

A PAGE OF VERSE

ENGLISH SONGS

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*To-Day*]

IN autumn when the air is still
And leaves hang heavy on the boughs,
How sadly sound from holt and hill
The echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, low songs, slow songs,
Mournfully all the echoes rouse.

But oh! in spring, the merry English spring
When buds stand light upon the boughs,
How cheerily all the uplands ring
With the echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, gay songs, May songs,
Merrily all the echoes rouse.

TO A LADY WITH A MANDOLINE

BY S. MATTHEWMAN

[*The Lute of Darkness*]

SUPPOSE the Dead could come once more to earth,
In things inanimate to find life again
About the ways in which they walked with men,
I think I 'd choose to wake in my new birth
As some sweet mandoline or low-voiced lute,
That your slim, graceful fingers might caress
My strings to music, and in gentleness
Quicken my long-dead voice, that else were mute.

And all my thoughts within your soul should be
A quiet music, full of lovely things,
Till thought grew fragrant like a soft perfume,
And all life seemed a perfect melody
Of unseen fingers rippling over strings
At cool of evening in a darkened room.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TOLSTOI'S EXCISIONS IN 'WAR AND PEACE'

WHILE engaged in the preparation of a revised edition of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, M. Paul Birukov, biographer of the great novelist, has discovered a number of excisions made by Tolstoi after the book was in print but before publication.

Only in the second edition did the novel definitely receive the title *War and Peace*, and this text has since served as the basis for other editions. M. Birukov, however, bethought him of consulting the files of the *Russian Messenger* for 1865 and 1866, in which the first two parts appeared, and also the proof sheets of the so-called '1805' edition, which are kept in the Chertkov Library in the Historical Museum at Moscow. With these two authoritative sources before him, he soon found that Tolstoi had eliminated ruthlessly, sometimes leaving out whole episodes, one of which we reprint below. In one of the last passages Tolstoi defends himself against the critics of his historical views and methods, vigorously refuting the charge that his historical views were either already old or even abandoned by students. Some of the other eliminated sections have no particular interest.

All of the following passage is in Chapter Three of the first part, immediately after the description of Vicomte de Mortemart telling the story of the conversation between the Duke of Enghien and Napoleon.

'When I had the happiness for the last time of seeing the Duke of Enghien, of sad and yet happy memory,' began the Vicomte, with a gentle melancholy in his voice and casting a glance about at his auditors, 'His

Lordship was talking about the beauty and genius of La Grande George in most flattering terms. Who is there that does n't know that charming and talented woman!

'I expressed my surprise at the knowledge the Duke showed when he had been absent from Paris during the past few years, but the Duke smiled and told me Paris was not so far from Mannheim as it seemed. I was terrified and expressed to His Highness fears as to the possible results of his visit to Paris.

"My lord," I said, "who knows whether we are not surrounded with traitors and spies, and who knows whether your visit to Paris, no matter how secret we keep it, may not become known to Bonaparte?" But the Duke of Enghien vouchsafed no answer except a smile, with that chivalry and forcefulness that distinguished his family.'

"The House of Condé, a branch of laurel grafted on the tree of the Bourbons," as Pitt recently said,' remarked the Prince Vassili, in a monotonous voice as if he were dictating to an invisible copyist.

'Pitt was quite right, too,' said his son Hippolyte, approvingly, as he turned his whole body around abruptly in his armchair and stretched out his legs on the other side, meantime snatching up his eyeglass and looking at his father.

'In short,' went on the Vicomte, addressing himself in preference to the beautiful Princess, who never took her eyes off him, 'I had to abandon Etenheim and did not learn until afterward that the Duke, drawn by his usual chivalry, had gone to Paris and done