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# 战争与和平

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## CHAPTER XXXVI

Prince Andrew's regiment was among the reserves which till after one o'clock were stationed inactive behind Semenovsk, under heavy artillery fire. Toward two o'clock the regiment, having already lost more than two hundred men, was moved forward into a trampled outfield in the gap between Semenovsk and the Knoll Battery, where thousands of men perished that day and on which an intense, concentrated fire from several hundred enemy guns was directed between one and two o'clock.

Without moving from that spot or firing a single shot the regiment here lost another third of its men. From in front and especially from the right, in the unlifting smoke the guns boomed, and out of the mysterious domain of smoke that overlay the whole space in front, quick hissing cannon balls and slow whistling shells flew unceasingly. At times, as if to allow them a respite, a quarter of an hour passed during which the cannon balls and shells all flew overhead, but sometimes several men were torn from the regiment in a minute and the slain were continually being dragged away and the wounded carried off.

With each fresh blow less and less chance of life remained for those not yet killed. The regiment stood in columns of battalion, three hundred paces apart, but nevertheless the men were always in one and the same mood. All alike were taciturn and morose. Talk was rarely heard in the ranks, and it ceased altogether every time the thud of a successful shot and the cry of 'stretchers!' was heard. Most of the time, by their officers' order, the men sat on the ground. One, having taken off his shako, carefully loosened the gathers of its lining and drew them tight again; another, rubbing some dry clay between his palms, polished his bayonet; another fingered the strap and pulled the buckle of his bandolier, while another

## 第三十六章

安德烈公爵的团留在了后备队,直到下午一点钟,后备队仍然停留在谢苗诺夫斯科耶村后面,冒着猛烈的炮火,没有采取行动。将近两点钟时,团里已经损失了二百多人,这个时候,团队才向前移到谢苗诺夫斯科耶村和土岗炮垒之间的一片被踩平了的燕麦地里,那一天在这片土岗炮垒上,已经有好几千人伤亡,下午一点钟到两点钟之间,敌人的几百门大炮集中火力对它进行轰击。

这个团原地没动,也没放一枪,又损失了三分之一的人。从前方,特别是从右方,在滞留不散的硝烟里,大炮隆隆地发射着,前面那一带神秘的区域的整个地面都笼罩着烟雾,从那里连续不断地飞出疾速的咝咝作响的炮弹和缓慢的呼啸而过的榴弹。有时,好像让人们休息一下,一连一刻钟炮弹和榴弹都从空中飞过去,不过有的时候,在一分钟之内,团里就有好几个人被打伤或打死。死去的不断地被拖走,受伤的则不断地被抬走了。

随着每一次新的攻击的来临,还没有被打死的那些人的生存机会越来越少了。团队以三百步距离排成纵队营,尽管如此,全团人的心情都是一样的。大家都默不作声,心情郁闷。部队中很少有谈话声,即使有人说话,但是当听见中弹声和喊“担架!”声时,谈话声也就停止了。大多数时间,士兵们遵照长官的命令,坐到地上。有的把帽子摘下,认真地伸平褶子,然后再折起来;有的在手中抓一把干土,然后搓碎,用它擦刺刀;有的揉揉皮带,把带扣勒紧一些;有的人仔细地把包脚布伸平,重新包好脚,再把靴子穿上。有的人用犁过的地里的小土块搭小屋,或者用麦田里的草编东

smoothed and refolded his leg bands and put his boots on again. Some built little houses of the tufts in the plowed ground, or plaited baskets from the straw in the cornfield. All seemed fully absorbed in these pursuits.

When men were killed or wounded, when rows of stretchers went past, when some troops retreated, and when great masses of the enemy came into view through the smoke, no one paid any attention to these things. But when our artillery or cavalry advanced or some of our infantry were seen to move forward, words of approval were heard on all sides. But the liveliest attention was attracted by occurrences quite apart from, and unconnected with, the battle. It was as if the minds of these morally exhausted men found relief in everyday, commonplace occurrences. A battery of artillery was passing in front of the regiment. The horse of an ammunition cart put its leg over a trace. 'Hey, look at the trace horse! ... Get her leg out! She'll fall. ... Ah, they don't see it!' came identical shouts from the ranks all along the regiment. Another time, general attention was attracted by a small brown dog, coming heaven knows whence, which trotted in a preoccupied manner in front of the ranks with tail stiffly erect till suddenly a shell fell close by, when it yelped, tucked its tail between its legs, and darted aside. Yells and shrieks of laughter rose from the whole regiment. But such distractions lasted only a moment, and for eight hours the men had been inactive, without food, in constant fear of death, and their pale and gloomy faces grew ever paler and gloomier.

Prince Andrew, pale and gloomy like everyone in the regiment, paced up and down from the border of one patch to another, at the edge of the meadow beside an oatfield, with head bowed and arms behind his back. There was nothing for him to do and no orders to be given. Everything went on of itself. The killed were dragged from the front, the wounded carried away, and the ranks closed up. If any soldiers ran to the rear they returned immediately and hastily. At first Prince Andrew, considering it his duty to

西。大家都似乎是在专心致志地做这些事情。

当有人被打伤或打死的时候,当一队队的担架经过的时候,当一些队伍撤退的时候,当大批敌人出现在烟雾中的时候,没有人去注意这些情况。但是当我们的炮兵、骑兵向前面走过去的时候,当我们的步兵向前移动的时候,四面八方响起了赞许的声音。不过,最能引起人们注意的是那些与战斗完全无关,毫不相干的事情。似乎这些精神上深受折磨的人从这些平凡的生活琐事中,就能够得到休息似的。一个炮兵连经过团的正面,一辆炮兵弹药车拉边套的马迈出了套索。“嗨,看那匹拉边套的马!……把它拉回来!它会跌倒的……嗨,他们没有看见!……”全团都发出这样的喊声。还有一次,全团的注意力都集中到了一只褐色的小狗身上,不知它是从哪儿冒出来的,它把尾巴高高得翘起,心事重重地迈着小碎步跑到队伍前面,忽然,一颗炮弹落在了附近,它尖叫了一声,夹起尾巴,逃到了一边。全团发出了一阵哈哈大笑和尖叫声。不过这种开心的事只持续了几分钟,八个多小时,人们在不断的死亡恐怖中就这样不吃也不喝,原本苍白阴沉的面孔,变得越来越苍白阴沉了。

安德烈公爵,和团里所有的人一样脸色苍白而阴沉,他背着手,低垂着头,在燕麦地旁的草地里,从一个田垄走到另一个田垄。他无事儿可做,也没有命令可发。所有的事儿都顺其自然。在战斗中死去的人被拖到战线外面,受伤的人被抬走,队伍靠拢起来。假如有士兵跑开,他们就马上赶回来,刚开始,安德烈公爵觉得,他有责任去鼓舞士气,给士兵树立一个榜样,所以他在队伍里走来走去;不过,后来他确信,

rouse the courage of the men and to set them an example, walked about among the ranks, but he soon became convinced that this was unnecessary and that there was nothing he could teach them. All the powers of his soul, as of every soldier there, were unconsciously bent on avoiding the contemplation of the horrors of their situation.

He walked along the meadow, dragging his feet, rustling the grass, and gazing at the dust that covered his boots; now he took big strides trying to keep to the footprints left on the meadow by the mowers, then he counted his steps, calculating how often he must walk from one strip to another to walk a mile, then he stripped the flowers from the wormwood that grew along a boundary rut, rubbed them in his palms, and smelled their pungent, sweetly bitter scent. Nothing remained of the previous day's thoughts. He thought of nothing. He listened with weary ears to the ever-recurring sounds, distinguishing the whistle of flying projectiles from the booming of the reports, glanced at the tiresomely familiar faces of the men of the first battalion, and waited. 'Here it comes... this one is coming our way again!' he thought, listening to an approaching whistle in the hidden region of smoke. 'One, another! Again! It has hit...' He stopped and looked at the ranks.

'No, it has gone over. But this one has hit!' And again he started trying to reach the boundary strip in sixteen paces. A whizz and a thud! Five paces from him, a cannon ball tore up the dry earth and disappeared. A chill ran down his back. Again he glanced at the ranks. Probably many had been hit - a large crowd had gathered near the second battalion.

'Adjutant!' he shouted. 'Order them not to crowd together.' The adjutant, having obeyed this instruction, approached Prince Andrew. From the other side a battalion commander rode up.

'Look out!' came a frightened cry from a soldier and, like a bird whirring in rapid flight and alighting on the ground, a shell dropped with little noise within two steps of Prince Andrew and close to the battalion

他没有必要教他们,也没有什么可教给他们的。他全部的注意力和所有的士兵一样,都在竭力避免考虑他们处境的可怕。

他来来回回地在草地上走动,拖着两只脚,踩得地上的草瑟瑟直响,眼睛盯着靴子上的尘土;他一会儿迈开大步,尽可能踩着割草人留在地上的脚印,一会儿数他自己的步子,计算一下走一俄里要经过多少两条田垄之间的距离;一会儿采几朵田垄上长着的苦艾花,放在手掌中揉碎,嗅那股强烈的甘苦香味。昨天的那些回忆现在一点儿也想不起了。他什么事儿也不想。他用那疲倦的耳朵倾听着总是一样的声音,分辨着枪弹的尖啸声和炮弹的轰隆声,偶尔看一眼第一营的士兵那些已经看厌了的面孔,然后等待着。“来了……这一个又是朝我们的方向来的!”他想到,倾听着从烟雾弥漫的地带发出的越来越近的呼啸声。“一个,两个!又一个!击中了……”他停下来,看了看队伍。

“不是,这个飞过去了。可是这一发打中了。”他又一次开始走来走去,尽力迈开大步,要用十六步走到另一条田垄。呼啸声和撞击声!在离他五步远的地方,一颗炮弹把干土炸开了,然后就消失了。一阵寒冷掠过了他的脊背。他又一次扫视了一下队伍。或许又有许多伤亡——一大群人聚集在第二营。

“副官先生,”他喊道,“命令大家不要聚在一块儿。”副官执行完命令以后,走到安德烈公爵的面前。一个营长从另一方向骑着马飞驰而来。

“小心!”一个士兵惊慌的喊声传了过来,像一只向地面俯冲下来的鸟,一颗带着呼啸声的榴弹疾飞而来,在离安德烈公爵两步远的营长的战马旁边落了下来,发出

commander's horse. The horse first, regardless of whether it was right or wrong to show fear, snorted, reared almost throwing the major, and galloped aside. The horse's terror infected the men.

'Lie down!' cried the adjutant, throwing himself flat on the ground. Prince Andrew hesitated. The smoking shell spun like a top between him and the prostrate adjutant, near a wormwood plant between the field and the meadow.

'Can this be death?' thought Prince Andrew, looking with a quite new, envious glance at the grass, the wormwood, and the streamlet of smoke that curled up from the rotating black ball. 'I cannot, I do not wish to die. I love life - I love this grass, this earth, this air....' He thought this, and at the same time remembered that people were looking at him.

'It's shameful, sir!' he said to the adjutant. 'What... ' He did not finish speaking. At one and the same moment came the sound of an explosion, a whistle of splinters as from a breaking window frame, a suffocating smell of powder, and Prince Andrew started to one side, raising his arm, and fell on his chest. Several officers ran up to him. From the right side of his abdomen, blood was welling out making a large stain on the grass.

The militiamen with stretchers who were called up stood behind the officers. Prince Andrew lay on his chest with his face in the grass, breathing heavily and noisily.

'What are you waiting for? Come along!'

The peasants went up and took him by his shoulders and legs, but he moaned piteously and, exchanging looks, they set him down again.

'Pick him up, lift him, it's all the same!' cried someone. They again took him by the shoulders and laid him on the stretcher.

'Ah, God! My God! What is it? The stomach? That means death! My God!' - voices among the officers were heard saying.

'It flew a hair's breadth past my ear,' said the adjutant.

不太响的声音。那匹马,不管露出恐怖的神情是否合适,先打了个响鼻,竖起前蹄,差一点儿把那个少校掀下马来,然后跑到了另一边。马的恐惧感染了那些人。

"卧倒!"副官一面喊道,一面扑倒在地上。安德烈公爵犹豫不决地站在那儿。一颗榴弹像个陀螺一样在他和卧倒的副官之间,在禾田和草地中间,在一丛苦艾旁边冒着烟打转。

"这难道就是死亡吗?"安德烈公爵想道,用一种全新的、羡慕的目光看着青草、苦艾,看着那从打转的黑球里冒出的袅袅上升的青烟。"我不能死,我不想死,我爱生活——我爱这青草,爱这大地,爱这天空……"他这样想着,同时想到人们都在看着他。

"可耻,副官先生!"他对副官说。"多么……"他还没有说完这句话。就在这一眨眼的功夫,发出一阵爆炸声,好像是打破了玻璃窗似的碎片四处飞散,散发出的火药味嗅起来让人窒息,安德烈公爵猛得跳到了旁边,抬起一只手,胸脯朝地倒了下去。好几个军官跑了过来。从右侧腹部,血流了出来,草地上已经滴了一大摊血。

被叫来抬担架的后备军人站在军官们身后。安德烈公爵俯卧着,脸埋进草里,发出沉重的呼呼噜噜的喘气声。

"你们在等什么,过来!"

农夫们走了过来,抓住了他的肩膀和腿,但是他发出了一声凄惨的呻吟声,农夫们互相看了一眼,然后又把他放在了地上。

"把他抬起来,放在担架上,都是一个样!"一个人大声喊道。他们又一次托住他的肩膀把他抬起来,放在担架上。

"啊,上帝!我的上帝!这是怎么啦?肚子!这意味着死亡啊!哎,我的上帝!"可以听见军官们的叹息声。

"就差那么一头发丝的距离,炮弹擦着我的耳朵飞了过去。"副官说。

The peasants, adjusting the stretcher to their shoulders, started hurriedly along the path they had trodden down, to the dressing station.

'Keep in step! Ah... those peasants!' shouted an officer, seizing by their shoulders and checking the peasants, who were walking unevenly and jolting the stretcher.

'Get into step, Fedor... I say, Fedor!' said the foremost peasant.

'Now that's right!' said the one behind joyfully, when he had got into step.

'Your excellency! Eh, Prince!' said the trembling voice of Timokhin, who had run up and was looking down on the stretcher. Prince Andrew opened his eyes and looked up at the speaker from the stretcher into which his head had sunk deep and again his eyelids drooped.

The militiamen carried Prince Andrew to dressing station by the wood, where wagons were stationed. The dressing station consisted of three tents with flaps turned back, pitched at the edge of a birch wood. In the wood, wagons and horses were standing. The horses were eating oats from their movable troughs and sparrows flew down and pecked the grains that fell. Some crows, scenting blood, flew among the birch trees cawing impatiently. Around the tents, over more than five acres, bloodstained men in various garbs stood, sat, or lay. Around the wounded stood crowds of soldier stretcher-bearers with dismal and attentive faces, whom the officers keeping order tried in vain to drive from the spot. Disregarding the officers' orders, the soldiers stood leaning against their stretchers and gazing intently, as if trying to comprehend the difficult problem of what was taking place before them.

From the tents came now loud angry cries and now plaintive groans. Occasionally dressers ran out to fetch water, or to point out those who were to be brought in next. The wounded men awaiting their turn outside the tents groaned, sighed, wept, screamed, swore, or asked for vodka. Some were delirious. Prince Andrew's bearers, stepping over the wounded

几个农夫把担架放在肩上,匆忙地沿着他们踏出的小路走向了救护站。

"合上步子……喂!……这些农民!"一个军官吼道,抓住那些步伐不稳,颠动担架的农民的肩膀,叫他们停了一下。

"合上步子,赫韦多尔,我说你呢,赫韦多尔。"走在前面的那个农夫说。

"现在对啦!"后面那个农民高兴地说,当他把步子调好了以后。

"大人吗?啊?是公爵?"季莫欣声音颤抖着说,他跑了过来,看了看担架。安德烈公爵把眼睛睁开,从担架里看了看说话的人(他的头深深地陷在担架里了)然后又垂下了眼睑。

后备军人们把安德烈公爵抬到林旁的急救站,在那儿停着几辆大车,也就是救护站的所在地。救护站是由在小白桦树林边搭的三个卷着边的帐篷组成的。大车和战马在树林里停着。马正在吃饲料袋里的燕麦,一些麻雀飞了下来,来到马跟前啄食撒落的麦粒。乌鸦嗅到了血腥味,迫不及待地白桦树上盘旋着,不停地来回飞着。一些穿着各种各样服装的,满身污血的人们在帐篷周围两俄亩的地方,或躺着,或坐着,或站着。伤员四周站着一群神情沮丧、满面关切的担架兵,负责维持秩序的军官怎么也把他们赶走。士兵们对军官的命令不加理睬,他们仍然靠着担架在那儿站着,似乎是想知道这种景象的内涵,他们全神贯注地看着发生在眼前的事儿。

从帐篷里面,一会儿传出了高声的愤怒的哀号声,一会儿又传出了哀伤的呻吟声,有时一个医助跑出来取水,指定下一个谁应该被抬进去。等候在帐篷外边的伤员们嘶哑地喊叫着,他们呻吟着、叹息着,大哭着、尖叫着、诅咒着,或是要伏特加酒。有些人不省人事。担架员迈过还没包扎的

who had not yet been bandaged, took him, as a regimental commander, close up to one of the tents and there stopped, awaiting instructions. Prince Andrew opened his eyes and for a long time could not make out what was going on around him. He remembered the meadow, the wormwood, the field, the whirling black ball, and his sudden rush of passionate love of life. Two steps from him, leaning against a branch and talking loudly and attracting general attention, stood a tall, handsome, black-haired noncommissioned officer with a bandaged head. He had been wounded in the head and leg by bullets. Around him, eagerly listening to his talk, a crowd of wounded and stretcher-bearers was gathered.

‘We kicked him out from there so that he chucked everything, we grabbed the King himself!’ cried he, looking around him with eyes that glittered with fever. ‘If only reserves had come up just then, lads, there wouldn’t have been nothing left of him! I tell you surely...’

Like all the others near the speaker, Prince Andrew looked at him with shining eyes and experienced a sense of comfort. ‘But isn’t it all the same now?’ thought he. ‘And what will be there, and what has there been here? Why was I so reluctant to part with life? There was something in this life I did not and do not understand.’

伤员,把团长安德烈公爵抬进了一座较近的帐篷,在那里停着,等候指示。安德烈公爵睁开了双眼,好长一段时间没有明白他的四周发生了什么事。他回忆起了草地、苦艾、禾田、打转的黑球以及他那突然爆发出来的热爱生活的激情。离他两步远的地方,有一个头上包着绷带、高个子,长相英俊,黑色头发的军士,他的头和腿被子弹打伤了,他拄着一根树枝站在那儿,以期引起大家的注意。在他的四周,聚集着一大群伤兵和担架兵,正在急切地听他说话。

“我们狠狠地揍了他一顿,揍得他丢盔弃甲,屁滚尿流,就连那个国王也被我们抓住了!”那个军士大声喊道,一双黑眼睛由于兴奋闪着光,向四周扫视了一眼。“如果后备军能及时赶到,伙计们,准可以把他全都报销,我可以确切的告诉你……”

像讲话者周围的所有人一样,安德烈公爵用闪光的眼睛看着他,感到了一种安慰。“但是,现在一切不是已经无所谓了吗?”他想。“在那里会是怎样?在这里又会是怎样的?我为什么对生命那么留恋呢?在这生命中有一种东西,我过去和现在都不理解。”

## CHAPTER XXXVII

## 第三十七章

One of the doctors came out of the tent in a blood-stained apron, holding a cigar between the thumb and little finger of one of his small bloodstained hands, so as not to smear it. He raised his head and looked about him, but above the level of the wounded men. He evidently wanted a little respite. After turning his head from right to left for some time, he sighed and looked down.

'All right, immediately,' he replied to a dresser who pointed Prince Andrew out to him, and he told them to carry him into the tent.

Murmurs arose among the wounded who were waiting. 'It seems that even in the next world only the gentry are to have a chance!' remarked one.

Prince Andrew was carried in and laid on a table that had only just been cleared and which a dresser was washing down. Prince Andrew could not make out distinctly what was in that tent. The pitiful groans from all sides and the torturing pain in his thigh, stomach, and back distracted him. All he saw about him merged into a general impression of naked, bleeding human bodies that seemed to fill the whole of the low tent, as a few weeks previously, on that hot August day, such bodies had filled the dirty pond beside the Smolensk road. Yes, it was the same flesh, the same chair a canon, the sight of which had even then filled him with horror, as by a presentiment.

There were three operating tables in the tent. Two were occupied, and on the third they placed Prince Andrew. For a little while he was left alone and involuntarily witnessed what was taking place on the other two tables. On the nearest one sat a Tartar, probably a Cossack, judging by the uniform thrown down beside him. Four soldiers were holding him, and a spectacled doctor was cutting into his muscular brown back.

一个医生走出了帐篷,他系着一条满是污血的围裙,他那两只不大的手也沾满了血,一支雪茄在一只手的小指和拇指中间夹着(为了不弄脏雪茄)。他把头抬了起来,向四周看了看,但是目光越过了受伤的人。显而易见,他想稍稍放松一下,他把头向左向右转了一会儿,然后他叹了口气,垂下了眼睛。

“好了,马上就到。”他回答了那个指着安德烈公爵的医助的话,然后他命令他们把公爵抬进帐篷。

候诊的伤员们发出了怨言。“看来即使在那个世界里,也只有贵族老爷好过。”一个伤员评论道。

安德烈公爵被抬了进来,放在一张桌子上,这张桌子是刚腾出来的,医助正在冲洗。安德烈公爵看不清楚这个帐篷里有什么东西。从四周传来了痛苦的呻吟声、他的大腿、肚子和背脊疼得钻心,分散了他的注意力。他在周围所看到的一切,汇合成一个总的印象,这座低矮的帐篷里塞满了赤裸的、血淋淋的人体,就如同几星期之前,在那个炎热的八月的日子里,在斯摩棱斯克大道上那个脏污的水池里填满了人的肉体一样。是的,这就是那些肉体,那些炮灰,也就是说,当时似乎就预示着现在的一切景象,这种情形让他感到了惊骇。

帐篷中有三张桌子。其中有两张已经被占据了,在第三张台子上,安德烈公爵被放了下来。有一会儿,没有人照顾他,他无意识地看到了另外两张台子上的情形。最近的台子上坐着一个鞑靼人,从扔在他旁边的制服来看,或许是个哥萨克。四个士兵扶着他。一个戴眼镜的医生正在切除他肌肉发达的栗色背脊上的什么东西。

“Ooh, ooh, ooh!” grunted the Tartar, and suddenly lifting up his swarthy snub-nosed face with its high cheekbones, and baring his white teeth, he began to wriggle and twitch his body and utter piercing, ringing, and prolonged yells. On the other table, round which many people were crowding, a tall well-fed man lay on his back with his head thrown back. His curly hair, its color, and the shape of his head seemed strangely familiar to Prince Andrew. Several dressers were pressing on his chest to hold him down. One large, white, plump leg twitched rapidly all the time with a feverish tremor. The man was sobbing and choking convulsively. Two doctors—one of whom was pale and trembling—were silently doing something to this man’s other, gory leg. When he had finished with the Tartar, whom they covered with an overcoat, the spectacled doctor came up to Prince Andrew, wiping his hands.

He glanced at Prince Andrew’s face and quickly turned away.

“Undress him! What are you waiting for?” he cried angrily to the dressers.

His very first, remotest recollections of childhood came back to Prince Andrew’s mind when the dresser with sleeves rolled up began hastily to undo the buttons of his clothes and undressed him. The doctor bent down over the wound, felt it, and sighed deeply. Then he made a sign to someone, and the torturing pain in his abdomen caused Prince Andrew to lose consciousness. When he came to himself the splintered portions of his thighbone had been extracted, the torn flesh cut away, and the wound bandaged. Water was being sprinkled on his face. As soon as Prince Andrew opened his eyes, the doctor bent over, kissed him silently on the lips, and hurried away.

After the sufferings he had been enduring, Prince Andrew enjoyed a blissful feeling such as he had not experienced for a long time. All the best and happiest moments of his life—especially his earliest childhood, when he used to be undressed and put to bed, and when leaning over him his nurse sang him to

“哎哟,哎哟,哎哟!”鞑靼人象猪似的嚎叫着,突然,昂起了黑黝黝的,翘鼻子的,高颧骨的脸,露出了雪白的牙,他开始扭动、抽搐着身体,发出刺耳的响亮的长声尖叫。在围着好多人的另一张平台上,有一个大胖子在上面平躺着,头向后仰着,他那卷发、发色还有发型,所有这些都对安德烈公爵来说都是那么熟悉。几个医助用力按住那个人的胸脯,不让他移动。一条粗大的,发白的,圆鼓鼓的大腿快速不停地、像发疟疾似的抖动着。那个人抽泣着,哽咽着。两个医生——其中一个面色苍白,战栗着——沉默不语地在那个人的另一只腿上做着什么,这是条血淋淋的腿。当戴眼镜的医生做完了鞑靼人的手术,他们给他盖上了件军大衣,戴眼镜的医生走到安德烈公爵跟前,一边擦着手。

他看了一眼安德烈公爵的脸,然后迅速地转过身去。

“脱掉他的衣服,你们还站着干吗?”他愤愤地对医助们大声吼道。

当一个医助卷起袖子,匆忙地给安德烈公爵解钮扣,脱衣服的时候。安德烈公爵回忆起自己最早、最遥远的童年。医生低低地弯下身来查看伤势,摸了摸,深深地叹了口气。然后他对别人做了个手势。安德烈公爵由于腹内的疼痛失去了知觉。他醒来的时候,他大腿里的碎骨已经取出,炸开的一块肉被切除了,伤口也包扎好了。有人往他脸上洒水。安德烈公爵刚一睁开眼,医生就向他俯下身来,默默地在他嘴唇上吻了吻,匆匆地走开了。

在经受了那场痛苦之后,安德烈公爵感到他好长时间没有这种无上的幸福的感觉了。他一生中最美好,最幸福的光彩——特别是最遥远的童年时光,那时,有人替他脱去衣服,把他放到小床上,保姆俯在他身上唱着催眠曲哄他睡觉,他把头埋在

sleep and he, burying his head in the pillow, felt happy in the mere consciousness of life — returned to his memory, not merely as something past but as something present.

The doctors were busily engaged with the wounded man the shape of whose head seemed familiar to Prince Andrew; they were lifting him up and trying to quiet him.

‘Show it to me. . . . Oh, ooh. . . Oh! Oh, ooh!’ his frightened moans could be heard, subdued by suffering and broken by sobs. Hearing those moans Prince Andrew wanted Andrew wanted to weep. Whether because he was dying without glory, or because he was sorry to part with life, or because of those memories of a childhood that could not return, or because he was suffering and others were suffering and that man near him was groaning so piteously — he felt like weeping childlike, kindly, and almost happy tears.

The wounded man was shown his amputated leg stained with clotted blood and with the boot still on.

‘Oh! Oh, ooh!’ he sobbed, like a woman. The doctor who had been standing beside him, preventing Prince Andrew from seeing his face, moved away.

‘My God! What is this? Why is he here?’ said Prince Andrew to himself.

In the miserable, sobbing, enfeebled man whose leg had just been amputated, he recognized Anatole Kuragin. Men were supporting him in their arms and offering him a glass of water, but his trembling, swollen lips could not grasp its rim. Anatole was sobbing painfully. ‘Yes, it is he! Yes, that man is somehow closely and painfully connected with me,’ thought Prince Andrew, not yet clearly grasping what he saw before him. ‘What is the connection of that man with my childhood and life?’ he asked himself without finding an answer.

And suddenly a new unexpected memory from that realm of pure and loving childhood presented itself to him. He remembered Natasha as he had seen her for the first time at the ball in 1810, with her slender neck and arms and with a frightened happy face ready

枕头里,那时,他对生活只有一种感觉,那就是觉得自己很幸福——在他的想象中,这样的时光甚至不是过去,而是现实。

医生们在安德烈公爵觉得那人的头型很熟悉的伤员周围忙碌着。医生们把他扶起来,尽力使他平静下来。

“让我看看……噢噢噢噢!噢噢噢!”传来他那受到惊吓的,惊慌不安的,痛得钻心的呻吟声,时时会被啜泣声打断。听到这呻吟,安德烈公爵就想流泪。不知道是因为他就要这样无声无息地死去呢;还是因为他不愿意离开人世;因为他不愿意忘却那一去不复返的童年的回忆;还是因为他在受苦,别人也在受苦,这个人那么悲惨地在他面前呻吟着——总之,他直想大哭,流出孩子般的、善良的、几乎是快乐的眼泪。

他们给那个伤员看了一下他那条被截去的、凝着血渍的、还穿着靴子的腿。

“噢!噢噢噢噢!”他像女人似的恸哭起来。那个站在伤员身旁挡住了他的脸的医生,这时离开了。

“我的上帝!这是怎么回事呀?他怎么会在这儿?”安德烈公爵自言自语道。

那个不幸的、失声痛哭的、虚弱无力、刚刚被截去一条腿的人就是阿纳托利·库拉金,安德烈公爵认出了他。人们把他扶起来,递给他一杯水,但是他那颤抖着的肿起的嘴唇碰不到杯子边。阿纳托利痛苦地呜咽着。“是的,就是他;是的,这个人不知为什么和我有着密切而沉痛的联系。”安德烈公爵想着,还没搞明白眼前发生的到底是怎么一回事。“这个人和我童年,以及我的生活有什么联系呢?”他问自己,却没有找到答案。

突然,在安德烈公爵的想象中,从纯洁可爱的童年世界中浮现出另一种新的意外的记忆。他想起一八一〇年在舞会上初次见到娜塔莎,记起了她那纤细的脖子和双臂,她那兴高采烈的,又惊喜的幸福的面

for rapture, and love and tenderness for her, stronger and more vivid than ever, awoke in his soul. He now remembered the connection that existed between himself and this man who was dimly gazing at him through tears that filled his swollen eyes. He remembered everything, and ecstatic pity and love for that man overflowed his happy heart.

Prince Andrew could no longer restrain himself and wept tender loving tears for his fellow men, for himself, and for his own and their errors.

‘Compassion, love of our brothers, for those who love us and for those who hate us, love of our enemies; yes, that love which God preached on earth and which Princess Mary taught me and I did not understand – that is what made me sorry to part with life, that is what remained for me had I lived. But now it is too late. I know it!’

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

The terrible spectacle of the battlefield covered with dead and wounded, together with the heaviness of his head and the news that some twenty generals he knew personally had been killed or wounded, and the consciousness of the impotence of his once mighty arm, produced an unexpected impression on Napoleon who usually liked to look at the killed and wounded, thereby, he considered, testing his strength of mind. This day the horrible appearance of the battlefield overcame that strength of mind which he thought constituted his merit and his greatness. He rode hurriedly from the battlefield and returned to the Shevardino knoll, where he sat on his campstool, his sallow face swollen and heavy, his eyes dim, his nose red, and his voice hoarse, involuntarily listening, with downcast eyes, to the sounds of firing. With painful dejection he awaited the end of this action, in which he regarded himself as a participant and which he was un-

庞,于是一种比任何时候都更为生动的,更为强烈的对她的柔情在他的心灵深处复苏了。这时,他想起了他同这个正在用饱含泪水的,肿胀的眼睛模糊地看着他的人之间的关系。安德烈公爵回忆起了这一切,于是他的内心充满了对那个人的强烈的怜悯和挚爱之情。

安德烈公爵再也忍不住,流出了满含柔情和爱意的眼泪,他为别人而哭,为自己而哭,为他和自己的错误认识而哭。

“对兄弟们,对爱我们的人们的同情和爱,对恨我们的人的爱,对敌人的爱,是的,这就是上帝传播在人间的、玛丽亚公爵小姐教给我的,而我不懂的那种爱——这就是我为什么离开人世会觉得痛苦的原因,这就是我剩下的仅有的东西了,假如我还活着的话。不过现在为时已晚。这一点我很清楚!”

## 第三十八章

战场上死者与伤者遍布的可怕景象,再加上头脑昏胀,还有二十几个他所熟悉的将军伤亡的消息,以及他那往日有力的胳膊已经变得软弱无力的感觉,这一切对拿破仑产生了一种意想不到的影响,以前他喜欢看死伤的人,并以此来考验自己的意志力。这天战场上的可怕景象摧垮了他的精神,而他原本以为是这种精神力量构成了他的功绩和伟大。他骑着马匆匆地离开了战场,回到了舍瓦尔金诺土岗。他在折椅上坐下,脸色姜黄而且浮肿,表情阴沉,目光混浊,鼻子通红,声音嘶哑,他不由得垂下了眼睑,不知不觉地谛听着枪炮声。他怀着病态的忧悒心情盼望着结束这场由他引起的,但他却不能阻止的战争。个人所具有的人类感情暂时战胜了他长期为之服务的虚假的人生幻影。

able to arrest. A personal, human feeling for a brief moment got the better of the artificial phantasm of life he had served so long.

He felt in his own person the sufferings and death he had witnessed on the battlefield. The heaviness of his head and chest reminded him of the possibility of suffering and death for himself. At that moment he did not desire Moscow, or victory, or glory (what need had he for any more glory?). The one thing he wished for was rest, tranquillity, and freedom. But when he had been on the Semenovsk heights the artillery commander had proposed to him to bring several batteries of artillery up to those heights to strengthen the fire on the Russian troops crowded in front of Knjazkovo. Napoleon had assented and had given orders that news should be brought to him of the effect those batteries produced.

An adjutant came now to inform him that the fire of two hundred guns had been concentrated on the Russians, as he had ordered, but that they still held their ground.

‘Our fire is mowing them down by rows, but still they hold on,’ said the adjutant.

‘They want more! . . .’ said Napoleon in a hoarse voice.

‘Sire?’ asked the adjutant who had not heard the remark.

‘They want more!’ croaked Napoleon frowning. ‘Let them have it!’

Even before he gave that order the thing he did not desire, and for which he gave the order only because he thought it was expected of him, was being done. And he fell back into that artificial realm of imaginary greatness, and again – as a horse walking a treadmill thinks it is doing something for itself – he submissively fulfilled the cruel, sad, gloomy, and inhuman role predestined for him.

And not for that day and hour alone were the mind and conscience darkened of this man on whom the responsibility for what was happening lay more than on all the others who took part in it. Never to the end of his life could he understand goodness, beauty, or

他亲身感受到了他在战场上所见到的苦难和死亡的恐惧。头和胸的沉重感觉，使他想到他自己也有可能遭受磨难和死亡。在这一瞬间，他不希望得到莫斯科，不希望得到胜利，不希望得到荣誉（他还需要什么更多的荣誉呢？）现在，他只希望得到一件事，那就是休息、安静和自由。不过，当他在谢苗诺夫斯科耶高地，炮兵司令向他建议，调几个炮兵连到这些高地上，以加强火力，对聚集在克尼亚济科沃前的俄军攻击时，拿破仑表示同意，并且命令把那些炮兵连的作战效果报告给他。

一名副官报告说，已经调来了二百门大炮，对着俄军进行轰击，就像皇帝所命令的那样。但是俄军仍然坚守不动。

“我们的炮火把他们成排地放倒，但是他们却纹丝不动。”那个副官说。

“他们还想要更多的……”拿破仑用沙哑的声音说。

“陛下？”那个副官问道，他没听清楚拿破仑的话。

“他们还嫌不够，”拿破仑皱着眉头，声音嘶哑地说，“那就给他们好了。”

在他发出命令之前，实际上，已经按他所要求的那样做了。他之所以给出命令，仅仅是因为他以为人们在期待着他的命令。于是他就再次回到那个他臆想的充满某种伟大梦幻的境界中（就如同是一匹拉磨的马，自以为是在为自己做事），又开始驯服地扮演起了那个残酷的、可悲的、沉重的、毫无人道的角色。

不仅仅是在那一刻和那一天，这个比其他任何人都更沉重地担负起眼前这副重担的人的智力和良心泯灭了；不过，他一直到生命的尽头，都从来不懂得什么是真、善、美，不懂他的行为意义所在。因为他的

truth, or the significance of his actions which were too contrary to goodness and truth, too remote from everything human, for him ever to be able to grasp their meaning. He could not disavow his actions, belauded as they were by half the world, and so he had to repudiate truth, goodness, and all humanity.

Not only on that day, as he rode over the battle-field strewn with men killed and maimed (by his will as he believed), did he reckon as he looked at them how many Russians there were for each Frenchman and, deceiving himself, find reason for rejoicing in the calculation that there were five Russians for every Frenchman. Not on that day alone did he write in a letter to Paris that 'the battle field was superb,' because fifty thousand corpses lay there, but even on the island of St. Helena in the peaceful solitude where he said he intended to devote his leisure to an account of the great deeds he had done, he wrote:

The Russian war should have been the most popular war of modern times: it was a war of good sense, for real interests, for the tranquillity and security of all; it was purely pacific and conservative.

It was a war for a great cause, the end of uncertainties and the beginning of security. A new horizon and new labors were opening out, full of well-being and prosperity for all. The European system was already founded; all that remained was to organize it.

Satisfied on these great points and with tranquility everywhere, I too should have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. Those ideas were stolen from me. In that reunion of great sovereigns we should have discussed our interests like one family, and have rendered account to the peoples as clerk to master.

Europe would in this way soon have been, in fact, but one people, and anyone who traveled anywhere would have found himself always in the common fatherland. I should have demanded the freedom of all navigable rivers for everybody, that the seas should be common to all, and that the great standing armies should be reduced henceforth to mere guards for the sovereigns.

行为和真善太格格不入了,与一切人道的东西离得太远了,所以他永远也不能懂得它们的意义。他不能摒弃他那誉满半个地球的行为,所以他要摒弃真和善以及一切人性的东西。

不仅在那一天,他骑马视察那布满死者和伤者的战场(他觉得那些伤亡是由他的意志而造成的),他看着这些人,算着多少个俄国人抵一个法国人,由此他自欺欺人地找到了让他自己高兴的理由:五个俄国人抵一个法国人。也不仅仅是在这一天,他在写给巴黎的一封信中说:战争的场面十分壮观,因为有五万具尸体躺在那里,甚至就是在圣赫勒拿岛上,在那幽禁、寂静的所在,他说,他要利用闲暇时间,记述他的丰功伟绩,他用法文写道:

“远征俄国的战争应当是当今最著名的战争:因为这是一场明智的、为了真正利益的战争,是为了全人类的安全和安宁的战争;它纯粹是热爱和平的伟大的战争。

那场战争是为了一个伟大的目的,为了意外事件的终结,为了安定的开始。新的境界,新的事业正在出现。全人类的安宁幸福和繁荣昌盛正在出现,欧洲的制度已经奠定,剩下的问题只是进一步建立起来。

当这些大问题都得到圆满解决,到处都安宁下来之后,我也就有我的国会和神圣同盟了。这些思想是他们从我这里窃取的。在这次各国君主会议中,我们应该像一家人一样讨论我们的利益。并且像帐房先生对主人那样向各国人民汇报工作。

如果照这样去做,的确,欧洲肯定会很快成为一个统一的民族,一个人不管是去哪个地方旅行,就好像是进入了共同的祖国。我建议所有的河流供所有人航行,海洋是公有的,庞大的常备军缩编成各国君主的近卫军。

On returning to France, to the bosom of the great, strong, magnificent, peaceful, and glorious fatherland, I should have proclaimed her frontiers immutable; all future wars purely defensive, all aggrandizement antinational. I should have associated my son in the Empire; my dictatorship would have been finished, and his constitutional reign would have begun.

Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of the nations!

My leisure then, and my old age, would have been devoted, in company with the Empress and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, to leisurely visiting, with our own horses and like a true country couple, every corner of the Empire, receiving complaints, redressing wrongs, and scattering public buildings and benefactions on all sides and everywhere.

Napoleon, predestined by Providence for the gloomy role of executioner of the peoples, assured himself that the aim of his actions had been the peoples' welfare and that he could control the fate of millions and by the employment of power confer benefactions.

'Of four hundred thousand who crossed the Vistula,' he wrote further of the Russian war, 'half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Mecklenburgers, Spaniards, Italians, and Neapolitans. The Imperial army, strictly speaking, was one third composed of Dutch, Belgians, men from the borders of the Rhine, Piedmontese, Swiss, Genevese, Tuscans, Romans, inhabitants of the Thirty-second Military Division, of Bremen, of Hamburg, and so on: it included scarcely a hundred and forty thousand who spoke French. The Russian expedition actually cost France less than fifty thousand men; the Russian army in its retreat from Vilna to Moscow lost in the various battles four times more men than the French army; the burning of Moscow cost the lives of a hundred thousand Russians who died of cold and want in the woods; finally, in its march from Moscow to the Oder the Russian army also suffered from the severity of the season; so that by the time it reached Vilna it numbered only fifty thou-

回到法国,回到那伟大的、强盛的、瑰丽的、和平的、光荣的祖国的怀抱,我要声明,她的国界是永恒的;未来所有的战争,都将是防御性的;任何扩张都是与民族利益相背的;我要会同我的儿子掌管帝国政治,终结我的独裁,开始他的宪政。

巴黎将要成为世界的首都,法国人将会被全世界的人所妒嫉!

到那时候,我将利用我的闲暇和晚年,在我的儿子受皇家教育期间,带着皇后,好像一对真正的农村夫妻那样,驾着我们自己的马车遍访帝国各个角落,接受诉状,平反冤狱,在各地兴建建筑物,广施恩泽。

上天注定拿破仑要扮演一名残杀人民的、可悲的、身不由己的刽子手的角色,他相信他行动的目的是造福人民,他相信他能主宰千百万人的命运,能够运用权利广施恩泽。

“有四十万人渡过了维斯杜拉河,其中有一半是奥地利人、普鲁士人、撒克逊人、波兰人、巴伐利亚人、符腾堡人、梅克伦堡湾人、西班牙人、意大利人和那不勒斯人。实际上,在帝国军队中,有三分之一是荷兰人、比利时人、莱茵河沿岸的居民、皮德蒙特人、瑞士人、日内瓦人、托斯卡纳人、罗马人、三十二师以及不来梅和汉堡等地的居民;其中说法语的还不到十四万人。对俄国的这次远征,法国的损失其实不到五万人;俄国军队从维尔纳撤退到莫斯科,在每次战斗中,损失的人数是法军的四倍;十万俄国人在莫斯科的大火中失去了生命,他们因为森林里寒冷和物资匮乏而死去;最后,在从莫斯科到奥德河的进军中,俄军也尝到了严酷季节的苦头;在到达维尔纳的时候,它只剩下五万人了,而到卡利什的时候,就剩下不到一万八千人了。”