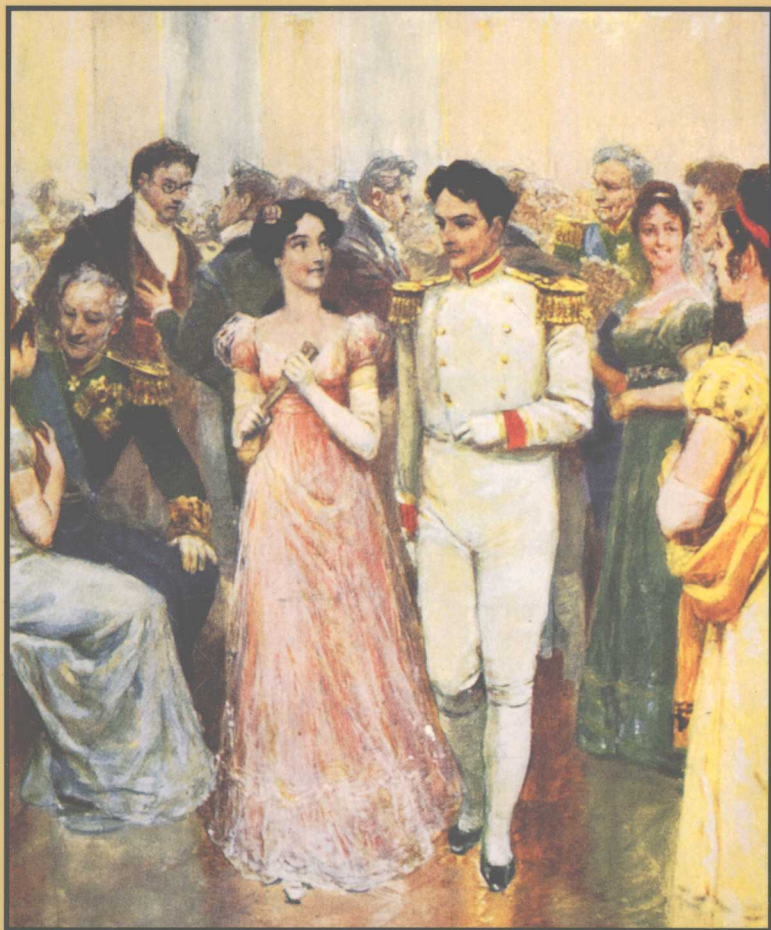


WAR AND PEACE

LEO TOLSTOY



EDITED AND WITH A REVISED TRANSLATION BY
GEORGE GIBIAN

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

SECOND EDITION

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

Leo Tolstoy
WAR AND PEACE

THE MAUDE TRANSLATION
BACKGROUNDS AND SOURCES
CRITICISM
SECOND EDITION

Edited by
GEORGE GIBIAN
LATE OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY



W • W • NORTON & COMPANY • *New York • London*

Copyright © 1996, 1966 by W. W. Norton & Company

All rights reserved
Printed in the United States of America
Second Edition

The text of this book is composed in Electra
with the display set in Bernhard Modern.
Composition by PennSet, Inc.
Manufacturing by Courier Westford.
Book design by Antonina Krass.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Tolstoy, Leo, graf, 1828–1910.
[Voina i mir. English]

War and peace : the Maude translation, backgrounds and sources,
criticism / Leo Tolstoy ; edited by George Gibian.—2nd ed.
p. cm.—(A Norton critical edition)
Includes bibliographical references.

- I. Russia—History—Alexander I, 1801–1825—Fiction.
2. Napoleonic Wars, 1800–1815—Campaigns—Russia—Fiction.
I. Maude, Louise Shanks, 1855–1939. II. Maude, Aylmer, 1858–1938.
III. Gibian, George. IV. Title. V. Series.
PG3366.V6 1995

891.73'3—dc20

94-29261

ISBN 0-393-96647-X

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10110
www.wwnorton.com

W. W. Norton & Company Ltd., Castle House, 75/76 Wells Street,
London W1T 3QT

Preface

War and Peace has been translated into many languages, and innumerable volumes and articles have been written about it. The translation used in this edition is that of Aylmer and Louise Maude, first published in English by Oxford University Press. It is, in this editor's opinion, the closest yet produced in English to both the letter and spirit of Tolstoy's Russian original. Its style is plain, direct, honest—like Tolstoy's. Aylmer Maude lived in Russia for more than twenty-three years; his wife was born in Moscow and spent the first forty years of her life there.[†] There can be no question of the Maudes' knowledge of the subtleties of the Russian language. They were disciples of Tolstoy, knew him intimately, and brought tremendous devotion, precision, and the highest possible standards of research to their task of identifying the best text of the novel and then translating it with time-consuming accuracy. (The "Backgrounds and Sources" section contains an account of the textual problems in the publication history of *War and Peace* in Russian, as well as a note on English translations.) The Maude translation corrects for the first time various errors other translators (and in some cases even Russian editions) had perpetrated and perpetuated. It is a pleasure to reprint the Maude translation in this edition. A few of Aylmer Maude's copious and useful footnotes (identified in the text by the initials A. M.) have been silently corrected by the editor.

Choosing the critical essays is difficult because of the quantity of material written about *War and Peace*, particularly in Russian. I have included nineteenth-century (contemporary) Russian reactions (Pisarev, Strakhov, Turgenev, Leontiev); the important discussion of the form of the novel by Henry James; Russian formalistic criticism (Victor Shklovsky, Boris Eikhbaum); historical criticism (Boris Eikhbaum, again); a political and

[†] Aylmer Maude (1858–1938), the English biographer and translator of Tolstoy, met Tolstoy while living in Russia. He was an executive with the Russian Carpet Company in Moscow, but became a Tolstoyan disciple and in 1897 gave up his commercial occupation. He returned to England and lived on his accumulated capital in a Tolstoyan colony near Chelmsford. (Based on Robert Whittaker's article in the *Tolstoy Studies Journal* 1 [1988]: 61–62.2.)

Louise Maude was born in Moscow in 1855 into a merchant family settled in Russia, as the oldest daughter of James Shanks, the Anglo-Scottish proprietor of *Le Magasin Anglais* in Moscow, and Louise Schilling, of mixed German/Swiss/Italian parentage. She spoke German at home with her sister and also knew Russian and English. She moved with her husband to England in 1897 and settled in the village of Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex, England. She assisted with the Purleigh Tolstoyan Colony in the late 1890s, but, like Aylmer, she never became a member. Together with her husband, she translated much of Tolstoy's fiction into English. The nonfiction she left to her husband alone. They had four children. She spent most of her time running the household and bringing up the children, but was a popular president of the Chelmsford Co-operative Women's Guild. She died in Great Baddow in 1939. Her grandchildren feel that she is not given sufficient credit for the success of the Maude translations of Tolstoy. Until now, her contribution had been so obscured that the editor found it difficult to find any information about her, despite persistent efforts, until the kind help of Professor Michael Holman of Leeds, England, who supplied the data incorporated in this note.

sociological approach to the novel (the article by Lenin); discussions of the ideological content and the *Weltanschauung* expressed in the novel (Isaiah Berlin); and several other of the most characteristic approaches to the novel.

Another way of categorizing the essays selected here is to divide them into the general (a group of unlikely bedfellows—Henry James, Turgenev, Leontiev, Lenin, and Isaiah Berlin) and the specific and technical (R. F. Christian, Victor Shklovsky, and Boris Eikhensbaum). An examination of the table of contents will reveal that an attempt has also been made to represent various types of criticism—structuralist, historical, stylistic. While the chorus of comments is generally eulogistic, I have tried to represent some negative opinions (Pisarev and Lenin on the society depicted by Tolstoy; Turgenev; Henry James) in order to be fair and to stimulate responses and independent thinking among students of the novel.

The section “Backgrounds and Sources” presents tabulations, analyses, and materials hitherto unavailable in English. Some of the comments made about the novel by Tolstoy himself (in his personal letters, diary, and in drafts of a proposed but unpublished introduction) have previously not been translated into English. It is my hope that the great quantity of Russian material (Tolstoy’s own words, nineteenth-century comments, and writing by emigrés and from the Soviet Russian period) that has previously not been available to the English-speaking public will be useful to all those interested in Tolstoy. Pisarev, Strakhov, and Leontiev were important figures in Russian intellectual life; Victor Shklovsky and Boris Eikhensbaum in particular played influential roles in the twentieth-century Russian formalist movement. In addition to Tolstoy’s own comments, other Russian pieces are being translated here for the first time.

This Second Edition sprang from the desire to include some of the fruits of the latest research and methodology. At the cost of dropping a few essays that with the passage of time have come to be less crucial for an understanding of the novel, we have been able to add a sampling of the newest, most stimulating critical and scholarly writing.

Dmitry S. Mirsky has long been recognized for writing a superb one-volume history of Russian literature, which many consider the best compact history of any national literature. His volume continues to be acclaimed as the finest guide to Russian literature for the English-speaking reader. Yet very few general readers or even scholars in the Russian field have been aware that Mirsky also published highly original short pieces on Russian writers in obscure Russian emigré journals and in English periodicals. We now present two short pieces by Mirsky, about *War and Peace*, from these sources, one of them translated for the first time for this volume.

Kathryn Feuer was an American scholar whose essays on many aspects of Russian culture are only now being posthumously collected and republished. Her article included in this edition, originally published in a journal of opinion rather than a specialized professional journal, gives in small compass an unequalled account of Tolstoy’s successive changes of plans for *War and Peace*—a revealing look into the creative laboratory of his drafts. It enables us to follow the evolution of the novel from Tolstoy’s original intentions in their embryonic beginnings, in draft form, to their final version.

Russian scholar Lydia Ginzburg's works have become classic aesthetic and psychological studies in the field of Russian literature. Writing as a late formalist-structuralist, she analyzes the multidimensionality of the Tolstoyan character.

A scholar of startling originality, known for his theory of "prosaics," the American Gary Saul Morson stresses the importance of the open-ended, random, and mysterious elements in the world of prose fiction, in contrast to severely determined and sharply closed forms and outlooks. Tolstoy's belief in "the unknowability of causes" is expounded by Morson, one of the leading proponents of Bakhtinian approaches to literature—and to life.

Caryl Emerson has written, translated, and edited many studies by, and about, the Russian thinker Mikhail Bakhtin. She is also the leading spirit among those warning against uncritical adoption of all of Bakhtin's views. Her concise comparison of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, from a Bakhtinian perspective, throws light on *War and Peace*, as well as on Bakhtin.

Richard Gustafson is renowned for his application of theological inquiries to the novels of Tolstoy. His analyses of religious and philosophical concepts yield fresh insights into the nature of Tolstoy's characters, particularly Pierre, and the contrasts between "the ways to know" available to the absolute "Stranger," Napoleon, and to the absolute "Resident," Kutuzov.

It is a source of satisfaction to the editor to have been able to include this wealth of critical and background material with the text of the novel between the covers of a single volume. The editor also wishes to acknowledge the assistance of Professors René Wellek, the late Ralph Matlaw, Donna Tussing Orwin, Gary Saul Morson, and Robin Miller, and of Virginia Van Wynen Baeckler, Ruth Hastie, Tanya E. Mairs, and Carol Bemis.

GEORGE GIBIAN

Contents

Preface	vii
The Text of <i>War and Peace</i>	1
Backgrounds and Sources	1075
Map: The Campaign of 1812	1076
Map: Borodinó	1077
Map: Napoleon in Russia—1812	1078
The Publication History of <i>War and Peace</i>	1081
The Author on the Novel	
Extracts from Tolstoy's Letters and Diaries (1865–1868)	1083
[Letter to A. A. Fet—January, 1865]	1083
[Diary—March 2, 1865]	1083
[Diary—March 19, 1865]	1083
[Diary—March 23, 1865]	1083
[Diary—March 28, 1865]	1084
[Letter to L. I. Volkonskaya—May 3, 1865]	1084
[Letter to P. D. Boborykin—July or August, 1865]	1084
[Letter to A. E. Bers—November, 1865]	1084
[Diary—November 12, 1865]	1085
[Letters to M. S. Bashilov—April 4 and December 8, 1866; February 28, 1867]	1085
[Letter to A. A. Fet—November 7, 1866]	1085
[Entry in Tolstoy's Notebook—November 27, 1866]	1086
[Letter to P. I. Bartenev—August 16–18, 1867]	1086
[Letter to P. I. Bartenev—November 1, 1867]	1086
[Letter to P. I. Bartenev—December 6, 1867]	1086
[Letter to P. I. Bartenev—December 8, 1867]	1086
[Letter to M. P. Pogodin—March 21 or 23, 1868]	1086
Drafts for an Introduction to <i>War and Peace</i>	1087
[Draft 1]	1087
[Draft 2]	1087

[Draft 3]	1089
Some Words about <i>War and Peace</i>	1089
Criticism	1097
Dmitri Pisarev • The Old Gentry	1099
Nikolai Strakhov • [The Significance of the Last Part of <i>War and Peace</i>]	1101
• [The Russian Idea in <i>War and Peace</i>]	1103
Ivan Turgenev • Comments on <i>War and Peace</i>	1107
Constantine Leontiev • [The Greatness and Universality of <i>War and Peace</i>]	1109
V. I. Lenin • Leo Tolstoy as a Mirror of the Russian Revolution	1111
Henry James • [Loose Baggy Monsters]	1114
• [A Monster Harnessed]	1114
Victor Shklovsky • [Details in <i>War and Peace</i>]	1114
Boris Eikhenbaum • [The Genre of <i>War and Peace</i> in the Context of Russian Literary History]	1126
• [Tolstoy's Essays as an Element of Structure]	1127
Isaiah Berlin • [Tolstoy's Attitude Towards History in <i>War and Peace</i>]	1129
• [Tolstoy's Worldview in <i>War and Peace</i>]	1133
Dmitry S. Mirsky • About Tolstoy	1137
• [On Tolstoy: Materialism, Spiritualism, and Russianness]	1138
Kathryn Feuer • The Book That Became <i>War and Peace</i>	1142
Richard F. Gustafson • States of Human Awareness	1148
Gary Saul Morson • [Narrative and Creative Potentials in <i>War and Peace</i>]	1156
Caryl Emerson • [Where Bakhtin Misses the Mark on Tolstoy]	1166
Lydia Ginzburg • Causal Conditionality	1167
A Note on Russian Literary Criticism	1179
Leo Tolstoy: A Chronology	1183
Selected Bibliography	1185



The Text of
WAR AND PEACE

Book One

1805

1. Anna Schérer's soiree

“Well, Prince, so Genoa and Lucca are now just family estates of the Buonapartes.¹ But I warn you, if you don't tell me that this means war, if you still try to defend the infamies and horrors perpetrated by that Antichrist—I really believe he is Antichrist—I will have nothing more to do with you and you are no longer my friend, no longer my ‘faithful slave,’ as you call yourself! But how do you do? I see I have frightened you—sit down and tell me all the news.”

It was in July, 1805, and the speaker was the well-known Anna Pávlovna Schérer, maid of honor and favorite of the Empress Márya Fëdorovna. With these words she greeted Prince Vasíli Kurágin, a man of high rank and importance, who was the first to arrive at her reception. Anna Pávlovna had had a cough for some days. She was, as she said, suffering from *la grippe*; *grippe* being then a new word in St. Petersburg, used only by the elite.

All her invitations without exception, written in French, and delivered by a scarlet-liveried footman that morning, ran as follows:

“If you have nothing better to do, Count [or Prince], and if the prospect of spending an evening with a poor invalid is not too terrible, I shall be very charmed to see you tonight between 7 and 10—Annette Schérer.”

“Heavens! what a virulent attack!” replied the prince, not in the least disconcerted by this reception. He had just entered, wearing an embroidered court uniform, knee breeches, and shoes, and had stars on his breast and a serene expression on his flat face. He spoke in that refined French in which our grandfathers not only spoke but thought, and with the gentle, patronizing intonation natural to a man of importance who had grown old in society and at court. He went up to Anna Pávlovna, kissed her hand, presenting to her his bald, scented, and shining head, and complacently seated himself on the sofa.

“First of all, dear friend, tell me how you are. Set your friend's mind at rest,” said he without altering his tone, beneath the politeness and affected sympathy of which indifference and even irony could be discerned.

“Can one be well while suffering morally? Can one be calm in times

1. In 1797 Napoleon created a Ligurian Republic out of Genoa and in 1805 annexed it to France. He captured Lucca in 1799 and in 1805 made it the capital of a principality ruled by his sister Elisa.

like these if one has any feeling?" said Anna Pávlovna. "You are staying the whole evening, I hope?"

"And the fete at the English ambassador's? Today is Wednesday. I must put in an appearance there," said the prince. "My daughter is coming for me to take me there."

"I thought today's fete had been canceled. I confess all these festivities and fireworks are becoming wearisome."

"If they had known that you wished it, the entertainment would have been put off," said the prince, who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit said things he did not even wish to be believed.

"Don't tease! Well, and what has been decided about Novosiltsev's dispatch? You know everything."²

"What can one say about it?" replied the prince in a cold, listless tone. "What has been decided? They have decided that Buonaparte has burnt his boats, and I believe that we are ready to burn ours."

Prince Vasili always spoke languidly, like an actor repeating a stale part. Anna Pávlovna Schérer on the contrary, despite her forty years, overflowed with animation and impulsiveness. To be an enthusiast had become her social vocation and, sometimes even when she did not feel like it, she became enthusiastic in order not to disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. The subdued smile which, though it did not suit her faded features, always played round her lips expressed, as in a spoiled child, a continual consciousness of her charming defect, which she neither wished, nor could, nor considered it necessary, to correct.

In the midst of a conversation on political matters Anna Pávlovna burst out:

"Oh, don't speak to me of Austria. Perhaps I don't understand things, but Austria never has wished, and does not wish, for war. She is betraying us! Russia alone must save Europe. Our gracious sovereign recognizes his high vocation and will be true to it. That is the one thing I have faith in! Our good and wonderful sovereign has to perform the noblest role on earth, and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not forsake him. He will fulfill his vocation and crush the hydra of revolution, which has become more terrible than ever in the person of this murderer and villain! We alone must avenge the blood of the just one. . . . Whom, I ask you, can we rely on? . . . England with her commercial spirit will not and cannot understand the Emperor Alexander's loftiness of soul. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She wanted to find, and still seeks, some secret motive in our actions. What answer did Novosiltsev get? None. The English have not understood and cannot understand the self-abnegation of our Emperor who wants nothing for himself, but only desires the good of mankind. And what have they promised? Nothing! And what little they have promised they will not perform! Prussia has always declared that Buonaparte is invincible and that all Europe is powerless before him. . . . And I don't believe a word that Hardenburg says, or Haugwitz either. This famous Prussian neutrality is

2. Novosiltsev, sent to Paris to mediate in a peace effort between a coalition of European countries and Napoleon, broke off his journey in Berlin after learning of Napoleon's annexation of Lucca and Genoa.

just a trap. I have faith only in God and the lofty destiny of our adored monarch. He will save Europe!"

She suddenly paused, smiling at her own impetuosity.

"I think," said the prince with a smile, "that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode you would have captured the King of Prussia's consent by assault. You are so eloquent. Will you give me a cup of tea?"

"In a moment. *À propos*," she added, becoming calm again, "I am expecting two very interesting men tonight, le Vicomte de Mortemart, who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine *émigrés*, the good ones. And also the Abbé Morio. Do you know that profound thinker? He has been received by the Emperor. Had you heard?"

"I shall be delighted to meet them," said the prince. "But tell me," he added with studied carelessness as if it had only just occurred to him, though the question he was about to ask was the chief motive of his visit, "is it true that the Dowager Empress wants Baron Funke to be appointed first secretary at Vienna? The baron by all accounts is a poor creature."

Prince Vasili wished to obtain this post for his son, but others were trying through the Dowager Empress Márya Fëdorovna to secure it for the baron.

Anna Pávlovna almost closed her eyes to indicate that neither she nor anyone else had a right to criticize what the Empress desired or was pleased with.

"Baron Funke has been recommended to the Dowager Empress by her sister," was all she said, in a dry and mournful tone.

As she named the Empress, Anna Pávlovna's face suddenly assumed an expression of profound and sincere devotion and respect mingled with sadness, and this occurred every time she mentioned her illustrious patroness. She added that Her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime*, and again her face clouded over with sadness.

The prince was silent and looked indifferent. But, with the womanly and courtierlike quickness and tact habitual to her, Anna Pávlovna wished both to rebuke him (for daring to speak as he had done of a man recommended to the Empress) and at the same time to console him, so she said:

"Now about your family. Do you know that since your daughter came out everyone has been enraptured by her? They say she is amazingly beautiful."

The prince bowed to signify his respect and gratitude.

"I often think," she continued after a short pause, drawing nearer to the prince and smiling amiably at him as if to show that political and social topics were ended and the time had come for intimate conversation—"I often think how unfairly sometimes the joys of life are distributed. Why has fate given you two such splendid children? I don't speak of Anatole, your youngest. I don't like him," she added in a tone admitting of no rejoinder and raising her eyebrows. "Two such charming children. And really you appreciate them less than anyone, and so you don't deserve to have them."

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

"I can't help it," said the prince. "Lavater³ would have said I lack the bump of paternity."

"Don't joke; I mean to have a serious talk with you. Do you know I am dissatisfied with your younger son? Between ourselves" (and her face assumed its melancholy expression), "he was mentioned at Her Majesty's and you were pitted. . . ."

The prince answered nothing, but she looked at him significantly, awaiting a reply. He frowned.

"What would you have me do?" he said at last. "You know I did all a father could for their education, and they have both turned out fools. Hippolyte is at least a quiet fool, but Anatole is an active one. That is the only difference between them." He said this smiling in a way more unnatural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth very clearly revealed something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant.

"And why are children born to such men as you? If you were not a father there would be nothing I could reproach you with," said Anna Pávlovna, looking up pensively.

"I am your faithful slave and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life. It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. It can't be helped!"

He said no more, but expressed his resignation to cruel fate by a gesture. Anna Pávlovna meditated.

"Have you never thought of marrying your prodigal son Anatole?" she asked. "They say old maids have a mania for matchmaking, and though I don't feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know a little person who is very unhappy with her father. She is a relation of yours, Princess Mary Bolkónskaya."

Prince Vasíli did not reply though, with the quickness of memory and perception befitting a man of the world, he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

"Do you know," he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, "that Anatole is costing me forty thousand rubles a year? And," he went on after a pause, "what will it be in five years, if he goes on like this?" Presently he added: "That's what we fathers have to put up with. . . . Is this princess of yours rich?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkónski who had to retire from the army under the late Emperor, and was nicknamed 'the King of Prussia.' He is very clever but eccentric, and a bore. The poor girl is very unhappy. She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutúzov's and will be here tonight."

"Listen, dear Annette," said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pávlovna's hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. "Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most devoted slave—*slafe* with an *f*, as a village elder of mine writes in his reports. She is rich and of good family and that's all I want."

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the

3. Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741–1801) was a Swiss clergyman and physician who related physiognomy to mental attributes.

maid of honor's hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction.

"Attendez," said Anna Pávlovna, reflecting, "I'll speak to Lise, young Bolkónski's wife, this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. It shall be on your family's behalf that I'll start my apprenticeship as old maid."

Anna Pávlovna's drawing room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there: people differing widely in age and character but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Héléne, came to take her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honor. The youthful little Princess Bolkónskaya,⁴ known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg* [the most fascinating woman in Petersburg], was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go to any large gatherings, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Hippolyte, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pávlovna said, "You have not yet seen my aunt," or "You do not know my aunt?" and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbon in her cap, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive; and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to her aunt, Anna Pávlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and not one of them cared about; Anna Pávlovna observed these greetings with mournful and solemn interest and silent approval. The aunt spoke to each of them in the same words, about their health and her own, and the health of Her Majesty, "who, thank God, was better today." And each visitor, though politeness prevented his showing impatience, left the old woman with a sense of relief at having performed a vexatious duty and did not return to her the whole evening.

The young Princess Bolkónskaya had brought some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, on which a delicate dark down was just perceptible, was too short for her teeth, but it lifted all the more sweetly, and was especially charming when she occasionally drew it down to meet the lower lip. As is always the case with a thoroughly attractive woman, her defect—the shortness of her upper lip and her half-open mouth—seemed to be her own special and peculiar form of beauty. Everyone brightened at the sight of this pretty young woman, so soon to become a mother, so full of life and health, and carrying her burden so lightly. Old men and dull dispirited young ones who looked at her, after being in her company and talking to her a little while, felt as if they too were becoming, like her, full of life and health. All who talked to her, and at each word saw her bright smile and the constant gleam of her white teeth, thought that they were in a specially amiable mood that day.

4. Sister-in-law of the Princess Mary Bolkónskaya just mentioned.

The little princess went round the table with quick, short, swaying steps, her workbag on her arm, and gaily spreading out her dress sat down on a sofa near the silver samovar, as if all she was doing was a pleasure to herself and to all around her. "I have brought my work," said she in French, displaying her bag and addressing all present. "Mind, Annette, I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me," she added, turning to her hostess. "You wrote that it was to be quite a small reception, and just see how badly I am dressed." And she spread out her arms to show her shortwaisted, lace-trimmed, dainty gray dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

"*Soyez tranquille, Lise*, you will always be prettier than anyone else," replied Anna Pávlovna.

"You know," said the princess in the same tone of voice and still in French, turning to a general, "my husband is deserting me? He is going to get himself killed. Tell me what this wretched war is for?" she added, addressing Prince Vasili, and without waiting for an answer she turned to speak to his daughter, the beautiful Hélène.

"What a delightful woman this little princess is!" said Prince Vasili to Anna Pávlovna.

One of the next arrivals was a stout, heavily built young man with close-cropped hair, spectacles, the light-colored breeches fashionable at that time, a very high ruffle, and a brown dress coat. This stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezúkhov, a well-known grandee of Catherine's time who now lay dying in Moscow. The young man had not yet entered either the military or civil service, as he had only just returned from abroad where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society. Anna Pávlovna greeted him with the nod she accorded to the lowest hierarchy in her drawing room. But in spite of this lowest-grade greeting, a look of anxiety and fear, as at the sight of something too large and unsuited to the place, came over her face when she saw Pierre⁵ enter. Though he was certainly rather bigger than the other men in the room, her anxiety could only have reference to the clever though shy, but observant and natural, expression which distinguished him from everyone else in that drawing room.

"It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid," said Anna Pávlovna, exchanging an alarmed glance with her aunt as she conducted him to her.

Pierre murmured something unintelligible, and continued to look round as if in search of something. On his way to the aunt he bowed to the little princess with a pleased smile, as to an intimate acquaintance.

Anna Pávlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about Her Majesty's health. Anna Pávlovna in dismay detained him with the words: "Do you know the Abbé Morio? He is a most interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his scheme for perpetual peace, and it is very interesting but hardly feasible."

5. Count Pierre Bezúkhov is one of the two main characters in *War and Peace*.

“You think so?” rejoined Anna Pávlovna in order to say something and get away to attend to her duties as hostess. But Pierre now committed a reverse act of impoliteness. First he had left a lady before she had finished speaking to him, and now he continued to speak to another who wished to get away. With his head bent, and his big feet spread apart, he began explaining his reasons for thinking the abbé’s plan chimerical.

“We will talk of it later,” said Anna Pávlovna with a smile.

And having got rid of this young man who did not know how to behave, she resumed her duties as hostess and continued to listen and watch, ready to help at any point where the conversation might happen to flag. As the foreman of a spinning mill, when he has set the hands to work, goes round and notices here a spindle that has stopped or there one that creaks or makes more noise than it should, and hastens to check the machine or set it in proper motion, so Anna Pávlovna moved about her drawing room, approaching now a silent, now a too-noisy group, and by a word or slight rearrangement kept the conversational machine in steady, proper, and regular motion. But amid these cares her anxiety about Pierre was evident. She kept an anxious watch on him when he approached the group round Mortemart to listen to what was being said there, and again when he passed to another group whose center was the abbé.

Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception at Anna Pávlovna’s was the first he had attended in Russia. He knew that all the intellectual lights of Petersburg were gathered there and, like a child in a toyshop, did not know which way to look, afraid of missing any clever conversation that was to be heard. Seeing the self-confident and refined expression on the faces of those present he was always expecting to hear something very profound. At last he came up to Morio. Here the conversation seemed interesting and he stood waiting for an opportunity to express his own views, as young people are fond of doing.

Anna Pávlovna’s reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all sides. With the exception of the aunt, beside whom sat only one elderly lady, who with her thin careworn face was rather out of place in this brilliant society, the whole company had settled into three groups. One, chiefly masculine, had formed round the abbé. Another, of young people, was grouped round the beautiful Princess Héléne, Prince Vasíli’s daughter, and the little Princess Bolkónskaya, very pretty and rosy, though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered round Mortemart and Anna Pávlovna.

The vicomte was a nice-looking young man with soft features and polished manners, who evidently considered himself a celebrity but out of politeness modestly placed himself at the disposal of the circle in which he found himself. Anna Pávlovna was obviously serving him up as a treat to her guests. As a clever *maitre d’hôtel* serves up as a specially choice delicacy a piece of meat that no one who had seen it in the kitchen would have cared to eat, so Anna Pávlovna served up to her guests, first the vicomte and then the abbé, as peculiarly choice morsels. The group about Mor-