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EDITORIAL.

HONOURING THE DEAD.

No people know better than our great Allies, the French, how to organise a Pageant of Victory, for they possess the sensibility, the discernment, and the appreciation of beauty, which must be the inspiration of successful pageantry, and those who were privileged to share in the Victory celebrations in Paris on July 14th will, to the end of their lives, remember their glory and splendour.

We quote the words of an eye-witness, Mr. Perceval Landon, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who wrote from Paris on Sunday night. "Below me, in the darkness, is the most moving panorama of one of the most wonderful scenes that have ever taken place in France. To-morrow's great celebration may surpass it as a festival, but the honouring of the dead, all through these hours of darkness until the first streaks of dawn redden the sky behind Montmartre, is a spectacle that for sheer beauty and infinite pathos can never have a rival, even in this land of chivalry and romance. It is taking place round the Arc de Triomphe, and from the height of one of the greatest buildings beside it a scene is spread out before me of such eerie and exquisite beauty that a painter rather than a writer is needed to give an idea of its splendour and majesty."

Under the Arc de Triomphe, blazing with the light of the huge flambeaux which encircle it was set up the cenotaph as a memorial to the immortal dead. "Although only one avenue of approach and one of retreat have been left open for the pilgrims to this shrine, to-night," writes Mr. Landon, "the Place seems filled from side to side.

"It is not France only who keeps vigil beside this golden shrine. For this day, and for to-morrow, frontiers are swept away, and one knows that, all unconsciously perhaps, there are many lonely homes, not in England only, but scattered throughout the world,

wherever decent white civilisation has penetrated, from wherever the note of honour goes up to-night to blend with the funeral pageant of this triumphal hill. It is difficult to say how one knows it, but all this great vigil seems shot through and through with a deep dependence upon, and trust in another life. There is not a man or a woman in the crowd below but feels that his lost one is in some measure brought nearer to him to-night, and that, to quote Bunyan's undying phrase, beside the jubilation of this Paris of ours on the other side also, 'the trumpets are all sounding for those who have gone before.'"

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning a brief ceremony, organised with the perfection with which such functions are arranged by the Municipal Council of Paris, was held at the shrine. The President of the French Republic in the name of the State, and the Premier in the name of the Government, to the solemn strains of the "Chant du Départ," each advanced and laid a wreath upon the golden shrine, in the presence of Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, and other high dignitaries. "Immediately afterwards a poilu and a seaman—each with a glittering record of service in the ranks or the lower deck—deposited this last mark of honour on behalf of those who had been the comrades of the dead, and gave place to a woman of Alsace and a woman of Lorraine, each bearing a garland of eternal gratitude from the long-lost provinces."

Then the brief and pregnant ceremony came to a close, and the vanguard of the great procession of the Victory March moved slowly under the arch. A vanguard, composed of men broken in the war—*les mutilés*—to whom the place of honour was accorded before the Army triumphant, in which British troops from all corners of the Empire bore an honoured part, passed through the gateway of the Arc de Triomphe, opened for the first time since the war of 1870. It was the day for which France had waited, which her valour had won, and on which she entered into her reward.

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