

psychology that the body tends to follow the attention if the latter be fixed on one point; at times these men would attempt to sit up erectly against the back of the box, but, getting their heads in a line with some object on the wall, one could see them gradually lean forward toward the counsel and jury.

The judge was finishing his charge. Whether it was in the man or the subject, there was something in the words and the delivery which was wonderfully impressive. It was an unbroken monotone, rising and falling without the insincerity of oratory, sweeping powerfully into the mind and soul. It was a kind of gravely solemn, deeply resonant chant, such as might have been read from the infallible scrolls by a hoary-haired prophet of the Chosen People. Accusation and palliation flowed forth together—though it was certainly favourable to an acquittal. It seemed to be the essence of British law, ponderous and awful with imperturbable calm. The jury sat rigidly, upright, looking into vacancy with that peculiar absence of expression, which seems an emotional atavistic recurrence to the Aryan; it comes only when caused by intensity of feeling. They had wept when the counsel for the defence had appealed to them. There was none of that now, though they were much more deeply moved. The prisoners stiffened themselves in their places, pulling themselves together. Their hands twitched with nervousness. The sudden sharp chirping of some sparrows at an upper window, broke on the still sombreness of the room with painful acuteness, and drew a spasmodic glance from one of them; but his gaze went back to the stern judge above him as if drawn by a magnet.

When the jury rose to leave the court the tenseness of feeling was relieved and there was a sudden elastic rebound. Chatting broke out on all sides and the court-room watchdogs of the Javert breed bayed at the unchained minds with petty sternness. The prisoners were detained in the box for a few moments, while the counsel for the Crown rose with legal relentlessness to make motion for their arrest on other charges. They were at that moment expecting the death penalty, but it was prudent to foresee their acquittal. English justice must have seemed to them like a merciless bird of prey, which would relax one claw only to grip the harder with the other. They were led away to await the return of the jury. With them all thought of death seemed to leave the room. People were excited; little jokes became jests which called forth immoderate laughter; the senses again awoke to the bad atmosphere of the place, the must and dust, and the recent meat and drink of one's neighbours. Almost no one was serious. The wife of one of the prisoners smiled at an acquaintance; human nature is frequently a palpable falsehood. The whole scene was like that seen in the grand stand at the starting of a horse race. The moment was come, but as yet there was no cause for hope or fear.

A bustling and inflowing of officials announced the agreement of the jury. The court rose to receive the judge. The jury filed in stolidly. The prisoners leaned forward. The shuffling of feet and the whispering died down to a stillness which brought into sudden loudness the ticking of the clock. The clerk gabbled the legal interrogation at the twelve arbiters. The foreman rose, straightened his shoulders under the dignity of office, and gave out an abrupt "Not Guilty." Then there was a sudden clapping and murmur, stifled by cries for order. The faces of the two given new life relaxed into ludicrous, uncontrollable delight. The judge was still a stern sphinx-like machine of justice. The prisoners were formally acquitted. The big detective walked up to them with a genial grin and took them again in charge. We went out to the fresh air, and heard the newsboys selling special editions with much outcry.

A. E. McFARLANE.

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Impromptu.

ON BEING ASKED TO SPEAK AT THE DINNER TO MR. HALL CAINE
IN OTTAWA :

If you ask me to speak in the presence of Caine,
While the rest of you sit round the table,
I'll rise in my place at the board and explain
That, though pious and good, I'm not—Abel

F. G. SCOTT.

Parisian Affairs.

THE French, like the Russians, do not care to be drawn into the Turkist imbroglio. It deranges their plans, their calculations, which evidently would prefer to leave England to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. But, pressed into Lord Salisbury's able diplomacy of the alliance of six, they cannot fill the rôle of the Sultan's best friend, nor count upon his ever being able to make a diversion in a general conflagration in their favour. Lord Salisbury has also scored again by inducing Austria to play first fiddle in the united action of the European six, to open the eyes of the drowsy and fatalist Sultan to the seat—a barrel of gun-powder—he occupies, and not a throne. He must go up or down, it is not much matter; that "happy despatch" would save the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Abdul-Hamid has been the instigator of all the intrigues in Egypt—as he formerly backed Arabi Pacha—against the English. The Khedive must now learn on which side of his bread is the butter. When Britain is able to topple over a barbarous and cunning Padichâh she can easily put his boy viceroy in her pocket if he declines to amend. England and the United States have alone shown they are the champions for humane treatment of Armenians, and of toleration for the young Turkey party; formerly the sack and cord would be the reply to Turkish liberals, now it is the reign of terror plan of *Noyades*. There was a time when France would be on the Anglo-American programme, but that day is—momentarily at least—eclipsed. It is to be hoped that the six allied powers will be able to prevent the Sultan from boasting that "order reigns in Warsaw." Some French papers assert the Armenians, as a people, do not exist; that may become a fact if the Sultan be not prevented from slaughtering them all. The check of the Sultan at Constantinople will be echoed for the benefit of the Son of Heaven in the Summer Palace at Peking.

The arrest of "Arton," the head devil in the Panama corruptions, can well have for consequence a very serious effect on the political situation in France. He was the *alter ego*, between the corrupt canal company, to bribe 104 legislators. Only four of the latter were legally convicted. The Parliament at the time cushioned the affair and not a soul in France believes that justice did her work. *Now*, all the original documents, the truth upon the whole Panama rottenness will be given to publicity, regardless of the reputations of some exalted personages and bignig functionaries. A day of judgment has arrived at last, sepulchres will have the stones at their mouths rolled away, the secrets of corrupt hearts will be laid bare. Since the de Lesseps trial all Governments seem to have had but one object, to keep down the Panama Banquo ghost. It was for his trying to screen these iniquities, direct or indirect, that M. Ribot was driven from office and succeeded by the present Premier Bourgeois—whose advanced republicanism has been ably inaugurated by executing the unanimous wishes of the nation to flush and brush all the parliamentary and administration Augean Stables. Since 1892 the Governments in power uniformly declared they would gladly arrest Arton—*credat Indeus*!—if they only knew where he was. The French detectives were always on his tracks, but like the dragoons in the *Grande Duchesse* they ever arrived too late. It seemed that the wandering Jew must have escaped to the North Pole where many maintain the Lost Tribes are refuged. But Premier Bourgeois had only to nod, to say *fiat lux*, when the undiscoverable Arton was unearthed on Saturday morning last, and by the afternoon was in Holloway gaol. That's how to do it. That act of Athenian virtue opens the road for the present Ministry arriving at its jubilee—though only a few weeks old.

The corrupted in the Panama bribery swim were the "moderate" republicans, better known as the "opportunists"; they secured Arton's flight, as they alone had an interest in his out-running the constable. But the advent of the radical party, under Premier Bourgeois, to power, has left them at the mercy of their foes, for in French politics there are no adversaries. Every party coming into office at once proceeds to clear away objectionable functionaries, so the peacock cries and the guinea hen screams of the ejected are indulged in as a matter of course. But the nation comprehends the doctrine and policy of the loaves and fishes. The Gauls—modern as well as ancient—have fear of noth-