POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

TRIED BY FIRE AND SWORD

Japanese Priest Performs Shinto Miracles

Walks on Live Coals and Steel Blades Barefooted --- Mystifies Bostonians in Canvas Temple--But Stage Magicians Get Same Results by Tricks.

(Boston Transcript).

Climbing a ladder of eight keen sword-blades in his bare feet, walking barefoot over an eighteen-foot bed of hot coals, Dr. Tomoya Suga, Shinto priest from Japan, exemplified to about two hundred Bostonians two of the famous "miracles" of the earliest Japanese faith. Never before, so it was announced, have these "miracles" been performed as a religious service on this side of the Pacific.

The scene was a roofless canvas enclosure on the low land near Ruggles and Parker streets, off Huntington avenue. Ladies and gentlemen, many of them recognized intellectual leaders, including Harvard professors, technology men and well known society people, sat around the side lines on folding chairs. The little field was marked off in a rectangle with four tall poles, their tops joined by hempen cords from which dangled occasional clusters of stripped paper, symbolical of the clothing of the gods. Materials for a quick, hot fire had been laid on a bed of sand in the middle, perhaps six by eighteen feet in extent. At the farther end, the only part from which spectators' chairs were excluded, was a small wooden shrine, decked forth with paper and fruits, and flanked by poles bearing colored streamers.

The representative of Shinto worship was introduced by Professor Percival Lowell, the well known exponent of occult phenomena in the social and religious life of the Japanese. "Dr. Suga," said Mr. Lowell, "comes to this country partly to study our ways and partly to help in imparting the elements of his own faith. The Shinto religion, let me remind you, is the earliest faith of the Japanese people. It is a religion purely indigenous to Japan. It has no very near congener so far as I am aware, among other peoples. The fundamental idea of it, which one may call the pantheistic embodiment of the Diety in the universe, is of course more or less common to all peoples at a certain stage of their career. 'Shinto' means 'the way of the gods,' and what you are to see today is a perfectly pure Shinto rite. In Japan these things are profound mysteries, and it was only by good fortune that twenty years ago I happened to light upon them. They are performed regularly twice a year in the temple grounds of the old Shinto sect at Tokio. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that these miracles have ever crossed the sea, and they are among the most serious and interesting performances that can be witnessed upon the globe today."

While Professor Lowell was speaking Dr. Suga arrived at the outer gate of the inclosure, a vision of crisp white robes, grotesque, waving headgear and high Oriental sabots. He walked with much solemnity straight across the inclosure to the shrine, and with obeisances and incantations busied himself for some minutes before he turned to greet the professor and the company. Professor Lowell then formally introduced him and the doctor, retiring for a brief interval to a small covered tent within the grounds, soon after began the service.

It consisted in the bringing forth of fruit for the altar by the doctor and three or four young Japanese in American costume and manner, and nearly a half-hour of prayer or incantation by Dr. Suga, standing almost motionless before the shrine. Then eight swords were brought out and laid on the shrine, the doctor trying their edges by swift cutting of folds of paper.

One by one the swords were then bound fast with paper and twine in the slots of a wooden frame or ladder, prepared for the occasion. The assistants did the binding; the doctor, first before the shrine, then before the ladder, exorcised each blade, as if in an effort to nullify its ordinarily accepted power to do human injury.

With the eight swords firmly fixed, the doctor took his place before them. An assistant removed his high shoes and replaced them with low sandals that could be dropped from the feet merely by raising them, and after more exorcism, baring his feet, the priest started his "miraculous" ascent. Grasping a hand rail forming a sturdy banister for the left-hand side of the ladder with his left hand, and bearing his right hand on one of the hilts protruding outside the opposite edge of the frame, he placed his left foot on the lowest blade, not as one ordinarily mounts a ladder with the rung at right angles to the hollow of the foot, but with the foot placed lengthwise on the blade, apparently bearing on the ball and the heel. It was manifest that much weight was being upheld by the hands and arms. But, slowly, the doctor raised his right foot and set it squarely on the edge of the second blade. He was certainly mounting the ladder of swords. All went well until about the fifth blade, when apparently his flowing robe caught on a hilt and retarded him somewhat. He winced slightly, and for a moment rested his right foot heavily on one of the hilts, outside the frame. Blood on the fifth blade, and later on the sixth, showed that the edge of one, at least, had made its way into the flesh. Under the circumstances perhaps it was fair for the doctor to skip the eighth blade, and step, as he did, directly from the seventh to the narrow wooden platform at the top of the ladder. An assistant wiped the blood from the fifth blade, but a little could still be seen in the sixth even after the whole service was over. Dr. Suga descended by the wooden steps at the rear, and putting on his sandals, retired to the small tent to prepare for the fire test.

When he reappeared it was in another costume, composed of flowing green silk over white. Seating himself in a chair at the end of the fire pit, he read what seemed to be a prayer from a paper scroll, walked about the pit exorcising the materials for the blaze, and waving over them a wand tipped with paper strips—a procedure, by the way, which could not fail to give a suggestion of driving house-flies—and at length allowed the assistants to light the fire. The mass of excelsior and pine sticks at once blazed high, producing a column of red flame and throwing off a heat so intense that many spectators moved back from the sides of the enclosure. But the doctor made no attempt to walk through the flames. Alternately sitting or walking about the pit, he continued his exorcisms until, after the lapse of nearly half an hour, the fire had burned itself down to a mass of embers. The assistants poked these with stakes to break up the longer bits and form an even bed before any walking was attempted.

Then Dr. Suga made one rapid trip through the mass with his sandals on. This was apparently preparatory; for more exorcism followed. The first trial with feet bare was not by the doctor, but by one of the young Japanese in American dress. He stripped off his shoes and stockings and at the doctor's word strode stoically over the embers, head erect and making little sign of untoward sensation. The other assistants followed, barefooted; but although each took the first three strides without sign of trouble, each made the last two with notable acceleration, and one, at least, was only too ready to scuffle his soles in the cooling earth outside the range of the heat-holding sand that had been sprinkled all around the fire pit. Last of all, the doctor himself shed his sandals and made the trip. Whether he had failed to gain complete mastery of the evil power, or his lacerated foot made the trial specially severe, the fact is that even he took the last two strides through the coals with something much more akin to haste than dignity, and not at all like stoicism. The spectators were almost ready to titter, in spite of their willingness to sympathize. But the doctor quickly recovered his solemn bearing and proceeding straight to the shrine, ended the service with a final series of mutterings and obeisances.

The spectators at once flocked on the field, testing the edges of the swords and holding their hands above the bed of coals. Undeniably the swords were all of keen-cutting edge. One test made was to draw the closely bound back of the doctor's thirty-page pamphlet with a sliding motion downward along the edge. The result was a clean cut into the edges of the leaves and through the binding, such as no dull blade could make. As for the fire, one adventurous sceptic, suspecting that a little patch of clear sand in the midst of the coals might have formed a stepping place for the priest, reached far in and undertook to pick up a handful of sand from the suspected spot. He dropped it in a trice, convinced by the painfully burned finger that the sand alone would have been test enough, with the coals scraped away. Yet the priest and his assistants undeniably walked on the hot coals.

Dr. Suga's pamphlet, describing Shintoism, had this to say:

"Our faith reaches out to the gods, the power of the gods descends upon us, and we and the gods become one. The Shinto miracles are meant to show that when God and man are united, not only may water become fire and fire water, but the believer may sink into water without drowning, tread upon swords without injury, walk on fire without burning."

Britons and Their Beer.

The ferocity of the opposition to limiting the number of public drinking places in the United Kingdom by act of Parliament, as the crisis of the final voting of the House approaches, can best be measured by the language into which some of the clerical opponents of this temperance legislation have been betrayed in recent public utterances. Here is the vicar of Gorleston, for instance, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, who opened a sermon against it by pointing out that Christ was born in a public house and made his home for a time on what are called in England licensed premises. The government bill reducing somewhat the public facilities for drunkenness this reverend gentleman characterized as the work of "representatives of modern Phariseeism proposing in obedience to orders from religious cranks to plunder a legitimate branch of English industry." The church, this militant vicar declared, would not accept its gospel from the House of Commons, and the Nonconformist conscience was not going to be set up in the place of Christ, who would not have been accepted for the Nonconformist ministry today because he was not a teetotaler. It should be understood, however, that although there are certain bishops of the English Church who are active and aggressive opponents of the licensing bill, the large majority of them, together with the great Church of England Temperance Society, numbering three-quarters of a million members, are on the side of the bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the popular Bishop of London are taking a vigorous hand in the cause of temperance reform and of the right of the State effectually to control the liquor trade.

It is indeed an event of historic interest and importance in itself, this coming together in any cause of the Church of England and the great Nonconformist body. Mr. Lloyd-George, in a stormy meeting held just after the liquor interest had carried a seat in Parliament in the London district of Peckham with an extraordinary display of their organized persuasions upon "the man in the street"—as a representative Welsh Dissenter himself called on Nonconformists to recognize the noble stand made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the face of the sordid menace of the brewers who had thought anyone could be bought with money. "Let us compose our differences," he pleaded. "They are not beyond being adjusted. Let us close our ranks, for the Master calleth. Let the great Church interests of the people for the time being take the lead. There is not a Nonconformist who will not follow gladly in this great crusade. For we know that we have reached one of the crises in the history of nations, when there is a conflict between the lowest appetites and the highest instincts, and on the result of that conflict depends for generations to come whether the race shall continue to ascend towards a purer, clearer and brighter firmament." And the disorder which had threatened the meeting from the hired disturbers in the gallery was quelled by the singing by the entire audience of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"—the volume of tone rising like a battle song above the tumult.

The psychological moment in England is that in which a Socialist scare has stimulated man's primordial instincts to selfishness. As one observer pictures it, "Property, always timid, has got Socialism on its nerves." This is not a mood favorable to progress and it helps all those who would sidetrack moral ideas in politics. But the governemnt is determined, and Mr. Lloyd-George, now chancellor of the exchequer, and speaking with authority, declared in the speech already referred to that the government would rather fall and from that fall rise up to renew the fight, than lessen its demands in this issue. "We are more convinced than ever by reason of the methods adopted in the recent elections by the liquor trade that it is an imperative duty of statesmanship to risk all to save this land from the menace which threatens it." Canvassers told the workingmen electors in the recent overthrow of the Liberal candidate at Peckham that at the end of the time limit fixed for the licenses that are to lapse without renewal, it would be a penal offence to drink a glass of beer! But the labor party are standing by the government and presenting such arguments as, that even in these days of poverty and unemployment $40,000,000 to $500,000,000 are annually spent by the working classes in drink. As for breweries furnishing labor employment, it is the industry, one speaker showed, in which out of every $500 invested only $36 came back to the workers in the shape of wages.

It should be understood that the proposed legislation against saloons in the Old Country provides as no prohibition measure of our states has ever done for full compensation of the losses of the owners of saloons closed out. The opponents of the bill are crying "confiscation," and yet there is threatened nothing like what the prohibition act of South Carolina accomplished years ago—the wiping out at one blow with no more than a few month's warning of all investments in the liquor trade there; nothing like the losses on licenses terminated by the failure to renew or by local option everywhere in this country. Lord Rothschild, who presided at a meeting of holders of brewery bonds and shares, was not above raising this disingenuous cry and appealing to all owners of property of whatever kind against predatory Socialism. The fallacy which Lord Rothschild and his like, heavy investors in the liquor trade, seek to impose upon the public is that a license is a form of absolute property. It is not so at all. English courts have repeatedly decided that there is no legal property in a license whatever beyond the duration of a year for which it is granted. Moreover there is a letter of an eminent counsel of the Licensed Victuallers Association turned up in which he warns his clients "that there cannot be the smallest doubt that in the strict sense no such thing as a vested interest exists." But notwithstanding this the government bill provides for compensation in case of disturbance, purely as a matter of equitable consideration, but recognizing no legal right. The state has a moral obligation, as the government measure recognizes, not to change its policy suddenly, and not to disappoint expectations without due warning; and this is the ground for allowing a liberal time limit in which to put away the sinking funds which will make up in the limit of time the license-holders' losses.

To us in this country where no compensation has ever been thought of in connection with prohibition, it appears that in showing this consideration the bill is generous as well as just. Such scrupulous and temperate temperance should earn its framers both glory and success.

E.H.C. in Boston Transcript.

The Dukelet

"Who are those people on the shore?" implored the duke's fair bride;
"My creditors, my creditors," the little duke replied.
"What makes you look so sad, so sad?" implored the duke's fair bride;
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to face," the little duke replied.
"For my tailor's there among 'em, and he'll clamor for his pay;
My hatter weighs two hundred and his fist is hard, they say;
I wish your pa had settled things before we sailed away,
For they'll all be jumpin' on me at the landin'!"

"What makes them have that hungry look?" implored the duke's young bride;
"They've waited long, they've waited long," the little duke replied.
"What makes that tall man shake his fist?" implored the duke's young bride;
"He wants his cash, he wants his cash," the little duke replied;
"He's the man from whom I purchased the engagement ring you wear,
For I told him that your father was a multi-millionaire;
He's as strong, they say, as Samson was before he lost his hair.
And I'm dreadin' what'll happen when we're landin'!"

"What makes the crowd increase so fast?" implored the duke's sweet bride;
"More creditors, more creditors," the trembling duke replied.
"Why do they seen so rude, so rude?" implored the duke's sweet bride;
"Because, alas, they are canaille," the trembling duke replied;
"Your pa was cruel hard to make the dot he gave so small,
If I should settle with them we'd have nothin' left at all;
Address 'em from the gangway—try to stand 'em off till fall—
Or they'll do things that may shock us at the landin'!"

—Chicago Record Herald.

THE DEBUTANTE PLAYS BRIDGE.

Let's see....what's trumps?—Oh, Grace your hat's a dear.
And so becoming, too....Girls, did you hear
That Clara Cotrox is engaged at last
And to a count with a dreadful name?
(I dote on bridge; it's such a clever game.
Let's see....what's trumps?)
There's Catherine over there
And entre nous, I hear she dyes her hair
And paints;—but I might, too, with such a face!
(Oh, partner! did I really trump your ace?)

Who is that freak three tables to the right?
I saw her at the Wilbur-Brownes last night;
Some parvenu, no doubt, and goodness knows
I think a blacksmith must design her clothes.
(Are hearts or diamonds trumps? Oh, that's a fact,
It's clubs.)
Some girls are so devoid of tact;
That Carlton creature in the last year's hat
Just makes me mad as mad——she's such a cat,
And nearly snaps your head off if you don't
Keep absolutely dumb;—of course, I won't.

Oh, girls, Jack's so devoted it's a joke,
He's quite my shadow.—What! did I revoke?
Well, anyway, I think it's mean to take
Three tricks from me for that small mistake.
Bridge bores me frightfully, I'm bound to say,
Though Jack says it's astonishing how I play.
Oh, dear!—my lead again?—Let's see....
what's trumps?

—Puck.

THE CAPTAIN.

(J. C. M. Duncan, in Montreal Witness.)

Captain, for a little space,
Let us look upon his face;
Look ye then, the captain said,
And we looked upon our dead.

Wild the sea; but calm he slept;
Long above his face we wept;
Said our captain, grey and grim,
Weeping will not waken him.

Captain, ere we yield our dead,
Let a little prayer be said;
Pray ye then; and so we prayed,
Faint and falt'ring prayer we made.

Then the captain, stern of brow,
(Had he never prayed till now?)
When he saw us mourning thus,
Stood, and wept, and prayed with us.

Strange a sight it was to see
Our captain weep so bitterly;
Strange it was to hear him pray,
One so gruff, and grim, and grey.

Yield we now, the captain said,
To the sea, our comrade dead;
To his deep, unresting grave,
Our dead comrade then we gave.

Long we thanked the Lord, whose breath
Is the after-life of death,
That He thro' our fellow's fate
Made one soul compassionate.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fame of our friend or foe
The shadows of the grave shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift its head
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside.
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so, I charge ye, try the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown
Let something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE MERRY WIDOW.

(St. Louis Chronicle.)

It's "The Merry Widow" this,
And "The Merry Widow" that;
It's "The Merry Widow" kiss,
And "The Merry Widow" hat.

It's "The Merry Widow" craze,
And "The Merry Widow" dance;
It's "The Merry Widow" plays,
And "The Merry Widow" glance.

And if I die tomorrow,
Why, let them play real loud,
"The Merry Widow" waltz song
For the "Merry Widow" crowd.

Bertha Billig eloped with Edward Drumbor from Hazleton (Pa.) the other day, but the girl's father is confident that she will return home because she left behind her new Easter hat.

Gotham—"What is the most prominent institution in Brooklyn?" Church—"The baby carriage."—Yonkers Statesman.

INNOCENT MAN ASKS TO BE RETURNED TO FRENCH PRISON

(Copyright in the United States and Great Britain by Curtis Brown.)

Paris, March 26.—"Innocent, recognized as such, pardoned as such, but not yet rehabilitated, my life is henceforth in this land of France, to which, for twenty-five years I ardently longed to return, that of a desperate man. I cannot struggle any longer, my strength is spent. I ask you, Monsieur le President, to allow me to go back to New Caledonia. For twenty-five years I have cried aloud my innocence * * * henceforth hope is fled!"

These are extracts from a pitiful letter which Louis Danval has addressed to the president of the French Republic, praying to be allowed to return to the French penal settlement as a convict. Strange and bitter indeed must be the experience of a man who voluntarily seeks to exchange freedom in his beloved native land for the companionship of criminals in a distant colony.

Danval's petition is the culminating tragedy in a life story full of suffering and pathos; it is a story of a miscarriage of justice and the martyrdom which it entailed; of hopes raised high, after long years of patient endurance of unmerited punishment and obloquy only to be dashed to the ground; of futile efforts to picture the reversal of a sentence which branded its victim as the foulest of murderers; of a blighted old age crowned by poverty and despair.

Thirty years ago Louis Danval stood in the dock at the Paris assizes charged with having murdered his wife by poisoning her with arsenic. At that time he was 33 years of age, popular and prosperous, with the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable and honorable man. His family was a highly respectable one, most of its members being of the legal and medical profession. He was himself a chemist with a shop in the Rue de Mauberge, in which he employed several assistants and was making money fast.

Mme. Danval, his young wife, was a woman of weakly constitution and apparently suffering from some nervous ailment. Their marriage took place in January, 1876. In the year immediately preceding it Mme. Danval had an attack of typhoid fever, and in the same year also had been attended by Dr. Dervillez for gastroenteralgia. This fact is of great importance, for Danvel affirms that, whereas he was in ignorance of it, the experts, who were in possession of Dr. Dervillez's evidence, persistently ignored it.

A month after her marriage, Mme. Danval was seized with vomiting and Dr. Ozanam, who attended her, diagnosed cholerine. The same symptoms recurred at unequal intervals until April, 1877. In August of that year vomiting became constant and was accompanied by incessant coughing and a burning sensation in the stomach. A fortnight before her death, however, Mme. Danval was well enough to dine with her husband at the house of some friends and a week before her death she was able to go with her husband to St. Maur and, on returning to Paris, walk from the Bastile Station to the Rue Mauberge, a distance of nearly three miles; and four days before her death she was out marketing.

On the sixth of September Mme. Danval took to her bed; on the seventh Dr. Colvis diagnosed giddiness, cephalia and high fever, the same evening Dr. Renault found her delirious and on the morning of the ninth she expired in an attack of syncope.

These conflicting diagnoses show that the doctors had never grasped the true nature of Mme. Danval's malady, and for that very reason they were all the more ready to accept the hypothesis of arsenic poisoning when they learned afterward that arsenic had been found in the viscera.

"For some time previous to my wife's death," M. Danval told me, "I was on bad terms with her relatives, and neither she nor I saw them. Mme. Danval was no sooner dead than they began to spread rumors of her having been poisoned. Finally they laid a formal charge against me in the hands of the public prosecutor. An order was given for the exhumation of the body. Thirteen days after the burial I was sent for by the jugs d'instruction in order that I might be present at the exhumation. I was not at home, for after the death of my wife I had been sleeping at a friend's house and had kept away as much as possible from my own desolate house. When I reached the shop that day my assistants told me that I had been sent for, but as it was then too late for the cemetery, I went straight to the morgue, and was in time to be present at the post-mortem. Two days later I learned that the experts had found an infinitesimal quantity of arsenic in the viscera, not as much as would harm a child of two years; not as much as you would find in a glass of mineral water from La Bourboule.

"The experts set to work to account for the presence of this arsenic. They investigated everything, even to the aromatic substances with which the body had been embalmed. They found nothing, and therefore, concluded that my wife must have swallowed the arsenic. They asked me if my wife had been ill before her marriage. I answered no. I was ignorant that she had suffered from intestinal neurosis, a malady which was only known to doctors some years later.

"But the experts knew from Dr. Dervillez that Mme. Danval had had gastroenteralgia before her marriage, yet they persisted in ignoring his deposition in their conclusion. Again, they analyzed the dust under the bed curtains (the curtains contained 36 grams of arsenic), but they collected the dust on the side of the lining and, of course, found no arsenic. They, therefore, concluded that Mme. Danval could not have swallowed arsenic by breathing the dust under the curtains. Since, therefore, the presence of the arsenic could not be otherwise accounted for, and as I was a chemist, they came to the conclusion that Mme. Danval's death was due to poisoning.

"If we had known that my wife had had the same illness before marriage as after marriage, the iniquity of the accusation would have been self-evident."

Danval, who for two months had been left at liberty, was arrested on the finding of the experts. The doctors who took his side at the trial argued that the quantity of arsenic was insufficient to cause death, but the jury, impressed doubtless by the fact that the accused was a chemist, took the view of the experts. Danval, found guilty, was sentenced to deportation for life.

The unhappy man, when he heard his doom, turned to the jury and uttered these words: "Gentlemen, I forgive you, for you have been misled. I am innocent."

It must not be thought however, that the sentence found anything like general approval among toxicologists. Bouis, the learned chemist who professed at the School of Pharmacy, was convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice. Year after year, in the course of his lectures, after describing the properties of arsenic, he would turn to his hearers and say solemnly: "Gentlemen, this poison is the cause of a great judicial error * * * the condemnation of the innocent Danval!"

Shortly after Danval's conviction a convoy of convicts bound for New Caledonia bade farewell to the shores of France. Among them was Louis Danval. For twenty-three years the chemist-convict endured his hard fate without a murmur. On his arrival he was placed in charge of the dispensary attached to the hospital of Bourall. If it had not been for his moral sufferings his life might have been endurable, for he enjoyed comparative freedom. He was at liberty to walk out alone and he had a library at his disposal. Five years later he was given a small concession of land in the neighborhood of Bourall and became a rural proprietor, as do all well conducted convicts undergoing a life sentence.

Here, in 1901, he was found by a well-known French journalist, M. Jacques Dhur, who was investigating the conditions of life in the French penal settlements. Danval was then 56 years of age. He had maried again, was the father of a family and lived in a comfortable farm house. His stock consisted of a horse and sixteen head of cattle. Two hundred fowls might be counted in the farmyard and all round the building stretched some twenty acres of fertile land, yielding coffee, tobaco and cereals and worked by himself and one servant, an ex-convict.

Hard-working, thrifty and of blameless conduct, Danval was prospering. He told me he would, if he had remained, be now worth $10,000. There, in the spice-laden breezes of an almost ideal climate, he would have gladly spent the remainder of his life, had it not been for the awful stigma with which he had been branded. He was still an assassin in the eye of the law and doomed to hand to his innocent offspring an assassin's name. Who shall tell what this man's mental torture must have been for twenty long years? He was buoyed up alone by the hope that one day his innocence might be proclaimed before the world.

Jacques Dhur visited Danval in the course of his inquiry and was profoundly affected by the convict's history and the palpable injustice of his sentence. He promised to exert himself to bring about the public recognition of Danval's innocence and he kept his word. The following year on his return to Paris, supported by eminent scientists, doctors and chemists, M. Jacques Dhur threw himself into the struggle with all the enthusiasm of faith in the justice of his cause. In the columns of Le Journal he demonstrated the baselessness of the alleged proofs of Danval's guilt, the bias of the experts and the inanity of their conclusions, and made it clear to every man of common sense that the hapless chemist had been the victim of a terrible judicial blunder.

In the summer of 1902 President Loubet signed Louis Danval's pardon, and in August of the same year the former convict, having disposed of his concession at Bourall, set foot once more on his native soil after twenty-four years of exile. His heart beat high with hope, despite his white hair and his fifty-seven years and his shattered life, for the realization of his most ardent desire, the restoration of his good name, seemed nigh at last.

Danval lost no time in petitioning for the revision of his sentence. But alas! he was yet to learn what the fetish of the "chose jugee" means to those who live and move and have their being in the atmosphere of the law. Weeks, months, nay two years went by before the Court of Cassation dealt with the case. Then at length, on November 19, 1904, the court appointed the experts Drs. Brouardel, Moissan, and three others, to examine the medical reports and chemical analyses which had been produced at the trial of Danval. Dr. Brouardel and his fellow experts were to say whether in view of subsequent scientific discoveries the conclusions of said reports should be regarded as accurate or vitiated by errors, and whether the presence of the traces of arsenic discovered in Mme. Danval's body could be explained normally or by any other cause unknown at the time of the trial or rejected by a scientific error. Without attempting to summarize the answers of the experts, I will simply quote Professor V. Balthazard of the Paris Faculty of Medicine thereon:

"If we place ourselves above considerations of a judicial order and keep the truth solely in view, we can say that the accusation brought against Danval is ill founded and unsupported by any decisive material proof. It is in this sense that the experts of the Court of Cassation answered the questions addressed to them; they even laid stress on the fact that in 1878 a number of causes of accidental penetration of arsenic were unknown which have been pointed out since and that the very symptoms of certain cases of spontaneous gastro-enteritis had not been described with sufficient precision, thus putting into the hands of the court a legal argument to justify the quashing of the sentence."

But it is hard to get the wheels of justice to revolve backward. The official legal mind moves in a mysterious way. Danval had been pardoned because his innocence had been established to the satisfaction of President Loubet, those with whom he took counsel, and the public generally. But the Court of Cassation refused to confirm that pardon by quashing his original sentence. In effect this refusal left him still branded as a murderer. It was a crushing blow to Danval. He had returned to France to secure the rehabilitation of his good name—the right to hold his head high among his fellow men. For five years he had struggled to get justice done him. He had exhausted his means. His spirit was broken. There was nothing left him to live for. When the sentence of guilty was pronounced against him he had a flourishing business. Now in his old age he was reduced to working as a shop assistant from 6 in the morning until 8 at night for a miserable pittance.

One legal recourse was open to him. He might appeal to the Supreme Court, as Dreyfus did. But Dreyfus was backed by powerful financial influences. Danval is poor and has no influential friends. Small wonder that he shrinks from prolonging the struggle which he regards as hopeless and craves the privilege of ending his days among those who were long his fellow convicts and had learned to respect and esteem him.

But the publication of his letter to M. Fallieres has produced an effect which he hardly could have anticipated. Immediately on its appearance the president of the Syndicate of French Chemists announced, on behalf of his society, that 8,000 francs ($1,600) had been set aside with a view to forming a fund wherewith to buy Danval, who is now 63, an annuity to shield him from destitution. This was coupled with an appeal to the general public to subscribe to the fund. And the public is responding liberally. In view of this evidence of widespread conviction that Danval is the victim of a judicial blunder of the cruelest kind, it is hardly probable that the recision of the Court of Cassation will be allowed to remain as the last word of justice on his case, or that he will be permitted to go to his grave branded with the mark of Cain.

R. FRANKLIN.

WITH MOROCCO'S SULTAN

Abd-El-Aziz Discusses the War in His Domains

He Welcomes a French Journalist at His Tumble-down Palace, and "Pumps" Him for Information About French Military Methods--Then He Expresses Admiration for What Genera d'Amade Has Accomplished, But Thinks He Should Adopt More Drastic Measures, Such as Looting and the Taking of Prisoners.

(By Jean du Taillis—Translated from Le Figaro.)

Rabat, March 26.—For the third time of late years, I have just had the honor and the pleasure of being received in private audience by the sultan of Morocco. I say the honor because Abd-el-Aziz, despite the doings of usurpers, pretenders and rogues, remains the commander of the faithful descendant of the great Mahomet, the man of the divine Baraka, the sultan of an empire that is falling but whose shattered ruins attest its splendour.

You know the rustic simplicity of the imperial palace, the informal though dignified etiquette of the Moroccan court. The sultan had learned of my arrival through Si-Kaddour-ban-Gabrit, having been informed of my wanderings in the Chaouia by that zealous servant of France, so I had no need to solicit an interview.

"Tell him to come tomorrow at eleven," he had said to Si-Kaddour. "I shall await him with impatience."

Next day at the appointed hour Si-Kaddour and I climbed up the sandy road that leads up from Rabat to the Dar-Maghzen. How grim and dilapidated the appearance of that palace, despite its first coat of whitewash! A fine black horseman hastened forth to meet us and told us the sultan would receive us in his private garden. We passed through two rickety gates and entered an enclosure where a single fig-tree was bright with springtime leafage. But already the sultan was coming toward me and, by a gesture, seeking to abridge the threefold salutations with which I, a traditionist, prepared to recognize in him a traditionist still.

With Si-Kaddour acting as interpreter, we stood talking in the solitary garden; the sultan began by reproaching me with having forgotten my promise to send him some photographs; then, taking from my hand an army map of the Casablanca region, he hastily unfolded it as I explained that it showed the marches of our forces and the various fields of combat, all marked in colors.

As it threatened to rain and the wind made it hard to manage the map, we went into a little building something like a toolhouse. A small table was its only furniture. I suspected it had been put there for just this purpose. Then began a lively and captivating conversation, which was to last an hour and a quarter. In a perfect torrent of questions it was the sultan, rather than myself, who did the interviewing. I shall first report enough of it to make clear my interlocutor's thirst for knowledge and comprehension, after which I shall give a verbatim transcription of the sultan's views regarding what France has been doing in Morocco.

"You come from Dar-el-Beida," said the sultan. "How long were you there?"

"Ever since General d'Amada's arrival."

"And you followed all the operations?"

"All of them, and they are marked on the map; the attack on Settat, from Jan. 11 to 16; then those upon Bon-Znika, the Ziainas, the Medakras, etc."

I saw the sultan's eyes trace the itinerary and heard him read aloud the names of the places, spelling out the French nomenclature. He had made progress since my last visit and I was greatly amused.

But the questions began again. "Where did you keep yourself while a battle was in progress?"

"At the beginning of an engagement I kept close to the general, so as to go forward wherever the fight was hottest and where, consequently, reinforcements were required. That was my way on the 18th and 29th of February, the 8th of March, etc. Otherwise, given the great extent of our front, I should have run the risk of going where the conflict was less lively."

This called out more questions. "Where did the general stay? How did the infantry march? And the artillery? So I was compelled to outline the plan of a battle, taking as an example that of March 8. The sultan was keenly interested; his expression changed and his face lighted up more and more.

"When your lines are so extended, what is to prevent their being broken through at some point?" When I explained our system of manoeuvres, he said, "Then you have never been surrounded?"

"Never, Sidna; our 'marche en carre' anticipates that eventuality and remedies it."

"And yet," added the sultan, with a sly look in his eye, "some day the general is going to get separated from his colonel. Then what?"

I was pretty well nonplussed by that question. I looked back to the 15th of January, when General d'Amade was in that position for a whole afternoon. I thought of Colonel Taupin, on the 17th of February, and of Colonel Boutegourd on the 29th, and explained the matter to the sultan, though I must confess he was not more than half satisfied.

Then we discussed the Hafidists' artillery and its markmanship. I had to explain everything and answer a thousand questions—mostly rather childish, though prompted by uninformed common sense. Speaking of the rapid-fire guns, the sultan asked me if the cartridges were automatically rejected, and when I said they were he inquired, "There is a somewhat similar arrangement in the case of the breech-loading guns?"

Presently, when my photographer had made a series of snapshots of His Venerable Cherifian Majesty with lightning rapidity, the sultan exclaimed, "Why, this is prodigious! You must be a quick-firing cannon."

But I hasten to come to the important declarations I secured from him after my indefatigable questioner at last became exhausted.

"Cher seigneur," said I, "Now that you have had so many and such various answers from me, may I venture a question?"

"Yes, by all means. As many as you like."

"Then what do you think, O Sidna, of this French intervention and this series of combats?"

Thereupon the sultan's face turned grave; he is fond of Europeans and loves to talk with them; but whenever in the course of the interview the conversation touched upon political topics I had noticed that the sultan quickly checked himself; he became another man for the moment, realizing the importance his utterances might have, and weighing his words in an effort to express himself prudently. How could he be sure he was n't talking to a newspaper correspondent? He clothed his remarks in the gorgeous raiment of Oriental diplomacy. The reader should bear this in mind in order to appreciate the full value of the following declarations.

"The Chaouias deserved the lesson the French gave them. I hope you will keep on till the last scoundrel has been punished. You did the right thing. Do you expect to see General d'Amade again?"

"Yes, cher seigneur, and soon."

"Then you may tell him for me what I am about to tell you and assure him of my regard. The same to General Lyautey. I am very grateful to the general for the way he has acted. His conduct is very noble, very courageous. You have told me that the soldiers respect women and wounded, children and the dead. That is well, and all of my subjects who have any intelligence will comprehend the beauty of this conduct, and it can have no other effect than to incline them to like the French. And you may say to General d'Amadé that, knowing his victories, we are amazed that he has taken no prisoners and done no looting."

"But, Sidna, looting is robbing; at least it is considered so in France, and before he could go marauding, the general would have to ask the Government's opinion."

The sultan, who thinks the general should possess absolute power, cried: "What! He would have to telegraph to Paris for that? Then perhaps the general would have to telegraph to Paris when he had my rebel brother's army close to his camp? And yet they fought many times, and possibly Paris is still unaware of it. Then how can all these affairs be rightly managed?"

I declared that, nevertheless, things were going beautifully. Then the sultan resumed: "But you say that in France a marauder is called a robber. Well, in Morocco we call that making war. Reflect! Suppose the Chaouias were to go across into your beautiful country to make the cannon talk: Do you fancy they would behave as you do? Why not treat them as they would treat you? At any rate, you may say this to General d'Amade: 'For him to take prisoners would make an enormous impression upon the tribes, a much stronger impression than to strew the plains with corpses, and then let him loot and loot and keep on looting.' The Chaouias understand nothing else."

Promising to transmit this message to the general and expressing my sincere wish for the re-establishment of order in the empire, I took leave of Sidna.

"This time keep your word and send me the war-photographs you promised!"

"It shall be done, Sidna-In-Challah, if God so wills."

STANDING COMMITTEES OF LOCAL LEGISLATURE

Fredericton, May 2.—In the house today Hon. Mr. Hazen submitted the report of the committee appointed to nominate all standing committees and asked leave to make a further report. He suggested that if there were any members of the house who wished to be on certain committees for which they were not named, that their names might be added.

The committees are as follows:

Standing Committees.

Committee Room, May 1st, 1908.

The committee appointed to nominate all standing and general committees beg leave to submit the following report:

They nominate the following gentlemen as members of the committees hereinafter named:

Contingencies.

Hon. Mr. Flemming, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Tweeddale, Mr Young, Mr. Dickson, Mr. Cyr, Mr. MacLachlan, Mr. Currie, Mr. Wilson, Mr Glasier, Mr. Copp, Mr. Woods, Mr Jones, Mr. Byrne.

Library.

Hon. Mr. Hazen, Mr. Slipp, Mr. McKeown, Mr. Hatheway, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Hartt, Dr. Sormany.

Standing Rules.

Hon. Mr. McLeod, Mr. Copp, Mr. Glasier, Mr. Tweeddale, Mr. Murray, Mr. Munro, Mr. Byrne.

Privileges.

Hon. Mr. Hazen, Mr. Clarke, Hon. Mr. McLeod, Mr. Robinson, Mr. McKeown.

Law Practice and Procedure.

Hon. Mr. Hazen, Hon. Mr. Grimmer, Hon. Mr. McLeod, Mr. Clarke, Mr. McKeown, Mr. Copp, Mr. Slipp.

Accounts.

Mr. Pinder, Mr. Smith, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Woods, Dr. Bourque, Mr. Labillois, Mr. Tweeddale.

Municipalities.

Mr. Clarke, Hon. Mr. Hazen, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Labillois, Mr. Munro, Mr. Jones, Mr. Sweeney, Hon. Dr. Landry, Dr. Bourque, Hon. Mr. Flemming, Hon. Mr. Morrissey, Mr. Byrne, Dr. McInerney, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Wilson,, Mr. Woods, Mr. Leger (Gloucester), Mr. Robinson Mr. Baker, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Pinder, Mr Dickson, Hon. Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Murray, Mr. Currie, Hon. Mr. McLeod, Mr. McKeown, Hon. Mr. Grimmer.

Corporations.

Mr. Slipp, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Smith Mr. Hartt, Dr. Sormany, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sproul, Mr. Cyr, Mr. Allain, Mr. MacLachlan, Mr. Currie, Mr. Hatheway, Mr. McKeown, Mr. Glasier, Hon. Mr Hazen, Mr. Tweeddale, Mr. Robinson Mr. Leger (Westmoreland), Mr. Young, Hon. Mr. McLeod, Hon. Mr. Flemming, Mr. Murray, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Wilson.

Agriculture.

Mr. Dickson, Mr. Smith, Mr. H