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Les frères Tharaud

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LES FRERES THARAUD

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1930
LES FRERES THARAUD.

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Of the twentieth century French authors probably the most charming prose writers are Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, but they have given us very little information concerning themselves; they have kept aloof, these two brothers who still feel out of their element in Paris.

They were born in the Limousin but while still young and after reverses of fortune, the boys and their mother moved to Angoulême where they were sent to college. They entered the Lycée of Angoulême where they were under the supervision of their maternal grandfather who was principal of the lycée for a number of years. However they always regretted their Limousin, and every now and then, in their works, they refer to this part of France as to the lost Paradise. That is why they are so fond of the first book of 'Les Mémoires d'Outre-tombe'; they recognize themselves in these memoirs, and that is why also they have praised so much that masterpiece of Loti's-Prime Jeunesse.

In Saint-Junien, their birthplace, began their lives; those first impressions of life which form that background, that sort of halo of happiness and that everlasting reserve of brightness and poetry upon which we draw all our lives without ever exhausting it. They have not yet given us the story of their childhood and youth, but from their talks to the boys at the Lycee d'Angoulême and to
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those of Sainte-Barbe, and also from their books, we get the impression of a childhood made up of long June days. Of a childhood of enchantment passed in a 'far country' where there are deep valleys and long vistas peopled with fairies and brownies. The valleys of the Vienne and the Glane so dear to Corot. "Avoir couru dans nos bru\'eres, s'\'etre ebrou\'e dans nos prairies, au bord de nos \'etangs brumeux, dans ce Limousin romantique, rempli de myst\'ere et de fees, qui a des voix si profondes pour les oreilles d'enfant." *(1)

In the Limousin still live the last of the landed nobility, giving even to-day, though worn and threadbare, a picture of the France of two hundred years ago.

The brothers have been great travelers. And there is an older brother, quite eccentric, living in Hanoi, a big game hunter, and who comes to Paris very rarely, to which he refers as "la plus sale colonie du Tonkin." It would seem that nature, in moulding these three brothers, had been careful to develop the same character in three different gradations. There is the oldest of the three, the man of action and of great energy: in J\'er\^ome, the second, this energy and action was converted into his intellectual growth, to satisfy his curiosity for knowledge. Jean, the youngest, is the stay-at-home, the dreamer. However, from living

*(1) La Maitresse Servante-Bibliotheque Plon, Paris.
pg. 17
together so long these two brothers not only resemble each other physically but their tastes and characters have also undergone a change. From their childhood home in the Limousin, as well as from their parents, they have acquired a feeling for the land; for distant horizons and for the air of the country, and a sort of ennui for the life of the cities. City drawing-rooms and street corners were never necessary to them to understand life.

On leaving le lycée d'Angoulême the brothers went to Sainte-Barbe. Jérôme, the elder of the two, won a scholarship; Jean was always less ambitious, more the sleeper, which explains why it was that Jérôme continued his studies at l'Ecole Normale while Jean just settled down in a little house in la rue des Fossés Saint-Jacques, ostensibly to prepare for his law examinations.

L'Ecole Normale did for Jérôme what it did for Péguy,—very little. His character was already formed as he tells us in Souvenirs de mon lycée—*(1)—"Rien ne m'a été inutile au collège. C'est au milieu de ces choses soi-disant inutiles que s'est formé mon esprit. Il est ce qu'il est, il vaut ce qu'il vaut, mais il a pris sa forme à peu près définitive sur ces bancs où vous venez de passer une année." However, Normale did one thing for Jérôme—it brought Charles Péguy into his life. There sprang up between these two a strong friendship which was never interrupted. They had for each

other a strong feeling of admiration and respect; Jérôme was Péguy's first public as Péguy was Jérôme's. Through the succeeding years they always submitted their writings to each other. Did Péguy always follow the other's advice? Péguy was an original and no one at Normale could miss noticing this extraordinary originality. As Tharaud's word was law at Normale he soon convinced his friends of Péguy's genius; the extraordinary little Péguy so full of enthusiasm and passion for his ideas. Jérôme looked on Péguy as the leader of their of their generation, while Péguy admired in Jérôme that feeling of the artist for his work, the craftsmanship, that love of work well done. It was in Jean Tharaud's room that les Cahiers de la Quinzaine were published.

Jérôme at l'École Normale had made a reputation for himself; he could travel more on less money than any of the young men of his surroundings. And he travelled so much that in the end he became more European than he wished to be.

On leaving Normale Jérôme accepted a position at the College of Buda-Pesth as "lecteur Français". There during his leisure time he made excursions through Hungary, stopping at unheard of places; walking, on horseback or mule back. He came in contact with the peasant, lived the life of the shepherds in the mountains, which to him appeared always as one of the great sources of poetry.
It was in Buda-Pesth, where the population is about three fourths Jewish, that Jérôme was first moved by the Jewish "phenomenon". Most of his students were Jewish. Having had a glimpse of the immense jeweries of Poland, those religious colonies which have remained unchanged for centuries like the Hebrews in the desert, the city of Buda-Pesth appeared to him as the first step of Israel towards the west and civilization. In Buda-Pesth the Jew of the Orient stops to change his Jewish robes for western clothes; to come in contact with modern ideas through the modern languages.

Then it was that the idea came to Jérôme of studying the Jew in that phase; this migration from the old oriental life to the new western which is called progress. It is while Jérôme is on the shores of the Danube that he begins to plan those characters which the Tharauds have so well described in their books on the Jews. Yet, although he had in mind this great work on the Jews, Jérôme Tharaud was occupied with quite different matters. And it is a fact worth mentioning that the Tharauds were never very good at describing what was directly under their eyes—they are not good newspaper reporters. They take no notes, but rather do they rely on their memories which gives the necessary atmosphere and perspective to their narrative to erase the crude lines of the workman, leaving only the fine artistic work of the poet. This they can do the more easily
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as all their work is done in collaboration. It is through their conversations that they are able to attain to that degree of poetic truth which comes only from living with a thought or an idea for a long time. And that is the reason why their books, although so thoroughly filled with facts, do not appear as documents only.

At the outbreak of the war Jérôme was anxious to be in the heart of the action. He wanted to be a war correspondent. A little later in a moment of excitement he left for Scutari "pour voir au moins une bataille." Jérôme was always more anxious to try new things, especially where there was an element of danger, than his brother, Jean, who was content to remain quietly at home and dream.

While in Buda-Pesth every night Jérôme could be seen in one of the large cafés facing the Danube and there he would spend his time looking over the illustrated reviews and magazines, imagining what battlefields looked like; those battlefields of the Boer War where herds of cattle with lighted fagots tied to their tails were hurled through the prairies like tanks. It is in this café that Jérôme first had the idea of writing Dingley. After four years of what the French call exile Jérôme returns to Paris where he thought conditions would be more conducive to his work. But the problem was how to live by his pen. It was a problem as these young authors would not prostitute their art for the sake of pleasing the public. Furthermore they despised the
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cheap notoriety gained by working for the newspapers. The brothers had already written short articles which les Cahiers de la Quinzaine published, but which did very little to make these authors known. Besides these young authors took pleasure in writing on subjects very little made to interest the general public; dark and sinistre subjects and very often borrowed from the Boer War, and which pleased very little. They made so little headway, even after publishing Dingley, Bar-Cochebas, les Hobereaux, l'Ami de l'Ordre, that they had to leave Paris. They went to Berlin. It was about this time that they worked for a certain professor Raguet, correcting papers. Raguet was not the professor's name, but he thought that in the provinces The R could easily be taken for F, and Faguet would attract parents to this correspondence school. "Il avait donc créé une revue pédagogique qui se flattait d'enseigner par correspondance tout ce qu'on ne pouvait plus apprendre dans les pensionnats fermés ou transformés en lycées." *(1)

It was during the worst period of their lives that their friend, Carolus de Pesloffan, introduced them to his cousin, Maurice Barrès. He took them as his secretaries and where they remained for seven years. Again we say they. In reality it was Jérôme who was the secretary. This was a turning point in their lives.

Friendship has played a great role in the lives *(1) *Mes Années chez Barrès-Librairie Plon, Paris-pg.51
of these two men. Where other men abandoned themselves to pleasures or to love they cultivated the friendship of such men as Péguy and Barrès. Those few years spent with Barres were of extreme importance for the whole group which wrote for les Cahiers. Barres sympathy and intervention were exceedingly precious and useful to the Cahiers. Once when Péguy found himself outlawed by the Socialist Party, Barrès had the courage to answer for Péguy, becoming his patron publicly. Up to the time of his death Barrès helped in many different ways.

Another way in which Barres influenced the Tharauds was in giving them a new method of going at their work. They had a sort of mania of eternally beginning their work over and over again, never satisfied, and unwilling to allow it to go until it had reached perfection. Like all young people starting out on a literary career the Tharauds imagined that there was a God given state of mind for the production of masterpieces; a supernatural dispensation of Providence from which gushed forth the book as a revelation. Barres, the author of the 'culte du moi' taught them to be more modest. He made them understand that a masterpiece does not necessarily emerge from the first effort, but that beauty advances by slow stages; that one must submit humbly to the conditions of the spirit; that "les pensées justes ne se présentent rarement à l'esprit les premières". *(1) Their book "Mes Années chez Barrès"

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is a tribute to their friend and guide.

These two brothers and collaborators use "je" as Théophile Gautier used "nous" or as Lindbergh spoke of "We". Hardly are their letters signed with one name only. They write sitting at the same table, facing each other and always in their respective chairs, while each has his pet, a large oriental cat, perched on his shoulder. I say that they write at the same table, but the writing is done by Jerome while Jean, the younger, usually lolls on a sofa. But if one can judge by the lectures given under the names of Jerome and Jean Tharaud, the lecturer is Jean.

Their collaboration consists mainly in their conversation, which probably is the reason for their gardener's picturesque remark: "Ils sortent, ils s'engueulent, et ils rentrent." *(1)

Their continual flow of conversation, their incessant exchange of impressions and ideas is the secret of their collaboration, but only one of the methods by which they obtain that degree of poetic truth or transformed reality which bring so much charm to their books.

Their art is deep and closely interwoven with their natures. Even in the most sparkling passages there is felt no padding or words for effect. Their style is poetically sober. Their talent, in their last books, has *(1) André Billy-Les Annales Polit. et Litt. Aug. 1, 1929.
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gained in adaptability; their art, without losing any of its strength and vigor has become freer. All trace of work or effort has disappeared. There is probably no writer in France to-day who writes a prose more supple, more finished and with less recherche, more appropriate and of a more delightful variety of effect. They are, to my mind, the best painters in French literature since Loti. Their descriptions are written as if by chance, but they are a part of the subject as much as sunlight and shadow are a part of a real panorama. The reader is lead on as if looking on a familiar scene and the charm of the narrative carries him on without a tremor. And yet this sort of enchantment never wearies because it is renewed at every moment just as if going from room to room in an old castle in Fairyland.

These authors who started out on their career writing on subjects concerning the war in Africa, and which appealed little to the French public because of their sombre character, have, in their latest volumes, broken through their cold reserve and have allowed their natural happy natures to smile through. It has taken them twenty years to be able to bring out this good humour, that sense of humour, of fantasy and of the grotesque which could make Jerome laugh like a child; with that innocent laughter, so unaffected and which endeared him to everyone.

Finally we ask ourselves, what have the Tharauds done that others have not done in literature. What do
they represent that is new? Through a great part of their work, probably the most brilliant and the best known, they belong to the family of the orientalists, but I am not trying to place them in a school. They belong to none; they are apart. All through their works they have been tempted, and have succumbed, to the temptation of giving the beautiful role to the native. In Hungary it hurts them to see the shepherd and the nomad disappear; in North Africa the Arab delights them with his fantasy and his exquisite architecture, and how eloquently they plead to save those fragile mosques and dwellings.

Above all they are artists fascinated by the past; poets who find poetry only in that which is passing away or is no more.

There is no French author, and few of other nations who writes less of love. There is nothing Parisian about these writers. Intercourse between the sexes, which for so many men constitutes the prime interest in life, bores them. This may be due to their peasant extraction— for the peasant rarely gives his opinion about women. This arises from a sentiment of modesty mixed with a generous quantity of disdain and respect for women. These men of the soil know so well that life is hard and allows little time for "la volupté".

Possibly that attracts these authors to the life
of the Arab; the fact that women are never seen and that on this very intimate subject man observes a very close and noble secret. The same may be said of the Jews.

Happily for us, these authors not hampered with this eternal question have been able to turn their attention to the world which is "filled with a number of things." The earth seems new to them, clothed in the bright colors and the radiance which filled our eyes as children. With the sympathy and curiosity of children they have penetrated to all parts of Europe and they have revealed to us the "merveilleux" Jew and the mysterious Moslem. Out of this old world they have brought out a new music. All that was necessary was to pay no attention to love and psychology, but to see life as it is. In so doing they have discovered a bubbling spring of happiness—a happiness made up of the horror of the vulgar and mediocre and the disdain of all sentimentality.

Furthermore they are probably the modern authors who have spoken most sympathetically of childhood—the little hero of la Lumière, tiny Archie Dingley and the sympathique little Ruben in l'Ombre de la Croix.

So that just as their books will furnish many a delightful page for "les morceaux choisis" their lives will have served as a model to young authors who endeavor to live between absolute retirement and the society of their fellow beings; between inadaptation and success at any
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cost. In their lives as in their work the Tharauds have had the genius to utilize opposites.
Petite Histoire des Juifs.

The Tharauds have written several books on the Jewish race and its influence on the politics and peoples of Europe. They have studied especially the Jews of Central Europe.

Jérôme Tharaud came to Buda-Pesth as 'lecteur' to the University upon leaving l'École Normale, and at that time his greatest interest was to wander through the Jewish quarters, the Ghetto, and watch the immigrants come in from Poland. He never tired of this pastime. Later the two brothers travelled extensively in the Balkans, Poland, Lithuania—all Central Europe, thus getting first hand information which they have transmitted to us in an admirable manner.

While in Buda-Pesth, Jérôme's students were for the most part young Jews. With many of them he has kept up a correspondence. It is these young Jews who suggested to him the story of Bar-Cochebas and others of their books.

It is very interesting that these authors should have been accused of being anti-Semitic on one hand, while on the other they have been taken for Jews. "J'ai reçu, pour ma part, bien souvent, des lettres de Juifs inconnus qui, surpris de trouver tant de détails véridiques, nous prenaient nous-mêmes pour des coreligionnaires. Mais bien souvent aussi je me suis entendu accuser de faire de l'antisémitisme." *(1) To this accusation the authors take exception. "Être philo-

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sémite, c'est là une question qui ne s'est jamais posée à mon esprit. Il y a dans le monde un grand fait; le fait juif-----il y a des aspects variés de l'activité juive. Je me suis placé devant quelques-uns de ces aspects sans me préoccuper de plaire ou de déplaire, avec le seul désir de rendre de mon mieux les sentiments que m'inspirait cette réalité que j'avais devant moi." *{(1)}

It would be unjust to say that the Tharauds are anti-Semite. There are certain qualities which they admire very much, while there are phases which irritate them. As noted, in their biographies of Dingley, Déroutelle and others, they place no emphasis on some special aspect or phase, but rather do they allow the light and shadows to play all over the canvas thus giving us a vivid and palpitating account of a most interesting subject.

They see the Jews as they do other nationalities; they see their faults and failings just as they do those of other nationalities, but they also see their good points. Sometimes they do seem irritated by the extravagance, 'l'exces' of the Jews; their Latin temperament, all reason, clarity and bon goûт is somewhat tried at times by the "rues, des logis empestés, des synagogues où l'on implorait Dieu avec une furie indécence." *(2)*

Yet they can also write "À vous, Juifs d'Amérique, de France, d'Allemagne ou d'Angleterre, qui courez les hasards de la fortune et promenez la bésace d'Israel à

*(1) Conferencia, Paris-Sept. 15, 1926. pg 325
(2) Revue des Deux Mondes-June 1, 1921-pg. 650
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travers le vaste monde, l'avez-vous oublié cette heure entre min'ha et marew? Tout est chaleur, tout est parfum, tout est jargon, tout est juif! De semblables délices, ailleurs en avez-vous trouvé?" *(1)

The Jew like the Scot enjoys telling stories about his own race, but the Jew so quick at perceiving his own faults is exceedingly susceptible when a stranger gives an opinion on his race or its history.

What the Tharauds are particularly interested in is the Ghetto, and it is in these Royaumes de Dieu that they have studied the Jews. Through what circumstances was the People of Israel brought to this so peculiar existence of the Ghetto? How did it come into existence, what is going on in the Ghetto, what intellectual tragedies have been enacted in these secluded quarters, these small communities which have all undergone the same attacks and the same vicissitudes, whether it be in Spain, Germany, France, Italy, Holland or Poland!

The fact which stands out in the inception and development of the Ghetto is the attachment of Israel for its Law. And what is the Law for the Jews? The Bible, the five books of Moses. This is called the Thora and it is copied with great piety by the most pious of pious Jews, the sopherim. The sopher, when he copies the Thora must wear all the ornaments and garments which are

worn at prayer, for to copy this precious document is to pray. There are those who bring more devotion to their work than others; for instance the sopher of Bels who only copied three Thoras in his lifetime because he brought so much care and devotion to his work.

For a Ghetto the more numerous the Thoras the more glory it reflects on the community and its inhabitants. It is the great treasure of the People of Israel; the Word of God revealed to Moses. Yet, although the Jews rely so much on their Thora, they do not live according to it as does the Scot or the Calvinist, for example, who find food for their soul in the reading of the Bible. For, although the Hebrew has always read the Bible, even has known it by heart, there were not more than two or three who understood what they read, because it was written in Hebrew. And to translate or read it in another tongue appeared, for a long time, to be a profanation. So that the sacred book was as incomprehensible to the great majority of the Jews who read it as the Gospel in Latin would be to the peasants of France. But in Israel there is another book which has played a very important part, and which has had a far greater influence than the Thora,—that is the Talmud. The Talmud, the Tharauds compare to an immense collection of newspaper articles edited by the journalists of Israel. These journalists were the Rabbis and the doctors who spent their time endeavor-
ing to throw some light on religious questions. For these Jews this was their only intellectual activity; make commentaries on the law of Moses—to make it clear. But instead of throwing light on it they made it more involved, obscure and complicated. It is here that the Jewish intellect has sharpened its wits, so to say. It is here that the Jew has developed, with an almost unbelievable cleverness, his ability to argue, to bring two ideas together which do not fit. Their subtlety, natural to their Jewish mind, was greatly developed by the study and commenting of this old book through hundreds of years.

In the Talmud is explained how one should think; how to act under every circumstance. There are passages of pure inspiration side by side with others almost childish in their conception. The Jew takes pleasure not only in losing himself in trying to follow what is in the Talmud, but he enjoys complicating matters by bringing up new problems to be solved and by answering old questions with new answers. The Talmud is drawn from the Bible, but no two books were ever less alike. "La Bible, cette grande histoire de bergers, ce beau poème pastoral et guerrier, cette histoire patriarcale de quelques tribus de désert, ce grand conte d'Orient, cette épopée de la vie nomade. Et l'autre livre, fils de celui-la----tout en abstrait, tout en logique, en dialectique, en raisonnements, en arguties, qui sent
These two books, le Talmud and la Thora explain all in the life of Israel. It was in order to place the "sainte Thora", the crowned fiancée, out of reach of all profanation that the Jews have locked themselves in their Ghettos. It is to live according to the Law of the Talmud that they have lived for so many years a life secluded and peculiar to themselves, and so apart from the rest of the world. And if they have remained apart it is because they have so desired it. Since the fall of Jerusalem, in whatever country they have found themselves, the Jews have founded their Ghetto around the Thora. "En sorte qu'Israël a réalisé cette réussite paradoxale de n'avoir aucune patrie territoriale et d'avoir continué pourtant d'être un peuple, et l'un des plus homogènes qu'il y ait." *(2) And a little farther "On peut se faire l'idée que l'on voudra sur la valeur de ce peuple et son action dans les affaires du monde, mais on ne peut qu'admirer qu'il ait réussi à se maintenir lui-même au milieu des conditions les plus hostiles qu'une race ait jamais rencontrées." *(3)

And that hostility which the Jews have met on all sides from whence did it come? From just that—the wish of the race to remain and maintain itself. And to do that they had to withdraw from the rest of the world.

*(1) Petite Histoire des Juifs pg.16-Librarrie Plon, Paris (2) Les Annales Pol. et litt. Sept.15,1926 32nd. (3) " " " " " " " " " 
But if they lived apart thus was it because they had something to hide from the rest of the world? The most terrible things were attributed to them; diseases and communication with the devil and the like. Thus it turned out that after wishing to live apart they were forced to do so; they became prisoners in their Ghetto. And that is quite a different thing.

This change was brought about by the papacy. On one hand the Church protected the Jews because these Jews were the witnesses of the victory of the Church over the synagogue. All through the Middle Ages the Jews were nowhere so well treated as they were in Rome and Avignon. But on the other hand the Church took pains to keep alive the suspicion which hung over the Jews, and she incited the kings to force the Jews to wear some sign by which they could be recognized. But it was not the Church who had that idea first; the Mohamedan was the one to inaugurate the use of the round badge which all Jews were obliged to wear on their arms. It was the Sultan, Yakoub El Mansour, conqueror of Spain who devised this scheme and who said "Si j'étais sur que les Juifs se convertissent sincèrement à l'Islamisme, je leur permettrais de contracter des mariages avec les Musulmans. Si je savais au contraire qu'ils persistent dans leur ancienne foi, je les passerai au fil de l'épée. Mais je suis dans le doute. Aussi je veux qu'ils portent des vêtements qui les fassent remarquer et qui les ri-
But it was the Church who confined the Jewish race to the exchange of money. This trafficking in money as much as the idea of the Ghetto made of Israel a people to be looked upon with suspicion. Yet there again the Church simply sanctioned that which already existed. The Christians were forbidden to accept interest on loans, yet money was necessary. Therefore the Church and all the Christians were thankful that the Jew took upon himself the reprobation which this business carried. Furthermore the Jews always had this idea, which constitutes an important factor of his character; his people is a chosen people destined to dominate other nations. And gold was an excellent means to that end, as the political laws cut him off from other means of action. Also the Messiah might appear at any time, therefore why acquire lands or property which it would be impossible to take away on the return to Jerusalem?

And it came about that this gold which was in the hands of the Jews caused more suspicion and jealousy; the kings, the great lords and the clergy coveted this gold. Towards the thirteenth century when the rise of the middle class started, this bourgeoisie showed the same sentiment towards these people who were in compe- *(1)Petite Histoire des Juifs-pg.25
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tion with them. So that it may be said that "Ce n'est pas malgré les persecutions, c'est à cause des persecutions qu'Israel a maintenu son caractère national."
*(1) Thus the Church in keeping them apart has contributed a great deal in holding them together as a people. Perhaps the following statement of the Tharauds may have been construed as being anti-Semitic, for unless an author weeps over the misfortunes of a people or continually praises them he is accused of either not knowing his subject or of being an anti.
"Je crois que le compte de tous les Juifs brûles ou massacres pendant cinq ou six cents ans serait peu de chose si l'on songe aux innombrables pauvres diables tombés pendant les guerres incessantes de château à château, de frontière à frontière." The Jew was exempt from going to war. *(2)

What seems altogether interesting psychologically, and of a character(singular) in the Ghetto is "le drame des convertis." Whether converted in good faith or from hatred of their surroundings "les Juifs christianisés ont toujours témoigné d'une animosité incroyable contre leurs coreligionnaires."*(3) It was always these renegades who indicated the weak points where the Jews could be hurt most effectively. But the most tragic drama is that which submits the old Hebrew thought to

*(1) Petite Histoire des Juifs-pg 33
(2) Idem-pg37
(3) " pg 38
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the criticism of the Jews themselves.

There are two movements of revolt which have stirred the Ghetto. One is a revolt of the intelligence, the other a movement of mysticism springing from the imagination and the heart. The first movement was launched by Maimonide. He wished to make the Talmud something consecutive and in so doing rejected certain details. This caused a schism in the Ghetto, and there followed the usual phenomenon; the Jews persecuted each other with more animosity than the Christians had ever done.

It is exceedingly interesting to learn that the Reformation which started in Germany during the beginning of the sixteenth century is a prolongation of a controversy over the Talmud and other Jewish books. A young Jew had become converted to the catholic faith, and, as often happened, to prove his ardor he immediately denounced the Talmud and the other religious books of the Jews to the officer of the Inquisition in Cologne. This officer was a dominican, who went to Emperor Maximilian to have these books confiscated. Jean Reuchlin was asked to examine the offending books and he reported that under no circumstance should the books be destroyed as they were indispensable to those who wished to study the Christian religion. As to the Talmud he admitted not understanding a word of it, but says he "Que penserait-on d'un ignorant qui exigerait qu'on brulât des livres
And then came Luther. He continued the quarrel, not from love of the Jews but because it was his opportunity. So that the Reformation arose from a controversy over the Talmud started by a christianized Jew. Yet the Jews themselves were not affected by the Renaissance, neither were they by the Reformation. Luther, like the popes, had hoped to convert the Jews, but when he realized he couldn't he writes "Les Juifs sont des brutes, leurs synagogues sont des étables a porcs, il faut les incendier, car Moise le ferait s'il revenait au monde." *(2)

I said that the Reformation had had no influence on the Jews, but it had. The new ideas which swept over Europe at this time had the tendency of bringing the Jews closer together; of observing the Talmud more closely. Never were the minds more subjected to it. A very good example is found in the Ghetto of Amsterdam. The Jews of Amsterdam were of a better class than those of the Ghettoes of other parts of Europe. They had come from Spain, where up to the time of the expulsion of the Moors they had held a very good position. Many of them had succeeded, by intelligence and hard work, in attaining high positions in the state. Some who had become

*(1)Petite Histoire des Juifs-pg 61
(2)Idem  pg.65-6
christianized held positions in the Church; some were bishops, archbishops and ministers of state. This, of course increased the jealousy and hatred of the Spaniards. When Ferdinand and Isabella had expelled the Moor they turned upon the Jew. It is then that the exodus of the Jews from Spain started.

Many immigrated to Amsterdam where they were well received, first because the Low Countries were in revolt against Spain. But as soon as the Dutch found out that the newcomers with Spanish names were Jews, although their ardor cooled, they nevertheless allowed them sufficient freedom. The Jews soon built a synagogue and returned to the life of the Ghetto. And it is there that we witness some of the most tragic cases; young Jews trying to emancipate themselves from the binding law of the Talmud. There is the case of Gabriel Acosta; educated by the Jesuits, but returns to the faith of his fathers. He escapes to Amsterdam where he enters the Ghetto with great happiness. But he soon loses his enchantment. "Ce judaïsme des rabbins n'était aucunelement le judaïsme de son reve, le judaïsme de Moïse." *(1) Upon expressing his opinion he is excommunicated, which for him meant a living death. After standing this torture for fifteen years he begs to be readmitted to the fold only to revolt once more and to be expelled again *(1) Petite Histoire des Juifs-pg83.
with more cruelty. The third time he begged to be received back into the religion. This time he is subjected to the most degrading treatment. From that time on he locks himself in his house and writes the story of what he has had to suffer. He ends by trying to kill the relative who had hounded him all those years. When he doesn't succeed he turns the revolver on himself and thus ends his own life.

Another case is that of Spinoza. But Spinoza was firmer, if less aggressive. Upon his excommunication from the synagogue of Amsterdam he retires to the country and begins to write. So that the great effort towards intellectual emancipation, which started in the thirteenth century with Maimonide, ended in the seventeenth, after the Renaissance and the Reformation, with the expulsion of Spinoza from the Ghetto and the tragic death of Acosta. These people who had suffered so much to retain their own belief among foreign peoples could not sanction that one of their own should have a thought different from the rest of the community. Like many other sects the Jews who had been so cruelly persecuted had not been made any more considerate or more understanding by their suffering.

But the People of Israel did escape the cut and dried Law. They did not, however, follow the path of reason. No, they turn back to imagination. During the thirteenth century a Jew of Spain made up with the
elements which had been transmitted by tradition plus a copious amount of imagination, a book which he called Sepher ha Zohar, the Book of Splendor. Having attributed this book to a great doctor who lived centuries before, his book was accepted with enthusiasm by the Jews. This book was like a breath of springtime to the dry law of the Ghetto. It flattered that taste for the marvelous which the Orient delights in, and which the hard law of Moses had attempted to stifle. Instead of weakening devotion it strengthened it; for the Ghetto has always lived in the certainty that someday justice will reign on earth; the Temple will be rebuilt; the twelve tribes reunited and brought back to the holy city, where they will have acquired again their power, and they shall reign over the nations. "C'est ce rêve étonnant qui donne à son histoire une si profonde poésie." *(1)* For if the Ghetto has never found the genius to express itself, it is not because there is not poetry in the Ghetto.

Israel has been deceived several times in the advent of the Messiah. With their usual eagerness they have accepted each imposter only to fall back once more into their everlasting hope of deliverance.

The two movements, which we have outlined, continue through the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Some would like to see religion conforming more to the modern ways, while others turn away with dis-

*(1)* Petite Histoire des Juifs-pg 105.
gust from the civilization of the west to become more strongly attached to the old order of things.

The first man who tried to break through the intellectual barrier which separated the Jews from the rest of Europe is Moses Mendelssohn. He is one of the first among his people to undertake the study of western school subjects. Through the manner in which he lived he had a great influence not only on his own people but also on great Europeans of his time. He was interested in all the movements which preoccupied the minds of his time. Lessing and Kant admired him very much and were among his best friends. He has shown that it is possible to be a Jew and a great European.

He had wished to see Israel return to the Bible and rid itself of the Talmud, so he translated the Bible into German. His disciples, as happens often, were far more radical than he was: they believed that in order to become really European one must break absolutely with everything Jewish.

Another influence was Henrietta Herz, who, in Berlin, held a salon bringing together all that was most advanced in the Jewish world. With these influences working from within to disintegrate the Ghetto there is another from without which threatens to destroy the Jewish community. The new ideas of equality and liberty-of civil rights. The French Revolution, for the
first time, gave to the Jews the same rights that other peoples had enjoyed. Wherever the French army of the Revolution or that of Napoleon entered the Jews were emancipated. But with the downfall of Napoleon the Jews also were defeated. With the general hatred of France all through Europe and the Holy Alliance and finally the Romantic movement with its return to the sentiment of the Middle Ages, and naturally to the persecution of the Jew, the new ideas from France were soon stifled. But the revolution of 1848 once more spread the ideas of the French Revolution and thus we see that in the different countries of Europe, Germany, Italy, England, Austria, the barrier between the Jews and other Europeans is broken.

While these movements were taking place in the west of Europe another was counterbalancing it in the east, in Poland, Little Russia and Lithuania. In this oriental atmosphere, at the very time that Mendelssohn was having such a great influence on the western civilization, took place this mystic revolution. A poor Jew from the Carpathian mountains started preaching a new gospel; one of joy. To express joy prayers must be sung, the body must be swayed backward and forward; eating and smoking in the synagogues was considered pleasing to God. This new gospel placed the miracle within reach of everyone.
In this eastern Europe where this counter revolution took place, the Jew has found a second Palestine. Instead of the dry dust of Jerusalem there is mud-mud, and in the winter time-snow and mud. Here the Jew wears the caftan, and wears it until it falls in rags. But everybody is in the same condition so no attention is paid to appearance. Poverty is the general thing; everybody is starving; it is the natural condition of life. Furthermore the people of the Ghetto have always had a poor idea of work, just as all Orientals have. To the Jew work is a malediction sent by God to punish sin. So each one works just enough to keep from starving and leave the rest to the Lord. God is a good Father; he will provide. And as everybody goes hungry most of the time there is no class distinction.

Among the important men of the Ghetto there are the Kle Kodesch, the Rabbi, the precentor, the maker of sacrifices, the president of the society for burials, he who copies the Law and the members of the Town Council. Besides these there is one who has no counterpart in any other country. The Son-in-law. Not the ordinary kind, of course. The Son-in-law of the Ghetto holds a lucrative position. In the Ghetto, more than in any other country in the world, is the
study of the law considered the highest form of activity to which a man may devote himself. At the early age of four the Jewish child is taken to school where he remains until the age of thirteen. There he learns to read Hebrew. Many times the teacher himself has no notion of the language he is teaching, but all that is necessary is that the child learn by heart some five thousand six hundred and forty-eight verses from the five books of Moses. All children must go to school, and have always gone to school, so that the People of Israel has always known how to read. This is probably the reason why in this race of people is found that intellectual character which is not found so uniformly in other nations.

At the age of thirteen those who are called to continue their studies go to the yechiba. In the yechiba, where a learned Rabbi presides, the youths of from thirteen to twenty become initiated to the intricacies of the Talmud, on which all Jewish life is founded. These young men are the flower of the race, and it is among these students of the Talmud that are recruited the sons-in-law.

During their years of study at the yechiba these poor young men are entertained once a week by some well to do Jew, who thus sanctifies the day by
les Tharaud-
Petite Histoire des Juifs-19-
a good act. There is usually a young girl in the house; and there is no better match for the girl than one of these pious young students. His intellectual development has rendered him unfit for any occupation whatever. He cares for nothing but science, his science. In the Ghetto one is a son-in-law as her a man is a druggist or a lawyer. It is the most noble of professions. And the Tharauds add "avouez que chez nous aussi, il y a beaucoup de gendres, et qui n'ont pas la belle excuse de se livrer exclusivement à l'étude divine." *(1)

We shall see that it is through these sons-in-law, who should be the very ones to withstand all attacks, that some of the new ideas did seep through into the Ghetto. The new wave of mysticism had stayed, for a time, the flow of modern ideas which Mendelssohn had brought to his people. But Mendelssohn had translated the Bible into German, and that is the beginning of the whole trouble. The 'bachours', the sons-in-law, students at the yechiba, were usually lodged three and four together, not only in the same house, but in the same room. Until a late hour at night these young men studied their lessons in that sing song fashion which is peculiar to the study of the Talmud for the

But instead of studying the old Hebrew texts it was the German text that they droned. By comparing the Hebrew and German texts they succeeded in learning German. After the Bible came a grammar which was also chanted to route suspicion. From the grammar it was a short step to such books as "les Mystères de Paris" by Eugene Sue. Many are the tragic endings to these candle light studies. Many are the sons-in-law who had to choose between their new found knowledge and their young wives. Many times the lure of the west was too strong, and the young wife was left behind.

This influence was felt in the larger cities where the Jews came in frequent contact with the Christians, but in the closed Ghettos of Poland and the Carpathians, where the western influence has had little opportunity to permeate, the Jews have remained very much the same.

It was in 1882 that fate struck the modernized Jew a deadly blow. Alexander II, czar of Russia, was assassinated, and the Jewish people were made responsible for the crime. Many of the young Jews of the cities, who had been educated in the universities, became radicals and joined revolutionary organizations. From that fact the blame was placed on all Jews, and pogroms, massacres and pillage held sway in Russia. So the Jews with advanced ideas began to ask themselves if, after
all, their idea of assimilation was not all wrong. Many of these travelled Jews had become western business men and had replaced the dream, the ideal of the Ghetto, by a rather sordid materialism. Therefore, it is not surprising that these enlightened Jews felt discouraged over their problem. Yet out of this very discouragement has sprung a new idea which is absolutely Jewish in character and which seeks, through a new opening, the liberation of le Peuple d'Israel.

This movement is the Zionist movement. Neither did this movement spring out of the Ghetto. It was the Europeanized Jew who had come to realize that, by giving up all his traditions, he had gained very little. For even after becoming thoroughly assimilated, as they thought, the world continued to look upon them as a people apart.

The new movement consists of two essential conditions; the return to the Hebrew language, and the return to the land of their ancestors. With the Zionist, Hebrew becomes not only a religious and literary language, but a spoken tongue which gradually is called to supplant the yiddish. As for the return to Palestine, that is the old dream of Israel, under a new aspect, which has been the basis of the Hebrew religion.

On this Zionist movement the Tharauds feel rather dubious about the outcome. Some Jews have taken
exception to what they have said. "Je crois bien qu'ils ont pris pour de l'antisémitisme le scepticisme que j'ai montré au sujet de la réussite de l'entreprise sioniste en Palestine.-----Permettez-moi de m'expliquer--l'idéal sioniste, mais il séduit tout à fait mon imagination---Je ne doute pas que, si j'étais Juif, je ne me fisse sioniste.------Et puis, il y a la réalité." *(1)

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to outline the 'Petite Histoire des Juifs' by the Tharauds. From close observation, from friendship of long standing with the Jews of eastern Europe, particularly the young Jews, students at the University of Buda-Pesth, and probably, in a certain degree, from the sadness which these authors always feel at the passing of an old order of things, they conceived the idea of describing these people as they saw them. In the 'Petite Histoire des Juifs' is found the idea which is responsible for 'La Rose de Sûron', 'L'Ombre de la Croix', 'Un Royaume de Dieu' and also 'Quand Israel est roi'

*(1) Conferencia pg 514-November 15, 1926.
Quand Israël est Roi-1-

Quand Israël est Roi is a study of the Jew in Hungary. Here the Tharauds may not seem to be as much in sympathy with their subject as in their other books on the Jew. This is due in great part to the genuine antipathy which the Tharauds have for the passing away of the old state of things; they do not believe in what is commonly termed "progress."

It is a story of the rise and fall of the Jewish regime in Hungary at the time of the World War. As the brothers have said elsewhere, the Jew in Hungary started in his native ghetto, but soon became imbued with western ideas and customs. Slowly he supplants the Hungarian; he begins by lending him money then he takes over his land, piece by piece, until finally he has become the owner of the enormous estates of the nobleman.

At the time of the war they do not seem to have taken an active part in it. "Mais quand l'heure fut venue de prouver leur patriotisme autrement que par des paroles et des articles de journaux, ils n'ont eu qu'un souci: échapper au service et se défiler à l'arrière." *(1) Then came the debacle, the revolution and Bolschevick rule. The Jews were the head of this revolution, from whence comes the title of the book.

*(1)Quand Israel est Roi-Librairie Plon-88th. pg. 268
Quand Israël est Roi-2-

In reality the book is a history of the struggle, which has been going on for centuries, between the Christian and the Jew. In this case it is the Hungarian and the Jew. The Hungarian mourns over the loss of his country; his lands have been taken over by the Jew, the professions are filled with these people pushing out the old owners. These are too weak to meet their formidable enmmy on the same footing. The poor Magyar exclaims "Ils ont entrepris de dresser notre mentalité aux idées de l'occident, car la pensée est pour eux une affaire, une occupation profitable comme l'exploitation d'une marque d'autos ou de machines à coudre. Mais ils ne nous ont présenté qu'une caricature des idées de l'occident.----Sans qu'ils s'en rendent compte leur cervelle déforme toutes les idées qu'ils touchent." *(1) And the Jew answers "J'ai quelquefois entendu soutenir que notre réussite tient moins à notre intelligence----qu'à un certain manque de scrupules----mais si je regarde autour de moi, je ne vois pas que la probité chrétienne soit bien supérieure à la probité des Juifs. Je vous accorde seulement que notre malhonnêteté a plus d'imagination et d'envergure que la vôtre." *(2) And continuing his answer to the Magyar the Jew feels that the Jews were as much contaminated by Hungary as Hungary was.

*(1) Quand Israel est Roi-pg. 266-7
*(2) Quand Israel est Roi-pg. 271
Quand Israel est Roi-3-

perverted by contact with the Jews. And then "Nos Communists d'aujourd'hui, ces soi-disant hommes de l'avenir, ce sont les revenants d'un très lointain passé, nos éternels docteurs, nos éternels rabbins, nos éternels prophètes, nos éternels dupeurs." Et le capital de Karl Marx, c'est du Talmud encore!" *(1)

And the discussion goes on and on. The Christian never tired of complaining and accusing the Jew for all his troubles and the Jew never at a loss for an argument to defend himself.

In Quand Israel est Roi one feels that the Tharauds have a vague, undefinable fear of the restlessness of this people condemned to eternal exile and l'inquiétude enragée of a race who invented "l'angoisse du péché, le Dieu toujours en courroux, le rachat par la pénitence et le jeûne. Do the authors admire these new Jews, this product of a new civilization grafted on the old but never succeeding in becoming entirely one and forgetting the other? To the authors these modern Jews are not as sympathetic as the Jew of the ghetto with his idealism, his old customs and beautiful prayers. They have a feeling that in each one of these Jews is lodged a seed of radicalism which has a destructive tendency. Yet they have the courage to say, "Il n'est que peu de Juifs en France, et cependant il est fort à

*(1)Quand Israel est Roi-pg. 274
Quand Israel est Roi-4-

parier que si la France avait été vaincue, elle aurait connu, elle aussi, une nouvelle Commune---. Même en tenant pour fondé qu'à Budapest, comme à Moscow, le bolchevisme soit notre œuvre, que n'accusez-vous aussi les millions d'imbéciles que se sont laissés mener?"*(1)

So that if there is no great admiration yet there is justice, and as they have always maintained they have described what they saw, and that in a most expressive and charming style.

*(1) Idem pg. 273
In L'Ombre de la Croix we are given an idea of the great importance which is attached to the Talmud-Thora.

The community of Hounfaloù is in need of a new Thora. There is just one place from which a perfect Thora may be obtained; that is from Bels, the holy city where lives the Zadik. And no Sofer could be compared to Reb Elje Lebowitz. After much animated discussion Amram Trebitz is chosen to undertake the long trip to Bels. At the time of his departure the whole Ghetto assembles to see him off, and to slip coins into his hand to be given to the Zadik for special intervention with the Miraculous Rabbi. In the holy city of Bels, Amram Trebitz attends the great Jewish holidays; after the ritual bath with his brothers in religion they surge into the synagogue. After praying energetically with body and soul a banquet is served by the Rabbi of Bels. The description of the scrambling and rushing about for places at the tables; of the avidity with which the food is snatched up; of the admiration and veneration with which the Zadik is looked upon, is of a fascinating interest.

The ordering of the Thora is an important step. It took some bargaining to get the Thora copied for the amount that the Jews of Hounfaloù were willing to pay. But the Sofer had a son who could be an excellent son-in-law, and Amram Trebitz had a daughter who should be
very happy indeed to have such a husband. The marriage agent immediately starts the negotiations and on his return trip to Hounfalou, Amram Trebitz is accompanied by the Sofer's son.

The sympathetic description of the marriage ceremony among the Jews is well done. For the bride to have her beautiful hair cut off and the traditional satin wig placed on her head appears to the authors an act of barbarism, and their hearts cry out;— "O peuple étrange d'Israel, peuple insensible et passionné, qui dans ton jargon bizarre où tu as mêlé tant de langues, tant de sentiments, tant d'idées, n'a oublié qu'un mot, un seul, un mot que tu aurais trouvé partout, en Orient, en Allemagne, en Pologne, en Espagne, et même dans tes livres sacrés, le mot qui signifie l'amour, et que tu as négligé comme inutile à ton cœur!" *(1)

A son is born to the 'bachour' (son-in-law) and the daughter of Amram Trebitz, who is given the name of Ruben. For eight days the little Jewish children have sung and danced around the newborn child, now arrives the day of circumcision. The night before Abraham's knife is slipped under the mother's pillow to protect the child from the horde of fallen angels who do their worst on this night.

The little Ruben grows up into a small boy white and pale like wax, and he is called "un enfant tout en cire". Very early the little Christians pursue him *(1)L'Ombre de la Croix-pg.121 Librairie Plon,Paris 50th
with their jibs and Reuben learns to prefer to remain at home, in the house. Yet one day he goes out and two bad Christian boys cut off his side curls; curls which prove, by their length, the piety of the child. He is heartbroken; the road to heaven is closed to him. He picks up the dear curls, and cross lots he starts for home, but horror of horrors he comes face to face with the Cross at the crossroads. He looks away and runs all the faster through the snow, but that cross follows him always nearer and nearer. Finally he reaches the door of his home and throws himself with a piercing cry into the arms of his mother. "Maître du Monde, il était temps! la terrible main glacee avait déjà saisi son tzitziss." *(1)

The father did not chastize his son; he prayed and placed the curls in the Bible of the holy days between the pages of the book of the Judges.

Reuben is sent to school to learn how to read. The school is the most neglected, the dirtiest house of the village. The school master kept the ram, which no inhabitant of the town cared to keep, but which was necessary for the community. "Et bien qu'il soit écrit que ceux qui étudient la Loi dégagent un parfum plus exquis que l'encens et la myrrhe, les souffles rassemblés du Melamed et de ses écoliers n'arrivaient pas *(1)L'Ombre de la Croix-pg. 157
This is not ironical, it is l'esprit gaulois bubbling over. The school master is old, very old; for "celui qui apprend quelque chose d'un maître jeune ressemble à un homme insensé, qui mange des raisins verts et boit le vin sortant du pressoir." *(2)

Under the master's long ruler the children chant and swing their bodies to and fro; they repeat word for word what the master reads. And Reuben learns his texts and one day he recites publicly one of these texts. "C'est toujours plein de grâce, un bel enfant qui s'avance, le coeur gonflé d'émoi, dans un cercle silencieux, pour chanter sa chanson ou reciter sa fable." *(3)

But for the old Jews gathered around to hear the child "c'est toute la vieille Judée qui écoute parler Dieu." *(4)

Little Reuben can never forget the shadow of the cross. That shadow which is like no other shadow when it falls across one's back. He believes that if once he could look at the cross squarely his fear would disappear. To this end he includes this resolution in his prayer. He has promised and he will carry out his promise. On a hot summer's day, threatening with rain, he starts out. When he arrives, with trepidation, he

*(1)L'Ombre de la Croix-pg. 161
*(2)Idem pg. 163
*(3) " pg. 168
*(4) " pg. 169
les Tharaud-
L'Ombre de la Croix-5-
recites the usual malediction of the Jews, then he turns and looks at the poor tin crucifix. For a long time Reuben looks at this sad figure hanging from the cross; all fear has disappeared. "Il n'a pourtant pas l'air méchant", he adds. But while deep in thought in front of the cross the storm breaks. The wind blows his hat off, and there he stands in the face of the Lord his head bare. He is drenched and poor little Reuben is very ill with a fever. All this is a malediction—he dared look at the cross.

Many prayers have been offered that the child may be saved to his parents, yet it seems that God wants "cet enfant tout en cire." His father has seen that the Rabbi has changed the boy's name from Reuben to David, for it may be that God has decided to call a young Jew to him by the name of Reuben. But to no avail. It seems that both Reuben and David are wanted. As a last resort the distracted father goes to his schabes goy, a Pole, and sells him his son for two florins, which amount is to be deducted from the Pole's bill at the Jew's store. The Pole has a half used bottle of medicine which his wife had used, and which he now sells to the father for another florin.

Little Reuben is about well when a stranger, looking very much like a beggar, arrives at his home. He
is none other than the famous Sofer of Bels, he who
copied the Thora for the synagogue of Hounfalou. He
is little Reuben's grandfather, and has come to take
the child back with him to Bels.

In Bels the little boy continues his stu-
dies; he is to walk in his grandfather's footsteps, but
the poor child is dying—and no one seems to notice it.
Every year at the great festival of Kippour it is the
custom in Israel for the most pious man of the Ghetto to
blow the trumpet, the tones of which must reach the very
throne of God in Heaven. Reuben's grandfather had been
shofar for several years. He was old, and this year,
of all years, he put his whole soul and strength in
making this trumpet blow as long as possible. It was
to carry all his hopes for Reuben. The blast was long
and reverberating, but the poor old man, in so doing,
burst a blood vessel. Long he lay at death's door.
Frantic little Reuben, remembering those days when he
himself was at the point of death and his little comrades
hovered about his bed offering an hour of their lives so
grand that he could live, resolves to do as much for his/father.
He goes from one friend to another asking each to sign
his list inscribing the number of hours he will give
from his own life to save that of the pious old Sofer.
The long list of names is taken by little Reuben fur-
The grandfather returns to health only to lose his grandson almost immediately. After the child's death the grandfather finds the list of names which has saved his life. The poor old man gradually loses his mind through grieving for his little Reuben. The day when it is noticed that the word Adonai has been misspelled in his last Thora, the old man breaks down.

L'Ombre de la Croix is perhaps the most sympathetic and at the same time the most pathetic of the Tharauds' books. It is almost a poem in beauty of conception and understanding. I do not know of any story of a child told with so much love and pity. I have inserted several passages which show how much the brothers love childhood, and the little Jewish children with their beautiful eyes seem to be even more attractive to them. Everywhere in the book we feel the breath of poetry;—"Les oeilllets fanés refleurissent, les papillotes coupées repoussent. Mais les rêves déçus d'un enfant, les voit-on jamais refleurir?" *(1)

*(1) L'Ombre de la Croix—pg. 171
As l'Ombre de la Croix was a vivid picture of Jewish life around the Thora so is la Rose de Saron a striking description of the young Jew's life at the yechiba. In Petite Histoire des Juifs the Tharauds sketched the life of the boy in his early years at school, then of those among them who elected to continue their studies farther. These adolescents would gather around a Rabbi, and there all day long studied the holy texts.

The young Jacob Lipschutz comes into the world surrounded with the eternal hope of the Jew: he may be the promised Messiah. At school he learns quickly and at the age of thirteen is sent away to the yechiba. In the family there was a tradition of religious erudition; his uncle Salme was one of those blessed beings who spent their days in prayer and in reading the holy books.

With an introduction from this uncle Salme the young Jacob presents himself at the yechiba. His studies begin under the guidance of one of the other students, and the first thing which he learns is that it is necessary to accustom one's self to an evening meal consisting of dry bread.

In the evenings the 'bochers', as these students are called, gathered around a candle and continued their chanting and backward and forward motion which is an attribute of study and prayer. The children are awaken-
les Tharaud-
la Rose de Saron-2-
ed at five o'clock and return to the yechiba, where after
the recitation of the psalms the Rabbi comes in for his
daily lesson. With what enthusiasm is this Rabbi receiv-
ed; few professors can boast of having such an influence
over their students—"trente jeunes Juifs arrachés par mi-
racle à tous les soucis de la terre—seirent à discu-
ter les choses les plus lointaines et les plus inutiles
que l'on puisse imaginer." *(1) On the manner of study,
the gesticulating, the loud discussions, the mad scramble
to get the Rabbi's attention, all remind one of the frenzy
of the stock exchange, and should please our modern edu-
cators who believe in "motivation."

It is foolish to say that the Jewish race is
practical—"c'est le peuple le plus chimérique qu'on ait vu dans l'univers." *(2) For a real student of the
Talmud a clear idea is considered a poor idea; under its
clearness it hides some unfathomable questions. And it
is thus that the morning hours are passed at the yechiba.
On the stroke of twelve there is a grand rush for the
midday meal. The bashers disperse to the homes of cer-
tain pious Jews who sanctify their day by giving this
meal to one or more of the students of the yechiba.

Jacob is taken to Reb Nathan's house where
the fare is very meagre, and where, besides, he is o-
bliged to fast two days a week. On Fridays the yechiba,
*(1) La Rose de Saron de Saron, 40th-Librairie Plon, Paris
(2) Idem—pg. 46
after morning prayer, was closed, and the bochers went
out on the roads, two by two, begging money enough where-
with to buy dry bread for the week. Personality in beg-
gging is as essential, if not more, than in securing a po-
sition. He who understood his customers and was liked,
returned each Friday night loaded down with money and
slices of holiday bread. At Easter time the bochers go
begging for three weeks; this time not only to feed
themselves, but to clothe their frail bodies.

Jacob became very friendly with one of the
bochers which shared his mattress, and whom he called
Jonathan. This Jonathan was a ruse—he had the gift of
talking with conviction. And he always returned from
his begging trips loaded with gifts, some of which he
had taken while no one was looking. He also had advanc-
ed ideas. While exhorting the Jews on the public square
he was the most pious of pious Jews, but as soon as he
was out on the country roads he would immediately remove
his scarf to don a collar and tie. Jacob feels that he
should not be a witness such frivolous acts, but pays but
little attention to it until one morning, towards the end
of their trip he awakes to find Jonathan gone, but not
alone. He had taken all the profits of their begging
expedition.

Shortly after this Jacob moves on to another
yechiba. This time he goes to Puspok where he meets with
the adventure which has the greatest influence on his life. He opens a book printed in German! A man reads to him Goethe's poem 'Roi des Aulmes'. He is attracted by the queerness of the ideas while not understanding a thing. The following Friday he returns to the same spot and meets the same man who shows him a book written in Hungarian by Henri Heine, a Jew. That is an opening into a new world of ideas, and slowly he slips down the dangerous slope; he attends a theatrical performance for which he is almost expelled; then he subscribes to la Rose de Saron. While pretending to study the Talmud he, with four other bochers, study a German grammar, or arithmetic, or botany. Oh! the poor little Jacob is fast becoming a European.

A stroke of luck is about to come his way in the line of his marriage with Golde, the daughter of the pious Jew where Jacob takes his daily meal, and who was a rich man. But one of his classmates is jealous of him, and one night finds out that his studies are not the kind a good bocher should study. The Rabbi immediately calls the culprits to him and expels them. Jacob starts out on the road towards the west and at Latorca he becomes tutor in a family where there are small children. It is in the home of a modern Jew who removes his hat upon entering the house; Jacob does likewise. In this house there is nothing of the old Jew
les Tharaud-
la Rose de Saron-5-

law, no benedictions before meals; meat and milk together etc. And for the first time Jacob is conscious of his soiled caftan, of his unkempt appearance. In the books of his pupils he learns some geography, and some history and a burning desire to learn more. From meeting and speaking with his employer’s wife he gets another idea of woman. She persuades him to discard his Jewish garb and invites him to take tea with her and some friends. And it is in these social functions that he notices the attitude of the Christian towards the Jew and of the Jewish women, especially, towards the Christian men. Although Lea Bnaunstein’s salon attracted many of the best people of the town, both Jew and Christian, when the awful Tissa Eszlar affair started the Christians shunned the Jews, and the Jews, many of them were thrown back on the religion which they had foresworn.

Jacob finally decides to go to Paris; he buys a new suit, and for the first time rides on the train. He arrives in Paris with no idea of where he is to go; he wanders about until he sees a Kosher restaurant into which he throws himself. And once more he meets the soiled caftans, the caps trimmed with fur; he is back in his own country. But he must earn his living. He is advised to sell suspenders, hooks, needles etc. he carries slung over his shoulders. The first article
which he sold was a map of Paris, of the Paris of which he knew nothing.

The young student of the yechiba is very far away from his Talmud and the Thora. What a road he has travelled! Is he happier? Was ever anyone happier after breaking with the old? Yet we might be tempted to say with Voltaire, when the great Mohamedan's gardener tells him he is perfectly happy, that he has no doubts—"Pourtant, je ne voudrais pas être comme lui."

The book is written in the Tharauds' usual style soigne-clear and limpid. The story is true to life and told with understanding and 'esprit'. At one time we have to laugh at the frenzy of the yechiba, and then the pity of the struggle grips the heart.
Of all the books written by the Tharauds on the Jews none tells in a more charming or sympathetic manner of the life of these people in their ghetto. All the sordidness and poverty seems to have melted away with the ice and snow of the winter. It is spring in the ghetto; the religion of joy which the Balchem brought to the People of Israel permeates its life; "là-bas, au fond des synagogues, la frénésie dure encore. Une familiarité sans borne remplace la terreur sacrée, qui mettait autrefois entre Israël et son Dieu la distance infranchissable qui sépare la terre du ciel." *(1)

It is a story of Schwarze Teme (black impurity) so called by the Jews and White Chapel by the Christians, where two peoples are divided only by a pond overflowing in the winter time and just a mud hole in the summertime--"et quand de part et d'autre le mépris est sans borne, la haine devient sans raison." *(2)

And why are the seasons or nature even spoken of in this volume? The Jews do not understand nature and care nothing for its beauties. Here the authors of Ukraine, built up among the enormous fields of initiate us to the ghetto, by the Christians, and in which we see at work the beautiful Ukrainian girls--

*(1) Un Royaume de Dieu-Librairie Plon-25th-pg. 25
*(2) pg. 31
Un Royaume de Dieu-2-

"Le teint chaud, l'oeil bleu, les traits droits et réguliers, le corps parait comme on en peut juger d'un regard. Et la deminudité de ces beautes rustiques au milieu de toutes ces fleurs fait du printemps en Ukraine une saison d'une volupté unique."

*(1) While in the ghetto "pas un jardin, pas une fleur."

*(2) And the girls "enfermées dans leurs robes sombres et qu'on ne pouvait pas approcher! *

Yet these children of Israel love the moon and one of their most beautiful ceremonies is their hymn sung in honor at the time of the new moon. They chant and dance in rythm after which in the company of the Miraculous Rabbi they drink wine and eat little cakes. It is one of the oldest religious rites known, yet to the Cossacks, who were bivouacked in the Rabbi's open tent, it was nothing but a spectacle. And they laughed and applauded.

The Cossacks were in Schwarze Teme because the Jews had asked Count Zavorski, the Polish owner of an immense domaine, to have them come to protect them from a pogrom. From Elizabethgrad had come the terrifying news that the Jews were being slain by the peasants. What to do. Could they possibly call in the Cossacks to protect them? These Cossacks who had murdered their ancestors without mercy? Torn between

*(1) pg. 34
*(2) pg. 36
*(3) pg. 265
Un Royaume de Dieu-3-
two fears they finally call the Cossacks who are given strict orders not to molest the Jews in any way, and the Jews feed these soldiers with the best that is to be found, meat and drink of the greatest holidays. But in a few days new reports come in from Elizabethgrad, and the casualties had been very few and everything had returned to normal. In Schwarze Teme it was thought that perhaps they had acted a little too hastily, and then the Ukrainian girls from across the pond, every evening came to dance with the soldiers scandalizing the Jews with their forwardness. This was a bad example for the community, the Cossacks must go.

Count Zavorski, for whom the Jews had great admiration and respect, owned the land on which the ghetto was built. He had always been on very good terms with the Jews; he understood their failings, "mais comment n'eut-il pas aimé leur fidélité à leur race et à leur religion, la tenacité qui les maintient toujours pareils à eux-mêmes au milieu des nations, cette piété ardente ou ils puissent un reconsfort contre l'adversité des siècles, et ce gout des choses de l'esprit qui s'allie si bizarrement en eux au plus viv sentiment des réalités de la terre!" *(1) And the Jews felt quite sure that he, although a Christian, would in all probability go to Heaven like all good Jews. He had helped the Jews very often, and on certain

*(1) Un Royaume de Dieu-pg. 137
holidays supplied them with carriages and horses for their ceremonies. He called them "Mes Juifs" as he would have spoken of his children. It is quite probable that he had more sympathy for these Children of Israel than he had for the peasants on his farms, although many times he is forced to smile un tant soit peu ironically, but just as often in a friendly manner over what "Mes Juifs" do.

All through this book one feels le murmure lointain des siecles, which the Tharauds are able to make us feel beneath the noise and turmoil of modernity. Their magical insight imparts a deep significance to the most squalid Ghetto and clothes with romance that which to other eyes would seem merely commonplace or even sordid.
"Pour moi l'Orient c'est toujours une fuite, un recours à la solitude, au silence, à la politesse, à la simplicité, à l'oubli de beaucoup de choses que je ne déteste point en elles-mêmes, voire que je puis aimer, mais dont je m'aperçois tout à coup qu'il est possible de se passer avec une merveilleuse aisance." *(1)

Thus do the Tharaudé feel about Islam, and upon which subject they have written with so much sympathy, understanding and "mélancolie."

As a young man Jérôme visits Algeria during an Easter vacation. These are the impressions which the two brothers have given us in la Fête Arabe. "C'est Dinet qui m'a fourni tous les éléments de ce récit, dont aucun trait n'est inventé, mais ou sont rassemblés diverses aventures qui lui sont personnelles ou bien sont arrivées à des gens qu'il connaissait." *(2) This Etienne Dinet was an artist and for many years had been living in the oasis which had become very dear to him; so much so that he finally became converted to the Moslem religion.

The hero of the tale instead of being a painter is a doctor in the French Army, but who on being transferred to a post in France, feeling he can't leave his oasis where so many memories "flottent dans l'air," decides to resign from the army and put all his energy to bringing a little more comfort to Ben Nezouh while retaining

*(1) Les Aurales Pol. et litt-Paris-April 15, 1930
*(2) Idem.
all its primitive beauty. "Je m'emploie de tout mon pouvoir à ce qu'on ne fasse rien qui nuise à la beauté des vergers, ou qui ne soit en harmonie avec la nature et le ciel." *(1) "Et par un prodige dont cette race a gardé le secret, ménager avec un art infini une lumière qu'ils ont en excès, et faire circuler à profusion l'air dont ce climat est avare." But the Doctor, with the dream, has lost sight of that monstre called "progress." One new modern invention may contaminate a whole world of centuries old beauty.

What the Doctor had started in good faith was soon taken out of his hands by immigrants from Spain, and Italy. Where he had tried to keep the Arab on friendly terms with the French these new comers did everything in their power to molest and maltreat them. Finally all that remains of French from France in the town is the judge, "ce représentant de la nation conquérante, avec cette âme de vaincu au milieu de tous ces méteques, m'apparissait plus répugnant que l'affreux Maltais lui-même!" *(2)

The Tharauds do not hesitate to blame France for the sad treatment which the Arab has received in North Africa. Given certain faults which is inherent in the Arab with a sane and understanding treatment he could have been made into a staunch ally of the French—for "Il n'y a pas vingt ans encore, nous étions, nous autres

*(1) La Fête Arabe Librairie Plon-54th.-pg. 82
*(2) Idem pg. 144
la Fête Arabe-3-

Français pour nos Musulmans d'Afrique, le type de l'Eu-
ropean de race noble, à l'esprit généreux et querrier;
et le dernier des Arabes répétait que si le français
prononçait seulement la formule sainte, il entrerait
au Paradis avant les Musulmans eux-mêmes, car il est
noble et juste." But the new arrivals, for whom it has
been made very easy to become naturalized citizens "sont
en train de ruiner cette légende." *(1)

With what regret, therefore, do the authors write
of the Arab who has been forced to abandon his mud
house to become, once more the Nomad. They have trans-
mitted to us the sentiments and regrets which the painter
Dinet felt and of which he spoke with so much feeling
those afternoons while they sat together in the orchard
of the painter's home. At the same time they have given
us "une idée vraie de l'homme singulier, et si par-
faitement sincère."

In les Annales of April 15, 1930, the Tharauds
speak of la Fête Arabe as 'un poème en prose.' It is.
The Tharauds have succeeded admirably in acquiring that
'recul' so necessary in poetry; of being able to speak
of mud, of accumulated odors, of 'le caftan miteux or la
natte pouilleuse' and still leave that glamour, that
unsatisfied feeling of elated curiosity in the reader's
mind.

La Fête Arabe is the only book of the Tharauds which
may be called 'tendancieux,' and their object is to show
how disastrous may be the influence of what they call
*(1) Idem pg. 279
"le sinistre génie d'Europe" in corrupting a native population, and destroying a civilization.
Where in la Fête Arabe a thread of plot entitles it to be called a novel, Marrakech is purely descriptive. The hero is General Lyautey with whose army of peace the two brothers penetrated into the rocky fortress of the interior, where "à moins d'être un vrai poète, rien de plus accablant qu'un tel paysage d'autre monde." *(1)

The authors, in Marakech have lost some of the vehemence of their youth as displayed in la fête Arabe because their hero, General Lyautey, with much persistence and persuasion, had succeeded in arresting the pending disastre. "Une quinzaine d'années plus tard, les hasards de la guerre m'ayant envoyé au Maroc, je vis avec saisissement le résultat de ses médiations. Il m'arrivait l'étonnante aventure de voir réalisées d'une façon grandiose les rêveries de la Fête Arabe, et mon petit air de flûte sur le miracle de deux civilisations unies dans une œuvre commune magnifiquement orchestré par un musicien de génie." *(2)

General Lyautey received a telegram from Paris in July 1914, ordering him "d'évacuer tout l'intérieur du pays." The general was heartbroken and suddenly he had a sort of inspiration, and an unforeseen solution flashed upon Lyautey and led him to take upon himself the responsibility of an independent action which almost amounted to disobeying orders from home. In conference with his officers he resolved on a partial

*(1) Marrakech-librairie Plon-pg. 9
*(2) les Annales Pol. et litt- April 15, 1930
obedience, and he sent even more troops to France than had been asked for, but he refused to abandon the interior. By reinforcing his garrison there with every inhabitant who could shoulder a gun he made a defense strong enough to protect not only the interior, but the coast as well. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of Lyautey's bold decision.

In order to show how wonderfully Lyautey had worked for his country to preserve Morocco, the Tharauds, in Marrakech, have written some of their best descriptions. Si Madani Glaoui, the wise, the educated man, is also the greatest seigneur of the Atlas. Like the seigneurs of old in France besides their château in their own 'pays' they also had a residence in Paris, so the seigneurs de l'Atlas have their residence in the south and another in Marrakech. Into these Mille et une Nuits palaces the Tharauds introduce us.

This seigneur de Telouet is in fact a grand seigneur; and his arrival always causes much commotion. The women all in white rush out to kiss his knee and he lays his hand on the heads of those nearest him in a patriarchal gesture. His servants throw coins among the crowd, and these princesses jostle each other in their efforts to catch a few centimes. Le Glaoui is tall—"de prés, il était laid, avec un visage émacié, miné par la phstie, des joues creuses---toute un cote de sa moustache était complètement tombé, et ses lèvres assez fortes n'arrivaient pas à cacher de longues dents
Marrakech-3-
jaunes et mal plantées."*(1) Ugly he certainly was, but "plus certainement magnifique avec ses yeux admirables et son allure d'une distinction suprême!" *(2)

At the time of the war it was he who was responsible for uniting all the tribes under him and having them swear allegiance to France: - "En signant le Protectorat", says he, "le Maroc avait attaché sa fortune à la nôtre: l'heure était venue maintenant de montrer sa loyauté." *(3)

Le Glaoui's son, the one who was to succeed him as the grand seigneur de l'Atlas dies while in camp, and the heartbroken Glaoui follows him into the grave five days later. The Tharauds have painted a masterpiece of a real grand seigneur.

Yet, although very proud of the work which General Lyautey has done in Morocco, the Tharauds cannot forget that new civilization is at work on that ancient soil, and sooner or later all those old customs, that architecture, the graceful flowing dress will pass out of existence and nothing will remain but a few books describing them. That is all we have left of Greece and Rome.

*(1) Marrakech-pg. 160
   (2) "  " 160
   (3) "  " 206
I do not think that any one would ever think of writing a book entitled "Nos chers Tharaud." No. Notre cher Peguy conveys a feeling of regret for the friend who has gone before, but also another feeling very akin to pity for the friend very dear and very close to one but somehow not equipped to meet life as it is.

Les Tharaud have devoted two volumes to Peguy. They are two volumes of memoirs covering thirty years of the life of Peguy, ostensibly, but in fact they are a review of thirty years of literary life; of the intellectual problems which the generation of 1894 to the present day have had to face.

Peguy's intellectual life was that of a saint for it is made up generally of a variety, a mixture of human absurdity and contrariness.

Peguy was born in a poor section of Orleans; his mother caned chairs in order to earn a living for her son and herself. He was sent to the public schools but very soon his remarkable intelligence was noticed and he was given a scholarship for le lycée lakanal. From there he was sent to Sainte-Barbe to prepare for l’École Normale. On his leaving Normale he opened a small socialist publishing house and book store, and it is here that until the war broke out he published his Cahiers de la Quinzaine.

Peguy was a "force of nature." He had genius and
he believed in his genius, but he had a horror of
talent, that is talent which consists in knowing how
best to prepare, organize and present the ideas which
gush forth from genius. And that is the reason why we
have so many volumes of scribblings which Péguy wrote
and where the same word occurs a hundred times but the
meaning of which is modified by a different adjective.

Pauvre Péguy! Had he come from Orleans to Paris
alone without help; had he been left to meet and strug-
gle with newspaper men and editors; with his genius he
would have been one of the greatest of French writers.
As it was his literary career was made too easy. It
was unfortunate that his professors were his greatest
admirers, and with their influence he received scholar-
ship after scholarship until he reached Normale. Thus
for a number of years he led the life, rather artificial
and protected, of the student. He did not come in con-
tact with life, real life. He feels this too. Yet
when he leaves school what happens? Admiring friends
take the place left vacant by his professors. They
sponsor his project of running a publishing house where
he is able to publish everything that comes into his
mind. And he publishes his Cahiers where without order
or system he jumbles up with exquisite masterpieces a
véritable maze of political documents. And then the
running of this publishing house was a continual
struggle; the matter of money was a perpetual worry.
The little money his own parents had and that of his wife's parents all went to keep his shop going.

Peguy's conversion to catholicity was purely intellectual— for it seems to be rather a conversion to the religious idea rather than to the church. And this is not surprising in a man who having been deceived in all his earthly hopes had nothing left but to rely on heaven. When he left for the war he was like a crusader of old who saw in death but an open door to higher destinies.

These two volumes of "Mon Cher Peguy" are written with a fine perspective, a certain human pity, charming and reserved, for the great ideas of our times. It is permeated with a discreet and delightful humour especially when the authors pull the strings which make the political puppets move. The Affaire Dreyfus was probably never summarized with more keenness and commonsense than in this book. What deep reflections on the modern state— the modern school— the modern religion, all of which have in turn belittled the old world under pretense of liberty of conscience which after all had become a sort of oppression of conscience.

"Peguy—mais ce n'était pas impunément que cet athée avait méprisé si généreusement le père Combes, et Jaurès, et Buisson et Laval. Ce n'était pas en vain que Jeanne d'Arc l'avait présenté depuis longtemps à Dieu le Père, qui était certainement un abonné des
Péguy became a catholic more like a man returning to his old home and where he recognizes objects familiar to him long ago, surprised only that he had forgotten them. And after all way down deep in his heart he, who liked to command so well, secretly wished to obey; to follow. But he can not follow any whim, it must be a very high ideal-superior. And in this we feel something of the youth of the present generation who is in search of their ideal, but who when they have found it does not recognize it. So Péguy goes on seeking for this ideal, for a leader whom he can follow all through life. In the first place it is his professors, then Jeanne d'Arc, then Karl Marx, then Dreyfus and then God. In the end it was the war.

Péguy was always poor, and that poverty, "La sainte pauvrete" is still today what constitutes his greatness and glory, and perhaps also his weakness. Poverty was one of those "mystiques" about which he writes. He tells us that we must not confuse "pauvrete" with "misere."

"La misere est une condition ou le malheureux qui s'y trouve n'est assuré ni d'aujourdhui ni de demain, et cette incertitude l'astreint si rudement qu'il devient *(1)Les Aririaiils Pol, et Litt-pg. 7-July 4, 1926.
incapable d'une amélioration quelle qu'elle soit.
La pauvreté, au contraire est un état où l'homme vit
de peu, se contente de peu, mais dans lequel il possède
la sécurité du lendemain." *(1)

And his socialism is summed up in preventing the
disappearance of those old faubourgs of France, like
that where he was born—the old faubourg Bourgogne in
Orleans which is his "cher faubourg de pauvreté."

Peguy fell on the fifth of September 1914, the
day before the official opening of the Battle of the
Marne. The Légion d'Honneur in memory of Peguy was
refused because Peguy had died at the time of retreat
and not during the victorious advance.

This absurd gesture of an office employee crowns
Peguy's life—and we can say with the Tharauds "Notre
cher Peguy."

Dingley-l'Illustre Écrivain-1

Dingley-l'Illustré Écrivain.

"Il était né pour enchanter l'imagination des hommes, non pour philosopher sur la guerre." *(1)

The Tharauds have written here a biography of Rudyard Kipling at the time of the Boer War. Rather should I saw they have modelled the hero, Dingley, on Rudyard Kipling. With sarcastic wit and biting irony they describe the English at the time of the war in South Africa.

Dingley, the poet, was exceedingly irritated to find that a handful of Boers could hold in check the army of England, kill so many men and especially officers, young men the flower of England, but he adds "quel exemple unique de sang-froid donne au monde l'Angleterre!" And he cannot see the beauty of the resistance of the enemy. "Le vieux renard s'est rendu, dit-il d'un ton méprisant--déjà prêt à dégrader cette résistance de cinq jours qui, chez des hommes de sa race, lui aurait paru sublime." *(2)

Our authors were never for what we call progress, and all efforts of national aggrandisement or the imposition of our civilization on peoples of the remotest parts of the globe always revolted them. Even while admiring General Byautey as much as it is possible to admire a great man they never ceased to weep over

*(1) Dingley l'Illustré Écrivain
*(2) " " " pg. 45
Dingley-l'illustre écrivain-
the passing of the old state of things in North Africa. It is not surprising, therefore, that in Dingley they enjoy being ironical at the expense of the English whose slogan 'the sun never sets on British possessions' they enlarge upon. "De tous les événements qui, depuis Rome, avaient transformé le monde, aucun ne lui semblait de plus grande conséquence que la conquête de la terre par sa race." *(1)

In books on the Jews they several times mention the fact that from certain angles the English and the Jews resembled each other, and again in Dingley he says -"Il (Dingley) se sentait choisi de toute éternité, élu par la Providence, pour être le héraut de cette gigantesque entreprise." *(2)

Dingley from reading the reports on the war and haunting the saloons in the slums of London, "la ville du monde ou l'être humain, sitôt qu'il s'abandonne, déchoit le plus vite et le plus bas." *(3) Ruminates in his mind a novel the hero of which is to be one of those bums who going to fight for her Majesty makes a man of himself "pour avoir éprouvé au service de la Reine, de rudes fatigues, et senti plusieurs fois passer sur son visage le vent de la mort". *(4) The story had a tremendous success in the British world, "parce que, nulle part, l'illustre écrivain n'a exalté avec un plus haut sentiment d'orgueil l'egoïsme de sa patrie."*(5)

*(1) Dingley l'illustre écrivain pg. 7
*(2) " " " pg. 7
*(3) " " " pg. 24
*(4-5) " " " pg. 24
Yet it is in Dingley that the Tharauds have spoken with so much sympathy of little Archie Dingley. The little boy who with his father and mother goes to South Africa where his father goes as war correspondent. The little boy is stricken with fever and dies--"Jamais il (Dingley) n'avait imaginé que cette guerre put avoir une influence sur sa propre destinée." *(1) When he receives the telegram which has been following him for days, telling him of Archie's illness, he exclaims "Je vais savoir, se disait-il, comment s'exprime, à cette heure, l'inquiétude chez des hommes de ma race." *(2)

The Tharauds have shown us one phase of the English race, probably the most salient, but they do not show the sympathy nor the understanding which they bring to their work in later years and when speaking of other races, such as the Jews and the Arabs.

*(1) Dingley pg. 24
*(2) " pg. 24
The Frères Tharaud are admirable biographers. In their portraits of Paul Déroulède or of Charles Peguy they succeed in throwing just the correct amount of light and shadow on their subject thus avoiding falling into the very common pitfall of the biographer which is of giving only one side of the man they wish to describe; stressing too much certain traits and neglecting completely to bring out certain others. Here again we may say that a literary product gains in worth by having two authors whose outlook and understanding correct while completing each other.

One of the brothers, Jérôme, the elder, was for several years secretary to Maurice Barrès. It is from this experience that the book was written. This volume is of special interest because it gives us a picture of Barrès at the time of his peak in literary accomplishment. Barrès at that time had made an enviable reputation for himself—he had lived down his boulangiste connections as well as that of the Dreyfus affair. His 'culte du moi' was also in the past. The Barrès that the Tharauds outline for us is the Barrès of Voyage de Sparte, de la Colline Inspirée and of Colette Bandoche, and also the Barrès at the eve of the World War when once more he plunges into politics.

The methods which the Tharauds use in biography
Mes Annees chez Barres-2-
is to start from the outside and work in; that is the
social man is first considered to move thence gradually
to the inner man. It is a voyage of exploration; the
events are recorded from day to day with a refinement
which is gradual and easy, and which owes much to the
technique of the French novel.

The first chapter or two deal with the first
meetings of the secretary to be with the future
employer. Jérôme attends a matinée at l'Odeon, where
Tartuffe is being played and Barres gives a lecture
which opened with these words "Ignace de Loyola était
un de ces rastauquoueres comme on en voit au café de la
Paix..."*(1) That insolence, that familiarity, that
dandyisme, which Barres, in our mind, never seems to
have outgrown, just thrilled Jérôme. But seven or
eight years later what a change! Barres had made
volte face and "avait cessé de s'occuper de lui-même
(ce qui n'était d'ailleurs qu'une apparence.) Also
all the Normaliens were socialists and their man was
Jaurès. And above all with Peguy and with all l'école
Normale Jérôme is a dreyfusard while Barres is on the
opposite side. What a fall for Barres! The hero of
yesterday is excommunicated--"Pouvait-on le laisser
plus longtemps contaminer le troupeau?"*(2)

And five years later Jérôme becomes Barres'
secretary, of whom he had thought as Lucien Herr, the

*(1) Mes Annees chez Barres-pg. 31
*(2) " " " pg. 31
Les années chez Barres,

librarian of Normalé, who had damned Barres in these terms—"L'homme qui, en vous, hait les juifs et les gens d'Outre Rhin, c'est la brute du douzième siècle et le barbare du dix-septième". *(1) There is nothing in the antecedents of both men to win confidence—especially very little in the character of Barres.

During several months between the secretary and the employer it is only an armistice in preparation for war. "Les débuts furent orageux". Let Jérôme forget to put the light out in the library, write an incorrect address on an envelope or allow a mistake to pass unnoticed, each time Barres draws attention to the omission by writing his secretary "une lettre enervée". And in order to let the world know how he, Jérôme Tharaud, was independant in literary matters he publishes an article on "Les Amities françaises," Barres' most recent book. But suddenly everything changes—Barres dictates a chapter of his "Le Voyage de Sparte" and notices that his secretary has more sense than he thought he had; that he is far better qualified to put ideas in order than to replace books correctly in a library. From that time on Jérôme is admitted into the intimate laboratory where Barres creates...

Barres reads very little, but he is particularly interested in what the young authors are doing. He has a great admiration, almost a veneration for everything *(1) Les Annaes chez Barres-pg. 31
which exists with strength and simplicity. That is
one side of the nature of Barres which the Tharauds
bring out with some emphasis for it is that starting
point upon which rests Barres' theory of the earth
and the dead. In animals Barres loved and respected
a nature sure of itself and which was lasting. "Durer"
--les Tharauds remind us what admiration Barres had for
the word and for the fact.

The Tharauds give us an insight into Barres' method of work. There were two distinct phases. The
first left expression to what the ancients called
"le génie" or inspiration and which in our psychologi-
cal age we call the subconscious; the second phase
brought into play all the intellectual resources--all
the conscious forces. Barres who suffered from insomnia
always had handy a pad of paper and pencils to write
down his ideas as they came to him during his hours of
sleeplessness. And this is what he did wherever he went;
if an idea or a picture presented itself to his mind he
immediately jotted it down in his notebook, and these
scribblings, distributed later in a file, would at some
future time emerge as "le monstre." This monstre was the
first sketch of reality upon which to start real work.
And then would begin the work of paring off and adding
on, of development, searching for the modulation--the
linking of the idea and the music of the sentence.
Barres accepted every criticism, every suggestion that was made.

To Barres all beliefs were vain and the Absolute seemed to him a mirage, as was also truth.

The care with which he watched over his career, which he used to fill scrupulously the duties of a député des Halles as well as to worry over the least critical opinion would detract somewhat from one's admiration for Barres were it not that one must distinguish between his naïveté and his aggressiveness. Barres believed in the influence of criticism, he believed in renown, he believed in glory as one believes at the age of twenty.

There is very much in this volume, Mes années chez Barres; one meets Barres the country gentleman of Lorraine; Barres, the politician, and the chapter on Barres seized anew by politics at the time of the investigation on the Rochette affair is particularly curious and interesting.
les Tharaud-
La Maitresse Servante-

La Maitresse Servante.

Un drame campagnard is what les Tharaud entitle this work. It is the story of a young man born and brought up in the Limousin as they themselves were. Son of a provincial nobleman he was brought up very much as a peasant boy. At an early age he loses his father and following the custom of the country he immediately takes charge of affairs. As he says, from that time he accustomed himself to believe that in all matters his mother's will should give in to his. She meekly accepts the situation. Yet when it comes to being sent away to school he does like other boys and obeys his mother. Like most French boys his early school days seem more like days spent in prison. "What, he exclaims, had the professors to teach me?" "Il m'a fallu toute la vie pour oublier leurs leçons et ré- contendre les voix qui m'avaient parlé dans l'enfance."

*(1)*

A family tradition demanded that the son of the family should go to Paris to study law, and accordingly he goes to Paris where he spends much time at the cafe, takes a mistress, but speaks little of his study of law. After a few years in Paris his mother asks him to return home. She is forced to call him back

*(1)*La Maitresse Servante pg. 17
Les Tharaud-
La Maitresse Servante-2-
on account of difficulties on the estate. The young man is not at all pleased, although he realizes that it is to his own interest. But he says: "la nécessité m'irrite, l'acceptation m'humilie." For "j'ai toujours prétendu dominer les êtres qui m'entouraient et les événements mêmes." *(1) Therefore he is going to make this return imposing -by doing something startling. He decides to take his mistress back to his old home. It is easy to imagine the mother's feelings, but the mother blames the mistress not her son. On her side the mistress, Mariette, does not wish to go with him, understanding perfectly well his mother's attitude and her own position in this arrangement. But the young hobereau has been in the habit of having his own way and insists.

"Elle sentait, je crois bien, dans ma conduite plus de brutalité que de tendresse, et moins la fougue d'un amant que l'autorité d'un homme qui vient reprendre son bien." *(2)

When they arrive at the home station all he thinks of is the effect he is creating upon the country people. As times goes on the situation begins to pall -his mother ignores Mariette absolutely, while he, taken up with cares of his estate and with hunting, neglects.

*(1) Librairie Plon. 47e. Paris pg. 36
*(2) Librairie Plon. 47e. Paris pg. 75
les Tharaud-
la Maitresse Servante-
both his mother and his mistress. And then he is
irritated because Mariette does not put an end to the
difficult situation herself, yet when, after a violent
scene, she leaves him he follows her and brings her
back. Finally Mariette asks to be allowed to go to
work for his mother, thus breaking up their old re-
relationship. The lover feels nothing but relief.

Shortly after it is a question of marriage for the
young country gentleman, but on account of his escapade
it is impossible to find a wife for him in that part of
the country so his mother consults a distant relative
in Angoulême. Two months later he is married. Mariette
on learning of her lover's intentions of marriage leaves
his mother's service.

Up to now all the mother's efforts have been to
get her son out of the clutches of his mistress. Now
that he is married all her endeavors are turned towards
winning him away from his wife, although she it was
who planned and worked toward this marriage.

"Pour m'arracher à ma maitresse elle avait con-
senti à tout, jusqu'à la recevoir sous son toit. Elle
m'avait enfinressaisi-mais pour me donner à une autre,
et cette fois sans retour." *(1) Life is rather hard
on mothers.

One day the wife, who had been kept in ignorance
*(1) pg. 163-4
of her husband's love affairs, is acquainted of them by his own mother who wishes only to hurt the young wife's feelings. Another scene. And once more the man is excused to blame a woman. The young wife blames the mother for having tolerated the mistress under her roof. The outcome is that the mother turns over the keys of the house to her daughter-in-law. The grudge which she bore her daughter-in-law seemed to have brought her nearer to Mariette. Finally the mother decides to leave her children and retire to an old farm which has been in the family a long time. It is heartbreaking.

Mariette goes to live with the mother where she remains for the rest of her life. At the mother's death Mariette receives the farm where they lived together as a legacy.

A few years later the young wife dies. There remains but Mariette who has taken the appearance of a country woman.

"Sa personne a pris un air rustique ou religieux, ce qui est a peu pres la meme chose." *(1)

The ancient lover pays a tribute to this wonderful woman-"Mariette m'a souvent fait penser a ces sources captives: elles sont la fideles, abondantes, toujours pretes pour les soins domestiques, et l'on y voit le ciel." *(2)

* (1) 178
* (2) 179
La Maîtresse Servante is a simple story, but it is told in such a way that it is an astonishing parallel between every change in the atmosphere and the change of feeling in the characters. The change of seasons, which is described with a finished art, corresponds with the change that takes place in the heart of the hero.

"Ce matin-là tout le monde était aux prés. On fanait. Je voyais----les enfants se bousculer dans les meules etc.

J'étais gai, j'étais léger, et dans des dispositions à jouir de toutes choses. La beauté du paysage, qui me frappait d'autant plus que j'en étais deshabitué ----" *(1)

It is the work of artists.

*(1) pg. 59
La Maîtresse Servante-Bibliothèque Flon
Les Tharaud

Rendez-vous Espagnols.

Rendez-vous Espagnols is a newspaper man's article on Spanish affairs. Les Tharaud visit Spain, interview the King, Primo de Rivera, Moulay Hafid and an old liberal M.de Romanones, culling in this way the views of these men on the Spanish Question.

This little pamphlet is divided into six chapters where the conscientious war correspondent and the column writer appears at his best. And it seems rather curious that the Tharauds tried to break into newspaper work but were informed that they were not inspired; yet this little book would prove the contrary.

The first chapter is an insight into the causes leading up to the revolution which made Primo de Rivera's coup d'état possible. It is a very vivid picture of the existing conditions between two lifelong friends, Berenquez and Silvestre, who become enemies because one is very much in the King's favor, and the other from lack of it is balked at every step. From this misunderstanding Spain is thrown into anarchy and Primo de Rivera takes the helm and "continue de gouverner sans ministres, sans Parlement, sans contrôlé." (1)

(1) Rendez-vous Espagnols. pg.15 Librairie Plon, 8 rue Garancière, Paris 6°. 1925
A hasty silhouette of King Alfonso is etched to bring up a few of the problems debated in Spain; the relative liberty enjoyed in such countries as America, England and Spain under the de Rivera régime. Also "le (1) grand problème aujourd'hui, c'est de savoir si le parlementarisme est capable de défendre l'actuel ordre des choses contre l'esprit soviétique."

"Primo de Rivera," says Tharaud, "has the optimism of a gambler "oui a de l'estomac et qui sait aussi ou'il a la chance."(2)

The old liberal, M. de Romanonès believes firmly that outside of parlementarism there is no hope for his country, and the Tharauds add "c'est peut-être bien une illusion." (3)

The pen picture of Moulay Hafid leaves the impression that Hafid has used much energy to feather his own nest. After having been quite openly in the pay of the Germans and fighting against the French in Morocco he yearns for no greater happiness than to live as a bourgeois in France—"à Versailles cultiver le jardin de Candide." (4)
All these different opinions on the political situation in Spain are summed up in the final chapter "Un mois après." Rivera's policy was to keep out of Morocco, seething with rebellion, in spite of the treaty of 1912 between France and Spain wherein each country takes on herself to establish "sécurité" in her respective zone. Les Tharaud also use the opportunity to speak again of General Lyautey and to praise him for his very fine work in North Africa: "C'est une victoire quotidiennegagnée par dix années d'une administration faite de sagesse et d'affection pour l'indigène." And the very last lines of the volume which the King of Spain told les Tharaud "non sans regret,-
Voyez-vous, ce qui nous a manqué à nous autres Espagnols, c'est d'avoir un Lyautey." (5)

It is characteristic of les Tharaud that unobtrusively, apparently, they insert their own thought or reaction and the reader stumbles on it causing a thrill of pleasure.

(5) Rendez-vous Espagnols. pg.83 Librairie Plon, 8 rue Garancière, Paris 6o. 1925.
La Semaine Sainte a Seville -1-

La Semaine Sainte a Seville.

This is a recueil of impressions on the processions and ceremonies of Holy Week in Seville. But with the Tharauds become intimate feelings. They bring in short anecdotes and descriptions which make them as fluid as conversations.

After having wandered through the city for several hours he exclaims "Je l'avoue, je suis très déçu. --- Ah! que c'est fastidieux ces longues files de processionnants en robe de couleur! ---Quel carnaval triste et correct! *(1) But he blesses that voice which arises in a saeta and "divinise un moment ce carnaval."

Gentilly ironical he smiles at the familiarity with which the Spaniards treat their saints; those painted statues of more or less artistic value. But suddenly he is attracted by the apparition of the Gran Poder, a magnificent statue of Christ by Pedro de Mena, but not in a procession, for, "mais comme on voit que la beauté ne peut pas vivre dans la foule! Dans ce décor de cavalcade je ne l'avais pas reconnue." *(2)

Of course one can not go to Spain without hearing of Don Juan or seeing the house where he lived. He seems to have lived everywhere much as Roland seems to have crossed the Pyreennes in half a hundred different places. So our authors in Seville are taken to la

*(1) pg. 7
*(2) pg. 40
La Semaine Sainte a Seville-

Caritad, which was M. de Manara's home and which, after having led the life of Don Juan until his wife's death, turns over a new leaf and becomes "a la maniere de vos Messieurs de Port-Royal" a recluse. Les Tharauds try to find wherein lies the charm of Don Juan for women; his portrait reveals no extraordinary beauty. It is only on leaving la Caritad, going through the garden that a mass of roses in bloom attract their attention. "Et cette chose insaisissable, tout a fait invisible, qu'on n'a nul part dans le portrait de Valdes Leal, ce parfum qu'a trois siecles de distance on respire encore dans ces fleurs, ce devait être ça le secret de Don Juan." *(1)

Their visit to the Escorial in even more deceptive than their impression of the processions of Seville. "C'est plat, c'est pauvre et sans flamme.---- C'est le temple de l'ennui." *(2) It appears that ostentation, the desire to exaggerate, brings out the desire to laugh at the ridiculous with the Tharauds. "des centaines de tombes, occupées ou vides encore, bien alignées pour la parade du Jugement dernier." *(3) And tourists affect them as they do some of us. "Une personne qui fait partie de notre caravane s'extasie sur tous ces objets......Funeste idée, et qui fut cause que je perdis ma derniere illusion,"*(4)
for all those objects were unauthentic.

There are sixty-three pages of interesting reading, written with a marvelous art, but showing their lack of sympathy perhaps with the "barbarous" Spaniard.

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