of his forefathers, he cries: "Down with the Jews!" After Zola's trial this grew into "Death to the Jews!" A sinister sound! It makes one tremble with apprehension of murder; it makes one blush for one's species. Eighteen hundred years of Christianity has left Europe only half civilized.

Zola will appeal against his sentence, and it remains to see whether the judges will connive at the flagrant irregularities of his trial. If they do, the best friends of France must admit that she is in a very parlous condition. The only thing that saves the Republic is the absence of the military chief strong enough to deal it the fatal blow.

Meanwhile the Government is showing itself the creature of the mob and the tool of the Army. Colonel Picquart, who gave evidence in Zola's favor, is cashiered. He committed the unpardonable crime of thinking honor should stand before mere esprit de corps. M. Leblois is dismissed from his post of Sub-Mayor of the Seventh Arrondissement. Professor Grimaux is dismissed from the Ecole Polytechnique, although his brother professors have almost unanimously testified to their high appreciation of his character and courage. Professor Grimaux was summoned as a witness, he told the truth according to his conscience, and for this crime he is punished. This sort of thing went on freely enough under the Empire; one did not expect it under the Republic.

One thing came out clearly enough in Zola's trial. It is beyond question that Dreyfus was condemned illegally. It appears, too, that the evidence against him was of a most fantastic character. Even the foreman of the jury, M. Drestrieux told a *Temps* interviewer: "I believe the defenders of the ex-Captain may succeed, and, in fact, they will now succeed. Allow me to confess that I wish they may."

General Mercier gave his case away in an unguarded moment. Being asked whether he presented to the Court Martial a document against Dreyfus behind the prisoner's back, and behind that of his counsel, General Mercier denied is with indignation. M. Labori saw his opportunity and used it. He asked this witness whether such a document was presented to the Court Martial by anyone. General Mercier, recovering his presence of mind, declined to answer the question. But he did not see, after all, that silence was an answer under the circumstances, and that to every man of common sense only one conclusion was possible.

As for the bordereau which Dreyfus is supposed to have written, the trial has resulted in its complete extinction as evidence against him. This is a clear gain, and Zola may be congratulated on his success so far in his campaign on behalf of a man whom he holds to be a martyr of anti-Semitism.

Zola himself comes out of this trial with flying colors. The verdict of a terrorized jury and the sentence of a partial judge are nothing. He has earned the admiration of the civilized world. Mr. Gosse, who was once a budding post, and is now a respectable critic, deplores the spectacle of a man of letters turning a man of action; but Zola is made of other metal than Mr. Gosse; he believes, like Voltaire, that the pen should become a sword in the vindication of justice and humanity.

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