# *WAR AND PEACE.*

# THE INVASION.

1807—1812.

## CHAPTER I.

In 1808 the Czar Alexander repaired to Erfurth, to hold another interview with Napoleon; the magnificence of this imperial ceremony was for a long time the chief subject of conversation in the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg.

In 1809 the "arbitrators of the world's fate," as the two sovereigns were then called, were so closely allied that, when Napoleon declared war with Austria, the Emperor Alexander commanded a division of the Russian army to march across the frontier to support his former foe against his former ally the Emperor of Austria, and a report got about that a marriage was on the *tapis* between Napoleon and one of the Russian monarch's sisters.

Besides the agitations and speculations resulting from her foreign policy, Russia was deeply interested at this period in the reforms decreed to be carried out in every department of the administration. Still, notwithstanding all these important subjects of discussion, everyday life—the practical life of each individual, with its home questions of health and sickness, of toil and rest, with its intellectual aspirations and tastes for science, poetry, music, what not, with its passions, loves and friendships—ran its regular course, without troubling itself to any serious extent about an alliance or breach with Napoleon, or about the great reforms in progress.

Peter's philanthropic schemes, which in his hands had for the most part come to nothing for lack of perseverance, had,

on the contrary, all been carried into execution by Prince Andrew, who had not quitted his country home, and who brought them to bear without any great display, or any serious impediment. Gifted as he was with the quality his friend most lacked, practical tenacity of purpose, he knew exactly how to give impetus to an enterprise without effort or shock; the three hundred serfs who were attached to the soil on one of his estates were registered as free labourers—one of the earliest instances of such emancipation in Russia; on his other lands, the *corvée*, or tale of gratuitous labour, was commuted; and at Bogoutcharovo he had settled a midwife and nurse at his own cost, and paid the priest an additional stipend to teach the children of the peasants and servants to read. He divided his time between Lissy-Gory, where his little boy was still under petticoat rule, and what his father called his hermitage at Bogoutcharovo.

In spite of the indifference which Prince Andrew had chosen to assume before Peter, he watched the course of events from day to day with keen interest, and read a great quantity of books; and he noted, with surprise, that his father's visitors fresh from St. Petersburg, from the very headquarters of action, who might therefore be supposed to know what was doing in domestic and foreign politics, were often far less well informed that he was, living secluded in the country.

Although the management of his estates, and his various reading, took up a great deal of his time, Prince Andrew found time to write a critical history of the two last campaigns and their disasters, and to work out a scheme of reform in the codes and rules of the military establishment.

At the end of the winter of 1808—9, he made a tour of inspection to some property in Riazan, belonging to his little son, of which he was the administrator. Sitting at his ease in his travelling-chariot, under the glorious spring sunshine, he gave himself up to vague dreaming, gazing to right and left, and feeling his whole being expand under the charm of the first verdure budding on the birches, and of the light clouds that fled across the deep blue sky. After passing the ferry, where, the year before, he had crossed the river with Peter, then a poverty-stricken village with its granaries and cattle-pens, down a slope where some snow still lay thawing slowly, and along a clay dyke that crossed the cornfields, he got into a little wood which fringed the road closely on each side. There was no wind, so that it was almost warm; not a breath stirred

the birch-trees covered with sprouting leaves of tender green, all glutinous with sap. In many places, between the trees, the first blades of grass and tufts of tiny purple flowers were pushing their way through the carpet of dead leaves that strewed the ground; while a dark pine-tree here and there, was still an unpleasant reminder of winter, in its mournful and monotonous hues. The horses tossed their heads and snorted; the air was so mild that they were streaming with sweat. Peter, the man-servant, made some remark to the coachman, who assented; but his sympathy did not satisfy the man, who looked back at his master and said: "How good it smells, excellency!"

"What?—what did you say?"

"How sweet everything is."

"Yes, indeed!" said Prince Andrew, and he went on to himself: "The spring-time, he means no doubt. Very true. How green it is already, and so early! The birch, the wild-cherry, the elm—all are quite green; but the oaks—I do not see any. . . . . Yes, there is one."

Just at hand, by the side of the road, ten times as tall and as stalwart as its brothers the birches, stood a gigantic oak, spreading its gnarled branches over a wide space, its limbs and trunk deeply scarred where the bark had been ripped away. Its lean, knotted, straggling arms made it look like some savage and haughty monster; scorning, in his hoary age, the youth that clustered round him, and that could smile at the spring and the sunshine which he, as yet, had failed to feel.

"Spring—love—happiness! Can you still cherish such vain illusions?" the old oak seemed to say. "Is it always to be the same false tale? There is no such thing as spring-tide—as love and joy! . . . Look at the storm-beaten pines; they are always the same. Look at the haggard limbs that I throw out from my scraggy body. I am what they have made me, and I have no faith in your hopes and delusions."

Prince Andrew turned to look at it more than once as he drove past, as if he expected it to confess some mysterious secret; but the oak stood sullen and gloomy in the midst of the flowers and turf that were springing at its feet. "Aye, the old oak is right—quite right. We must leave youth in the enjoyment of its illusions. But we—we know what life is worth; it has nothing more in store for us. . . ." And a whole swarm of sad and sweet thoughts rose up in his soul. He glanced back at his past life and came to the disheartening, but yet

soothing, conclusion that henceforth there was nothing for him but to vegetate aimless and hopeless, to avoid doing evil and keep himself from worry.

Prince Andrew was obliged by his duties as his boy's guardian, to pay a visit to the "*Maréchal de Noblesse*" of the district, Count Ilia Andréïévitch Rostow; and he set out early in May. By this time the woods were in full leaf, and the heat and dust were so intolerable, that the sight of the merest thread of water made the traveller long to bathe in it. His mind was occupied with the business on which he was visiting the count, and before he was aware of it, he was driving up the avenue that led to the house at Otradnoë. Presently he heard gay young voices in one of the clumps of trees, and saw a party of girls running forward to look at the travelling-chariot. The foremost, a very slight young creature, with black eyes, in a nankeen frock with a pocket-handkerchief thrown over her tossed and tumbled hair, came eagerly towards him, saying something as she ran; but at the sight of a stranger she turned, and without stopping to look at him, fled with shouts of laughter.

Prince Andrew was painfully impressed. The day was so fine, the sun so bright, the air seemed full of happiness; and everything, including this frail-looking girl, was so full of joy —and the girl herself, in her giddy, happy heedlessness, troubled her head so little about him—that he asked himself, sadly enough:—"What on earth has she to be so glad about? What does she think about? Not the military code, nor the organization of peasants' dues, that is very certain."

Count Ilia lived at Otradnoë just as he always had done, keeping open house and arranging hunting-parties, entertainments, and dinners with music to amuse his guests. Every visitor was hailed and welcomed; thus Prince Andrew was forced to yield to his pressing invitation to sleep there.

He found the day intolerably dull; his host and hostess and the more important guests took possession of him entirely. However, he often found himself looking at Natacha, who was amusing herself with the young people of the party, and every time he asked himself again: "What does she find to think about?"

At night it was long before he could get to sleep; he read for some time, then he put his light out, then he lighted it again. The heat in his room was suffocating, for the shutters were closed, and he fumed at "the old idiot"—Rostow—for having detained him by assuring him that he had not the

required papers ; he was even more annoyed with himself for having accepted the invitation.

He got up to open the window ; as he pushed out the shutters, the moon, which seemed to have been on the watch, flooded the room with light. The night was clear and calm, the air transparent ; in front of the window was a tall clipped hedge, on one side black, on the other silvered, at the bottom a rank growth of grass and leaves glittered with diamond drops. Further off, beyond the hedge, a roof shone with dew ; to the right spread the boughs of a large tree with satiny white bark that reflected the full moon riding high in the clear and almost starless spring sky. Prince Andrew leaned his elbows on the window-sill and gazed out at the scene. Then he heard from a window overhead the chatter of women's voices. So they were not asleep either.

"Once more—do, please," said one voice, which Prince Andrew at once recognised.

"But when will you go to sleep ?" remonstrated another.

"It is not my fault if I cannot sleep. Just once more. . . ." And the two voices softly hummed a tune.

"Heavens ! how lovely it is ! Well, now let us go to sleep."

"You may go to sleep if you like. I cannot—it is impossible."

He could hear the light rustle of the speaker's dress, and even her breathing ; she must be leaning out of the window. Then all was still, motionless ; the lights and shadows cast by the moon might have been petrified. Prince Andrew was afraid of making some movement that might betray his involuntary presence.

"Sonia, Sonia," said the first voice again, "how can you sleep ? Do come and see how lovely it is. Good Heavens ! how lovely !—wake up." And she went on with eager feeling : "There never was such a lovely night, never, never ! . . ." Sonia murmured some reply.

"Do come—look at that moon, my darling, my little soul ; do come—stand on tiptoe, so—with your knees close together, and there is room for both of us by squeezing a little. So. . . ."

"Take care, you will fall out."

There was a little scuffle ; then Sonia said rather crossly : "Do you know it is nearly two o'clock ?"

"Oh, you spoil all my enjoyment ! There, go away."

Then all was silent once more ; but Prince Andrew could hear, by her sighs and little stir, that she still was there.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she said suddenly. "Well, to bed then, since I must!" and she shut the window with a slam.

"Now what does my existence even matter to her?" said Prince Andrew to himself. Without knowing why, he had half hoped, half feared, to hear her speak his name. "But it is she again; it is as if it were on purpose. . . ." And a confused medley of sensations and hopes surged up in his heart—thoughts so youthful, so far removed from his usual habits of mind, that he forbore to analyse them. He threw himself on his bed and fell asleep at once.

Next morning, having taken leave of the old count, he left without seeing any of the ladies. In the month of June, as he was returning to his "hermitage," Prince Andrew again found himself in the birch-wood. The bells on the harness echoed through it less crisply now; everything was leafy, thick and shady. The scattered pine did not mar the beauty of the scene; nay, the yellow tips of their dark boughs showed plainly that even they had yielded to the bland influences of the spring.

The day was hot and thunderous. A light shower had laid the dust and refreshed the weeds in the ditches; the forest on his left lay in shadow; on his right, the trees, softly swayed by the breeze, sparkled with moisture in the sunshine; everything was green or blooming, and far and near the nightingales gurgled their song.

"I fancy there was an old oak here that understood me well," thought Prince Andrew, looking to his left, and unconsciously attracted by the beauty of the very tree he was seeking. The oak was transfigured. It spread a dense and luxuriant dome of verdure, its boughs rocking gently in the full light of the setting sun. Its knotted and scarred limbs were no longer visible; its aspect had ceased to be bitterly defiant or morosely sad; nothing was to be seen but the vigorous young leaves that had forced their way through the time-hardened bark, and it was difficult to believe that they derived their life from the gnarled patriarch.

"To be sure, that is the tree!" exclaimed Prince Andrew, with a sudden rush to his heart of the ecstasy of the spring revealed in this resurrection. The dearest and most solemn memories of his life rose before him: the blue sky—the sky of Austerlitz; the mute reproach on his wife's face; his conversation with Peter by the ferry; the young girl enraptured

with the loveliness of the night ; that night—that moon—all distinctly imagined.

" No, my life cannot be closed and sealed at one-and-thirty ! It is not enough for me to be conscious of what is in me ; others must know it, too ! Peter must learn to know me, and that child who was ready to fly away skywards ! My life must find a reflection in theirs ; theirs must mingle with mine ! "

---

On his return from this tour, he made up his mind that in the autumn he would go to St. Petersburg, and he racked his brain to find some legitimate excuse for the journey. A whole series of reasons, each more cogent than the last, proved it to be absolutely necessary. Nay, he was within an ace of rejoining his regiment. He could not understand how he had ever doubted that there must still be work for him in the future. And whereas, not more than a month ago, he had believed it impossible that he could quit the country, he now told himself that his past experience would all be wasted, and his life a pure *non sequitur*, if he turned it to no practical account. He could not understand how, on the strength of such poor and illogical reasoning, he could ever have believed that it would be beneath him, after all he had seen and learnt, to look forward to the possibility of being useful, of being happy, and of loving once more. His reason now told him just the contrary. He was weary and bored ; his ordinary occupations had lost their interest, and often, when alone, he would go up to the mirror and look at himself steadily ; then he would gaze at Lisa's portrait, with her hair turned off her face, and little curls falling over her forehead ; he could almost fancy that she leaned out of the gilt frame, and forgetting her last words, watched him with affectionate curiosity and a bright smile. Sometimes he would pace up and down the room, his hands crossed behind his back and his brows knit ; or else smiling at his fantastic and incoherent visions—Peter, the young face at the window, the oak-tree, the beauty of womanhood, the soldier's glory, the love which had never come into his life. When anyone interrupted him in these moods, he answered shortly, dryly and sternly, but with logical accuracy, as if to excuse himself in his own eyes for the vagueness of his private thoughts ; and this made Princess Maria say that " intellectual occupations dried up the hearts of men."

## CHAPTER II.

PRINCE ANDREW arrived at St. Petersburg in the month of August, 1809. At this time, young Spéransky was at the zenith of his glory and of his energetic zeal for reform. Just at this time, too, the Czar had sprained his foot by falling out of his carriage; and being obliged, in consequence, to spend three weeks on the sofa, he had Spéransky every day to work with him. Then and there were elaborated the two famous ukases which were intended to revolutionise society. One decreed the abolition of court rank, and the other regulated certain examinations which were henceforth to be passed before taking office as *assesseur de collège* * and councillor of state; it also gave rise to a complete scheme of government offices by which the administration of finance, law, &c., was radically altered, from the Imperial cabinet down to the least town council-board. The dreams of liberal reform which the Emperor Alexander had cherished ever since his accession were gradually taking shape and reality with the aid of his councillors, Czartorisky, Novosiltzow, Kotchoubey, and Strogonow, whom he called in jest the Committee of Public Safety.

At this immediate juncture, Spéransky represented them all for civil questions, and Araktchéïew for military affairs. Prince Andrew, in virtue of his appointment as one of his Majesty's chamberlains, went to make his bow at court; but, though he twice placed himself in the Emperor's way, Alexander did not speak a word to him. He had always fancied that his Majesty had some dislike to him or to his appearance, and this suspicion was confirmed by the cold eye that met his; indeed, he soon ascertained that the Czar had been annoyed by his retirement from active service in 1805.

"Well, we cannot control our liking," said Prince Andrew to himself. "I shall do better not to present my report on the military code in person, but to have it laid before him to take its chance on its own merits!" He placed it in the hands of an old marshal, a friend of his father, who took charge of it very kindly, and promised to mention it to the sovereign.

* An officer in the civil service of a grade corresponding to that of Major in the army.

In the course of the week, Prince Andrew was bidden to attend on the minister of war, Count Araktchéïew. At nine in the morning on the appointed day, Prince Andrew made his appearance in the count's anteroom ; he did not know him personally, and what he had heard of him did not command either respect or esteem.

"But he is minister of war, and he is in the Emperor's confidence ; what can his personal qualities matter to me ? It is part of his business to examine my report, and he is the only person who can forward my interests," said Prince Andrew to himself. At the time when he had held an appointment as aide-de-camp, he had been present at the audiences granted by various dignitaries, and had noted that each man had his own peculiarities. This reception, however, struck him as exceptional. The faces of all those who were waiting for admission bore a half-disguised stamp of anxious embarrassment, with a look of affected submissiveness. The highest in military rank tried to dissemble their ill-concealed uneasiness under a free-and-easy demeanour, jesting about themselves and the minister ; others sat in gloomy silence, while some giggled and whispered, speaking of the great man as Sila * Andréïévitch. One general, evidently much offended at having to wait so long, crossed his legs, and looked about him with a smile of contempt.

But no sooner was the door opened, than every face fell to the same expression of fear. Prince Andrew had asked the officer in waiting to be good enough to announce him, and had been told ironically that his turn would come. A military man, whose scared and miserable face had particularly struck Prince Andrew, was admitted to the minister's *sanctum* when some who had had a previous audience had been shown out by the officer in attendance. This interview was a long one ; an unpleasant voice was heard in violent outbursts, and presently the officer came out and hurried through the anteroom, pale, with quivering lips, and his hands clasped to his head.

It was now Prince Andrew's turn.

"To the right, next the window," someone muttered in his ear.

He was admitted to a private office, neatly but not luxuriously furnished, and saw before him a man of about forty,

* *Sila* means strength : in the original Russian a play on the words is conveyed.

with a singularly long body, and a no less oddly long head. His hair was closely cropped, his face deeply wrinkled, and his thick brows met over dull greenish eyes and a drooping red nose. This dignitary turned his head towards the newcomer, and said, without looking at him :

"What do you want ?"

"I want nothing, your excellency," said Prince Andrew, quietly.

Araktchéïew looked up. "Take a seat," he said. "You are Prince Bolkonsky ?"

"I want nothing excepting to know whether his majesty the Emperor has condescended to send my *mémoire* to your excellency. . . ."

"Allow me to tell you, my dear fellow, that I have read your *mémoire*," interrupted Araktchéïew, beginning with some suavity, but, after a word or two, returning to his tone of angry contempt. "You propose some new regulations for the army ? There are plenty of old ones, and no one enforces them. . . . People only write them nowadays ; it is the easier thing to do."

"It was his majesty's wish that I should wait upon your excellency, to ask you what you propose to do with my paper."

"I sent it to the committee, endorsed with my opinion. I do not approve of it," he added, rising. He took a document off the table and handed it to Bolkonsky. "There !"

Across the back was written in pencil, ill-spelt, and without any stops : "No logical basis ; copied from the French code ; differs from ours on no reasonable grounds."

"What committee is to enquire into it ?"

"The committee of revision of the military code ; and I have placed your highness's name on the list—without honorarium."

Prince Andrew smiled. "I should not have joined it otherwise."

"Honorary member ; you quite understand. Good morning.—Well, what next out there ?" he shouted, as he showed Bolkonsky out.

In anticipation of an official intimation of his appointment as a member of the committee, Prince Andrew called on such of his acquaintances as were in power and might prove useful. A restless and irresistible wonderment, something like what he had felt on the eve of a battle, attracted him to those higher spheres where measures were being concerted that must

influence the lives of millions of human beings. He could make a guess, by observing the irritability of the seniors—by the eager inquisitiveness of those who were dying to know, and the reserve of those who did know—by the anxious excitement of all—by the endless committee meetings and sittings, that a tremendous civil battle was brewing at St. Petersburg in this year 1809, of which Spéransky was to be the general in command; and Spéransky had for Bolkonsky all the attraction of an unknown genius. In short, the great reform and the reformer so wholly occupied his thoughts that the fate of his own report became a secondary consideration.

His own rank and position gave him access to the opposing parties among the aristocratic circles. The party of reform hailed him sympathetically; in the first place by reason of his remarkable intelligence and knowledge; and in the second, on account of the reputation as a liberal which he had won by the emancipation of his serfs. At the same time the conservative party, who set their face against the new movement, hoped to find an ally in him, as sharing his father's opinions. The women regarded him as a wealthy and brilliant marriageable man—nay, as moving in a halo of romance derived from his own supposed death in battle and his wife's melancholy end. Those who had known him in former days thought him singularly altered for the better: Time had softened him, he had lost a great deal of his pride and his airs; he had gained the self-possession that years alone can give.

The day after his visit to Araktchéïew he went to an evening party at Count Kotchoubey's, and told him of his interview with "Sila Andréïévitch," of whom Kotchoubey spoke in the same tone of doubtful irony that had struck Bolkonsky among those who were in waiting the great man's anteroom:

"My dear fellow," added Kotchoubey, "even when you are one of the committee you will not get on without Michael Mikaïlovitch Spéransky; he is the great factotum. I will speak to him this evening—he promised to look in . . . ."

"But what can Spéransky care about the military code?" asked Prince Andrew. Kotchoubey smiled and shook his head in astonishment at his simplicity.

"We have spoken of you—of your free labourers . . . ."

"Oh! It is you, then, prince, who have liberated your serfs?" exclaimed rather sharply an elderly man who remembered the good old days of Catherine.

"It was a very small estate which brought in very little,'

said Bolkonsky, trying to palliate the truth so as not to annoy the old man.

"You were in a devil of a hurry!" the older man went on, and, looking at Kotchoubey, he added: "What I want to know is who is to till the ground if the peasants are emancipated?—Take my word for it, it is easier to make laws than to govern by them; and allow me to ask you, count, who is to be appointed judge when all are to go through examinations?"

"Well, those who can pass them, I suppose," said Kotchoubey.

"For instance, there is Prianichnikow—a capital man, but he is sixty. Now is he to pass an examination?"

"Of course that is a difficulty—all the more so as very few people know anything; but . . ." Kotchoubey did not finish his sentence; he put his hand through Prince Andrew's arm, and led him forward to meet a tall man who had just come into the room. The newcomer did not look more than forty, though his vast bald forehead had only a few remaining hairs; his long face and plump hands were remarkable for the dull whiteness of the skin, which was like the sickly pallor of a soldier who has been a long time in hospital. He had on a blue coat. Andrew at once knew who it was and was somewhat startled at the sight. Was his feeling respect, envy, or merely curiosity? He could not decide. Spéransky was beyond a doubt strikingly original. Andrew had never seen any man so perfectly calm and self-assured, or, at the same time, so clumsy and so impassible—a glance at once so soft and so keen as that in those half-closed, half-sleepy eyes—or so much determination betrayed by a smile of general affability. This was Spéransky, the secretary of state—Spéranksy, the Czar's right hand, his companion at Erfurth where he has several times had the honour of speech with the Emperor of the French.

The great man looked round at the company without hurrying himself to speak. Being quite sure of being listened to, he never raised his voice above a certain pitch; its calm and measured cadence struck Prince Andrew very agreeably. He never looked at any one but the person he was talking to. Bolkonsky watched his every gesture, and listened to every word. Knowing him well by reputation, he was prepared to find him a sum of human perfections—a delusion to which those in the habit of forming foregone conclusions are very liable.

Spéransky apologised to Kotchoubey for not having come earlier; he had been detained at the palace. He avoided saying, "detained by the Emperor," and Prince Andrew noted this affectation of modesty. When Kotchoubey introduced him, Spéransky slowly turned his eyes upon him, and looked at him with a fixed smile for a minute or two in silence, then he said:

"I am happy to make your acquaintance; I have heard much about you."

Kotchoubey, in a few words, sketched Araktchéïew's reception of Bolkonsky. Spéransky smiled a little more definitely, and replied:

"Mr. Magnitsky, the president of the commission, is a friend of mine, and if you like I can promise you a personal interview with him." He articulated very distinctly every word, every syllable, and after a full stop at the end of this sentence, he added: "I hope you will find him cordial, and anxious to promote everything that can be useful."

A little circle had now gathered round them. Prince Andrew was surprised at the calmness, not unmixed with contempt, with which this man—not long since an obscure priestling—answered the old man who had bewailed the new reforms, seeming to condescend in explaining them; but when his antagonist raised his voice he said no more, but merely smiled, observing that he did not think himself competent to judge of the utility or the uselessness of any decision of the Czar.

After a few minutes of this general conversation he rose and led Prince Andrew aside to the other end of the room: it suited his views to converse with him.

"I was so overridden by that worthy old gentleman's excitement that I have not had time to exchange two words with you, prince," he said, with that slightly scornful smile, as if he wished to convey that he was well aware of the futility of the society he had been mixing with. Prince Andrew felt flattered.

"I have known you a long time by reputation," Spéransky went on. "First by the liberation of your peasantry—an example I could wish to see followed; and next as being the only one of the court chamberlains who has not taken offence at the recent ukase as to order of rank at court, which has given rise to so much dissatisfaction and recrimination."

"Very true; my father did not wish me to take advantage of my privileges and I began service at the bottom."

"Your father, though a man of a past generation, is very superior to those of our own contemporaries who criticise the measure; it only aims, after all, at re-establishing justice on a sound basis."

"Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that there is some ground for criticism," said Prince Andrew, making an effort to shake himself free of this man's influence; it vexed him to give in on every point—nay, he longed to contradict him; but his mind was so much engaged in observing him that he could not express himself with his usual readiness.

"That is to say criticism based on personal vanity," said Spéransky, quietly.

"Partly, no doubt; but in my opinion on the interests of the government itself."

"How is that?"

"I am a disciple of Montesquieu," said Prince Andrew; "his maxim: 'that a monarchy is based on honour,' seems to me incontrovertible; and there are certain prerogatives and privileges of nobility which I believe to be the best safeguards of this feeling."

The smile faded from Spéransky's face, which gained enormously by the change. Prince Andrew's remark had interested him:

"Oh! if you look at the matter from that point of view!" he said as quietly as ever, but speaking French with some little difficulty, and so even more slowly than when he expressed himself in Russian, "Montesquieu tells us that honour cannot be sustained by privileges when they are injurious to the service; hence honour must consist either in abstention from blameworthy actions or in the feeling which stimulates us to win the approbation and rewards that bear witness to it. "Consequently," he went on to clinch the argument, "any institution which gives rise to such emulation of honour is precisely, and in every respect, such an institution as the great French Emperor's Legion of Honour. It would be impossible, as it seems to me, to say that that is mischievous, since it promotes the good of the service and is not a court or caste distinction."

"That I willingly admit; but I also think that court distinctions tend to the same end, since those who hold them feel it incumbent on them to fulfil their functions worthily."

"And yet you have not chosen to avail yourself of them, prince," said Spéransky, thus giving an amiable turn to a dis-

cussion which must inevitably have ended in the discomfiture of the younger man.—"Well, if you will do me the honour to call on me on Wednesday evening, as I shall by that time have seen Magnitsky, I may be able to give you some interesting information; and at any rate I shall have the pleasure of talking with you at greater length. . . . ." Then, waving his hand in farewell, he slipped away—in the French fashion—without taking leave or being observed.

During the early part of his residence in St. Petersburg Prince Andrew could not fail to feel that the ideas which had grown up within him during his solitude had been thrown into the background by the trivial cares which now crowded upon him. Every evening, on his return home, he wrote down in his note-book four or five visits that must be paid and as many appointments to be kept the next day. The arrangement of his day, so as to enable him to be perfectly punctual to every engagement, took up all his endeavour; he could do nothing, think of nothing; and the opinions he occasionally expressed, with great success, were nothing more than the outcome of his meditations in the country. At first he was annoyed with himself for repeating the same things, in the course of the same day, in different houses; but he was soon swept into the eddy, and had not time to detect that he had forgotten how to think.

He went to Spéransky on the following Wednesday, and a long and intimate conversation left him deeply impressed.

In his anxiety to find in another the ideal at which he himself was aiming, he easily believed that Spéransky was in fact the type of virtue and intelligence that he had fancied him. If the minister had been a man of the same social "set" as himself, if their education, their habits of life and their ways of judging had been the same, he would no doubt have been quick to perceive the weak and prosaically human side of his character; as it was, that well-balanced and amazingly logical intellect commanded his respect—all the more because he did not altogether understand it. The great man, on the other hand, made the best of himself to Prince Andrew: was this because he really appreciated his fine capacity, or because he was desirous of gaining his adhesion? Be this as it may, he never missed an opportunity of flattering him with delicate skill, of giving him to understand that his superior intelligence made him worthy to be the peer of the highest, and that he alone could really enter into the depth of his schemes, and under-

stand the absurdity of other people. More than once he had said such things as these to his new ally:

"To *us* everything which is outside routine, which is above the common level. . . ." or: "*We*, you know, want to protect and feed the wolves as well as the sheep" . . . or: "*they* do not understand us. . . ." with a tone and a look that implied: "You and I know what *they* are worth, and what *we* are."

This second, and more familiar, interview only confirmed the first impression produced on him by Spéransky, in whom he saw a man of superior intellect and a deep thinker, who had risen to power by the strength of an irresistible will, and who made use of it for the good of his country. He was, in fact, the philosopher whom Bolkonsky was seeking—the philosopher he himself would fain have been—accounting by logic for the mysteries of existence, admitting nothing as true that was opposed to common sense, and examining everything by the light of reason. His ideas took form with such admirable lucidity that Prince Andrew, in spite of himself, yielded to his opinion on all points, and only raised a feeble objection now and then as a protest of independence. Everything in Spéransky was perfect and right excepting his cold gaze—icy, keen, and inscrutable—and his delicate white hands. Those hands riveted Prince Andrew's attention, he could not look away from them; the hands of a man in power sometimes have that attraction—and they roused him to a dumb irritation which he could not account for. The scorn and contempt which he affected for the world at large was also unpleasing to Bolkonsky; and the constant shifting of his methods of argument. He was familiar with every figure of logic and rhetoric, and especially fond of comparisons; but Prince Andrew objected to his abrupt transitions from one form to another. He would set up for a practical reformer and fling at visionary dreamers; now heaping bitter irony on his opponents, and now working out a close line of argument, and rising to metaphysical abstractions—of this, indeed, he was particularly fond. Taking his stand on ineffable heights he would wander into definitions of space, time, and mind; would twist them into ingenious refutations, and then return to the subject under discussion.

One characteristic feature of his powerful intellect was an immutable belief in the force and rights of intellect. It was at once evident that doubt, which was a habit of mind with Bolkonsky, was unknown to Spéransky; and that the fear of failing to express his thoughts, or a suspicion of the infalli-

bility of his own beliefs had never for an instant troubled him.

In short, Prince Andrew conceived for the minister the same enthusiastic admiration as he had felt for Napoleon. Spéransky was the son of a priest, and this to vulgar minds was a reason for despising him; hence Prince Andrew, by the unconscious reaction against his own enthusiasm, only added to its intensity.

In speaking of the commission charged to revise and co-ordinate the laws Spéransky told him, laughing at it, that it had been sitting for the last hundred and fifty years; that it had cost millions of roubles, and had resulted in nothing; that Rosenkampf had stuck labels on all the articles of comparative legislation, and that this was all that had come of the millions that had been spent: "And now we want to give new judicial powers to the senate, and we have no laws! So you see, prince, it is a positive crime in men like yourself, to withdraw into private life."

Prince Andrew remarked that this class of functions required men who had had a special education.

"Show me such men! It is a vicious circle; there is no way out but by breaking it."

A week later Prince Andrew was appointed member of the committee in charge of the revision of the military code, and moreover—when he least expected it—president of one of the sections of the legislative commission. He accepted this post by Spéransky's particular desire, and undertook to study civil law; to this end he had recourse to the codes of Justinian and Napoleon, and set to work on the section entitled: "Of the rights of individuals."

## CHAPTER III.

About two years before this, in 1808, Peter, on his return from his tour in the provinces, found himself quite unexpectedly, the leader of the freemasons of St. Petersburg. He organised irregular lodges and established regular or "tiled" lodges, for which he obtained charters and title-deeds; he undertook a propaganda, gave money for the building of the temple, and made up, out of his own pocket, the alms procured by collection—for the members were apt to be niggardly and unpunctual in their payments. He also defrayed the expenses of the alms-

house founded by the brethren; but as for himself, he succumbed to the same temptations and led the same life as of old. He liked good living and good drinking, and could never resist the pleasures of a bachelor life, while acknowledging that they were immoral and degrading. In spite of the enthusiasm with which he had started on his various enterprises, he knew, at the end of a year, that the promised land of freemasonry was unstable under his feet. He felt like a man who steps out boldly on level ground, and is aware that he is sinking in a quaking bog; then, trying with the other foot to steady himself, he sank in up to the knees and must now struggle onward as best he might.

Bazdéïew, who had nothing to do with the St. Petersburg lodges, now never left Moscow. Peter's brethren were men whom he met every day of his life; and he found it almost impossible to recognise as his brothers men such as Prince B. or Mr. D., whom he knew to be utterly weak and commonplace. Under their aprons and insignia he could not help seeing their uniforms and orders—the true end and object of their existence. Often when he was collecting alms, and put down twenty or thirty roubles in gold, or even only in promises, against the names of half a score of members, all richer than himself, Peter could not help remembering their vow to give their goods to their neighbour; and doubts, which he vainly tried to silence, would rise up in his mind.

He divided the brethren into four classes: the first consisted of those who took no active part in the concerns either of their lodge or of mankind, who devoted themselves exclusively to meditating on the mysteries of the order, and on the meaning of the Trinity; to studying the three elements of sulphur, mercury, and salt, or the significance of the square and the other symbols of Solomon's Temple. These Peter could look up to; they were the elders, including Bazdéïew himself; still, he could not understand what pleasure they found in their studies, and did not feel in the least drawn towards the mystical side of freemasonry.

The second category, in which he ranked himself, was composed of adepts who, though waverers like himself, sought the right path; and who, though they had not yet found it, did not despair of discovering it some day.

The third class were those who saw nothing in the order beyond its external forms and ceremonies, and were satisfied with a strict observance of them without troubling themselves

about their hidden meaning. Among these were Villarsky and the Worshipful Master himself.

The fourth and last were the men, at that time very numerous, who, believing in nothing, and hoping for nothing, clung to the brotherhood simply for the sake of being intimate with rich people and getting some benefit out of the intimacy.

Peter's various forms of activity failed to satisfy him: he blamed the order, as it then existed at St. Petersburg, for its unqualified formalism, and without attacking its foundations he told himself that the freemasons of Russia were on a wrong track in departing so widely from the principles on which it was based. He therefore decided on travelling abroad to gain initiation into the highest mysteries.

---

He came home again in the course of the summer of 1809. The masons of Russia had been apprised by their correspondents that Bésoukhow, having gained the confidence of the grand dignitaries of the order, had been initiated into the highest mysteries, and subsequently exalted to the highest grade; also that he was returning with various schemes in prospect; and when they visited him immediately after his return, they suspected that he had some surprise in store. It was resolved that a general meeting should be held down to the lowest apprentices, in order that Peter might deliver to all the message with which he had been charged. The lodge being complete and all the formalities accomplished, Peter spoke as follows:

"My dear brethren," he said with much hesitation, and holding his speech, ready written out, awkwardly in his hand. "My dear brothers, it is not enough that we should accomplish the mysteries of our order in the privacy of the lodge; we must do, we must act. We are torpid and we must set to work . . . . " but after these few introductory words he resigned himself to reading his address.

"In order to diffuse truth, and bring about the triumph of virtue, we must uproot prejudice, establish rules consonant to the spirit of the time, devote ourselves to the task of educating youth, and bind ourselves by the closest bonds to all enlightened men, so as to fight boldly and conquer superstition, faithlessness, and human folly by our union; we must form a band of labourers among those who are devoted to the cause, united by community of purpose, and with strength and power in their

hands. To achieve this the scale must be weighted on the side of virtue, and men must be rewarded, even in this world, for their good actions. But, it will be objected, our existing political institutions are antagonistic to the accomplishment of these noble aims. What then is to be done? Are we to foment revolt? To overturn society, and by force, resist force? No. We are far from advocating violent and arbitrary reforms; they are indeed mischievous, for they can never remedy evil so long as man remains unchanged. Truth must gain ground without violence.

"When our brotherhood shall have succeeded in drawing the virtuous out of the obscurity in which they dwell, and not till then, will it have any right to agitate, and work gradually up to the end we have in view—in a word, to the establishment of a universal scheme of government, without seeking to break social bonds or to disturb those conditions of administration by which, at the present time, we are enabled to carry out our object; that is to say, the triumph of virtue over vice. Christianity tended to the same end when it preached that men should be good and wise, and follow the example of virtuous souls, to the attainment of goodness.

"When the world was still sunk in darkness, preaching was sufficient; the novelty of the truths taught gave them a force which is now much diminished; we must have recourse to more decisive means. What is indispensable is that man, guided by his senses, should find in virtue an actual and captivating charm. The passions cannot be uprooted; they must therefore be directed and trained; they must find satisfaction within the limits of virtue, and we must supply the means.

"When a knot of men of mark shall have banded themselves together in each country, each member will, in his turn, form the nucleus of another group; thus closely allied they will meet with no obstacles, and an order which has already done humanity so much secret good will find nothing impossible."

This address produced a deep impression and revolutionized the lodge. The majority, regarding it as dangerous and tending to mystical illuminism, received it with a coldness that surprised Peter. The Worshipful Master took him to task, and led him to enlarge with growing enthusiasm on the opinions he had just stated. The meeting was a stormy one, and divided into parties; some accused Peter of illuminism; others upheld him; and, for the first time, he was struck by the infinite and inherent variety in human beings, which

results in no two regarding any truth from quite the same point of view. Even among those of the brethren who seemed to agree with him, each one suggested some alteration or limitation which he could not accept from a conviction that his scheme ought to be adopted as a whole.

The Worshipful Master observed, somewhat ironically, that in the excitement of the discussion Peter seemed to have been carried away by anger rather than by charity. Peter made no reply; he briefly inquired whether his proposition would be accepted, and when the president plainly answered: "No," Peter left without going through the customary formalities, and went home.

Peter spent the three next days on the sofa; he did not stir out; he was a victim to disappointment and chagrin.

He received a letter from his wife, who besought him to grant her a meeting, described her grief at their separation, expressed her wish to devote her life to him, and announced her intention of returning in a short time from abroad to St. Petersburg.

Not long after this, one of the freemasons who was not particularly respected, insisted on being shown up to him, and leading the conversation to the subject of conjugal happiness, he reproached him bitterly for his injustice and severity to his wife—a severity adverse to the masonic rule of life, which enjoins forgiveness to the penitent.

Then his mother-in-law asked to be admitted, if only for a few minutes, on pressing and serious business. Peter now suspected a conspiracy; but in his present state of moral feeling, and a victim to his immediate annoyance, he felt perfectly indifferent about the reconciliation which he saw was impending; nothing in life seemed of much importance, and he no longer cared particularly to retain his own liberty or to inflict any further punishment on his wife.

"No one is right, and no one is wrong; so she, too, is innocent!" thought he. Was it not a matter of complete indifference to him, with interests so remote to occupy him, whether she lived with him or no? However, shaking off his apathy, which was all that prevented his consenting, he determined, nevertheless, to go to Moscow and consult Bazdéïew before giving his answer.

PASSAGES FROM PETER'S DIARY.

"Moscow, Nov. 17.—I have just hurried home from seeing the Benefactor, and must make a hasty note of all I have gone through. He lives penuriously, and for three years has been suffering from a painful malady—never a complaint, never a murmur. From morning till late at night, excepting the few minutes he gives up to his very frugal meals, he devotes himself exclusively to scientific studies. He welcomed me affectionately and made me sit down on his bed. I greeted him with masonic signs of the East and of Jerusalem, to which he responded, and asked me, with a sweet smile, what I had learnt in the Scotch and Prussian lodges. I told him; and at the same time reported the proposals I had made to the brethren at St. Petersburg, the bad reception I had met with, and my differences with them. He lay silent for a long time, and then gave me his opinion, which at once threw a light on my past and my future life; I was struck by his asking me, 'Do you remember the three objects of the order: 1st, The preservation and study of the mysteries; 2nd, Self-purification and discipline, in order to partake of those mysteries; 3rd, The perfecting of humanity by a craving after purity? Which is the most important of these three? Self-improvement beyond a doubt, for this we can always promote, under any and all circumstances; at the same time it is what needs the greatest efforts, and we run the risk of sinning by pride, by directing our introspection to the mysteries while our impurities make us unworthy to comprehend them, or by undertaking to reform the human race while we ourselves remain perverse and unworthy. Illuminism has lost much of its purity; it is marred by pride, having allowed itself to be turned aside into the channel of public beneficence.' From this point of view I could but blame my own discourse and all I had done. I admitted that he was right. In speaking of my domestic affairs, he went on to say that, as the first duty of a true mason was self-discipline, we are tempted to think we shall attain perfection quicker by ridding ourselves of all impediments at one stroke; whereas the contrary is the truth: we can only progress by fighting the battles of life, and by knowing ourselves, to which we can only attain by comparison. Nor must we forget the crowning grace, the love of death. Vicissitude alone can teach us the vanity of life, and nourish that love in us; that is to say, the belief in another life. His words

struck me all the more forcibly because, notwithstanding his terrible state of illness, Bazdéïew is not weary of life. Still, he loves death, though with all his purity and elevation of mind, he does not think himself fitly prepared for it. In explaining to me the grand square of creation, he told me that the sums of 3 and 7 lie at the root of everything. He advised me to avoid a rupture with the St. Petersburg brethren, to be content with the second grade, and to use my influence to wean them from the sin of pride, and forward them in the path of truth and progress. He warned me to keep a strict watch over myself, and gave me this book to keep a record of all my actions.

"St. Petersburg, November 23rd.—I am living again with my wife. My mother-in-law came to me in tears to assure me that Helen entreated me to hear her, that she was innocent, and miserable at my desertion, etc., etc. I knew that if I allowed her to come I should not have the courage to resist her entreaties; I did not know what to do, or to whom to turn for advice. If Bazdéïew had been here he would have helped me. I read over his letters, I recalled his conversation, and I came to the conclusion that I ought not to refuse any who sue, but must hold out a hand to all—and much more to her who is one with me; in short, that I must bear my cross. Still, since my only motive for forgiveness is right-doing, at any rate our reunion could be in spirit only. So I told my wife that I could only beg her to forget the past, and to forgive me wherein I had wronged her; that, for my part, I had nothing to forgive. I was happy to say this. I only hope she may never know how painful it was to see her again! I have established myself in the top storey of the house, and I am happy in the sense of a regenerate spirit."

The "upper ten thousand" of St. Petersburg society, which met at court or at fashionable balls, was divided—as it always is—into sets, each stamped with its own peculiarities. The most numerous of these circles was the so-called French set—a Franco-Russian mixture—that of Roumiantzow and Caulaincourt. Immediately on her reconciliation with her husband, Helen took a leading position in this circle. The French embassy and several persons well known for wit and amiability frequented her drawing-room.

She had been at Erfurth at the time of the memorable meeting of the Emperors, and had there made acquaintance with

all the most remarkable people in Europe, and with Napoleon's immediate suite. Her success had been splendid. Napoleon himself, struck by her beauty at the theatre, had wanted to know who she was, Her triumph as a young and lovely woman had not surprised her husband, for she was more beautiful than ever ; but he was surprised at the reputation she had won during the last two years as a charming woman, as clever as she was handsome. The celebrated Prince de Ligny corresponded with her, writing her eight pages at a time. Bilibine treasured up his best witticisms to fire them off in the Countess Bésoukhow's presence ; admission to her drawing-room was equivalent to a certificate of wit and talent. Young men would read up a subject before going to her parties, to have something to say ; ambassadors and secretaries trusted her with their secrets ; in short, Helen had become a real power in her degree. Peter, who knew how ignorant she really was, was sometimes present at her dinners and parties, where politics, philosophy, and poetry were discussed, and he listened with a mixture of amazement and anxiety. He felt as a juggler must feel expecting to have his tricks detected every time he plays them ; but no one ever found her out. Was such a *salon* as this a fool's paradise for human obtuseness, or did the dupes take pleasure in being duped ? The truth was that Countess Bésoukhow, having established a reputation as a clever woman, was licensed to talk the greatest nonsense ; her every word was listened to with admiration, and discovered to have some profound meaning which she herself had never suspected.

This eccentric and absent-mannered man—this lordly, mute husband, who was in nobody's way and did not detract from the very select tone which reigned of course in such a circle—Peter, in short, was the very husband for this brilliant beauty born to shine, and an admirable foil for his wife's elegance and perfect demeanour. The abstract ideas that had occupied his time and thoughts for the last two years had inspired him with a certain contempt for everything outside their circle and given him an absent demeanour, tinged with a kind of benevolent indifference, which by its evident sincerity, commanded involuntary deference. He walked into his wife's drawing-room as he would have entered a theatre. He knew every one and was equally polite—and equally distant—to all. If the conversation happened to interest him he would join in it, frankly expressing his views, which were not always those

in vogue at the moment, with perfect indifference to the presence of the gentlemen of the embassy. But every one had a cut-and-dried opinion of this "oddity," married to the most elegant woman in St. Petersburg, and no one ever thought of taking his sallies seriously.

Among the younger men who frequented the house most constantly was Boris Droubetzkoï, whose career was a very brilliant one. Helen affected to call him her "page," treated him as a boy, and smiled on him as on every one else; and yet this smile hurt Peter. Boris, on his part, treated the master of the house with a sort of dignified and compassionate respect that irritated Peter still more. Having gone through so much three years since, he made an effort to avoid another equally humiliating experience, first by tacitly resigning his own claims on his wife, and next by resolving that he would not allow himself to be suspicious.

"Now that she has set up for a blue-stocking, she has no doubt got over her more youthful impulses. No one ever heard of a blue-stocking who carried on a love-intrigue," so he told himself, repeating this axiom, though Heaven knows where he had found it, as though it were a mathematical certainty. And yet, strangely enough, the mere presence of Boris had a physical effect upon him; he seemed to lose his arms and legs, to be too paralyzed to move freely. "Antipathy!" he said to himself.

So Peter, in the eyes of the world, was a fine gentleman, the blind and rather ridiculous husband of a very charming wife; eccentric but intelligent, doing nothing, interfering with nobody; a thorough good boy, in every sense of the word—while in the depths of his soul the arduous and difficult travail of moral development was going on; a process that brought him many discoveries, and some great joys, but weighted with some terrible doubts.

### PASSAGES FROM PETER'S DIARY.

"November 24th.—Rose at eight. Read the gospel, went to the meeting (Peter, by Bazdéïew's advice, had consented to be a member of a committee); came home and dined alone. The countess has company I do not like. Eat and drank moderately; after dinner copied some papers required by the brethren.—In the evening joined the countess; told a story about B., and only discovered too late, by the shouts of laughter

that greeted it, that I should not have repeated it.—To bed early and well content. Almighty Lord, help me to walk in Thy way!

"November 27th.—Rose late and lay idly on my bed for a long time—Lord help and preserve me!—Read the gospel, but not with due concentration. Brother Ouroussow came to talk over the vanities of this world, and the Emperor's schemes of reform. I was on the point of criticising them, but I remembered our rules and the Benefactor's exhortations: a true mason, as an active unit in the state, when he is called upon to lend his support must be a passive spectator of all that does not immediately concern him. My tongue is my enemy.—Brothers V., G., and O. came to speak with me as to the initiation of a new apprentice. Then we went on to discuss the meanings of the seven pillars and the seven steps of the Temple, the seven sciences, the seven virtues, and the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. Brother O. is very eloquent. The apprentice was received this evening and the new arrangement of the lodge added greatly to the impressiveness of the ceremony. Boris Droubetzkoï was admitted; I was his sponsor. A strange feeling disturbed me during our solitary interview, and evil thoughts besieged me: I accused him of having no other object in joining the order than that of currying favour with such of the brethren as are powerful in the eyes of the world. He asked me several times whether N. and S. were attached to our lodge, which I could not tell him. I watched him, and do not think him capable of genuine respect for our holy order; he is too full of business, too well satisfied with the superficial man to desire moral perfection. I believe him to be deficient in sincerity, and noticed that he smiled disdainfully at what I said to him. As we stood alone in the darkness of the temple I could gladly have thrust him through the heart with the sword I held to his breast. But I was not eloquent, and I could not make the Worshipful Master share my doubts.—May the Great Architect of the Universe guide me in the way of truth and lead me far from the labyrinth of falsehood!

"December 3rd.—Woke late; read the gospel but coldly. Left my room and walked up and down the study; could not fix my thoughts. Boris Droubetzkoï called and told me a heap of stories; his presence worried me and I contradicted him. He retorted, and I grew angry and answered him disagreeably and rudely. Then he said no more, and, too late, I realized

what my conduct had been. I can never control myself with him; the fault lies in my self-esteem; I fancy myself his superior and that is not right; he makes every allowance for my weaknesses, while I look down on him. O Lord! enable me, when in his presence, to feel my own shortcomings and may he, too, benefit by them.

"December 7th.—The Benefactor appeared to me in a dream; he looked young again and his face was radiant with a wonderful light. This very day I have a letter from him on the duties of the married state.—Come, Saviour, and succour me! I shall perish in corruption if Thou dost not rescue me."

## CHAPTER IV.

In spite of two years spent entirely in the country, Count Rostow's affairs had not recovered their balance.

Nicholas, faithful to his promise, was still serving without demur in the same regiment, though this was not likely to offer him any brilliant opening. He spent but little; but the style of living at Otradnoë, and above all Mitenka's mismanagement of the estates and income, made debt grow like a snowball. The old count saw but one way out of the difficulty, namely: to seek some government appointment. The whole family accordingly moved to St. Petersburg; he to look for employment, and, as he said, to give the girls a last season's amusement. Soon after their arrival there, Berg proposed to Vera and was accepted.

At Moscow the Rostows were as a matter of course received in the highest society; but at St. Petersburg their acquaintance were rather mixed, and they were treated as provincials by many who, after taking full advantage of their hospitality at Moscow, hardly condescended to know them at St. Petersburg. However, they kept open house and the strangest mixture of guests assembled at their suppers: a few old neighbours, not rich ones, from Moscow, their daughters, a maid of honour named Péronnsky, Peter Bésoukhow, and a son of a district postmaster who had a place at St. Petersburg. The intimates in the house were Boris Droubetzkoï, Peter, whom the old count had met in the street and brought home with him, and Berg, who spent whole days in paying to Countess Vera the attentions expected of a young man on the eve of a proposal.