



An English-Chinese Collation

# War and Peace

## 战争与和平

上

(俄)列夫·托尔斯泰



国文出版社

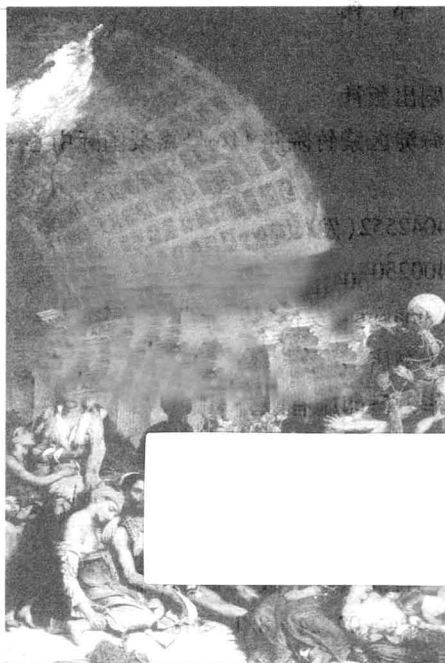
中英文对照全译本丛书

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## 外国文学名著精粹文集

The Collected Masterworks of the Foreign Literature



## PART ONE

### 1

‘WELL, Prince, so Genoa and Lucca are now just family estates of the Buonapartes. 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 Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Marya Fedorovna. With these words she greeted Prince Vasili, a man of high rank and importance, who was the first to arrive at her reception. Anna Pavlovna 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 to – night between 7 and 10.

Annette Scherer.

‘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 Pavlovna, 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 like these if one has any feeling?’ said

## 第一部

### —

“哈，公爵，热那亚和卢加现在都成了拿破仑家族的私人领地了，不过我警告您如果您对我说，这本是战争，如果您还要替那个基督的敌人——我深信他是基督的敌人——的胡作非为辩护，我就会和您断绝关系，您就不再是我的朋友了，不再是我的忠实的奴隶，像您自称的那样啊，您好，您好。我知道我吓着您了。请坐，讲给我听吧。”

这是闻名遐迩的安娜·帕夫洛夫娜·舍列尔——皇后玛丽亚·费奥多罗夫娜的宫廷女官和心腹，在一八〇五年七月的一个晚会上，欢迎首位莅临的显要瓦西里公爵时说的一番话，安娜·帕夫洛夫娜已经连着咳嗽好几天了，正如她所说，身患“流行感冒”（流行感冒可不是人人都会用的一个词，那个时候，这可是个新词呢。）早上，穿着红衣服的听差发出了一大堆便函，每一封中都无一例外地写道：

“假如您没有别的更好的事做，公爵，如果和一个可怜的病人共度一个夜晚不太可怕，我很希望在今晚七时至十时之间都能见到您。

——安妮·舍列尔。”

“哎呀，多么厉害的话！”一位公爵边看边说道，对这样的欢迎辞，他丝毫不以为忤。他穿着绣花的宫廷礼服，长统袜子，短靴皮鞋，佩戴着多枚明星勋章，扁平的面部上满是愉快的若无其事的表情。他讲的是法语，一种我们的祖辈借助它来说话、思考的优雅的语言，他开口讲话时带有一种长辈庇晚辈时独有的、很平静的语调，那是上流社会和宫廷中德高望重的老人所独有的语调。他向着安娜·帕夫洛夫娜走过来，把那洒满香水的闪闪发光的秃头俯了下去，抬起她的手吻了一下，就若无其事地坐到沙发上。

“第一件事，告诉我您好吗？好让我安静下来。”他说着，嗓音没有丝毫的改变，而他那关怀备至的、礼貌的腔调中却有着那么一丝丝冷淡，甚至是讥讽。

“当一个人精神上遭受折磨，他的身体又怎么能够保持健康呢？……在我们这个

Anna Pavlovna, '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 to-day's fete had been cancelled. 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.'

'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 Pavlovna Scherer 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 spoilt 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 Pavlovna 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 fulfil 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.

时代,既然有感情,又怎么能保持宁静呢?"安娜·帕夫洛夫娜接着说道,“您整个晚上都呆在我这儿好吗?我很希望您可以。”

“那英国公使的喜庆日子呢?要知道,今天是星期三,我是要在那里露面的,我女儿来接我,顺便一块儿走。”公爵说道。

“我本以为今天的庆祝会取消了,老实说,所有这些庆祝会和放焰火都会令人讨厌起来。”

“如果别人知道您有这种心愿,庆祝会一定会取消的。”公爵说道。他像一座上足了弦的钟,习惯地说着一些连他也不想要别人相信的话。

“停止对我的折磨吧,快告诉我,对于诺沃西利采夫的紧急报告都作了些什么决定?我知道您全都知道的。”

“怎么讲给您听呢?”公爵开口说,声音冰冷,索然无味,“做了什么决定?他们已经决定,波拿巴已举起了战斧,我们便不会只是磨刀。”

老公爵讲起话来总是懒懒的,像演员在背几十年的老台词一般,而安娜·帕夫洛夫娜·舍列尔则完全是另一副样子,别看已经是四十岁的人了,却仍然容易激动,沉不住气。她待人总是很热情,这使她赢得了现在的社会地位。尽管她有时不愿这么做,可她仍然时不时地扮演着热心人的角色,只是为了不辜负熟人们的期望。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜脸上总是挂着与她那姿色已衰的面容不相称的微笑,而这微笑正像娇惯的孩子一样,表示她意识到了自己小小的缺点和不足。可她不能、也不愿、而且认为没有必要去改正这小小的错误或不足。

在关于政治问题的谈话中,安娜·帕夫洛夫娜激动起来。

“哦,再别对我提奥地利了!也许我什么都不知道,可奥地利是从来都不愿意打仗的。它出卖了我们。俄罗斯,只有俄罗斯才是欧洲的救星。我们的恩主知道他的崇高使命,并且忠于他的使命,这是我所唯一相信的。这世界上最伟大的任务将由我们尊敬的陛下所担负,上帝是绝不会嫌弃这么善良、这么德高望重的人,他一定能完成他的使命——镇压革命这个怪物。现在有这个凶手和恶棍做革命的代表,革命也就变得更加可怕了。只有我们才有资格讨还殉难者的血债。您能告诉我,我们还能指望谁呢?……英国这个浑身商人气味的国家是不理解,也不能理解我们亚历山大皇帝的伟大精神的。它拒绝退出马耳他,它想试探我们行

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 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. Apropos,' she added, becoming calm again, 'I am expecting two very interesting men to-night, Je Vicomte de Mortemart, who is connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best French families. He is one of the genuine enigmas, the good ones. And also the Abbe 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 Marya Fedorovna to secure it for the baron.

Anna Pavlovna 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 Pavlovna'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'

动的用意。他们对诺沃西利采夫又说了些什么呢?……哦,他们什么也没说。他们不理解,也不能理解陛下的自我牺牲精神,我们伟大的陛下从来不为着自己着想,他所想的只是怎样为全世界谋福利。可他们又答应了些什么呢?什么也没有!而就算是答应了些什麼,也都不会兑现的!普鲁士已经公然承认说,波拿巴是战无不胜的,全欧洲都没办法与他抗衡……不论是哈登贝格,还是豪格维茨,他们的话,我一个字都不相信。普鲁士的中立只是一个圈套。我只相信上帝和我们伟大的陛下,他定能拯救整个欧洲……'突然,她停止了慷慨激昂的演说,对自己的急躁露出了讥讽的一笑。

'我认为,'老公爵微笑着说,“如果去的不是我们亲爱的温琴格罗德,而是您,那普鲁士国王一定会同意的。您的口才简直是太棒了。哦,您能给我一杯茶吗?”

“当然,马上就来。顺便提一句,”她平静下来接着说道,“今天会有两位非常有趣的人物莅临这个宴会,一位是莫特马尔子爵,他借罗昂家的关系,和蒙莫朗西家成了亲戚,法国顶显赫的名门望族之一。他是一个流亡者;一个真真正正名副其实的流亡者,另一位是莫里约神甫。哦,您认识这位绝顶聪明的人物吗?皇帝已经接见过他了,您听说过吗?”

“啊!我简直太高兴了,如果能见到他们。”公爵说道,“有件事想要请教您,”他接着漫不经心的说了一句,仿佛他偶然地想到了一件事,接着这件事就随随便便地从嘴里溜了出来,而事实上,这件事,也就是他接下来要问的事情,正是他这次造访的主要目的。“听说孀居的太后要委任丰克男爵担任维也纳使馆的一等秘书,是这样的吗?这个男爵似乎是个毫无可取之处的人。”这个差事是瓦西里公爵给他儿子看好的,可有人却想通过玛丽亚·费奥多罗夫娜替男爵把这个差事弄到手。

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜半闭着眼睛,一副不论是她或者别的任何人都不该也不能评论太后愿意做或喜欢做的任何事的样子。

“丰克男爵是太后的妹妹举荐给太后的。”她以一种悲哀的、淡漠的语调说着这句话。而当安娜·帕夫洛夫娜一提太后,她脸上马上就会浮现出无比的崇敬和十分的忠诚,同时又流露出每次谈及她这位至高无上的庇护者时所特有的那一丝忧悒。她说,太后陛下对丰克男爵很器重,于是她的目光便又笼罩上了一层淡淡的哀愁。

estime, and again her face clouded over with sadness.

The prince was silent and looked indifferent. But, with the womanly and courtier-like quickness and tact habitual to her, Anna Pavlovna 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. ‘Lavater 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 pitied...’

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 natural 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 Pavlovna, 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

公爵不开口了,冷漠地坐在那里。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜凭她宫廷的、女人特有的圆滑和灵通,一面指摘公爵,为他竟敢背后议论那个被举荐给太后的人,一面又安慰他。

“哦,聊聊您的家事吧,”她说,“您要知道,自从您的女儿露面以来,整个社交界都为她所倾倒,她可是个绝色的美人儿啊!”

公爵起来欠了欠身,表示感激和敬意。

“我常想,”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜沉默了片刻接着说道,同时为了表示政治和社交的谈话已经告一段落,接下来该谈谈心了,她向公爵移近了一些,对他亲切地微笑,“我常想,幸福有时候分配得太不公平,凭什么您命中就该有这么两个好孩子(除去您的小儿子阿纳托利,我是不喜欢他的),”她扬起眉毛,不容置疑地插了一句,“怎么就赐给了您这么可爱的两个孩子呢?可说真的,您就是不赏识他们,您可不配有这样的子女。”接着她兴致勃勃地莞尔一笑。

“怎么办呢?拉法特准会说我没有父爱的骨相。”公爵说。

“别逗乐了,我是和您说正经事。您知道的,对您的小儿子我可是不怎么满意。不过这话也就在你我之间谈谈(她脸上又笼上了一层哀愁),有人在太后面前提到他,并且为您惋惜……”

公爵没有作答,但是她望着他,意味深长地沉默着,等着一个回答,瓦西里公爵皱了皱眉头。

“我能怎么办呢?”他终于开了口,“为了他们的教育,我已经做了所有有一个父亲所该做的,可却造就了这样一对傻瓜。伊波利特好歹还算安分,阿纳托利可就是个狂妄自大不知天高地厚的浑小子。这是他俩唯一不同的地方了。”他笑着,笑的时候嘴边打成皱纹,比平时更不自然、更兴奋,也更是显出了格外的粗俗和讨厌。

“怎么这样的孩子偏偏赐给了您这样的人家?如果您不做父亲,您可就没有任何可令我对您加以责备的了。”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说着,若有所思地抬起眼睛。

“我是您的忠实奴仆,我只能向您一个人承认,孩子是我的负担。这副十字架活该我背。我就是这么解释给自己听的。有什么办法呢?……”他不再开口了,满脸对残酷命运的无可奈何。



Pavlovna 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 Marya Bolkonskaya. Prince Vasilii 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 Bolkonsky 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 Lisa Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov’s and will be here to-night.’

‘Listen, dear Annette,’ said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna’s hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. ‘Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most devoted slave – slave 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 maid of honour’s hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his arm – chair, looking in another direction.

‘Attendez,’ said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting, ‘I’ll speak to Lisa, young Bolkonsky’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.’

## 2

ANNA PAVLOVNA’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 Vasilii’s daughter, the beautiful Helene, came to take her father to the ambassador’s entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as la fer-

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜陷入了沉思。“您难道从来没想过给您那放荡的阿纳托利娶亲吗？人人都说，”她开口道，“老姑娘都有替人办婚事的癖好。我虽然不觉得自己有这个嗜好，不过我这儿可是有个姑娘，她一直陪着老父亲，生活得很不幸，就是博尔孔斯卡娅，我们的亲戚，一位公爵小姐。”瓦西里公爵显然具有上流社会人士所特有的那种敏捷的悟性和记性，但对她的话，他只是晃晃脑袋表示可以考虑，而没做任何答复。

“您知道吗，这个阿纳托利每年要花费我四万卢布。”他说，看起来他好像根本无法克制他那忧愁的思绪。沉默了一会儿，他接着说道：“照这样下去，五年后会是个什么样子啊！做父亲的好处就在于此。您那位公爵小姐，她有钱吗？”

“她父亲很有钱，也很吝啬。他住在乡下。我想您是知道的，这位有名的博年孔斯基公爵绰号叫‘普鲁士王’，他在先帝还在时就退伍了。他是极聪明的一个人，就是有些乖僻，与人很难相处。可怜的小姐非常的不幸。她的哥哥是库图佐夫的副官，前不久刚娶了丽莎·梅南，他今天也要到我这儿来。

“亲爱的安内特，听我说，”公爵突然抓住对方的手，并且不知为什么向下拉了两拉，“替我安排这件事，我永远是您的最忠实的奴仆（像我的管家在报告中所写的。）她出身好，又有钱，这正是我所需要的。”

接着，他以他那特有的亲昵而优雅的潇洒动作执起女官司的手吻了吻，然后，靠在圈椅上握着女官司的手摇了两摇，眼睛却望着别的地方。

“等一下，”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜沉吟道，“我会在今天和丽莎（小博尔孔斯基的妻子）谈谈。也许会成功的。我要在您府上开始学习这个老姑娘的行业。”

## 二

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜的客厅渐渐挤满了客人。来赴宴的都是彼得堡的达官显贵，他们虽然在年龄和性格上各不相同，但他们生活的社会都是一样的。瓦西里的女儿——美丽绝伦的海伦来了，她是来接父亲一齐去赴领事馆的招待会的。她佩戴着花字奖章（这可是只有那些学习成绩优秀的中学女生才能有幸从皇后手中接过来的奖章），穿着赴

mmе la plus sеduisante de 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 Abbe Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna 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 ribbons 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 Pavlovna 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 Pavlovna 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 to-day.' 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 Bolkonskaya 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 and 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. Every one 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.

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 as she was doing was a pleasure to herself and to all around her. 'I have brought my

舞会的服装。年轻、漂亮、有名、小巧玲珑的公爵夫人博尔孔斯卡娅——彼得堡最迷人的女人也来了。去年冬天出嫁的她,因为怀孕,已经不在盛大的交际场所露面,不过,小型的招待会她还是参加的。瓦西里的儿子伊波利特带来了由他所引见的莫特马尔,还有莫里约神甫和许多其他人。

“您一定还没见过(或,您还不认识)我的姑母吧?”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜对每一位来客说,然后就领着每一位客人去见一位头上扎着高高的花结,当客人快来时,从另一个房间蹒跚走出的小老太太。她一面介绍着客人的姓名,一面把目光缓缓地从小人身上移向她的姑母,然后就走开了。

每位客人都向这位姑母行礼问候一番,尽管这是位谁也不认识,谁也不需要,谁也不感兴趣的人儿。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜以一种哀愁的、庄重的神情,默默地赞许,赞许着每位客人的问候。她的姑母对每位客人都说着同样的话,谈到健康,他们的、自己的、还有太后的。“谢天谢地,太后今天好多了。”为了顾全礼貌,每位行礼问候的人都不会露出匆忙的样子,但都怀着沉重义务履行完毕后的轻松感离开老太太,然后,整个晚上都不会再到她的跟前去一次。

年轻的博尔孔斯卡娅公爵夫人带着一个手提包,这是一个丝绒绣金的手提包,里面是她的一些针线活。她那好看的上唇略带一些黑色绒毛,微微上翘,翘得遮不住牙齿,也正因为这微翘的上唇,她整个人显得更加可爱,而当上唇向前或者跟下唇抵起来时,就愈发的可爱了。和所有特别惹人喜爱的女人一样,她的缺点——翘嘴唇和半张开的嘴——也成为她独特的美。不论是谁,只要他看到这个神采奕奕、活泼可爱、虽然怀孕但仍然轻松愉快的未来母亲,都会感到一种由衷的快乐。不论是老年人还是苦闷的年轻人,只要和她在一起呆上那么一会儿,谈过几句话,都会觉得他们也变得和她一样了。只要是和她说过话,看见过她一说话就露出的妩媚的微笑,看见过她微笑时露出的雪白闪亮的牙齿的人,都会觉得自己那一天受到了特别的宠幸。每个人都这么想。

娇小的公爵夫人迈着细碎的步伐,提着她那丝绒绣金的针线包,绕过桌子,快活地整了整衣裳,就在银茶炊旁的沙发上坐了下来。好像不论她做什么,对自己和周围的任何一个人,那都是一种娱乐。“我带针线活

work,' said she in French, displaying her bag and ad-dressing all present. 'Mind, Annette, I hope you have not played a wicked trick on me,' she added, turing 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 short - waisted, lace - trimmed, dainty grey dress, girdled with a broad ribbon just below the breast.

'Soyez tranquille, Lise, you will always be pretti-er than anyone else,' replied Anna Pavlovna.

'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 Helene.

'What a delightful woman this little princess is!' said Prince Vasili to Anna Pavlovna.

One of the next arrivals was a stout, heavily built young man with dose - cropped hair, spectacles, the light - coloured breeches fashionable at that time, a very high ruffle and a brown dress - coat. The stout young man was an illegitimate son of Count Bezukhov, 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 pavlovna greeted him with the nod she accorded to the lowest hi-erarchy in her drawing - room. But in spite of this low-est 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 Pierre 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 drawingroom. 'It is very good of you, Monsieur Pierre, to come and visit a poor invalid,' said Anna Pavlovna, exchanging an alarmed glance with her aunt as she con-ducted 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 Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre turned away from the aunt without waiting to hear her speech about her Majesty's health. Anna Pavlovna in dismay de-tained him with the words :

儿来了。”她一边打开手提包,一边愉快地对大家说。“您瞧,安内特,别跟我开这么大的玩笑,”她转身对女主人说,“您信上说是一个小小的晚会。您看看我这一身穿的。”她伸开双臂,好让大家看清她那件雅致的灰色衣裳,衣裳上镶着花边,胸口以下还系着一条宽的缎带。

“您放心吧,丽莎,您总是比谁都好看的。”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜回答说。

“您要知道,我丈夫就要离开我了,”她继续以同样的腔调对一位将军说,“他就要去送死了,我请您告诉我,这场可恶的战争到底是为了什么啊?”她对瓦西里公爵说,还没等后者开口回答,她又转身和公爵的女儿——美丽的海伦说了起来。

“这个娇巧玲珑的公爵夫人是多么可爱的人儿!”瓦西里公爵低声对安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说道。

娇小的公爵夫人刚到不久,进来一个略嫌肥胖的大块头的年轻人。他戴着眼镜,留着很短的头发,上身是咖啡色的礼服,有着又高又硬的折角领子,下身是一条时髦的浅色裤子。这个略显肥胖的年轻人是叶卡捷琳娜女皇时代赫赫有名的大官,而此刻却在莫斯科挣扎在死亡线上的别祖霍夫伯爵的儿子,不过是私生子。他刚从国外留学回来,还没在任何地方供过职,这是他初次涉足社交界。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜冲他点了点头,那是对客厅里最低一级客人的礼节。尽管是最低一级的礼节,但皮埃尔刚一进门,安娜·帕夫洛夫娜就露出惊慌失措的神情,仿佛看到了一个不该出现的庞然大物。的确,皮埃尔比客厅里其他男人都高大些,而引起这惊慌失措的却是他那既聪明又羞怯,既敏锐又自若,不同于客厅中其他人的眼神。

“皮埃尔先生,承蒙您的厚爱,来看望一个可怜的病人。”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜在领他去见姑母时,一边对他说话,一边惶恐不安地向姑母递了个眼色。皮埃尔一边用眼睛搜寻着什么,一边含糊不清地嘟囔着回应了一句。他满面春风,兴致勃勃,面部含笑,像对一个老朋友似地向娇小的公爵夫人鞠了一躬,然后走到姑母跟前。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜

‘Do you know the Abbe 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.’

‘You think so?’ rejoined Anna Pavlovna. 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 abbe’s plan chimerical.

‘We will talk of it later,’ said Anna Pavlovna 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 fore man 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 Pavlovna 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 centre was the abbe. Pierre had been educated abroad, and this reception at Anna Pavlovna’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 toy shop, 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.

### 3

ANNA PAVLOVNA’s reception was in full swing. The spindles hummed steadily and ceaselessly on all

的不安并不是毫无根据的,因为皮埃尔在姑母讲完太后的健康情况之后,就离开了她。安娜·帕夫洛夫娜连忙用话挡住他的离去。

“莫里约神甫您认识吗?这是一个非常有趣的人……”她说。

“是的,我听说过他那个谋求永久和平的计划,非常的有趣,可是不见得有可能……”

“您是这样认为的吗?……”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说,她本想尽一个女主人的职责,应酬两句就作罢的,可皮埃尔接着做出了与前相反的又一个没有礼貌的举动。一分钟前他没有听完姑母的话就要离开,一分钟后又缠住想要离开他的对话者一个劲儿地说个不停。他又开两条长腿,低着头,准备开始做出证明,开始向安娜·帕夫洛夫娜解释为什么他认为神甫的计划是空中楼阁。

“有时间我们再聊吧。”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜微笑着说。

摆脱掉这个不懂事的年轻人,她继续四下里闲听听闲望望,准备一发现哪里谈的不大起劲就出面鼓动一下,好好地履行女主人的职责。就好像一个纺纱作坊,工人被安排就位后,作坊主就开始四下里走动,来回巡视,发现纺锤运转失灵或者不顺耳、轧轧作响,又或者声音太大时,就赶忙过去刹住,或者使它恢复正常的运转,——安娜·帕夫洛夫娜就好像这样的一个作坊主,她在客厅里来回走动,一旦哪儿发生冷场或是谈得太多,她马上会插进三言两语或是把客人调动一下,于是谈话机器就又彬彬有礼,富有节奏地开动起来。然而,仍然可以看出每时每刻她都特别担心皮埃尔。她一直关切地注视着皮埃尔,从他听莫特马尔周围的人们谈话,一直到他走到有神甫在场的那一堆人里。对一直在国外留学的皮埃尔来说,安娜·帕夫洛夫娜的这次晚会,是他在俄罗斯的第一个晚会。彼得堡知识界的人才今晚都聚集到了这里,他就像一个走进玩具店的孩子,左顾右盼,目不暇接。他一边望着这些信心十足而又温文尔雅的上层人士们,一边又盼望着听到特别高明的言论,唯恐漏掉任何一段他可能听到的精辟谈话。最后,他来到莫里约跟前,停了下来,觉得这里的谈话很有趣。然后,像一般年轻人喜欢做的那样,停下来等待机会,发表自己的高见。

### 三

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜的晚会开足了马力。纺锤从四面八方发出连续不断的均匀响声。

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 abbe. Another, of young people, was grouped round the beautiful Princess Helene, Prince Vasilî's daughter, and the little Princess Bolkonskaya, very pretty and rosy, though rather too plump for her age. The third group was gathered round Mortemart and Anna Pavlovna.

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 Pavlovna was obviously serving him up as a treat to her guests. As a clever *maitre d'hotel* 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 Pavlovna served up to her guests, first the vicomte and then the abbe, as peculiarly choice morsels. The group about Mortemart immediately began discussing the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The vicomte said that the Duc d'Enghien had perished by his own magnanimity, and that there were particular reasons for Buona - parte's hatred of him.

'Ah, yea! Do tell us all about it, vicomte,' said Anna Pavlovna, with a pleasant feeling that there was something a la Louis XV in the sound of that sentence. 'Citez nous cela, vicomte.'

The vicomte bowed and smiled courteously in token of his willingness to comply. Anna Pavlovna arranged a group round him, inviting everyone to listen to his tale.

'The vicomte knew the duc personally,' whispered Anna Pavlovna to one of the guests. 'The vicomte is a wonderful raconteur,' said she to another. 'How evidently he belongs to the best society,' said she to a third; and the vicomte was served up to the company in the choicest and most advantageous style, like a well-garnished joint of roast beef on a hot dish.

The vicomte wished to begin his story and gave a subtle smile.

'Come over here, Helene, dear,' said Anna Pavlovna to the beautiful young princess who was sitting some way off, the centre of another group. The princess smiled. She rose with the same unchanging smile with which she had first entered the room – the smile of a perfectly beautiful woman. With a slight rustle of her



white dress trimmed with moss and ivy, with a gleam of white shoulders, glossy hair and sparkling diamonds, she passed between the men who made way for her, not looking at any of them but smiling on all, as if graciously allowing each the privilege of admiring her beautiful figure and shapely shoulders, back, and bosom - which in the fashion of those days were very much exposed - and she seemed to bring the glamour of a ball - room with her as she moved towards Anna Pavlovna.

Helene was so lovely that not only did she not show any trace of coquetry, but on the contrary she even appeared shy of her unquestionable and all too victorious beauty. She seemed to wish, but to be unable, to diminish its effect.

'How lovely!' said everyone who saw, her, and the vicomte lifted his shoulders and dropped his eyes as if startled by something extraordinary when she took her seat opposite and beamed upon him also with her unchanging smile.

'Madame, I doubt my ability before such an audience.' said he, smilingly inclining his head.

The princess rested her bare round arm on a little table and co. demi a reply unnecessary. She smilingly waited. All the time the story was being told she sat upright, glancing now at her beautiful round arm, altered in shape by its pressure on the table, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she readjusted a diamond necklace. From time to time she smoothed the folds of her dress, and whenever the story produced, an effect she glanced at Anna Pavlovna, at once adopted just the expression she saw on the maid of honour's face, and again relapsed into her radiant smile. The little princess had also left the tea - table and followed Helene.

'Wait a moment, I'll get my work... Now then, what are you thinking of?' she went on turning to Prince Hippolyte. 'Fetch me my work bag.'

There was a general movement as the princess, smiling and talking merrily to everyone at once, sat down and gaily arranged herself in her seat.

'Now I am all right,' she said, and asking the vicomte to begin. she took up her work.

Prince Hippolyte, having brought the work. bag, joined the circle and moving a chair close to hers seated himself beside her.

Le chamunt Hippolyte was surprising by his extraordinary resemblance to his beautiful sister, but yet more by the fact that in spite of this resemblance he was

笑容。她婀娜多姿地从闪到两旁让路的男人中间走过时,那布满藤蔓和蕨苔图案的舞会专用的白色长裙刷刷作响,雪白丰腴的肩膀、发亮的头发和钻石熠熠生辉。她径直往前走,一直向安娜·帕夫洛夫娜身边走去,两眼目不斜视,不看任何人,但对人人面露微笑,好像把欣赏她婀娜的身段,丰腴的肩胛,袒露无遗的光滑的胸脯和背脊的权利恭恭敬敬献给每个人。

海伦太美了,从她身亡,你看不到半点娇媚的神情,恰恰相反,你反倒会觉得她无时无刻不在为自己确定无疑的诱惑力以及足以倾国倾城的姿色而感到惭愧,好像她希望减少自己艳丽容颜的诱惑力,只可惜无能为力。

"多么迷人的美女啊!"但凡是见过她的人都这么说。当她坐在子爵面前,照常地面含微笑,从而使他容光焕发的时候,仿佛有一种不明的、非凡的力量使他惊讶不已。惊叹中的子爵耸了耸肩,垂下了眼帘。

"夫人,我真担心在这样的听众面前会讲不出话来。"他说道。低下头来,嘴角上含着一丝淡淡的微笑。

公爵小姐把她那裸露的肥硕手臂的肘部靠在茶几上,她认为此刻她根本无需说话,她所需做的只是等待,面带笑容的等待。在讲故事的当儿,她坐在那儿,腰板挺直,一会儿瞧瞧轻松搁在茶几上肥胖而美丽的手臂,一会儿瞧瞧袒露着的更加美丽的胸脯,一会儿又把挂在胸前的钻石项链弄弄平,还一连几次摆弄连衣裙的皱褶。当故事讲到精彩之处,她回过头来看安娜·帕夫洛夫娜,同时现出与女官同样的面部表情。随后她脸上带着愉快的微笑,安静下来。矮小的公爵夫人也紧跟着海伦从茶几旁走了过来。

"请等一下,我来拿我的活儿。"她说。"您怎么啦,您在想什么?"她把脸转向伊波利特公爵说道,"请您把我的手提包拿来。"

公爵夫人面露笑容,一边和大家交谈,一边起身,等她走过来时,大家自然也就空出一个位子。她坐了下来,愉快地把衣服弄平,弄整齐。

"现在我好了。"她说,一面请人家开始讲故事,一面又做起活儿来。

伊波利特公爵跟在她身后走过来,把她的女用小提包交给了她,又把安乐椅移到她的身旁,靠近她坐了下来。

这位可爱的伊波利特长得极像她美丽的妹妹,这真令人诧异。而更令人感到诧异的是他们两人虽然相像,他却显得十分丑

exceedingly ugly. His features were like his sister's, but while in her case everything was lit up by a joyous, self-satisfied, youthful, and constant smile of animation, and by the wonderful classic beauty of her figure, his face on the contrary was dulled by imbecility and a constant expression of sullen self-confidence, while his body was thin and weak. His eyes, nose, and mouth all seemed puckered into a vacant, wearied grimace, and his arms and legs always fell into unnatural positions.

'It's not going to be a ghost story?' said he, sitting down beside the princess and hastily adjusting his lorgnette, as if without this instrument he could not begin to speak.

'Why no, my dear fellow,' said the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

'Because I hate ghost stories,' said Prince Hippolyte in a tone which showed that he only understood the meaning of his words after he had uttered them.

He spoke with such self-confidence that his hearers could not be sure whether what he said was very witty or very stupid. He was dressed in a dark-green dress coat, knee-breeches of the colour of *cuisse de nymphe effrayée*, as he called it, shoes and silk stockings.

The vicomte told his tale very neatly. It was an anecdote, then current, to the effect that the Duc d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to visit *Mademoiselle George*; that at her house he came upon Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the famous actress's favours, and that in his presence Napoleon happened to fall into one of the fainting fits to which he was subject, and was thus at the duc's mercy. The latter spared him, and this magnanimity Bonaparte subsequently repaid by death.

The story was very pretty and interesting, especially at the point where the rivals suddenly recognized one another; and the ladies looked agitated. 'Charming!' said Anna Pavlovna with an inquiring glance at the little princess. 'Charming!' whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work as if to testify that the interest and fascination of the story prevented her from going on with it.

The vicomte appreciated this silent praise and smiling gratefully prepared to continue, but just then Anna Pavlovna, who had kept a watchful eye on the young man who so alarmed her, noticed that he was talking too loudly and vehemently with the abbe, so she hurried to the rescue. Pierre had managed to start a conversation with the abbe about the balance of pow-

er. His facial profile, although he and his beautiful sister were of the same mould, but his sister's was cheerful and optimistic, full of youthful vitality, with an ever-changing smile and graceful classical beauty, making her radiant and charming; on the contrary, this brother's long features were obviously stupid and dull, always with an air of self-confidence and contempt. His eyes, nose, and lips were all squeezed together, as if a lack of expression, a gloomy and unhappy ghost face, extremely unbalanced. His body was weak, flaccid and powerless, and his hands were clumsy, one hand - one foot were all very stiff.

"这是不是关于鬼魂的故事?"他问道。坐好后,他赶快把单目眼镜戴上,好像若是少了这副工具,他就无法开腔似的。

"亲爱的,根本不是。"讲故事的人吃了一惊,耸耸肩说道。

"问题在于,我很讨厌鬼魂的故事!"伊波利特公爵拿腔调地说,从中可以明显地听出,他是先说一句,然后才说明这句话有什么涵义的。

他说话时过于自信,谁也领悟不出,他说这话究竟是明智之举还是愚昧之谈。他的上身是一件深绿色的燕尾服,下身则是一条如他自己所言的受惊的自然女神的肉体颜色的长裤,脚上是一双长统袜和短靴皮鞋。

子爵绘声绘色地讲起了当时广为流传的一则趣闻。昂吉安公爵悄然来到巴黎,去与女演员乔治幽会,没料到却碰到了也曾博得乔治好感的波拿巴。波拿巴与公爵见面之后,出人意料地竟然当场昏倒了。公爵并没有借此机会控制落入自己手中的波拿巴,可到了后来波拿巴却愿将仇恨报地将对公爵杀害了,以此来回报公爵的宽厚。

故事娓娓动听,高潮迭起,尤其是讲到两个情敌忽然认出了对方时,太太们的心中似乎都觉得激动不已。"太好了!"安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说道,同时回过头来探询地望了望矮小的公爵夫人。"太好了!"娇小的公爵夫人自言自语地说道,把一根针插在针线活儿上,借以表示,这故事是这么有趣,这么动听,以至于她都无法继续手中的针线活了。

子爵对这无声的称赞给予了适应的回应,他脸上露出了感激的微笑,随后又继续讲了下去。不过,安娜·帕夫洛夫娜仍然不时地注意着使她觉得可怕的那个年轻人,此时她注意到皮埃尔不知怎的与神父一同旁若无人地、热切地、高声地谈着,她顿时感到一种不快,于是赶忙跑去支援这个告急的地

er, and the latter, evidently interested by the young man's simple-minded eagerness, was explaining his pet theory. Both were talking and listening too eagerly and too naturally, which was why Anna Pavlovna disappeared.

“The means are... the balance of power in Europe and the fights of the people,” the abbe was saying. “It is only necessary for one powerful nation like Russia — barbaric as she is said to be — to place herself disinterestedly at the head of an alliance having for its object the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and it would save the world!”

“But how are you to get that balance?” Pierre was beginning. At that moment Anna Pavlovna came up, and looking severely at Pierre, asked the Italian how he stood the Russian climate. The Italian's face instantly changed and assumed an offensively affected, sugary expression, evidently habitual to him when conversing with women.

“I am so enchanted by the brilliancy of the wit and culture of the society, more especially of the feminine society, in which I have had the honour of being received, that I have not yet had time to think of the climate,” said he.

Not letting the abbe and Pierre escape, Anna Pavlovna, the more conveniently to keep them under observation, brought them into the larger circle.

Just then another visitor entered the drawing-room: Prince Andrew Bolkonsky, the little princess's husband. He was a very handsome young man, of medium height, with firm, dear-cut features. Everything about him, from his weary, bored expression to his quiet, measured step, offered a most striking contrast to his lively little wife. It was evident that he not only knew everyone in the drawing-room, but had found them to be so tiresome that it wearied him to look at or listen to them. And among all these faces that he found so tedious, none seemed to bore him so much as that of his pretty wife. He turned away from her with a grimace that distorted his handsome face, kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and screwing up his eyes scanned the whole company.

“You are off to the war, Prince?” said Anna Pavlovna.

“General Kutuzov,” said Bolkonsky, speaking French and stressing the last syllable of the general's name like a Frenchman, “has been pleased to take me as an aide-de-camp...”

“And Lise, your wife?”

“She will go to the country.”

方。的确，皮埃尔和那神父正谈论政治均衡的问题，而神父也对这个年轻人的淳朴和热情产生了极大的兴趣，于是他在他面前最大限度地宣扬自己自以为是的观点。二人兴致勃勃、真诚坦率地交谈着，仔细聆听对方的高见。

“至于欧洲均势和民权，是一种手段而已，”神甫说道，“如果俄国这个素以野蛮残暴著称的强国能够大公无私地站出来领导以致力于欧洲均衡为目标的同盟，那么世界就必将可以被拯救！”

“那究竟怎样去求得这种均衡呢？”皮埃尔本来是接着问的，只是此时，安娜·帕夫洛夫娜向他走了过来，严厉地盯了皮埃尔一眼，转过头去问那个意大利人能不能忍受得了本地的气候。意大利人的脸色马上变了，现出一副他与女人交谈时所惯用的谄媚的嘴脸。

“加入你们的社会真的是我莫大的荣幸，你们的社会，尤其是妇女社会的那种优越的智慧和教育，真是让我五体投地、神魂颠倒。我哪能事先想到气候呢？”他说道。

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜为了便于观察起见，不放走神父和皮埃尔，拉他们俩一同加入普通小组。

此时，又一位来宾走进了客厅。这位新客就是年轻的安德烈·博尔孔斯基公爵——矮小的公爵夫人的丈夫。博尔孔斯基公爵是个非常漂亮的青年，他个子不高，眉清目秀，面部略显消瘦。他整个人，从困倦而郁闷的目光到徐缓而有节奏的脚步，和他那矮小、活泼、浑身充满朝气的妻子恰恰相反，构成了强烈的对照。很显然，他认识客厅里所有的人，可他们都使他觉得索然无味，甚至连看看他们，听听他们说话，他都感到厌烦。而所有这些使他厌恶的面孔中，似乎他那俊俏的妻子的面孔最是使他不耐烦。他做了一个不合他身份的鬼脸，把脸转过去不看他的妻子。接着吻了一下安娜·帕夫洛夫娜的手，然后眯缝着眼睛，四下环顾了一遭。

“公爵，您准备去打仗吗？”安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说道。

“库图佐夫将军，”博尔孔斯基开口道，他像法国人一样，说“库图佐夫”一词时总把重音放在最后一个音节上，“他是要我做他的副官的。”

“那丽莎，您的夫人怎么办呢？”

“她到乡下去。”

‘Are you not ashamed to deprive us of your charming wife?’

‘Andre,’ said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish manner in which she spoke to other men, ‘the vicomte has been telling us such a tale about Mademoiselle George and Buonaparte!’

Prince Andrew screwed up his eyes and turned away. Pierre, who from the moment Prince Andrew entered the room had watched him with glad, affectionate eyes, now came up and took his arm. Before he looked round Prince Andrew frowned again, expressing his annoyance with whoever was touching his arm, but when he saw Pierre’s beaming face he gave him an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

‘There now!... So you, too, are in the great world?’ said he to Pierre.

‘I knew you would be here,’ replied Pierre. ‘I will come to supper with you. May I?’ he added in a low voice so as not to disturb the vicomte who was continuing his story.

‘No, impossible!’ said Prince Andrew, laughing and pressing Pierre’s hand to show that there was no need to ask the question. He wished to say something more, but at that moment Prince Vasili and his daughter got up to go and the two young men rose to let them pass.

‘You must excuse me, dear Vicomte,’ said Prince Vasili to the Frenchman, holding him down by the sleeve in a friendly way to prevent his rising. ‘This unfortunate fete at the ambassador’s deprives me of a pleasure, and obliges me to interrupt you. I am very sorry to leave your enchanting party,’ said he, turning to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, Princess Helene, passed between the chairs lightly holding up the folds of her dress, and the smile shone still more radiantly on her beautiful face. Pierre gazed at her with rapturous, almost frightened eyes as she passed him.

‘Very lovely,’ said Prince Andrew.

‘Very,’ said Pierre.

In passing, Prince Vasili seized Pierre’s hand and said to Anna Pavlovna: ‘Educate this bear for me! He has been staying with me a whole month and this is the first time I have seen him in society. Nothing is so necessary for a young man as the society of clever women.’

Anna Pavlovna smiled and promised to take Pierre in hand. She knew his father to be a connexion of

“您怎么能从我们身边夺走您漂亮的太太呢?”

“安德烈,”他的妻子叫着他的名字,他对丈夫说话的腔调和对旁人讲话时一样的娇媚,“子爵正在给我们讲乔治小姐和波拿巴的故事,非常的动听!”

安德烈公爵眯起眼睛,把头扭了过去,一副不耐烦的样子。自从安德烈公爵走进客厅之后,皮埃尔便一直友善地、喜悦地望着他,一刻也没有移开目光,此时,皮埃尔向前走去,一把拉起了他的手。安德烈公爵连头都没有掉转过去,就皱起眉头,满脸的厌烦和不耐,以示他对碰到自己手臂的人无比的厌倦,但当他转过头来望见皮埃尔含笑的面孔时,他出乎意料地流露出善意的、欣喜的微笑。

“啊,原来是你!……连你也到这种人物众多的交际场来了!”他对皮埃尔说道。

“我知道您一定会光临的。”皮埃尔答道,“我到您那儿吃晚饭,”他轻轻地加了一句,“省得妨碍子爵讲故事,可以吗?”

“不,不行。”安德烈公爵含笑答道,一面握住皮埃尔的手,向他示意,要他不要多问。他还想开口说点什么,但正在这时,瓦西里公爵和他的女儿站了起来退席,男士们也都站了起来,让开一条路。

“我亲爱的子爵,我恳请您的原谅。”瓦西里公爵对法国人开口道,温和地把他的袖子往椅子上按了一下,为的是不让他起来。“公使的这个不吉利的庆祝会不但打断了您的话,还要夺去我的欢乐。要离开您这个令人陶醉的晚会,真让我觉得难受。”他又转头对安娜·帕夫洛夫娜说道。

他的女儿——这位名叫海伦的公爵小姐,轻轻地提起裙摆,从椅子之间轻盈地走了出来。她那漂亮的脸上露出更愉快的笑容。当她经过皮埃尔身边时,皮埃尔紧紧盯着这个美女,满眼掩不住的惊讶。

“很标致。”安德烈公爵说。

“很标致。”皮埃尔附和着。

而当瓦西里公爵经过皮埃尔时,他一把抓住后者的手,转过脸面对着安娜·帕夫洛夫娜。“请您开导开导这只熊吧!”他说道,“他在我家住了一个月,这可是我头一次在社交场合碰到他呢,对一个青年来说,没什么东西比聪明的女人人们的社交团体更为他所迫切需要的了。”

安娜·帕夫洛夫娜微微一笑,答应照顾皮埃尔,她知道皮埃尔的父亲是瓦西里公爵