

the middle-class employees will largely share it. Already the lines of class-cleavage between the hand worker and miserably sweated brain worker have almost disappeared. This 'ca' canny' mood will affect the employers no less than the men. The natural tendency to repair machinery and restart trade will be checked at every turn by the knowledge that between the burden of internal taxation amounting to half the national income, and the load of the foreign tribute, all chance of appreciable profits has disappeared. Banks will refuse credit, for until the first two years are over, no one will know what Germany's liabilities really are, nor until she is admitted to the League will her chances of trade be worth estimating. The ruin will go on unchecked, and the irresistible conviction will grow that the only chance of restarting life lies in repudiating

The Nation, May 24

debts, or in socializing without compensation. The Entente, in short, by this Treaty, is reducing Germany to a despair as deep as Russia's. In the long run, the only possible field for German energy is Russia, and whether Lenine rules or Kolchak, no force can ultimately keep the German population from carrying its skill and science to the mental desert of the East. In the end, the two peoples whom the West has wronged will seek their *revanche* together. But for a vivid, angry, resourceful, positive movement of protest and resistance, one need not look to-morrow. That in the end would be better for the world, for courage may do much to glorify ruin. Lethargy, despair, decay, the decline of an elaborate civilization, the slow lapse into disrepair of a great machine, that will be the immediate consequence of this Treaty that murders hope.

LITTLE GRAY WATER

LITTLE Gray Water, my heart is with you

In the loop of the hills where the lone heron feeds,
Where your cloak is a cloud with a lining of blue,
And your lover a wind riding over the reeds.

Little Gray Water, I know that you know

What the teal and the black duck are dreaming at noon,
And the way of the wistful wild geese as they go
Through the haze of the hills to keep tryst with the moon.

Little Gray Water, folk say and they say

That the homing hill-shepherd, benighted, has heard
A song in the reeds, 'twixt the dawn and the day,
That was never the song of a breeze or a bird.

But I know you so silent, so silent and still,

And so proud of your trust that you'll never betray
What the fairies that gather from Grundiston Hill
Tell the stars before morning to witch them away.

W. H. O.

Punch

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

‘Niagara.

‘ALL the way, I had remembered the ales of the roar of the water, and how it can be heard for miles, but what I heard was only the train, and even when I stood in Niagara, within 500 yards of the American fall, I hardly heard it; what I heard was the rapids above the fall, which are picturesque and beautiful, in spite of the ice, yet perhaps nothing out of the way in the magnificent sense. They are a rush and a wild crying of rather clear greenish water much broken by falling and by rocks and by the big Goat Island in the middle of the falls.

‘I wandered down the stream and quite soon saw the edge, with the water going over the edge, and nothing beyond the edge except the Canadian shore 400 yards away. Just at the edge the water greened and went very fast, so I hurried up, right to the rail by the brink, and as I came within ten yards (going in the direction of the stream) I heard the fall’s big voice, and then, when I looked over the edge, it was really terrific.

‘It is all heaped and built up below with mounds and skulls of gigantic ice, with icicle teeth in their jaws. These mounds come up halfway the height of the falls, and the water goes down into a chasm among them, and ten yards down from the edge it ceases to look like water, but is like teased wool and terror and God knows what; and out of the chasm comes a smoke of water, infinitely strange and like the ghost of water, and this rises and flies about, overhead and everywhere, and fills the air with drops, and falls on the trees and freezes three inches thick.

‘I crossed over to Canada, and

wandered on till I could see the Horse-shoe. I suppose the gorge is some 200 feet deep or more, and this vast bulk of water topples into it and comes up again in a mist much higher than the fall, and floats around everywhere, not like mist so much as escaping steam, and in among it are great noble sea-eagles, drowsing and drifting and cruising, and underneath is a vast, glacier bulk of ice, with rifts of bedeviled water, and a whirlpool going round and round, churning up ice and trees and chunks of things which might be bodies and slowly freezing, so that the ice near it has big irregular curves in it, where the rings of the whirlpool have frozen.

‘The fall itself is not easy to describe. It is rather clear, greenish water, and it is quite quiet, not very deep just before the fall, and it rises and goes over the lip almost like metal, and then seems to see what it is doing, and seems to try to get back, and ceases to be water, or anything like water, or anything on earth, but something rather white and devilish and astonished, and one could watch it all day forever, not with awe, perhaps, but with a kind of kinship with it.

‘The air is so mist-soaked that everything near, roads, gorge, and rails, is caked and heaped with hard white ice, and this will sometimes stay till July, they tell me, in its bigger heaps. The noise of the falls is not so terrific, nothing terrible, but is — like all big water — like trains going by. Sometimes, they say, when the ice is breaking up and going over in bergs, many tons in weight, the noise is too awful, but not now.

‘I drove to the rapids below the falls. The river below the falls runs in a narrow gorge only 300 feet across, and I suppose the same in height, and you go down the gorge in a cliff railway like the one at Clifton, and if the