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Denisov. He knew his stubborn will and straightforward hasty temper.

When the reading of Denisov's virulent reply, which took more than an hour, was over, Rostov said nothing, and he spent the rest of the day in a most dejected state of mind amid Denisov's hospital comrades, who had round him, telling them what he knew and listening to their stories. Denisov was moodily silent all the evening.

Late in the evening, when Rostov was about to leave, he asked Denisov whether he had no commission for him.

'Yes, wait a bit,' said Denisov, glancing round at the officers, and taking his papers from under his pillow he went to the window, where he had an inkpot, and sat down to write.

'It seems it's no use knocking one's head against a wall!' he said, coming from the window and giving Rostov a large envelope. In it was the petition to the Emperor drawn up by the auditor, in which Denisov, without alluding to the offenses of the commissariat officials, simply asked for pardon.

'Hand it in. It seems... ' He did not finish, but gave a painfully unnatural smile.

CHAPTER XIX

Having returned to the regiment and told the commander the state of Denisov's affairs, Rostov rode to Tilsit with the letter to the Emperor.

On the thirteenth of June the French and Russian Emperors arrived in Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoy had asked the important personage on whom he was in attendance, to include him in the suite appointed for the stay at Tilsit.

'I should like to see the great man,' he said, alluding to Napoleon, whom hitherto he, like everyone else, had always called Buonaparte.

话。他了解杰尼索夫固执的性格和他的耿直和急躁的脾气。

杰尼索夫读他这份内容很是恶毒的公文,花了一个多小时,读完之后,罗斯托夫闷闷不乐,没有说什么,杰尼索夫的几个病友又把他给包围了起来,罗斯托夫一边向他们讲着他了解的形势,一边听着人们谈论,就这样他度过了一天中剩余的时间。杰尼索夫的情绪很不好,一整个晚上都不说话。

深夜的时候,罗斯托夫想要回去了,他问杰尼索夫是不是有托他办的事?

"是的,请稍等一会儿。"杰尼索夫说,他向周围的军官们扫了一眼说,从枕头底下把公文拿了出来,来到放着他的墨水瓶的窗前,坐下来开始写呈文。

"看起来用脑袋撞墙是没有什么用的。"他说着,离开窗子,走过来交给罗斯托夫一个大信封。那里面装的是检察官草拟的向国王递送的呈文,杰尼索夫在那里面只字未提有关军粮管理处的错误,只是向国王请求赦免。

"把它递上去吧,看起来是……"他并没有说完,病态的脸上露出了不自然的笑。

第十九章

重新回到自己的兵团里面,对团长说了杰尼索夫的案子以后,罗斯托夫带着那份稟帖前往蒂尔西特面见国王。

六月十三日那一天,法、俄两国的皇帝在蒂尔西特晤面。鲍里斯·德鲁别茨科伊向地位在他之上的重要官员请求把他编入驻扎于蒂尔西特的随从人员之列。

"我很想见到这样一个伟人。"他提到了拿破仑,到现在为止,和别的人都一样,老是称拿破仑为波拿巴。

‘You are speaking of Buonaparte?’ asked the general, smiling.

Boris looked at his general inquiringly and immediately saw that he was being tested.

‘I am speaking, Prince, of the Emperor Napoleon,’ he replied. The general patted him on the shoulder, with a smile.

‘You will go far,’ he said, and took him to Tilsit with him.

Boris was among the few present at the Niemen on the day the two Emperors met. He saw the raft, decorated with monograms, saw Napoleon pass before the French Guards on the farther bank of the river, saw the pensive face of the Emperor Alexander as he sat in silence in a tavern on the bank of the Niemen awaiting Napoleon’s arrival, saw both Emperors get into boats, and saw how Napoleon – reaching the raft first – stepped quickly forward to meet Alexander and held out his hand to him, and how they both retired into the pavilion.

Since he had begun to move in the highest circles Boris had made it his habit to watch attentively all that went on around him and to note it down. At the time of the meeting at Tilsit he asked the names of those who had come with Napoleon and about the uniforms they wore, and listened attentively to words spoken by important personages. At the moment the Emperors went into the pavilion he looked at his watch, and did not forget to look at it again when Alexander came out. The interview had lasted an hour and fifty – three minutes. He noted this down that same evening, among other facts he felt to be of historic importance.

As the Emperor’s suite was a very small one, it was a matter of great importance, for a man who valued his success in the service, to be at Tilsit on the occasion of this interview between the two Emperors, and having succeeded in this, Boris felt that henceforth his position was fully assured. He had not only become known, but people had grown accustomed to him and accepted him. Twice he had executed commissions to the Emperor himself, so that the latter

“你说的是波拿巴吗？”将军笑着说。

鲍里斯疑惑地看了将军一眼，他立刻明白，这是一种戏谑的刺探。

“公爵，我说的是皇帝拿破仑，”他回答说。那个将军笑着在他肩膀上拍了一拍。

“你前程远大。”军官说，带着他去了蒂尔西特。

在涅漫觐见皇帝的时候，鲍里斯也在那少数的出席者之中。他看到了带花字头的一排排木筏。也看到了拿破仑在河对岸从法国近卫军面前驶过，他看到亚历山大皇帝的脸上显出了沉思的表情，就在亚历山大皇帝坐在一家涅曼河边上的酒店中等候拿破仑驾临的时候。看到两个皇帝登上了一条小船，拿破仑首先靠拢木筏。他快步跑着迎上了亚历山大皇帝，伸出了他的手，两个人走进了帐子中，再也看不见了。

自打鲍里斯进入上流社会的交际圈子以后，他养成了一种注意观察周围事物，并且记下来的习惯。就在他去蒂尔西特觐见两个皇帝的时候，也曾仔细地打听那些跟在拿破仑身边的人都叫什么名字，了解他们穿什么样的制服，认真地听着重要官员说的每一句话。就在两个皇帝走到帐子里面时，他往自己的怀表上看了一眼，而亚历山大从帐子里面走出来时，他还记着再看怀表。两个皇帝见面的时间一共是一小时五十三分钟，当天晚上，他把这件事记载在他认为具有历史意义的其他事件中。

由于皇帝身边的侍从不多，因此就一个重视自己事业和自己成就的人而言，两个皇帝能在会面时在蒂尔西特多呆上几天是再为重要不过的了。鲍里斯自到蒂尔西特以后就有一种感觉，也就是这个时候已经确立了他自己的地位。那里的每一个人都认识了他，而且对他也完全习惯了。他曾经两次执行任务而面见皇上，所以皇帝也认识了他的脸，而皇帝身边的那些官员

knew his face, and all those at court, far from cold-shouldering him as at first when they considered him a newcomer, would now have been surprised had he been absent.

Boris lodged with another adjutant, the Polish Count Zhilinski. Zhilinski, a Pole brought up in Paris, was rich, and passionately fond of the French, and almost every day of the stay at Tilsit, French officers of the Guard and from French headquarters were dining and lunching with him and Boris.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of June, Count Zhilinski arranged a supper for his French friends. The guest of honor was an aide-de-camp of Napoleon's, there were also several French officers of the Guard, and a page of Napoleon's, a young lad of an old aristocratic French family. That same day, Rostov, profiting by the darkness to avoid being recognized in civilian dress, came to Tilsit and went to the lodging occupied by Boris and Zhilinski.

Rostov, in common with the whole army from which he came, was far from having experienced the change of feeling toward Napoleon and the French—who from being foes had suddenly become friends—that had taken place at headquarters and in Boris. In the army, Bonaparte and the French were still regarded with mingled feelings of anger, contempt, and fear.

Only recently, talking with one of Platov's Cossack officers, Rostov had argued that if Napoleon were taken prisoner he would be treated not as a sovereign, but as a criminal. Quite lately, happening to meet a wounded French colonel on the road, Rostov had maintained with heat that peace was impossible between a legitimate sovereign and the criminal Bonaparte. Rostov was therefore unpleasantly struck by the presence of French officers in Boris' lodging, dressed in uniforms he had been accustomed to see from quite a different point of view from the outposts of the flank.

As soon as he noticed a French officer, who thrust his head out of the door, that warlike feeling of hostility which he always experienced at the sight of the enemy suddenly seized him. He stopped at the

们,已经不再像第一次那样把他当作是新来的人而躲着他了,而是会对他的缺席感到很是惊讶了。

和鲍里斯同住的是另一名副官,波兰伯爵日林斯基。他是一个在巴黎受过教育的波兰人,很富有,热爱法国人,在蒂尔西特呆的每一天,几乎法国的近卫军和司令部的人都和日林斯基和鲍里斯一起用早餐午餐。

六月二十四日晚上,日林斯基伯爵安排了一次晚餐,那是为他自己的法国熟人举办的。那个贵宾是拿破仑的副手,还有几个法国军官,出身于法国老贵族的少年,拿破仑的少年侍从在这次晚餐中也出席了。同一天,在夜很黑不容易被人发现的时候,罗斯托夫换上了一身便服,骑马来到了蒂尔西特,来到了日林斯基和鲍里斯住的地方。

罗斯托夫和整个军队(他是从军队中来的)在对待化敌为友的拿破仑和法国人的态度上,远远没有总部与鲍里斯身上所发生的这种巨大转变,对波拿巴和法国人的仇恨、蔑视和恐惧的混合感情仍然在军队中持续着。

不久前,罗斯托夫和普拉托夫师的一名哥萨克军官谈话时争论道:要是拿破仑被逮住的话,他们肯定不会把他当作国王而是把他当作一个有罪之人来看待。不久前,罗斯托夫在路上碰到了一个受了伤的法国上校,罗斯托夫显得有些急了,他努力对这个上校表明,一个正直的国王和犯了罪的波拿巴之间是没有可能和谈的。因此,在鲍里斯的住处看见法国军官,穿着他在侧翼前哨用迥异的眼光看惯了制服,这使他非常震惊。

有一个法国军官从门里面探出了身子,罗斯托夫一看,他身上的那种见到敌人时引起战斗的、敌对的情绪突然涌上心头。他在门口站住不走了,冲着那个法国军官

threshold and asked in Russian whether Drubetskoy lived there. Boris, hearing a strange voice in the anteroom, came out to meet him. An expression of annoyance showed itself for a moment on his face on first recognizing Rostov.

‘Ah, it’s you? Very glad, very glad to see you,’ he said, however, coming toward him with a smile. But Rostov had noticed his first impulse.

‘I’ve come at a bad time I think. I should not have come, but I have business,’ he said coldly.

‘No, I only wonder how you managed to get away from your regiment. In a minute I shall be at your disposal.’ he said, answering someone who called him.

‘I see I’m intruding,’ Rostov repeated.

The look of annoyance had already disappeared from Boris’ face: having evidently reflected and decided how to act, he very quietly took both Rostov’s hands and led him into the next room. His eyes, looking serenely and steadily at Rostov, seemed to be veiled by something, as if screened by blue spectacles of conventionality. So it seemed to Rostov.

‘Oh, come now! As if you could come at a wrong time!’ said Boris, and he led him into the room where the supper table was laid and introduced him to his guests, explaining that he was not a civilian, but an hussar officer, and an old friend of his.

‘Count Zhilinski - le Comte N. N. - le Capitaine S. S.,’ said he, naming his guests. Rostov looked frowningly at the Frenchmen, bowed reluctantly, and remained silent.

Zhilinski evidently did not receive this new Russian person very willingly into his circle and did not speak to Rostov. Boris did not appear to notice the constraint the newcomer produced and, with the same pleasant composure and the same veiled look in his eyes with which he had met Rostov, tried to enliven the conversation. One of the Frenchmen, with the politeness characteristic of his countrymen, addressed the obstinately taciturn Rostov, saying that the latter

用俄语问道, 德鲁别茨科伊是否也在这里住。鲍里斯在接待室里听到陌生人的声音, 从里面走了出来迎接, 可他发现是罗斯托夫的时候, 他脸上的表情显得很懊恼。

“哦, 是你? 很高兴, 见到你很高兴。”他说着, 面露微笑走了过来, 可是罗斯托夫已经注意到了他刚才的心理活动。

“我来得不是时候, 我想。我不该来, 可是我有事情要办。”他冷冷地说道。

“不, 我只是对你怎么从兵团来到这里感到有些吃惊而已, 一会儿我就会按您的意思去做的。”他说, 接着又回答了那个叫他的声音。

“我明白我来得很不是时候。”罗斯托夫又说了一遍。

鲍里斯的脸上已经没有了刚才那种懊恼的表情, 显然, 他仔细考虑后决定该怎么办, 他用力地握着罗斯托夫的手, 带他到了隔壁房间里。鲍里斯的两只眼睛静而又坚定地朝罗斯托夫看着, 它上面仿佛蒙上了什么东西, 好像被一副世故的蓝色眼镜遮住了。罗斯托夫感觉是这样的。

“哦, 来吧, 你怎么会来的不是时候呢!” 鲍里斯说。鲍里斯领着他来到房间里, 在那里晚饭的桌子已经摆好了, 他把罗斯托夫介绍给了他的客人, 说他不是文官, 而是骠骑兵军官, 是他的老朋友。

“这是日林斯基伯爵, 这个是 N. N. 伯爵, 这是 S. S. 上尉。”他对罗斯托夫说了他客人的名字。罗斯托夫皱着眉头看着那几个法国人, 极不情愿地向他们鞠躬行礼, 一直没有说话。

显然, 日林斯基并不愿意让这个刚来的俄国人加入他这个小圈子, 他不和罗斯托夫说话。鲍里斯好像没去注意由于新来的人而造成的窘态, 依然带着喜悦的平静的神色, 眼睛里依然像他见到罗斯托夫时那样蒙着一层东西。他尽力想让谈话活跃起来。他们中间的一个法国人, 带着法国人特有的那种尊敬, 将自己的脸扭向罗斯托夫, 同他搭话, 说他来蒂尔西特可能是想

had probably come to Tilsit to see the Emperor.

“No, I came on business,” replied Rostov, briefly.

Rostov had been out of humor from the moment he noticed the look of dissatisfaction on Boris' face, and as always happens to those in a bad humor, it seemed to him that everyone regarded him with aversion and that he was in everybody's way. He really was in their way, for he alone took no part in the conversation which again became general. The looks the visitors cast on him seemed to say: “And what is he sitting here for?” He rose and went up to Boris.

“Anyhow, I'm in your way,” he said in a low tone. “Come and talk over my business and I'll go away.”

“Oh, no, not at all,” said Boris. “But if you are tired, come and lie down in my room and have a rest.”

“Yes, really...”

They went into the little room where Boris slept. Rostov, without sitting down, began at once, irritably (as if Boris were to blame in some way) telling him about Denisov's affair, asking him whether, through his general, he could and would intercede with the Emperor on Denisov's behalf and get Denisov's petition handed in. When he and Boris were alone, Rostov felt for the first time that he could not look Boris in the face without a sense of awkwardness. Boris, with one leg crossed over the other and stroking his left hand with the slender fingers of his right, listened to Rostov as a general listens to the report of a subordinate, now looking aside and now gazing straight into Rostov's eyes with the same veiled look. Each time this happened Rostov felt uncomfortable and cast down his eyes.

“I have heard of such cases and know that His Majesty is very severe in such affairs. I think it would be best not to bring it before the Emperor, but to apply to the commander of the corps... But in general, I think...”

“So you don't want to do anything? Well then, say so!” Rostov almost shouted, not looking Boris in

观见皇上的吧。

“不,我来是因为我有事儿。”罗斯托夫简洁地回答道。

罗斯托夫变得心情不愉快了,在他看出了鲍里斯对他很是不满的脸色以后。他心里想着,他们都不怀好意地看着自己,他在这里碍着他们的事了,人们在这个时候经常这样。他也的确碍了他们的事。他们又说起话来,惟独使他置身局外,所有的客人看着他的目光像是在说:“他坐在那里做什么呢?”他站起了身,来到了鲍里斯面前。

“无论如何,我碍你们的事了,”他小声对他说道,“来,咱们去说一下我的事,然后我就走。”

“哦,不,压根不是这回事,”鲍里斯说,“你要是困了的话,就到我的房间里去歇一会儿吧。”

“是,真的……”

他们来到了鲍里斯睡觉的小房间。罗斯托夫,没等坐下来,就觉得愤恨,就像是鲍里斯得罪了他似的,他立刻说起了杰尼索夫的事,他问他愿意不愿意,能不能通过自己的将军帮杰尼索夫向国王请求赦免,同时让将军代为转交他的那封信。就在只有他们两个人的时候,罗斯托夫头一回证实,他看到鲍里斯的眼睛时感到很是不安。鲍里斯的一条腿架到另一条上面,用左手抚摸自己右手那细长的指头,仔细地听着罗斯托夫说话,就像是将军在认真听他的手下向他报告情况一样,有时还看看旁边,时不时地,他的目光中也像蒙着一层什么东西,两眼一动不动地看着罗斯托夫的眼,而每次这种情形发生时,罗斯托夫就觉得很不舒服,就垂下眼睛。

“我听说过这种案子,我还知道,国王对这种事处理得很严厉,我个人的看法是,不如不让皇上知道这件事,最好是向军队的首长求情……总的来说,我想……”

“所以你什么事情也不想做,那样的话,请直说!”罗斯托夫也不看鲍里斯的脸,

the face.

Boris smiled.

‘On the contrary, I will do what I can. Only I thought...’

At that moment Zhilinski’s voice was heard calling Boris.

‘Well then, go, go, go...’ said Rostov, and refusing supper and remaining alone in the little room, he walked up and down for a long time, hearing the lighthearted French conversation from the next room.

CHAPTER XX

Rostov had come to Tilsit the day least suitable for a petition on Denisov’s behalf. He could not himself go to the general in attendance as he was in mufti and had come to Tilsit without permission to do so, and Boris, even had he wished to, could not have done so on the following day. On that day, June 27, the preliminaries of peace were signed. The Emperors exchanged decorations: Alexander received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and Napoleon the Order of St. Andrew of the First Degree, and a dinner had been arranged for the evening, given by a battalion of the French Guards to the Preobrazhensk battalion. The Emperors were to be present at that banquet.

Rostov felt so ill at ease and uncomfortable with Boris that, when the latter looked in after supper, he pretended to be asleep, and early next morning went away, avoiding Boris. In his civilian clothes and a round hat, he wandered about the town, staring at the French and their uniforms and at the streets and houses where the Russian and French Emperors were staying. In a square he saw tables being set up and preparations made for the dinner; he saw the Russian and French colors draped from side to side of the streets, with hugh monograms A and N. In the windows of the houses also flags and bunting were dis-

几乎叫了起来。

鲍里斯笑笑。

“相反,我会尽力去办,只是我想……”

就在这个时候从屋里面传来了日林斯基喊鲍里斯的声音。

“唉,走吧,走,走……”罗斯托夫说,他谢绝了晚饭,自己一个人呆在那个小屋里,来回走了很长时间,听着隔壁房间里法国人愉快的说笑声。

第二十章

罗斯托夫是在最不适合为杰尼索夫求情的那一天到的蒂尔西特。由于他身上穿的是燕尾服,又是私自在没有上级批准的情况下来到蒂尔西特的,所以他不能亲自去见执勤的将军;哪怕鲍里斯愿意帮他,他也不能够在罗斯托夫来的第二天就把这件事给办好,六月二十七日,签订了最初的和约条款。两个国王彼此交换了他们的勋章;亚历山大得到了荣誉团勋章,拿破仑则得到了圣安德烈一级勋章,当天法国近卫营为普列奥布拉任斯基营举办了一场宴会。而两个皇帝都得参加这个规模盛大的晚会。

罗斯托夫和鲍里斯呆在一块时,感觉很不自然,心里极为不舒服,吃过晚饭以后鲍里斯过来看他,而他则装作已经睡着了。次日早上,他离开了那里,为的是躲开鲍里斯。穿着他的燕尾服,头戴一顶圆礼帽,他没有目的地走来走去,仔细地看着法国人和他们身上穿的衣服,观察着大街和两国的国王住的房子。在广场上,他见到了摆好的桌子,就要开始用餐了。在街上他看见横跨街道悬挂着的俄法两国国旗和彩饰以及 A. 和 N. 大花字头,这是两个皇帝的第一个字母。每一家的窗户上都挂着两国

played.

‘Boris doesn’t want to help me and I don’t want to ask him. That’s settled,’ thought Nicholas. ‘All is over between us, but I won’t leave here without having done all I can for Denisov and certainly not without getting his letter to the Emperor. The Emperor! . . . He is here!’ thought Rostov, who had unconsciously returned to the house where Alexander lodged.

Saddled horses were standing before the house and the suite were assembling, evidently preparing for the Emperor to come out.

‘I may see him at any moment,’ thought Rostov. ‘If only I were to hand the letter direct to him and tell him all . . . could they really arrest me for my civilian clothes? Surely not! He would understand on whose side justice lies. He understands everything, knows everything. Who can be more just, more magnanimous than he? And even if they did arrest me for being here, what would it matter?’ thought he, looking at an officer who was entering the house the Emperor occupied. ‘After all, people do go in . . . It’s all nonsense! I’ll go in and hand the letter to the Emperor myself so much the worse for Drubetskoy who drives me to it!’ And suddenly with a determination he himself did not expect, Rostov felt for the letter in his pocket and went straight to the house.

‘No, I won’t miss my opportunity now, as I did after Austerlitz,’ he thought, expecting every moment to meet the monarch, and conscious of the blood that rushed to his heart at the thought. ‘I will fall at his feet and beseech him. He will lift me up, will listen, and will even thank me. “I am happy when I can do good, but to remedy injustice is the greatest happiness,” Rostov fancied the sovereign saying. And passing people who looked after him with curiosity, he entered the porch of the Emperor’s house.

A broad staircase led straight up from the entry, and to the right he saw a closed door. Below, under the staircase, was a door leading to the lower floor.

‘Whom do you want?’ someone inquired.

的国旗和那两个花字。

“鲍里斯不想帮我,那我也就不想求他了。就这样解决了。”尼古拉想着,“我们两人之间一切都完了,可是我不会走,在把杰尼索夫托办的事办好之前,主要是在我没有交给国王那份呈文之前,我是无论如何也不能走的! . . . 国王 . . . 他就在这儿!”罗斯托夫想着,他已经不知不觉地又来到了亚历山大住的楼房前面。

楼房的前边停着几匹坐骑,那些侍从们正在集合,显然是为国王的出游作准备。

“我随时都可能见到他,”罗斯托夫心里想着,“我只须递给他那份呈文,对他说出一切的情况就可以了 . . . 他们真会因为穿着燕尾服把我抓起来吗?肯定不会!他会知道的,正义在谁的那一边。他无所不知。有谁能比他更公正,更大度呢?要是我因为呆在这儿,他们就把我给逮了起来,也不是我的霉气!”他这样想着,同时看着那一个一个军官走进国王的楼房里。“这不就是人人都能进去的吗。唉,都是无用的话。我只要进去给国王这份呈文就可以了,要是这样的话,也许会对德鲁别茨科伊更为不妙,可这是他逼我这样做的。”突然,罗斯托夫摸了摸口袋里的呈文,作出了意想不到的决定,他走向了国王的楼房。

“不,我现在再也不能失去机会了,就像我在奥斯特科茨战役之后做的那样。”他这样想着,时刻期待着见到国王,而这个念头刚一出现,他的一腔热血就聚满了心头,“我会跪倒在他的脚下,向他请求,他就会扶起我,听我说,甚至还要感激我。”我很高兴当我能为别人做好事时,但纠正不公平的事情是我人生中最大的快乐。”罗斯托夫心里想着国王即将对他说的这些话,从那些惊奇地看着他的人们身边走了过去,踏上了国王居住的房屋台阶。

宽大的楼梯从门廊直通到楼上,在右边他看见了一扇关着的门,楼梯下面有一扇门,通往楼房的底层。

“你想找谁?”有人问他。

‘To hand in a letter, a petition, to His Majesty,’ said Nicholas, with a tremor in his voice.

‘A petition? This way, to the officer the officer on duty (he was shown the door leading downstairs),’ ‘only it won’t be accepted.’

On hearing this indifferent voice, Rostov grew frightened at what he was doing; the thought of meeting the Emperor at any moment was so fascinating and consequently so alarming that he was ready to run away, but the official who had questioned him opened the door, and Rostov entered.

A short stout man of about thirty, in white breeches and high boots and a batiste shirt that he had evidently only just put on, standing in that room, and his valet was buttoning on to the back of his breeches a new pair of handsome silk - embroidered braces that, for some reason, attracted Rostov’s attention. This man was speaking to someone in the adjoining room.

‘A good figure and in her first bloom,’ he was saying, but on seeing Rostov, he stopped short and frowned.

‘What is it? A petition?’

‘What is it? asked the person in the other room.

‘Another petitioner,’ answered the man with the braces.

‘Tell him to come later. He’ll be coming out directly, we must go.’

‘Later... later! Tomorrow. It’s too late...’

Rostov turned and was about to go, but the man in the braces stopped him.

‘Whom have you come from? Who are you?’

‘I come from Major Denisov,’ answered Rostov.

‘Are you an officer?’

‘Lieutenant Count Rostov.’

‘What audacity! Hand it in through your commander. And go along with you... go,’ and he continued to put on the uniform the valet handed him.

Rostov went back into the hall and noticed that in

“我要递交一封信，一份呈文，交给陛下。”尼古拉说，声音里带着一丝颤抖。

“呈文？请往这里走，交到值日官这里来（有人向他指了一下那个楼梯下面的门），但这是不会被接受的。”

罗斯托夫一听到这种没有一点热情的声音以后，开始害怕他刚才做的事情了，但可能见到国王的想法对他很有吸引力，但他此时想的是准备赶快逃走，可问他话的那个官员打开了门，罗斯托夫于是就走了进去。

一个个子不高，三十左右岁的胖子，穿着一件白色的衬裤，一双高筒皮靴和一件看起来是刚穿在身上的细麻纱布衬衫，在房间里站着；侍人在他背后给他扣上漂亮的丝织的新背带，不知道为什么，罗斯托夫的注意力转到了他的新背带上。那时他和另一个房间里的一个人说着话。

“一个体态迷人，容貌娇嫩。”他正说着，但一看见罗斯托夫，他就停住了，皱起了眉头。

“那是什么？一份呈文？”

“什么事情？”另一个房间里的那个人问道。

“又一个请愿者。”系着背带的那个人回答说。

“对他说，让他以后再回来，让他赶快走，我们就要出发了。”

“以后……以后！明天，那太迟了……”

罗斯托夫转过身去，刚想往外走，但那个系着背带的人拦住了他。

“您是从谁那里来的？您又是谁？”

“从杰尼索夫少校那儿来，”罗斯托夫答道。

“你是军官吗？”

“我是中尉，罗斯托夫伯爵。”

“胆子不小！这是要通过你的上级递交上来的。您走吧，走……”他继续去穿侍仆给他递过来的制服。

罗斯托夫回到了门厅，他注意到，台阶

the porch there were many officers and generals in full parade uniform, whom he had to pass.

Cursing his temerity, his heart sinking at the thought of finding himself at any moment face to face with the Emperor and being put to shame and arrested in his presence, fully alive now to the impropriety of his conduct and repenting of it, Rostov, with down-cast eyes, was making his way out of the house through the brilliant suite when a familiar voice called him and a hand detained him.

‘What are you doing here, sir, in civilian dress?’ asked a deep voice.

It was a cavalry general who had obtained the Emperor’s special favor during this campaign, and who had formerly commanded the division in which Rostov was serving.

Rostov, in dismay, began justifying himself, but seeing the kindly, jocular face of the general, he took him aside and in an excited voice told him the whole affair, asking him to intercede for Denisov, whom the general knew. Having heard Rostov to the end, the general shook his head gravely.

‘I’m sorry, sorry for that fine fellow. Give me the letter.’

Hardly had Rostov handed him the letter and finished explaining Denisov’s case, when hasty steps and the jingling of spurs were heard on the stairs, and the general, leaving him, went to the porch. The gentlemen of the Emperor’s suite ran down the stairs and went to their horses. Hayne, the same groom who had been at Austerlitz, led up the Emperor’s horse, and the faint creak of a footstep Rostov knew at once was heard on the stairs.

Forgetting the danger of being recognized, Rostov went close to the porch, together with some inquisitive civilians, and again, after two years, saw those features he adored: that same face and same look and step, and the same union of majesty and mildness. . . . And the feeling of enthusiasm and love for his sovereign rose again in Rostov’s soul in all its old force. In the uniform of the Preobrazhensk regiment

下面有许多的军官和士兵都穿着整齐的制服站在那里，罗斯托夫必须从他们的身边走过去。

罗斯托夫开始骂自己莽撞，当他想到他随时可能遇见国王，当着国王的面丢脸，而且也会被逮起来时，他的心沉了下去。他很清楚自己所做的事很不恰当，为此而感到厌烦。因此他垂下眼皮，从楼中走了出来，一大群衣着华丽的侍从站在楼梯周围，忽然有一个人叫了他一声，那个人伸手把他给拦住了。

“你在这里干什么？先生，身上穿着燕尾服。”一个低沉的声音向他问道。

那是一个骑兵将军，他在这次战争中得到了皇帝的特别宠信，罗斯托夫过去在他的军队里服役的时候那人是个师长。

罗斯托夫吃了一惊，就为自己找理由，但他一看见将军那副和蔼、逗趣的脸，就走到了一边，用激动的声音对他讲了整个事情的过程，要将军为他所熟悉的杰尼索夫说情，将军听完罗斯托夫的话，很严肃地把他的头摇了摇。

“我很遗憾，为这个能干的家伙感到遗憾。给我那封信吧。”

就在罗斯托夫刚刚交出那封信，对他解释完了杰尼索夫的全部案情的时候，急促的脚步声和马刺声就从楼梯口传了过来。于是将军也离开了他，向门口走去。皇帝的那些跟班的先生们跑下楼梯，到了各自的马匹边。海涅，这是以前参加奥斯特利茨战役的那个驯马师，牵着皇帝的马过来了，轻轻脚步声从楼梯上传了过来，罗斯托夫立即就听出了这是谁的声音。

他忘了被人认出来的危险，罗斯托夫跟着几个好奇的百姓向门廊挤去，两年之后他又见到了他一直为之敬仰的面容：那张脸、那表情、那走路的姿势、还有那种伟大和善良的结合体……罗斯托夫心中昔日那种强烈的喜悦和对国王的爱戴又复苏了。皇上穿着普列奥布拉任斯基兵团的制服——白驼鹿皮裤和高筒马鞍，身上戴着

— white chamois — leather breeches and high boots — and wearing a star Rostov did not know (it was that of the Legion d'honneur), the monarch came out into the porch, putting on his gloves and carrying his hat under his arm.

He stopped and looked about him, brightening everything around by his glance. He spoke a few words to some of the generals, and, recognizing the former commander of Rostov's division, smiled and beckoned to him.

All the suite drew back and Rostov saw the general talking for some time to the Emperor.

The Emperor said a few words to him and took a step toward his horse. Again the crowd of members of the suite and street gazers (among whom was Rostov) moved nearer to the Emperor. Stopping beside his horse, with his hand on the saddle, the Emperor turned to the cavalry general and said in a loud voice, evidently wishing to be heard by all:

“I cannot do it, General. I cannot, because the law is stronger than I,” and he raised his foot to the stirrup. The general bowed his head respectfully, and the monarch mounted and rode down the street at a gallop. Beside himself with enthusiasm, Rostov ran after him with the crowd.

CHAPTER XXI

The Emperor rode to the square where, facing one another, a battalion of the Preobrazhensk regiment stood on the right and a battalion of the French Guards in their bearskin caps on the left.

As the Tsar rode up to one flank of the battalions, which presented arms, another group of horsemen galloped up to the opposite flank, and at the head of them Rostov recognized Napoleon. It could be no one else. He came at a gallop, wearing a small hat, a blue uniform open over a white vest, and the St. Andrew ribbon over his shoulder.

一枚罗斯托夫不熟悉的勋章(这是荣誉团勋章),皇帝来到了台阶上,他戴着手套,把他的帽子夹在了胳肢窝里。

他停下来向四周看了看,周围的一切都被他的目光照亮了。他对几个将军说了几句话,同时,他认出了罗斯托夫以前任职的那个军营里的师长,冲他笑了笑,叫他来到自己身边。

侍从们都向后退了一步,罗斯托夫看着那个将军和皇帝说了很长时间的话。

皇帝冲他讲了几句,之后向前走了一步,来到了他的马匹前边。那群侍从和大街上的那些围观者(罗斯托夫也在其中)又一次向皇帝这边挪了过来。皇帝在他的马旁停住了,用手扶着马鞍子,扭脸向那个骑兵将军大声说道,很明显是想让大家都能听见:

“我不能这样做,将军,我不能做这件事,因为法律比我更有力量,”说着他就把脚伸进了马镫。那个军官恭敬地把头低了下来。皇帝上了马,顺着大街疾驰而去。罗斯托夫欣喜若狂,和人们一起跟在他后面跑。

第二十一章

皇帝骑马去了广场,在那里,右边是普列奥布拉任斯基兵团的一个营,而左边的则是头上戴着熊皮帽子的法国近卫军的一个营,两营人面对面地伫立着。

当皇上向持枪致敬的两个营的侧翼驰来的时候,另一群骑手驶近对面的侧翼,罗斯托夫认出为首的是拿破仑。一定不是别的什么人。他飞快地骑马过来了,头戴一顶小礼帽,身穿白色的无袖上衣,外罩敞怀的蓝色制服,肩上横挎安德烈勋章绶带。

He was riding a very fine thoroughbred gray Arab horse with a crimson gold-embroidered saddlecloth. On approaching Alexander he raised his hat, and as he did so, Rostov, with his cavalryman's eye, could not help noticing that Napoleon did not sit well or firmly in the saddle. The battalions shouted 'Hurrah!' and 'Vive l'Empereur!' Napoleon said something to Alexander, and both Emperors dismounted and took each other's hands. Napoleon's face wore an unpleasant and artificial smile. Alexander was saying something affable to him.

In spite of the trampling of the French gendarmes' horses, which were pushing back the crowd, Rostov kept his eyes on every movement of Alexander and Bonaparte. It struck him as a surprise that Alexander treated Bonaparte as an equal and that the latter was quite at ease with the Tsar, as if such relations with an Emperor were an everyday matter to him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with the long train of their suites, approached the right flank of the Preobrazhensk battalion and came straight up to the crowd standing there. The crowd unexpectedly found itself so close to the Emperors that Rostov, standing in the front row, was afraid he might be recognized.

'Sire, I ask your permission to present the Legion of Honor to the bravest of your soldiers,' said a sharp, precise voice, articulating every letter.

This was said by the undersized Napoleon, looking up straight into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what was said to him and, bending his head, smiled pleasantly.

'To him who has borne himself most bravely in this last war,' added Napoleon, accentuating each syllable, as with a composure and assurance exasperating to Rostov, he ran his eyes over the Russian ranks drawn up before him, who all presented arms with their eyes fixed on their Emperor.

'Will Your Majesty allow me to consult the colonel?' said Alexander and took a few hasty steps toward Prince Kozlovski, the commander of the battalion. Bonaparte meanwhile began taking the glove off

他骑的是一匹上好品种的灰色阿拉伯马，马鞍上垫着用金线刺绣的绛红鞍鞯，一来到亚历山大的面前，他就举了举帽子，就在他这样做的时候，罗斯托夫用骑兵的眼光一看，就感觉拿破仑没有坐稳，姿势难看。两营官兵喊着：“乌拉”和“皇帝万岁！”拿破仑对亚历山大说了些什么。两个皇帝就从马上下来了，手牵手。拿破仑的脸上有一种装出来的不愉快的笑，而亚历山大和蔼地对他说着什么话。

尽管法国士兵的马匹践踏着让拥挤的人群往后退，可是罗斯托夫仍目不转睛地看着亚历山大皇帝和波拿巴的一举一动。让他感到意外的是亚历山大居然用平等的身份来对待波拿巴，而波拿巴竟然也很自在。用平等地态度来对待俄国沙皇，就像是和国王在一起，对他来说已经是习以为常的事情了。

亚历山大和拿破仑，在一长列侍从的陪同下，来到了普列奥布拉任斯基营的右翼，径直地向站在那里的人群走了过去。那拥挤的人群很意外地发现自己和国王是如此地近，罗斯托夫站在人群的前边，很担心被别人给认出来。

“国王，请允许我把这个荣誉团勋章送给您最勇敢的战士。”一个刺耳的，尖细的声音，很清晰的把每一个字都讲了出来。

这是小个子的波拿巴说的话，从下往上盯着亚历山大的双眼。亚历山大认真地听他说话，把头低了下来，愉快地笑了一笑。

“授予在这次战争中表现得最勇敢的人，”拿破仑补充道，每个音节说得很清楚。同时带着让罗斯托夫很是生气的冷静和自信的神情，他看着这些俄罗斯人在他面前排成的队列，他们把枪举到眉头处，目光盯在他们的国王脸上向他致敬。

“陛下，您能让我向上校征求一下意见吗？”亚历山大说，他向科兹洛夫斯基公爵（他是一个营长）紧走了几步。就在这时，波拿巴从他洁白的小手上取下一只手套，

his small white hand, tore it in doing so, and threw it away. An aide - de - camp behind him rushed forward and picked it up.

“To whom shall it be given?” the Emperor Alexander asked Koslovski, in Russian in a low voice.

“To whomever Your Majesty commands.”

The Emperor knit his brows with dissatisfaction and, glancing back, remarked; “But we must give him an answer.”

Kozlovski scanned the ranks resolutely and included Rostov in his scrutiny.

“Can it be me?” thought Rostov.

“Lazarev!” the colonel called, with a frown, and Lazarev, the first soldier in the rank, stepped briskly forward.

“Where are you off to? Stop here!” voices whispered to Lazarev who did not know where to go. Lazarev stopped, casting a sidelong look at his colonel in alarm. His face twitched, as often happens to soldiers called before the ranks.

Napoleon slightly turned his head, and put his plump little hand out behind him as if to take something. The members of his suite, guessing at once what he wanted, moved about and whispered as they passed something from one to another, and a page - the same one Rostov had seen the previous evening at Boris’ - ran forward and, bowing respectfully over the outstretched hand and not keeping it waiting a moment, laid in it an Order on a red ribbon.

Napoleon, without looking, pressed two fingers together and the badge was between them. Then he approached Lazarev (who rolled his eyes and persistently gazed at his own monarch), looked round at the Emperor Alexander to imply that what he was now doing was done for the sake of his ally, and the small white hand holding the Order touched one of Lazarev’s buttons.

It was as if Napoleon knew that it was only necessary for his hand to deign to touch that soldier’s breast for the soldier to be forever happy, rewarded, and distinguished from everyone else in the world. Napoleon merely laid the cross on Lazarev’s breast

把它撕烂扔在地上。有一个助手赶紧从他后面跑向前去,从地上把它给拾了起来。

“发给谁呢?”亚历山大皇帝向科兹洛夫斯基用俄语低声问道。

“陛下请吩咐。”

皇帝很不满意地把眉头皱了一下,向四周看了看,又说道:“可我们必须得给他答案啊。”

科兹洛夫斯基神情坚定地扫视了自己的队伍,连罗斯托夫也被扫进了他的视线。

“会是我吗?”罗斯托夫想道。

“拉扎列夫!”上校喊道,他皱了皱眉头。按高低排序排在第一的士兵拉扎列夫,精神抖擞地走了出来。

“你要去哪里?就在这儿停住!”因为拉扎列夫不知道到哪里去,众人小声地告诉他。他站住了,惊慌地斜视了他的长官一眼,他脸上的肉抽动了一下,就像被叫到队伍最前边的士兵常有的情形一样。

拿破仑微微扭转头,将他那胖胖的小手伸向了后边,就像是想去拿什么东西,他的侍从猜到了他想要的是什么,开始动了起来,低声说着,同时一个接一个地向前传着什么,一个年轻的侍从,昨天晚上罗斯托夫见过他在鲍里斯那里,跑了过去,向他伸出来的手恭敬地弯下了腰,没有让它多等上一秒钟,在他手里面放上了一个用红色绶带拴着的勋章。

看也没看,拿破仑就用两根指头把它夹了起来,那个勋章就夹在他的指头之间了。拿破仑随后来到了拉扎列夫面前,拉扎列夫眼睛睁得好大,一直看着自己的皇帝,拿破仑向亚历山大皇帝看了看,表示现在他做的事情全是为了他的盟军。那只白白的小手拿着那个勋章,碰了碰拉扎列夫身上的扣子。

好像拿破仑知道只要他的手一旦挨上士兵的胸脯,这个士兵就会一辈子交好运,得到回报,就是世界上最了不起的人。拿破仑只是把十字勋章在拉扎列夫的胸前贴了贴,把手放了下来,扭向了亚历山大国

and, dropping his hand, turned toward Alexander as though sure that the cross would adhere there. And it really did.

Official hands, Russian and French, immediately seized the cross and fastened it to the uniform. Lazarev glanced morosely at the little man with white hands who was doing something to him and, still standing motionless presenting arms, looked again straight into Alexander's eyes, as if asking whether he should stand there, or go away, or do something else. But receiving no orders, he remained for some time in that rigid position.

The Emperors remounted and rode away. The Preobrazhensk battalion, breaking rank, mingled with the French Guards and sat down at the tables prepared for them.

Lazarev sat in the place of honor. Russian and French officers embraced him, congratulated him, and pressed his hands. Crowds of officers and civilians drew near merely to see him. A rumble of Russian and French voices and laughter filled the air round the tables in the square. Two officers with flushed faces, looking cheerful and happy, passed by Rostov.

'What d'you think of the treat? All on silver plate,' one of them was saying. 'Have you seen Lazarev?'

'I have.'

'Tomorrow, I hear, the Preobrazhenskis will give them a dinner.'

'Yes, but what luck for Lazarev! Twelve hundred francs' pension for life.'

'Here's a cap, lads!' shouted a Preobrazhensk soldier, donning a shaggy French cap.

'It's a fine thing! First-rate!'

'Have you heard the password?' asked one Guards' officer of another. 'The day before yesterday it was "Napoleon, France, bravoure"; yesterday, "Alexandre, Russie, grandeur." One day our Emperor gives it and next day Napoleon. Tomorrow our Emperor will send a St. George's Cross to the bravest

王,就像是他已经知道,这个勋章一定会挂到拉扎列夫的胸前一样。事实上就是这样的。

有几只勤快的手,俄国的和法国的,立即抓住了那个十字勋章,将它别在了制服上。拉扎列夫阴郁地看着那个长着白手的小个子在他身上做的一切,仍然毫无表情地站在那里,举枪敬礼,又向他的国王的眼睛看了看,就像是在问他是不是应该站在那,还是该走,要么是做其它的事情,但他没有得到任何指示,他又在那个地方站了很久。

两个国王都又骑上马走开了。普列奥布拉任斯基营的官兵们,打乱了刚才的秩序,和法国的近卫军混到一起,坐在了给他们准备好的桌子旁。

拉扎列夫坐在贵宾席上,俄国和法国的军官都和他拥抱,向他祝贺,和他握手。成群的军官和市民们也来到了近旁,只是想看看他而已。在桌子四周的广场上洋溢着俄国人和法国人的谈话声。两个军官红着脸,看起来很兴奋,很高兴,从罗斯托夫的身旁走了过去。

'你认为这次的筵席怎么样?用的全都是银盘子,'一名军官说,'你见过拉扎列夫吗?'

'我见过。'

'明天,我听说,普列奥布拉任斯基营的官兵要盛情款待他们。'

'是的,拉扎列夫多么走运啊!还有一千二百法郎的终身年金。'

'兄弟们,这是一顶帽子!'一个普列奥布拉任斯基营的士兵喊道,他的头上戴着一顶法国人的毛茸茸的帽子。

'真是个好东西,一流的!'

'你听到口令了吗?'一名近卫军军官问另外一个,'前天它是'拿破仑,法国,英勇';昨天则是'亚历山大,俄罗斯,伟大。'一天是我们的国王发口令,第二天是拿破仑发口令。明天我们的国王就会发一枚乔治十字勋章给法国近卫军中最勇敢的人。'

of the French Guards. It has to be done. He must respond in kind.'

Boris, too, with his friend Zhilinski, came to see the Preobrazhensk banquet. On his way back, he noticed Rostov standing by the corner of a house.

'Rostov! How d'you do? We missed one another,' he said, and could not refrain from asking what was the matter, so strangely dismal and troubled was Rostov's face.

'Nothing, nothing,' replied Rostov.

'You'll call round?'

'Yes, I will.'

Rostov stood at that corner for a long time, watching the feast from a distance. a distance. In his mind, a painful process was going on which he could not bring to a conclusion. Terrible doubts rose in his soul. Now he remembered Denisov with his changed expression, his submission, and the whole hospital, with arms and legs torn off and its dirt and disease. So vividly did he recall that hospital stench of dead flesh that he looked round to see where the smell came from. Next he thought of that self-satisfied Bonaparte, with his small white hand, who was now an Emperor, liked and respected by Alexander. Then why those severed arms and legs and those dead men?... Then again he thought of Lazarev rewarded and Denisov punished and unpardoned. He caught himself harboring such strange thoughts that he was frightened.

The smell of the food the Preobrazhenskis were eating and a sense of hunger recalled him from these reflections; he had to get something to eat before going away.

He went to a hotel he had noticed that morning. There he found so many people, among them officers who, like himself, had come in civilian clothes, that he had difficulty in getting a dinner. Two officers of his own division joined him. The conversation naturally turned on the peace. The officers, his comrades, like most of the army, were dissatisfied with the peace concluded after the battle of Friedland.

这一定得做,他必须作友好的回敬嘛!"

鲍里斯和他的朋友日林斯基也来观看普列奥布拉任斯基营的官兵举办的宴会。在回去的路上,鲍里斯注意到了站在屋子拐角的罗斯托夫。

"罗斯托夫!你好!我们怎么没见你啊!"他说,同时也忍不住想问问他有什么事儿,这是由于罗斯托夫的脸色是如此的沉闷和沮丧。

"没事,没事。"罗斯托夫答道。

"你过来吗?"

"是,我去。"

罗斯托夫已经在屋角站了很长时间,远远地看着这个宴会。他的脑海里产生了无法制止的痛苦的思绪,心中升起了可怕的疑团。这时他想起了杰尼索夫和他那改变了的表情,他的顺从,整个医院的情景,锯掉了的胳膊和腿,那里的肮脏和疾病。他仿佛现在深深地感觉到了医院里尸体的气味,他向四周看了看,想看一下那种气味来自哪里。接着他想起了那个自以为是的波拿巴,他那只洁白的小手,现在他是皇帝,就像亚历山大一样受到人们的尊敬和喜爱。那为什么会锯断胳膊和脚,把人给打死?……他又想起了拉扎列夫受到了奖赏而杰尼索夫遭到了惩罚却得不到宽恕。他为自己心中常存有这样的想法而感到恐惧。

普列奥布拉任斯基营官兵们吃的食物散发出来的香气和饥饿的感觉把罗斯托夫从那些想像中给拉了回来。他必须在走之前吃点东西。

他走进今天早晨他看见的一家饭店,在那里他见到了很多人,那里面的军官就像他一样,都穿着便服来到这里,他好不容易弄了一顿饭。有两个与他同在一个军部里的军官就和他坐在了了一起。他们的话题很自然地就转向了和平。军官们,他的同志,和部队中的众人一样,对弗里德兰战役之后缔结的和平很不满意。他们说我们要