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NET

THE ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW

REVUE FRANCO-BRITANNIQUE

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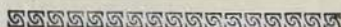
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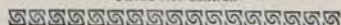
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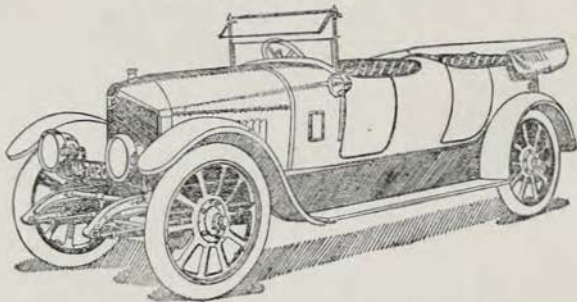
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No. 1. Vol. II

MONTHLY

AUGUST 1919

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHEN I was asked to choose a subject for a lecture at the Sorbonne, there came into my mind somehow or other the incident of Scott's visit to Paris when he went to see *Ivanhoe* at the Odéon, and was amused to think how the story had travelled and made its fortune:—

‘It was an opera, and, of course, the story sadly mangled and the dialogue in great part nonsense. Yet it was strange to hear anything like the words which (then in an agony of pain with spasms in my stomach) I dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel.’

It seemed to me that here I had a text for my sermon. The cruel circumstances of the composition of ‘*Ivanhoe*’ might be neglected. The interesting point was in the contrast between the original home of Scott's imagination and the widespread triumph of his works abroad—on the one hand, Edinburgh and

¹ A lecture at the Sorbonne, May 22, 1919, in the series of *Conférences Louis Liard*.

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Ashestiel, the traditions of the Scottish border and the Highlands, the humours of Edinburgh lawyers and Glasgow citizens, country lairds, farmers and ploughmen, the Presbyterian eloquence of the Covenanters and their descendants, the dialect hardly intelligible out of its own region, and not always clear even to natives of Scotland; on the other hand, the competition for Scott's novels in all the markets of Europe, as to which I take leave to quote the evidence of Stendhal:—

'Lord Byron, auteur de quelques héroïdes sublimes, mais toujours les mêmes, et de beaucoup de tragédies mortellement ennuyeuses, n'est point du tout le chef des romantiques.

'S'il se trouvait un homme que les traducteurs à la toise se disputassent également à Madrid, à Stuttgart, à Paris et à Vienne, l'on pourrait avancer que cet homme a deviné les tendances morales de son époque.'

If Stendhal proceeds to remark in a footnote that 'l'homme lui-même est peu digne d'enthousiasme,' it is pleasant to remember that Lord Byron wrote to M. Henri Beyle to correct his low opinion of the character of Scott. This is by the way, though not, I hope, an irrelevant remark. For Scott is best revealed in his friendships; and the mutual regard of Scott and Byron is as pleasant to think of as the friendship between Scott and Wordsworth.

As to the truth of Stendhal's opinion about the vogue of Scott's novels and his place as chief of the romantics, there is no end to the list of witnesses who might be summoned. Perhaps it may be enough to remember how the young Balzac was carried away by the novels as they came fresh from the translator, almost immediately after their first appearance at home.

One distinguishes easily enough, at home in Scotland, between the novels, or the passages in the novels, that are idiomatic, native, home-grown, intended for his own people, and the novels not so limited, the romances of English or foreign history—'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Quentin Durward.' But as a matter of fact these latter, though possibly easier to understand and better suited to the general public, were not invariably preferred. The novels were 'the Scotch novels.' Although Thackeray, when he praises Scott, takes most of his examples from the less characteristic, what we may call the English group, on the other

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hand, Hazlitt dwells most willingly on the Scotch novels, though he did not like Scotsmen, and shared some of the prejudice of Stendhal—'my friend Mr. Beyle,' as he calls him in one place—with regard to Scott himself. And Balzac has no invidious preferences: he recommends an English romance, 'Kenilworth,' to his sister, and he also remembers David Deans, a person most intensely and peculiarly Scots.

One may distinguish the Scotch novels, which only their author could have written, from novels like 'Peveril of the Peak' or 'Anne of Geierstein,' which may be thought to resemble rather too closely the imitations of Scott, the ordinary historical novel as it was written by Scott's successors. But though the formula of the conventional historical novel may have been drawn from the less idiomatic group, it was not this that chiefly made Scott's reputation. His fame and influence were achieved through the whole mass of his immense and varied work; and the Scots dialect and humours, which make so large a part of his resources when he is putting out all his power, though they have their difficulties for readers outside of Scotland, were no real hindrances in the way of the Scotch novels: Dandie Dinmont and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Cuddie Headrigg and Andrew Fairservice were not ignored or forgotten, even where 'Ivanhoe' or 'The Talisman' might have the preference as being more conformable to the general mind of novel readers.

The paradox remains: that the most successful novelist of the whole world should have had his home and found his strength in a country with a language of its own, barely intelligible, frequently repulsive to its nearest neighbours, a language none the more likely to win favour when the manners or ideas of the country were taken into consideration as well.

The critics who refuse to see much good in Scott, for the most part ignore the foundations of his work. Thus Stendhal, who acknowledges Scott's position as representative of his age, the one really great, universally popular, author of his day, does not recognise in Scott's imagination much more than trappings and tournaments, the furniture of the regular historical novel. He compares Scott's novels with 'La Princesse de Clèves,' and asks which is more to be praised, the author who understands and reveals the human heart, or the descriptive historian who can fill pages with unessential details but is afraid of the passions.

In which it seems to be assumed that Scott, when he gave

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his attention to the background and the appropriate dresses, was neglecting the dramatic truth of his characters and their expression. Scott, it may be observed, had, in his own reflexions on the art of novel-writing, taken notice of different kinds of policy in dealing with the historical setting. In his lives of the novelists, reviewing 'The Old English Baron,' he describes the earlier type of historical novel in which little or nothing is done for antiquarian decoration or for local colour; while in his criticism of Mrs. Radcliffe he uses the very term—'melodrama'—and the very distinction—melodrama as opposed to tragedy—which is the touchstone of the novelist. Whatever his success might be, there can be no doubt as to his intentions. He meant his novels, with their richer background and their larger measure of detail, to sacrifice nothing of dramatic truth. 'La Princesse de Clèves,' a professedly historical novel with little 'local colour,' may be in essentials finer and more sincere than Scott. This is a question which I ask leave to pass over. But it is not Scott's intention to put off the reader with details and decoration as a substitute for truth of character and sentiment. Here most obviously, with all their differences, Balzac and Scott are agreed: expensive both of them in description, but neither of them inclined to let mere description (in Pope's phrase) take the place of sense—i.e. of the life which it is the business of the novelist to interpret. There is danger, no doubt, of overdoing it, but description in Balzac, however full and long, is never inanimate. He has explained his theory in a notice of Scott, or rather in a comparison of Scott and Fenimore Cooper (*Revue Parisienne*, 1840), where the emptiness of Cooper's novels is compared with the variety of Scott's, the solitude of the American lakes and forests with the crowd of life commanded by the author of 'Waverley.' Allowing Cooper one great success in the character of Leather-stocking and some merit in a few other personages, Balzac finds beyond these nothing like Scott's multitude of characters; their place is taken by the beauties of nature. But description cannot make up for want of life in a story.

Balzac shows clearly that he understood the danger of description, and how impossible, how unreasonable, it is to make scenery do instead of story and characters. He does not seem to think that Scott has failed in this respect, while in his remarks on Scott's humour he proves how far he is from the critics who found in Scott nothing but scenery and accoutrements and the

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rubbish of old chronicles. Scott's chivalry and romance are not what Balzac is thinking about. Balzac is considering Scott's imagination in general, his faculty in narrative and dialogue, wherever his scene may be, from whatever period the facts of his story may be drawn.

Scott's superiority to his American rival comes out, says Balzac, chiefly in his secondary personages and in his talent for comedy. The American makes careful mechanical provision for laughter: Balzac takes this all to pieces, and leaves Scott unchallenged and inexhaustible.

Scott's reputation has suffered a little through suspicion of his politics, and, strangely enough, of his religion. He has been made responsible for movements in Churches about which opinions naturally differ, but of which it is certain Scott never dreamed. Those who suspect and blame his work because it is reactionary, illiberal, and offensive to modern ideas of progress, are, of course, mainly such persons as believe in 'the march of intellect,' and think meanly of each successive stage as soon as it is left behind. The spokesman of this party is Mark Twain, who wrote a burlesque of the Holy Grail, and who in his 'Life on the Mississippi' makes Scott responsible for the vanities and superstitions of the Southern States of America:—

'The South has not yet recovered from the debilitating influence of his books. Admiration of his fantastic heroes and their grotesque "chivalry" doings and romantic juvenilities still survives here, in an atmosphere in which is already perceptible the wholesome and practical nineteenth century smell of cotton-factories and locomotives.'

It is useless to moralise on this, and the purport and significance of it may be left for private meditation to enucleate and enjoy. But it cannot be fully appreciated, unless one remembers that the author of this and other charges against chivalry is also the historian of the feud between the Shepherds and the Grangerfords, equal in tragedy to the themes of the *chansons de geste*: of *Raoul de Cambrai* or *Garin le Loherain*. Mark Twain in the person of Huckleberry Finn is committed to the ideas of chivalry neither more nor less than Walter Scott in 'Ivanhoe' or 'The Talisman.' I am told further—though this is perhaps unimportant—that Gothic ornament in America is not

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peculiarly the taste of the South, that even at Chicago there are imitations of Gothic towers and halls.

Hazlitt, an unbeliever in most of Scott's political principles, is also the most fervent and expressive admirer of the novels, quite beyond the danger of modern progress, his judgment not corrupted at all by the incense of the cotton-factory or the charm of the locomotive. Hazlitt's praise of Scott is an immortal proof of Hazlitt's sincerity in criticism. Scott's friends were not Hazlitt's, and Scott and Hazlitt differed both in personal and public affairs as much as any men of their time. But Hazlitt has too much sense not to be taken with the Scotch novels, and too much honesty not to say so, and too much spirit not to put all his strength into praising, when once he begins. Hazlitt's critical theory of Scott's novels is curiously like his opinion about Scott's old friend, the poet Crabbe: whose name I cannot leave without a salute to the laborious and eloquent work of M. Huchon, his scholarly French interpreter.

Hazlitt on Crabbe and Scott is a very interesting witness on account of the principles and presuppositions employed by him. In the last hundred years or so the problems of realism and naturalism have been canvassed almost too thoroughly between disputants who seem not always to know when they are wandering from the point or wearying their audience with verbiage and platitudes. But out of all the controversy there has emerged at least one plain probability—that there is no such thing as simple transference of external reality into artistic form. This is what Hazlitt seems to ignore very strangely in his judgment of Crabbe and Scott, and this is, I think, an interesting point in the history of criticism, especially when it is remembered that Hazlitt was a critic of painting, and himself a painter. He speaks almost as if realities passed direct into the verse of Crabbe; as if Scott's imagination in the novels were merely recollection and transcription of experience. Speaking of the difference between the genius of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, he says:

'It is the difference between *originality* and the want of it, between writing and transcribing. Almost all the finest scenes and touches, the great master-strokes in Shakespeare, are such as must have belonged to the class of invention, where the secret lay between him and his own heart, and the power exerted is in adding to the

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given materials and working something out of them : in the author of "Waverley," not all, but the principal and characteristic beauties are such as may and do belong to the class of compilation—that is, consist in bringing the materials together and leaving them to produce their own effect. . . .

'No one admires or delights in the Scotch Novels more than I do, but at the same time, when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different. Sir Walter is an imitator of nature and nothing more; but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than this. . . . Sir Walter's mind is full of information, but the "*o'er informing power*" is not there. Shakespeare's spirit, like fire, shines through him: Sir Walter's like a stream, reflects surrounding objects.'

I may not at this time quote much more of Hazlitt's criticism, but the point of it would be misunderstood if it were construed as depreciation of Scott. What may be considered merely memory in contrast to Shakespeare's imagination is regarded by Hazlitt as a limitless source of visionary life when compared with the ideas of self-centred authors like Byron. This is what Hazlitt says in another essay of the same series :—

'Scott "does not 'spin his brains' but something much better." He "has got hold of another clue—that of Nature and history—and long may he spin it, 'even to the crack of doom!'" Scott's success lies in not thinking of himself. "And then again the catch that blind Willie and his wife and the boy sing in the hollow of the heath—there is more mirth and heart's ease in it than in all Lord Byron's *Don Juan* or Mr. Moore's *Lyrics*. And why? Because the author is thinking of beggars and a beggar's brat, and not of himself, while he writes it. He looks at Nature, sees it, hears it, feels it, and believes that it exists before it is printed, hotpressed, and labelled on the back *By the Author of 'Waverley.'* He does not fancy, nor would he for one moment have it supposed, that his name and fame compose all that is worth a moment's consideration

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in the universe. This is the great secret of his writings—a perfect indifference to self.”

Hazlitt appears to allow too little to the mind of the *Author of 'Waverley'*—as though the author had nothing to do but let the contents of his mind arrange themselves on his pages. What this exactly may mean is doubtful. We are not disposed to accept the theory of the passive mind as a sufficient philosophical explanation of the Scotch novels. But Hazlitt is certainly right to make much of the store of reading and reminiscence they imply, and it is not erroneous or fallacious to think of all Scott's writings in verse or prose as peculiarly the fruits of his life and experience. His various modes of writing are suggested to him by the way, and he finds his art with no long practice when the proper time comes to use it. After all, is this not what was meant by Horace when he said that the subject rightly chosen will provide what is wanted in art and style?

*Cui lecta potenter erit res
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.*

It was chosen by Corneille as a motto for *Cinna*; it would do as a summary of all the writings of Scott.

The *Waverley Novels* may be reckoned among the works of fiction that have had their origin in chance, and have turned out something different from what the author intended. Reading the life of Scott, we seem to be following a pilgrimage where the traveller meets with different temptations and escapes various dangers, and takes up a number of duties, and is led to do a number of fine things which he had not thought of till the time came for attempting them. The poet and the novelist are revealed in the historian and the collector of antiquities. Scott before *The Lay of the last Minstrel* looked like a young adventurer in the study of history and legend, who had it in him to do solid work on a large scale (like his edition of Dryden) if he chose to take it up. He is not a poet from the beginning like Wordsworth and Keats, devoted to that one service; he turns novelist late in life when the success of his poetry seems to be over. His early experiments in verse are queerly suggested and full of hazard. It needs a foreign language—German—to encourage him to rhyme. The fascination of Bürger's *Lenore* is a reflection from English ballad poetry; the reflected image brought out

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what had been less remarkable in the original. The German devices of terror and wonder are a temptation to Scott; they hang about his path with their monotonous and mechanical jugglery, their horrors made all the more intolerable through the degraded verse of Lewis—a bad example which Scott instinctively refused to follow, though he most unaccountably praised Lewis's sense of rhythm. The close of the eighteenth century cannot be fully understood, nor the progress of poetry in the nineteenth, without some study of the plague of ghosts and skeletons which has left its mark on *The Ancient Mariner*, from which Goethe and Scott did not escape, which imposed on Shelley in his youth, to which Byron yielded his tribute of *The Vampire*. A tempting subject for expatiation, especially when one remembers—and who that has once read it can forget?—the most glorious passage in the 'Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas' describing his first conversation with the unknown gentleman who afterwards turned out to be Charles Nodier, in the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin where the play was *The Vampire*: from which theatre Charles Nodier was expelled for hissing *The Vampire*, himself being part-author of the marvellous drama. I hope it is not impertinent in a stranger to express his unbounded gratitude for that delightful and most humorous dialogue in which the history of the Elzevir Press (starting from *Le Pastissier françois*) and the tragedy of the rotifer are so adroitly interwoven with the theatrical scene of Fingal's Cave and its unusual visitors, the whole adventure ending in the happiest laughter over the expulsion of the dramatist. I may not have any right to say so, but I throw myself on the mercy of my readers: I remember nothing in any chronicle so mercurial or jovial in its high spirits as this story of the first encounter and the beginning of friendship between Charles Nodier and Alexandre Dumas.

The Vampire of Staffa may seem rather far from the range of Scott's imagination; but his contribution to Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder' show the risk that he ran, while the White Lady of Avenel in 'The Monastery' proves that even in his best years he was exposed to the hazards of conventional magic.

Lockhart has given the history of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, how the story developed and took shape. It is not so much an example of Scott's mode of writing poetry as an explanation of his whole literary life. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was his first original piece of any length and his first great popular success.

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And, as Lockhart has sufficiently shown, it was impossible for Scott to get to it except through the years of exploration and editing, the collection of the Border ballads, the study of the old metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*. The story of the Goblin Page was at first reckoned enough simply for one of the additions to the Border Minstrelsy on the scale of a ballad. Scott had tried another sort of imitation in the stanzas composed in old English and in the metre of the original to supply the missing conclusion of *Sir Tristrem*. It was not within his scope to write an original romance in the old language, but Coleridge's *Christabel* was recited to him, and gave him a modern rhythm fit for a long story. So the intended ballad became the *Lay*, taking in, with the legend of Gilpin Horner for a foundation, all the spirit of Scott's knowledge of his own country.

Here I must pause to express my admiration for Lockhart's criticism of Scott, and particularly for his description of the way in which the *Lay* came to be written. It is really wonderful, Lockhart's sensible, unpretentious, thorough interpretation of the half-unconscious processes by which Scott's reading and recollections were turned into his poems and novels. Of course, it is all founded on Scott's own notes and introductions.

What happened with the *Lay* is repeated a few years afterwards in 'Waverley.' The *Lay*, a rhyming romance; 'Waverley' an historical novel; what, it may be asked, is so very remarkable about their origins? Was it not open to any one to write romances in verse or prose? Perhaps; but the singularity of Scott's first romances in verse and prose is that they do not begin as literary experiments, but as means of expressing their author's knowledge, memory and treasured sentiment. Hazlitt is right; Scott's experience is shaped into the Waverley Novels, though one can distinguish later between those stories that belong properly to Scott's life and those that are invented in repetition of a pattern.

Scott's own alleged reason for giving up the writing of tales in verse was that Byron beat him. But there must have been something besides this: it is plain that the pattern of rhyming romance was growing stale. The *Lay* needs no apology; *Marmion* includes the great tragedy of Scotland in the Battle of Flodden:—

‘The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

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*No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.*

And *The Lady of the Lake* is all that the Highlands meant for Scott at that time. But *Rokeby* has little substance, though it includes more than one of Scott's finest songs. *The Lord of the Isles*, though its battle is not too far below *Marmion*, and though its hero is Robert the Bruce, yet wants the original force of the earlier romances. When Scott changed his hand from verse to prose for story-telling and wrote 'Waverley,' he not only gained in freedom and got room for a kind of dialogue that was impossible in rhyme, but he came back to the same sort of experience and the same strength of tradition as had given life to the *Lay*. The time of 'Waverley' was no more than sixty years since, when Scott began to write it and mislaid and forgot the opening chapters in 1805; he got his ideas of the Forty-five from an old Highland gentleman who had been out with the Highland clans, following the lead of Prince Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier. The clans in that adventure belonged to a world more ancient than that of 'Ivanhoe' or 'The Talisman'; they also belonged so nearly to Scott's own time that he heard their story from one of themselves. He had spoken and listened to another gentleman who had known Rob Roy. 'The Bride of Lammermoor' came to him as the Icelandic family histories came to the historians of Gunnar or Kjartan Olafsson. He had known the story all his life, and he wrote it from tradition. The time of 'The Heart of Midlothian' is earlier than 'Waverley,' but it is more of a modern novel than an historical romance, and even 'Old Mortality,' which is earlier still, is modern also; Cuddie Headrigg is no more antique than Dandie Dinmont or the Ettrick Shepherd himself, and even his mother and her Covenanted friends are not far from the fashion of some enthusiasts of Scott's own time—e.g. Hogg's religious uncle who could not be brought to repeat his old ballads for thinking of 'covenants broken, burned and buried.' 'Guy Mannering' and 'The Antiquary' are both modern stories: it is not till 'Ivanhoe' that Scott definitely starts on the regular historical novel in the manner that was found so easy to imitate.

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If 'Rob Roy' is not the very best of them all—and on problems of that sort perhaps the right word may be the Irish phrase *Naboclish!* ('don't trouble about that!') which Scott picked up when he was visiting Miss Edgeworth in Ireland—'Rob Roy' shows well enough what Scott could do, in romance of adventure and in humorous dialogue. The plots of his novels are sometimes thought to be loose and ill-defined, and he tells us himself that he seldom knew where his story was carrying him. His young heroes are sometimes reckoned rather feeble and featureless. Francis Osbaldistone, like Edward Waverley and Henry Morton, drifts into trouble and has his destiny shaped for him by other people and accidents. But is this anything of a reproach to the author of the story? Then it must tell against some novelists who seem to work more conscientiously and carefully than Scott on the frame of their story—against George Meredith in *Evan Harrington* and *Richard Feverel* and *Harry Richmond*, all of whom are driven by circumstances and see their way no more clearly than Scott's young men. Is it not really the strength, not the weakness, of Scott's imagination that engages us in the perplexities of *Waverley* and *Henry Morton* even to the verge of tragedy—keeping out of tragedy because it is not his business, and would spoil his looser, larger, more varied web of a story? Francis Osbaldistone is less severely tried. His story sets him travelling, and may we not admire the skill of the author who uses the old device of a wandering hero with such good effect? The story is not a mere string of adventures—it is adventures with a bearing on the main issue, with complications that all tell in the end; chief among them, of course, the successive appearances of Mr. Campbell and the counsels of Diana Vernon. The scenes that bring out Scott's genius most completely—so they have always seemed to me—are those of Francis Osbaldistone's stay in Glasgow. Seldom has any novelist managed so easily so many different modes of interest. There is the place—in different lights—the streets, the river, the bridge, the Cathedral, the prison, seen through the suspense of the hero's mind rendered in the talk of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice; made alive, as the saying is, through successive anxieties and dangers; thrilling with romance, yet at the same time never beyond the range of ordinary common sense. Is it not a triumph, at the very lowest reckoning, of dexterous narrative to bring together in a vivid dramatic scene the humorous

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character of the Glasgow citizen and the equal and opposite humour of his cousin, the cateran, the Highland loon, Mr. Campbell disclosed as Rob Roy—with the Dougal creature helping him?

Scott's comedy is like of that Cervantes in 'Don Quixote'—humorous dialogue independent of any definite comic plot and mixed up with all sorts of other business. Might not Falstaff himself be taken into comparison too? Scott's humorous characters are nowhere and never characters in a comedy—and Falstaff, the greatest comic character in Shakespeare, is not great in comedy.

Some of the rich idiomatic Scottish dialogue in the novels might be possibly disparaged (like Ben Jonson) as 'mere humours and observation.' Novelists of lower rank than Scott—Galt in 'The Ayrshire Legatees' and 'Annals of the Parish' and 'The Entail'—have nearly rivalled Scott in reporting conversation. But the Bailie at any rate has his part to play in the story of 'Rob Roy'—and so has Andrew Fairservice. Scott never did anything more ingenious than his contrast of those two characters—so much alike in language, and to some extent in cast of mind, with the same conceit and self-confidence, the same garrulous Westland security in their own judgment, both attentive to their own interests, yet clearly and absolutely distinct in spirit, the Bailie a match in courage for Rob Roy himself.

Do we at home in Scotland make too much of Scott's life and associations when we think of his poetry and his novels? Possibly few Scotsmen are impartial here. As Dr. Johnson said, they are not a fair people, and when they think of the Waverley Novels they perhaps do not always see quite clearly. Edinburgh and the Eildon Hills, Aberfoyle and Stirling, come between their minds and the printed page:—

*'A mist of memory broods and floats
The Border waters flow,
The air is full of ballad notes
Borne out of long ago.'*

It might be prudent and more critical to take each book on its own merits in a dry light. But it is not easy to think of a great writer thus discreetly. Is Balzac often judged accurately and coldly, piece by piece, here a line and there a line? Are not the best judges those who think of his whole achievement altogether—the whole amazing world of his creation—'La

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Comédie Humaine' ? By the same sort of rule Scott may be judged, and the whole of his work, his vast industry, and all that made the fabric of his life, be allowed to tell on the mind of the reader.

I wish this discourse had been more worthy of its theme, and of this audience, and of this year of heroic memories and lofty hopes. But if, later in the summer, I should find my way back to Ettrick and Yarrow and the Eildon Hills, it will be a pleasure to remember there the honour you have done me in allowing me to speak in Paris, however unworthily, of the greatness of Sir Walter Scott.

W. P. KER.

Summer

*When the year was full of plenty and the corn red in the ear
You heard Love's feet pass by you, and blushed to know him near,
And you hid lest he might find you, half hoping you might find;
As you wished he might not see you, so you would Love were
not blind.*

*Well you knew your lips held kisses, though you strove to make
them chill*

*As you knew your heart would sway you, so you made to tarry
still.*

*Like a bird that is affrighted, you hid and watched Love go,
Till the greater fear came to you, that he should leave you so.*

*And you knew you were a woman with only this to fear,
That Love might come once only, who now has passed so near.
So from out the red corn growing, you rose and followed meek,
With a pride that was the greater for the blushes on your cheek.*

*So you followed and he heard your light steps upon the grass,
And turned and smiled and kissed you, and would not let you
pass.*

*And your heart sang fairy music, for you found Love very dear:
When the year was full of plenty and the corn red in the ear.*

ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

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' Mon voyage fut heureux et j'arrivai en Angleterre l'onzième de juin de 1687, ayant été hors de ma patrie trente-cinq ans.'

AU-DESSOUS de quoi Robinson inscrivit FIN en gros caractères. Vivre sa vie est bien ; la vivre une seconde fois en la contant par le détail devient fastidieux à la longue... Robinson était charmé d'avoir terminé ses mémoires ; pieux par nature et par habitude — car, dans son île, privé longtemps de toute société humaine, il avait dû se résigner à converser avec Dieu, — il en profita pour remercier le ciel : ' Seigneur, pensait-il à peu de chose près, le soleil luit bien doucement sur ce quartier à demi-rustique de Londres où j'ai pris ma retraite ; la vie est belle ; les revenus de mon comptoir brésilien assurent mon existence, et mes cousins du Yorkshire, bien que me croyant mort, ne m'ont pas fait, à mon retour, trop grise mine ; ici s'arrête mon histoire... Grâces vous soient rendues, Seigneur ! Je n'aurai plus désormais d'histoire : il ne me reste qu'à être heureux.' Et Robinson se mit en devoir de l'être.

Déjà il commençait à se rendre compte que le bonheur parfait ne va pas sans quelque monotonie, lorsque des événements imprévus transformèrent son naissant ennui en humeur noire. Le perroquet qu'il avait rapporté de son île jacassait dès l'aube de la plus assourdissante façon et les voisins exigèrent que Crusoe lui tordît le cou. Il y fut contraint par les sergents du Roi après s'être mis dans un mauvais cas pour avoir rossé un de ses compatriotes qui lui chantait pouilles à propos de la bestiole. Mais celle-ci lui était chère et il eut des remords. ' J'aurais dû, pensait-il, plutôt que de laisser s'accomplir ce crime, tirer sur les sergents du Roi comme je fis jadis sur les cannibales.'

Peu après, longeant dans la campagne un verger chargé de fruits, il en cueillit innocemment quelques-uns et se mit à les manger en remerciant Dieu qui couvre les arbres de fruits sur les pas de ceux qui ont soif. Mais le maître du lieu survint, qui parla de prison et de lâcher ses dogues sur le voleur :

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‘Seigneur, murmura Robinson dans le fond de son cœur, c’est donc seulement dans les îles désertes que votre providence se manifeste pleinement à vos fils ?’ Il devint misanthrope, traita publiquement sa cuisinière d’empoisonneuse et son savetier d’assassin. Les mets qu’on lui servait lui paraissaient détestables et ses souliers le faisaient souffrir. Il excita les rires, puis la haine, n’admettant pas les rires à son endroit. Il ne connut bientôt plus qu’un homme à qui parler : John Camerell, le brocanteur. Ce n’était point, ce brocanteur, comme l’on pourrait croire, un vieillard avaricieux et sordide, mais un garçon de bonne mine et d’esprit éveillé. Robinson s’était pris d’amitié pour lui en conversant au seuil de sa boutique, et, depuis, sur le soir, il le voyait souvent arriver en son logis. John Camerell parlait volontiers de sa vie, laquelle avait été fort diverse. Elevé pour être d’église, il avait dû y renoncer, faute d’argent ; alors, il avait été tour à tour pamphlétaire, balayeur et commis chez un bonnetier qu’il avait dû quitter, ayant trop plu à son épouse pour ne pas lui déplaire.

‘Ma barque, disait-il, fut ballottée par bien des tempêtes. Mais je ne compte pas m’endormir dans le port paisible où je me repose pour l’instant. A mes moments perdus, j’écris un traité contre les Turcs, et je le signerai de mon vrai nom : un nom que j’entends réserver à la gloire.’

‘Quand j’étais dans mon île ...’ répliquait Robinson. Ainsi, celui-là parlant d’avenir, celui-ci de passé, ils se confiaient doucement l’un à l’autre. Mais au meilleur moment de l’entretien des bruits divers de chutes, de chansons bizarres ou de vaisselle brisée retentissaient dans la pièce voisine.

‘Hélas ! s’écriait douloureusement Crusoe, c’est mon gueux de sauvage qui est encore ivre !’

Dans les premiers jours du retour en Angleterre, Vendredi accompagnait son maître le long des rues ; et, de temps à autre, pour lui marquer sa soumission, il se jetait à plat ventre au-devant de ses pas, comme il avait accoutumé dans l’île. Alors les passants faisaient cercle, ahuris ; les chiens, inquiets, jappaient ; au milieu des quolibets et des rires Robinson se hâtait de disparaître ; mais Vendredi savait ce qu’exigeaient les règles de la politesse puérile et honnête de sa race, et d’ailleurs Robinson courait moins vite que lui.

‘Bénis soient les fétiches, pensait le sauvage, et le plus grand de tous qui s’appelle Dieu, puisqu’ils ont mis Crusoe sur ma route. Sans les fétiches, Dieu et Crusoe, je dormirais sur le sol et non sur

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un lit moelleux ; je mangerais encore les plus vieux et les plus maigres de mes frères au lieu de sentir fondre dans ma bouche la chair de moutons bien engraisés, et j'ignorerais les vertus de ces breuvages nommés vin, rack ou ale, qui remplissent mon cœur de force et inspirent à mes jambes des danses pleines de noblesse et de beauté...' Sur quoi, le cœur gonflé de reconnaissance, il se prosternait de nouveau sur le sol, aux pieds de son maître. Un jour, l'ayant fait avec trop de hâte, il fut cause que Crusoe chut.

'Vendredi, gronda celui-ci en se relevant furieux et meurtri, tu es mon domestique et non mon esclave ; puisque ton âme sans dignité se refuse à le concevoir, je te marquerai du moins, dans ton intérêt, par un cruel souvenir, le peine que ta bassesse me fait.' Et il roua de coups l'infortuné sauvage, qui revint au logis en poussant de longs hurlements de douleur.

Bientôt, Crusoe ne sortant plus, Vendredi erra dans le quartier, piteux comme un chien sans maître. On affirma qu'il mourait de faim, qu'il était chaque jour battu comme plâtre, et, comme on détestait Crusoe, il devint sympathique. On le nourrit et on le caressa comme un animal curieux ; il rendit mille services, lava la vaisselle, charma les commères en tranchant d'un coup de dents la tête d'un canard vivant destiné à la broche ; les besognes les plus répugnantes ne l'effrayaient pas, et il n'était pas exigeant pour le paiement : il dansait à la pensée de lécher une assiette sale ; pour un verre de bière, on lui faisait accomplir les plus réjouissantes excentricités. Bientôt, la contenance de son estomac devenant légendaire, par curiosité, pour voir jusqu'où cela irait, on le gorgea avec le rebut des aliments et les fonds de bouteille. Il acceptait tout, la bouche ouverte jusqu'aux oreilles par un sourire de gratitude infinie.

Il avait une amie véritable, Kate Keensby, une fille du voisinage, pauvre et de mauvaises mœurs ; une naïve sympathie s'était établie entre le sauvage et la gueuse dont les âmes étaient au même niveau. Lorsque Kate avait quelque monnaie, elle achetait du gin et appelait Vendredi ; la bouteille bue, Vendredi, auprès de Kate, sentait vaguement du fond de son ivresse, une main caresser sa tête crépue et l'extase arrondissait ses yeux blancs. Ainsi Vendredi était heureux et il se rendait d'autant plus compte de son bonheur que celui-ci ne l'accablait pas complètement ; car il y manquait quelque chose : la tunique rouge à galons d'or qui pendait à l'étal de John Camerell.

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'Je vois souvent, dit un jour celui-ci à Robinson, votre sauvage rôder devant ma boutique. Il contemple apparemment un arc brésilien que j'achetai récemment à un matelot. Dans son âme avilie, à la vue d'un objet qui lui rappelle sa terre natale, il y a place encore pour un rêve vague et douloureux.'

'Hélas ! que n'ai-je laissé ce pauvre garçon dans sa patrie !' s'écria Robinson plein de tristesse.

Sa tristesse avait d'ailleurs d'autres causes que ses remords au sujet de Vendredi. Il sentait de jour en jour la haine autour de lui grandir et devenir menaçante. Il ne s'étonna point, un soir, d'entendre John Camerell, accouru fort effaré, lui dire :

'Fuyez, pour l'amour de Dieu ! Des gens prétendent avoir vu le diable chez vous et, sous prétexte de sorcellerie, veulent vous faire pendre !'

Robinson eut un sourire amer en désignant les détroques du prétendu diable : sa veste et son bonnet de peau de chèvre qu'il revêtait parfois depuis quelque temps, poussé par une sorte de nostalgie.

'Gardez cela, dit-il à son ami, et gardez aussi mes mémoires en souvenir de moi.'

Puis il réveilla Vendredi, qui cuvait son vin dans un coin, et tous deux, à la faveur de la nuit, partirent...

'Senhor, disait à Robinson le capitaine du vaisseau portugais où il s'était embarqué peu après, vous êtes bien le plus drôle de corps que j'aie contemplé de ma vie. Vous arrivez sur mon pont à la nuit noire et vous payez passage pour vous et votre laquais sans même me demander vers quelles terres nous faisons voile. Et, depuis lors, vous ne semblez vous départir de votre tristesse familière que lorsque quelque bourrasque fait rage, comme en ce moment-ci.'

'Capitaine, dit Robinson distrait, croyez-vous pas qu'il y ait quelque terre inconnue dans ces parages ?'

'Senhor, dit le capitaine, si elle est inconnue c'est apparemment que nous ne savons pas qu'elle existe ; et puisque je ne sais pas si elle existe, comment pourrais-je affirmer qu'elle n'existe pas ?'

Ainsi parla le capitaine, qui était sage. Cependant l'ouragan faisait rage, les mâts gémissaient, les lames soulevées en tout sens faisaient craquer les ais de la coque.

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‘Capitaine, dit Robinson radieux, je crois que le navire est près de sombrer.’

‘Morbleu, dit le capitaine, voilà qui passe la mesure. Senhor, êtes-vous dément ? Regardez votre laquais qui pleure à chaudes larmes... Mieux vaudrait, certes, qu’il nous aidât. Mais, tout sauvage qu’il est, il fait plus que vous preuve de bon sens.’

‘Je sais depuis deux jours les causes de ses larmes, dit tranquillement Crusoe. Il ne craint pas la mort, il regrette Kate Keensby et une tunique à galons dorés.’

Le capitaine n’eut pas le loisir de s’ahurir davantage, car une vague l’emporta. Au même instant, le vaisseau échouait sur un banc de sable. ‘Terre ! terre !’ criait la vigie comme par hasard. Déjà l’eau bouillonnait au ras des bastingages : ‘Voilà qui est bien,’ pensa Crusoe. Et il se précipita dans la mer en entraînant Vendredi.

Naturellement, après avoir risqué la mort mille fois, tous deux abordèrent dans une île. Alors Robinson, errant sur le rivage, rendit grâce au ciel et plaignit ses infortunés compagnons de voyage qui, sans nul doute, avaient trouvé la mort sur le vaisseau :

‘Je ne manquerai pas de m’attendrir longuement sur eux, dit-il à Vendredi, quand nous irons demain, après un sommeil réparateur, chercher sur le vaisseau les objets indispensables à notre vie.’

Et il se souvint qu’il y avait du rhum dans la cambuse et des armes dans la cabine du capitaine.

Hélas ! après trois jours d’attente, il connut que le vaisseau s’était perdu corps et biens. Il n’en restait nulle trace à l’horizon et les vagues n’apportèrent même pas de débris. Les deux naufragés soutinrent péniblement leurs forces en mangeant des coquillages ou en buvant d’une eau saumâtre. Ils allèrent à la découverte : l’île, aride et désolée, n’offrait aucune ressource : ‘Seigneur, s’écria Robinson, vous n’êtes pas gentil ! Je ne voulais pourtant que vous fournir une fois de plus l’occasion de manifester votre providence.’ Mais le Seigneur ne répondit pas. Ce qui d’ailleurs ne prouve rien contre sa bonté, car en agissant ainsi il avait ses desseins, lesquels, comme on sait, sont impénétrables.

Robinson, épuisé, mourut à quelques jours de là. Vendredi était plus jeune et robuste. Resté seul, il hurla tant et tant sur un roc, au passage d’un navire, que les matelots l’ouïrent et le recueillirent. Après divers avatars dont nous n’avons ici

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que faire, il revint à Londres, se corrigea de son ivrognerie, acheta la tunique rouge et se maria avec Kate Keensby. Il en eut toutes sortes d'enfants dont la teinte variait du brun olivâtre au marron tendre. C'est de sa bouche que de rares privilégiés ont recueilli la véridique histoire des derniers moments de Robinson.

Un dernier mot sur John Camerell. Sous son nom réel, qui était Defoë, il publia le manuscrit de Robinson en s'en attribuant le mérite. Ce lui valut quelque gloire et il en profita pour rendre Crusoe responsable de tout un autre volume d'aventures où le malheureux n'était pour rien. Defoë n'en mourut pas moins dans le dénuement, après avoir vécu dans la misère.

Ceci contribuerait à prouver la justice ou—ce qui est tout un—la bonté de la Providence, si les mémoires authentiques que l'on possède de Crusoe n'y suffisaient largement.

CHARLES DERENNES.

Poplars

*It is a long time since I saw the poplars
Just out of bud.
They were stiff against the grey houses,
Spurting up from the short trunk,
Like the yellow pig-tails little girls wear.
There was a whole row of them,
And you could almost hear their chatter . . .
Now the poplars are fanning themselves idly
With delicate apricot wafers of leaves,
And their whispering, with the least wind that comes,
Is idle and full of lasciviousness.
The little girls are grown up.*

AMY RANDALL.

SCAPA FLOW : WHO WAS TO BLAME ?

NO event connected with the war has excited more nonsensical talk than the destruction of the German war-ships at Scapa by the officers left in charge of them. To begin with, it was universally taken for granted that the sinking of this fleet was a complete surprise: whereas as a fact, it had been confidently foretold for some time. Next, the act was described as a breach of honour by the Germans: but the Germans do not know what honour means and cannot break what they do not possess. If the Allies in their wisdom left the German fleet in German custody and did so without securing any undertaking that it should be in their safe custody, and without specifying any penalty if such an undertaking were not carried out, then it is more becoming that they should lament their own want of foresight than lecture the Germans on their once more illustrating a natural defect with which all the world had been for years so painfully familiar. And when all is said the fact remains that Admiral Reuter and his colleagues did not, either by themselves or by their Government, undertake to give up the ships in good condition when the Armistice came to an end. Supposing the Germans had refused to sign the Peace and the war had recommenced, could it seriously have been said that the German officers were under a moral obligation to preserve intact ships which their enemies might use against their country?

The truth of the matter seems to be that this question of the custody of the German fleet is on a par with several other of the naval conditions of the Armistice. For example, the British fighting navy was intensely intrigued over one detail of German naval equipment. 'Detail' perhaps is an unfortunate word to use, for the equipment to which I allude must in all circumstances be a complicated, elaborate, diverse affair. I refer, of course, to the instrumental organisation for obtaining and preserving, during action, the data in accordance with which the sights must be adjusted to secure continuous hitting, and, allied to this, the instrumental system by which the guns, once the elevation and the deflection angle are decided, can be directed and kept trained

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upon the target. And in this matter the curiosity of French, Italian, and American naval officers could hardly have been less than that of our own. Yet, when terms were being imposed on the enemy which included the temporary surrender to the Allies of the German fighting fleet, it was not insisted that these vessels should be handed over to us with their rangefinders, sights, directors, calculating mechanisms, and fire-control communications complete. It is quite inconceivable that the omission was intentional.

The shooting of the German ships throughout the war had been marked by two quite surprising characteristics. The first is that the greater the range the more outstanding was their accuracy. The second was this. Almost immediately after the German ships came under effective fire this accuracy vanished immediately. From these two facts alone, many, but inconsistent, inferences might be drawn. For instance, it would be compatible with the published facts to suppose that the Germans used rangefinders and instruments of extraordinary accuracy and complexity, but that either the fittings or the means of communication were necessarily exposed, so that there was a total breakdown in material the moment our own shells began to hit. On this theory, German fire control was not able to survive the opening stages of an engagement, because it was necessarily itself the first of the enemy's casualties. But again, the known facts are compatible with a completely different theory. It is that the Germans had few, if any, fire control instruments except rangefinders, but these of quite exceptional merit, and a highly trained and skilled personnel to modify the range that had to be set upon the gun. Once under fire, it has been supposed, flurry and the excitement of the action would prevent this personnel from functioning. Hence the breakdown.

Now it is a palpable truth, obvious to the least technical of laymen, that the efficiency of a battleship in action can be almost solely measured by the capacity of her guns to hit the enemy. The best measures for securing this capacity had been the subject of acute debate in all navies in the ten years preceding the war. That the Germans had produced a method extraordinarily good in some respects, as extraordinarily defective in others, was clear from our own experience. Is it to be supposed that we deliberately abandoned a plan of mastering this secret when its revelation to us was within our power to enforce?

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And if the Allies were so little watchful in a matter of so much moment as this, is it surprising that an equal want of caution was exhibited over the custody of the interned vessels ? The explanation of both blunders can only, it seems to me, be found in this. In November 1918, our preoccupations were all purely military. If the Germans surrendered so many guns, howitzers, and rifles, so many wagons, so much railway stock, so much ammunition, if their forces retreated, giving us a substantial area of occupation and a firm hold of the bridgeheads, then the German resumption of the war on land was virtually impossible. And so if, at sea, we took every German submarine away, the only form of naval action open to the enemy during the previous two and a quarter years would be gone. And then what further cause for anxiety could there be ? The naval terms, in other words, appeared, one must suppose, to be quite a subordinate business.

History only can tell us whether the British Admiralty proposed a wider, more drastic and more satisfactory solution, and that its conditions were modified by a superior authority, or whether no more was actually asked than was in fact conceded by the beaten enemy. In this matter we are all perfectly ignorant. We simply do not know if the Admiralty accepted responsibility for the German Fleet. If it did its guilt is grave. But that the naval terms were improvident and inadequate, not only in the two matters I have mentioned but in numerous others, is now so abundantly clear that it seems quite superfluous to throw the blame of the failure of one of these upon the enemy. The Allies, in this respect, have themselves alone to thank.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

LE TRAVAIL DES FEMMES PENDANT ET APRÈS LA GUERRE

DEPUIS l'heure où éclata le grand conflit qui bouleversa l'Europe, le nombre des femmes qui travaillent a sensiblement augmenté en France. On évalue que ce nombre s'élève maintenant aux deux tiers des femmes, alors qu'auparavant il n'atteignait qu'un tiers d'entre elles. Cet accroissement considérable du travail féminin, où ne se trouvent pas comprises les professions élevées, telles que celles d'avocat et de médecin, réservées à l'élite, a été provoqué par deux besoins qui sont nés simultanément et se sont mis fort heureusement au service l'un de l'autre; en premier lieu, le besoin du pays, subitement privé par les armées de la plus grande et de la meilleure partie des activités dont il disposait, en second lieu, le besoin des femmes, dont la situation se trouva changée du jour au lendemain, devenant tout au moins précaire pour beaucoup d'entre elles. Il fallait remplacer les hommes dans les administrations et les services de l'État, dans une multitude d'emplois publics et privés, et assurer, en outre, toutes les fabrications de guerre. Ce furent les femmes qui comblèrent les vides, et qui également rendirent possible le développement des arsenaux et des usines d'où sortirent nos munitions.

La femme du mobilisé prit la place de son mari au Métro, à la Poste, au tramway, au grand magasin, à la banque. Puis, lorsque s'ouvrit l'usine de guerre, les veuves de la guerre, les femmes des familles les plus éprouvées y furent admises les premières, étant considérées comme les plus méritantes. Et plus la guerre dura, plus ce contingent féminin s'accrut, alimenté par l'afflux des réfugiées, par les familles appauvries ou ruinées, par les jeunes filles, lasses de vivre au village, et attirées vers les grands centres par ces nouveaux débouchés. Le pays fit appel à toutes les bonnes volontés, et les récompensa dignement. L'indigence et le chômage devinrent des choses du passé.

Mais cette ère nouvelle ne devait avoir qu'un temps. L'homme, démobilisé, devait un jour reprendre sa place occupée temporairement par une femme. Il est vrai que tous ceux qui étaient partis ne reviendraient pas, et il y avait encore à déduire

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tous les mutilés, incapables de rentrer dans leur emploi antérieur. D'autre part, l'usine transformée ou créée de toutes pièces en vue d'une production de guerre, devait s'arrêter au lendemain de l'armistice, se réduire et s'adapter de nouveau, en vue d'une production de paix. Le nombre considérable de ces nouvelles travailleuses devait amener une crise, le jour de leur licenciement, — crise à laquelle nous nous attendions forcément, et que nous traversons en ce moment. Nous ignorons encore quelle en sera l'issue définitive et la portée, car nous n'avons encore assisté qu'au premier acte de la démobilisation. Et puis il est fort difficile de suivre ces femmes à travers cette période critique, et de connaître leur sort. C'est un écheveau où l'on se perd. Mais les cas qui n'échappent pas à l'observation, permettent d'établir certaines généralités, de démêler certaines tendances, qui, elles, n'étaient pas prévues, et doivent fixer notre attention. Ces tendances, comme nous allons le voir, montrent que la femme sort de l'épreuve de la guerre avec un esprit complètement changé, et que, selon toute probabilité, elle ne redeviendra jamais telle qu'auparavant.

Dans la présente enquête, deux questions se posent naturellement à l'esprit. D'abord, y a-t-il chômage ? Et ensuite, comment se fait, la guerre terminée, le reclassement de ce prolétariat féminin ?

Contrairement à ce qu'il semble, la première n'offre pas la même importance que la seconde. Dans une réorganisation aussi complexe du travail, et aussi peu préparée, il était impossible d'éviter complètement le chômage. On s'efforça d'en atténuer les effets, en avertissant à l'avance les intéressées, en leur offrant partout une indemnité de départ, façon détournée de les amener à partir spontanément, et en retardant le plus possible leur licenciement. Cette indemnité, souvent très convaincante, équivalait, pour les munitionnettes, à 15, 20, 30 jours de salaire, suivant les établissements, et plus même, selon l'ancienneté. A l'expiration de ce délai, l'ouvrière touchait de la mairie une allocation de chômage, si elle n'avait pas réussi à se remplacer. Mais elle se la voyait retirer, si sa mauvaise volonté venait à être découverte. Les offices départementaux de placement, qui, fondés pendant la guerre, tendent à centraliser le marché du travail, opèrent parallèlement avec le contrôle des chômeurs, les deux services s'éclairant mutuellement.

Jusqu'à présent, ce furent les usines de guerre qui licencièrent le plus grand nombre de femmes. D'après l'évaluation du

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Ministère du Travail, elles en employèrent jusqu'à 450.000. Si nous généralisons ce qui se passa dans plusieurs grands établissements tels que Renault et Citroën, nous pouvons poser en fait que les deux tiers au moins ont été licenciées. Il est vraisemblable de penser que la moitié d'entre elles ont repris leurs occupations ménagères, avec la possibilité de ne plus travailler au dehors. Ce fut le cas des femmes mariées. Nous verrons plus loin ce que sont devenues les autres.

Dans les sociétés de crédit, dans les bureaux du Ministère de la Guerre, le licenciement a été également assez sensible. Au Ministère des Postes, il n'a atteint qu'un cinquième des femmes. Au Ravitaillement et à la Reconstitution Industrielle, il n'a pas eu lieu. Dans les grands magasins, il n'est pas à craindre. Au Métropolitain et aux Tramways, les employées congédiées furent toutes embauchées de nouveau, l'application de la journée de huit heures ayant mis les compagnies à court de personnel. Bien mieux, dans certains ministères, dans les services de la Ville de Paris, les fonctionnaires se font si peu nombreux, par suite de l'insuffisance de leur traitement, que déjà des emplois de 'rédactrices' sont offerts aux femmes. Signe des temps, voilà que nous voyons la porte du fonctionnarisme s'entrouvrir devant elles.

D'une façon générale, pendant la guerre, ce que le pays demanda aux femmes, ce fut un travail machinal, un effort physique, plutôt que des capacités professionnelles. La plupart des emplois qui leur furent donnés, n'exigeaient pas d'apprentissage. Aussi trouvons-nous parmi elles deux catégories, celles qui avaient un métier, et celles qui n'en avaient pas. Envisageons tout de suite le cas de ces dernières, car il constitue la partie la plus troublante du problème actuel. Sans la guerre, elles n'auraient pas eu à gagner leur vie. Elles entrèrent dans la lutte sans avoir la notion d'aucun métier, et elles sortent de l'épreuve aussi faibles, aussi peu armées. Victimes des événements, que peuvent-elles espérer à présent, et quels services peuvent-elles rendre ? Voici ce que me racontait à leur sujet, il y a trois mois déjà, une personne chargée d'un service de placement féminin :

'Une cinquantaine de jeunes filles sont venues, ce matin même, me demander une place. Elles sortaient pour la plupart de sociétés de crédit, où elles avaient été employées à classer des coupons ou à copier des chiffres.

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Avant la guerre, elles n'avaient pas travaillé. N'étant préparées à aucun des métiers de l'aiguille, elles me demandaient toutes quelque chose "dans les écritures," dans la manutention, ou autre chose de semblable, sans savoir au juste quoi. Je n'avais à disposer que de trois places de ce genre. Elles me quittèrent angoissées, les larmes aux yeux, disant qu'elles étaient incapables de payer leur pension, et ne savaient que devenir.'

Une autre placeuse me fit une déclaration plus triste encore :

'Nous ne sommes pas embarrassées pour placer celles qui ont une compétence quelconque. Mais, à nos questions, voici le genre de réponses que nous obtenons : "Avant la guerre, je ne faisais rien. La vie a augmenté, alors je suis allée à l'usine. Je ne sais rien faire de particulier. Mais je pourrais apprendre la dactylo. . . ." Les bureaux regorgent de demandes de places de vendeuses, de comptables, de représentantes, de gérantes, de dames de compagnie. Mais les femmes ne veulent plus ni coudre, ni être domestiques. Elles refusent d'apprendre aucun métier, et disent qu'elles préfèrent attendre, qu'elles rentreront à l'usine, quand on y retravaillera.

L'Office de Placement du Département de la Seine me répondit ceci :

'On nous demande des couturières, des giletières, des lingères. Depuis octobre déjà, la pénurie de main d'œuvre se fait sentir dans la confection à domicile, dans le "tailleur," dans la fourrure, métiers qui, vous le savez, avaient été envahis par les ouvriers allemands, et que nous avons à cœur de franciser. Y parviendrons-nous ?'

Voici donc à quoi nous assistons en ce moment, — phénomène incroyable, mais que les précédents témoignages établissent bien, — il y a chez nous simultanément chômage et manque de main d'œuvre. On vient d'en apercevoir la cause principale dans l'incapacité professionnelle des femmes. Mais la France a de tels besoins de résurrection, il lui faudra, pour se relever, le concours de tant d'activités, que ce chômage n'est pas ce qui doit nous inquiéter. Plus récemment, d'ailleurs, je me suis rendu compte combien il serait éphémère. Eux aussi, les

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syndicats ouvriers féminins se sont occupés de ces inaptés, et ils ont constaté que bon nombre d'entre elles avaient trouvé à s'employer à des besognes bien payées et ne demandant aucune aptitude spéciale, — dans la parfumerie, notamment, à raison de 1 fr. 20 l'heure, dans la chocolaterie, l'alimentation, l'électricité. En cherchant bien, les placements arriveront toujours à leur trouver des tâches. Mais n'est-ce pas gâcher de la main d'œuvre qui pourrait être mieux utilisée? Plutôt que de les laisser 'bricoler' toute leur vie, ne vaudrait-il pas mieux faire d'elles de vraies ouvrières? On se préoccupe vivement de la question dans les milieux féministes. On y a reconnu la nécessité d'orienter ces femmes suivant leurs aptitudes, en créant, à cet effet, un service spécial, indépendant du placement, — institution qui, à tout point de vue, rendrait de grands services, et n'a jamais existé en France. On a, en second lieu, jeté les premières bases d'un certain nombre d'ateliers nouveaux, non pas d'apprentissage, puisqu'il ne s'agit pas d'enfants, mais d'adaptation rapide aux métiers manuels qui ont le plus besoin de main d'œuvre qualifiée, pour se développer à l'heure actuelle. Le Conseil National des Femmes travaille opiniâtement dans cette voie, avec le concours des Y.W.C.A. de France. Il a commencé par une sorte de consultation économique, destinée à lui assurer la collaboration des industriels, et à provoquer un renouveau dans toutes les branches de notre industrie nationale, qui ne peuvent s'épanouir autant qu'il le faudrait, par suite de cette pénurie de main d'œuvre, et auxquelles les femmes pourraient s'adapter, ou se porter en plus grand nombre. Nous en avons déjà cité quelques-unes, auxquelles il convient d'ajouter la bijouterie, l'orfèvrerie, la maroquinerie, les fleurs et plumes, la mode en gros, le cartonnage, la broderie, l'ampoule électrique.

Agir ainsi, ce n'est pas seulement doter d'un métier, d'un gagne-pain ces inaptés. C'est procurer à la France de la main d'œuvre expérimentée, l'aider à reprendre sa place dans la production mondiale, et faire œuvre nationale en même temps qu'humanitaire. Mais revenons au présent, car ces efforts-là ne porteront leurs fruits que dans l'avenir.

L'ouvrière, citée plus haut, que l'on pousse à coudre chez elle, ou à apprendre un métier, fait-elle un mauvais calcul, si l'on se place à son point de vue, en préférant se réserver pour l'usine de paix? Elle n'est pas seule dans ce cas. Qui aurait pu croire que bien d'autres avec elle ne demanderaient qu'à y

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rentrer, après ces années de rude labeur, passées à tourner, à manier, à charger de lourds obus, les mains maculées de graisse et d'huile, la respiration haletante et saturée de poussières malsaines ? Il est vrai que les avis sont partagés sur ce point. Les milieux catholiques, hostiles à l'emploi de la femme à l'usine, affirment que nos 'munitionnettes' quittèrent avec joie leur tâche épuisante, pour reprendre au foyer la vie familiale. D'accord s'il s'agit des femmes mariées, et d'une faible minorité qui avait la possibilité de se consacrer aux soins du ménage. Mais, parmi ces ouvrières, il y en avait qui, auparavant, travaillaient à domicile, à quelque article de confection ou de lingerie, arrondissant ainsi le salaire de leur mari. Ne cherchons pas à démêler où il vaudrait mieux les pousser, maintenant que la vie est devenue plus âpre, et ce qui convient le mieux à la femme, de l'usine ou du travail à domicile. Ce serait soulever un gros problème, où, sans trouver de solution immédiate, nous verrions se heurter deux thèses, celles des milieux catholiques et traditionnalistes, qui condamnent l'usine, comme étant nuisible à la santé de la femme, à la famille, à l'éducation des enfants, et d'autre part, celle des partis avancés, qui ne croient pas, quoi qu'on fasse, à l'amélioration du travail à domicile, exposant l'ouvrière aux détestables conditions d'hygiène des taudis, et la forçant à s'épuiser dans une lutte toujours inégale avec le travail en atelier et ses moyens de production plus puissants. Contentons-nous de constater et de nous expliquer cette préférence marquée des femmes pour un métier où elles remplacèrent les hommes, — préférence qui s'exerce au détriment de tous ceux qui, jusqu'alors, avaient été essentiellement féminins, couture, lingerie, broderie, etc. Ce qui les attire, dira-t-on, ce sont les hauts salaires qu'elles ont reçus. Ils s'est formé dans le public d'étranges légendes sur nos 'munitionnettes.' Elles auraient gagné couramment des vingt et vingt-cinq francs par jour, vivant grassement, s'habillant comme des bourgeois, se faisant onduler par un coiffeur, pour aller au cinéma, et ainsi de suite. La vérité, c'est qu'elles gagnaient en moyenne dix à douze francs. Seules les mécaniciennes allaient jusqu'à dix-huit et vingt francs. C'étaient des ouvrières d'un niveau supérieur, qui possédaient le métier à fond, à la suite d'un minutieux apprentissage, et qui formaient un petit nombre. Il ne serait donc pas exact de dire que les femmes sont portées à retourner à l'usine, parce qu'elles y ont été couvertes d'argent. Non, ce n'est pas tant l'élévation du salaire que sa régularité qui

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les séduit. Ce fait est réel et indiscutable, et il nous fait toucher du doigt une aspiration générale et tout-à-fait typique du prolétariat féminin d'après-guerre, qui cherche à remplacer le salaire journalier, instable et aléatoire, par quelque chose de plus fixe et de plus assuré, se rapprochant de la mensualité de l'employé. Cette tendance, nous pouvons être sûrs d'avance de la voir s'étendre aussi bien à la femme mariée qu'à la femme célibataire, à présent que la journée de travail est limitée à huit heures, en attendant d'être encore écourtée. L'expérience du travail à l'usine aura complètement changé ses habitudes et ses idées d'avant-guerre. Après avoir travaillé des heures sans fin, penchée sur une machine à coudre qu'elle actionnait péniblement de ses jambes, ou perdu une partie de sa journée à livrer chez une entrepreneuse qui l'exploitait, sans même lui assurer un gain stable et permanent, elle est capable de faire à présent la différence, et elle n'hésite pas dans son choix. Elle optera d'autant plus volontiers, que la maison qui coulait hier des obus et fabriquera demain des automobiles, a été satisfaite de son activité stimulée par une émulation plus grande chez elle que chez l'homme, et ne demandera pas mieux que de lui rouvrir ses portes. Elle considérera aussi toutes les mesures et les institutions de protection sociale, garderies d'enfants, coopératives de consommation, restaurants économiques, foyers-cantines, qui se sont greffées sur les usines depuis la création des surintendantes, et qui lui donnent beaucoup de facilités et d'avantages dont elle ne jouirait pas, en restant chez elle.

La même tendance apparaît plus clairement encore, lorsque nous examinons ce qui s'est passé, depuis le début de la guerre, dans l'industrie de la couture parisienne, et d'une façon générale dans les industries de luxe qui emploient principalement la main d'œuvre féminine. En 1914, la couture subit un arrêt brusque, qui la paralysa pour plusieurs années. On sait combien elle avait été florissante jusqu'alors, et de quel renom elle jouissait à l'étranger. Elle employait, rien que dans la région de Paris, plus de 200.000 femmes. Du coup, il y eut plus de la moitié des maisons qui fermèrent. Il y en eut qui réduisirent à rien les salaires, d'autres qui les maintinrent au même niveau, et qui, afin de garder leurs ouvrières, leur firent confectionner des gants et des chaussons de laine pour l'armée, parvenant seulement à couvrir leurs frais généraux, car les affaires étaient limitées à des arrangements de toilettes.

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Vers le commencement de 1915, commença l'exode en masse des femmes vers les usines de guerre, vers les banques et les ministères, où leur étaient offerts des salaires, correspondant mieux au coût de la vie. La couture perdit ainsi au moins les deux tiers de ses ouvrières. A la suite de l'armistice, lorsque le moment fut venu pour nos industries de luxe de reprendre leur essor elles ne retrouvèrent plus leur ancien personnel. La couturière qui, pensait-on, avait déserté momentanément l'atelier, était restée sur le souvenir des mauvais jours, et elle avait bien quitté définitivement son ancien métier, payé si peu, exposé tantôt aux longs chômages, c'est à dire à la gêne, tantôt aux veillées c'est à dire au surmenage. Le pli était pris : elle ne reviendrait plus. Le ministère, l'usine et la banque avaient ouvert devant elle de nouveaux horizons et lui assuraient mathématiquement son lendemain. Le temps était passé, où elle avait l'amour de son métier, au point de se sacrifier à lui. C'est ainsi que se déclara dans la couture et dans les autres métiers féminins une crise de main d'œuvre, qui ne fit que s'accroître, mettant en danger une industrie où la France avait conquis la première place dans le monde, et, comme on peut le penser, il fallut réagir. C'est, depuis lors, le souci et l'objectif des syndicats professionnels féminins, qui font de la propagande partout où ils peuvent atteindre la jeunesse, et plus particulièrement celui des services de placement publics et privés, qui sont plus à même encore de faire œuvre utile.

Mais, revenir à la couture, ce n'était pas chose facile, même pour celles qui le voulaient bien, surtout au sortir de l'usine de guerre. Elles avaient perdu leur goût, leur tour de main. Comment leurs doigts de fées, à présent, rugueux et durcis, retrouveraient-ils leur souplesse, afin de chiffonner des linons et des soies ? Des gens du métier ne m'ont pas caché que cette main d'œuvre-là ne ferait jamais plus rien de bon, et qu'elle était perdue pour la couture, — alors que d'autre part, les syndicats de la C.G.T., et les divers groupements catholiques d'ouvrières encouragent de leur mieux les anciennes à se réadapter à leur métier, ce qui leur est possible, prétendent-ils, à condition qu'elles consentent à descendre momentanément d'un échelon, afin de se refaire la main. J'ai donc cherché à savoir si beaucoup de ces femmes avaient subi cette réadaptation, et, en questionnant de côté et d'autre, je me suis rendu compte qu'elles n'étaient pas nombreuses. Un grand couturier, président d'une chambre

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syndicale, ayant été invité, par le Ministère du Travail, à en reprendre le plus grand nombre possible, au sortir de l'usine, me confia combien il y était peu porté, et je compris qu'il redoutait, plus que tout, l'esprit que ce personnel insolite apporterait dans ses ateliers. D'autre part, une surintendante d'usine me certifia que, parmi 2.000 ouvrières licenciées, pas une n'était retournée à la couture.

Le discrédit où est tombé ce métier, si Français, si naturel chez la femme, si précieux pour elle dans son ménage, est le fait de l'ignorance, et d'un déplorable parti-pris qui en est la conséquence, et se trouve actuellement très répandu. La femme est hantée par les emplois. Nous avons vu plus haut comme elle se détourne systématiquement des métiers manuels et de la domesticité, pour se porter en masse vers les bureaux, les secrétariats, la vente, les maisons de commerce. Dans les banques, depuis la grève de mai dernier, elle a droit, à vingt-trois ans, après avoir été titularisée, à un traitement minimum de 3.800 francs, et à huit jours de congé par an. Dans les grands magasins, elle peut entrer à dix-sept ans avec 2.400 francs, et à vingt-trois ans arriver à 4.000 francs. Séduite par ces chiffres, elle ne songe plus à la couture, où elle s'imagine que les salaires n'ont pas bougé depuis 1914. Personne ne lui apprend, autour d'elle, qu'ils ont plus que doublé, comme l'indique le tableau ci-dessous :

	1914	Mars 1918	Mai 1919
Deuxième main .	3 fr. 50	6 fr. 50	9 fr. 60 (par jour)
Première main .	5 fr.	10 fr.	12 fr.

C'est au placement que se manifeste bien cette ignorance des faits. L'ex-midinette de la rue de la Paix cache soigneusement ce qu'elle était primitivement, quand elle vient demander une place. Et quand le placeur l'a découvert sur les fiches que lui fournit la Préfecture, il doit exercer une pression sur elle, pour la décider à reprendre son ancien métier, et l'empêcher de se déclasser à son détriment dans un autre. Elle donne ses raisons, et paraît fort surprise quand elle apprend la vérité, mais elle reste butée. Pourtant elle n'a plus autant à se plaindre des mortes saisons. Les patrons ont enfin envisagé ce grave inconvénient de leur industrie pour les travailleuses, et le résultat des grèves de mai 1919 ne fut pas seulement l'application de la journée de huit heures, sans réduction de salaire, mais aussi la

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limitation du chômage à quarante-huit jours par an, alors qu'il atteignait jusqu'à quatre et six mois par an, écourtait les journées, menaçait à tout moment l'ouvrière. Ce n'est peut-être qu'une étape, car il n'est pas impossible qu'un jour, dans cette industrie saisonnière elle-même, l'emploi remplace le salaire.

Mais, ne craignons pas de le dire, dans cette aversion pour le travail manuel, un faux amour-propre, une ambition mal placée, entrent pour une large part. La femme d'aujourd'hui trouve plus flatteur d'être vendeuse, ou comptable, que d'être ouvrière, et elle s' imagine être plus haut placée au bureau qu'à l'atelier, déplorable préjugé qui tient à notre éducation, si peu démocratique au fond. Par la force des choses, une multitude de travailleuses manuelles devinrent des travailleuses intellectuelles au cours de cette guerre. Pressés par les besoins du moment, les administrations, les nombreux services de la guerre notamment, ne purent se montrer très regardants dans leur choix. Par malheur, beaucoup de ces femmes, après avoir été des employées, prétendirent le rester. Mal préparées ou inaptes au travail des bureaux, elles s'obstinèrent à retrouver ailleurs des emplois semblables. Eblouies par le prestige du Ministère, 'parce qu'on y était avec des officiers,' comme disait une de ces anciennes cousettes, elles auraient rougi de retourner à l'atelier, et préférèrent chômer, en attendant la place illusoire, pour laquelle on les avait inscrites. Il y eut jusqu'à des modistes, qui, sans savoir l'orthographe, s'improvisèrent dactylographes, après quelques semaines de pratique dans une école commerciale, trop heureuse d'augmenter ainsi sa clientèle.

Les vraies professionnelles trouvèrent sans peine à se replacer, car il n'y aura jamais assez de bonnes sténographes, de secrétaires qualifiées. C'est là un débouché, récent en France, que le commerce offrira de plus en plus à la femme. Mais à chacun son métier ! Il faut une sélection, et les non-valeurs font fausse route. Elles végéteront, médiocres employées sans avenir, alors qu'elles auraient pu devenir d'habiles ouvrières précieuses à leur pays. Et puis, celles-ci n'avaient pas d'excuse. Elles n'ont pas eu les mains perdues, comme les 'munitionnettes,' par la fabrication des obus.

Elles veulent toutes être vendeuses, ou comptables, comme disait la placeuse, citée plus haut. Cette ruée vers les emplois serait parfaitement normale, si elle ne nuisait pas aux vrais métiers, à ceux qui produisent et dont vivent les autres. Car il

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faut avant tout produire. Le bureau et le magasin n'ont aucune raison d'être, si, par derrière, l'atelier, dix fois plus vaste et plus rempli, ne travaille pas comme une ruche.

Avant la guerre, la majeure partie du prolétariat féminin était composé de salariées, qui se contentaient d'un salaire d'appoint, n'assurant pas complètement leur existence. Depuis lors, la guerre a émancipé la femme, en la forçant à se suffire à elle-même. A présent, elle tend à devenir de plus en plus une véritable professionnelle, au même titre que l'homme, autrement dit, sa concurrente, alors qu'hier elle était son auxiliaire. Qu'elle ait été amenée là par les nécessités plus âpres de l'existence, ou par le désir de s'affranchir, le fait n'en est pas moins là. Il serait vain de vouloir réagir contre un courant créé par ces longues années d'épreuve. Mais il est nécessaire de le diriger, en s'inspirant du bien de la France comme des intérêts féminins. Et c'est là que devrait intervenir une éducation professionnelle mieux comprise, corrigeant les mauvais préjugés chez les jeunes filles, et orientant chacune vers le métier qui lui convient.

ANDRÉ VERNIÈRES.

Spectral

*What will the years tell?
Hush! If it would but speak—
That shadow athwart the stream,
In the gloom of a dream;*

*Could my brain but spell
The thought in the brain of that weak
Old ghost that hides in the gloom,
Over there, of the chestnut bloom.*

*I sit in the broad June light
On the open bank of the river,
In the summer of manhood, young;
And over the water bright
Is a lair that is overhung
With coned pink blooms that quiver
And droop till the water's breast
Is of petal and leaf caressed.*

SPECTRAL

*And the June sky glares on my prime—
But there in the gloom, with Time,
Huddled, with Time on its back,
Is a shadow that is my wrack.*

*Yes, it is I in the lair,
Peering and watching me there.*

*Under the chestnut bloom
My old age hides in the gloom.
And the years to be have been,
Could I spell the lore of that brain.
But the river flows between,
Over the weeds of pain,
Over the snares of death,
Maybe, should I leap to hold,
With myself grown old,
Council there in the gloom
Under the chestnut bloom.*

*And so, with instruction none,
I go, and leave it there,
My ghost with time in its lair,
And the things that must yet be done
Tear at my heart unknown,
And the years have tongues of stone
With no syllable to make
For consolation's sake.*

*But peradventure yet
I shall return
To dare the weeds of death,
And plunge through the coned pink bloom,
And cry on that spectre set
In its silent ring of gloom,
And slay my youth to learn
The thing that my old age saith.*

JOHN DRINKWATER.

'PURPURA LAPILLUS'

'WHILKS!' The Merchant hardly raised his voice. It was only when a passer-by slackened his pace before the Establishment, and looked in the direction of the Stock-in-trade with an expression of interest (which expression the Merchant had learned by long experience to gauge with surprising accuracy) that he ejaculated on a note of interrogation his everlasting monosyllable: 'Whilks?'

The Establishment occupied by prescriptive right some eight feet of the roadway against the kerb. It was of semi-nocturnal habit, arriving at its post—known as its 'pitch'—late in the afternoons. At each corner sooty flames struggled through greasy lamp chimneys to irradiate the Stock-in-trade. A few yards away a constant procession of omnibuses punctuated the throbbing life of the Edgware Road. The Stock-in-trade, piled high against the back of the barrow, a pale yellow heap of shells, diffused a marine aroma which fought for supremacy with the more pungent perfume that spurted continuously from a little pipe projecting from the façade of the Sausage and Mashed Emporium on the landward side of the pavement. The roadway below the barrow was strewn with empty whelk-shells, the later-evicted inhabitants of which lay coiled in small circular plates of doubtful cleanliness, disposed along the front of the Establishment.

'Two penn'orth, Daddy, and fat ones, ladies for choice,' said Albert. Albert was a wag, and also a regular customer. Daddy looked up in nervous greeting—he knew Albert and prayed to Neptune that he might be in his good mood. Albert's bad mood was recognisable by a tendency to critical sarcasm that had been known to blight trade for half an hour at a time.

'Pick 'em out where you like, Albert, you're a judge.' Thus Daddy, slavishly obsequious. 'Whilks!' The word formed a full stop to his every utterance. His lips once unsealed by the necessities of commerce, it seemed a pity not to include his trade-announcement, as a recurrent termination. 'Whilks!'

The Professor was returning home, dog-tired after a day of research culminating in a lecture. With the semi-unconscious

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habit of the Systematic Zoologist, he murmured to himself as he reached the Establishment, ‘*Buccinum undatum*.’ He paused and cast a rapid glance over the heaped-up shells. The Whelk Barrow, like its aristocratic rival the Oyster Stall, is often a happy hunting-ground for the Professor. At both Establishments an infinite world of marine life may be found encrusting the shells—Polyzoa—Ascidians—Annelids—you never know what you may find. He paused.

‘Whilks?’ said Daddy. A new customer perhaps. A cut above his usual clientele no doubt—but who knows what strange cravings may suddenly develop even in a Toff whose normal tastes would lead him to Whitstable natives and Champagne wine? Daddy had once sold a plate of ‘Whilks’ to one whom he identified from the picture-postcards as a Cabinet Minister.

The Merchant kept an anxious eye upon Albert. This patron, the small plate poised upon his left finger tips, was detaining the vinegar which he grasped in his right hand. A Lady wanted it, and was on the verge of becoming articulate. Daddy trembled. Albert’s small eyes were fixed in what Daddy could not but realise was a baleful glare upon the Stock-in-trade. Bad luck! Albert was evidently in his bad mood. Slowly he replaced the plate upon the barrow and handed the vinegar to the Lady, with the deadly observation, ‘You be careful what you’re eating, Marm!’ A ripple of disquiet visibly ran over the Clientele. It was I believe Dr. Johnson who observed that the only requisite for the perfect enjoyment of Sausages is implicit confidence. It is the same with Shell-fish. They share with the Egg, and Cæsar’s wife, the imperative necessity of being above suspicion.

‘Now then, Albert, what’s wrong with you? Over-eaten yourself at the oysters?’ Thus Daddy anxiously, and with ill-concealed alarm, hoping to carry the war into the enemy’s country with a rapid thrust of wit. But Albert was not to be disarmed. He had *facts* to go upon. The Storm broke.

‘Ere! what yer givin’ us? Whilks! I don’t think. What’s this?—and this?—and this?’ With unerring eye and dirty fingers he rapidly picked from the heap three smaller univalves, thicker in texture, whiter in colour, which he exhibited to the Clientele in the palm of his hand. From one of them as it rolled over, a small stream of purple fluid oozed.

‘Strewth!’ cried the Patron as he dropped the shells among the plates already decked with the red and white blobs which

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had once inhabited the discarded shells, 'they're poisonous—and that's the poison.'

The stricken business came to a standstill, but the crowd immediately increased in density. Daddy became active and vocal in distress. 'They're all right,' he said loudly, 'they're only Dog-whilks—a smaller size—just as good, but I don't serve them, not never—'cause why? not that they're *bad*, mind you, but because they're small, and I always give my customers good measure—full portions—you know that, Albert'—this despairingly in a last effort to propitiate the foe.

'Oh, yes! we know all about that—don't we?'

The Lady chimed in: 'My sister's 'usband 'ad a niece what ate a wrong whilk. She 'ad spots—orful—and she doied.'

The crowd became murmurous. Half a dozen hideous reminiscences sprang to the lips of the bolder cognoscenti. The Professor picked up the damning evidence. '*Purpura lapillus*,' he observed, the habit of a lifetime overmastering appreciation of his audience.

'There! the gentleman says they're poisonous—'e knows.' Thus Albert springing to greet a heaven-sent witness for the prosecution.

'Not at all,' said the Professor. Then, catching sight of the agony depicted on Daddy's features, he went on. 'They are only a smaller whelk, but as the man says, they are not eaten, for the dye in them makes them unattractive.' The Merchant threw him a glance which was a Benediction, and the Professor had an inspiration.

'I will take these,' said he. 'Have you any more?' In the manner of nervous conspirators he and Daddy picked out another three from the heap. 'I am glad to have them.' And with a look of infinite comprehension he put sixpence into Daddy's hand—ostentatiously—and disappeared into the Edgware Road.

'E's dotty,' said Albert. The crowd was confused by the multitude of testimony, and dissolved, divided between admiration of the knowledgeable Albert's heroic defence of the public, and sympathy for the mad Toff who was doubtless on his way home to commit suicide.

Business did not recover that evening. The 'windy crowd' were not allowed to forget that a great and learned Toff had convicted Daddy of selling a poisonous winkle called 'Purple bilious' as whelks. The Office of this Propaganda was the

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Establishment of the Oyster Merchant a little farther down the street.

After his solitary meal the Professor returned to his study to put in a few hours' work on his Monograph of the British Mollusca. He was, as previously recorded, dog-tired. On his blotting-pad lay the half-dozen Dog-whelks which he had put down when he came in. Where they lay, the white paper had absorbed a patch of deep purple stain. The Professor looked at it with weary eyes. ‘*Purpura lapillus*,’ he murmured again, ‘and this is Tyrian Purple.’

It seemed such an anachronism. The animal that yielded its marvellous colour to the dyers of Tyre and Tarsus, fifteen hundred years before the Augustan age, to become later the distinguishing mark of the Officials and Nobility of the Roman Empire, sold on a barrow in a side-street, and the subject of a costermonger's quarrel with a 24-carat cad! And then an echo of his early schooling came down the dream-vista of Time—‘for no man buyeth their merchandise any more, the merchandise of gold . . . of purple’—and he smiled wanly over the later Revelation. And again, ‘the soldiers put on Him a purple robe, and said Hail! King of the Jews.’ A world of thoughts crowded in upon him.

The Professor stretched himself and stared at the ceiling. Evidently he was in no mood for Systematic Zoology. His eyes fell upon the purple patch again—he wondered whether it was not exactly the breadth of the purple border of the *toga praetexta*; as a professor he would have come under the *jus togae praetextae habendae*. He would have been indistinguishable in the Forum from the Consuls, the Praetors, the Augurs, the Aediles, so far as his apparel went. Perhaps as an Augur he would have worn his purple in stripes on the *trabea* in the Dawn of Science. And—as the picture became clearer, the scene more actual—the Professor rose, drew his toga more closely round him, gathered the flowing end over his left arm, and stepped forth from his house to join the groups converging upon the Coliseum.

It was a *première*—he must hurry, for the application for seats from the would-be ‘first-nighters’ had been overwhelming. Titus had completed the Monument which his father, Vespasian, had not lived to see perfected. The widowed Domitilla, and her daughter and namesake, would be there. A new denarius

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had been struck with the Coliseum on its reverse as a souvenir of the occasion for the tourists who had flocked to Rome from all parts of the Empire. His seat was in the podium, level with the Emperor and the Senators. Beyond him the Vestal Virgins were early comers, and their views upon the fashions prevailing at court and their speculations upon the coming show forced a treble note upon the great chord of sounds that filled the air imprisoned under the velarium. The gradus had been filled to overflowing since the night before, especially the popularia—which reeked to heaven.

Strangely enough the experience was almost a new one to the Professor. He had once been taken to a contest at the National Sporting Club, and it had made him feel sick; this, and a rat-hunt at Oxford constituted the limits of his experience of *circenses*. The afternoon wore on. He looked anxiously towards the seats of the Vestal Virgins when the Star-Retarius disembowelled a really most deserving Secutor—but no one fainted. Then he pulled himself together, reflecting that the Virgins seldom or never faint in the Operating Theatres of our Hospitals. The two spectacles had much in common.

The chariot-races appealed most vividly to his London-bred senses. Some of the observations and epigrams exchanged between the competitors reached his ears with startling distinctness. A shocked memory of the current vernacular of competing omnibus drivers in the Edgware Road came over him like the echo of a song. At first he did not like to look at the Empress Marcia and her ladies, but when at last a constant repetition and unlimited application of the same word had dulled its primary significance he looked towards the Imperial Box. The ladies were much amused.

It seemed a terrible thing to the Professor, that Dr. Chalmers Mitchell should have allowed the Council of the Zoological Society to sacrifice no less than four magnificent African lions, merely to make this opening performance a success. He was on the Council himself, and could not remember the matter ever having been brought before them—clearly the Secretary and Pocock were taking too much upon themselves—but then he reflected suddenly that Africa is much nearer to Rome than to Regent's Park, and that the settlement of strikes among the Transport Workers was conducted in the Imperial City with a hatchet. He felt indeed a certain shamefaced satisfaction when the last lion

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successfully ate most of a rival Professor of Zoology before he could be induced (with red-hot irons) to return to his cage beneath the podium. The rival Professor owed his unfortunate experience to a rash suggestion that man—including the Emperor—was derived from the apes. He so far forgot himself as to shout ‘Bravo Toro!’

Nevertheless he had a sick headache when he walked home with the Professor of Applied Mathematics in the evening. A dreary dog this Professor. He had lately been allowing himself a relaxation in Pure Mathematics, and had, after four months’ assiduous work proved that there was no possible solution to a problem which he had himself invented. He had talked of nothing else for four months and the mood was still on him. The Professor shook him off in the vestibulum of his house. He would have liked to come in and cadge a drink—the Professor’s Falernian was justly celebrated—and go on talking. But the Professor was firm. At the ostium he picked up his letters and reached the atrium dog-tired—still.

Seated at his desk, his head fell forward on to his blotting-pad from very weariness. A sharply pointed object dented his forehead and he raised himself again to a sitting position with a start. The six Dog-whelks were still there—fishermen call them ‘Stinkers.’ It occurred to the Professor that like many phrases in common use among seafaring folk the name was amply justified. He was clearly in no mood for Systematic Zoology.

He went to bed.

FLAVIAN.

LA PÊCHE A LA MOUCHE EN FRANCE

POUR tous ceux qui connaissent ce sport charmant qu'est la pêche à la mouche et, dans une âme souvent lassée par le perpétuel combat qu'est la vie de chaque jour, ont gardé une place vierge aux douces joies de l'eau, la France fut longtemps un paradis. Il y a quelque vingt ans, l'on pouvait, avec l'autorisation des propriétaires riverains qui ne la refusaient pas, pêcher librement presque partout sur ces belles rivières normandes qui s'appellent : la Bresle, l'Andelle, l'Iton, la Risle, la Touques et, le soir, quand on s'en revenait le panier plein, fatigué d'une longue journée passée à lancer sur leurs courants limpides *Duns* et *Spinners*, l'accueillante auberge vous attendait où une brave paysanne s'excusait de n'avoir à vous offrir, en plus d'un plat de truites, qu'une omelette au lard, un poulet rôti, un fromage du pays et un pichet de cidre, osant à peine, pour un si modeste repas, vous demander deux francs.

Le progrès a changé tout cela. Aujourd'hui, ces eaux sont louées très cher à des amateurs fortunés. A part quelques localités où un hotelier intelligent se trouve être possesseur d'un petit lot de pêche, il ne reste, je crois bien, que la jolie Durdent abondamment pourvue de truites et affermée jusqu'à la mer par la Société de Cany qui délivre des permis annuels. J'y ai obtenu d'excellents résultats jusqu'en août, époque où généralement la mouche artificielle ne donne plus, ainsi que, sur l'Eure, à Garennes, où il m'arriva un soir, de prendre en quarante-cinq minutes, avec la *Green Drake*, quatorze truites pesant au total le poids respectable de douze livres et, un autre soir, une énorme saumonée de quatre livres. Aussi bien n'est-ce pas de la Normandie que je voudrais parler, mais d'une région où, tous les ans, de nombreux Anglais viennent hiverner jusqu'au printemps : la Côte de Provence qui s'étend de St. Raphael à Nice. Parmi eux se trouvent assurément des pêcheurs : ils n'apportent point leur canne à mouche, car ils ont pu lire dans un livre assez répandu cette phrase qui juge sévèrement l'insouciance de municipalités méridionales : 'All rivers of Southern France are netted and, occasionally, dynamited.'

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Hélas ! rien n'est plus vrai : traîner des filets, dynamiter, cela rentre dans les habitudes de ces gens-là et les gendarmes ferment les yeux mais . . . ces rivières, en dépit du traitement barbare qu'on leur inflige, continuent à voir bondir aux humbles mouches du *Dry-fly Fisher* de nombreuses truites. Je ne cherche pas à l'expliquer, je le constate. En voici un exemple. A quarante kilomètres de Grasse coule un véritable petit *chalk stream*. L'Artuby qui n'est pas un torrent mais une rivière avec des courants caillouteux, rocheux et des calmes où reposent sur un fond de sable, ainsi qu'au sein d'immenses émeraudes, les feuilles mortes du dernier automne, traverse le plateau qui dépend du château de Taulane pour aller plus bas se perdre en des gorges sauvages, escarpées, habillées de buis rouges et de lavandes. Il est difficile de mieux exprimer la beauté de ses rives qu'en disant qu'elles ont un charme japonais, lorsque, descendu en *waders*, vous levez un instant les yeux pour admirer, dans une soudaine éclaircie du perpétuel sous-bois, un monticule de pins aux branches écailleuses allumées par le couchant.

En plus des paysans qui tendent des lignes de fond et des filets, des chemineaux qui, à l'occasion, lancent des cartouches de dynamite et même empoisonnent, il y a le pêcheur—appelons-le plus justement le destructeur—professionnel dont la canne n'est qu'un attribut, car il ne *pêche* qu'à la main. Toutefois, durant la semaine que, chaque printemps, chaque automne, je vais passer là-haut à l'Auberge du Logis, il m'arrive fréquemment de prendre dans la journée une vingtaine de truites à la mouche. Des braconniers — n'hésitons pas à les croire : ce sont les mieux renseignés — m'ont affirmé que, dans la région qui va du Muy à Draguignan beaucoup de rivières valent l'Artuby.

Les torrents de montagne sont moins intéressants : ils n'offrent qu'un sport médiocre et ne sont accessibles qu'en plein été. Il en est un cependant qui mérite une visite, c'est, aux environs de Barcelonnette, l'Ubaye dont les eaux bleues donnent parfois sur de minuscules *smuts* des truites de près de deux livres. Non loin de là se trouve, à 1400 mètres d'altitude, le curieux lac que l'on peut, du village d'Allos, gagner en trois heures par un chemin muletier. Un cirque de pierres aux crevasses emplies de neige l'entoure et, pour peu que l'on ait apporté une couverture et quelques provisions, un refuge permet d'y passer la nuit, ce qui est de toute nécessité si l'on prétend y pêcher au moment favorable. Il recèle dans ses grandes profondeurs, des truites de toute

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taille qui moucheronnent au crépuscule et se rapprochent des bords. Je n'oublierai de longtemps la surprise qui m'échut, en de telles circonstances, lorsque mon moulinet partit sous l'attaque imprévue d'un monstre, moucheté comme une panthère. Il y a loin de cette pêche hasardeuse et fatigante aux douces journées normandes qui nous réunissaient dans la petite auberge de Garennes, écrivains et artistes discutant au café la grave question de la mouche que nous allions choisir pour pêcher le long du pré voisin.

L'ombre, ce poisson bizarre auquel Mr. H. A. Rolt consacra une étude remarquable : 'Grayling Fishing in South Country Streams,' est beaucoup plus rare que la truite. Peu de rivières françaises en contiennent. Pour ma part, je n'en ai pris que dans l'Ain et en Auvergne. C'est d'ailleurs à Brioude, sur les bords de l'Allier que l'on rencontrera les derniers fanatiques du Casting Club de France acharnés à la poursuite du saumon qui fut jadis une source de richesse, mais que, chez nous, nul règlement ne protège et qui tend à disparaître, arrêté, à l'embouchure des fleuves par les barrages en filet permis aux inscrits maritimes.

J. D'OR SINCLAIR.

Bahnhofstrasse

*The eyes that mock me sign my way,
My hour, this ashen eve of day,*

*Grey way whose violet signals are
The trysting and the twining star.*

*Ah, star of evil! Star of pain!
High-hearted youth comes not again*

*Nor old heart's wisdom yet to know
The signs that mock me as I go.*

Zurich.

JAMES JOYCE.

THE PERILS OF BUREAUCRACY

MANY of the perils inherent in bureaucratic government are candidly admitted in the article entitled 'The Problem of Bureaucracy,' published in the May issue of this *Review*, but more by way of apology than of criticism, as the author of the article is in favour of bureaucracy, and writes: 'Thus far, this article may appear nothing but a defence of officialdom.' Although he avows himself a convinced Socialist, yet he devotes only a few lines at the end of his article to the remedy he suggests for its many imperfections, which remedy is, briefly, education and the training of a special class of Civil Servant. That is practically a recommendation of existing officialdom, seeing that so long as the selection of the head officials in Government Departments depends mainly on the influence of a certain class in London—namely, Members of Parliament and their friends—it is impossible to prevent the appointment of incompetent men to the highest posts in the Civil Service, with its invariable concomitant of inefficiency and lack of initiative among their subordinates. It is also the case that the highest posts are very frequently filled by men who have spent two or three years in our older Universities, an experience which may give them an excellent literary and scientific education, but almost invariably unfits them for business. A couple of years in a large commercial undertaking would prove infinitely more instructive to those at the heads of the various departments of the Civil Service than three or four in a University.

A candidate for a clerkship in the Civil Service has to undergo examination in Literature, Languages, and certain scientific subjects and, if successful in obtaining the requisite number of marks, he secures an appointment. After a certain length of service, and at regular intervals, promotion and increase of salary follow, whether he is efficient or inefficient, an arrangement which cannot be departed from because of the possibility of favouritism or influence being shown. As he cannot progress in position or in salary, except according to the rules laid down, he has no inducement to do more or better work than necessary, to exert himself in any way, or to devise and suggest improved methods, more especially as any suggestions made by him to

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his superior might be resented and would almost certainly not be adopted because, were they adopted and their origin made known, it would prejudice the position of his superior. Therefore, in the very rare instances of such suggestions being acted upon, their source is not likely to be mentioned. In a private undertaking on the other hand, no employee need hesitate to suggest anything which occurs to him as likely to benefit the business in which he is employed, and no principal would be so foolish as to refuse to consider such suggestions. In fact, they would be welcomed and the employee who made them would be rewarded by promotion or increase of salary.

Does anyone not in Government employment admit or claim that the highest standard of efficiency is found in the Civil Service? Inefficiency is notorious, and it is almost impossible to have the inefficient individuals removed, unless through conduct which interferes with the proper carrying out of their duties.

Government Departments manage to get through the necessary minimum some how or another; but their costs are high, their movements slow, and their decisions ill-considered. They are monopolies, and those which undertake public services for payment—namely, the Post Office, and the Telegraph and Telephone systems—should at least contrive to make both ends meet. Nevertheless the opposite always happens as costs invariably rise and the public have to pay more either in direct charges or, indirectly, by taxation. The Telegraph Systems bought by the Government for about £10,000,000 in 1870, had deficits of more than double that amount during the forty years following, and the loss is now about £1,000,000 per annum, although Telegraph Companies had formerly been very profitable private undertakings, and the Telephone System paid more annually in taxation to Government when it was a private undertaking than the Government now receives as net Revenue. The Postmaster-General estimates a loss for the current year of £1,000,000 on the Telegraph Service, and £400,000 on the Telephone Services, but expects that the deficiency on both Services for 1919-20 will be substantially larger. The war added thousands of bureaucrats and countless departments to our Government services which, notwithstanding much adverse criticism, did very valuable work considering that so many of the staffs were inexperienced; but all who had to do with these bureaucrats, no matter how necessary it may have been, heaved sighs of relief when the departments ceased to exist.

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Some good results arose from the introduction of untrained men, unfettered by the hide-bound traditions of the Civil Service, and although these war-time departments were in many ways extravagant, their efforts to economise in various matters, notably in stationery, were praiseworthy, and will have lasting beneficial effects on older departments. A far-reaching and unlooked-for result of appointing so many bureaucrats is that the public have realised individually and collectively the endless worries, delays, hardships and losses which bureaucratic control of industry and trade can inflict alike on those who do their utmost to comply with the orders issued by the various departments, as well as on those who deliberately risk the penalties of non-observance. The painful and costly experience will not have been suffered in vain, and it may possibly be the case that the enormous sums spent on these bureaucratic departments will ultimately be indirectly repaid if the eyes of the public have been opened to the perils of handing over to a Government Department any important industry. But municipal undertakings are much more efficiently managed than Government undertakings, and are seldom run at a loss. Those who make use of them should be charged at least cost price, as it would be manifestly unjust to make a citizen pay, through the rates, a share of any deficit on a municipal undertaking which he does not utilise. For instance, he may use gas only, and therefore should not pay rates which include a deficit on the Electric Municipal Service, or vice versa.

One of the reasons why municipal undertakings are generally successful is that the municipality selects the best possible man as manager of each department, and he is at liberty to select and appoint those who have charge under him. He must be a strong and tactful man, able to hold his own in struggles between himself and town councillors or other influential or prominent men who may wish to secure orders, comfortable positions for their relations, or favours of one kind or another. Bureaucratic methods and rigid handling of employees are not practised. Promotion and salary depend entirely on ability, dismissal follows incapacity, so that every member of the staff has inducements to do his best.

The Glasgow Tramway System is probably the most successful municipal undertaking in the world, and the largest municipal tramway undertaking, as the following particulars for year ending May 31, 1919 will prove:—Single track mileage, 196½; Miles run, 25,581,547; Traffic receipts, £1,527,488; Traffic receipts

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per passenger, 0.790*d.*; Passengers carried, 464,246,677, of whom 290,080,376 paid $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* each, that fare covering a distance of not much less than one mile; Income tax, £83,701; Surplus, £14,772.

Since July 1, 1894—

The number of passengers carried =	5,700,807,184
„ miles run . . . =	428,635,075
Revenue from fares . . . =	£20,237,589

In seeking for an instance which would show most favourably the advantages and economies of municipal as compared with commercial enterprises, the author of the article 'The Problem of Bureaucracy' has taken an altogether illogical and unjust illustration, going so far afield as South America instead of selecting one or more of the many well-known cases in England and Scotland where municipalities have taken over private enterprises and not only improved them but reduced costs. He instances the drainage system of London, managed by the County Council, the cost of which is paid out of the rates, and compares it with the drainage system of the City of Rosario in South America, which is carried out by a limited liability company paying very small dividends on £489,200. It is not stated by him what either system costs the ratepayers, in London or in Rosario, *per capita*, or per pound of rental per annum, but these are the only bases on which a just comparison can be made. There must also be considered the situation of each city, as the undertaking in one may have cost much more to make *per capita* than in the other, owing to the configuration of the country, the character of the subsoil, the annual rainfall, the facilities for flushing drains and disposing of the sewage, the system of construction, and many other important items which must all be taken into account. The author does not, or will not, see that the two cases cannot be compared to prove the superiority of one or other. It suffices for him that London pays no dividends on its drainage system but Rosario does, therefore, the London system must be more economical!

The author of 'The Problem of Bureaucracy' writes: 'The nationalisation of the coal-mining industry affords the only possible solution of the problem of unrest among the mine workers'—a bold assertion indeed, but, coming from a convinced Socialist, not surprising.

Can anyone contemplate without dread the creation of the

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army of Government officials which would be necessary to manage all the collieries in this country, and the enormous cost of salaries and pensions? Some men now connected with that industry might accept posts under the Government, but the best men would not. There is not only the management of the collieries to consider, but also the buying of multifarious stores of all kinds and the competition to secure orders abroad.

To run a Government department is, in some respects, child's play, but to compete for orders in the export markets of the world against skilled representatives of the United States, Germany and other coal-exporting countries, would inevitably result in the bulk of that trade being snapped up by our competitors, and the mainstay of our most important industry crippled or lost beyond recall. Increased costs would certainly result, and in all probability less efficient management, as has been the case in the Post Office, Telegraphs, and Telephones. Enterprise in searching for and proving new fields, in adopting new and improved methods of working would probably cease, and coal would rise in price, in consequence of which all other industries would suffer. The agitators who demand that coal and other industries be nationalised have not the slightest intention of setting up systems similar to those which manage the Post Office, Telegraphs, and Telephones, but aim at the establishment of an organisation in which they and men of their class would have permanent posts, well paid, with pensions later. In fact they are out for socialism pure and simple, but not of the Bolshevik type.

A Government Commission is generally supposed to consist of men who meet to hear the opinions and evidence of those who have personal experience of the subject under consideration, or whose practical, scientific, or technical knowledge may be of service; thereafter to weigh and consider the question, and issue one or more reports based on the evidence. But the Coal Commission, in accordance with the demand of the miners' leaders, consisted of two parties, almost equal in number, one of which parties had prejudged the question, and would have nationalisation, entirely regardless of what opinions or evidence might be submitted to the Commission. They demand not only nationalisation of the coal-mining industry, but also that miners are to have practically as much control of the management of all collieries as the highly skilled officials whom the Government may appoint. Men who make up their minds to do certain things

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before they hear and study all the pros and cons ; men who have had very little education and who introduce all kinds of irrelevant subjects at meetings called to consider certain clearly defined matters and no others ; men who fail to understand that the less work any man does the higher must be the cost of the articles he produces—cannot possibly be allowed to have control in the management of coal-mines. There are exceptionally good men in every coal-mine whose advice has proved to be of value at times, but the men who would claim a share of the control are not those who are worthy of the confidence of the management, but the agitators, the fluent speakers who exaggerate petty grievances and minimise concessions, who are smart and unscrupulous, never content—many of them being Irish who are, proverbially, 'always agin the Government,' and among them a sprinkling of Russian Poles who abuse the hospitality and liberty they find in this country.

The task allotted to a bureaucrat is to control a Government business which enjoys a monopoly and has at its command unlimited capital. If the revenue received from the business does not cover the expenses, the fees or charges for services rendered can be raised as far as the customers will permit, and, if the extra revenue thus obtained still leaves a debit balance, the taxpayers liquidate the deficit. That being the case when the business enjoys a monopoly, it would be infinitely worse had it to fight unlimited competition, as would happen were the industry of coal-mining in this country to be nationalised. Competition regulates market prices, and collieries producing inferior coal often have to shut down when cost exceeds selling price. What would a Government Department do were it impossible to run some of the collieries except at a loss ? Would it look to the Treasury to make up the deficiency as on Post Office, Telegraph and Telephone departments, or would it close the collieries and grant the miners unemployment pay ? Competitive business by a Government Department, either direct or through intermediaries, is so utterly impracticable and impossible that it does not even merit discussion or consideration.

It is difficult to guess in what way the miners expect their circumstances to be improved by nationalisation. Coal is now at such a price that it seriously handicaps all makers of steel and iron, and industries using these and other metals. Glasgow Corporation has just placed a contract in the United States for

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steel tramway rails at £10,000 less than the lowest British tender and delivery two months earlier than any British firm could do. That is unquestionable proof that the coal-miner is defeating his own purpose. Government management involves increased costs, and from what source can the miners get increased wages? Only higher prices, resulting in reduced demands for coal and for all manufactured material in the production of which coal is an important item. Will Government control permit idle days, universal or sectional strikes, intimidation of good workers, reduced output? If the miners' leaders and the agitators who advocate nationalisation succeed and are elected to share in the management, which they also demand, they will find themselves on the horns of a dilemma. Will they elect to continue agitating and sit on the board of management to decide if, and how far, the demands they have initiated or supported in a private capacity are to be granted? Or will the responsibility for the welfare of the State induce them to consider honestly both sides of the question and refuse to agitate for or grant the exorbitant demands which are certain to be brought forward? No man can conscientiously act as both advocate and judge.

There are few professions, businesses or industries which cannot be improved, but the miners' leaders trouble themselves little about improvement. They were so unpatriotic and unprincipled as to threaten a strike for higher wages when the nation was at war, which would have brought the manufacture of munitions and transport of men, ammunition, and food to a standstill, yet these are the men who now demand positions where honour, patriotism, and impartiality are all-important.

Various schemes are in operation, others are being carried out, and many are under consideration, the objects of which are to give workmen a share in profits which may induce them to increase output, avoid broken time and idle days, so helping rather than hindering to reduce the cost of every article produced by manual labour. That would lead to better wages, no unemployment, shorter hours and reduced prices, whereas nationalisation and bureaucracy will almost certainly be followed by unemployment and national bankruptcy.

ROBERT HUNTER.

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Le Chant de Charing Cross

Angleterre,
joyau de bouille serti de craie,
couvert d'herbe, coupé de baies,
de fleuves lents que meut le pouls de la marée aux estuaires en forme
de conque
versant ton labeur manufacturé à la mer,
de ruisseaux difficiles où sautent les saumons,
villes visitées des mouettes stridentes, éparses
comme des lettres jetées au vent,
patrie du fer exact et de l'acier cultivé et des doux métiers à tisser
pays des fumées grasses, charbons mouillés d'embruns, mâchefers,
scories,
perspectives de briques livides,
inutiles jardins succombant sous les taxes,
dimanches pluvieux que dore la Genèse,
nuits sans étoiles dont les noires moissons tombent sous la faux
mobile des phares,
nous connaissons tout cela ;
nous nous contentions de ton son mat et de tes grands journaux
remplis de faits ;
nous savions que ton amitié nous donnerait la mer,
vivant tissu que trament les hélices,
les banknotes de soie,
les forts flottants,
les câbles dociles, sensibles, oxydés,
enfin la victoire au goût de sel
que tes hommes portent sur leur visage au menton certain,
mais nous ignorions ton armée tirée de la chair de marins,
les soldats nouveaux qui ont le mouvement des vagues :
les bois des fusils sont roses,
les harnais clairs n'ont pas servi
et dans le jardin public
les vétérans d'Afghanistan expliquent le canon.
La mêlée sera magnifique :
Déjà les Maoris cuisent le maïs à l'ombre des Pyramides,
les Hindous libèrent d'une nuit d'affût dans la Flandre blonde

LE CHANT DE CHARING CROSS

*les Canadiens chasseurs d'ours
et les binious calédoniens réveillent les guerriers de Troie.*

*Viennent les grands accords de l'artillerie lourde,
chante l'obus harmonieux,
vous ne connaîtrez pas mieux,
ô mourants qui pressez vos gourdes.
Tombez contents :
voici venir le grand moment,
l'Empire se forge à coups de marteaux et de crosses,
et c'est un poème de sang
que chante le vent sur les lyres de fer barbelé :*

*Orgues puissantes des moteurs
dites un REQUIEM ardent
pour ces trépas de commerçants.*

1915.

PAUL MORAND.

Faith

*Though you have passed so utterly away,
Though to my call you answer not again
Save when the wan moon frosts the window pane,
And in my dreams I see you, hear you say
Those little things I loved so, though I strain
Each nerve to have some sense of you, and day
Creeping between the curtains, cold and grey,
Shows me each morning that my hopes are vain,
What matters it? Since neither time nor space
Avail to separate my love from me.
Across the empty years I see your face,
And know that some day down the ages we
Shall meet in that last wonderful embrace
Of perfect love that spans eternity.*

M. M. H.

UN HOTEL ANGLAIS A PARIS
EN 1792

C'E devait être un singulier milieu que celui de cette maison sise au numéro 8 du passage des Petits Pères, face à l'église Notre-Dame des Victoires, à la place de l'immeuble qu'occupe aujourd'hui un marchand d'objets de piété. Tenu par un Anglais du nom de White et contigu à l'Hôtel des États-Unis, plus tard Hôtel de Philadelphie, propriété d'un tailleur nommé Guérin, l'Hôtel d'Angleterre — tel était le nom inscrit sur son enseigne — avait pour clientèle la plupart des libéraux anglais attirés à Paris par l'enthousiasme que provoquait outre-Manche la Révolution française. Car si le roi George III et les Tories suivaient d'un œil anxieux les progrès de la démocratie, tout le parti libéral, imbu des théories de Rousseau, s'émerveillait de la marche foudroyante des événements en France.

Mais les idées trop avancées étant fort mal vues du gouvernement britannique, les partisans de l'émancipation politique des peuples, traqués — tel Thomas Paine — aux quatre coins du Royaume-Uni, s'efforçaient, lorsqu'ils possédaient quelque argent, de passer le détroit, tant pour échapper aux 'sbires du tyran,' que pour assister à l'épopée révolutionnaire qu'en idéalistes sincères ces excellentes gens rêvaient pure de tout alliage équivoque d'intérêts particuliers. A peine débarqués à Boulogne, ils gagnaient généralement Paris en toute hâte et se faisaient conduire aussitôt à l'Hôtel White. Ils étaient certains de trouver là un gîte confortable et le respect des coutumes britanniques si chères à tout insulaire de passage sur le continent. Enfin — nous pourrions dire surtout — ils étaient assurés d'y rencontrer des compatriotes partageant leurs idées et communiant dans le même idéal démocratique. Accompagné de son nègre Tony,¹ Lord Edward Fitzgerald, qui devait plus tard épouser Pamela, s'y était établi à demeure, sur la porte avec Thomas Paine.²

¹ Tony qui avait sauvé son maître blessé à la bataille de Eutaw Springs, était demeuré, depuis lors, attaché à sa personne en qualité de domestique . . . nous n'osons dire d'esclave.

² 'Je suis logé,' écrit Lord Fitzgerald à sa mère, le 30 octobre, 'avec mon ami Paine. Nous déjeunons, dîmons et soupions ensemble. Plus je vois de son intérieur, plus je l'aime et le respecte. . . .'

UN HOTEL ANGLAIS A PARIS

L'imprimeur J. H. Stone y fréquentait également, ainsi que le banquier Robert Smyth, H. Redhead Yorke, William Choppin et bien d'autres libéraux de marque. Tous les mouvements populaires parisiens trouvaient un écho sympathique en cette hôtellerie fort bruyante où l'on buvait ferme en daubant sur les aristocrates du monde entier. Témoin, cette adresse dithyrambique présentée par les libéraux anglais de Paris à l'Assemblée Nationale, le 14 août, — quatre jours après le massacre des Suisses aux Tuileries.

'LÉGISLATEURS,—

'Nous, Anglais, présents à votre barre, liés aux Français par les liens de la fraternité et de la liberté des hommes, nous avons pris le plus vif intérêt à voir la majorité du peuple en armes fouler aux pieds les vestiges du despotisme, et secouer le joug d'une cour perfide.

'Animés des mêmes sentiments de liberté qui font battre le cœur des patriotes français, nous avons admiré leur conduite courageuse au jour à jamais mémorable du 10 août.

'Nous les félicitons d'avoir déjoué les complots de leurs éternels ennemis, et d'avoir surmonté les obstacles s'opposant à l'établissement d'une parfaite constitution fondée sur les principes sacrés de l'Égalité. Mais en dépit du plaisir que nous cause le triomphe de la Liberté, nous déplorons la mort prématurée de ces braves citoyens qui sacrifièrent leur vie non seulement pour la liberté de leurs pays, mais aussi pour la défense de l'Espèce Humaine.

'Profondément touchés par l'infortune de leurs veuves et de leurs orphelins, nous désirons vivement, Législateurs du Peuple, remettre entre vos mains une somme, modeste, il est vrai, mais susceptible, pourtant, de parer aux plus pressants besoins :

JOS. GAMBLES

ROBERT RAYMENT

JAMES WATT JUN.

W. ARNVIDE.'

Une phrase rayée à la fin de cette adresse était ainsi conçue :

'Puisse ce grand et terrible événement enseigner aux tyrans de la terre le respect de la volonté du peuple ; puisse-t-il engager les nations qui vous entourent à apprendre et à exercer leurs devoirs imprescriptibles.'

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Cet appel direct à la révolution sur le sol britannique avait, sans doute, paru trop violent aux compagnons de James Watt, lequel n'était autre que le fils du grand Watt inventeur de la machine à vapeur à double effet qui devait révolutionner l'industrie. Quoi qu'il en fût, le 'modeste don' qui atteignait la somme de 1315 fr., fut versé à la Convention le jour même, et les souscripteurs, dûment remerciés, rentrèrent vraisemblablement très contents d'eux-mêmes à leur hôtel. Il fallait, à la vérité, que leurs convictions républicaines fussent profondes pour qu'ils demeurassent à Paris en ces jours de tumulte et d'angoisse où, en plus des malheurs de la guerre civile, on redoutait les atrocités de la peste. Les cadavres des victimes du 10 août, en effet, n'avaient pas été tous enterrés. Las de creuser la terre, les fossoyeurs improvisés avaient jeté nombre de corps dans les caves voisines du palais des Tuileries, en sorte que, peu de temps après, ce fut dans tout le quartier une odeur épouvantable. De fait, le messenger anglais Morley contait, à la même époque, au plénipotentiaire Lord Gower, qu'ayant été contraint de faire, avant son départ de Paris, de nombreuses démarches pour se procurer un passeport, il avait été, dans les rues, suffoqué par de telles bouffées pestilentielles qu'il lui avait fallu précipiter sa marche et se couvrir le visage.¹ L'Hôtel White — on le désignait plus volontiers sous ce nom que sous celui d'Hôtel d'Angleterre — était assez proche du Louvre pour ne point échapper à l'infection générale, et ses commensaux durent en éprouver les fâcheux effets. Cela ne les fit pas, néanmoins, déménager de leur résidence favorite, car nous les y retrouvons, deux mois après, attablés au nombre de cinquante, pour fêter, en même temps que les dernières victoires françaises, la fondation d'un 'Comité des Amis des Droits de l'Homme,' en compagnie de nombreux officiers et conventionnels. Ce jour-là — le 18 novembre — dut marquer dans les fastes de l'hôtel. Rien n'avait été épargné pour frapper l'imagination des convives. Durant le repas, deux musiques jouèrent la *Marseillaise* et la *Carmagnole*; au dessert, treize toasts furent portés dont un à l'adresse de Thomas Paine et fort sarcastique à l'égard du gouvernement britannique. Après quoi, on entonna en chœur la *Marseillaise des hommes*, composée sur notre air national par une femme qu'on croit être Helen Williams, amie et plus tard femme légitime de Stone. Puis on but copieusement à la gloire des Anglaises notées comme s'étant

¹ Lord Auckland, *Journal et Correspondance*, II. 137.

UN HOTEL ANGLAIS A PARIS

distinguées en exaltant la cause révolutionnaire, et des Françaises assez héroïques pour avoir défendu les armes à la main les principes républicains. Enfin, lecture fut donnée d'une nouvelle adresse à la Convention, que signèrent J. H. Stone, président, R. O'Reilly, secrétaire, Robert Smyth, Henry et John Sheares, &c., et qui fut présentée à l'Assemblée le 28 novembre. Le même jour, la 'London Society for the Diffusion of Constitutional Information' en apportait une autre qui fut remise par Joël Barlow et John Frost, ainsi qu'une somme de mille livres sterling destinée à l'achat de souliers pour les soldats français.

Tous les meetings de l'Hôtel White ne présentèrent pas, il faut le dire, ce caractère de fraternel enthousiasme. C'est que, parmi les libéraux authentiques, des espions n'avaient pas tardé à se glisser, tel un certain capitaine Georges Monro, abandonné à Paris par le ministre anglais Lord Gower, avec mission d'informer son gouvernement des faits et gestes de tous les transfuges du Royaume-Uni. Ce Monro assistait au dîner du 18 novembre et fit parvenir, aussitôt après, à ses chefs une copie de l'adresse à la Convention, mais dépourvue de signatures. Il relata, par la suite, toutes les discussions surprises entre les membres du 'Comité des Amis des Droits de l'Homme,' lesquels, bientôt, se divisèrent en deux clans bien distincts. Les uns, conservant au fond du cœur l'amour de leur patrie, soutenaient que la France devait modeler sur celles de l'Angleterre ses nouvelles institutions. Les autres, professant pour la Révolution française une sorte de culte mystique, prétendaient répandre ce culte outre-Manche, voire même l'y imposer par la force. Parfois, les discussions entre les deux partis dégénéraient en pugilat, lorsque les vapeurs de l'alcool et du vin avaient par trop échauffé les cervelles. Ce fut d'ailleurs à la suite d'une de ces querelles que se dissocia le Comité, en février 1793. Monro, se sentant probablement 'brûlé,' retourna en Angleterre à cette époque et fut remplacé, comme agent secret, par un de ses compatriotes nommé Somers, lequel se maintint quelque temps en rapports avec lui par correspondance. Ce Somers lui-même eut pour successeur un autre Anglais du nom d'Arthur, membre de la Commune, et qui sembla prendre à tâche de dénoncer les libéraux britanniques non plus au Foreign Office, mais — chose beaucoup plus grave — à la Section de la place Vendôme. . . .

Le dernier document que nous possédions sur l'Hôtel White — qui semble avoir fini par fusionner avec l'Hôtel Philadelphie —

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se trouve être, précisément, une dénonciation dudit Arthur, touchant une dispute au cours de laquelle le conventionnel Thomas Paine avait été frappé à la face par un certain capitaine Grimston. De pareilles voies de fait à l'égard d'un membre de la Convention entraînaient la mort, et l'officier anglais ne dut son salut qu'à la magnanimité du bon Paine, lequel, oublieux de l'injure, avança à son agresseur un peu d'argent pour repasser à temps le Détroit. L'hôtelier lui-même fut arrêté le 9 mai 1793, probablement en raison de cette affaire, et, lorsqu'au mois d'octobre suivant, on bannit, ou incarcéra tous les Anglais incapables de prouver qu'ils habitaient la France antérieurement à 1789, l'hôtel dut perdre le plus clair de sa clientèle. A cette époque, d'ailleurs, les derniers insulaires demeurés à Paris devaient être revenus des illusions humanitaires qu'avait fait naître chez eux la Révolution française. Durant la Terreur, en effet, six d'entre les membres du 'Comité des Amis des Droits de l'Homme' les payèrent, ces illusions, de leur vie, tandis que treize autres — dont Paine — faisaient connaissance plus intimement qu'ils ne l'eussent souhaité avec les prisons de la République. Pour ceux qui échappèrent à la mort et à l'incarcération, le couronnement de Napoléon, s'ils vécurent assez vieux pour le voir, dut être le coup fatal et l'envol définitif de tout espoir en l'avènement si ardemment rêvé de la République du Monde et de la Régénération des hommes.

LUDOVIC FORTOLIS.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(1819-1891)

HE who provides us with the means of departing to the ends of the earth without the trouble of leaving our armchair deserves well of time, and it is unlikely, so long as human interest in adventure in strange places survives, that the principal works of Herman Melville will be forgotten. Over seventy years have passed since he gave to the world those entrancing distillations of adventurous experience known as 'Typee' and 'Omoo,' and although imitators have arisen, sometimes possessing greater artistry in fiction, these books more than survive the devastating struggle for existence to which all written records are subjected.

Herman Melville was born in New York City on August 1, 1819, and died there in 1891. Like Walt Whitman and Bret Harte he was of English-Dutch stock, and like his friend and fellow in craft, Nathaniel Hawthorne, he was employed for a period by the American Customs Authority. He was further linked with Hawthorne and other writers of the New England group which flashed a stimulating, and sometimes bewildering, wisdom from the region of Boston in the middle years of last century, in so far as he imbibed, to the peril of his art as a narrator, more of their transcendentalism than his essentially romantic genius could digest. The cultures of Boston and New York do not mix, and their traditional opposition is by no means fortuitous. The kinetic life of Manhattan is inimical to introspection. There life moves from action to action not from thought to thought, and he who Bostonizes, in, of course, the 1850 sense, courts disaster. Melville took the risk and his speculations in thought-subtleties cost him the life of more than half his work.

Regret for such a misfortune to narrative fiction is subdued by reason of the probability that he completed the cycle of his genius in the three indisputable masterpieces, 'Typee,' 'Omoo,' and 'Moby Dick,' which have so far handed down his name with honour and delight, and have in them qualities calculated to continue the process in the teeth of younger competition and through many more winnowing decades. For Herman Melville was only secondarily creative; his imagination needed the

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stimulus of experience. Left to invent he moired into metaphysics and lost himself and his readers in the labyrinthine ways of the darkling woods of thought—where no birds sing! So long as he was content to play the part of the retired seaman spinning the thread of experience and weaving it into the stuff of fiction he was sure of a hearing, though he could never hope to achieve the imaginative heights of the untravelled Englishman who invented Robinson Crusoe. It must be noted, however, to the credit of his inventiveness that his seafaring years were almost as few as James Boswell's period of direct association with Dr. Johnson.

Unlike, say, Joseph Conrad, who began his sea career before the mast and ended it on the bridge, Herman Melville, in spite of his years or so of experience as an able-seaman, was but an amateur of the sea. He was caught in the web of romance which the sea throws out before the restless steps of adolescent youth. His first voyage was to Liverpool, in 1836, when he was eighteen. A break of some three years followed during which time he was occupied in New York in the unromantic calling of schoolmaster. The lure of the sea was evidently as strong as ever, for on the first day of the year 1841, he set forth on that whaling expedition to the Pacific Ocean which provided him with nearly all the raw material of his narratives of the South Seas.¹ The name of the whaler was the *Acushnet*, and the port of departure New Bedford. Out of this voyage, which covered eighteen months, Herman Melville provided himself with practically all the actual facts for 'Moby Dick,' as well as 'Omoo' and 'Typee,' the three books which established his fame and which have maintained it down the years.

The master incident of this momentous voyage was not the voyage itself. Melville found that the romance of the sea did not survive the hardships and confinements of the stern craft of whale-hunting, but, true romantic that he was, he was not to be robbed of the gleam which he followed. If it was not to be caught on shipboard, then it must be sought elsewhere, and what more likely place than in those glamorous archipelagoes of the Southern ocean which in his day were remote enough from contemporary experience and record to cast a spell full of

¹ There may even have been a literary element in this romantic longing, for Mr. Arthur Stedman has suggested that Melville was possibly affected by Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, which was published in 1840.

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wonder charged with mystery? So, when the *Acushnet* put into the harbour of Nukuheva, one of the outer or Washington Group of the Marquesas, he and a sailor friend deserted their ship and sallied forth into the coloured life of the islands of barbaric romance. It was not long before he fell in with real adventure in the shape of a savage tribe inhabiting the Typee Valley, who held him a prisoner for four months. Rescued by the crew of a Sydney whaler, he passed several months in the Society and Sandwich Islands, eventually shipping on board a frigate bound for Boston, where he arrived in October 1844.

That, so far as the student of his best work is concerned, is all there is to be told of the life which went to the making of the most fascinating of all those who have essayed to reconstruct in words the life of the Polynesian Islanders. For the rest, he lived in Boston for three years, married the daughter of Chief-Justice Shaw of that city, in 1847, and lived for the next three years in New York. In addition to his literary work he lectured in several American towns and twice, in 1849 and 1856, visited Europe. In 1850 he went to live in Pittsville, Mass., and remained there some twelve years, returning to New York in 1863, where he passed the remaining years of his life, twenty of them as a District Officer of the Custom House.¹ Everything points to the fact that after Herman Melville had exhausted his Polynesian vein his genius flagged unless it was whipped to action—and then it ceased to be genius. There are notable passages in 'Mardi,' 'Redburn,' and 'White Jacket,' but these are not numerous enough to rescue them from oblivion, and after the publication of 'Moby Dick,' his swan song, he ceased to contribute even odd passages of gold to the treasury of letters.

Herman Melville had more energy than art and more thought than imagination. A less laborious mind would have given to the world more compact narratives, and a keener sense of the artistry of a story would have impelled him to weed his garden

¹ His productive literary years began with *Typee*, in 1846, and ended with *The Confidence Man*, in 1857. In between he published *Omoo* (1847), *Mardi* (1849), *Redburn* (1849), *White Jacket: or the World in a Man-of-War* (1850), *Moby Dick* (1851), *Pierre* (1852), and *The Piazza Tales* (1856). In 1855 he published a rewritten version of Henry Turnbull's *Life and Adventures of Israel Porter*, originally issued at Providence, in 1824; a volume of poems, chiefly inspired by the American Civil War, called *Battle Pieces*, in 1866; and *Clarel* in 1876. After this nothing further appeared from his pen save the two privately printed volumes, *John Marr and other Sailors* (1888) and *Timoleon* (1891).

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of adventure of those reflective deviations which cumber it, and annoy all but the most devoted of readers. The vice of intellectual enlargement of his theme grew. He never learnt how to eliminate what Walter Pater called the otiose. He could not resist the temptation to philosophize, and at times he varied his discursiveness by becoming deliberately informative. Curiously enough those latter deviations from the true path of narrative fiction are often of extraordinary interest. Particularly is this so in 'Moby Dick,' which is at once a story of the perils of the deep and a technical and historical account of whaling. The chapter entitled 'Cetology' is itself a scholarly treatise on the whale, revealing evidence of painstaking research and the rare gift of attractive elucidation of a little-known subject. Readers of 'Omoo' will, of course, recall the excellent chapter on 'The Cocoa Palm' in that book; and there are similar dissertations in all of the three masterpieces I have named which, although, superfluous from the point of view of artistry, are not lacking in charm or value. It was only when his innate love of deviation became a dominating habit, when, as in his later books, the tail wagged the dog, that this 'transcendentalist in oilskin,' as one writer has it, becomes unreadable.

That, however, rarely if ever occurs in his best works. It matters little whether one reads for the joy of the thing or to catch a glimpse of the fairest barbaric life known to the modern world, which even now, after but seventy years, has been 'civilized' into something less fair than in Melville's time. One reads 'Typee' and 'Omoo' with a kind of nostalgia. These generous and beautiful appreciations of a barbarism more kindly than our civilization and richer in its stagnation than the 'progress' which is supplanting it, have about them the charm which Keats beyond all poets recognized in the evanescence of beautiful things. It is this strange complete life which Melville has immortalized. That is the gift he has brought to a world which knows no progress save towards mechanical exactitude. He has caught the spirit of the South Seas and decked it out in words so becoming as to trick your civilized man into the unrest of desire.

Something of an utopist no doubt this narrator who merges fancy and temperament with reality, until it would not be easy to say where one began and the other ended; yet, though scientific precision be not his aim, he doubtless succeeds in capturing those

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essential qualities and characteristics which are all that are needed for the portrayal of actuality. His method is more that of the old voyaging chroniclers than the modern story-teller. 'Typee' and 'Omoo' resemble Hakluyt's 'Voyages,' in so far as they resemble any other books, rather than Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Island Nights Entertainment' or Louis Becke's 'By Reef and Palm.' But at their best they are books apart, mingling fact and fancy, adventures in thought and deed and speculations in actions and ideas. Melville has a keen sense of character which gives his narratives some of the qualities of the novel; and that mystical tendency which was never wholly suppressed after his first two books, combined with a leaning towards rhetoric and not a little lyricism in point of view, added to his prose some of the poetry which was in his soul but which he failed to get into his verses. Above all he got into his South Sea narratives, in spite of the complexity of his own personality, that impassioned simplicity which impresses itself upon the mind. You never forget the Marquesas after you have visited them under his painstaking guidance; indeed, you know the delectable islands far better than many places more solidly visited.

Melville places you under no illusions as to the desirability of the life barbaric. He consorted with savages, happily kindly savages, by accident, and although he greatly admired their free yet orderly lives, in a climate which left man little work to do, he had no particular desire to become decivilized. His stay in the Valley of Typee was in the nature of exile and he took the first opportunity to get among his own kind. To his credit also it should be said that he never, in after life, sentimentalized over the joys of barbarism. He spun his yarn and left it at that. At the same time it is impossible to read 'Typee' and 'Omoo' without the conviction that Herman Melville felt whilst writing those books the sort of joy certain people feel in visualising some realm of bliss, some islands of the blest. Just as those 'sea-shouldering whales' in 'Moby Dick' symbolise for him the mighty forces of Nature with which men eternally wage war, so in the earlier narratives the happy riot of untrammelled folk among the cocoa palms and bread-fruit trees of the Pacific archipelagoes symbolize for him a triumph over the tribulations and complexities which beset civilized races.

The temptation to dwell upon the fascinating records of barbaric life which Herman Melville has given the world and with

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which his name is most definitely linked, is inevitable. But he was equally successful in recording and depicting the rougher and more adventurous incidents in seafaring life. The sea has inspired many masterpieces of literature, particularly in the language of our sea-girt islands, but there are few of them greater than Melville's 'Moby Dick.' This crowded narrative, with its riches of observation, its store of knowledge, its thrills and hairbreadth escapes, its massive and rolling wildness, is like the eternal sea itself. 'Moby Dick' tastes and smells of the sea and its very formlessness makes it more real. It is a rolling panorama of seascapes humanised by ships. In one sense it shows a bigger man than the Melville who wrote 'Typee' and 'Omoo' and wields a pen of greater strength. Perhaps time will be avenged of the charm which has given greater prominence to the island narratives, by prolonging the life of Herman Melville's epic of the sea beyond that of his other works.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

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EDITORIAL

IL y a un an, le délicat poète Laurence Binyon racontait en accents émus et débordants de sympathie pour le Poilu, les multiples entreprises du Comité Britannique de la Croix Rouge Française. Aujourd'hui, nous possédons le Rapport officiel de cette œuvre dont l'une des caractéristiques est l'enthousiasme de tous ceux qui y contribuèrent de leur personne et de leur argent.

Il s'est toujours trouvé, en Angleterre, des âmes héroïques pour voler au secours des peuples malheureux. Byron, Sir Charles Dilke sont les représentants les plus brillants de cette phalange. La Grande Guerre vit naître, en nombre illimité ces dévouements que leur modestie dérobe aujourd'hui à la reconnaissance publique. Un soir, pendant les années terribles, une jeune anglaise, à peine convalescente d'une blessure sérieuse, monta dans un train. Sur son corsage, la croix de guerre. Après l'avoir félicitée, quelqu'un lui demanda : 'Où l'avez-vous gagnée ?' — 'En France, dit-elle, notre hôpital était près des lignes et nous avons été bombardés. Plusieurs infirmières ont été tuées, d'autres, comme moi, ont échappé.' — 'Comment vous remercier. . . .' 'Ah, les Poilus méritaient tant qu'on les aidât.' Elle sortit en s'appuyant péniblement sur sa canne et en la regardant s'éloigner,

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on se demandait, avec anxiété, si elle n'avait pas offert à la France, une vie entière de souffrances.

Faut-il rappeler aussi la conduite de l'une des chauffeuses d'ambulances de la Section Sanitaire Anglaise qui se trouvait près de Châlons? Une torpille aérienne éclata devant son automobile, tuant l'ordonnance et blessant sérieusement Miss Fraser. Malgré tout, elle se traîna jusqu'à l'hôpital situé à 200 mètres de distance pour demander qu'on portât secours aux blessés restés dans la voiture et elle refusa de se laisser soigner avant que ces soldats eussent été transportés à l'abri et pansés. Le général Gouraud la décora de la Légion d'Honneur et de la Croix de la Guerre avec palme.

A côté de ces actions d'éclat, il faut citer la patience, le courage quotidien, la bonne humeur des infirmières, des 'Dames Anglaises,' des chauffeurs volontaires accourus d'Angleterre avec leurs autos. Au front, à l'arrière, jusque dans les hôpitaux auxiliaires les plus reculés et les plus abandonnés, l'effort du Comité Britannique vint s'ajouter à celui de la France. A propos de leurs cantines et dépôts, on trouve dans le rapport une jolie phrase. Un vieux soldat, en parlant à la directrice d'un dépôt de permissionnaires, disait qu'il avait déjà rencontré plusieurs fois les 'Dames Anglaises.'

'Ah, Monsieur, dit-elle, les Dames Anglaises sont partout.' — 'Oui, Madame, riposta-t-il vivement, et je suis sûr que nous les trouverons en Paradis.'

C'est le Comité Britannique qui organisa les 'France's Days'; les Français qui se trouvaient en Angleterre, à ces moments-là, n'oublieront pas la générosité de toutes les classes de la société et les paroles touchantes qui accompagnaient les dons modestes ou maganimes. En 1918, seulement, le "Jour de la France" rapporta à la Croix Rouge Française £368.030, tous frais payés.

Comme le dit la Présidente de l'Œuvre, la Vicomtesse de la Panouse :

'La Nation Anglaise qui s'est levée ainsi tout entière pour aider la nation sœur a prouvé non seulement les inépuisables ressources de sa vitalité, mais encore et surtout, la solidarité qui nous unit.'

* * *

In the *Mercur de France* for July 16, M. Carl Siger gives it as his opinion that—

'D'une manière générale, l'Anglo-Saxon est médiocrement intellectuel. L'Anglo-Saxon, en effet, [he continues] a toujours préféré à l'intelligence des concepts, à laquelle les Français rendent traditionnellement hommage, l'intelligence des choses, laquelle n'est pas sans présenter quelque utilité pour les gens qui veulent "bien mener leurs affaires."

'Ainsi que je l'écrivais ailleurs, il n'y a pas bien longtemps, tout chauvinisme mis à part, les Latins (et parmi les Latins, je nous comprends, nous Français) sont bien supérieurs dans l'ordre

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de l'esprit aux Anglo-Saxons. Ceux-ci, par contre, ont un sens de leur "intérêt personnel" qui, dans la lutte pour la vie, les rend intelligents.'

It is always salutary to know how we stand, and the truth is good for us however unpalatable, but we (and by *we* must be understood the British component of this editorial molecule)—we confess that we *did* regard this statement as rather hard doctrine. Just however when we were feeling somewhat like a whipped dog and endeavouring to derive comfort from reciting to ourselves the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Newton and so on, we happened while turning over the pages of an old book, to light upon the report of a speech delivered by M. Anatole France on the occasion of the Banquet given in his honour in December 1913, in which he said :

'Il y a dans ce génie anglais, dont vous avez reçu le flambeau et le tendez tout ardent à la génération future, une continuité de choses fortes qui étonne et qui force l'admiration. Par sa gravité, unie à une parfaite bonhomie, par l'heureux mélange d'idéalisme sublime et de réalisme qui le composent, par son patient effort pour la justice, par son énergie virile et sa constance vertueuse, on peut dire qu'il est un perpétuel hommage à la liberté et à la dignité humaines. Il a conquis l'estime du monde entier et ne fut nulle part mieux compris ni mieux estimé qu'en France. Vos institutions, vos mœurs publiques servirent d'exemple et d'idéal à la France du 18^{me} siècle, à la France de Montesquieu et de Voltaire — et celle-là est la grande, la vraie. Votre Shakespeare a renouvelé notre inspiration poétique. Notre régime parlementaire est sorti du vôtre — et ce n'est pas votre faute si nous ne le pratiquons pas toujours de manière parfaite.'

It is true that that was said in the course of an after-dinner speech, but it is none the worse for that if we may trust to Bishop Blougram who speaks of

—truth that peeps
Over the glasses' edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little.'

M. Siger, we feel sure, will agree that no conditions could be more favourable to the birth of the true concept to which 'the French have always rendered a traditional homage.'

* * *

As long ago as October 31, 1916, a public meeting was held at University College, London, with the object of taking steps to found a memorial to commemorate the eminent scientific services and personal distinction of the late Sir William Ramsay. This meeting was attended by representatives of the British Government and of allied and neutral Powers, as well as by the chief scientific societies of Great Britain and by a very large number of Sir William Ramsay's personal friends and colleagues. The following

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resolution, proposed by Lord Gainford, then Postmaster-General, seconded by Sir Joseph Thomson, O.M., supported by the Belgian Minister and a nominee of the American Ambassador, was carried unanimously:

'That steps be taken to raise a substantial fund as a memorial to Professor Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., such fund to be utilized for the purposes of promoting chemical teaching and research under a scheme to be hereafter approved by the subscribers.'

An executive committee was appointed to prepare an appeal. This committee agreed that the sum required for a memorial worthy of one who had rendered such distinguished services to science as the late Sir William Ramsay, must be a large one and that the memorial must be of a character that would appeal to the nation generally and not merely to one section of it. It was also agreed that the memorial should, as far as possible, be on an international basis, and many of the most distinguished representatives of foreign countries who were present at the meeting, supported this view. It was therefore decided to solicit subscriptions to the Memorial from admirers of Sir William Ramsay throughout the world. It was further resolved that a considerable portion of the sum collected should be devoted to the foundation of Ramsay Research Fellowships.

A French Branch in connection with the fund has been formed with Mr. Lloyd George as President and the *Comité d'Honneur* includes such well-known names as M. Pichon, M. Deschanel, Lord Derby, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Lord Bertie, and Sir George Riddell. This branch is appealing for a sum of one million francs with the object of founding Fellowships in Chemical Science tenable in the United Kingdom by Frenchmen who have received a full chemical training in France. The cost of founding each fellowship will be £6000.

The appeal for subscriptions is directed chiefly to British and American residents in France, and it is hoped that they will contribute in recognition of the hospitality they have enjoyed in France and also as a mark of gratitude for the heroic part that France has played in the War.

M. Boutroux, the well-known philosopher and historian, in an interview appearing in a recent issue of *Excelsior* explained, on general grounds, why the scheme for establishing Ramsay Memorial fellowships tenable by Frenchmen should be strongly supported in France.

'The war [he stated] has shown Germany still dreaming of the revenge both from an economic and military standpoint. The Allies have taken from her her war material, but have left her workshops and laboratories intact.

'France [he continued] dare not, without danger to her safety, remain inferior to Germany in science and scientific industry, and it is important to-day not to allow foreigners alone to profit by French discoveries as they have done, hitherto, owing to the better organisation of their technical teaching and industrial co-operation.'

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The *Excelsior*, commenting on this interview, says:

'Peace has been signed, but the battle will continue on the field of Economics when the most brilliant improvisations are no longer of supreme value. To-morrow French chemistry must enter the lists against German chemistry, in the dye industry, in pharmacy, in chemical manures. Our allies are already uniting their efforts with ours in this direction.'

The comments of the French Press regarding the scheme are deeply appreciative. The *Temps* in its issue of July 7 gives full details of the project, declaring that the Ramsay Fund has taken a most happy initiative. The *Œuvre* says: 'Our British and American friends have not been satisfied in helping us to win the war. They are determined that by a common effort we should win the peace'; while the *Victoire* points out that the fund has four principal objects: To combat German propaganda in France and England, to honour the memory of the great chemist Sir William Ramsay, to draw even closer the bonds which unite France and England, and, finally, to promote the prosperity of French and British science. The *Paris-Midi* in strongly advocating support for the memorial scheme says:

'If all educated Frenchmen had spent six months at Oxford, they would not find such a quaint difficulty in understanding their neighbours across the Channel. The converse is equally true . . . the Ramsay foundation is only the first step.'

The following is the text of the letter of appeal:

'July 7, 1919.

'DEAR SIRS,—May we through your columns invite the attention of all who are interested in the promotion of an intellectual entente between France and Great Britain to the Appeal which is being issued to-day in France by the French branch of the Ramsay Memorial Fund.

'The French Branch of the Ramsay Memorial Fund, under the presidency of Mr. Lloyd George, are asking for contributions to a fund of One Million Francs for the purpose of founding Ramsay Memorial Fellowships in Chemical Science, similar to those to be founded in this country, such French Fellowships to be available for bringing to this country for purposes of research Chemists trained in the Universities and Technical Colleges of France.

'The Appeal in France is being directed specially to British and American residents in France, and to the large number of persons of all nationalities who have for many months past been enjoying the hospitality of France during their duties in connection with the Peace Conference. It is hoped that many will wish to take this

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opportunity of signifying publicly their admiration and affection for France, and their esteem for the remarkable scientific achievements of France during the war.

'Any subscribers in this country who wish to associate themselves with this branch of the Ramsay Memorial Fund can send their subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Lord Glenconner, at University College, London, indicating their wish that the subscription should be earmarked for this purpose.

'We remain, yours faithfully,

H. H. ASQUITH
HUGH BELL
BURNHAM
H. A. L. FISHER
GLENCONNER.'

'THE EDITORS,
'*The Anglo-French Review*.'

It only remains for us to add that in our opinion, it would be impossible to devise any scheme more capable of furthering the intellectual relations between this country and France, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the appeal will meet with a ready and generous response from all friends of France in Great Britain.

LITERATURE

LATIN EPIGRAPHY [An introduction to the study of Latin Inscriptions], SIR JOHN EDWIN SANDYS. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

Ce travail n'est, ainsi que l'auteur nous en avertit lui-même dans l'introduction, que le développement d'un chapitre écrit par lui, il y a quelques années, dans l'excellent manuel de philologie classique intitulé: 'A Companion to Latin Studies.' Obéissant à la suggestion de quelques amis, il l'a repris, complété et transformé en un volume de 325 pages, illustré de facsimilés, présenté sous un format aisément maniable et plein de renseignements utiles. Pour comprendre le plan adopté par l'auteur, il faut bien se rendre compte de l'intention qu'il déclare nettement avoir été la sienne: composer un livre capable d'être utilisé par les étudiants qui s'intéressent aux choses latines, sans vouloir devenir des spécialistes en épigraphie. De là le caractère de l'œuvre, où les renseignements pratiques et techniques sont, non point négligés ni relégués au second plan, mais subordonnés au souci d'aborder toutes les questions qui, de près ou de loin, touchent à l'épigraphie. Pour rendre ma pensée plus claire, je citerai un détail: Sir John Sandys a écrit un chapitre entier sur les inscriptions dans les auteurs

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classiques ; il passe successivement en revue les différents écrivains, Tite Live, Tacite, Suétone, etc. et indique un certain nombre de mentions d'inscriptions qu'on y rencontre. Cela est curieux, mais sans profit aucun pour la lecture et l'utilisation des inscriptions existant en nature. Il y a plus, le texte de ces inscriptions citées dans les textes classiques ne correspond assurément pas à la réalité des modèles qui ont existé. Par exemple l'épithaphe de Timésithée rapportée dans 'l'Histoire Auguste' est, du premier mot au dernier, rédigée contrairement aux habitudes du langage épigraphique. Ce chapitre ne peut donc pas aider les lecteurs d'inscriptions latines, au contraire. Par contre, dans le paragraphe consacré aux noms et titres des empereurs, où des faits très précis et très clairement présentés auraient été particulièrement souhaitables pour la datation des inscriptions, l'auteur, au lieu d'indiquer année par année, en une suite de tableaux détaillés, le chiffre des puissances tribunitiques correspondantes des princes régnants, se contente de noter, pour chacun d'eux, la date où il reçut pour la première fois ladite puissance, ce qui oblige le lecteur à un calcul personnel pour chaque cas particulier et, par conséquent, lui cause une perte de temps et l'expose à des erreurs. Je pourrais faire les mêmes observations à propos du chapitre deuxième ('Modern Collections of Latin Inscriptions') : l'énumération de tous ces recueils épigraphiques, la connaissance de ces essais aujourd'hui à peu près tous oubliés est sans valeur pratique, sinon sans intérêt rétrospectif. Tout ceci pour préciser ce qui fait le caractère propre du livre et le différencie des manuels d'épigraphie qui l'ont précédé, surtout du mien et de celui de M. Egbert.

Après les deux chapitres dont je viens de parler, figure une étude bien faite sur l'alphabet, avec mention des différentes sortes d'écriture usitées, telles que les a classées Hübner (*monumentalis, actuaria, cursiva*, etc.), des ligatures, des signes de ponctuation, le tout accompagné de tableaux et de fac-similés. Les chapitres qui suivent et qui offrent les mêmes qualités de précision, d'information détaillée, traitent des épithaphe, des inscriptions dédicatoires, des *elogia*, des inscriptions honorifiques (*cursus honorum*, leur mode de rédaction, leurs variétés), des inscriptions gravées sur les édifices publics, des marques sur objets mobiles (*instrumentum*), enfin des textes documentaires (lois, décrets, diplômes, actes de droit privé). Il y a beaucoup à prendre et à apprendre dans tout cela. Le langage et le style des inscriptions donnent lieu à d'utiles remarques (ch. X) ; le chapitre XI est consacré à la méthode de critique qu'il convient d'appliquer aux textes épigraphiques et aux données qui permettent d'en fixer la date.

Viennent ensuite des appendices, dont les trois premiers se relient intimement avec ce qui précède. L'un contient, brièvement exposées, les règles de l'onomastique romaine, si importante pour l'interprétation des inscriptions et dont on ignore généralement, en dehors des spécialistes, toute la valeur ; le second présente la liste des différentes charges de la carrière sénatoriale, de la carrière équestre, des carrières inférieures, avec les abréviations par lesquelles l'épigraphie les transcrit ; le troisième est

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consacré aux empereurs, à l'énumération des différents éléments qui servent à dater les textes où leur nom figure (puissances tribunes, consuls, salutations impériales, surnoms consécutifs à des victoires). J'ai déjà dit que la disposition matérielle des renseignements, comme du reste, de tout le livre, y est un peu confuse : elle gagnerait à être beaucoup moins condensée. Notons que chaque paragraphe se termine par le texte d'une inscription, choisie comme exemple, et relative à l'empereur auquel elle se rapporte.

Dans les deux appendices qui suivent ont été rassemblées :

1°. Le texte, en caractères courants, de six inscriptions historiques, le sénatus-consulte des Bacchanales, les *res gestae Divi Augusti*, le discours de Claude au Sénat en 48 ap. J.C., la *lex de imperio Vespasiani*, un fragment de l'allocution d'Hadrien aux troupes d'Afrique et l'en-tête de l'édit de Dioclétien, avec quelques bribes du tarif, comme spécimen.

2°. Un choix d'inscriptions riches en abréviations, pour exercer les étudiants au déchiffrement.

Enfin un dernier appendice donne une liste, par ordre alphabétique, non de toutes les sigles, mais de celles que l'auteur a jugées les plus usitées, avec leur interprétation et souvent un renvoi aux pages du livre où il en est question. Là encore il y a sélection, ce qui est peut-être imprudent.

En résumé ce livre, composé par un érudit très bien informé, contient la matière de plusieurs ouvrages distincts, quoique se rapportant au même sujet principal, un traité historique des inscriptions latines, un manuel condensé qui enseigne à les lire, un recueil d'inscriptions choisies, dont quelques-unes en fac-similé. Les étudiants curieux sauront gré à l'auteur d'avoir ainsi travaillé pour eux et de leur avoir si savamment ménagé la besogne.

R. CAGNAT.

Professeur au Collège de France.

BELPHÉGOR : ESSAI SUR L'ESTHÉTIQUE DE LA PRÉSENTE
SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE. JULIEN BENDA. Emile-Paul.
4 fr. 55.

The title of this essay is sufficient to indicate the uncompromising nature of its adverse criticism on modern French art and artistry. M. Julien Benda has shown himself the bold, incisive critic of the famous French philosopher, Henri Bergson. Of his philosophy, M. Benda said in his 'Succès du Bergsonisme' that 'all the passions underlying the idea of Bergson come back to one alone,—éprouver un état des sens ou du cœur par la spéculation philosophique.' He describes Bergsonism as the philosophy of a democracy. He regards the democracy as a society 'en quête du seul sentir,' seeking sensation in every possible and especially in every novel form; and honouring sensation above all the conditions of the soul. In Belphegor, M. Benda continues his determined attack on this type of

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'democratic art,' whether it is to be found in the plastic arts, in painting, in music, in literature, or in philosophy. He regards the whole tone of 'five o'clock tea' and after-dinner talk in French society as infected with disease, in demanding from works of art the mere stirring of emotion and sensations, without any regard to intellectual standards or intellectual satisfaction. His analysis of the underlying tendencies amongst French artists (interpreting the term in its widest sense) and the various social atmospheres which both act and react in unison with the artists, is most seriously incisive and antagonistic; but it is illuminative and full of the keenest concern for a sound and wholesome amelioration. Amongst the misleading tendencies of French art he includes the desire for art to become a mystic union with the essence of things. This 'very popular' school desires to break with all that is included in the intellectual idea of things and to seize upon objects of contemplation '*dans leur existence propre*,' to be united to their 'principle of life,' to their '*palpitation intérieure*,' by an act not of thought but of sympathy: '*intuition*.' This may seem similar to Henri Frédéric Amiel's '*simplification*,' '*ré-implication*,' '*protéisme*,' but in Amiel's case the process is one of depersonalisation by thought, and, as he himself describes, is the taking consciousness of general life, by entering into 'the divine sanctuary of contemplation.' Nor can we pass by the philosophical mysticism of Plotinus and Porphyry. The intellectual element, so far from being lacking, is in them of the most concentrated kind. Whereas in the modern artist, the attitude, as M. Benda points out, is that of the arousing of a reactive emotion, not as the accompaniment of intellectual energy, but as an end in itself, '*l'absolu d'aujourd'hui*' which expositors of modern art do not hesitate to describe, is an emotion characterised by '*palpitation*,' '*ignition*,' '*dynamisme*.' We must distinguish (and we do not suppose that M. Benda would disagree with us on this point) between the mysticism based on the intellect, and the mysticism based on '*un état affectif pur*.' Intuition of the latter kind claims to transcend intelligence. M. Benda, in making his spirited protest, declares (and in this he will carry with him the sympathy of other nations as well as of Frenchmen) that:

'Cette détestation violente, consciente et organisée, de l'intelligence — "intellectuel" est presque devenu un terme de mépris dans nos salons, — constitue une chose tout à fait nouvelle dans une société française. Elle sera la marque de notre temps dans l'histoire de la civilisation française.'

This depreciation of the intellectual factor leads to a cult of the 'indistinct' in art, and to a 'proscription de la netteté,' as M. Benda calls it. The disastrous effect he traces in its developments both in art and, outside of art, in other activities, as for instance, in French literature and philosophy and in the general level of professional and social conversation and intercourse. By his somewhat narrow interpretation of music M. Benda is able to regard the whole of the arts as enfeebled by their 'musicalisation.' He forcibly

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shows the degenerating effects of presenting 'l'âme particulière' as outside of all law, the bewildering mental whirlpool produced by the constant search for 'l'émotion de surprise' and the general atmosphere of thirst for novelty. The injury to the soul by the constant theatrical identification of the life of the individual with the emotion which he is intensifying by his artistic attitude is increased as it permeates the artistic atmosphere. Leaders and devoted followers have philosophies of 'cliquetis "d'intuitions" . . . jetées sans ordre, sans cohésion, sans critique' (Nietzsche, Péguy, Sorel). In short, M. Benda makes a remorselessly pathological study of aesthetic decadence and its consequent effects on society, permeating to the democracy, not altogether dissimilar to the scathing denunciation of popular art, made by Count Tolstol in his 'What is Art?' twenty-one years ago.

M. Benda is much more impressive in his criticism of what he calls in his former work 'L'Ordination' the extraordinary detestation for 'the religion of the mind' than he is in the analysis of its causes or in the suggestions for effective changes. The Moabitish deity, Belphégor, with the execrable ceremonial celebrations on Mount Phegor, serves as a title to a book of pointed invective, but it offers no solution of the artistic and social problems of to-day. If M. Benda insists on the adverse influence of Jews on art, it must be pointed out that, as with other people, there are Jewish reformers as well as decadents. Nor would the celibacy of philosophers (M. Benda does not suggest how it is to be brought about) effect more for French social progress than celibacy of the priests did for mediaeval society. Simplification of life, Tolstol would tell M. Benda, would of course remove many of the false tendencies of art, founded on luxury. M. Benda finds that one of the chief reasons for the decadence of art in the present-day French Society is the influence of women. 'Dans un salon, après dîner, discute-t-on art, doctrines littéraires, esthétiques, si vous exceptez de très jeunes gens et les professionnels pas un homme ne prend part à la conversation.' This is a sweeping assertion, but even if accepted at its face value, it can be balanced by the fact that in the one great meeting-place for people in which the synthetic, general, philosophical outlook on life is expected to be presented to the public—namely, in the Church—women are equally predominant in number. M. Benda's adverse criticism is confined to France, but the phenomena described are by no means restricted to that country. Emotionalism and sensationalism, to a deplorable extent, form the basis of art and artistic activities in all the democracies. But when M. Benda (rightly or wrongly) includes by name one philosopher in this list of the misguided writers he might well have taken the occasion to rejoice in the names of many philosophers who stand for all that is best in the world of intellect—outside as well as inside France, for their penetrative ideas. The whole educational world honours Guyau, Payot, Marion, Liard, Fouillée, Boutroux, to mention only a few whom M. Benda does not name. These philosophers have carried out the principle of Pascal: 'Travaillons à bien penser, voilà le principe de la morale.' And this principle, as M. Fouillée

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says, 'is the basis for every social and political reform.' They have given of their intellectual resources to teachers in training, and have helped, directly and indirectly, to stir the intelligence of the democracy. In spite of what M. Benda says, no country has received, and is receiving, more helpful stimulation *à bien penser*, from its philosophers than France. These are an influence greater than Belphégor, for they have the permanent elements of the past, present, and future in them.

FOSTER WATSON.

JUNGLE PEACE, WILLIAM BEEBE. Witherby. 8s.

THIS is one of those rarely beautiful literary achievements which aid us in our spiritual evolution. However much we may scoff at science from the purely idealistic point of view, our advance in natural history and our knowledge of nature and her secrets are enough to prove that we have progressed by another road from that wherein the ancient world trended its way. Antiquity has left us great religions and its abstruse occult theosophies. It visualised gods and treated of immortality and the problems of death. The scientist and the patient inquirer of our own day deal with the problems of life. And to the untiring 'poets of science,' to which company that prince of investigators, Henri Fabre, belonged, we now add the name of William Beebe, for he is also one of those who read the epics of creation in tiny books, and have that divine quality of realising the comparative values which link the dustmote to the star in the Eternal Scheme. There are descriptions of jungle-life in his volume which would have enchanted a Gautier or Flaubert. Take for instance, the passage relating to the French cashew trees:

'Behind Kalacoon stood four sentinel trees. . . . Every day we passed them on the way to and from the jungle. For many days we paid very little attention to them, except to be grateful for the shade cast by their dense foliage of glossy leaves. Their trunks were their most striking feature, the bark almost concealed by a maze of beautifully coloured lichens, different forms overlapping one another in many places, forming a palimpsest of grey, white, pink, mauve and lilac. . . . Late in April, however, a change came over the trees. The leaves had been shed some time in January and the fallen foliage formed a dry mass on the ground which cracked under foot. Now each branch and twig began to send out clusters of small buds, and one day—a week after Easter—these burst into indescribable glory. Every lichened bough and branch and twig was lined with a soft mass of bloom, clear, bright cerise, which reflected its brilliance on the foliage itself. After two days a rain of stamens began and soon the ground beneath the trees was solid cerise, a carpet of tens of thousands of fallen stamens, and within the length of a foot on one small branch were often a score of blooms.

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This feast of colour was wonderful enough. . . . Yet the trees had not nearly finished with the surprises they had in store. A humming-bird or two was not an uncommon sight along the trail at any time, but now we began to notice an increase in numbers. Then it was observed that the tiny birds seemed to focus their flight upon one part of the clearing, and this proved to be the four cashew trees.

'The next few days made the trees ever memorable: they were the Mecca of all the humming-birds in the jungle. In early morning the air for many yards resounded with a dull droning, as of a swarming of giant bees. Standing or sitting under the tree we could detect the units of this host and then the individuals forced themselves upon our notice. Back and forth the hummers swooped and swung, now poising in front of a mass of blossom and probing deeply among the stamens, now dashing off at a tangent. . . . The magnitude of the total sound made by these feathered atoms was astounding, piercing squeaks, shrill insect-like tones, and now and then a real song, diminutive trills and warbles as if from a flock of song-birds a long distance away. . . . We had almost a pure culture of humming-birds to watch, for more elusive creatures do not exist . . . than this concentration of the smallest, most active and most gorgeous birds in the world.'

We would think this picture of a vernal Arabian Night to be the end of the cashew trees, but nay, as soon as our author noticed the ripe, soft and yellow cashews 'fallen here and there, there arrived simultaneously the hosts of fruit-eating birds. From the most delicate turquoise honey-creeper to great red and black grosbeaks, they thronged the trees. All day a perfect stream of tanagers—green, azure and wine-coloured—flew in and out among the manna, callistes and silver-beaks, dacnis and palm tanagers.'

There is also a thrilling hunt for the Hoatzin, a prehistoric bird which has not developed wings and is still, though like unto the earliest birds of our world history, extant among us to-day, bringing 'close the dim epochs of past time.' The Hoatzin is a reality unlike the marvellous fish, flesh and fowl in the romances of Jules Verne, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story of 'The Lost Continent,' and hence it outlives them in interest and fascination. Gruesome yet wonderful too is Mr. Beebe's narrative of the ruthless warrior-ants upon the march, which must have inspired Bismarck and the Kaiser with their martial tactics. Even Kipling's splendid jungle-tale 'In the Rukh,' with Mowgli and his wolf-pack, pale before Mr. Beebe, for he has known truth that is stranger than any fiction. He has caught the shimmer of the Isis-face beneath the Veil, he hath drawn nigh to the door that hath no Key and sensed the adytum or Holy of Holies in the sanctuary-silence of primeval forest life. And for these things he earns our gratitude and deep respect.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

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AUGUSTE LEPÈRE. *Les Arts Français* No. 25. Larousse.
Prix exceptionnel 3 fr.

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE, ROGER MARX. *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. 4 fr.

LES ESTAMPES, IMAGES ET AFFICHES DE LA GUERRE.
CLÉMENT-JANIN. *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. 12 fr.

By the death of Auguste Lepère in November of last year, France lost an artist who by his all-round capacity and thorough craftsmanship recalled the healthiest periods of art, when a painter was never merely a painter, ignorant of all else but painting. Lepère was a painter, but he was also an etcher, a wood-engraver, a lithographer, a porcelain-painter, a colour-printer. He began as a wood-engraver, and it is in that field that his most original work was done. Born in 1849, he was apprenticed at the age of thirteen to a wood-engraver who supplied blocks for the illustrated magazines of the day. He was trained therefore in all the artifices of the profession at a time when wood-engraving was entirely given up to reproductive work, and when the peculiar qualities and felicities of the medium were neglected in a desire to rival the fine elaboration proper to steel-engraving and the atmospheric effects of which that medium is capable. In this kind of work Lepère attained great mastery, as one sees from the *Rouen Cathedral*, reproduced in this interesting number of *Les Arts Français* which is specially devoted to his art and career. But Lepère had ambitions to use the wood block for original design, and instinctively turned to a simpler, more direct and vigorous method when engraving his own drawings. Thus he became a pioneer in the revival of original wood-engraving, so far as France was concerned. England had already the beautiful creations of Blake and Calvert on wood, as early as the 1820's; then William Morris took up the graver, to be followed by Charles Ricketts, T. Sturge Moore and other artists of our day, eminent among whom is Lucien Pissarro (the son of the famous impressionist painter), who has long had his home in London and links France and England in his art. It is interesting to note that while in England the wood-block was taken up by artists who stood outside the profession and came fresh to the medium, Lepère in France revived the art from within by reacting against tradition. Perhaps his acquired technical skill was a hindrance rather than a help. But he produced some fine original work both as a wood-engraver and as an etcher. Representative examples in both kinds, as well as some prints after his paintings, are given in *Les Arts Français*, illustrating the well-informed essay on the artist by Charles Saunier.

Another study of Lepère, by M. Roger Marx, extracted from the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, has also been sent us. M. Marx had already published in the *Gazette*, between 1896 and 1910, studies on Lepère's engravings and

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paintings: in this article he is specially concerned with the artist's work as a book-illustrator, or rather as a leader in the revival of book-decoration. Lepère was disgusted with the kind of illustration in vogue when photographic reproduction became common: the gray and heavy tone of the prints had no relation to the clear black and white of type. He therefore revived the earlier style of woodcut in which the frank black and white line harmonises with the printed text. He did not, however, abolish the vignette and the fashion of inserting little blocks of irregular shape at the side of the page, which seems to us in England at once old-fashioned and in itself prejudicial to the 'architectural' effect of a finely designed page of print, though it still prevails in France. But Lepère certainly brought back a refreshing vigour to the art of the woodcut and understood the special beauties of the medium. M. Marx' article is illustrated with examples of the artist's various styles, including an original etching, *Le Quartier des Gobelins*, and a coloured reproduction of a fine drawing of the battlemented bridge at Verona.

The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* also publishes M. Clément-Janin's comprehensive monograph: 'Les Estampes, Images, et Affiches de la Guerre.' M. Clément-Janin tells us that the prints of various kinds, inspired by the war, number already more than eight thousand. Confining himself entirely to the work of French artists down to the autumn of 1918, he considers their prints as the expression of the national spirit during those years of bitter trial, and points with well-justified pride to the nobleness revealed by France—'sa gravité, sa confiance imperturbable, son patriotisme.' The artists are treated in groups, les actualistes, les paysagistes, les allégoristes, etc. An original etching by M. Louis Jou, *Les Evacués*, is given: it is strongly felt and powerfully drawn; but the artist whose work makes the deepest impress on the mind is Forain, whose imaginative insight, irony, and incisive brevity of style have illumined the soul of France at war in a series of masterly lithographs and etchings. Others of the artists here illustrated are less known in England, where M. Janin's excellent monograph will be welcomed by many who need a guide to contemporary French art. Among the reproductions few things are more memorable than the woodcut by M. Le Meilleur of old peasants heroically ploughing the neglected fields under a stormy sky, or than the splendid woodcut of Auguste Lepère, *Les Mauvaises Passions et la mort fondant sur le monde*. A section is devoted to the renaissance of *L'image d'Epinal*, the popular broadside revived by the war, and another section to the posters which played so large a part in influencing, and at the same time expressing, the mood of the nation.

LAURENCE BINYON.

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LE MAÎTRE DU NAVIRE, LOUIS CHADOURNE.
L'Édition Française Illustrée. 4 fr. 50.

VAN DEN BROOKS est un homme qui s'amuse. Il a bien un métier, celui de forban ; mais en même temps, c'est un grand lecteur et ses auteurs favoris, Beckford, Nietzsche, Stevenson, Poe lui ont troublé le cerveau. Il est devenu fou. Il l'est devenu au point d'avoir des théories, ce qui est déjà grave : théorie de la domination ; théorie de la richesse non point en vue de thésauriser, mais en vue d'anéantir ; théorie de la destruction pour l'amour de la destruction. Il l'est devenu au point — ce qui est beaucoup plus grave — de mettre ses théories en pratique. Il a voulu se faire Dieu et il est en effet le Dieu d'une île, l'île Van den Brooks, qu'il a découverte au cours de ses nombreux voyages et dont vous ne trouverez la mention en aucun atlas. En ce coin de terre régnaient, avant l'arrivée du divin tyran, l'innocence de l'âme, les douces qualités du cœur et la simplicité des mœurs édéniennes. Van den Brooks y a fait pénétrer par la force les bienfaits de la civilisation moderne. Mû à la fois par le désir de donner aux Vandebrookiens des notions de l'idée de bien et de justice et par le besoin de faire naître en son cœur aride et desséché le sentiment de la pitié, dont la présence lui apparaîtra peu à peu nécessaire pour qui veut véritablement être Dieu — et cela prouve qu'après tout, Van den Brooks n'est peut-être que superficiellement méchant — il s'est efforcé d'établir dans son île un régime dont le trait essentiel consiste dans l'arbitraire le plus cruel et de transformer le dernier Paradis terrestre en un Jardin des Supplices, suivant ainsi l'exemple de Celui qu'il a pris comme modèle et faisant en petit ce que Celui-là avait fait en grand. Or, Van den Brooks qui, comme je crois l'avoir dit, est un homme qui s'amuse, trouve une excellente occasion de se livrer à son sport favori. Un jeune avocat déjà célèbre, Maître Leminhac, un membre notoire de l'Académie de médecine, le Dr. Tramier, un jeune peintre anglais, Robert Helven, et une Russe, Marie Erikow, séduisante (naturellement, puisque c'est une Russe) et passionnée (encore plus naturellement, pour la même raison), pressés d'arriver à Sydney sont obligés d'attendre pendant des semaines un paquebot à Callao ; Van den Brooks leur offre l'hospitalité sur son yacht, le *Cormoran*, et cela en termes si flatteurs pour la science, l'art et la beauté, que les quatre voyageurs ne peuvent faire autrement que d'accepter une si aimable invitation. Une fois à bord, il les traite avec un luxe inouï, leur sert les repas et les discours, beaucoup de repas et encore plus de discours, les plus étourdissants, leur révèle peu à peu son âme. Il voudrait être sadiquement cruel et les conduit non pas en Australie, mais tout simplement en son royaume, où il les abandonne en leur faisant savoir qu'ils devront dorénavant collaborer, chacun selon ses moyens, à l'extension de son œuvre ; car tel est son bon plaisir. Mais, vous ne l'avez pas oublié, Van den Brooks est un homme qui s'amuse. Et au moment où la situation devient critique pour les quatre internés, au moment où ils se demandent

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par quel supplice le Maître du Navire va les punir de leur tentative d'évasion ratée, par quelles tortures il va les faire passer en un monde meilleur, le Dieu lui-même leur déclare qu'il en a assez de sa mission divine; il est las d'être incompris et méconnu; son incurable sécheresse de cœur le rend, il le sent bien, inaccessible à la pitié; et il dit adieu à son pouvoir, à son rôle divin, à ses richesses mêmes. Pour montrer la sincérité de son renoncement, il jette à la mer tous les trésors qu'il y avait puisés (Dors-tu content, Tolstoi?), non sans avoir donné à la belle Madame Erikow une de ses plus jolies émeraudes, que celle-ci perd d'ailleurs presque aussitôt; il renvoie ses passagers, fait retirer l'équipage et reste seul courbé sur la mer à l'horizon de laquelle il disparaît aux sons du 'Crépuscule d'un Dieu,' pendant que nous rappelons l'apostrophe de Zarathustra au Soleil: 'Je suis dégoûté de ma sagesse comme l'abeille qui a amassé trop de miel. . . J'ai besoin de mains qui se tendent. . . Voilà pourquoi je dois descendre dans les profondeurs comme tu fais le soir, quand tu vas derrière les mers, apportant ta clarté au dessous du monde, ô astre débordant de richesse.' Oui, Van den Brooks est un homme qui s'amuse. Il sait varier à l'infini les plaisirs de son métier de pirate, et la croisière de Lemnhac, de Tramier, de Robert Helven et de Madame Erikow ne leur laissera, une fois qu'ils auront tous quatre repris leurs occupations habituelles, qu'un regret, celui d'être restés trop peu de temps à bord du *Cormoran* qui leur apparaîtra comme un lieu de délices, comme 'le dernier navire-salon où l'on cause.' Mais il y a quelqu'un qui se sera encore plus amusé que notre flibustier et que nos quatre passagers, c'est leur historiographe qui, empoigné par son sujet, en a fait un roman d'aventures très attachant et un conte philosophique de premier ordre. Et il y aura enfin quelqu'un qui s'amusera encore davantage: c'est le lecteur qui, par surcroît, cherchera certainement l'amande ou les amandes que recèle l'écorce romanesque de ce petit chef-d'œuvre et qui ne se laissera pas arrêter dans la voie des 'divagations' par l'avant-propos où M. Louis Chadourne lui donne ce trop juste avertissement: 'Ce que tu cherches, tu le trouveras sans doute, car tu le portes en toi-même à ton insu et l'on ne découvre que les trésors enfouis dans son propre cœur.'

LOUIS BRANDIN.

DUNKERQUE VILLE HÉROIQUE. HENRI MALO. Perrin. 3 fr. 50.

TILL lately Dunkirk was not a name that sounded pleasantly in English ears. For most educated Englishmen were aware that the place had once been an English possession, and that it had been surrendered for hard cash by an impecunious monarch without the consent of his people. Students of history knew also how expensive that transaction had proved, and how prolonged were the efforts vainly made to undo it. Dunkirk therefore recalled bitter memories of ill-will between French and English. But that,

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as well as much else, has been changed by the War; and only a few weeks ago Dunkirk received from the King of Great Britain a special token of honour in recognition of the heroism shown by her townsfolk during the great conflict.

M. Henri Malo tells us in lucid style, free from all exaggeration, of the severe treatment to which Dunkirk was subjected at the hands of the Germans, and of the steadfast courage of her citizens under that trial. But the author seeks to show further that such conduct was no new phenomenon called forth by a great emergency, but rather the natural result of a moral tenacity hereditary in the Dunkirkers. The earlier half of his book, therefore, contains a succinct, though careful, narrative of the earlier fortunes of their town.

Dunkirk owes its existence to geographical advantages. From a bare sandy coast a natural canal led to a lagoon where fishing-boats could lie secure from the northern blasts, while outside, a succession of parallel banks on the sea bottom created a roadstead which could be entered at either end by vessels of larger draught. As a fishing station the town arose; and the subsequent decay of Bruges through the silting up of the Zwin led to the growth of Dunkirk into a first-rate port. Its value was recognised by its lords, the Counts of Flanders, and by the French and English monarchs who strove for its possession during the Hundred Years' War. In the fifteenth century it had become one of the principal towns of the Netherlands. As such it suffered, of course, during the long-drawn-out wars of which the Low Countries were at once the subject and the scene. It came to the Hapsburgs by inheritance from the Dukes of Burgundy, and by the vicissitudes of war Spaniards, Dutch, French, and then Spaniards again, became in turn its masters, until the Battle of the Dunes in 1658 at last decided that it should never return to Spanish keeping. Captured by the French, it was at once handed over, according to treaty, to the English, to be bought back again in 1662. Since then it has always been part of France.

The efforts of Louis XIV, aided by the genius of Vauban, made Dunkirk a mighty fortress, a naval base of the first importance, and a splendid harbour of commerce. The old fishing industry had been destroyed by the wars, and in place of it there had sprung up an active and profitable system of privateering which had made Dunkirk a nursery of daring sailors. Of these Jean Bart was the most renowned, and the Dunkirkers still love to call themselves his children, and look with reverence upon his statue in their midst. The later misfortunes of Louis' reign brought misery to Dunkirk, and finally the Treaty of Utrecht completed her ruin. Though never taken, the place was no longer to be a threat to the navy of England in war, or a rival to her commerce in peace. The dismantling of her defences, the demolition of her quays, and the spoiling of her anchorage were insisted on; and an English Commissioner was to see that the conditions were observed. The humiliation of his presence was endured until ended by the Treaty of

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Versailles in 1783. The last effort of English arms against Dunkirk was the futile siege by the Duke of York in 1793. Through all these vicissitudes the dogged courage of the Dunkirkers is manifest. At all times, moreover, they find worthy leaders in their civic authorities. But never was that courage more severely tried than during the late war, and never did it better stand the test. And in their Maire, Henri Terquem, the Dunkirkers found a man equal to the crisis, whose sane judgment, practical capacity, and calm self-possession, all based on a fervid patriotism, were of infinite value to his fellow-citizens. His official notices, many of which are here given in an appendix, are a witness at once of the difficulties he had to meet and of his ability to deal with them. The town from its value as a port of communication with England naturally became an object of German attack. If it could not be captured, then it must be destroyed. The impossibility of achieving the former became apparent after the battle of the Yser in October 1914; the latter was attempted by bombardments which began in that month and lasted with little intermission till October 1918. Aeroplane attacks were of daily occurrence, until defence by gun-fire from below and by counter-attack in the air were organised. Then, in April 1915, shells from a long-range gun on the land side began to cause heavy damage and the loss of more lives; while, later, bombardment by destroyers from the sea, when the watching fleet could be evaded, was resorted to. On some occasions all three forms of attack were used against the unfortunate town at once. Londoners who remember September 1917 will learn with interest that the same month was one of the worst endured by the Dunkirkers. The spirit of bravado, somewhat apparent at first and soon found to be foolish, was succeeded by one of calm resolution. Without panic or hurry all persons whose presence was unnecessary were removed elsewhere, and the townsfolk set themselves to live their life to the best purpose under the new conditions. The civic activities, largely increased by war, were continued; schools and institutions remained open; the work of the port and retail trade were vigorously carried on. 'Business as usual,' a phrase perverted elsewhere to cover selfish ends, here meant the faithful pursuit of all avocations that could serve France and Dunkirk. No needless risks were run; but it became a point of honour, as soon as a raid was over, to clear up the resulting mess as soon as possible and to go on with work as before. By their steady fortitude and their active courage in such trying circumstances the Dunkirkers proved themselves both good Frenchmen and good Flemings, and well deserved the approbation bestowed on their town in a General Order to the Army as 'Ville héroïque, sert d'exemple à toute la nation.'

M. Malo's book, written in attractive style and with an unusual wealth of diction, is a worthy tribute to the sufferings and to the valour of Dunkirk.

E. H. HOLTHOUSE.

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SCIENCE

NEW FINISH FOR CARS.—The shortcomings of paint and varnish and enamel finishes have for long been a cause for complaint among motorists owing to their rapid deterioration even in normal use. But, except for improvements in paints, varnishes, and enamels, there has been nothing new in automobile finishes since the first car was painted. Some experiments have, however, recently been conducted in America with an entirely new type of finish, applicable to the body panels and wings and also to the roof if a limousine top be fitted. A special type of leatherette supersedes paint, and although this covering has not the high gloss of a varnish or enamel, it presents a very pleasing appearance somewhat resembling polished morocco leather. It is easily cleaned and able to withstand extreme variations of temperature and severe climatic conditions. The most usual form of deterioration of varnish and enamel finishes is not due to abrasions caused by accident and misuse, but to minute cracks in the coating of the panels which arise from the expansion and contraction of the latter with variations of temperature; this, too, apart from the 'sand-papering effect' of flying particles of flint contained in mud and dust. Therefore, if the new finish is able to withstand these conditions satisfactorily, it will have decided points in its favour. On the question of cost, it is claimed that the leatherette compares favourably with that of the usual types of car body finishes.

GAS ECONOMY IN COOKING.—That purely utilitarian device, the gas cooker, hardly appeals to the general public as having possibilities of obvious development, but a new type of range designed and recently standardised by one of the best known British firms has several striking departures from established practice tending to effect considerable economy of gas. The aim has been to prevent waste of heat units and, in one direction, this has been attained by a new type of burner for boiling and by the use of a top grid which has no bars intercepting the flame between the burner and the utensil. The burners are much smaller in diameter than those hitherto adopted, but have a greater consumption capacity than the old types, which feature can be taken advantage of if required. The principle of this burner is to concentrate the flame on the centre of the utensil, and therefore to eliminate the waste of heat due to the flame passing up the sides. It is claimed that the mere fact that a large amount of heat is provided in the concentrated area in a short time induces further economy. There are numerous other striking departures. For instance, the oven, though smaller, has greater capacity for cooking, as the heat is equalised throughout owing to the arrangement of the burners under a solid bottom plate—there is actually no flame within the oven itself. Besides the usual

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optional adjustment, each burner tap has three definite positions : minimum, simmering, and full.

AN ANTI-NOISE MICROPHONE.—An anti-noise microphone has been designed in America and is now being fitted to U.S.A. Government aeroplanes equipped with wireless telephones. By its means engine noises are rendered inaudible to the person receiving the message from the aeroplane so fitted. This end is accomplished by having the back of the microphone open, so that the exterior sound-waves strike the back of the diaphragm as hard as they do the face of it, and the effect is therefore neutral; but voice waves strike only the face of the diaphragm, and even though the operator cannot hear his own voice, on account of engine noise, the radio sets receive enough effect to modulate the transmitted wave. This single item, it is said, has been the factor deciding between the success and failure in long-distance transmission by wireless telephone from aeroplanes.

A TUNNEL BETWEEN DENMARK AND SWEDEN.—The proposed Channel Tunnel has a rival project in a tunnel it is proposed to construct from Copenhagen to Sweden. The main railway line from Copenhagen, it is suggested, might connect across the harbour dam with the Island of Amagar, the tunnel being entered on the eastern side of the island. The total length of the line, which will have four intermediate stations, will be $31\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the actual length of the tunnel below the surface of the sea being 11 miles. Electric trains are planned and initially a single track line will be adopted, though it is the intention ultimately to provide a double line. The bore of the tunnel will be 20 feet 6 inches, and the estimated cost on a pre-war basis, £5,000,000.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SHELLAC.—Particulars have been announced of yet another German substitute rendered necessary by war conditions, i.e. the use of naphthol-resin for shellac. This resin is prepared from a by-product of gas manufacture, and is said to have the same qualities and to be susceptible of the same uses as shellac. Supplies of the latter were, of course, unobtainable by Germany during the war, as it is a resin prepared from the exudation resulting from the puncture of branches of certain East Indian trees by a particular insect. It is used very largely in the preparation of varnishes, french polish, lacquer, sealing-wax, etc., and, if for no other purpose, was during the war in considerable demand in Germany, as elsewhere, for use in connection with the varnish applied to the struts of aeroplanes; but obviously it was needed for many other war purposes as well.

THE CINEMA AND THE TEACHING OF ANATOMY.—A member of the Royal College of Surgeons has successfully applied the cinema to the teaching of anatomy. Films have been used showing a

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human skeleton which turns its various aspects to the audience, and then begins slowly to disintegrate until only the spinal column remains. The parts then commence to reassemble, and item by item the skeleton is again built up. It is suggested that the application of this system of instruction should be extended, and that films should be prepared showing the movements of limbs and joints, in health as well as in disease; such films would, it is stated, prove invaluable to investigators, teachers, and students.

INTEGRAL JACKS FOR MOTOR CARS.—The jacking of a motor-car wheel at the roadside, when need arises by reason of a punctured tyre, for instance, has always been an awkward and laborious process, while the risk of the car 'falling off the jack' is always present when the road surface is uneven or cambered. But a system of integral jacks, one attached at each end of either axle, has now been standardized after lengthy experiments, by the Rapid Jack Co. of Liverpool. Each jack is secured to its axle end by a clip bracket and hinge, and contains a screw-worked plunger which, when the mechanism is operated, is driven down towards the road and lifts the wheel if the movement be continued. It is impossible with this system to upset the car when it is jacked up, and there is no need for the operator to grovel under the car to find a suitable abutment for the jack head, as is the case with separate jacks. Further, by the use of a ball-bearing thread, the effort required to turn the handle to raise one wheel of a car weighing two tons is practically negligible.

M. W. BOURDON.

ART

THE atmosphere of the past few months has not been too favourable for art and artists. The result has been a particularly dull summer season. There have been few exhibitions open of any importance, fewer still of any great interest. The Academy was characterless, the Grosvenor Gallery a trifle tired. Tiny galleries are opening on every side—particularly in the Adelphi, where three stand almost shoulder to shoulder. They promise well, but at the moment they are homes of perversity, very entertaining and little else. The genius of the future has evidently not yet been demobilised, and is probably doing garrison guard in the Army of Occupation.

The most fascinating gallery in London is always Messrs. Christie's. In these wonderful sale-rooms we may expect surprises, whereas in the galleries devoted to modern art the poster at the door tells us all—and sometimes more than—we want to know. At Christie's the forgotten master, often the unknown master, turns up and makes his bow. There

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is a spirit of adventure in the room. We journey across an artistic No Man's Land, or rather Every Man's Land, pushing aside innumerable artistic corpses, but now and again striking something very excellently alive.

Of course there are many bad and worthless pictures on the walls in King Street, as there are bad and worthless pictures on the walls of every gallery. Still there is a certain pleasure in examining a bad picture sincerely painted. It presents a story of human effort, in some cases a record of human degradation. The most engrossing biographies are those of the artists who failed, not because the world was cruel to them, but because they lacked the accomplishment and the skill which are necessary to success. Contributions to these unwritten biographies can be gleaned in the King Street sale rooms, where Robinson, who was alive and is dead, hangs boldly against Rembrandt or Reynolds, whilst Smith, who was never artistically alive at all, can swagger in the company of Jan Steen.

At the Leicester Galleries there has been an attractive little 'show' of some lithographs by Thomas Shotter Boys who worked in London and Paris during a period covering the earlier half of the last century. Boys may be described as a highly skilled artist, with remarkable technical gifts, who practised as a topographical draughtsman. If we want to know what London looked like in the days when Queen Victoria came to the throne, when Count D'Orsay rode through Kensington Gore with Lady Blessington, and Louis Napoleon lived as an exile only a few doors from Messrs. Christie's, then we must turn over these lithographs.

Thomas Shotter Boys lived and worked in Paris when Murger wrote his '*Vie de Bohême*.' I have been always attracted to his art because he was a friend of Richard Parkes Bonington, one of the most romantic figures in the whole history of British art. It is exactly a century since that tiny circle of Anglo-French artists began to form. Delacroix was a prominent member; so was the young Englishman to drop out pathetically soon; Boys was a lesser light; Frederick Tayler, who was President or Vice-President of our Watercolour Society, lived to a great age, but is now forgotten. There is not much to be discovered about the history of their association, but it had an influence upon the art of its time which cannot be underestimated. Thomas Shotter Boys could have written a valuable autobiography, for, years after the Paris circle had disintegrated, he was working upon the illustrations for Ruskin's books '*Stones of Venice*.'

Miss Sylvia Gosse has been exhibiting some fine work at the Goupil Gallery. She stands aside from what may be called the 'noisy' school. We are promised a small collection of modern French art at the Mansard Gallery during August. Of course we must visit it, but the list of contributors portends another artistic 'jazz.'

HUGH STOKES.

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FASHION

THE season, so spontaneously gay, is over. Clean winds of the moors, the sound of the summer seas breaking on a fringe of sand have called to us and we have come to their calling, or will come. So country garb demands consideration; for instance, the appropriate simplicity of Homespuns. There is a growing demand for hand-woven Crofter tweeds in combinations of colourings which would seem too vivid if catalogued, but when seen in their proper setting of green countryside or purple moorland are discovered to have a perfectly harmonious effect.

In meeting this demand an effort is being made to provide in the weaving of these cloths a suitable and remunerative occupation for wounded soldiers. The scheme deserves success for its results alone, apart from the sympathy it should so obviously receive. To have a suit or wrap coat of these hand-loom tweeds, so becoming in texture, so light in weight, so protective on rainy days, is not only to possess something desirable for itself, it is also to pay a debt. Some especially fine designs are woven by these wounded soldiers, one of which, distinguished by quiet neutral tones, is appropriately named *Blighty*.

Bargain-hunters had some profitable field-days during the Summer sales. The frocks especially must have been an irresistible lure. A girl indicating one such temptation in a window display exclaimed "What a dinky frock!" It was, but as I passed into the press of Oxford Street that word sent my thoughts racing to the fair Western Country where little combs open out to turquoise seas and sunken lanes wind upwards to the moors.

Paris decrees that skirts are to be longer. This will make Modes more dignified and also more varied. The straight line, so adorably youthful, will remain, and the grace of slim figures may even be enhanced by clever swathing effects, almost Grecian. But the fluffy frock is on the way. Flounces 'corded' or 'pinked,' and trimmings of ribbon or tiny flowers in elaborate designs will recall Pre-Victorian Modes.

It was impossible not to acknowledge this season the decorative value of Black when worn in the open and seen against many varying colours under a blue sky. The other day I had a charming example of this. On a sunlit afternoon I saw a girl standing in the orchard of a country house seeking for an apple ripe enough to pick. Sunlight and the setting of green leaves and rosy fruit seemed to emphasise the aesthetic value of her black silk frock, its only adornment a loose girdle of green jade. The sleeves were short: a fashion already passing. You will observe that she was engaged in the first recorded occupation of Eve, and I am sure that the young officer who watched her so intently from a veranda was in the Garden of Eden. As I passed on I wondered idly if the apple had been picked for him.

DES ATOURS.

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LA MUSIQUE A LONDRES

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

DEUX courants musicaux sont très caractérisés ici. L'un qui continue la fidélité aux anciennes préférences musicales, c'est le plus fort ; l'autre, relativement récent qui est la création d'une minorité intellectuelle qui cherche dans le sentiment national un dérivatif aux influences étrangères, surtout allemandes. Le courant musical n'est pas le fait des nombreux concerts d'orchestre, de musique de chambre, ou des *recitals* qui se donnent si nombreux, mais où les programmes se composent à peu près des mêmes œuvres ; il est constitué surtout par ceux de ces concerts où s'inscrivent des œuvres nouvelles. A ce point de vue, Londres a senti passer le frisson du désir des infidélités à ses amours anciennes. La musique moderne commence à tenir sa place, bien restreinte encore. Une partie du public et une certaine catégorie de musiciens l'apprécient. Non seulement les jeunes compositeurs anglais trouvent maintenant des exécutants, mais aussi un public qui écoute leurs œuvres, seconde leurs efforts, encourage leur talent. D'autre part, cependant, on sent, contre cette propension à la liberté de 'parler anglais' en musique, la force de résistance d'une autre minorité qui détient les clefs des grands temples musicaux. Comme cette minorité paie les orchestres, organise les grands concerts et se raidit contre toute nouveauté qui trouble la sincérité de ses opinions musicales et sa quiétude aussi, la lutte est dure, sinon ardente. La tenacité nationale finira par triompher du bon côté, qui est le côté de la nouveauté. Ici, pour beaucoup de chefs d'orchestre encore, Wagner garde la frontière. Pour eux, rien n'est possible après le maître qui leur apporte gloire et succès certains. Parfois, les honneurs d'une inscription à l'un des programmes sont faits à un musicien moderne, mais il semble toujours que ce soit dans un esprit de sacrifice. Il est vrai que le public qui paie sa place fut de tout temps prévenu contre tout nom et toute œuvre qui n'ont pas fait leurs preuves de succès ou qu'une réclame intensive n'a pas donné comme attrait de curiosité. En art aussi les évolutions sont nécessaires si on veut que la vitalité se continue active, et, si les exécutions de chefs-d'œuvre reconnus sont utiles, toute velléité de repos dans trop de confort n'a pour résultat que l'affaiblissement ; le courant s'arrête, formant ces étangs parfois agréables où évoluent les petits et gros poissons bien sages et peu frétilants. Mais depuis quelques années un ruisseau coule et répand la fraîcheur de sa nouveauté dans le paysage anglais. Les bords se parent des fleurs du pays. Il semble que dans les prairies qu'il parcourt, on entende à nouveau chanter des airs qui ne détonnent pas et n'empruntent pas de rugueux et lourds accents aux écoles de Leipzig ou de Berlin. Pour peu

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qu'on regarde au loin, on voit que, des collines, descendront les nouveaux ruisseaux qui grossiront celui de la vallée pour en faire plus tard la rivière, puis le fleuve.

S'il faut une certaine audace à de jeunes compositeurs anglais pour s'évader des prisons scolastiques allemandes, pour vivre du plein air de leur pays, il faut bien plus de courage et de volonté réagissants à un compositeur déjà renommé, pour redevenir lui-même, c'est-à-dire prendre résolument la route naturelle, se séparer du cortège ordinaire, se débarrasser de l'emprise germanique qui lui fut si lourde dans des œuvres antérieures. C'est ce que nous voyons en Granville Bantock. Granville Bantock, musicien remarquable, avait puisé aux sources de la musique allemande toute sa science et son savoir. Wagner n'avait plus de secrets pour lui et Richard Strauss, pris comme critérium par les compositeurs imbus de la surabondance de son orchestration et de sa polyphonie, avait en lui, si non un imitateur, du moins un fervent continuateur.

L'an passé, un jeune chef d'orchestre de beaucoup de talent, Hamilton Harty, inscrivit (c'était une grande audace) *La Symphonie des Hébrides* au programme d'un des concerts de la Philharmonic Society. L'exécution fut remarquable, mais la musique parut tellement nouvelle à l'auditoire qu'elle ne fut applaudie que par l'extrême-gauche. Une certaine 'pédale' de trompettes fut unanimement réprouvée par toute la critique, même amie. Granville Bantock sortait des rangs, il était du devoir des amis de l'y faire rentrer. Mais, ce fut pour quelques musiciens, la révélation de la volonté manifeste du compositeur de vivre par sa propre pensée, cherchant son originalité dans son propre domaine et celui de la musique populaire nationale.

Si le caractère particulier des thèmes écossais pouvait paraître étrange à l'auditoire habitué aux formes mélodiques connues; pour les avides de nouveautés et de vérité, *La Symphonie des Hébrides* leur donnait la satisfaction d'une évasion heureuse. Il semblait à ces derniers qu'un pas décisif était fait par la musique vraiment britannique. Par la structure même des mélodies et des motifs populaires écossais sur lesquels est bâtie la symphonie de Granville Bantock, par le caractère de la gamme génératrice de ces chants, les harmonies en sont naturellement nouvelles, le contrepoint prend une allure inattendue, tandis que l'orchestration se colore des teintes des paysages maritimes ou montagnards si spéciaux des îles d'Ecosse.

Mais malheureusement, la première exécution de l'œuvre de Granville Bantock fut la dernière ici. L'ombre de Wagner s'étend de plus en plus et la lance de Hagen menace toujours de coups perfides les plus valeureux chevaliers de la foi renaissante.

LOUIS DELUNE.

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SALE-ROOM NOTES

ON July 8 Messrs. Sotheby sold a collection of books and manuscripts, the property of the late Mr. C. Fairfax Murray and Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The catalogue included Fairfax Murray's complete set of the Kelmscott Press books on vellum except the 'Earthly Paradise' and the Chaucer. The set made £1200, against £568 5s. 6d., paid for a complete set in 1899. Only thirteen copies of the Chaucer were printed on vellum and issued at £126 each. In 1901 a copy realised £520, but the price gradually declined to £260 in 1906. Sir Edward Burne-Jones' vellum copy of the Chaucer, however, fetched £915, a record sum for a single impression. This high figure was no doubt largely due to the fact that it contained a presentation inscription to Burne-Jones which was written by William Morris on September 25, 1896, eight days before the latter's death.

The same firm dispersed the early printed books and manuscripts of Fairfax Murray on July 17th, the highest individual price paid being £950 for a defective copy of the well-known block book of the Apocalyptic Vision of St. John, c. 1460. This edition was regarded by Schreiber as the second impression of the original issue, but a good deal of controversy exists as to its relative chronological position.

Some days earlier, on the 11th, Messrs. Sotheby concluded the sale of the eighth portion of the famous Huth Library, the total reaching £23,793. It may not be without interest to give the totals for previous portions of the library which Messrs. Sotheby began to sell in 1911. Books and manuscripts, November 1911, 8 days, £50,821; June 1912, 8 days, £30,169; June 1913, 9 days, £38,692; July 1914, 4 days, £18,611; July 1916, 4 days, £15,639; July 1917, 6 days £27,091; July 1918, 7 days, £30,118; July 1919, 4 days, £23,793—total, 50 days, £234,934. This total does not include the sale of the engravings and woodcuts, nor the Shakespeare section which was sold privately for, it is said, about £30,000. The remaining portion of the library has yet to be disposed of, and it is reckoned that the ultimate total will not be far short of £300,000, which, of course, excludes the thirteen MSS. and thirty-seven printed books that went free to the British Museum. If that selection were included in the sale £200,000 would be a possible profit on an investment of £120,000 which Mr. Huth is supposed to have spent on his library.

In a sale of modern pictures at Messrs. Christie's on July 18, the much discussed *Lady of Shalott*, which Holman Hunt said was not entirely painted by himself, was bought in by Mrs. Holman Hunt at £3360. His *May Morning on Magdalen Tower, Oxford*, brought £1995.

The same firm, on July 23, offered a beautiful silver-gilt cup made by Abraham Gessner of Zurich, and after a keen contest between Mr. S. J. Phillips and Mr. Lionel Crichton it went to the former for £3800. The

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cup, which is in the form of a terrestrial globe engraved with a map of the world as known in the sixteenth century, originally belonged to Sir Francis Drake, who defeated the Spanish Armada, and the story goes that the cup was given to him by Queen Elizabeth. The cup was the property of Captain G. F. Thomas-Peter to whom it descended from Thomas-Peter a jurymen at the 'Inquisitio post mortem' on Drake's estates. On the same day Messrs. Christie sold a handsome silver-gilt Nef for £3300, Mr. S. J. Phillips again beating Mr. Crichton.

JAMES GREIG.

A LAST LOOK ROUND

THE American Chamber of Commerce in London reports that in reply to a question put in the House of Commons, the Secretary to the Board of Trade said he understood that it was a fact that contracts have been made for American coal for delivery to European ports, but that the cost of American coal delivered in European ports is at the present time higher than the corresponding price for British coal owing to the higher rates of freight from America. There was no restriction on the importation of coal into Great Britain, but according to the statement, American coal can only be delivered in Great Britain at very much higher prices than that at which British coal is now obtainable.

Yet, the Secretary of the Underground Electric Railway says they could get Philadelphia coal delivered into their Chelsea generating station at 42s. (\$10.50) per ton, and if there is any difficulty in the matter it is with their storage capacity. The Scottish coal they are now using is costing them over 50s. (\$12.50) per ton. Similar statements as to the advantage of American coal even on the British markets are heard on all sides, and the export trade, particularly in South America, is looked upon as impossible in competition with America.

In the iron and steel trades the American Chamber of Commerce in London reports similar conditions: a representative of a large Manchester iron and steel company said that the coal increase would make steel £2 (\$10) per ton dearer. American steel prices are already lower than British steel prices, and the explanation of Britain's ability to continue in business was that certain steel users found it convenient to trade with Britain.

American steel has been offered, delivered at Welsh ports, for £2 (\$10) less than Welsh prices, and the same condition is reported in the West of Scotland, except that the difference there is said to be from £4 to £5 (\$20 to \$25) per ton.

It is furthermore pointed out that Great Britain has been dependent upon her cheap coal as a drawing power for the raw materials needed for many of her industries. For her great industries, Britain imports practically 100 per cent. of copper, between 90 and 95 per cent. of lead, zinc,

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and tin, the whole of her cotton, 80 per cent. of her wool, 80 per cent. of her timber; and although iron is smelted in the country, half of the iron used in Great Britain is derived from imported foreign ore. The whole industrial position of the country is therefore considered to depend upon Great Britain's power to draw these materials into the country by means of cheap coal.

According to an official statement made upon request by the Board of Trade in Parliament, the comparative prices per ton of coal at the pit-head in England and Scotland, America and Europe, average as follows for the latest periods for which particulars are available: Scotland (including six per cent. increase), 28s. 11d. (\$6.94); rest of Great Britain, 29s. 4d. (\$7.04); U.S.A., June 1919, 11s. 2d. (\$2.68); France, June 1919, 36s. (8'64); Belgium, 1917, 18s. (\$4.32); Spain, 1917, 39s. (\$9.36). The average price of coal at the pit-head in the United Kingdom in 1913, the last pre-war year, was 10s. 1½d. (\$2.43) per ton. The British production price is therefore practically two and a half times as great as the corresponding price in America, and nearly three times as great as the corresponding price in the United Kingdom before the war.

On making the above comparisons of price, the rate of exchange used was 24 cents to the shilling, or \$4.80 to the pound sterling. It is also pointed out that in 1917, for instance, the American production was 770 tons of coal per worker, while the British equivalent was about 240 tons, and that the British production is still declining, and the American production still increasing.

The American Chamber further reports that the Liverpool National Shell Factory is to be used for repairing street cars; the Bootle National Shell Factory for the repair of life-boats; the Bootle National Gun Factory for general engineering; the Workington National Shell Factory for the production of mechanical toys. The Bacup National Shell Factory has been converted from a 4'5 in. shell rectification shop to a weaving shed; Trafford Park Factory from billet-breaking to constructional engineering; the Bradford Munitions Factory from shell and fuse manufacture to dyeing and finishing processes.

M. Paul Carié cite dans *La Revue Hebdomadaire* quelques chiffres qui montrent une fois de plus la ténacité des Français quand il s'agit de maintenir leurs traditions et leurs langue maternelles:

‘Lorsque le traité de Vienne céda définitivement l’Île-de-France à l’Angleterre, elle comptait environ 15.000 descendants de Français, dont un peu plus du tiers de race pure. Séparée de la France par deux océans, ne disposant d’aucun moyen de s’en faire entendre, n’en recevant de nouvelles qu’après des traversées de quatre mois, cette poignée d’hommes sut garder son entité, sa culture, sa langue et sa religion. A l’heure actuelle, les Mauriciens d’origine française sont au nombre de 50.000 dont 12.000 de race pure.

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' Ils ont su maintenir, après cent huit ans de conquête, le legs précieux des traditions ancestrales, et, selon le mot magnifique de Barrès, conserver leur terre et leurs morts.

' Il y a à Maurice 60.000 Africains, descendant des anciens esclaves, 6.000 Chinois, 40.000 musulmans Indo-Arabs, 230.000 Hindous de toute race et de tout culte, et seulement 279 Anglais, nés en Grande-Bretagne. Les catholiques sont au nombre de 116.000, les protestants de 5.600.

' Les anciens colons auraient dû être submergés par le flot montant de l'immigration asiatique, mais ce sont eux qui se le sont assimilé. La langue française, bannie du domaine officiel, s'est réfugiée dans les familles et sert de trait d'union à ces races si diverses et sur tant de points si opposées les unes aux autres. Le peuple parle un patois dérivé du français, analogue à celui qu'emploient habitants de la Réunion, de la Martinique et de la Guadeloupe.'

Maurice, immortalisée par Bernardin de St. Pierre, continue d'enrichir son ancienne patrie, de savants, d'hommes de lettres, et d'artistes : le neurologiste Brown-Séquard, Francis Thomé, le compositeur de valse charmantes et de l'adaptation symphonique de *La Fiancée du Timbalier*, le peintre Le Sidaner, les écrivains José de Charmoy et Léoville Lhomme, sont fils de l'île langoureuse.

Il paraît selon *L'Exportateur Français* que les directeurs des grands bars américains, particulièrement touchés par la loi sur les alcools qui va très prochainement entrer en vigueur en Amérique, ont tout simplement l'intention de passer l'Océan et de venir s'installer à Paris. Il faudra donc que MM. les buveurs américains se résolvent, eux aussi, à traverser l'eau afin de boire du vin en France.

Mais déjà l'annonce de la prohibition de l'alcool aux États-Unis a produit son petit effet. Une bouteille de champagne se vend couramment 70 francs à New-York, et une bouteille de whisky coûte 100 francs. A la vôtre !

Dame Justice n'est pas toujours aussi rébarbative que ses statues, ni le Droit aussi ennuyeux que les reliures de ses tomes imposants. *Le Bulletin de l'Institut Intermédiaire International*, publié à la Haye, en donne une preuve. Dans le but de fournir des renseignements d'intérêt général sur le droit des gens, il contient un grand nombre de faits utiles pour le voyageur, l'avocat ou le commerçant. En voici quelques-uns choisis au hasard :

' Un étranger ne peut contracter mariage dans les Pays-Bas s'il n'a pas rempli les devoirs militaires qui lui sont imposés par sa loi nationale.'

' Lorsqu'une Anglaise de 19 ans mariée à un Français et domiciliée en France, décède après y avoir fait un testament olographe, le droit français décide qu'à raison de son âge, le testament ne sort ses

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effets que pour la moitié du montant de l'actif, tandis que l'autre moitié se partage comme s'il n'y avait pas de testament.'

'Un jugement de divorce prononcé à l'étranger entre Français ne peut être reconnu valable en France, lorsqu'il est fondé sur un motif que la loi française ne connaît pas comme cause de divorce, en l'espèce sur le consentement mutuel.'

The German Government, by the aid of skilful methods of propaganda, has endeavoured to establish the belief that on November 11, 1918, the German Armies were in a position to continue the struggle for a long time and even, perhaps, to bring it to a victorious conclusion and that it was only the internal situation of Germany that compelled the Government of Berlin to ask for an armistice. How far this legend is from the truth—which is that on that date the German Armies were on the eve of a defeat unparalleled in history—is conclusively shown in a pamphlet entitled *Why Germany capitulated* which is based on documents in possession of the French General Staff, and from which we make the following extracts:

'As early as the first days of July, the Allied High Command decided to carry out a counter-offensive on the front between the Aisne and the Ourcq. It was also decided to combine with this a second attack on the other face of the Château Thierry salient, in such a way as to close the mouth of this "pocket," or at least to compel the enemy to evacuate it. If the enemy did not attack first, the east face of the pocket was to be attacked by the Fifth Army; in the contrary event, the latter would resist.

'In like manner, another counter-offensive was projected in Eastern Champagne, on the eastern flank of the bulk of the German attacking mass, in the event of their making progress toward the south, and with this object in view, Allied forces were got together to the south of the Argonne.

'On the very day when the German divisions were moved up to their positions for the attack, the Allied divisions concentrated for the purpose of attacking them on their flank. This was the first instance of the Allied High Command taking the upper hand over the German High Command, and from this moment they held the initiative in their own hands.'

Henceforth, the enemy, unable to regain his footing and to make good his losses in men, material and munitions, played a losing game. On August 8 Foch began a series of separate attacks following each other rapidly on different parts of the front which threw confusion in the German High Command. On September 26th a new phase of operations was entered into, during which all the Allied Armies were engaged simultaneously. As a result, between the 10th and the 20th of October the retreat of the enemy became general. As early as September 28th the German High

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Command had warned the Chancellor of the danger of the situation and requested him to ask without delay for an armistice. The Germans had put in the fighting lines nearly all their available reserves, and to replace 44 worn-out divisions they could only draw from seven fresh divisions and from 15 still in 'quiet' sectors. Having ascertained the truth of this, Marshal Foch then gave the order to continue the advance. On November 11th the Germans had reached the line Zelzaete-Ghent-Sotteghem-Grammont-East of Mons-Beaumont-Chimay. The Crown Prince's army had retired between Mohon and Fumay. No reserves were left. Among the men, when resignation and indifference did not prevail, insubordination was rife. In his diary an Artillery officer of the Guard complains on October 23rd of the 'grey crowds,' men who no doubt left their own units without leave:

'These are a crowd of back-of-the-lines soldiers, cynical and insubordinate—motor drivers and convoy people, squatting in wagons without lights, smoking and talking. I always feel that I should like to clear them out and move them on, but they would probably fly at your throat if you attempted to do so. They are constantly roaring out: "Blow out the lights!" "Out with the knives!" "Three men to bleed 'em!" and things of that kind. This may be only barrack-room bluster, but such cries are significant and indicate the degree of savagery these men have reached.

'Ludendorff, Hindenburg count for nothing; nobody is any longer scared to this crowd. "Hindenburg is like the sun," they say; "he rose in the east and he's going down in the west!" and a roar of laughter greets the remark of the speaker hidden in the corner.'

Moreover, by his retreat the enemy had greatly reduced his ability to manoeuvre:

'When it is remembered that four German armies (about seventy divisions) were retreating into Belgian territory north of the Sambre and the Meuse, that these armies had to carry back to the east all the stores and supplies of every description in their own road transport zone, all the parks of Artillery and engineers' depots established within the limits of the Military Government of Belgium (especially in the Maubeuge-Mons-Namur zone), all the construction and repairing workshops and plant, all the military hospitals, all the sick and wounded (of whom an enormous number were suffering from grippe, or influenza), all the material for both normal and narrow-gauge railways, some idea may be gathered of the terribly congested condition of the Belgian railway system, particularly in the narrow neck between Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle, on which converged the three sole lines by which the evacuation of Belgium could be effected:

- (a) Antwerp, Hasselt, Tongres, Visé, Aix-la-Chapelle;
- (b) Ghent or Tournai towards Brussels, Mechlin, Louvain, Liège;
- (c) Maubeuge or Hirson towards Namur and Liège.

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A glance at the map will show that the three switch lines and the three lines of evacuation were in many respects one and the same system, or, at least, that long sections of railway belonged to both in common. This congestion of the railways, owing to the necessity for using them for evacuation purposes, proved a terrible handicap for the German High Command and almost completely paralysed its power to manœuvre.'

The author of the pamphlet sums up the whole situation at the signature of the armistice when he says :

'The situation of the German army on November 10 may be exactly described by a comparison borrowed from the boxing ring. It sometimes happens, in a boxing match, that the manager of one of the adversaries, realising that his man is manifestly getting the worst of it and is on the point of being "knocked out," throws his sponge into the ring, in order to avoid this humiliation, and thereby signifies that his man gives up the contest. In the eyes of the referee, as well as in those of the public, he is regarded as beaten. On November 11, by signing the armistice, the German Government "threw up the sponge," and acknowledged that its armies were no longer capable of continuing the struggle. On that day Germany undoubtedly capitulated.'

La Foire est décidément en faveur. Après Lyon, Bordeaux, Paris, voici Londres, Glasgow et Birmingham qui organisent la *Foire des Industries Britanniques*. Birmingham a pour spécialité les marchandises en métal ou en caoutchouc destinés à des usages domestiques ou industriels : chandeliers, lampes, garniture de gaz ou d'éclairage électrique, fourneaux, grilles, appareils sanitaires, meubles de jardin, ustensiles de cuisine, coffres-forts, serrures, clés. Les acheteurs trouveront aussi une exposition de motocyclettes, bicyclettes et automobiles de fabrication anglaise, des voitures d'enfants, des fauteuils roulants, des couleurs, laques et vernis, des courroies en cuir ou en caoutchouc, des cordes et des câbles d'acier ou de chanvre. Les commerçants français ne manqueront certes pas l'occasion de venir s'y réapprovisionner et étudier l'industrie si active de leurs voisins.

It has now been definitely decided that the Colonial Exhibition, which had been arranged for 1916 and indefinitely postponed, is to be held at Marseilles, in the spring or autumn of 1922. It will be followed by a larger exhibition, open to all the Allied nations, at Paris, a year or two later, probably 1924. M. Adrien Artaud, President of the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce, has been appointed commissaire général. There was considerable discussion as to whether the exhibition should be held at Marseilles or Paris in the first place. The British Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles

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supported the claims of that city. Advantage of the exhibition will be taken to inaugurate at the same time the opening of the Marseilles-Rhone Canal and a new line of railway on the Paris-Marseilles system.

France and her colonies will henceforward be linked by wireless and be less dependent upon cable services held by foreign countries. The following places may have wireless messages sent from France and *vice versa*:—French West Africa—Port Etienne (Mauritania), Rufisc (Senegal), Conakry (Guinea), Monrovia (Liberia), Tabu (Gold Coast), Kabara (Upper Nigeria), Atar (Adrar); French Equatorial Africa—Laongo (Gabon), Brazzaville (Middle Congo); Madagascar (by other than French stations)—Majunga, Diego-Suarez, Ile Mayotte, and (shortly) Tananarive; Indo-China—Kien (near Haiphong), Hanoi and Touran; Pacific Islands—Numea, Papete (Tahiti), Port Vila (New Hebrides); Antilles—Pointe-à-Pitre (Guadaloupe), Fort de France (Martinique), still under military control.

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