

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

Mlle. George the honor not merely to be charmed by her, but to pay her a visit.'

'But he was very fond of the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort,' interrupted Anna Pavlovna. 'People used to say they had been secretly married,' she added, obviously shocked at the turn of the story, which she seemed to think was a little too free to be told in the presence of a young girl.

'One love affair does n't stop another one,' returned the Vicomte with a quick smile, paying no attention at all to Anna Pavlovna's fears. 'The main thing is that Mlle. George was enjoying the intimate acquaintance of another man before she got to know the Duke.'

He stopped a moment.

'That man's name was Bonaparte,' he went on, glancing around at his listeners.

Anna Pavlovna also looked around her, thinking that the conversation was taking a more and more scandalous turn.

'Eh bien!' went on the Vicomte, 'this new Sultan from the *Thousand and One Nights* was not too proud to go rather often to spend his evenings with the most beautiful and charming lady in France. And Mlle. George —' he stopped again and shrugged his shoulders expressively, 'Mlle. George made a virtue of necessity. Bonaparte was an uncertain fellow, who usually came in the evening without making an appointment in advance.'

'Oh, I see what is going to happen. I am all goose-flesh,' said a pretty little Princess with a quick motion of her smooth round shoulders. The old lady who had been sitting all evening long next her aunt joined the circle round the story-teller with a slow, sad smile.

'Is n't it terrible,' said she, although we had not heard the end of the story; but nobody paid any attention to her or to her remark. The Prince Hip-

polyte broke out abruptly at the top of his voice, 'Mlle. George in the part of Clytemnestra — admirable!'

Anna Pavlovna held her peace, uneasy and uncertain in mind whether the Vicomte's story was proper or improper. On the one hand, a visit to an actress; on the other hand, the Vicomte de Mortemart, related to the Montmorencys by the Rohan family, and all that the Faubourg Saint-Germain represented, who was disclosing these improprieties. Who can tell what is proper and what is improper?

'One evening,' went on the Vicomte, becoming more animated, 'this Clytemnestra, having stirred a whole theatre by her amazing interpretation of Racine, went home to get some rest after the fatiguing emotion of the stage. She was not expecting the Sultan.'

Anna Pavlovna trembled at the word Sultan. The little Princess lowered her eyes and did not smile.

'But suddenly the maid announced the former Vicomte Rocroi, who wanted to pay a visit to the great actress. Rocroi was the name that the Duke used for an alias. He was received,' added the story-teller, and then fell silent for several seconds, as if to imply that he was not going to say all he knew. Then he went on: 'The table was sparkling with glass, with porcelain, with enamel, with silver; covers were laid for two. The minutes fled by lightly and pleasantly.'

At this part of the story Prince Hipolyte suddenly let a strange sound escape him, which some took for a cough, others for a sneeze or a laugh. He hastily thrust back his monocle, which had fallen from its place. The story-teller paused with an expression of amazement. Anna Pavlovna spoke up for fear the Vicomte would not go on with his interesting description.

'Don't keep us waiting, Vicomte,' she said. The nobleman smiled.

'Pleasure transformed the hours into minutes, when suddenly the bell was heard, and the terrified maid came running in to say that that terrible mameluke of Bonaparte was ringing and his terrible master already stood at the foot of the staircase.' Then the Vicomte went on to tell how Mlle. George begged the Duke to hide and how the Duke told her he would never hide for anybody, and how Mlle. George said to him, 'My lord, you owe your sword to the King and France.' And how in the end the Duke concealed himself in the next room, and how when Napoleon began to feel ill the Duke came out and saw Bonaparte before him.

'A fine fix—a pretty situation,' came from all parts of the room. Even Anna Pavlovna, who knew by this time that the most questionable part of the story had happily been passed, calmed down and was able to enjoy the recital. The Vicomte warmed up to his task and spoke loudly with the animation of an actor.

'The enemy of his house, the usurper of the throne that belonged to his family, was there before him, swooning on the floor, lifeless, perhaps dying. As the sublime Corneille says,

*Une maligne joie en son cœur s'élevait
Dont sa gloire indignée a peine le sauvait.*

The Vicomte paused, and, to give his recital still more force, smiled as if he wished to calm the ladies, who seemed a little disturbed, but plainly taking advantage of the pause. The beautiful Hélène looked at her watch, exchanged a glance with her father, and got up at the same time as he did. By this movement she disturbed the circle and interrupted the story.

'We are going to be late, Papa,' she said simply, with her usual dazzling smile.

This was the end of the story:—

'The Duke of Enghien took out of his pocket a large flask of rock crystal, ornamented with gold, which contained a vitaliqueur that he had received from his father, the Comte Saint-Germain. This liqueur, as he knew, had the power to restore life to the dead or the dying, but it must never be given to any save members of the House of Condé. Any stranger who tasted it would recover his health like a true Condé, but would become an irreconcilable enemy of the Duke's House. As an example people told the story how the Duke's father, who wished to cure his horse, gave him a little of the liqueur. The horse recovered, but immediately began to attempt the life of his rider again and again, and even carried him over into the camp of the Republicans during a battle. The Duke's father had finally to kill his favorite horse. In spite of everything the young and chivalrous Duke poured a few drops into the mouth of his enemy Bonaparte, and the monster came to himself.

"Who are you?" asked Bonaparte.

"I belong to the maid's family," replied the Duke.

"It's a lie!" cried Bonaparte.

"General, I have no arms," replied the Duke.

"What's your name?"

"I have saved your life," said the Duke.

'Well, the Duke went away and the magic drops produced their usual effect. Bonaparte conceived a violent hatred toward the Duke and from that day he swore to have the life of the unfortunate and generous young man. Having learned through his spies and by means of a handkerchief which the Duke had forgotten, on which was embroidered the scutcheon of the House of Condé, who his rival was, Bonaparte gave orders to invent a pretended plot between Pichegru and George, and then cause the heroic martyr to be

arrested in the duchy of Baden and assassinated.

'The Angel and the demon. And that is the way the most abominable crime in history was committed.'

The Vicomte finished his story with these words, and, overcome with emotion, threw himself back in his chair. Everyone kept silence.

'The assassination of the Duke was worse than a crime,' said Prince André, with a slight smile as though he were teasing the story-teller. 'It was a blunder.' The Vicomte lifted his eyebrows and folded his arms, a gesture that could be interpreted in several ways.



A COLONIAL AND THE MOTHER COUNTRY

IN a pretty little booklet, privately printed in South Africa, Miss Ethel Campbell, granddaughter of one of the Natal pioneers, hits off with curious exactness the mingled emotions with which the British colonial looks back to the Mother Country. Her booklet is called *From a Durban Window*. We print below a few stanzas from one poem, entitled 'England':—

Her people close their feelings bar,
They take for granted what they are —
They 've never worshiped from afar
This wondrous Mother England!

I want to rush at them and cry:
'You live in England, don't you? Why
Not tell the Earth and tell the sky
You 're proud that yours is England!'

But if I did I think they 'd raise
Their eyebrows, saying in amaze:
'D' you think that England needs your praise?
Then you 've mistaken England!'

Why should it thrill me who have grown
From childhood in a tropic zone?
I 'd rather have the veldt, I own,
Than any sward in England.

Why should I love it half so well
As Africa? I don't! but fell
To some strange overpowering spell
That thralls my heart in England.

But somehow, strange as it may be,
I love it most from o'er the sea,
And England seems more real to me
When I am not in England!

Miss Campbell also ventures into the realm of entomology, quoting a paragraph from F. C. Selous, whose quarry is usually lions rather than cicadas:—

In Natal the cicadas, as they sing, are listened to by admiring groups of other insects, which fly to the tree where one is singing. The listeners are 'all ear,' and one or other of them will advance and touch the antennæ of the object of its admiration. Such marks of appreciation, however, are not to the taste of the cicada, who will sometimes strike out vigorously with its foot, causing its too obtrusive admirers to retreat to a more respectful distance, where they continue to listen with every sign of being extremely pleased.

Upon this sober and decorous bit of natural history, Miss Campbell bases this gay little fantasy:—

Hark! a gay parliament in session meets
Deep in the Bush. The katydids shrill out
Their very souls: some question, sure, about
What touches them most near. The cricket treats
The House to lengthy speech, while bees applaud.
The raucous scanshals argue in dissent.
The Opposition's feelings, hardly pent,
Burst forth; grasshoppers rasp, with one accord.
Swift back and forth the ball of croak'd debate
The tree frogs toss; scudderias out shriek.
At length the sage cicada 'gins to speak
With silvery note — all, hushed in silence, wait
Upon its words, stayed from their clamor rude.
Cicada peerless! Merriman of the wood.

BOOKS ABROAD

Modern France. A Companion to French Studies. Edited by Arthur Tilley, M.A. Cambridge: The University Press, 1922. 35s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

A BOOK with so vast a plan must needs be dealt with cursorily. Written by specialists, an adequate criticism of it would be the work of a syndicate. Twenty-two writers are concerned in its construction, eight English, fourteen French, most of them professors; and its nearly nine hundred pages cover four centuries, recording the progress of history, civil and ecclesiastical, the army, navy, economic and social life, finance, law, education and learning, literature, architecture, painting, sculpture and decorative art, music, the stage, philosophy, mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics, optics, electricity, and radioactivity.

Whether the plan be as good as it has been difficult to carry out — and we read Mr. Tilley's account of the difficulties with sympathy — is a matter on which opinions may differ. Students will assuredly find it useful as a book of reference, though it is more and less than that. As such, it is bound to be accounted incomplete, for all its fullness, since it is not an encyclopædia. The work aims not only at recording achievements but at providing ready-made judgments for the student. Unity or proportion cannot be expected where a score of writers share responsibility; but when we consider that the historical section extends from the War of Religion to the separation of Church and State, the literary chapters from Marot to Péguy and Claudel, the scientific from Descartes to the Curies, and those on art from the Clouets to the Cubists, the book must be declared a marvel and a triumph for the editor, to whom it must have been a desperate undertaking.

The Old Country, by Ernest Rhys. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1922. 4s. 6d.

[*English Review*]

THIS capital little book 'of the love and praise of England' was, Mr. Rhys tells us, originally designed and produced to delight the men at the front with some of the atmosphere of home. It is a scrapbook gathered together from the writings of those — not all Englishmen — who from the spacious days down to Rupert Brooke have had noble, pleasant, and descriptive things to say of English ideals and the English countryside. Mr. Rhys has added to his original idea and produced a banquet of hors d'œuvre very unlike a solid British meal, but for that very reason admirable. The essence of the thing is here, the

sweet savor from many splendid feasts to set the mouth watering for more; so for those who like refreshment between meals, as well as for the many who have no time to take solid nourishment, this book of excerpts is excellent, if only as a remembrance of the passion of desire with which millions languished in France and Flanders and elsewhere.

It is a book of unusual interest, and the pictures are as apt to the purpose as the rest of the bill of fare — fine confused eating they, too. Herbert Railton's elegant observations of historical buildings and places, stylish bits of the essentially British H. M. Brock, color plates of a post-cardy sweetness all extraordinarily English, with everything handsome and nothing high-brow about them. A scrapbook, in short, very likable to all but the superior person, and just the sort of book for a hungry Tommy or that still hungrier youth which lacks the education of duty, discipline, and delight.

The Press and the Organization of Society, by Norman Angell. London: Labor Publishing Co., 1922. 3s. 6d.

[C. M. Lloyd in *London Mercury*]

MR. NORMAN ANGELL'S little book is a very able discussion of a profoundly important problem. The Press is clearly one of the most powerful instruments in the modern State, and, equally clearly, its exercise of its power is full of mischief. The popular newspaper of to-day can, and does, poison the public mind with lies; it can, and does, debase the public mind with twaddle. The fault does not lie merely, as some naïve souls appear to think, in the dominance of the advertiser with his 'all-deafening blast of Puffery,' nor in the naughtiness of 'capitalist proprietors.' Socialists have proved that they too know how to employ the device of 'selection and emphasis of news.' Nor is the solution of the problem, as Mr. Angell shows, to be found in such simple schemes as a State monopoly or 'Truthful Press Acts' or the signing of all articles.

The most hopeful line of reform is to make journalism 'a chartered profession like those of Law and Medicine, demanding certain qualifications and adherence to a certain code of professional conduct' — and then, perhaps, to set up one or more journals as a State Press, not, of course managed by the Government, but by a 'journalistic judiciary,' pledged to the impartial presentation of the news. If the journalist is allowed to save his own soul, he may save the public's. Mr. Angell offers some wise advice to the Labor movement on the question of how to es-