To all Denisov's persuasions not to go, Petya replied that he was also used to doing everything neatly and not any old way, and that he never thought about the danger to himself.

"Because—you yourself will agree—if we don't know for certain how many there are, the lives of hundreds may depend on it, and here it's just us, and I also want it very much, and I'll

definitely go, I will, you won't hold me back," he said, "that will only be worse . . ."

IX

Having put on French uniforms and shakos, Petya and Dolokhov rode to the clearing from which Denisov had looked at the camp, and, riding out of the forest in total darkness, descended into the hollow. On reaching the bottom, Dolokhov told the Cossacks who accompanied them to wait there and rode at a sturdy trot down the road to the bridge. Petya, his heart thrilling with excitement, rode beside him.

"If we're caught, I won't surrender alive, I've got a pistol," Petya whispered.

"Don't speak Russian," Dolokhov said in a quick whisper, and at the same moment they heard a call from the darkness: "*Qui vive?*"[4] and the cocking of a musket.

The blood rushed to Petya's face, and he gripped his pistol.

"*Lanciers du 6e*,"[5] said Dolokhov, without slowing or increasing the pace of his horse. The black figure of the sentry stood on the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre?*"[6]

Dolokhov reined in his horse and rode slowly.

"*Dites donc, le colonel Gérard est ici?*"[7] he said.

"*Mot d'ordre!*" the sentry said without replying and barred his way.

"*Quand un officier fait sa ronde, les sentinelles ne demandent pas le mot d'ordre* . . ." cried Dolokhov, suddenly flaring up and riding his horse into the sentry. "*Je vous demande si le colonel est ici?*"[8]

And, not waiting for a reply from the sentry, who stepped aside, Dolokhov rode up the hill at a walk.

Noticing the black shadow of a man crossing the road, Dolokhov stopped him and asked where the commander and the officers were. This man, with a sack on his back, a soldier, stopped, came up close to Dolokhov's horse, touched it with his

[4] Who goes there?
[5] Lancers of the sixth.
[6] Password?
[7] Tell me, is Colonel Gérard here?
[8] When an officer is making his rounds, the sentries do not ask for the password . . . I ask you, is the colonel here?

hand, and told him simply and amicably that the commander and the officers were further up the hill, to the right, in the courtyard of the farmhouse (as he called the manor house).

Riding up the road, from both sides of which came the sounds of French talk around the campfires, Dolokhov turned into the courtyard of the manor house. Riding through the gates, he got off his horse and went up to a big, blazing campfire, around which several men sat talking loudly. In a pot at the edge of the fire something was cooking, and a soldier in a cap and blue uniform, on his knees, brightly lit up by the fire, was stirring it with a ramrod.

"*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire*,"[9] said one of the officers, sitting in the shadow on the opposite side of the fire.

"*Il les fera marcher les lapins* . . ."[10] another said, laughing. They both fell silent, peering into the darkness at the sound of Dolokhov's and Petya's footsteps as they approached the fire with their horses.

"*Bonjour, messieurs!*" Dolokhov said loudly and distinctly.

The officers stirred in the shadow of the fire, and one, a tall officer with a long neck, went up to Dolokhov.

"*C'est vous, Clément?*" he said. "*D'où, diable* . . ."[11] but he did not finish, realizing his mistake, and, frowning slightly, greeted Dolokhov as a stranger, asking what he could do for him. Dolokhov told him that he and his comrade were trying to catch up with their regiment, and asked, addressing them all in general, whether the officers knew anything about the sixth regiment. No one knew anything, and Petya thought that the officers were beginning to look at him and Dolokhov with animosity and suspicion. For a few seconds they were all silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe du soir, vous venez trop tard*,"[12] a voice said from behind the fire with restrained laughter.

Dolokhov replied that they were not hungry and had to be on their way that night.

He handed the horses to the soldier who was stirring the pot and squatted by the fire next to the officer with the long neck. This officer, not taking his eyes off Dolokhov, asked again what regiment he was from. Dolokhov did not reply, as if he had not

[9] Oh, he's a hard nut to crack.
[10] He'll make the rabbits scurry . . .
[11] Is that you, Clément? . . . Where the devil . . .
[12] If you're counting on the evening soup, you're too late.

heard the question, and, lighting up a short French pipe that he took from his pocket, asked the officers how far the road ahead was safe from Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout,*"[13] replied the officer from behind the fire.

Dolokhov said that Cossacks were only a fear for stray ones like him and his comrade, but added questioningly that they probably did not dare to attack large detachments. No one made any reply.

"Well, now he'll leave," Petya kept thinking every moment, standing before the fire and listening to his conversation.

But Dolokhov began the stalled conversation again and started asking directly how many men were in their battalion, how many battalions, how many prisoners. Asking about the Russian prisoners who were with their detachment, Dolokhov said:

"*La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille,*"[14] and burst loudly into such strange laughter that Petya thought the French would see through the deceit at once, and he involuntarily stepped back from the fire. No one responded to Dolokhov's words and laughter, and the French officer who could not be seen (he was lying wrapped in his greatcoat) rose slightly and whispered something to his comrade. Dolokhov got up and called the soldier with the horses.

"Will they bring the horses or not?" wondered Petya, involuntarily moving close to Dolokhov.

The horses were brought.

"*Bonjour, messieurs,*" said Dolokhov.

Petya wanted to say *bonsoir*[15] but could not bring the word out. The officers were whispering something among themselves. Dolokhov took a long time mounting his horse, which would not stand still; then he rode through the gates at a walk. Petya rode beside him, wishing and not daring to turn around to see if the French were running after them or not.

Coming out to the road, Dolokhov did not ride back to the field, but went through the village. In one place he stopped, listening.

"You hear?" he said.

Petya recognized the sounds of Russian voices and saw the dark figures of Russian prisoners by the fires. Descending to the

[13] The brigands are everywhere.
[14] Nasty business dragging these corpses behind you. Better to shoot the scum.
[15] Good night.

bridge, Petya and Dolokhov rode past the sentry, who gloomily paced the bridge without saying a word, and went down into the hollow where the Cossacks were waiting.

"Well, and now good-bye. Tell Denisov it's set for dawn, at the first shot," said Dolokhov, and he was about to leave, but Petya seized him by the sleeve.

"No!" he cried, "you're such a hero! Ah, how good! How excellent! How I love you!"

"All right, all right," said Dolokhov, but Petya would not let go of him, and in the darkness Dolokhov made out that Petya was leaning towards him. He wanted to kiss. Dolokhov kissed him, laughed, and, turning his horse, disappeared into the darkness.

X

On returning to the guardhouse, Petya found Denisov in the front hall. Alarmed, anxious, and vexed with himself for having let Petya go, Denisov was waiting for him.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Well, thank God!" he repeated, listening to Petya's rapturous story. "Devil take you, I haven't slept because of you!" said Denisov. "Well, thank God, now go to bed. We can still get some sleep before morning."

"Yes . . . No," said Petya. "I don't want to sleep yet. And I know myself, if I fall asleep, that's the end. And then I usually don't sleep before a battle."

Petya sat for a while in the cottage, joyfully recalling the details of his ride and vividly imagining how tomorrow would be. Then, noticing that Denisov had fallen asleep, he got up and went outside.

Outside it was still quite dark. The rain had stopped long ago, but drops were still falling from the trees. Close to the guardhouse, he could see the black outlines of the Cossacks' lean-tos and the horses tethered together. Behind the cottage, the two wagons showed black, with horses standing by them, and the dying fire glowed in the ravine. Not all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep: here and there, along with the sound of falling drops and the closer sound of horses munching, he could hear soft, as if whispering voices.

Petya stepped out of the front hall, looked around in the

darkness, and went over to the wagons. Someone was snoring under the wagons, and around them stood saddled horses, munching oats. In the darkness, Petya made out his horse, whom he called Karabakh, though it was a Little Russian horse, and went over to it.

"Well, Karabakh, tomorrow we'll do some service," he said, sniffing its nostrils and kissing it.

"What, master, you're not asleep?" said a Cossack who was sitting under a wagon.

"No, but . . . your name is Likhachev, I believe? I've just come back. We took a ride to the French."

And Petya told the Cossack in detail, not only about his ride, but also why he had gone and why he thought it was better to risk his life than to act any old way.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" said the Cossack.

"No, I'm used to it," Petya replied. "Maybe the flints in your pistols are worn out? I brought some with me. Don't you need some? Take them."

The Cossack stuck himself out from under the wagon to have a closer look at Petya.

"Because I like to do everything neatly," said Petya. "Some do things just like that, anyhow, without preparing, and then they're sorry. I don't like that."

"Right you are," said the Cossack.

"And another thing: please sharpen my saber, dear heart; it's gotten bl . . ." (but Petya was afraid to lie)—"it's never been sharpened. Can it be done?"

"Why not?"

Likhachev stood up, rummaged in the packs, and Petya soon heard the martial sound of steel against a whetstone. He clambered onto the wagon and sat on its edge. The Cossack under the wagon was sharpening the saber.

"And what, are the lads asleep?" asked Petya.

"Some are, and some are like us."

"Well, and what about the boy?"

"Vesenny? He's there in the front hall, just dropped off. Fright makes you sleep. He was so glad."

After that Petya was silent for a long time, listening to the sounds. Footsteps came from the darkness and a black figure appeared.

"What are you sharpening?" asked the man, coming up to the wagon.

"A saber for the master here."

"That's a good thing," said the man, whom Petya took for a hussar. "Did I leave my bowl here?"

"There, by the wheel."

The hussar took the bowl.

"Likely it'll be light soon," he said, yawning, and went off somewhere.

Petya ought to have known that he was in the forest, in Denisov's party, a mile from the road, that he was sitting on a wagon captured from the French with horses tethered by it, and that under him sat the Cossack Likhachev, sharpening his saber, that the big black spot to the right was the guardhouse, and the bright red spot down to the left was the dying campfire, that the man who had come for the bowl was a hussar who wanted a drink; but he knew nothing of that and did not want to know. He was in a magic kingdom, in which there was nothing resembling reality. Maybe the big black spot was indeed the guardhouse, but maybe it was a cave that led into the very depths of the earth. Maybe the red spot was a fire, but maybe it was the eye of a huge monster. Maybe he is indeed sitting on a wagon now, but it very well may be that he is sitting, not on a wagon, but on a terribly tall tower, from which, if you fell, it would take you a whole day, a whole month, to reach the earth—you would keep falling and never get there. Maybe it is simply the Cossack Likhachev sitting under the wagon, but it very well may be that he is the kindest, bravest, most wonderful, most excellent man in the world, whom nobody knows. Maybe it was indeed a hussar who came for water and went back into the hollow, but maybe he just vanished from sight, vanished completely, and never was.

Whatever Petya might have seen now, nothing would have astonished him. He was in a magic kingdom in which everything was possible.

He looked at the sky. The sky was as magical as the earth. The sky was clearing, and clouds raced over the treetops, as if uncovering the stars. Sometimes it seemed that the clouds dispersed and a black, clear sky appeared. Sometimes it seemed that these black patches were clouds. Sometimes it seemed that the sky rose high, high above his head; sometimes the sky came right down, so that he could touch it with his hand.

Petya began to close his eyes and rock.

Drops dripped. Quiet talk went on. Horses neighed and scuffled. Someone snored.

"Ozhik, zhik, ozhik, zhik . . ." whistled the saber being sharpened. And suddenly Petya heard a harmonious chorus of music, playing some unknown, solemnly sweet hymn. Petya was musical, like Natasha, and more so than Nikolai, but he had never studied music or thought about music, and therefore the melodies that unexpectedly came to his head were especially new and attractive to him. The music played more and more audibly. The melody grew, passing from one instrument to another. What is known as a fugue was going on, though Petya had not the slightest idea of what a fugue was. Each instrument, now resembling a violin, now trumpets—but better and clearer than violins and trumpets—each instrument played its own part and, before finishing its motif, merged with another, starting out almost the same, and with a third, and with a fourth, and they all merged into one and scattered again, and merged again, now solemn and churchly, now brightly brilliant and victorious.

"Ah, yes, it's me dreaming," Petya said to himself, rocking forward. "It's in my ears. And maybe it's my music. Well, again. Go on, my music! Now! . . ."

He closed his eyes. And on all sides, as if from far away, sounds trembled, began to harmonize, scattered, merged, and again all joined in the same sweet and solemn hymn. "Ah, how lovely that is! As much as I like and however I like," Petya said to himself. He attempted to conduct this huge chorus of instruments.

"Softer, softer now, fade away." And the sounds obeyed him. "Fuller now, merrier. More, more joyful." And swelling, solemn sounds rose from an unknown depth. "Now, voices, join in!" Petya ordered. And voices, first men's, then women's, came from far away. The voices grew, grew in a measured, solemn effort. Petya felt frightened and joyful hearkening to their uncommon beauty.

The song merged with the solemn, victorious march, and drops dripped, and bzhik, zhik, zhik . . . whistled the saber, and again the horses scuffled and neighed, not disrupting the chorus, but entering into it.

Petya did not know how long it went on; he enjoyed it, was surprised all the while at his enjoyment and sorry there was no one to share in it. He was awakened by Likhachev's gentle voice.

"It's ready, Your Honor, you'll split a Frenchman right in two."

Petya woke up.

"It's getting light already, really getting light!" he cried.

The formerly invisible horses could now be seen down to their tails, and a watery light was coming through the bared branches. Petya shook himself, jumped up, took a rouble from his pocket and gave it to Likhachev, swung the saber to try it out, and put it in the scabbard. The Cossacks were untying the horses and tightening their saddle girths.

"And here's the commander," said Likhachev.

Denisov came out of the guardhouse and, calling Petya, told him to get ready.

XI

In the half-darkness, horses were quickly taken, girths were tightened, and units were formed. Denisov stood by the guard-house giving last-minute orders. The infantry of the party, splashing with a hundred feet, went ahead on the road and quickly disappeared among the trees in the predawn mist. The *esaul* was giving some orders to the Cossacks. Petya was holding his horse by the bridle, waiting impatiently for the order to mount up. Washed with cold water, his face, especially his eyes, burned with fire, a chill ran down his spine, and something trembled rapidly and regularly all over his body.

"Well, is everything ghready?" asked Denisov. "Bghring the horses."

The horses were brought. Denisov got angry with the Cossack for the slack girth and, having rebuked him, mounted up. Petya took hold of the stirrup. The horse, out of habit, went to nip him in the leg, but Petya, not feeling his own weight, quickly leaped into the saddle and, looking back at the hussars who set out behind him in the darkness, rode up to Denisov.

"Vassily Fyodorovich, will you entrust me with something? Please . . . for God's sake . . ." he said. Denisov seemed to have forgotten about Petya's existence. He looked at him.

"One thing I ask of you," he said sternly, "listen to me and don't poke your nose anywhere."

During the whole traverse, Denisov did not say a word more to Petya and rode silently. When they rode up to the edge of the

forest, it was beginning to grow noticeably light in the field. Denisov said something in a whisper to the *esaul*, and the Cossacks began to ride past Petya and Denisov. When they had all ridden past, Denisov touched up his horse and rode down the hill. Sitting back and sliding, the horses and riders descended into the hollow. Petya rode beside Denisov. The trembling in his whole body kept increasing. It was growing brighter and brighter, only the mist hid distant objects. Having ridden down and looked around, Denisov nodded to a Cossack who was standing next to him.

"The signal!" he said.

The Cossack raised his hand, a shot rang out. And at the same moment came the thud of horses galloping ahead, shouts from different sides, and more shots.

At the same moment, as the sound of thudding hoofs and shouts rang out, Petya, lashing his horse and loosing the reins, not listening to Denisov, who was shouting to him, galloped forward. It seemed to Petya that it suddenly became completely bright, like midday, just as the shot rang out. He rode up to the bridge. Ahead of him Cossacks were galloping along the road. On the bridge he ran into a Cossack who lagged behind and galloped on. Ahead of him some people—it must have been the French—were running from the right side of the road to the left. One fell into the mud under the feet of Petya's horse.

By one cottage, Cossacks were crowded, doing something. A terrible cry came from the midst of the crowd. Petya rode up to this crowd, and the first thing he saw was the pale face of a Frenchman with a trembling lower jaw, who was clutching the shaft of a pike pointed at him.

"Hurrah! . . . Lads . . . ours . . ." cried Petya, and, giving free rein to his excited horse, he rode on up the street.

Shooting was heard ahead. Cossacks, hussars, and ragged Russian prisoners were running along both sides of the street, shouting something loudly and incoherently. A dashing Frenchman in a blue greatcoat, hatless, with a red, frowning face, was fighting off some hussars with his bayonet. When Petya galloped up, the Frenchman had already fallen. "Late again," flashed in Petya's head, and he rode to where he heard the sounds of rapid gunfire. The shots were coming from the courtyard of the manor house, where he had been the night before with Dolokhov. The French had ensconced themselves there behind the wattle fence,

in a garden densely overgrown with bushes, and were firing at the Cossacks crowding in the gateway. Riding up to the gate, Petya saw Dolokhov amidst the powder smoke, with a pale, greenish face, shouting something to the men. "Go around! Wait for the infantry!" he was shouting just as Petya rode up to him.

"Wait? . . . Hurra-a-ah! . . ." shouted Petya, and, not losing a moment, he galloped towards the place from which the shots were coming and where the powder smoke was thickest. A volley of shots rang out, stray bullets whined and splatted into something. The Cossacks and Dolokhov galloped after Petya through the gates of the house. In the dense, undulating smoke some of the French dropped their weapons and ran out of the bushes towards the Cossacks, others ran down the hill to the pond. Petya galloped on his horse along the manor courtyard, and, instead of holding the reins, waved both arms somehow strangely and quickly, and kept slipping further and further to one side in his saddle. Running into the campfire smoldering in the morning light, the horse balked, and Petya fell heavily onto the wet ground. The Cossacks saw how his arms and legs jerked rapidly, though his head did not move. His head had been pierced by a bullet.

Having parleyed with the senior French officer, who came out to him from behind the house with a handkerchief on his sword and announced that they would surrender, Dolokhov got off his horse and went over to Petya, who lay motionless with outstretched arms.

"Finished," he said, frowning, and walked out of the gates to meet Denisov, who was riding towards him.

"Killed?!" cried Denisov, seeing from far off the familiar, undoubtedly lifeless, position in which Petya's body lay.

"Finished," Dolokhov repeated, as if uttering this word gave him pleasure, and walked quickly to the prisoners surrounded by dismounted Cossacks. "We won't take any!" he cried to Denisov.

Denisov did not reply. He rode up to Petya, got off his horse, and with trembling hands turned Petya's face towards him. It was stained with blood and mud and already turning pale.

"I'm used to something sweet. Excellent raisins, take them all," he recalled. And the Cossacks glanced around in surprise at the sounds, similar to a dog's barking, with which Denisov quickly turned away, went to the wattle fence, and caught hold of it.

Among the Russian prisoners retaken by Denisov and Dolokhov was Pierre Bezukhov.