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Lettre de Madame Robert Murray à Madame Dreyfus du 28 janvier 1898

Auteur(s) : Murray, Robert (Mrs)

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

4 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[affaire Dreyfus](#), [Canada](#)

Relations

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Présentation

GenreCorrespondance

Date d'envoi[1898-01-28](#)

AdresseStudley, Halifax (Canada)

Description & Analyse

DescriptionLettre de soutien à Madame Dreyfus et à son mari.

Information générales

Langue[Anglais](#)

CoteCAN Murray 1898_sd_sd

Éléments codicologiques Un bifeuillet original accompagné d'une coupure de presse.

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Informations éditoriales

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Notice créée par [Jean-Sébastien Macke](#) Notice créée le 14/12/2017 Dernière modification le 21/08/2020

pointed to Stidley
I could Galipus do
not believe that he will

To

Madame Dreyfus
Though far from
you. I was with you in
spirit during that awful
trial of your beloved husband.
I then and have ever since
believed him an innocent
man. Since then my daily
and sometimes my hourly
prayer has been "Oh! God
let the sighing of the prison-
er come before Thee - and
see thou him who is af-

My dear
Mrs. Murray

My address is
Mrs. Murray
1000 Broadway
New York
I am
yours
E. C. Murray

pointed to die".

I could not, and do not believe that he will perish in that awful place.

When you have your husband given again to you - may I hope you will think of me - and make my heart glad - by a few words from your own glad heart.

In the meantime
I am your most
anxious watcher
E. C. Murray

Whatever else the Paris rioting proves, or does not prove, it proves the mischief of secret trials. Suppose Jameson had been tried in England, as Dreyfus was in France, behind closed doors, and none of the evidence, only the verdict, given out? We might have seen in London such nervous excitement, fed on wild rumor, as Paris has been suffering from for the past week. The secrecy of the original Dreyfus trial was bad, and the semi-secrecy of the Esterhazy trial was worse. The public was permitted to know only of the evidence that looked black for Major Esterhazy, but the evidence on the strength of which he was acquitted, and the guilt of Dreyfus practically reaffirmed, was kept secret. It is clear, however, that the case turns very largely on a question of handwriting, and the chances for deception in this are notoriously great. It must be said that some of the inferences of the French tribunal on this subject were uncommonly like the reasoning in the famous trial of the Knave of Hearts in 'Alice in Wonderland.' It will be remembered that there, too, a letter, containing a set of verses, was the chief thing:—

'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen.

'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.)

'He must have imitated somebody else's hand,' said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

'Please your Majesty,' said the Knave, 'I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end.'

'If you didn't sign it,' said the King, 'that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.'

There was a general clapping of hands at this; it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

'That "proves" his guilt,' said the Queen.

last evening it appeared solidly taken for the rest of the winter, the ice-bridge here again started to move with the rising tide, and a number of people who were crossing between Quebec and Levis at the time, had considerable difficulty in getting safely to shore. This morning the river in front of the city is clear, but with the ebb the mass of floating ice will again come down to block the harbor, as the key still holds good.

Mr. J. H. R. Burroughs, who has just been retired on pension from the Prothonotaryship of the Superior Court here, had filled the office for thirty-six years.

Ald. Langlois, of Sherbrooke, was wedded here yesterday, to Mrs. (widow), Joseph Turcotte, of this city.

News has been received that a farmer named Lemay, at St. Eustache, Lotbiniere, was burned to death some days ago.

BLIZZARD AT TORONTO.

THE STORM RAGED FURIOUSLY
FOR SEVERAL HOURS.

Toronto, Jan. 26.—The weather man at the Observatory assured a reporter at an early hour this morning that only five inches of snow had fallen during the progress of the storm that visited the city last night. Some people who were out in it may think it was nearer five feet. The storm had been brewing for some time, and as early as Sunday night the weather bulletins stated that it was coming. It raged over the south-western states all day yesterday, blocking traffic considerably. Toronto got the first taste of it about seven o'clock, and for five or six hours a veritable blizzard had things very much its own way. The street railway car service was badly handicapped for a while, but the nine big sweepers were set to work and no actual blockades occurred, although the service was badly disorganized all evening. The sweepers were at work