

In the sublimity of that broader and better allegiance, into which the Science of Being leads us, every good man and woman will be an integral part of its glory, just as every blade of grass, impearled by the dews of heaven, lifts its jeweled crest to kiss the dawn, and to reflect the splendor of the rising sun.

As woman was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre; as woman was the holy messenger to proclaim a risen, triumphant Saviour, so now, in the opening splendors of his kingdom on earth, a woman, another Mary, is the sweet messenger of "glad tidings" and

"Her clear voice is heard in the van
Proclaiming the dawn, when all nations
Shall echo the Great Heart's pulsations,
And God be reflected in man.

"She guards the Christ love in her keeping;
By her are the Christmas chimes rung;
She rekindles the yule-fire's glory,
And all the world over, the story
Is written, and spoken, and sung.

"And all the world over the people
Are spreading the blessing abroad;
Are cleansing the depths of the fountain;
Are climbing the heights of the mountain;
Are waiting the coming of God."

ÉMILE ZOLA



ÉMILE ZOLA, eminent French novelist, whose championship of Dreyfus, the Alsatian Jew, captain of engineers in the French army, brought him prominently before the public in connection with that remarkable case, was born at Paris, April 2, 1840. The ostensible charge against Dreyfus was that he had sold military information to a foreign government. Three days after the acquittal of Major Esterhazy on the charge brought by Dreyfus's brother that the former was the real author of the *bordereau* which Captain Dreyfus was accused of having prepared, Zola published his famous "J'accuse" letter to President Faure, which, as he had anticipated, resulted in his own arrest. He was convicted of libel, and sentenced to banishment. He did not, however, cease to promote the agitation in Dreyfus's behalf, and his efforts did much to bring about a re-trial of the case, and to prove how antiquated, and sometimes farcical, are French modes of justice. He was accidentally killed by asphyxiation Sept. 28, 1902.

HIS APPEAL FOR DREYFUS

DELIVERED AT PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1898, AT THE ZOLA TRIAL FOR LIBEL

IN THE Chamber at the sitting of January 22, M. Méline, the Prime Minister, declared, amid the frantic applause of his complaisant majority, that he had confidence in the twelve citizens to whose hands he intrusted the defence of the army. It was of you, gentlemen, that he spoke. And just as General Billot dictated its decision to the court-marshal intrusted with the acquittal of Major Esterhazy, by appealing from the tribune for respect for the *chose jugée*, so likewise M. Méline wished to give you the order to condemn me "out of respect for the army," which he accuses me of having insulted!

I denounce to the conscience of honest men this pressure brought to bear by the constituted authorities upon the justice of the country. These are abominable politi-

cal practices which dishonor a free nation. We shall see, gentlemen, whether you will obey.

But it is not true that I am here in your presence by the will of M. Méline. He yielded to the necessity of prosecuting me only in great trouble, in terror of the new step which the advancing truth was about to take. This everybody knew. If I am before you, it is because I wished it. I alone decided that this obscure, this abominable affair, should be brought before your jurisdiction, and it is I alone of my free will who chose you, you, the loftiest, the most direct emanation of French justice, in order that France, at last, may know all, and give her decision. My act had no other object, and my person is of no account. I have sacrificed it in order to place in your hands, not only the honor of the army, but the imperilled honor of the nation.

It appears that I was cherishing a dream in wishing to offer you all the proofs, considering you to be the sole worthy, the sole competent judge. They have begun by depriving you with the left hand of what they seemed to give you with the right. They pretended, indeed, to accept your jurisdiction, but if they had confidence in you to avenge the members of the court-martial, there were still other officers who remained superior even to your jurisdiction. Let who can understand. It is absurdity doubled with hypocrisy, and it shows clearly that they dreaded your good sense—that they dared not run the risk of letting us tell all and of letting you judge the whole matter. They pretend that they wished to limit the scandal. What do you think of this scandal—of my act which consisted in bringing the matter before you—in wishing the people, incarnate in you, to be the judge?

They pretend also that they could not accept a revision in disguise, thus confessing that in reality they have but one fear, that of your sovereign control. The law has in you its complete representation, and it is this chosen law of the people that I have wished for—this law which, as a good citizen, I hold in profound respect, and not the suspicious procedure by which they hoped to make you a laughing-stock.

I am thus excused, gentlemen, for having brought you here from your private affairs without being able to inundate you with the full flood of light of which I dreamed. The light, the whole light—this was my sole, my passionate desire! And this trial has just proved it. We have had to fight step by step against an extraordinarily obstinate desire for darkness. A battle has been necessary to obtain every atom of truth. Everything has been refused us. Our witnesses have been terrorized in the hope of preventing us from proving our case. And it is on your behalf alone that we have fought, that this proof might be put before you in its entirety, so that you might give your opinion on your consciences without remorse. I am certain, therefore, that you will give us credit for our efforts, and that, I feel sure, too, that sufficient light has been thrown upon the affair.

You have heard the witnesses; you are about to hear my counsel, who will tell you the true story, the story that maddens everybody and that everybody knows. I am, therefore, at my ease. You have the truth at last, and it will do its work. M. Méline thought to dictate your decision by intrusting to you the honor of the army. And it is in the name of the honor of the army that I too appeal to your justice.

I give M. Méline the most direct contradiction. Never have I insulted the army. I spoke, on the contrary, of my sympathy, my respect for the nation in arms, for our dear soldiers of France, who would rise at the first menace to defend the soil of France. And it is just as false that I attacked the chiefs, the generals who would lead them to victory. If certain persons at the War Office have compromised the army itself by their acts, is it to insult the whole army to say so? Is it not rather to act as a good citizen to separate it from all that compromises it, to give the alarm, so that the blunders which alone have been the cause of our defeat shall not occur again, and shall not lead us to fresh disaster?

I am not defending myself, moreover. I leave history to judge my act, which was a necessary one; but I affirm that the army is dishonored when gendarmes are allowed to embrace Major Esterhazy after the abominable letters written by him. I affirm that that valiant army is insulted daily by the bandits who, on the plea of defending it, sully it by their degrading championship—who trail in the mud all that France still honors as good and great. I affirm that those who dishonor that great national army are those who mingle cries of "Vive l'armée!" with those of "A bas les juifs!" and "Vive Esterhazy!" Grand Dieu! the people of Saint Louis, of Bayard, of Condé, and of Hoche, the people which counts a hundred great victories, the people of the great wars of the Republic and the Empire, the people whose power, grace, and generosity have dazzled the world, crying "Vive Esterhazy!" It is a shame the stain of which our efforts on behalf of truth and justice can alone wipe out!

You know the legend which has grown up: Dreyfus was

condemned justly and legally by seven infallible officers, whom it is impossible even to suspect of a blunder without insulting the whole army. Dreyfus expiates in merited torments his abominable crime, and as he is a Jew, a Jewish syndicate is formed; an international *sans patrie* syndicate disposing of hundreds of millions, the object of which is to save the traitor at any price, even by the most shameless intrigues. And thereupon this syndicate began to heap crime on crime, buying consciences, precipitating France into a disastrous tumult, resolved on selling her to the enemy, willing even to drive all Europe into a general war rather than renounce its terrible plan.

It is very simple, nay childish, if not imbecile. But it is with this poisoned bread that the unclean press has been nourishing our poor people now for months. And it is not surprising if we are witnessing a dangerous crisis; for when folly and lies are thus sown broadcast, you necessarily reap insanity.

Gentlemen, I would not insult you by supposing that you have yourselves been duped by this nursery tale. I know you; I know who you are. You are the heart and the reason of Paris, of my great Paris, where I was born, which I love with an infinite tenderness, which I have been studying and writing of now for forty years. And I know likewise what is now passing in your brains; for, before coming to sit here as defendant, I sat there on the bench where you are now. You represent there the average opinion; you try to illustrate prudence and justice in the mass. Soon I shall be in thought with you in the room where you deliberate, and I am convinced that your effort will be to safeguard your interests as citizens, which are, of course, the interests of the whole nation. You may make

a mistake, but you will do so in the thought that while securing your own weal you are securing the weal of all.

I see you at your homes at evening under the lamp; I hear you talk with your friends; I accompany you into your factories and shops. You are all workers—some tradesmen, others manufacturers, some professional men; and your very legitimate anxiety is the deplorable state into which business has fallen. Everywhere the present crisis threatens to become a disaster. The receipts fall off; transactions become more and more difficult. So that the idea which you have brought here, the thought which I read in your countenances, is that there has been enough of this and that it must be ended. You have not gone the length of saying, like many: "What matters it that an innocent man is at the Ile du Diable? Is the interest of a single man worth this disturbing a great country?" But you say, nevertheless, that the agitation which we are carrying on, we who hunger for truth and justice, costs too dearly! And if you condemn me, gentlemen, it is that thought which will be at the bottom of your verdict. You desire tranquillity for your homes, you wish for the revival of business, and you may think that by punishing me you will stop a campaign which is injurious to the interests of France.

Well, gentlemen, if that is your idea, you are entirely mistaken. Do me the honor of believing that I am not defending my liberty. By punishing me you would only magnify me. Whoever suffers for truth and justice becomes august and sacred. Look at me. Have I the look of a hireling, of a liar, and a traitor? Why should I be playing a part? I have behind me neither political ambition nor sectarian passion. I am a free writer, who has

given his life to labor; who to-morrow will go back to the ranks and resume his interrupted task. And how stupid are those who call me an Italian—me, born of a French mother, brought up by grandparents in the Beauce, peasants of that vigorous soil; me, who lost my father at seven years of age, who never went to Italy till I was fifty-four. And yet I am proud that my father was from Venice—the resplendent city whose ancient glory sings in all memories. And even if I were not French, would not the forty volumes in the French language, which I have sent by millions of copies throughout the world, suffice to make me a Frenchman?

So I do not defend myself. But what a blunder would be yours if you were convinced that by striking me you would re-establish order in our unfortunate country! Do you not understand now that what the nation is dying of is the darkness in which there is such an obstinate determination to leave her? The blunders of those in authority are being heaped upon those of others; one lie necessitates another, so that the mass is becoming formidable. A judicial blunder was committed, and then to hide it, it has been necessary to commit every day fresh crimes against good sense and equity! The condemnation of an innocent man has involved the acquittal of a guilty man, and now to-day you are asked in turn to condemn me because I have cried out in my anguish on beholding our country embarked on this terrible course. Condemn me, then! But it will be one more error added to the others—a fault the burden of which you will hear in history. And my condemnation, instead of restoring the peace for which you long, and which we all of us desire, will be only a fresh seed of passion and disorder. The cup, I tell you, is full; do not make it run over!

Why do you not judge justly the terrible crisis through which the country is passing? They say that we are the authors of the scandal, that we who are lovers of truth and justice are leading the nation astray and urging it to violence. Surely this is a mockery! To speak only of General Billot—was he not warned eighteen months ago? Did not Colonel Picquart insist that he should take up the matter of revision, if he did not wish the storm to burst and destroy everything? Did not M. Scheurer-Kestner, with tears in his eyes, beg him to think of France, and save her such a calamity?

No! our desire has been to make peace, to allay discontent, and, if the country is now in trouble, the responsibility lies with the power which, to cover the guilty, and in the furtherance of political ends, has denied everything, hoping to be strong enough to prevent the truth from being revealed. It has manoeuvred in behalf of darkness, and it alone is responsible for the present distraction of the public conscience!

The Dreyfus case, gentlemen, has now become a very small affair. It is lost in view of the formidable questions to which it has given rise. There is no longer a Dreyfus case. The question now is whether France is still the France of the rights of man, the France which gave freedom to the world, and ought to give it justice. Are we still the most noble, the most fraternal, the most generous of nations? Shall we preserve our reputation in Europe for justice and humanity? Are not all the victories that we have won called in question? Open your eyes, and understand that, to be in such confusion, the French soul must have been stirred to its depths in face of a terrible danger. A nation cannot be thus moved without imperilling its

moral existence. This is an exceptionally serious hour; the safety of the nation is at stake.

When you have understood that, gentlemen, you will feel that but one remedy is possible—to tell the truth, to do justice. Anything that keeps back the light, anything that adds darkness to darkness, will only prolong and aggravate the crisis. The duty of good citizens, of all who feel it to be imperatively necessary to put an end to this matter, is to demand broad daylight. There are already many who think so. The men of literature, philosophy, and science are rising in the name of intelligence and reason. And I do not speak of the foreigner, of the shudder that has run through all Europe. Yet the foreigner is not necessarily the enemy. Let us not speak of the nations that may be our opponents to-morrow. But great Russia, our ally; little and generous Holland; all the sympathetic nations of the north; those countries of the French language, Switzerland and Belgium—why are their hearts so heavy, so overflowing with sympathetic suffering? Do you dream, then, of an isolated France? Do you prefer, when you pass the frontier, not to meet the smile of approval for your historic reputation for equity and humanity?

Alas! gentlemen, like so many others, you expect the thunderbolt to descend from heaven in proof of the innocence of Dreyfus. Truth does not come thus. It requires research and knowledge. We know well where the truth is, or where it might be found. But we dream of that only in the recesses of our souls, and we feel patriotic anguish lest we expose ourselves to the danger of having this proof some day cast in our face after having involved the honor of the army in a falsehood. I wish also to declare positively that, though, in the official notice of our list of wit-

nesses, we included certain ambassadors, we had decided in advance not to call them. Our boldness has provoked smiles. But I do not think that there was any real smiling in our Foreign Office, for there they must have understood! We intended to say to those who know the whole truth that we also know it. This truth is gossiped about at the embassies; to-morrow it will be known to all, and, if it is now impossible for us to seek it where it is concealed by official red tape, the government which is not ignorant—the government which is convinced as we are—of the innocence of Dreyfus, will be able, whenever it likes and without risk, to find witnesses who will demonstrate everything.

Dreyfus is innocent. I swear it! I stake my life on it—my honor! At this solemn moment, in the presence of this tribunal which is the representative of human justice, before you, gentlemen, who are the very incarnation of the country, before the whole of France, before the whole world, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By my forty years of work, by the authority that this toil may have given me, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. By all I have now, by the name I have made for myself, by my works which have helped for the expansion of French literature, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent. May all that melt away, may my works perish if Dreyfus be not innocent! He is innocent. All seems against me—the two Chambers, the civil authority, the most widely-circulated journals, the public opinion which they have poisoned. And I have for me only an ideal of truth and justice. But I am quite calm; I shall conquer. I was determined that my country should not remain the victim of lies and injustice. I may be condemned here. The day will come when France will thank me for having helped to save her honor.

SIR ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU



HON. SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K.C.M.G., LL.D., an eminent Canadian politician and orator, was born at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, Terrebonne Co., Quebec, Nov. 9, 1840, and died at Montreal, June 13, 1898. He was called to the Bar in 1861, and practiced at Montreal, being made a queen's counsel by Lord Dufferin in 1873. In 1867, at the Confederation of the Provinces, he entered the Quebec legislature as member for Terrebonne; became solicitor-general in the Ouimet administration, in February, 1873; and was subsequently Provincial Secretary under M. de Boucherville, January, 1875. This position he retained until March, 1878, when Lieutenant-governor Letellier de St. Just dismissed the ministry. Sir Adolphe was then chosen leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Quebec Assembly, and acted as such up to the period of his appointment as Provincial Premier in October, 1879. In July, 1882, he exchanged places with the late M. Mousseau, who was then Secretary of State at Ottawa. After Sir John A. Macdonald's death, in June, 1891, Sir Adolphe continued in the Abbott ministry, first as secretary of state, and afterwards, for a short time, as minister of customs. He was appointed to the office of Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Quebec in December, 1892, a position he held until February, 1898, when he retired, being replaced by the Hon. Judge Jetté. In 1884, he served as a commissioner for the purpose of investigating into and reporting on the subject of Chinese immigration into Canada. In 1881, Sir Adolphe received at Rome the decoration of St. Gregory the Great, and in 1882 was made a member of the Legion of Honor of France.

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL

SPEECH BEFORE THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 11, 1886

MR. SPEAKER,—A newspaper having announced last evening, that I had become suddenly a penitent, that I was very near abjuring the errors which, with my colleagues in the government, I had been suffering under of late, and that I was, in the near future, going to bid adieu to political life—I only wish that could be true—and that I would retire repenting; and as the paper wished I should employ the last days of my life in prayer, so as to be forgiven by God and man, I thought I would take this first opportunity of making my last confession of the great crime of which I