

and of the nourishment and growth of plants. The body literally ascends from the dead and becomes once more the source and renewal of life. The contention, therefore, that nature has left the bodies of the dead on our hands to our special hurt and detriment is a most singular one.

The speaker then arrives at the following conclusion:

I contend, therefore, that what is wanted is not a bill to regulate cremation—which, on the contrary, as a measure of public safety, ought rather to be at once declared a misdemeanor, but a bill to regulate and ensure *safe and proper burial*, which bill, to be effective, should, besides dealing with the whole subject of cemeterial management, contain the following provisions: (1) for burial within the earth, as the only legal mode of disposing of a dead body; (2) for a limitation of time beyond which it should be illegal to keep a dead body unburied; and (3) for the illegality of strong coffins, brick graves, and vaults, and of all contrivances having for their effect to retard resolution and to confer on the dead a tenure, practically illimitable, of the soil which is necessary to the purposes of the living.

ROBBING THE INDIANS.

The Navajo Indian trouble is the old story of rascally white men who have crowded the Indians to the verge of desperation. The Navajo reservation is located in New Mexico and Arizona, and Lieutenant E. H. Plummer has been filling the position of an agent. A few days ago he made the statement that the Indians were on the verge of starvation because of the drought, the low price of wool, and the way they had been humbugged by a government irrigation commission. It is now announced that Lieutenant Plummer has asked General McCook to relieve him of his duties as Indian agent. The lieutenant makes a report that alleges official corruption which, if the facts be as stated, should land every one of the guilty parties in jail for a long term. The government made an appropriation of \$60,000 for irrigating ditches on the reservation, and a commission was appointed to direct the work. The lieutenant's report says that the members of this commission have got away with \$30,000, and all there is to show for it is 135 yards of a useless irrigating ditch. He further states that the irrigation commissioners have transformed themselves into post traders on the reservation, and have been robbing the Indians in that manner. He recommends that these men be discharged, and that an investigation be made.

In this case, of course, it will be a proper thing not to reach a conclusion that the irrigation commissioners are the consummate rascals which Lieutenant Plummer describes them to be until they have had a chance to make a showing in their own behalf. But there has been so much of the kind of business of which they have been accused, that a prompt and vigorous inquiry into the circumstances should be made. Besides, it is a fair presumption that the lieutenant, as a military man, is merely reporting to his superior officer facts which come to his knowledge,

and therefore his allegations are entitled to greater weight than if they could be charged to political or financial motives.

There was a time when accusations against government employes on Indian reservations attracted little attention, for by many the fleecing of the red man was regarded almost as legitimate financiering. There has been a change in this respect, however, and with the recognition of the principle that the Indian has rights which should be respected, there has grown up a sympathy for the savage aborigine which is demanding protection for him and the just punishment of those who victimize his race. The sentiment that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," does not now prevail among enlightened people who are informed on Indian history and character, but is relegated to its place among the barbarous instincts of those who have not comprehended the true status of affairs. It is to be hoped that this change has been sufficiently marked to cause a full investigation of the Navajo scandal, and to bring the guilty parties to justice. The Navajos, in their contact with the pioneers of civilization in this part of the country—the early settlers of Utah—were among the first of the Indian tribes to learn that there were white men who would treat them with justice and humanity. Now is the opportunity to convince them by practical illustration that such is the policy of our great Republic.

ALEXANDER'S REMINISCENCES.

Russia's emperor has written a book. This fact is remarkable enough in itself, but it becomes startling when the purpose of the work is considered. It is pronounced the most powerful sermon of peace ever preached by a monarch. The impression has prevailed that the mighty rulers of the Muscovites have lived only to carry out the policy of Peter the Great and that their constant aim has been to plant their banners in the capitals of Turkey, Persia and India. But now comes Alexander the Third with a collection of reminiscences of Sebastopol, and the imperial author paints scenes so revolting that civilization and humanity, not to speak of Christianity, must turn from them with feelings of abhorrence. Not since Mr. C. H. Spurgeon wrote his famous open letter to Emperors William and Napoleon has the inhumanity of battle scenes been so vividly set forth. The czar was only a boy when the celebrated battle of Sebastopol was fought, but his "reminiscences" show that the impressions then stamped upon his youthful mind have never left him, and it may be taken for granted that a monarch who throughout his whole life has such visions before his mind cannot aspire to the glories of war.

The czar is sick. It is thought his disease is incurable, and his book may be looked upon as the result of a desire to impress upon his people the blessings of peace.

The New York World gives some extracts of this remarkable book. One is as follows:

The first time I witnessed an operation was when a soldier's leg was being ampu-

tated. They gave him chloroform, but the dose meted out to him was evidently too small. The surgeon was in a hurry there were so many awaiting his services.

The unhappy soldier awoke at the moment when the knife cut into his flesh, and he cried out in terror. His pains must have been awful. I stood at the side of his bed and spoke a prayer. I did so in a low voice. The sisters of charity went to the door and begged of him to give the patient a little more chloroform, but he refused to do so. Happily, the operation was soon over. Then the invalid moaned deeply and said:

"Thy prayer has been pleasing to God. I felt better when I saw your lips move. A great weight seemed to have been lifted from my mind. But what will I do now without my leg? They will send me home. Will I find my loved ones alive? I am now sixteen years in the army; in that period all I knew in the village may have died."

Then his nerves gave out. He became silent, but after he became dazed for a considerable time, as if absorbed in painful dreams, he said: "Thou must know, I had to leave my wife and two children behind." Hot tears came into his eyes, and his voice assumed a husky tone, when he added, amid sobs: "They were two lovely boys."

At this moment a bomb came whizzing through the air and exploded in the corner of the near-by corridor, where two officers stood engaged in conversation. One of the gentlemen saved his life by jumping to the side, the other was killed and his body was torn to pieces.

Another of his reminiscences reads:

Day and night we heard the whizzing of bullets in the barracks at Sebastopol. Our brave sisters of charity paid no attention whatever to these messengers of death, and continued in their arduous duties. One day in August (1855) a bomb exploded on the roof over us, went down through three floors and finally landed between two beds, where I was in attendance. From the floor above us a huge piece of the shell had torn a heavy beam, which it brought down with terrible force on the bodies of the patients, killing four outright; parts of their limbs were strewn all over the room.

I went there. I found three youngsters and the wife of a sub-lieutenant dead. I cannot describe the feelings that possessed my soul at this scene. Presently we received orders to rescue our sick and wounded from certain death by transferring them to Fort Pawlowski. Those able to walk had to go by themselves as best they could; the men deprived of the use of their limbs were transported in litters. Our route lay over a steep hill, made slippery by the rain.

Though I was in possession of my limbs and strength I made the ascent only under great difficulties. Think of the exertions of the wounded and sick, tormented by pain, chased by bullets without number that fell as thick as hail! After the fort was reached we found the hospital bare of accommodations. So all able to walk had to retrace their steps to bring up the beds and mattresses left behind. The day after I was stricken by typhus, and I passed six weeks in bed.

It is doubtful whether the most ardent advocate of the cause of the peace societies could paint a more pathetic picture than this:

The club-house of the "Nobility" in Simferopol had been turned into a hospital and 300 patients were lodged there, some days even more. In one of the side wings of the club the theater was located, and near that hall were the offices of the lazaretto. The opposite wing contained the death chamber and the city library of Simferopol. Every morn-