

THE IDOL AND THE IDEAL OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE symbolical bronze group, 'The Triumph of the Republic,' unveiled in Paris November 19, 1899, bore on that day a significance little imagined by the artist (Dalou) when he designed it. Twenty years ago he submitted to the Municipal Council of Paris a design not substantially different; ten years ago he was ordered to put it in bronze; it has long been completed, and its erection now is a reply to the assault at Auteuil on the President who unveiled it. By a republican instinct curiously prophetic the artist has omitted from it any military, clerical, or religious emblem; there is neither cross nor crown nor sword nor cannon. The Republic standing on a sphere extends her right hand earthward in benediction, her left hand resting on the fasces, symbol of strength in union. Her chariot is drawn by two lions on which reclines the Genius of the Revolution uplifting a torch. On her right is the blacksmith, hammer on shoulder, pushing the chariot-wheel, on her left Justice with her mace. Behind is Peace scattering roses in the path, and beside her Cupids with wreaths. A municipal placard invited the people to make at the unveiling a demonstration of their devotion to the Republic and their antagonism to its antagonists. These also issued their placard asking the people to despise this ceremonial which was that of a usurping Republic, and work for a true democratic Republic. Unfortunately for this placard (really issued by Deroulède just as he was imprisoned for insulting the President) the Senatorial High Court has for some weeks been revealing the insignificance of the two or three organisations hostile to the Republic, so that they could not claim any part of the 250,000 people (some papers double the estimate) who paid homage to the republican goddess. The most important feature of the demonstration however was not this vast number but

the fact that 1682 organised societies and unions had sent large delegations with banners and bands of music. Every variety of trade, work, art, was represented, and it was strange to see eight associations of Freethinkers, making a large regiment, marching along the noble Boulevard Voltaire—yes Voltaire—to unite in the new religion.

Had the unveiling occurred two days earlier it would have been an anniversary. On November 17, 1793, the artist David, in behalf of the Committee of Public Instruction submitted to the National Convention the plan for a memorial of the People's "Triumph over Tyranny and Superstition." On a foundation composed of the *débris* of the symbols (*idoles*) of Tyranny and Superstition was to stand the colossal figure of a Man, forty-six feet in height. One hand was to rest on a hammer, in the palm of the other hand should stand the figures of Liberty and Equality. "The victory will supply the bronze." That is, the destroyed statues and church-bells of the old *régime* would be melted and modelled into this mighty Man, on whose forehead was to be engraved "Light," on his breast "Nature," on his arms "Strength," on his hands "Toil." (*Lumière, Nature, Force, Travail.*)

But what had become of the third person in the revolutionary trinity,—Fraternity? She must have been guillotined along with the Girondins. Fresh from that slaughter the National Convention adopted the memorial design without amendment, and were such a Colossus now standing as ordered on the island (near Nôtre Dame) it would be the most genuinely historical monument in Europe. The worship of Nature,—“Nature red in tooth and claw,”—and of Thor, the god with the Hammer,—and of Liberty and Equality as held in the hand of a People built up out of the *débris* of crowns and altars, and giving both a new lease of power under democratic names,—all these are represented in that ideal of the Convention, after its decapitation, which to-day would seem a huge Idol.

And after another century has passed what will be thought of the "Triumph of the Republic" just set up in the Place de la Nation? That too will be interpreted by the history that shall follow it. What will that naked man on the lions do? Will his torch prove a light, or a brand? And the lions? When they lie down with the lambs will the lambs be inside them? Will Justice and Peace be inside them? Will the new memorial, artistically beautiful, when it suffers a further unveiling by events, prove to be an ideal or an idol?

Dalou's figures are fairly represented in the present government. President Loubet will stand only too well for Peace. When Minister of the Interior he stifled the Panamist prosecutions for the sake of Peace, and is now allowed no Peace on that account, though it was the act of the whole government. Justice is—ought to be—represented by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, a great jurist. The workman has in the Cabinet Millerand, the socialist. But the foremost figures, the lions, are represented by the omnipotent Minister of War, Gallifet. These are the real heads. But who is that man couched on the lions, with his torch, or brand? That too must be Gallifet.

The angry placard of the so-called "Nationalists" promised that we should see at the ceremonial the comedy of the Municipal President (Lucipia), a member of the famous Commune, clasping hands with Gallifet the massacerer of Parisiens. Gallifet's massacre of a large number of prisoners, unarmed communards, after the struggle was over, was indeed the worst deed of that time, and his only apology is the usual one for military crimes, that he "acted under order" of his superior (of course dead.) However, Gallifet was conspicuously absent from the ceremony and the banquet of November 19, and the only speech from the government was from Premier Waldeck-Rousseau. It was the timid hesitating speech of a very able and personally excellent man, conscious that at the very moment of celebrating a bronze Triumph of the Republic and the principles of the Revolution, he was trying to secure Peace by feeding the military lions from the flesh of Justice, and surrendering to plumed criminals the rights of innocent men.

Let me add to the above prologue, written after the unveiling of the memorial, a study of the present situation and prospects of France which concern the welfare of the world more than it is likely, amid its various distractions, to recognise.

THE POLITICAL EQUINOX IN FRANCE.

The official declaration of the Minister of War, Gallifet, on the morrow of Dreyfus' liberation, "The incident is finished," recalls the dying cry of the ancient Jewish martyr, "It is finished!" So it seemed to the authorities, and possibly the cry ascribed to Jesus was only a proclamation by some Gallifet—or Gallio—of the time. But no doubt it appeared to the martyr also that his God had forsaken him and his movement closed. And in an important sense he was right. Morally and spiritually the movement that arose,—mythically heralded by earthquake, darkness, and return from their

graves of the saints he had superseded,—was a new movement altogether. No longer humanised by the personal element, that being “finished by the great leader’s death,” the incident that rose with his spectre speedily became a political struggle which eventually involved the whole world.

The liberation of Dreyfus has withdrawn the personal element, —sympathy for an innocent sufferer and his family,—from this case. There is no need for pity. His honor is not involved: not only has the suffrage of mankind pronounced him innocent, but his chief persecutors now admit with bitterness that the so-called condemnation at Rennes was really an acquittal. For had the judges believed him guilty they must have found not “extenuating” but aggravated circumstances, and had guilt been proved the nation would un-
animously have demanded death for a man who had added to his treason the years of agony into which France had been plunged by his much more treasonable efforts at concealment. Dreyfus is therefore no longer an object of compassion. With a record of heroic endurance for the sake of his family, beside a wife whose heroism has gained historic renown, with ample means, health nearly recovered, and surrounded by devoted friends, he occupies a position which thousands might envy of being the watchword in the great conflict of principles bequeathed by his martyrdom.

It is said that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, but it is doubtful whether any canonised martyr, from Jesus down, would if alive belong to the Church claiming the sanction of his blood. Amid the many points of psychological interest in this latest martyrdom is a fact which has been veiled, namely, that whatever may be the case since the Rennes trial Dreyfus, beyond the defence of his innocence, was by no means “a Dreyfusard.” In his four-and-a-half years of silent entombment, utterly ignorant of the controversy, knowing nothing of the connotations and correlations that his case had drawn about it, nor of the moral evolutions and reversions it had caused, this victim exhibited at Rennes an attitude sufficient in itself to convince any impartial mind, however unacquainted with the evidence, of the absurdity of ascribing to him any disloyalty. The military habit was so organic in Dreyfus, deference to his superiors in command so ineradicable by any anguish or wrong, that his lawyers could not bring him to conceive the crimes committed against him by officers he had always respected. He instinctively treated them with respect in the Court even while they were bearing false witness against him. There is little doubt that the reason why Labori did not address

the Court was that Dreyfus would not consent to the exposure of the crimes and conspiracies of the officers pursuing him, an exposure which the great lawyer considered essential to success. When Labori near the close of the trial demanded a commission to obtain the testimony of the German and Italian ambassadors, he made too late a move that might have checkmated the Minister of War, Gallifet, who was passively playing the game at Rennes. It was too late because Dreyfus had previously refused his consent to the use of foreign testimony. Before the trial Joseph Reinach personally visited Germany and obtained the consent of the Berlin government to the depositions needed, but Dreyfus refused consent. An official declaration equivalent to a deposition was not used. Dreyfus would not allow it. Strong in his innocence he could not realise that it was precisely that innocence which raised over him the black cloud of mingled terror and hatred out of which fell the thunderstroke.

An impression seems to prevail in America that the martyrdom of Dreyfus was due to his Jewish blood. That is a superficial view. The recrudescence of the mediæval anti-semitic disease has been the consequence and not the cause of the Dreyfus affair. There is a potential anti-semitic mob in every continental country, but it was a sleeping bloodhound in France until the evidences of Dreyfus' innocence began to appear. When I came to Paris last year soon after the discovery of Henry's forgery, which had thrown suspicion on all the testimony against Dreyfus, the bloodhound *Judenhass* was just showing his teeth and yelping along the streets. He had a military collar round his neck, with a Roman cross pendant from it. He had been waked up because it had become clear that if Dreyfus was to be kept on Devil's Island it could not be done by any law but Lynch law. But the Jew-baiting mob was speedily silenced by the fact that some leading enemies of Dreyfus are Jews and that mob was never an important ally of the real forces represented in this historic affair, which is pregnant with issues of world-wide importance.

It is not easy to get at the heart of this Dreyfus case. The imagination of the world has been so impressed by its mountainous accumulation of anomalies, its strange incidents,—picturesque, tragical, romantic, pathetic,—not surpassed by the creations of Shakespeare or the visions of Dante, that an almost superstitious feeling invests it. Were the Dreyfus story translated from a newly-found papyrus I might at this moment be writing an essay to prove it a sun-and-storm myth. The Mithraic three-footed Sun (*Drei-fus*),

obscured by the Eastern Haze (Ester-hazy), and held in prison by the Ahrimanic "two-footed serpent of lies" (Du Paty = deux pattés), on the Devil's Island, is liberated at cock-crow (Galli-fête) on the eve of the autumnal equinox. What could be clearer? Of course I should merely smile at any scholars credulous enough to suppose that anything so impossible as the Dreyfus case could actually occur.

And yet when these marvellous facts are closely analysed a further surprise awaits the analyser, for he will find in the whole wonder, with all its figures and complications, the operation of a few commonplace forces. While following the case from day to day I sometimes thought of "the mystery of Iniquity," and almost felt as if some mystical agencies were at work—disinterested over souls of good and of evil contending,—but the phenomena always disclosed to scrutiny mere vulgar selfishness struggling against the elementary principles of justice and humanity.

Lord Bacon remarks that commotions in a State are apt to occur when political parties are nearly balanced, as storms rage at the equinoctia. Eminent meteorologists have brought the equinoctial gales into doubt, and on September 21, 1899, when the liberation of Dreyfus was announced, nature was particularly peaceful; external nature that is, but the political part of Bacon's aphorism was sufficiently justified. The tempests that attended the Rennes tribunal and the release of Dreyfus revealed the proximate equality of day and night, light and darkness, liberty and privilege, republicanism and militarism, reason and Romanism, in France. As in the biblical fable Jahve told Rebecca that it was not merely two babes that made her long for death, but "two nations are in the womb," even so in all modern countries there are contending national ideals, but in France the ideals are fairly born and organised in separate peoples. By evolutionary forces historically traceable back to the French Revolution, when the real Republic was guillotined and the military empire arose, there has been a development of irreconcilable nations in France. Each of these has intensified the other, inasmuch that in France Militarism on the one hand and Republicanism on the other have not only been evolved in mortal antagonism but to a respective consistency and completeness unknown in other countries. We hear much of the Militarism of Germany, and it is bad enough, but the Germans could not tolerate the Militarism of France. In France, with a smaller army there are a hundred more officers than in Germany. The 25,000 professional military men in France represent a hierarchy reigning by means of three millions

of non-professional soldiers over the thirty-eight millions of people from whose families the soldiers are drawn. These families pay annually 850 millions of francs to support this Power which trains their sons to be ready at any moment to massacre their parents and relatives should their officer so order. This hierarchy instead of being weakened by its German defeat gained supremacy by that defeat. Thirty years ago the clamours for Revenge and for recovery of Alsace and Lorraine were the excuse for the whole population enthroning their incompetent chiefs as absolutely over the Republic as they had been over the first empire, and when those clamours became too absurd for effect the military sovereignty was found to have built beneath and around it foundations and buttresses quarried from all the infirmities, surviving superstitions, and anti-social forces of the more ignorant populace. The old cry for Revenge was succeeded by an appeal to terror. The notion was fostered that if the nation was not kept a military camp, and the chiefs absolutely obeyed, Germany would at once enter and take possession of the country! The war with Germany was thus continued as a domestic institution, so to say, and a chronic reign of terror superinduced which enabled the military hierarchy to secure that irresponsibility to civil and moral laws which is the privilege of war. In war forgeries, lies, murders, become patriotic stratagems, and so forth.

This sort of thing operating for a generation developed the military hierarchy to a magnificence, to a power autocratic, aristocratic, and unscrupulous, which made it the centre of gravitation. To it gravitated the priesthood, for authority could restore lost authority. The host of the titled and their snobs gravitated to the only legalised aristocracy. Royalists, imperialists, Cesarians, all enemies of liberty and equality courted this military majesty, which made the Minister of War dictator of France. It made no difference whether the War portfolio was held by a General or a civilian, by a Mercier or a Cavaignac, a Freycenet or a Billot, l'État Major dictated its will to that Minister, and that Minister dictates the same to the Cabinet and the President. So it went on until on this Dreyfus case Brisson, president of the Cabinet, ventured on the most heroic step that has been taken by any French statesman within this century. For daring to insist on revision of the Dreyfus case against his Minister of War backed by other Ministers Brisson was hurled from office by a panic-stricken parliament, but his act was the first sign that the Republic meant to struggle for its independence.

Militarism has no wish to subvert the present French constitution, which is well adapted to its purposes. At the opening of the Senatorial Court for trial of the conspirators against the Republic the president of the instruction and the republican journals remarked with satisfaction that not one military man was found among them. This however was really an indication of the subjugation of the Republic. At the time of that conspiracy l'État Major was Dictator over the Republic, utilising its machinery, receiving its wealth and monopolising all legalised pomp and privilege. Why should they transfer all this to some interloping Duke of Orleans or some demagogue Deroulède?

However, the brain of French Militarism proved not equal to its opportunities. There was but one part of the Republic's machinery which was not under its control,—the Judiciary. If it had possessed the wit, when Henry's forgery was confessed, to revise the Dreyfus case by another Council of War, l'État Major would have risen even higher. But it determined to vindicate the infallibility of a War Council against overwhelming evidence of its error, and Militarism was compelled to accept solidarity with all of the parties that wished to rule or ruin the Republic. The strongest parties wished to ruin it, namely the royalists and the Deroulèdistes. This the military chiefs did not wish, but they had to share the disgrace of their allies in the anti-Dreyfus struggle. The effort of Deroulède to induce General Roget to take possession of the presidential mansion, the personal attack on the new president (Loubet) at the races, excited wide-spread anger throughout the nation. It was felt in Parliament. The servile Minister of War, Freycenet, was hissed, and when he resigned it was really the resignation of the Ministry.

The Military Power could not escape from the disgrace of these really insignificant groups which on their side, without caring much about the Dreyfus affair, had made common cause with l'État Major for ends of their own. As the reaction set in it was found that besides the few eminent officers who had taken up independent positions,—Picquart, Hartmann, Frœystetter,—there were others that gathered courage to dissent, and a considerable number of lay Catholics renounced the leadership of their priesthood. Then there is a large commercial class which without caring much about the Dreyfus case recognised that the Antidreyfusards were indifferent to the fate of the Exposition. The royalists and related leagues were evidently anxious to wreck an Exposition which would bring *éclat* to the Republic, and the military chiefs wished the republicans

to understand that the festival must depend on their protection and co-operation. Over that suburb of extemporised palaces and domes rapidly rising beside the Seine a sword is suspended. A military *coup d'état*, or even preparations for one, would keep all foreign contributions and exhibits at home. In England commerce is in alliance with Militarism, which only acts abroad, and conquers new markets, but in France the merchants and manufacturers are unfriendly to Militarism which only acts at home and keeps up in every part of the country a menace of the domestic peace needed by industry and trade.

Thus the martyrdom of one Jew, breaking up the old political groups and turning their leaders into fossil remains (e. g. Meline, Dupuy, Freycenet,) divided the nation into two great parties. Their issue is: shall the Republic be ruled by civil or by military authority? On one side four fifths of the army (including the police), all the priesthood, and all the Catholic peasantry who obey their priests, all the royalists, bonapartists, anti-semites, snobs, and rowdies. Against these all the scholars, professors, protestants, artists, authors, socialists, freethinkers, real republicans, merchants, skilled workmen, manufacturers.

The first of these parties presents a remarkable example of reversion. The best brains having been republicanised, since the fall of the second empire, and abandoned the military profession, the army has been left to the control of an inferior class who have given it a retrogressive development towards the powers and privileges militarism enjoyed under Bonaparte. But a brainless Bonapartism is a new thing. So far as mental ability has been tested by the Dreyfus case the brightest head in the French army was Esterhazy! It has been shown that few of the chief officers know any language but French, that many of them are ignorant of all sciences, even about guns, and that ethical, legal, or constitutional instruction is unknown to their military schools. It was made a point against Dreyfus that he was given to scientific investigations; against Picquart that he sought the truth and would not conceal it; and it has been established that in the Council of War (1894) which condemned Dreyfus there was not one officer who was aware that it is illegal to submit to judges evidence unknown to the party they were judging. Not one realised until some years later, and most of them do not yet realise that their action on those secret pieces transformed them into a bench of lynchers. Their ideas of honor are superstitions: a military inquiry found that Esterhazy in entering into the business of supplying a brothel to make money had

done nothing contrary to military honour, but a penalty was inflicted on him for some act of "indiscipline." It was a superstition that saved Dreyfus from being shot instead of degraded and tortured. The uniform so sanctifies the body that has worn it that it carries a degree of immunity even to a traitor, as in the case of Bazaine. They tried to induce Dreyfus to kill himself, and his refusal, because of innocence, produced on some subordinate officers an impression that he must either be innocent or the most hardened of criminals. As to this it is difficult to credit the crusaders against Dreyfus with sincerity, for occasionally they have been surprised into a revelation of their belief in the victim's innocence: e. g. in their panic lest the original documents mentioned in the bordereau should be obtained from Germany. Had they believed the documents to be from Dreyfus they would have been eager to obtain them.

While this reversion has gone on in the Militarist party, an evolution has proceeded among the civilian republicans which renders them to-day, in my opinion, the most thoroughly instructed and trained political party in the world, and their publicists the most accomplished interpreters of republican principles.

Unfortunately the intellectual and moral disproportion between these antagonists can not determine the issue in favor of the wise and just cause. Unscrupulousness sometimes has a physical advantage over scrupulousness. Among political gamblers logic is a "suspect." If you once begin to deal with institutions and politics by rules of logic and pure reason where will you stop! "At the base of every institution is a fiction," says Renan. The completeness of the facts and the arguments adduced by the defenders of Dreyfus proved so much more than his innocence, proved such fundamental faults in the whole military system, that the army felt itself under siege and has for several years resorted to the stratagems of war. These stratagems admissible in war become malignant lies, false witnesses, and forgeries in time of peace, and the great complication arises from the fact that the civil laws theoretically hold the military men accountable for their avowed crimes, committed because they felt themselves at war. The only treason of Bazaine was that having gone out to defend the empire he did not regard the Gambettist republic as any France at all, and would not fight for it. The difference between him and the present Generals is that they do not regard a republic in which l'État Major is subordinate as any France at all, but are loyal to a "republic" in which l'État Major is Dictator.

The fatal superiority of Militarism is that it is armed. After the fall of the Dupuy ministry a government could not be formed without military co-operation, but it is now pretty clear that General Gallifet accepted a portfolio only on conditions: Dreyfus was to be recondemned, in order that the criminal officers might be shielded, and then pardoned on a plea for pity coming from the military Minister of War. He must not owe the initiative for his liberation to the civil powers.

I remarked a little thing which escaped notice here: President Loubet in his decree did not use the word "pardon" but *remitted* the penalty: "*Il est accordé à Dreyfus (Alfred) remise du reste de la peine, etc.*" There is no regular formula for pardons, and the mission of the word (*grâce*) may have been without significance. But it is not I believe without significance that the Minister of War in publishing the decree gave it the endorsement: "Decree pardoning (*graciant*) the condemned Dreyfus (Alfred) etc." It was boasted by the enemies of Dreyfus that he admitted his guilt in accepting pardon, but Loubet may have foreseen this and so worded his decree that the prisoner accepted only release from a penalty illegally inflicted.

Gallifet then hastened to announce to the army officially that the Dreyfus "incident" (!) was "closed"; that there would be "no reprisals"; and that the army must be silent about it, by compulsion if necessary. This was followed by the mild disgrace of General Negrier and several others who did not conform to the order. But on the other hand officers who had testified in favor of Dreyfus at Rennes—Hartmann and Frœystetter—were virtually punished, and it now appears that in order to shield Generals who have committed crimes against the common law there are to be "reprisals" against those who secured the revision. The "amnesty" which the government has demanded of the Senate does not mean merely that the officers who have committed forgery and perjury, and who have destroyed vital documents belonging to the State, shall not be prosecuted but that they shall remain commanders of the army. Nay, it means that the effect of their avowed crimes shall continue permanently. Dreyfus shall be prohibited from vindicating his innocence and honor; Picquart shall be left without redress for his eleven months imprisonment and without possibility of proving the falsity of the charges maliciously brought against him; Zola shall be rendered unable to recover the money seized in his house, or to reverse the sentence pronounced against him on evidence admittedly false. The "amnesty" will thus be really a

confiscation of the actual rights of citizens such as was rare even in the worst days of feudal tyranny, and a prolongation of the recent scandals to eternity.

There will be some conflict in the Senate, but the debate will be under the suspended sword of Militarism held in the hand of Gallifet, who regards this measure as the only means of fulfilling his promise to the guilty officers that there shall be "no reprisals." The eminent jurist nominally at the head of the Ministry has exacted in payment a reform of Military tribunals and procedure providing that the judges must have studied law, and that all offences under the common law shall be tried in ordinary courts, but the prospective advantages of this measure can by no means reconcile the conscience and justice of France to an "amnesty" which amounts to a third and irreversible sentence against Dreyfus, and includes with him the noble men, Picquart and Zola, who delivered him from his living tomb. Nay, which amounts also to France taking on herself the guilty burden of the accumulated crimes which have kept her in agony for years and finally disgraced her in the eyes of mankind.

It is possible that the Premier, while fulfilling a contract with Gallifet by proposing the amnesty, is riding for a fall. Little is said about any "appeasement" to ensue. Gallifet knows perfectly well that the object of the amnesty is not the peace of the nation but the protection of certain felons by making the nation their accomplice. He is therefore advertising all who may be unwilling to take their share in the felonies of what they may expect, by demanding five years' imprisonment for a powerful editor and author, Urbain Gohier, whose attacks on military abuses and plumed criminals are claimed to be insults to the army. Freycenet, late Minister of War, and Lockroy late Minister of Marine, prosecuted Gohier for his book *L'armée contre la Nation*, but the jury would not assist this official attack on liberty, and the trial only increased the circulation of the terrible collection of facts in that brilliant work. But where the civilian Ministers failed the military Minister may succeed, for Urbain Gohier's pen steadily continues (in *l'Aurore*) its vivisections of Militarism. This he regards as the survival of ancient tyranny over the army of the Republic to which he and all citizens belong. There are many republican optimists who regard all this reactionism as a feint, and point to the perpetual attacks of the anti-dreyfusards on Gallifet. He too, they say, is riding for a fall against Urbain Gohier and freedom of the press, so as to say to the army, "I have done my best, but the country is against

you." If that shall prove to be the case, and if the amnesty is deprived of its outrageous features, there will be nothing to fear beyond some military menaces, for the royalist leaders will be in disgrace or in prison, and the political plots against the republic are exploded. The officers generally will have no recourse but that of Offenbach's Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, "If you can't get what you set your heart upon, you must set your heart upon what you can get." They can get from the Republic their 850 millions of francs per annum for a minimum of work. There is no prospect of their getting from any pretenders what they now have.

But I am unable to share the optimistic view. I see perils ahead. Along with the monumental "Triumph of the Republic" is going up a monument to the confessed forger Lieutenant Henry, who committed suicide, thereby saving his accomplices. On the day when the "Triumph" was unveiled, and the proposed "amnesty" published, General Mercier was proclaimed president of the Henry monument committee. Mercier is the criminal from whom proceeded all these woes and convulsions of France. His admitted crimes constitute Mercier's only fame, for he is otherwise an insignificant creature. This exaltation of confessed crime when committed in the interest of a handful of commanders regarding themselves as France, indicates a cynicism, a moral recklessness, a secession from humanity, from which Gallifet may happily prove to be free. The anti-dreyfusard press evidently so believes and he must so far be credited by hope. Moreover he has a stain to wash out,—that massacre of the communard prisoners. But I ponder the words of Confucius, "You cannot carve a statue out of rotten wood." I also recall Zola's words, "Military injustice cannot be redressed by military justice, because this is not free." Gallifet is a man of little knowledge, and his intellect may be estimated by his considering a struggle that has moved the world an "incident," and as "closed" by the absurd declaration of a military court that there are extenuating circumstances for high treason! He has given no sign of interest in the question of right and wrong, nor of any knowledge of or care for the opinion of mankind. The crisis is one requiring the greatest intelligence, wisdom, virtue, possible to man, and the supreme guide in it is one whose long record excites but the hope that advanced years may have made him conscious of the blots on it, and stimulate him to efface them by some great service to the country his comrades have afflicted, degraded, crucified. Either this salvation will he bring, or an intellectual and moral desolation to be called "appeasement."