

# NO HOPE FOR DREYFUS

## OPINION PREVAILS THAT CAPTAIN WILL NOT BE ACQUITTED.

### Beginning of the End of the Famous Treason Trial at Rennes Has Been Reached.

London.—(Special)—Esterhazy has written a portion of the bordereau for Black and White. The editor makes the following announcement: "Telegrams from Rennes say that an English journalist named Gibbon has arrived there with a copy of the bordereau written by Esterhazy, and with the declarations of Esterhazy sworn to before a commissioner of the court. Mr. Gibbon, the subeditor of Black and White, was sent by the editor to Rennes, carrying to Maitre Labori photographs of a copy of a part of the bordereau written by Esterhazy on Saturday last. This document is to be published by Black and White, and forms a final and absolute proof of Dreyfus' innocence so far as the bordereau is concerned. The declarations referred to are not made by Esterhazy, but by a gentleman, W. B. Northrop, who acted as intermediary between the editor and Esterhazy."

Rennes.—(Special)—Thursday came the beginning of the end of the Dreyfus trial. With the speech of the government commissioner, Major Carriere, the case closed upon the final stage of pleadings and the verdict will be delivered on Monday at the least. There is talk of the trial ending Friday by holding an extra session in the afternoon for M. Labori's speech and the declaration of the judges. This, however, is unlikely, as the government is likely to desire to have the judgment held over Sunday, to avert demonstrations on the verdict when the workmen are free.

The government is not only fearful regarding Rennes, but is particularly so regarding Paris and other large towns where passions have been heated, and the verdict, whichever way it is given, is practically certain to give rise to trouble. It is understood that the government has intimated its desire to the president of the court, only the mouthpiece of the whole body of judges. His decision to exclude the testimony of Colonel Swartzkopp and Major Panizzardi was most significant, as it meant that the court had already reached a conclusion and that the pleadings of counsel were only a waste of words and might be dispensed with if they were not a necessity. The court has made up its mind, but which way? This is the vital point and forms the sole topic of discussion tonight. Both sides are equally confident that the court will decide in accordance with their view. The Dreyfusians declare that the judges cannot convict Dreyfus after rejecting the decisive evidence which Swartzkopp and Panizzardi would have given in his favor. The anti-Dreyfusians, on the other hand, explain today's ruling on the grounds that the evidence of the two military attaches would be worthless, because they would be morally bound to save their agent at any cost. A sample of this reason was given by an anti-Dreyfusian journalist, who, when praising Colonel Jouaust's opinion, explained: "What weight could be attached to the testimony of Swartzkopp and Panizzardi? The receiver of stolen goods must shield the thief as much as he can."

HE WILL NOT BE SEEN.

From the popular point of view, the scene in court when Colonel Jouaust delivered the judgment, was one of its most sensational features, owing to the absence of the central figure, Captain Dreyfus will be taken to an adjoining room when the judges retire to consider their verdict. A moment before they are to re-enter a bell will be rung, and as they take their places behind the long table the infantry guard will present arms, and remain at present arms, while Colonel Jouaust, standing in the center of the platform, will read the verdict. Captain Dreyfus will not be brought back to the court room, and will not be present at the public meeting of the judges, but when the court room is cleared by the gendarmes, which will be done as soon as Colonel Jouaust concludes, the reading clerk will proceed to the room where Dreyfus will be waiting and read to him the verdict in the presence of a court of gendarmes. The public will thus be robbed of the spectacle of his emotions, which are bound to be the most profound, whether the decree sends him to the arms of his family or back to the penal settlement.

The verdict may be a condemnation, an equivocal acquittal, or a form of acquittal that would be equivalent to the Scotch verdict, "not proven." The last will be the case if the judges should pronounce against him by a vote of 4 to 3. That is he would be freed, even though the present majority would be in the minority. But this, naturally, would be very unsatisfactory, as he would bear the stigma of the prosecution's three chances against the prosecution's five: Unanimity, 4 to 1, 5 to 2, 3 to 2, and 4 to 1 will be a verdict of acquittal, while unanimity, 4 to 1 or 5 to 1, will convict him. If convicted, the judgment will be carried to the military court of appeals, which will be a formal matter. The special court will only quash the indictment and order a retrial if it should be established that the present court-martial has erred in a matter of procedure. This is in the highest degree improbable.

The court of cassation will also have the right to order a retrial if it should decide that the court-martial has deviated from its instructions. This is the only loophole for Dreyfus, and his friends will undoubtedly fight this measure tooth and nail. Extraordinary measures have been taken to spirit Dreyfus away, whether convicted or condemned. His departure from Rennes will be effected in the same mystery as when he arrived.

MORNING SESSION.

At the opening of the court martial, Thursday morning, M. Labori, leading counsel for the defense, announced that he had received a semi-official communication that Colonel Swartzkopp, the former German military attaché at Paris, would be unable to appear personally before the court. Counsel thereupon proposed that a representative should be telegraphed to receive his deposition. The court declared itself incompetent to grant M. Labori's application.

At 10:30 the government commissioner, Major Carriere, began his speech, closing the case for the prosecution. He concluded his remarks at 11:30 a. m. M. Paleologue of the French foreign office and Major Carriere did not oppose M. Labori's application. Major Carriere pointed out, however, that the proposed step would involve a deviation from the usual procedure in making a long adjournment necessary. Counsel for the defense replied that the court was entitled to adjourn for forty-eight hours, and in case a longer period was required he suggested that a short session be held Friday, when the court could adjourn until Monday.

DENY LABORI'S APPLICATION.

M. Labori's then drew up a formal application that Colonel Swartzkopp and Major Panizzardi be cited as witnesses, and that seven questions be telegraphed to them to which they were to reply under oath. The first question was to be, if they had ever received the documents mentioned in the bordereau. The former attachés would be asked further if they had received the firing manual, when they had received it and from whom; whether either of them sent to Esterhazy the petit bleu, a copy of which was to be telegraphed to the court; and finally if they ever directly or indirectly had any relations with Dreyfus.

The court deliberated for a quarter of an hour, and on returning the president, Colonel Jouaust, read its decision. Declaring it incompetent to grant M. Labori's application. Major Carriere at 10:30 a. m. began his speech. All the generals and other officers who were seated in the witness chairs rose and left the court room just before the government commissioner opened, in accordance with the order of the minister of war, General de Galliffet, to leave Rennes within two hours after the pleadings had begun. There was an interesting scene in the court yard of the Lycée, where the officers took leave of each other. They appeared to be in good spirits.

VERDICT TO COME MONDAY.

M. Demange of counsel for the defense will probably occupy the whole of Friday in his speech for the defense, and M. Labori will speak on Saturday. The verdict will be rendered Monday, because the police authorities are opposed to the announcement of the verdict on Saturday, if it were possible to do so, on the ground that it would be likely to cause a riot. Dreyfus when Colonel Du Paty de Clam dictated the bordereau to him. The witness said Dreyfus only appeared to be troubled afterward, when Du Paty de Clam questioned him.

M. Cochefert referred to the revolver found on the table at the desk at which Dreyfus was then seated, and he recounted how the prisoner on receiving it, cried: "I will not kill myself; I will live to establish my innocence." The clerk of the court then read a letter from Captain Humbert to the effect that he had produced a considerable desire in 1894 to enter the statistical section of the war office and saying that he met Dreyfus once carrying some voluminous packets of maps and documents, and remarked that he was acting very imprudently.

DREYFUS DOES NOT DENY.

Dreyfus then rose and calmly traversed Captain Humbert's statements, declaring them to be inexact. General Mercier afterwards came to the bar and said that he felt the deposition of Captain Freystaetter was a very important one, and that he had a very strong impression on the minds of the judges. He spoke of the attacks made on him since the captain had testified, saying the Dreyfusard press had been calling him a false witness, etc.

General Mercier proceeded to call attention to contradictions on Captain Freystaetter's statements reading, as he stated, that he had never seen Dreyfus in the court-martial on the subject, but that one of them was prepared to swear that the dispatch was not submitted to them, because their recollections were now rather vague.

MERCIER EXCITES DISGUST.

This statement of General Mercier evoked a chorus of disgusted "ohs" from the audience. General Mercier proceeded to call attention to contradictions on Captain Freystaetter's statements reading, as he stated, that he had never seen Dreyfus in the court-martial on the subject, but that one of them was prepared to swear that the dispatch was not submitted to them, because their recollections were now rather vague.

THE ROGATORY COMMISSION.

The court then retired to deliberate on M. Labori's application and its probable decision was eagerly discussed. Every one in court stood up when the judges returned. Colonel Jouaust gave the order "Present arms" from the bottom of the hall, while he standing, and with the other judges standing on either side of him, read the announcement that the judges had unanimously decided that the president, Colonel Jouaust, was competent to order a rogatory commission to be sent to the military code, were not competent to do so.

M. Labori then asked Colonel Jouaust if he still maintained his refusal to appoint the commission, the colonel having, when M. Labori submitted his conclusions, said he was opposed to the application.

NO HELP FROM ABROAD.

Colonel Jouaust replied "Yes," and the evidence of Colonel Swartzkopp and Major Panizzardi with regard to their relations with Dreyfus was thus excluded. The refusal of Colonel Jouaust seemed inexplicable because it appeared to be his duty to receive all evidence directly bearing on the case, and more especially the evidence of the two attachés, the refusal of whose evidence is equivalent to a slight on their respective countries.

# THE BRIDES OF DEATH.

There's a cleft in the darkening sea-coast wall  
That hides the town like a sheltering pall,  
And the Morro looks down from the precipice crest  
At the sheltered ships on the harbor's breast.  
At the anchored ships that idly swing,  
Flying the flag of the Spanish king.

"Nail to the mast the yellow and red;  
The grave old Spanish admiral said;  
And the lovely infants led the line,  
And the bridesmaids followed her through the brine—  
Followed her out of the harbor mouth  
To the fatal tryst in the open south.

Never a bride went down the hall,  
In the maze of the dance of her marriage ball,  
With so fine a grace or an air so free  
As the Spanish ships stood out to sea  
And never the brides of God took veil  
In the darkness of the convent's pale.

With a frothy mien of sacrifice  
As they bided the fling of the battle's dice,  
Their splendid standards streamed on high  
'Gainst the turquoise blue of the tropic sky,  
Their lustrous brasswork flashes flung,  
Like lustrous jewels around them strung;  
And their bows were veiled in the filigree lace  
Of the spray comb tossed by the charging pace.

But, ah! what terrible guests are these  
Fast gliding in from the outer seas,  
Gliding along in drapery black  
That fumes and pours from the high smokestack?  
And, ah! what thunderous chimes that greet  
The stately advance of the bridal fleet;  
But is this the peal of the wedding bell—  
This roaring voice like the voice of hell?

'Tis the wraithsome cry of the pitiless Fate—  
The voice is the voice of the sister states,  
Of the sister states of the slaughtered Maine,  
Crying aloud for the blood of Spain—  
Battleship, cruiser, torpedo boat,  
That rush like dogs at the Spanish throat.

Alas for the brides in yellow and red  
That out of the harbor so lightly sped,  
That reel and faint in the fearful dance  
'Mid the choke of the smoke where the lightning glances,  
While ever mingles the thunder's roar  
With the boom of the surf on the nearing shore.

They were six that steered to the open sea—  
The bride and the maids so swift and free—  
And six are the corpses that line the strand,  
Prone in the pools of the tide-leaf sand,  
And the gathering vultures circle high  
O'er the stiffened limb and the death-closed eye.

—Troy Times.

# WAS A GOOD FELLOW

When a man has enough money and not enough to do, and the gods have not given him discretion, he sometimes takes to playing parlor provence. It is a petty game, but not safe. My excellent friend Fenwick of Penn Hall used to be very fond of it, and this is why he has given it up.

Dobson was a high church curate in a slummy parish, very considerate, very hard-working, not very strong and none the stronger for the early morning services, which he carried out with a heavy heart. He believed in celibacy to the clergy, and plenty of communication and confession for the laity; he was the customary victim of every idle drunkard and every gossiping old woman in his parish; he had little faith in vicars, and less in bishops, and, in all this, he was quite the ordinary high church curate. Where he was extraordinary was in being a most eloquent speaker, not only in the pulpit, but even where there was a chance of being answered.

One day last year I bethought myself suddenly of Dobson, and since, and that I had not seen him for some time; also that he was just the man to make a speech that I wanted made at a certain coming meeting in which I was interested. So I got up my joins and made a pilgrimage to his parish, and, in the way, the willingness of the Surrey side. On the doorstep I found Fenwick, who greeted me with an unusual effusiveness.

"My dear boy," he said, "you're the very man I was wishing for," and I shook me warmly by the hand. "You have influenced me with Dobson; you will persuade him to do what I desire?"

"Speaking from my own experience, Mr. Fenwick," I replied, "I should say that your only chance is that what you desire should be something he particularly dislikes; then he will probably do it. But have you rung?"

"At this moment the door was flung wide open and Dobson's small but energetic maid servant appeared, pinning the elbows of a very large and very drunk woman, whom she was endeavoring to push out of the door. The woman was resisting to the best of her ability, because she had not yet finished making some very emphatic remarks to Dobson. He stood with his pipe in his hand, and on his face an expression of mingled anxiety for his servant and grief for the verbal excesses of her opponent. Perceiving us, he forgot them both, and ran to meet us.

"Hello, Jones, old man; you're a stranger. Very glad to see you. Mr. Fenwick comes in, both of you. Very respectable, this, very. Really, Mrs. Cookson, you know—"

But at this point I took advantage of a favorable chance and pushed the woman off the steps into the street, where she fell into a rather confused heap, but never stopped cursing for an instant. That donkey, Dobson, actually ran down to pick her up, but was anticipated by a policeman, who led her off with some difficulty. Dobson took us inside, apologizing.

"Some of these people are rather troublesome," he said, "and the only way is to be very firm with them, but patient, always patient. You let your care for me carry you away, Jones, I'm afraid."

In his room, which seemed to be furnished only with a crucifix and a big table littered with papers, were two or three other parishioners, apparently sober, but in an aggressive condition of boredom. Dobson submitted with the patience of which he had spoken to be bored about the parish magazine, the young men's football club, the school, and I should have been inclined to go to sleep if I had not felt so vexed at the fellow for falling in love with Amy, and so amused at the queer way he took to tell me of it. The funny part was that he was perfectly in earnest, and quite believed that by contemplating Amy his eyes had been opened to a number of important spiritual truths. I have heard lay lovers talk in something the same way, but for my part I never found that kissing Amy opened my eyes to any truth except that she was very nice to kiss.

"And I love this girl," he said, "and I am afraid to speak to her. Partly it is herself I am afraid of, because she is so simple and yet so wise. But then again, I know nothing about her, and the customs; I might frighten her; there are right ways and wrong ways of speaking, and I know nothing." And he went on to appeal to my worldly wisdom, of which he always had a great opinion. Once Dobson tried to convert me and failed, he bowed me no grudge for it (which is rare), but he had made a division in his own mind, I believe, by which I was to be wise in the things of this world, and to be left to the "unconvinced mercies" of Providence in the next. And now it was the wisdom of this world that he wanted. So I gave it to him, thus, with a grave face.

"Dobson," said I, "this is a delicate matter. I do not believe Miss Fenwick has any conception of the feelings you entertain for her. Nor do I imagine that she has ever asked herself whether she entertains any such feelings for you. It is not the way of women to do so until a man has spoken much more plainly than you have done. An abrupt declaration would startle her and might be fatal to your chances. What you must do is to proceed slowly and gradually, letting your feelings be seen by degrees, so as to accustom her to look on you rather as a lover than as a teacher." And I further instructed him in the same sense; to all which he listened with much docility, and at the end of it shook my hand and said I was a true friend; and I went to bed, thinking it over.

The advice I had given him was not only excellent in itself, it had the further merit of leaving a clear field for me. It was true that Amy was by no means prepared to hear any declaration of love from him, but she was quite prepared to hear one from me, although I was by no means sure whether she had yet answered it. I should have preferred to wait awhile and let the fruit ripen, but I knew that Dobson's notion of gradually proceeding was not one that would allow me much time.

If she spoke first and was rejected, then the field would be clear for him; but if he spoke first, whether he was accepted or rejected, I knew Amy would be so much disturbed and agitated that I should have no chance for the rest of my visit and no other opportunity might never come. And I was by no means sure that he would be rejected, for although she certainly did not love him, women have been known to marry out of admiration and pity before now, and particularly pious women. Both parties are in a tight spot. I felt I must be acting in the best interests of all three of us in speaking as soon as possible.

And so I did. I met her in the garden next morning and there on a rustic seat under a laburnum, I told her of my love. There were some scenes of the kind for the public gaze, and I shall not attempt to paint the pretty shamed air with which Amy responded to my declaration. But when we had once more begun to talk more or less like reasonable beings, the first thought that crossed my mind was of Dobson. He was a sort of old loony in the sea. I was never allowed to be free of him. But having conquered I could afford to be magnanimous, and I resolved to make the thing as little unpleasant both for him and her as could be.

"Denare," said I, "I have a piece of news for you that will surprise you." She looked up at me with such a sweet, confiding air that I had to kiss her before going on. "Do you know, I am not the only man who has eyes to see. What would you think, now, of old Dobson?"

"Dobson?" she interrupted, in a tone of most unfeigned astonishment. I was glad to see my sagacity vindicated. She had no suspicions of him. A pretty mess he would have made of it if I had not been there.

"Yes, yes, yes, Dobson, and no other," I said. "Fenny isn't it, but true. He is not so far away up in the sky as you think. He will come down to say something very particular to a little mortal maiden, and that before many days are up."

"Oh, no, I do hope not," she exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Quite certain; I have watched him with you, and I know old Dobson through and through. Now, when he does speak, love—as her certainly will, and you must prepare yourself for it—don't tell him about me. It would be a great deal to her, and I would be sure to be hurting him more than you must. My little girl is very wise."

I am afraid she was more frightened than wise for the next few days, and I'm sure she tried to prevent Dobson speaking at all. But he never let her little girl intervene. His method of carrying out his instructions was to hang off as well as he could for two days and then, in the effort to show a little of his feelings, to blurt out a declaration. I must have been painful to Amy; she was quite unwell and went to bed with the headache. Dobson went straight off to London the same afternoon without a word to anyone, and told Fenwick he had received a telegram about an outbreak of smallpox in his parish. I knew he would write to Fenwick, but only in general terms; and so he did. Fenwick hardly looked at the letter because he was afraid of infection. I had a letter myself which was rather a curious document, and which explained fully, but I never showed it either to Fenwick or Amy.

Fenwick, some few days after, took occasion to observe: "I think that fellow Dobson must be made of cast-iron."

I thought I would administer consolation and get out our secret at the same time, and I said: "No, but Dobson, you know, is a man of very peculiar observation, and also a man who would never think of obtruding himself, and when he came here he saw at once—"

"What?"

"Why, that Amy was, as it were, engaged."

"It was engaged? What on earth do you mean, Jones? She was not engaged."

"She was not, but she is, Mr. Fenwick—to me."

Fenwick is really a reasonable man at bottom. He came round very soon, and I have noticed that he has rather given up regarding other people's affairs for them.

As for Dobson, he found himself restless in London, and he went with some missionaries to Smyrna. Before he started Amy had a letter from him, over which she cried a little, though I could't see anything to cry over. It was a very proper letter, and spoke confidently of her future happiness with me. When he had been a little time in Smyrna he unfortunately caught a fever and died. I was sorry. He was a good fellow, and, as I said, a capital speaker.—Black and White.

Cardinal Manning's keen wish was often used to drive home a moral warning.

"What are you going to do in life?" I asked a flippant undergraduate of Oxford.

"Oh, I am going to take holy orders," was the airy reply.

"Take care you get them, my son."