

## OPEN LETTERS FROM M. PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON.\*

I REGARD you, my dear Dr. Carus, as the very image of an honest man, than whom no one could have a broader mind—pantheist born of the Gospel, extending your benisons beyond every created thing, to every particle of the universe—in fine, a man of the most benignant and the least bellicose nature in the world. You were a very dear friend of my parents; you have continued bountifully to be the dear friend of my own family, even to the point of offering—you, a German-American, German by birth and environment—your eager mite to the hospital for military convalescents, for all soldiers returned from the front, which my wife has established in her home. This trait, like many others, does you credit, and I owe you my testimony of cordial esteem.

But I owe you also my reflections on the extraordinary campaign you have been waging with your pen in the United States ever since the outbreak of hostilities.

Many years ago, if I remember correctly, you once followed the soldier's calling in the land of your birth, then left the country as early as possible for a land where the air was freer, to escape the suffocation of autocracy. Years passed, the great war broke out, and you who, as we think and as you yourself doubtless believe, had attained the culture of the world not merely of one race—forthwith, instinctively, mechanically, you assume the position of a soldier in arms, clicking your heels and, at a blast from the bugle, commanding the assembly of all your forces, of all the arguments, of all the sharpest theses of Kaiserism let loose, to lead them forth in parade in serried ranks in your American magazine, which only yesterday was the organ of the most transcendent humanism, of the most rigorous criticism.

The case is typical and possesses historical value. As far as

\* Translated for *The Open Court* by Lydia G. Robinson.

you are concerned I have just indicated my reasons; and it only remains for me to comment with regard to *The Open Court* whose title, it seems to me, ought to signify impartial judgment.

I have under my eyes one of your first war numbers, and I am compelled to admit that German propaganda organized in the United States—I mean only that which is most sincere, which owes nothing to Herr Dernburg—has produced nothing better nor more complete. On the cover, bearing the idyllic legend "Peace," stands an old abandoned cannon garlanded with brambles and leaves in a Sleeping Beauty's park, the obvious symbol of the pacific dream of Germany and of her state of unpreparedness for war which had been mechanically imposed upon her. Within the magazine there is a display of superb illustrations, and how eloquent in their contrasts! old Nuremberg drowsing in her calm, like Hans Sachs over his empty glass, and facing it some ugly sparrows from France, those aeroplanes you know, by which that city, so sacred to art, was bombarded before the declaration of war—in the German communications; then, impressive, menacing, the photograph of the pyramidal monument of the battle of Leipsic, all the massive weight of Teuton pride, yesterday's victory, and to-morrow's triumph; then, a Peter the Great, sullen, savage, insolent, slave-driver—recalling the repartee of Bernhardi; then, a delicious morsel, the ruins of Heidelberg castle destroyed by French atrocity, so revealed for the first time by your care—justification in advance for the vandalism at Louvain and Rheims; finally (the sting is in the tail), the reproduction of two of Verestschagin's pictures—a Russian, gentlemen, let us bow before him!—one showing some moujiks shot by Napoleon's troops, and the other some venerable Parsis bound to the mouth of English cannons. After all this, refuse, if you can, to believe in the fragile nature of the Triple Entente, of a separate peace with Russia and in the revolt of the Hindus.

As to the contents of the number it would be cruel to dig them up after seven months have passed. Since that time you have, I must confess, offered my wife the opportunity to reply, but she preferred to pass the pen on to me; you have accorded the same privilege to others who have exercised it in *The Open Court*. It is only just to you to take account of all this.

With due reserve and confidently I have set myself to guarantee a refutation from the course events have taken. Dare you claim that I am wrong?

Let us summarize:

Premeditation of the war since 1913 by Austria-Germany, proved (declarations in the Italian parliament of the unsuspecting Signor Giolitti, a personal friend of Herr von Bülow).

Absence of any effort on Germany's part to counsel moderation to Austria, proved (not one single piece in the German White Book convincing in this respect).

Persistent and sincere efforts of the Czar toward the Kaiser to avoid the catastrophe, including the offer of referring the litigation to the Hague tribunal, an offer rejected by Germany, proved (2d English White Book, in press).

Acceptance by Austria herself, the only interested party (July 30), thoroughly to discuss the Servian question directly with Russia, proved (Yellow Book, 104).

After that, the proposal by Russia to maintain an expectant attitude (July 31) provided that Austria should stop the advance of her troops in Servia while continuing to occupy the country, and the acceptance of this proposal by Austria who informed her German ally of it, followed by the intervention of Germany who, seeing war about to escape her, hurled her crushing ultimatum at Russia in order to make war inevitable, proved (Orange Book, 67; Blue Book, 135).

Immediately thereafter, the violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality by scorning the "scrap of paper" as well as the law of nations, proved (cynical admission of Chancellor Bethman-Hollweg at the meeting of the Reichstag on August 4, considerably *prior* to the alleged discovery at Brussels of pseudo-documents relating to an Anglo-Belgian military convention).

Thereafter, disloyalties, atrocities, vandalisms of every kind—the whole lyre of Nero vibrating in full chord: the whole country set on fire and put to the sword, civilians pushed before soldiers, massacres of populations who would have been perfectly justified in defending themselves by improvising resistance (Convention of The Hague, article 3); amplification of the method, war taxes, ransom of slaughtered victims, burning of the library of Louvain, bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims, bombardment of Notre Dame de Paris, bombardment of English watering places, every sort of raids by Zeppelins and aeroplanes, torpedoing of neutral cargoes, of fishing smacks, even of passenger boats as in the case of the Falaba and Lusitania, without warning, without safety for the passengers; besides various interludes of incendiary shells, of villages destroyed, of the destruction of all the churches, of the

removal of furniture to Germany,<sup>1</sup> of populations transported bodily, of false accounts of murders, of disguises in the uniforms of our armies, of the bombardment of ambulances, etc. . . . ; then in distant lands the secret accompaniment of *Deutschland über Alles* by the allies of your "intellectuals," massacres of Servian women by Austrians, hecatombs of Armenians under the cutlasses of the Turks<sup>2</sup> etc., etc., and finally, to crown all these splendors, an artificial fire of German chemicals, burning tar, flaming petroleum in the open European battle-field, apotheosis of *Kultur* carried to the throne of the "old German god" on a cloud of asphyxiating gas!

Result:

The loss to Germany of the little sympathy that she could still count on among the neutrals: a sudden change on the part of Scandinavia, shuddering on the part of Holland, the awakening of Germanic Switzerland to the voice of the poet Spittelter, the impatience of Greece and the Balkan states, the emancipation of the United States from your tutillage by the humiliating defeat of your Germanizing candidate for the mayoralty in Chicago—head-quarters of the Kaiser—then a clamor of indignation, of stupor and of rage against your marine assassins; the expulsion of Dernburg, threatening war; the expulsion of Bülow, strengthening war; Italy disdaining to be bought off and deciding for all nations on which side is Justice, entering the fray against the enemy of the human race with head held high; in short, literally the entire world, the whole of the thinking element of the planet, aroused with disgust and anger against your Germany, a moral blockade for a hundred years established around her by her own actions, a circle of fire of her own devastations, a circle of ice of our contempt. There you have it!

Dear Paul Carus, the article you devoted to the war immediately following upon its outbreak closes with these words: "I am open to conviction. . . and in case I shall have to change my views I promise to confess my errors openly and without reluctance."

May your reason tell you if this hour has come for you. Your conscience is noble enough to keep your word to-day.

In this expectation and while greeting you with the pen on the other shore of the ocean of blood with which Prussia has in-

<sup>1</sup>The excess sold in neutral countries, as announced in the journal of Georg Brandes, the *Politiken* of Copenhagen.

<sup>2</sup>Inquiry on the spot by M. Reiss, professor at the University of Lausanne, Armand Colin, publisher.

<sup>3</sup>Dispatches from Greece.

undated the world, I beg of you to forward my postscript to one of your fellow workers.

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To His Excellence Ernst Haeckel,

Professor at the University of Jena.

Dear Master:—

Before conferring immortality on the “Manifesto of the Ninety-three” by affixing to it your signature, eminent above all the others—a sun eclipsing the stars—you deigned to publish in October 1914 in *The Open Court* of Dr. Carus an article entitled “England’s Blood-Guilt in the World War.” By an inconceivable mischance these pages, dropped from the august pen of the most genial of Germany’s scholars, did not compel the attention of Europe. Permit the most humble of your admirers to put a tardy end to this scandal and to bear the echo of your illustrious words to the ears of the allied nations for their confusion and their profit—I mean for their initiation into the critical methods of that *Kultur* of which you yourself are the Zeus.

Page 581, line 3. “The parliament and the press of the hostile Triple Entente, the English, French and Russian newspapers, are endeavoring at present, but in vain, to throw the whole blame [of the war] upon Germany. The falsity of this accusation is so patent to every one who knows the facts that it needs no refutation.”

What a pity, O Master, that you who are acquainted with the facts have not refuted the error for us who are the dupes of ignorance! But the oracle of Olympus is enough. The *Kultur* dispenses with any discussion, and it is also well that you do not discuss it.

Page 582, line 32. You recognize that the invasion of neutral Belgium by German troops *preceded* the declaration of war from England to Germany.

Page 583, line 30 you write: “On the 4th of August the fate of the entire world hung in the balance. It was in England’s power and in that of her government and parliament, in their epoch making decision, to cast the die for peace, justice and right, or to cast it for war, crime and evil.” Permit me to elucidate the meaning of the oracle as it appeared to the obtuse eyes of civilized men: “Justice and right” would approve the violation of Belgium by your troops; “crime and evil” would oppose it. Let us prostrate ourselves in silence before the mystery of German reasoning.

I shall continue our initiation.

Page 584, line 10: "Yet serious as this war would have been [against Russia and France], we should still have had every hope of victory. . . . By England's declaration of war against us, however, on August 4, the political and strategic situation was entirely changed. Now we are compelled to carry on a death struggle on three frontiers. . . . For this reason—through England's fault alone—the dreaded European war has grown to a universal world war of unprecedented extent."

Gloss for the allied barbarians: A war which, without the intervention of England, deals with but a paltry twenty millions of men—Germans, Russians, Austrians, French, Belgians, Serbs and Montenegrins—but with the advantage considerably on the side of Germany, was nothing more than "small beer" as long as it was Germany who guzzled the stein. The abomination first commenced with the unseemly jest of John Bull being about to take the stein from Germany's lips.

Master, our initiation is progressing. That all may see the marvel of Germanic science doubled by a prescience truly divine, I shall simply note what you announce on page 586, line 16; namely, that Germany can count for her victory on "powerful allies" from "Canada and Ireland, India and Australia, Egypt and South Africa." Indeed we are informed, as you have prophesied, that all these colonies have levied on us. It is Wilhelmstrasse that tells you that they are levied against their cruel mother Albion.

And I finally come, O Master, to the finest gem of your casket, to the sacred jewel of your treasuries, which I have extracted with trembling hands from the tabernacle of *Kultur*, to present it to the crowd with eyes closed from dizziness and mystical communion.

Nations, prostrate yourselves and give heed:

Page 581, line 38: *Russia* having in the beginning of August opened the attack on the mid-European Triple Alliance and, in fact, having been the *first to declare war. . . .*"

and page 584, line 8 (for it is necessary that you engrave the fact by a second incision in the granite of eternal history): "when Russia in the beginning of August *declared war on Germany.*"<sup>4</sup>

O speaker of truth! O redeemer! O victor! Under your liberating impulse—new Samson with blinded eyes—falls the temple

<sup>4</sup>This thesis of the eminent Professor Haeckel was taken up and proclaimed officially by his majesty the King of Bavaria in June, 1915, after ten months of war. Wonderful discipline in executing the word of command! Truth will always find a way.

of lies erected by the multi-colored books, including the German White Book, in which may be read the fraudulent statement that it was his majesty the Kaiser who declared war on the Czar (White Book 26).

Master, let us not sound the depths of this mystery. Are you unaware of the circumstances which precipitated the war? Did your suspicious Kaiser conceal them from you at the time you wrote before the appearance of the White Book? Do you indeed still hope to impose by your word on the wandering American tribes? What is the use! What is the use!

You, the father of the ninety-three, the forefather of German science, Method made Man, Criticism made God, Exactness of infinite detail in the magnificence of the All, you the dethroner of Spinoza, the vanquisher of Hegel, the restorer of the Valhalla of the great Pan-Teuton, "your Excellency Ernst Haeckel, professor of zoology at the University of Jena," you have erected in this article to the supreme glory of *Kultur* an imperishable monument, more massive and more overwhelming than that of the battle of Leipsic!

PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON.

[The writer of these letters, M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, is well known in France as a poet and writer, and is active in several reform movements of the day, being an advocate of international peace, republican ideals and the humanizing of the state. His parents, the late Father Hyacinthe Loyson, an eminent orator and theologian, and his gifted wife, Mme. Loyson, were familiar to readers of *The Open Court*, and were prominent because of their stand for Catholic reform. The story of the unique journey which they made through Northern Africa and Asia Minor for the purpose of studying Mohammedanism and bringing about a better understanding between monotheistic faiths, is interestingly told in their book, *To Jerusalem, Through the Lands of Islam*.

We also publish on the following pages another criticism of the editorial position by C. Marsh Beadnell, Fleet Surgeon, an officer of the British Royal Navy. We reserve our answer to both of our critics for a subsequent number of *The Open Court*.—ED.]