FALSE WITNESS

THE AUTHORISED TRANSLATION OF

'KLOKKE ROLAND'

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AUTHOR OF
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FALSE WITNESS

" Klokke Roland bin ick genandt
Als ick kleppe, dan ist brand,
Als ick heyde, ist victorie in Vleenderland ! "

" Bell Roland is my name,
When I ring it is for Fire,
And when I chime it is for Victory
In Flanders."

THIS legend was written in old days on the great bell in the belfry of Ghent. The bell exists no longer, the tower alone still stands in the middle of the public street a few steps from the splendid cathedral St. Bavon, where the Van Eycks' " Adoration of the Lamb " hangs in one of the side chapels. I remember my first visit to Ghent, and to St. Bavon. The discreet sacristan who shut me into the chapel whispered : " I will come again in a half-hour," and left me alone

with the two brothers' immortal picture; St. Bavon, which I have seen since then so many times—Ghent where, through many years, I found such good and faithful friends. But perhaps best of all I remember the old Gothic church in the suburb of Akkerghem on the Boulevard des Hospices. A bird sang every morning in the trees outside the window of the house where I lived with Henri Dien Sageman. It sang strange, heartrending notes in the first chill and motionless twilight of the quiet early summer morning, which made one think of things far away—the lighthouse of Skagen [1] as it stands twinkling ceaselessly through the clear golden night, the white birch stems, and the lichen-covered rocks of Omberg on the coast of Vetter, or of Fyris on a bright spring day in March when the soft

[1] Skagen, the north-westerly point of Jutland, is a place much frequented by Danish artists and writers. Omberg, a wooded mountain on the shores of Lake Vetter, is one of the most beautiful places in Sweden. Fyris is a wide plain stretching around Upsala, which was the centre of the history of Sweden in pagan days and the Middle Ages (Translator's note).

grey plains stretch endlessly under a limitless blue-grey sky. Was it about these things that the bird sang in the elm tops before No. 371, Boulevard des Hospices? What does it matter? The song is done, the bird is flown with the flying summer. German shells have fallen on the Godshuizenlaan, Ghent has surrendered to the conqueror. And in the tower Bell Roland hangs no longer to ring for victory, all the birds of poetry are flown from Flanders, all the bells of Belgium are silent.

I remember the last hours I spent, the preceding summer, among my Belgian friends. In Louvain St. Peter still raised its mighty shining stone arches like a warrior's holy shrine. From St. Gertrude's the silver notes of the carillon sang over the town. Along the old cloister walls and gardens, hung with roses, glided the slow, grey-green waters of the Dylen. I had received a letter which I wished to forget; I stood upon the bridge, looking down to the narrow dark stream, and tore the letter to pieces and watched the frag-

ments glide away like a flotilla of flower petals.

After Louvain I went to Brussels. I stayed with Henri Carton de Wiart, that refined man of letters, accomplished lawyer, novelist, and politician, once, in Paris, Paul Verlaine's friend, now the Belgian Minister of Justice. At the last dinner we took together some one made a speech in honour of Denmark, and at the close of the speech the little daughter of the house unfurled a Dannebrog,[1] and as she waved it over the foreign guest and over the table we cried: "Long live Denmark!"

Now German officials are quartered in the Palais de Justice, and I shall no longer find these true friends of mine in the Rue de la Loi at Brussels, but in the suburb of a French port. Henri Carton de Wiart is a man who can bear even exile on his broad shoulders, and the flight from her country has, I know, not extinguished that fire which burns in Madame Juliette's young eyes beneath her prematurely silvered hair—the

[1] The Danes call their National Flag the Dannebrog.

fire of her soul and the warmth of her heart.

After Brussels, I went to Malines, the archiepiscopal seat. Behind the cathedral with its spireless tower are the quiet, tree-shaded square and the white palace where lives Cardinal Mercier, the Primate of Belgium. It is his audience day : I await him in his peaceful provincial garden, with its formal beds where the asters bloom, and the bees hum ceaselessly under the apple-trees.

Something red glows far away down the path, and he comes to meet me, tall and thin, with iron-grey hair under the purple cap, his grey eyes, his whole countenance expanding in a smile. This was in July—in September his church and his palace were in ruins, and he himself an exiled man. I saw him again in Rome shortly after the conclave, and found him bowed and aged. The papers said that in the early morning he had twice fainted at the altar whilst he said his Mass.

And last of all came Antwerp, where, for fourteen years, I have gone in and out of

the house of the family Belpaire. I can still see before me the great study on the ground floor, the comfortable seat along the walls under shelves filled with books and works of art, with Beethoven's death mask, mighty and laurel-crowned in the place of honour, and the portrait of Newman on the table, with Flemish, French, Danish, and Italian books. This was Mejuffrow Marie Belpaire's studio. Outside stretched the great terrace with tea-table and cane chairs under the awning, and crimson ramblers climbing over the trellis—the scene of so many charming and interesting talks. How happily we used to sit there on Thursday evenings when the string quartette met to play. We would sit and look out on the huge plane trees and maples of the garden and listen as the violins played the "mad quartettes" of Haydn and the later Beethoven.

Zeppelin bombs have fallen on garden and house, and with her brothers and her brother's children, the owner fled to the sea-coast, and now has taken refuge in England in that Oxford which she knew and loved as few do,

and which for her was always *beata pacio visio.*

Picture after picture passes before my eyes; through them the bells ring despairingly in the falling night: "Gone, gone, all is gone." The towns of Flanders are in ruins; the towers of Ypres are fallen. Bell Roland is silent.

But no, the despairing voices in the twilight are wrong. Bell Roland still rings. It rings stronger, deeper, more clearly than ever. Do we not hear its brazen voice over the whole of Europe? Can we not hear it chime from the ruined towers? Bell Roland rings not for mourning, but chimes for victory; it tells not of death, but of life, of the deathlessness of honour and of a victory which can say, "Death, where is thy victory? Hell, where is thy power?"

Bell Roland is ringing. Bell Roland is ringing. The great Flemish bell that rang for battle and for victory is ringing out in "Ragnarok."[1] And if we men of the North will listen, we shall hear that it speaks to us in our mother-tongue, and that it says,

[1] The Twilight of the Gods.

and sings, like the poets in the Northern chant—

> "Cattle die,
> Kinsmen die,
> But one thing I know
> That never dies,
> The judgment upon the dead."

THE APPROACH OF JUDGMENT

"THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death." Is it not thus the old German folk-song begins? "There is a Reaper whose name is Death, who is sent from Almighty God." It is this Reaper whose scythe we hear over the whole world. ("The world is a harvest," says the Book.) And the corn lies shorn, and the sheaves will soon be bound. "Who shall bind the sheaves?" ask the children's voices. And again the Book answers—the everlasting Book where all is writ from Alpha to Omega, from Adam to Anti-Christ—the Book answers that the angels are the harvesters; they will bind the sheaves. The angels who were once the angels of Christmas and sang of peace, now are the angels of death; they stumble over corpses, step through blood, and slip over rotting

human flesh. Now is the harvest of the world, the day of judgment and of death. The snow lays its shroud over thousands of dead, and now and then a shell falls in the graves and explodes. And then all the dead move their stiffened limbs once more, stiffened both by death and by winter, and for a moment it looks as though they are casting off their winding sheets, and rising from their rest.

But it is still too early to listen for the trump of doom, the last "Tuba," as it is called in the old Latin translation, with its reminiscence of Cæsar's army and the Flavian amphitheatre—*novissima tuba*—though few thinking men doubt that the last day is at hand. The Last Day is like the day of death, one believes it will never come. And yet one day it will come as surely and as naturally and unobtrusively as the buds of last year's fig-tree begin to redden and the turtle's voice is heard again in the land.

It is so self-evident and incomprehensible, so ordinary and yet so wonderful, like the babe's cry when it first feels the chill of this

world's icy air, and like the last breath of a dying man. A sudden stillness and chill is felt in the room where we watched through the long nights, and now need watch no more. An instant bridged the space from life to death; time has become eternity "in an instant, in a moment, at the last trump."

Anything may happen in this world, and most often that which we least expect. Such is mankind that it is Reality that surprises us. Reality is passing now. It passes like the morning chill through the world. Driven from the gay and reckless night club and restaurant, where Russia danced, Italy sang, and England drank whisky, Europe stands suddenly sobered in the trenches, and watches the dawn, cold and grey, of the Last Day.

Thus Death marches through the world. "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and I looked and beheld a black horse, and he who sat thereon his name was Death." The second of the three riders of the Apocalypse is now riding over us. The first has already been sent, the rider on the red horse. To him it

was given to banish peace from the earth, that men should murder one another, and to him was given a great sword.

We can hear the swirl of that great sword, which, like Tirfing,[1] ceaselessly asks for blood. But at the Last Day, when the world has been reaped, when there are no more reapers in the fields, and no more workers in the factories, and all that was once youth and strength and intelligence is turned to rottenness on the Belgian and the Polish plains, then comes the rider on the Black Horse with his scales in his hand. A measure of wheat for a farthing, three measures of barley for a farthing!

Two memories emerge before me—the memories of the last two evenings I spent at home in Denmark, just two months ago.

On one of the evenings there was a great debate on the question of the defence of the realm. A poet stood up, and gave vent to stirring and weighty words about the threatening danger and the seriousness of the hour. His vigorous, inspiring speech awoke inspiration and energy, and his audience was

[1] The legendary sword of the Sagas.

roused. Then another man stood up and spoke in the name of discretion and experience. By dry statistics he proved that a European war in our days was an impossibility, such wild barbarity would cost too much, and since it is money which rules the world, and so forth. With a sneer he turned towards the poet, who had come down from the platform, and addressing him, said, "But such things, of course, will make no impression on such an uplifted soul. You live in a world of imagination and not in that of reality. Your faith is not to be shaken by troublesome facts. Is this not true, sir?" and he bent forward over the desk, and smiled victoriously upon his adversary. "You maintain that the world's war is to come at Easter?" [1]

So he spoke, the representative of "intelligence," and was uproariously applauded. In high good humour every one returned to their beer-drinking. We were at peace and in no danger! The poor poet was called a "mad patriot." But his song has come true, however mad it may have been.

[1] Danish saying for Never.

The world's war broke out, not at Easter 1913, but a year later, and thus proved the young man wrong. The poet had spoken the truth, as poets always do, for what else is poetry than keen, true and deep insight? It is not intelligence which works in the poet, but a much finer faculty which enables one who loves to feel each little change of mood, each least variation of feeling in his beloved. Here, as in everything, love is the source of understanding. And he whose heart is cold sees not in his apathy the signs in sun and moon. To him the Day of Judgment will come like a thief in the night, and find him unprepared in all the nakedness of his soul.

This is one memory, one of the evenings that I recall. The second memory, the second evening, is a gathering of students; it was one of those debates which an old philosopher used to call "Philosophical Variety Entertainments." At this meeting a woman stood up and talked. No, she did not talk, she gave witness about her own life—her past life and her present life, and

of how these two lives were opposed, of the total and radical conversion which had taken place in her. All listened, held by the fire of her personality and by her voice which we had so often heard from the stage of the theatre, and which could speak, so sweetly and so simply, words that touch the heart. So Anna Larssen, the famous actress, (for it was she) ended her speech with something which made us *all* (I say us ALL emphatically) shake our heads. She spoke of great things which were coming and which stood even at the door. "My prophecies," she concluded, "do not go beyond 1915."

The weary, white-headed old man that sat on Peter's throne at the outbreak of the war was not far from sharing the northern artist's belief. So early as 1904, in his first Encyclical, he expressed his conviction that the "man of sin," the "lawless one," God's personal enemy, who should appear at the Last Day, was already born. That which is now happening in the world has never been seen before. Never since the dawn of civilization has the whole of

humanity been at war from one shore of the Pacific to the other, from New Zealand to Nova Zembla. It is so new, so immense, so overwhelming, so unnatural, so over-natural that no one can bear to think of it. He who can apprehend the thought of it must die of bitterness as did Pius on the Pope's throne, or as, a little later in England, did Robert Hugh Benson. For it is as though a giant hand had clutched the globe, and pressed out the blood of every nation. Into which abysm will the globe fall when the grasp is relaxed—into that of light or that of fire?

VIA CRUCIS

THE German Nation, the deliverer and benefactor of the civilized world, must climb a hard, steep Way of the Cross. But through the darkness of Good Friday glimmers the brightness of Easter Morn: through the dark hours of War glow the torches of Victory. Now the cross weighs heavy on its shoulders, its Golgotha must be suffered in all its anguish.

The Court Chaplain: Herr Stipberger (Munich).

(*A Word to the Women of Germany*).

I

"He who would live with that thought must die of anguish." Thus I wrote last spring, shortly after the outbreak of war. And I did not wish to die, so I hid myself far away, hid myself behind the blue moun-

tains, buried myself in past centuries. I sat in the calm, cool library and copied, at ease and at peace, an old MS.; I wandered sentimentally along the ways where I had once known such happiness, and dreamt of being happy again and of once again enjoying the October sunshine before the November rain and the December darkness.

Then one day two letters fell upon my table like two bombs.

One contained the ninety-three German philosophers' *Appeal to the Civilized World.* My young friend, Peter Schindler, wrote in a Danish newspaper that he had seen this document lying in my waste-paper basket in Siena. He was right; the meaning of the document did not strike me at first. I thought it was an advertisement. But Schindler does not know that I fished it up again and seized upon it as one seizes on a weighty piece of evidence in a lawsuit.

The second letter was written by one of my Belgian friends; I do not give his name, but translate what he wrote in acknowledgment of my article on the *Bell Roland* which I had sent him.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"It rejoices me to hear once more from you. Since the day of trial has passed over Belgium I have often thought of you and your country, which has more than one likeness to my own.

"You cannot imagine what horrors have been worked in Belgium by the people who had promised to defend us. Our innocent land has been harrowed with fire and sword, by hordes of wild beasts who shoot our priests, desecrate our churches and outrage our women. In spite of all we have not lost courage, for we trust still in God and our good Cause. The last word in this matter cannot, must not, be said by a nation which represents brutal force, and for whom a treaty is nothing more than 'a scrap of paper,' which is torn in pieces when it is not convenient to abide by it.

"With hearty remembrances from your friends who are surrounded by death and desolation on all sides.

"I remain,

"Your affectionate,

"M. N."

This is the Belgian letter.

With the *Appeal to the Civilized World* there was a book called *The Truth about the War* (Berlin, September 20, 1914), published by ten distinguished Berlin personages. I noticed among the authors the well-known Christian Socialist, Naumann, the leader of the Centre; Matthias Erzberger and Graf von Oppersdorff, the military author; Graf Ernst zu Reventlow, the political author; Paul Dehn; Prof. Dr. Francke (probably the Social Economist, Ernst Francke); a bank director and a teacher in a commercial high school.

This list gave me the impression that I had before me the work of representatives of profound education and calm judgment, and I was glad to have the *Truth about the War* presented in such a manner. (The document is only about 168 pages.) [1]

From Belgium there came a short time afterwards, too, a number of documents supporting my friend's assertions which had at first seemed somewhat rash.

[1] *Die Wahrheit uber den Krieg* will in future be quoted with the sign "W."

"It is not possible," I said to myself, "that Germans could shoot Belgian priests, desecrate churches or outrage Belgian women." I looked hastily into the *Appeal to the Civilized World.*

Thank God. There it was. It was not true. "*Es ist nicht wahr* (It is not true) that a single Belgian citizen's life or property was injured by our soldiers except when the direst need demanded it." "See," I said to myself, "not a single Belgian citizen's life or property" was ruined except only when the German soldiers were obliged to defend themselves. I also would defend myself when a robber came into the house if I had enough force or weapons (and of these the Germans have, God be praised! no lack). I thought of my good friends in Antwerp—of the good old Herr XX, at whose table I have so often sat. How thoroughly good and kind he looked, that old gentleman, a regular old Dickens type with his blue eyes and his strong red countenance, his white whiskers and winning smile! I knew now that he must have lost his fortune, that bombs had fallen upon his house and garden, and that

everything was in ruins around him, and that he himself had only escaped death by a miracle when a bomb had fallen in his study only two minutes after he had left it.

Indeed, appearances are deceitful. To think that this good man should (according to the Proclamation) have been participating the "shooting of peaceful Germans from ambush," "killing the wounded" and "murdering the doctors as they went about their work of mercy." Indeed, it was lucky that I escaped from his house with a whole skin!

It was with such thoughts that I opened the documents from Belgium. These consisted not of one book, but a whole library of books. I looked at the pile of them with mistrust. These are probably, I said to myself, the "Lies and Slanders" with which people try to blacken the Cause of Germany in the fight for existence, forced upon this honest people. Ah, yes, it is a wicked world we live in. But justice before all. *Audiatur et altera pars.* So I laid the books in a little heap on one side of my table. On the other side there lay already the *Appeal to the Civilized World* and *The Truth about the War.*

Here are the titles. They are many, and I confess that it was with anguish that I thought that I must read them all to know how things looked from the Belgian point of view. The German records were so delightfully condensed. Six times "*Es ist nicht wahr* (True)," and about a hundred and fifty pages of "*Wahrheit* (Truth)."

But here are the titles. Either by an oversight or intentionally there were some French "Lies and Slanders" amongst the Belgian—

1. *Rapports sur la violation du droit des gens en Belgique* (Paris and Nancy, 1915). (Published by the Belgian Government Commission, with preface by J. V. D. Heuvel.)

Danish publication, "Records of the Breach of Neutrality in Belgium" (Pio's edition, Copenhagen, 1915), quoted in the following as a Belgian report.

2. *Les Atrocités Allemandes en Belgique. Recueil des Rapports Officiels.* ("The German Atrocities in Belgium. Collection of Official Reports.") Présenté à M. Carton de Wiart par la Commission d'Enquête par la Gouvernement Belge sur la violation des

rêgles du droit des gens, etc., Paris, 1914. (Presented to M. Carton de Wiart by the Commission of Enquiry of the Belgian Government on the Violation of the Rights of Nations.) This is quoted under the heading of "Atrocities."

3. Emile Waxweiler's *La Belgique neutre et loyale* (Lausanne, 1915). The same work in German, "Has Belgium deserved its Fate?" (Zurich, 1915). In Danish, "Neutral and Loyal Belgium" (Pio's edition, Copenhagen, 1915).

4. Emile Brunet, *Calomnies Allemandes. Les Conventions Anglo-Belges* (Paris, s.a.).

5. Pierre Nothomb, *La Belgique martyre* (Paris, 1915).

6. *Les Barbares en Belgique* (Paris, 1915).

7. Augustin Melot, *Le Martyre du Clergé Belge.*

8. Marius Vachon, *Les villes martyres de France et de Belgique* (Paris, 1915).

9. L. H. Grondijs, *Les Allemands en Belgique. Témoinage d'un neutre* (Paris, 1915).

About France the following:—

10. *Documents diplomatiques 1914.*

11. *La guerre européene.*

12. *Pièces relatives aux négociations qui ont precédé les déclarations de guerre de l'Allemagne à la Russie* (1 Aout 1914), et a la France (3 Aout 1914), (Paris, 1915).

13. *Les Atrocités allemandes.* Rapport officiel . . . présenté le 7 Janvier, 1915. (French Commentary on the Belgian consideration of the Commission.)

14. *Les allemands déstructeurs de Cathédrales et des trésors du passé.* This work, like the above-named book of Vachon's, is illustrated, and based on the reports to the French Under-Secretary of Beaux-Arts. It forms a commentary or contrast to the German *Appeal to the Civilized World* in that it appears to have been published by a circle of gifted men, a circle in which appear all France's best names.

Among the German we find Behring, Bode, Lujo Brentano, Justus Brinkmann, Defregger, Dehmel, Ehrlich, Eucken, Ludwig Fulda, Haeckel, Harnack, Hauptmann, Wilhelm Herrmann, Humperdinck, Max Klinger, Naumann, Ostwald, Max Reinhardt, Röntgen, Sudermann, Hans Thoma, Karl Vollmöller,

Felix Weingärtner, Wilämowitz, Windelband, Wundt, a mobilization of all that is worthy in the German Empire.

The French accusation (for France accuses whilst Germany defends itself against accusation) is sent out to the civilized world by Madame Juliette Adam, Paul Adam, Antoine, Maurice Barrès, Bartholomé, Jean Beraud, Albert Bresnard, Léon Bonnat, Elemir Bourges, Boutroux, Carolus-Duran, Paul Claudel, Georges Clemenceau, Dagnan-Bouveret, Claude Debussy, J. Ernest-Charles, Emile Faguet, Camille Flammarion, André Gide, Guitry, Paul Hervieu, Francis Jammes, Henri Lavedan, Pierre Loti, Paul Margueritte, Mercié, Octave Mirbeau, Mme. de Noailles, Rachike, Raffaelli, Odilon Redon, Jean Richepin, Rodin, Roll, J. H. Rosny, Rostand, Saint-Saëns, Signac, Viélé-Griffin, Willette.

I must note also the work of Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart, *La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme* (Paris, 1915), with a preface by Cardinal Amette and the collaboration of Georges Goyau, François Veuillot and other Catholic authors. To this is attached a specially illustrated volume.

Lastly must be mentioned A. Demar Latour's *La Cathédrale de Reims*, and Vindex' *La Basilique devastée*, and Louis Dimier's *L'Appel des Intellectuels Allemands* (Paris, 1915).

II

I began to study this literature. I talked to one or two friends about the matter, probably I referred to it in my letters. In any case it must have been reported among my acquaintances far and near that I was interesting myself in the war, for I received an immense amount of literature on the subject. Thus one day I found in my post-bag a little religious pamphlet entitled, *A Word to German Women.* The author was the Court preacher Stipberger of Munich, Chaplain to the Bavarian Court, a man in a great position and one whose word has weight, and who has the rare gift of saying much in a few words.

His words sum up the spirit in which Germany goes to war. I use these remarkable words as a heading for this chapter.

We have here a German priest whose

words are printed by thousands and thousands of copies (the one which lies before me is marked " Eighth Thousand "), comparing the German people with Jesus Christ Himself, and comparing the war which they now wage not only actively with a crusade (see earlier in the text), but passively with the *Via Crucis*. A Catholic priest who genuinely believes that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the Everlasting God, and that He carried His Cross for the world's salvation, tells us, in our ignorance, that a similar Way of the Cross to Golgotha is now being accomplished by the German people representing the new Christ. In true imitation of the Master, Germany submits itself to all the suffering of the Crucifixion to benefit Mankind and to set free the world of Culture. How proud one must be to be a German, and to say of one's self the Son of God's words : " This is My Body which is broken for you . . . this is My Blood which is shed for you ! " The German people follows the Way of the Cross, is beaten with stripes, spat upon, crowned with thorns—the German people, gentle as a lamb, is led to the

slaughter—the German people is nailed to the Cross, suffering untold pains, refreshed with vinegar and gall; and lastly, when all has been borne heroically to the end, when the sacrifice is made and salvation is won, bows its head and says : " It is finished ! "

Oh, German people, patient people, suffering people, crucified people, saviours of the world, we bow our heads in silent reverence and quiet worship before the Cross on which you have decided to suffer. *Grosser Wohltäter und hochsinniger Befreier der Kulturwelt!* (" Great Benefactors and high-souled Liberators of the World of Culture.")

And now we understand, for we did not understand before, why the ninety-three great German philosophers sent forth their six-fold *Es ist nicht Wahr* into the world. We all know from the Gospel how the enemies of Christ persecuted Him with calumny and lies. " He has a devil. . . . He is a Samaritan. . . . He dishonours God ! " The new enemies of Christ are no better, says the *Appeal to the Civilized World.* (Its words have a biblical ring !) " Our enemies give false witness against us ! " On

this ground, the common defence of Lord and Master, the Catholic and Protestant priests in Germany can agree—Harnack and Hermann with Ehrhard and Merkle; the Free-thinkers and Unbelievers join hands with Ostwald and Haeckel, with Dehmel and Hauptmann. They are all united in their faith in the German people, that people whom we, standing aghast at the great tragedy, are watching, and they imagine they see them following in the footsteps of Christ and renewing the martyrdom of Good Friday before our eyes. *Es ist nicht wahr* that things are otherwise ! !

But it is time to hear what it is that the " False Witnesses " have to bring against the German people. The *Appeal to the Civilized World* contains six accusations, six words of false witness.

"*Wir könnon die vergifteten Waffen der Lüge unseren Feiden nicht entwinden. Wir können nur in alle Welt hinausrufen, dass sie falsches Zeugnis ablegen wider uns.*"

(Aufruf an die Kulturwelt.)

"*We cannot wrench from the hands of our enemies the poisoned weapon of falsehood. We can only cry through the whole world that they bring false witness against us.*"

(Appeal to the Civilized World.)

THE FIRST FALSE WITNESS

AND THE FIRST

"ES IST NICHT WAHR"

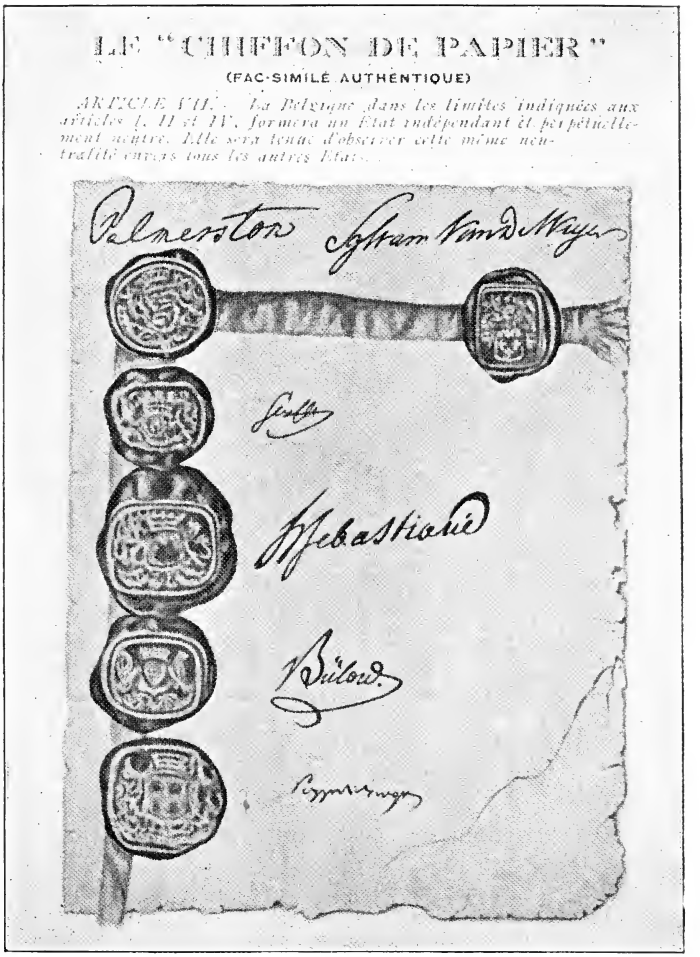
"WE, as leaders of German Learning and Art, send forth to the united World of Culture a protest against the Lies and Slanders with which our enemies endeavour to befoul Germany's spotless Cause in the hard struggle for existence which has been forced upon her. The immovable witness of events has exposed the fables of German

defeats. With still greater ardour they endeavour to falsify the character of facts and to bring suspicion upon us. Against these machinations we raise our voice in protestation. This voice shall be the herald of Truth.

"'*Es ist nicht wahr*' that Germany is guilty of this war! Neither people, nor Government, nor Kaiser wished it. We have used the utmost endeavours to avoid it. Of this the most absolute proof is laid before the world. William II, in the twenty-sixth year of his reign, has often proved himself the Defender of the Peace of the World. Our opponents have often recognized this. Yes, this same Kaiser whom they now dare to call an Attila, has been ridiculed by them for decades on account of his immutable love of Peace. Only when overwhelming enemies lurking on our frontiers fell on our people from three sides at once did they rise like one man."

Thus speaks the voice of Truth—"the heralds of Truth."

"It is not true that Germany is guilty of this war. Neither people, nor Government, nor Kaiser wished it. We have used the



A SCRAP OF PAPER

(The signatures on the neutrality treaty of 1839. At the top paragraph VII of the treaty in the French of the original.)

utmost endeavours to ward it off. . . . Only when overwhelming enemies lurking on our frontiers fell upon us on three sides, then first did we draw the sword from the scabbard."

Thus speak the Ninety-three. Thus spoke also the German Kaiser on August 4, 1914, the day that the German troops crossed the Belgian frontier. "In a necessity that has been forced upon us, with clear consciences, with clean hands, we draw the sword after the example of our Fathers, firm and true, earnest and decided, encouraged before God and full of courage before the enemy, so we entrust ourselves to the Everlasting Almighty." [1]

With words like these Germany began its Way of the Cross. Thus spoke the German people the evening before their Passion. "With clear conscience and clean hands we seized the sword for necessary self-defence."

It is not true that Germany is guilty of this war. Neither people, nor Government, nor Kaiser wished it! War *did* come, then

[1] "W.," p. 7.

some one must have willed it. And who those others are the Ninety-three say plainly. They are the Powers lurking on the frontiers who fell on the German people from three sides. Then first stood up the German people like *one* man.

Upon three sides was Germany attacked, on three frontiers. I take my atlas and I look at Germany's frontiers.

I begin naturally with Denmark, but it was not we who attacked. Not this time! We have not attacked since '64, and then we had enough of it.

Then comes Russia. I turn again to the "Appeal." I study each line, each word, each clause, as though I were studying the MS. of the *Supplementum Legendæ Beatæ Katerinæ de Siena.* Ninety-three men of such great intellectual calibre, 420 intellectuals—I say to myself, "One must believe them." So once more I begin to read: "Only when after a long time, an overwhelming enemy, lurking on our frontiers, fell on our people." Of the words there can be no doubt, but the meaning? the meaning? Where does Mephistopheles say—

"Schon gut! Nur muss man sich nicht allzu ängstlich quälen; denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen, da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein"?

(That is alright! Only one must not torment oneself too much; for even where ideas fails us, words placed instead of them will answer the purpose.)

I torment myself in vain to find the meaning of the phrase, for meaning there must be. On the other side is set the well-known fact that Germany declared war against Russia on August 1, 1914, and that not a single Muscovite had till that moment attacked the brave German Michel.

So I pursued my search for the three states who attacked that peaceful and cultured people in central Europe. I find Austria—but Austria is Germany's ally. I find Switzerland—but little Switzerland has certainly not thought of stabbing anybody. Then I find France. Ah ha! Now we have the scapegoat.

But here again I am mistaken, for it was not France that attacked Germany, it was Germany that attacked France. On

August 3, Germany declared war against France; and before that date, on August 2, and therefore in time of peace, a German patrol of the 14th Army Corps had marched over the French frontier. Only one man came back alive. The German Chancellor announced this himself in the German Parliament. He declared that French aviators had been seen throwing bombs over Germany, " also cavalry patrols and companies of French soldiers breaking into Alsace-Lorraine." And a later German document speaks of " masses of French aviators that came flying over Belgium and Luxemburg, neutral territory, right into our country." Without proclamation of war, these aviators came right into South Germany, where they bombarded " unfortified towns." Detachments of French soldiers occupied German districts, and a large number of French officers dressed in German uniforms attempted to cross the Dutch-German frontier in automobiles with purpose to damage German territory. It was well that these officers were driven away. God knows where this all took place. And the bombarded villages

in South Germany? (South Germany is a very large area.) They do not seem to have suffered much harm. And the "districts" occupied by the aggressive French—so militarily prepared long before the war broke out! If they took such pains to conquer them before war was declared, they should have taken pains to keep them. But there is still justice left in the world. "*Der gute alte Gott lebt noch.*" (The good old God lives still!)

It was not France that came rushing from the dark wood to attack Red Riding Hood.

Our choice is limited then. It is true that England declared war on Germany—but England was always inclined to behave differently from other people; she likes to be original. But England has no frontier on Germany. And Queen Wilhelmina still lives in peace with Kaiser Wilhelm to this day. So there remains only Belgium.

Now, it is really rather a feeble feat to catch but one robber when one is pursuing three, though this often enough happens to the police. Yet it is better to get one thief

by the collar than to see two climbing over the roofs where nobody can catch them.

So Belgium—Belgium!—is the lurking Power. It was Belgium that broke through the German frontiers. It was Belgium—great, strong Belgium—that broke into little neutral Germany, that needed so urgently a clear road for its army. Belgium invaded Germany, whose neutrality it had promised to respect and protect. Belgium struck with her mailed fist at the heroic, but less numerous, German Army. Belgium rushed victorious into Aix, and when Aix's proud and liberty-loving citizens opposed them, the Belgians levelled the old imperial city to the earth, and set fire to the cathedral which spreads its arches over the tomb of Charlemagne. Then the Belgian Army marched victoriously upon Cologne, bombarded the town, and fired upon the grey, Gothic cathedral that we all love so dearly—also upon *St. Gereon*, *St. Apostel*, and *Sta. Maria in Kapitol.*

Did it happen thus or did it not? If it happened otherwise, where do I find the three thieves that attacked Germany as it

took its summer holiday in the green shades of Kultur?

The Ninety-three saw them; but where—where did they see them?

Note on the first "Es ist nicht wahr." (It is not true)

"The Kaiser, whom his enemies now dare to call Attila."

This accusation the Ninety-three should not have credited to their opponents only. Fifteen years ago—but indeed it is indelicate to seize on a man's past, and so long a past—well, on July 27, 1900, the German Punitive Expedition under Prince Henry started for China. On this occasion Kaiser William issued a dispatch which made a great sensation and provoked much comment in the Press (as, for an example, an article by George Brandes in Denmark). Wilhelm II said to his troops: "Soldiers, when you meet with the enemy, crush him, give him no quarter. Take no prisoners, be without pity towards all who fall into your hands.

Let the German name be dreaded as once were the names of Attila and the Huns."

Of course, Kaiser Wilhelm never meant any harm by his words. It is not his fault if people will take everything so literally. His Imperial words should be rightly understood, like the rain-drops in *April Fool* (*Trine-Rar*).[1]

Any one can see that when the Kaiser speaks of Huns and Attila he means that cherries cost four shillings a pound. Is it not so, Herr Geheimrat, Professor Dr. von Zierlich?

[1] A play by a Danish writer, F. L. Heiberg, in which Von Zierlich, the schoolmaster, explains and excuses the mistakes of his pupils, amongst whom is Trine-Rar, to the astonished parents, who are amazed at his methods of instructing their daughters.

THE SECOND FALSE WITNESS

AND THE SECOND

"ES IST NICHT WAHR"

German Version

"Es ist nicht wahr, dass wir freventlich die Neutralität Belgiens verletzt haben. Nachweislich waren Frankreich und England zu ihren Verletzung entschlossen. Nachweislich war Belgien damit einverstanden. Selbstvernichtung wäre es gewesen, ihnen nicht zuvorzukommen."

The voice of truth speaks again—

"It is not true that we Germans have criminally violated the neutrality of Belgium. It has since come to our knowledge that France and England had both agreed to violate that neutrality. Also that Belgium had agreed to their doing so. It would have been suicidal not to have forestalled them."

Yes, I understand perfectly how that came about. On a seat in the park yesterday morning there lay a purse. There was

a good deal of money in it, and it lay alone and forgotten. Not a soul was watching, not even a policeman. So I filched that purse, otherwise somebody else would have taken it. And I was so much in need of money! "With clear conscience and clean hands" I grasped that purse, for as the German Chancellor said in the German Parliament: "We were obliged not to pay any attention to the Belgian Government's lawful protest. The crime we thereby committed—I speak sincerely—that crime we will try to make good when we have reached our military goal. Those who find themselves in such a situation as ours, and who are fighting for what they love the best, must not think about the means by which to win through." [1]

I fully intend, as soon as I have some money, to put that purse back upon the bench in the same condition as it was when I took it. Not a penny shall be missing. I know what honesty is (!), and I trust the owner has not missed his money. I hope, too, that he will pass by the bench again and

[1] "W.," p. 13.

find his purse. In any case I must pay my hotel bill, otherwise I might just as well go away and shoot myself at once. And " when one fights for what is dearest to one (which is existence), one must win through as best one can."

In case any one would like to know how that paragraph was worded which Belgium relied on and which Germany passed over, it would interest us in Denmark where we also once relied upon a paragraph. Ours was No. 5, Belgium's was No. 7. They had the same value for the Germans. Germany (then Prussia) was represented by Bülow. The four other signatories were Austria, England, France and Russia.

In 1815 we saw the same five great Powers (plus Portugal) agreeing to Switzerland's neutrality. Belgium's position in Europe, which at so many points resembles the Swiss Republic, was assured in the same manner nine years after the Belgian state was created. By this treaty the Great Powers guaranteed Belgium's existence as an independent and neutral State for ever (*Etat indépendent et éternellement neutre*),

with its boundaries and land described in the treaty. In exchange, Belgium was bound to maintain her neutrality against all other States. Belgium must not make war either alone or together with others; only in one situation has she the right, indeed the duty, of seizing her weapons: "*in case her neutrality should be violated.*" If this was not the meaning of the treaty the neutral State could simply disarm and go to sleep upon the pillow of pacifism. But neither Switzerland nor Belgium has done that. Both these two countries have considered it necessary and rightful to possess a strong army and build strong fortresses.

At the Hague Conference of 1907 the question of neutrality was brought forward and discussed, and in the Hague Convention of October 18 it was specifically declared that a neutral State, although armed, might defend itself against an attack on its neutrality without such a necessary defence being considered a hostile act (*acte hostile*).[1]

[1] "Ne peut être considéré comme un acte hostile le fait par une puissance neutre, de repousser, même par la force, les atteintes à sa neutralité."—*Conv. de la Haye,* October 18, 1907, art. 10.

Till then it was considered in earlier times permissible for a neutral Power to allow the armies of other belligerent Powers to pass through its country, provided the same permission were given impartially to both sides. This practice opened, however, the way to misuse (one or other party might be favoured). Moreover, it was not fair; it might be to the advantage of one of the two parties to pass through the neutral territory, whilst the other had no need to do so. The modern and more strict conception is, therefore, that *neutrality obliges a neutral country not to allow Powers engaged in war to cross her territory.*"

In the Hague Convention of 1907 this conclusion is formulated. It states in the Convention, Par. 5, that a neutral Power may not allow the troops or convoys of another belligerent Power to pass through its territory. During the Franco-German War of 1870–71, Switzerland had already acted according to this principle in disarming the army of Bourbaki.[1]

[1] " Le principe juste est celui du refus absolu aux deux parties, dans tous les cas. C'est la seule solu-

Yes, say the Ninety-three, all that doctrine we know, but we have our own knowledge to display. We have a whole library to consult, and we can look up things both in Rivier and Holtzendorff. But to quote Goethe's *Mephistopheles:* "All theory, dear friend, is grey"; and we know—*know*, I say—that France and England had determined to violate Belgium's neutrality; and we know further—we *know*, I say, gentlemen—that Belgium had no objection to that violation. She is like those virtuous young women who shriek when they have been insulted. Yes, and by an undesirable person; that is why they are scandalized. Had it been the right man they had had no objection!

Aber zwei dunkles! Oh, wir trinken immer noch eins, Herr Geheimrat! Beim Bier klärt sich alles!

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tion qui soit conforme à l'impartialité: Et le neutre doit empêcher le passage réellement."—Rivier, *Principes du droit des gens*, II. 399. And the same Holtzendorff's *Handbuch des Völkerrechts*, IV. 139. Waxweiler, *Neutral and Loyal Belgium*, French edition, pp. 48–50, Danish edition, pp. 45–48.

(Two glasses of dark beer! Oh, we always drink a second, Herr Geheimrat! Beer makes everything clear.)

And now things begin to get clearer. Naturally, if I know that others have in their minds to do something wrong (to break a promise, for instance, or to bear false witness), and thereby to injure me, then it is only just that I should forestall them and abandon my own promise or oath. It will look in this case *in concreto* as though it is I that break the peace, but *in abstracto* it is clear as the sun that the fault belongs to the other party!

By their evil designs (which they did not, indeed, have time to carry out) they, so to speak, forced me (who am otherwise honour itself; I say it without self-flattery), they have forced me to do wrong.

Oh, what villainy! But, God be praised, my conscience is clear, I can raise my head and cry out to the whole world, "*Hört es, Ihr Völker!*" (Hear it, ye people!) Hear ye all, People of the Earth, we believe in the Everlasting God, and we rely on the judgment of all right-thinking people. For

the voice of justice reaches across the wide seas.[1]

Yes, so it does, and "Woe to you, ye hypocrites and whited sepulchres, when it shall be heard," says a Voice—the voice of that God before Whom you act the most impudent comedy the world has yet seen. But silence, my heart, the measure of their sins is not yet filled up; the Ninety-three Angels of Falsehood have not yet poured out over the whole world their six vials full of lies.

When Bethmann-Hollweg stood up in the German Parliament and calmly took upon himself the breach of law against Belgium (and Luxemburg), he claimed as his excuse that he knew and the Government knew—"*We* knew that France was ready to invade

[1] "W.," 17: "die Stimme der Gerechtigheit klingt auch über weite Meere. Wir glauben an den ewigen Gott und vertrauen auf das Urteil aller gerecht denkenden Menschen." (The voice of righteousness sounds beyond the wide ocean. We believe in the Eternal God and in the judgment of all righteous thinking men.) Manifesto: "Hört es Ihr Völker!" (Hear it, ye people!) Specially intended for America. One must read the whole boastful and ridiculous document of September 1914 to gain an idea of how far dishonesty and self-deception (which is dishonesty towards oneself) can be carried.

Belgium." He did not say that Belgium would allow such an invasion; that was to be declared later, at the finding of certain documents in Brussels (I shall presently refer to this "find"). On this occasion the German Chancellor used this remarkable phrase. He said: "*France could wait, we could not.*" So France could wait, the enemy could wait. The French Government, according to Bethmann-Hollweg, had declared in Brussels that it would respect Belgian neutrality so long as the enemy respected it. In other words, France could wait, and France would wait. But Germany could not, would not, and did not, wait. And the German for that is: "*Eine schon lange an den Grenzen lauernde Uebermacht . . . fiel über unser Volk her.*"

"A great Power, that for long had been threatening our frontiers, fell upon our country."

"And now, good sir, let us have done with irony," I hear a sharp voice snarl in my ear. "We understand your irony. No doubt you think it is biting. But you altogether forget, or you pretend that you forget, that England

attacked us. Perfidious Albion, that nation of shopkeepers, assailed us like cowards when we were already at war with two powerful enemies! England declared war against us, sir; you can't get out of that! And you know that that is why our hatred is directed neither to Russia, the good big bear, which must dance to the piping of the Panslavist, nor to the Serbian murderer, nor to France, noble, chivalrous France, about whose art we have written so many beautifully-got-up books, and whose best poets have been known, read, and prized here far more than in their own Fatherland. It is with a bleeding heart that we suppress that fine cultured people. But England we hate; cold, treacherous, calculating, hypocritical England—England, for whom this war is only a business transaction, and whose aim is only to ruin a competitor who had begun to be troublesome! England, England, *Gott strafe England! Hiddekk*—we call it—*Hauptsache Ist Dass Die Engländer Keile Kriegen!* Do you not know Germany's newest war-song? The initial letters of the sentence from the new word Hiddekk: , Above all things England must get a

thrashing.' And they get their thrashing. The *Lusitania*, good sir! That day they must have forgotten to sing, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary!'"

Thus the genuine German speaks. I can see him before me, blonde, with gold spectacles, red, shiny cheeks, wiping the foam of beer from his fair moustache. And then he disappears into the thick tobacco cloud which fills the large hall of the *Hofbraühaus* (beer-house), and out of this cloud appear two other shapes, two men. They are alone together in a large and richly furnished room, a reception-room in a palace, or the ante-chamber of a minister's office.

They are alone together on a summer evening in Berlin, the evening of August 4, 1914. German troops have passed over the Belgian frontier at Gemmenich, and Liége has been called upon to surrender. From Brussels, the English Ambassador has telegraphed the news to London; London has informed the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Edward Goschen, and he now stands before the German Chancellor.

Sir E. Goschen has just come from the

German Foreign Minister, von Jagow, and has asked if it is not possible to withdraw the German troops from Belgium and at the last moment turn back from this crime. But von Jagow has said, "No. We cannot," he says. "Necessity knows no law." And so the English Ambassador goes to the Imperial Chancellor. If Germany will not withdraw its troops from Belgium, Sir E. Goschen must ask for his papers, and England must draw the sword in defence of the violated neutrality. That was England's promise in 1839—that promise England must keep in 1914.

It was a little after seven in the evening of August 4, 1914, that the two statesmen met. And here I will give the moving account, so English in its calm simplicity, which Sir E. Goschen on August 8 sent home to Sir Edward Grey, and which is to be found in the English Blue Book.[1]

Sir Edward Goschen writes—

"I then said that I should like to go and see the Chancellor, as it might be, perhaps,

[1] *Blue Book*, p. 58.

the last time I should have an opportunity of seeing him. He begged me to do so. I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began an harangue which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality'—a word which in wartime had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by this last terrible step, and the policy to which, as I knew, he had devoted himself since his accession to office had tumbled down like a house of cards. What we had done was unthinkable; it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen. I protested strongly against that statement, and said that in the same way as he and Herr von Jagow wished me to understand that for strategical reasons it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate the latter's neutrality, so I would

wish him to understand that it was, so to speak, a matter of 'life and death' for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. That solemn compact simply had to be kept, or what confidence could any one have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future?

"The Chancellor said, 'But at what price will that compact have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?'

"I hinted to his Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements, but his Excellency was so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason, that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument."

This historic interview is interesting from more than one point of view. It gives the impression of being carried on, not between two men, but between a man and a woman. The one reasons, the other answers with sentimental arguments, cries out, and at

last falls upon the other's neck: "We who would be, but for this, such good friends!" "How can you name such a thing to me?" The simple fact that England was bound as an honourable trustee to defend Belgium when attacked is sentimentally twisted into a criminal attack upon the assailant—an honest man unjustly attacked!

Lastly (oh, idealist German!), lastly comes a very fine argument. It is one which he thinks must make a deep impression. The German Chancellor asks England's representative if he has thought about the cost! I promised such-and-such, it is true—but has the gentleman considered *how very much it costs to be an honest man?*

Yes, indeed that interview of August 4, 1914, is historic. It was not only two people and two races who faced each other, it was two civilizations and two points of view. It was not only an English gentleman face to face with a German professor; it was the contrast between a man who believed in Right and Honour as objective realities, and who believed a promise to be unchangeable, one who thought that one's

word must be kept cost what it will; and another man who declared, like Bismarck, that "*Macht geht vor Recht*" (Force has precedence over Right) and Egoism was the highest law.

Of the two who that evening stood face to face one believed in God and the other did not.

I know nothing of Sir Edward Goschen's private religion; God's name does not figure in the letters which were exchanged between him and Sir Edward Grey, and which are to be found in the English Blue Book.

The German Chancellor, on the other hand, is a pious man, like his Kaiser.

Yet it was he, and through him the whole of Germany, who that day betrayed the Everlasting God (who exists really, and not only on paper). It was Bethmann-Hollweg and the German nation who that day signed a divorce between themselves and that God who is the God of Honour, Truth, and Justice —that God who has said: "Thou shalt keep faith with the Lord thy God!"

England and Germany gave the same pledges: always to watch over Belgian

neutrality; never to let that neutrality be attacked by others; above all, to respect it themselves. Germany has broken its pledge, England has not. England has kept its word, Germany has not. "Thou shalt keep faith with the Lord thy God!"

Note on the Second "Est ist nicht wahr"

"We can prove that France and England were prepared to violate the neutrality of Belgium. We can show that Belgium made no objection to that violation" (*nachweislich war Belgien damit einverstanden*).

The proof of these two statements is not given by the Ninety-three in their *Appeal to the Civilized World.* It was given by the German Chancellor in the German Parliament on December 2, 1914, and, according to the *Berliner Tageblatt* of December 3, runs thus—

"Belgian neutrality, which England has put it forth that she will shield, is a sham. On August 2, at seven in the evening, we sent word to Brussels that the two French Plans of Campaign, which were known to us,

forced us, for our own protection, to march through Belgium. But already, on the afternoon of August 2, and thus before they knew in London of this step which we had taken in Brussels, England had promised France its support in case of a German attack on the French coast. Of Belgian neutrality there was not a word. This fact is made certain by the explanations which Sir Edward Grey gave in the House of Commons on August 3, and which I did not know of on August 4. This proof is contained in the English Blue Book itself.

" How, then, could England pretend that it declared war because the Belgian neutrality was violated by us? This was said by those same English statesmen who knew fully the history of Belgian neutrality. When I spoke in this place on August 4 about the wrong which we had done in entering Belgium, it was not yet decided whether the Government in Brussels would not arrange to save their country, and, after a protest, to remove to Antwerp. As you will remember, on the representation of our military commanders the demand was renewed.

"On August 4, for military reasons the possibility of such a development had to be attempted. We had, indeed, already many indications justifying a suspicion that Belgian neutrality was not wholly intact, but positive proof was still wanting. The English statesmen, on the other hand, were well acquainted with these proofs. Now that we know, through the documents found in Brussels, how and in what degree Belgium had sacrificed her neutrality, two essential facts are discerned. When our troops, on the night between the 3rd and the 4th of August, marched into Belgium, they found themselves in a land which had long given up its neutrality. Then follows the fact that it was not in defence of Belgium's neutrality (which she herself had violated) that England declared war against us, but because Belgium believed that with the help of the two great military Powers on the Continent she could defeat us. Since August 2, and since the promise of France to help in the war, England was no more neutral, and was, as a matter of fact, in a state of war with us. The declaration of war was only a parade

with the intention of deceiving England itself, and the neutral States also, as to the true motives of the war. Now that the English-Belgian plans of war are unfolded in all their nakedness, the English statesmen's politics are doomed eternally before the tribunal of history."

This speech of Bethmann-Hollweg's in December against England and Belgium gives the lie to his confessions of August. He had discovered—to use a former illustration—that the purse on the seat did not belong to an honest person, so that it did not matter in the least who took it.

But can a motive discovered *after* the fact alter the moral character of an action already accomplished? Is it not the foundation of all ethics, both Christian and human, that I am guilty of that crime which I was intending to commit? If I attack an apparently innocent man and afterwards discover that he was not so innocent after all, that does not alter the least bit the quality of my attack. I did—so far as morals are concerned—what I intended to

do. When Germany violated Belgium's neutrality, she was conscious of her own crime. Therefore Germany committed that crime before God and its own conscience. That is elementary and fundamental. Were Belgium and England as black as negroes, that would not make Herr Bethmann-Hollweg white.

It is quite secondary to inquire whether the above-named States are really black; but here—even in this connection—are two questions to be answered.

First, was England's promise of eventual support to France dictated by a desire for war, so that the violation of Belgium's neutrality only proved an excuse for, and not the real ground for war? Secondly, had Belgium " compromised her neutrality " to England as Bethmann-Hollweg picturesquely expresses it?

First Answer

Herr Bethmann-Hollweg points in his accusation to the English Blue Book itself. " What more evidence do we require than what England herself officially admits? "

What does England admit? What does the Blue Book admit? I find under No. 148, s. 74, the following dispatch from Sir E. Grey to Sir F. Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris, and it is to this dispatch that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg refers—

"It is obvious that this promise is *conditional.* On account of the *Entente Cordiale* with France, England was bound to offer France a certain amount of assistance in the English Channel—it could do no less. Under circumstances in which the German fleet neither entered the North Sea nor the English Channel, or attacked neither the French coast nor the French navy, England would have *remained inactive.*"

Herr Bethmann-Hollweg tried to make the world believe that the true reason for England's declaration of war upon Germany was, not the neutrality of Belgium (which was a screen), but that *perfidious Albion* believed that it could conquer us if allied to two great military European Powers.

In this case it is strange that England did not grasp its chance with both hands and

promise M. Cambon all the support he desired, and which, through the *Entente Cordiale*, it was justified in giving.

The Imperial Chancellor repeated his accusation against England in his address to the Associated and United Press in New York. He had, in addition, discovered that not only were the French ready to enter Belgium, but that "the Belgians were only waiting for the arrival of the French to join in with them." What was it, then, that the Devil learnt at Kiel?[1]

But there is something more in the foregoing dispatch from Sir E. Grey to Sir F. Bertie. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg says in his speech: "There is not a word in it about Belgian neutrality." He asserts that this is confirmed by the English Blue Book itself.

One asks oneself, first, whether Herr

[1] This alludes to a Danish proverb: "Falsehood is a science and the devil learnt it at Kiel." It is well known that the University of Kiel, when the town belonged to Denmark, became in its later years a hot-bed of aggressive Germanism. From the agitation, created and supported by the German professors of Kiel, arose the movement which ended in the War of 1848–51—afterwards that of 1864 which ended in the loss of the Duchies (Translator's note).

Bethmann-Hollweg is capable of thinking, and, secondly, whether he can read—anyhow, whether he can read English?

For, in the first place, if, on August 2, Belgium's neutrality was not yet violated, why should England on that same date declare that violation to be a pretext for war?

Secondly, *in the dispatch incriminated by Bethmann-Hollweg*, Belgium's neutrality *is* mentioned. It is true that on August 2 Germany had not violated Belgium's neutrality, but Germany had, on the morning of the same day, violated the equally neutral Luxemburg. That was known in the afternoon of August 2 in London, because the President of the Council of Luxemburg had immediately telegraphed to Sir E. Grey that the London Convention of 1867 had been broken—another "scrap of paper" which Germany had not thought it necessary to respect (see the foregoing telegram in the English Blue Book, No. 147). When Sir E. Grey gave this promise to M. Cambon, England knew, and France also knew, that a German army had entered Luxemburg, through Wasserbillig, and was

on its way to the capital of the Duchy. A small knowledge of geography is sufficient to show one that the railway line from Wasserbillig to Luxemburg leads on direct to Liège, Louvain, and Brussels. It was quite clear to London that the German army had not marched into Luxemburg for a country holiday. And therefore there *was*—contrary to his Excellency the German Chancellor's daring assertion to the whole world—there *was* in the promise given to France very much mention of Belgium's neutrality. I continue my quotation from the English Blue Book—

There was, then, some communication made to the German Ambassador. No particularly burning desire for war is apparent in that dispatch. England is weighing the question, and above all wishes not to attack. This is why, on August 4, Sir E. Goschen asks, in Berlin, if it is not possible for Germany to recall her troops? England will only do her duty, but very much prefers an amicable settlement.

It is in connection with such a document that the German Chancellor stamps the

English statesmen as play-actors and hypocrites, and blackens them before the tribunal of history. It is at the risk of being convicted either of carelessness for the truth (which would be incomprehensible and unpardonable), or else of indifference as to the truth (which would be unworthy and immoral), that the leader of a great Empire, using all the pathos of which German sentiment and German lungs are capable, flings down before the world this false piece of evidence: "of Belgian neutrality there was not a word." No word—not one word? No, not *one*, but sixty-four words, which can be seen in the original dispatch.[1]

In confirmation of this is given below, from the French Yellow Book (No. 137, p. 143), the telegram sent to the French Government by Monsieur Paul Cambon after his conversation with Sir E. Grey.

No. 137

"M. Paul Cambon, ambassadeur de France à Londres, à M. Rene Viviani, ministre des Affaires étrangères.

[1] English *Blue Book*, 148.

" *Londres, le 2 août*, 1914.

" A l'issue du Conseil des Ministres tenu ce matin, Sir Edward Grey m'a fait la déclaration suivante :

" ' Je suis autorisé à donner l'assurance que si la flotte allemande pénètre dans la Manche ou traverse la mer du Nord afin d'entreprendre des opérations de guerre contre la côte française ou la marine marchande française, la flotte britannique donnera toute la protection en son pouvoir.

" ' Cette assurance est naturellement donnée sous la reserve que la politique du Gouvernement de Sa Majesté sera approuvée par le Parlement Britannique et ne doit pas être considérée comme obligeant au Gouvernement de Sa Majesté à agir jusqu'à ce que l'éventualité ci-dessus mentionnée d'une action de la flotte allemande se soit produite.'

" Me parlant ensuite de la neutralité de la Belgique et de celle du Luxembourg, le Principal Secrétaire d'État m'a rappelé que la Convention de 1867 relative au Grand-Duché différait du Traité relatif à la Belgique en ce sens que l'Angleterre était tenue de faire respecter cette dernière convention sans le concours des autres Puissances garanties,

tandis que, pour le Luxembourg, toutes les Puissances garanties devaient agir de concert.

"La sauvegarde de la neutralité Belge est considérée içi comme si importante que l'Angleterre envisagerait sa violation par l'Allemagne comme un *casus belli*. C'est là un intérêt proprement anglais, et on ne peut douter que le Gouvernement Britannique, fidèle aux traditions de sa politique, ne le fasse prévaloir, même si le monde des affaires, ou l'influence allemande poursuit des efforts tenaces, prétendait exercer une pression pour empêcher le Gouvernement de s'engager contre Allemagne.

"PAUL CAMBON."

It will be observed that in this telegram there is mention both of the neutrality of Belgium and of the duty of England to support it even if she should be alone in doing so.

SECOND ANSWER

For the sake of clearness, I repeat the second question, which I am about to answer. It ran thus—

"Had Belgium betrayed its neutrality to England, had it been 'smashed up,' as Bethmann-Hollweg poetically expresses it?" As proof of his assertion, the German Chancellor points to the documents which were found in Brussels. These documents are said to show (*a*) that Belgium had broken its neutrality to such an extent that nothing less than an Anglo-Belgian campaign had been planned; (*b*) that English statesmen were perfectly aware of this, and that their indignation at Germany's breach of Belgian neutrality was pure hypocrisy.

What, then, is the situation contained in these "two crimes now known to the whole world," to use the expression of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg? In the address to the American Press quoted above, the Chancellor asserts his knowledge that Belgium only waited for the arrival of the French to join them. This he does not prove. But Belgium's intrigue with England—that he says he can prove. The documents to which Herr Bethmann-Hollweg refers are two, and were found, one in the War Office, and the other in the Foreign Office in Brussels.

The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* spoke first of these two documents on October 13, 1915, and published them in facsimile on November 25. That facsimile is printed herewith.

These two documents are supposed to show that England and Belgium, long before August 4, 1914, had agreed to a mutual attack upon Germany. Here we have at last "the Powers lurking on the frontiers" which the Ninety-three spoke of in their Appeal. Here it is made manifest before the whole civilized world that Belgium—ignoble Belgium—was not only ready to march with the French, but with the English too, and that all three were united to attack unconscious, innocent, slumbering Germany. This is the German theory.

How do the Belgian facts stand?

The first document is dated April 10, 1906. It is coincident with the Algeciras crisis, and consists of a confidential report made to the Belgian War Minister by General Ducarne, the Chief Secretary of the Belgian War Office, concerning a conversation he had held with the English military attaché

in Brussels, Captain Barnardiston.[1] The document contains the information that in the case of Belgium's being attacked, England would come to its help—as was its duty—but only with 100,000 men. No very great help against the German army with its millions, and even joined to the Belgian army such a force cannot be described as a "Great Power threatening the frontier." But in order to avoid all misunderstanding it is expressly stated that England's help should only be given "after the violation of our neutrality by Germany." These words are marked in the margin, but in the text you will find that the English-Belgian co-operation is provided "in case of an attack on the part of Germany," and "in case of a German army crossing our country to attack the French Ardennes." This situation, exactly, arose in 1914.

The second document is as clear, and as little imbued with war or desire of attack, as the first. It concerns a conversation that took place on April 23, 1911, between the Chief of the Belgian General Staff,

[1] See Appendix.

Jungbluth, and the English military attaché in Brussels, then Lieutenant-Colonel Bridges. This document contains no reference to the former negotiations of 1906 between Ducarne and the predecessor of Colonel Bridges. In other words, there existed in 1911 no convention of 1906 between the two countries, neither offensive, nor *a fortiori* offensive.

The words " Anglo-Belgian Conventions " which the Germans have found on the wrapper in which the two documents lay are neither more nor less than a German falsehood. M. Emile Brunet, whose writing on this subject lies before me, is of the same opinion, but endeavours to demonstrate the case graphologically. *The evidence before me is much plainer.* If, as is asserted, one of the documents produced by the Germans was found in the War Office and the other in the Foreign Office, how could they have been enclosed in the same wrapper? If such a wrapper exists and the Germans have published it in facsimile, then this wrapper exists because the Germans took a piece of paper, wrote " Anglo-Belgian Conventions " outside, and laid the two docu-

ments in it, and thought, "Now we have a complete piece of evidence of the 'smashed' neutrality!"[1]

The document of 1911 is just as little an agreement as is that of five years earlier. It is an assurance on England's part that it would send (in this case) 160,000 men, even if Belgium did not ask for help. The reason for helping on this occasion is, again, an attack from Germany. England fears that Belgium cannot prevent Germany passing through (mark the words!); General Jungbluth has more courage, and thinks it can. *And that is all!* That no agreement existed is best seen from the fact that in spite of all Great Britain's presumed desire

[1] It may be said that the wrapper belonged to one of the documents, but this is contradicted by the plural "s"—in order to use the word "Convention" from the wrapper in the text from the document, the Germans have found an excuse in General Ducarne's writing: "*Notre conversation était absolument confidentielle,*" and translated the word "*conversation*" not by "talk" or "conversation," but with "decision" —thus the *Nordd. Allg. Zt.* And in the paper published in Holland it is called an "agreement." Emile Waxweiler has given a conclusive treatise of the whole of the case. (German edition pp. 155–173; French edition pp. 175–186; Danish edition pp. 158–169.)

for war, and in spite of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's fantasy about the three blood-thirsty criminals, England first attacked when the Belgian Government had made its appeal to the British Government, of which Sir E. Grey said in the House of Commons : "*I do not envy the man who can read that appeal with an unmoved heart.*" A man understands that of which his understanding is worthy. For a Bethmann-Hollweg, for a von Jagow, it will be a riddle through all eternity that any one could use words such as Sir E. Grey's on August 6, 1914, when he denounced England's participation in the World-War—that he could say them, mean them, and act upon them.

They ran as follows—

"If I am asked what we are fighting for, I reply in two sentences. In the first place, to fulfil a solemn international obligation, an obligation which, if it had been entered on between private persons in the ordinary concerns of life, would have been regarded as an obligation not only of law but of honour, which no self-respecting man could possibly have repudiated. I say, secondly,

we are fighting to vindicate the principle which, in these days when force, material force, sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind, we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power." [1]

[1] *Blue Book*, Part II. No. 5.

THE THIRD FALSE WITNESS

AND THE THIRD "ES IST NICHT WAHR"

ONCE more the "Voice of Truth" cries aloud to the world: "It is not true that our soldiers have attacked the life or property of a single Belgian citizen without the utmost provocation. Over and over again, in spite of all appeals, the populace have shot from ambush, have mutilated the wounded, and murdered the doctors whilst carrying on their work of mercy. There could be no more infamous deception than to try to shelter these criminals and to represent their just punishment by the Germans as a crime."

The Ninety-three representatives of German Culture are here in perfect agreement with the German Emperor. With his hand and seal, with his full signature: WILHELM II R., the Kaiser wrote to President Wilson, laying before him his solemn indictment and protest, not only against his opponents'

" barbaric methods in war " (that was before the poisonous gases were used), but against the fact that the " Belgian Government had not only *encouraged* but had, *long previously, prepared* the Belgian civilian population to participate in the fighting. The horrors committed even by women and priests in this guerilla warfare, against wounded soldiers, doctors, and nurses (doctors were killed, ambulances fired upon), were such that my generals were at length obliged to resort to the *severest means* of punishing the guilty and of frightening the blood-thirsty population from the continuance of its infamous murders and crimes. Some villages, and even the old town of Louvain, with the exception of the beautiful Town Hall, had to be destroyed for the preservation and safety of my troops. My heart bleeds when I think that *such a plan of campaign became unavoidable*, and of the countless innocent people who have lost their home and property as the result of the barbaric conduct of these criminals." [1]

[1] The words in italics were underlined by the German Emperor himself.

In accord with this *The Truth about the War* contains a chapter with the title: "Louvain and the Belgian atrocities." It shows how cruelly the Belgians had behaved towards the Germans, and since the world has hitherto heard so much to the contrary it is interesting to read the German accusation against Belgium. I quote again from *The Truth about the War*—"*Die Wahrheit über den Krieg.*"

The chapter begins with a comparison between Luxemburg and Belgium, to the advantage of Luxemburg. "In Luxemburg the Government and people bowed reasonably before the military necessity." Yes, that I can believe. I remember an evening in the capital of the Grand Duchy when some good friends jestingly proposed that I should make a speech next morning to the Army of Luxemburg. "It is not too large to fill the space outside your window, and you could begin by 'Dear Army.'" Luxemburg has a quarter of a million inhabitants, whilst Belgium has eight and a half. Luxemburg was necessarily restricted to a verbal protest against the

German invasion which was, in fact, made by the President of the Council, Monsieur Eyschen.

"They were blinded in Belgium," says the German Protest; "they seemed to have forgotten how their country had suffered under the ambition and rapacity of the French and the selfishness and faithlessness of England." What an argument! Because in 1792 the French had plundered Belgium, the Belgian Government in 1914 should not keep its faith as a neutral State.

"The Belgians are to be pitied. For years they have given themselves over to a fanatical hatred of the German Kingdom and its people. They believed blindly all that was said by the newspapers of Paris, and by the Belgian papers in imitation; and all that French plays, French films, French cabarets and such like created in the way of suspicion, slander and abuse against Germany. They described German officers as spies and rapers of women (*Frauenvergewaltiger*, I translate the word as I can); German soldiers as beasts in the form of men, the German Kingdom as war-loving,

as the 'German polypus,' with monstrous tentacles, and as a land of reaction, arrogance, and barbarity. The Belgian Press joined in the slanderous campaign of France contrary to its neutrality. What was thus sown in hate and contempt was harvested in horror." [1]

These are simply the tactics of the wolf with the lamb that the Germans are using. The blame for what was done in Belgium must indisputably, undeniably, be laid on the shoulders of the Belgians. Any one who has travelled in Belgium in the last ten years (my first visit there was fifteen years ago), knows how untrue this tale is of hatred of the Belgians for Germany. The fact cannot be concealed that the French element and French influence in Belgium was diminishing very much, and that the Flemish national movement leant strongly towards the Germanic character and origin of the population. Germany had already made great progress in the pacific conquest of Belgium. German beer, German newspapers, German industries, as well as German music, German books, German science and German art

[1] "W.," pp. 53–54.

were to be found everywhere. As for the Press campaign against Prussia described above, the present writer for months together has read daily two and three Belgian papers (*Vingtième Sicèle*, *Métropole*, *Soir*), and has never seen a trace of this campaign. And of what " neutrality-breaking agreement with France " has the Belgian Government been guilty? When and where had the Belgian Government before or during the ministry of de Broqueville been guilty of a Press campaign against Germany?

But this chapter is only written to make it seem probable and explicable that the Belgian people consists of assassins, as the Ninety-three express it. Hence the pathetic change of key: " What was then sown in hatred and contempt was harvested in horror." One trembles for the lives of the Germans.

What one cannot understand (I say it in parenthesis), is that since the Germans knew of this anti-German agitation in Belgium, why did they not try to work against it in time? A couple of well-written periodicals in French or Flemish, published in Antwerp, for example, the centre of Germanism in

Belgium, would have done great service and prevented the growth of the "harvest of horror."

Another point for consideration is this: and it is not in parenthesis, but in large type: "*What right have the Germans to demand that they should not be hated and despised?*" Because some one in a non-German country (and Belgium is not a German country and *never was* a German country)—because in such a country one forms the opinion that Germany is a "polypus" which has Europe in its grasp from the Adriatic to Cape Skagen, or that the German Empire is in reality reactionary, arrogant and barbarous, is it, then, a crime if they express that opinion? If Germany is in truth no polypus, but a little peaceful garden snail, it is easy to prove it. If Germany is the home of political progress, of sound self-knowledge and gentle manners, then this impression must without fail be conveyed to all who visit, or come in contact with, the inhabitants of the country. Why do we speak of "French courtesy," of the "English gentleman," of "Spanish pride,"

if it is not that these qualities describe the impression that generation after generation has received of those nations? We speak of "German *Gemüthlichkeit*," and this is certainly the most striking quality in the great *Vaterland*. It is a quality of private life which is to be seen at its best in a cheerful gathering round a "bock" of Munich beer or a bottle of sparkling Moselle. But the *Gemüthlich* over his bottle of wine can quite as well be a political reactionary, and it does not preclude his being brutal and overbearing as an officer or civilian to his subordinates, to those who have no redress.

Here a memory occurs to me which I will record. Many will recognize the typical German in my description.

It is of a retired Captain, one of those square, broad-shouldered fellows that one would describe as a "jolly giant." He had been through the campaign of 1870–71, and was between fifty and sixty. His hair was so closely clipped that one could not tell if it was fair or white; his eyes were of a cold, china blue, under mighty Bismarck-like eyebrows; his features were regular,

strong and red, with a powerful jaw. His lips were thin under his yellow moustache. His clothes were neither too careful nor too neglected; he wore a compass on his watch-chain.

I met him in a south-west frontier town one evening with a family whom I often visited. It was a real good German evening. Long green bottles appeared and were emptied one after another, and at last the master of the house called the servant to him, whispered something in his ear, and taking his bunch of keys pointed to a certain one, and soon afterwards in solemn silence a bottle of *Berncasteler Dokter* was served, a noble Moselle wine which can only be produced in small quantities. Each glass we drank cost a mark. Then we sang, led by the Captain's bass, those fine German songs, "*Da draussen vor dem Tore*,"[1] and "*Es liegt eine Krone im grünen Rhein*," and "*In einem tiefen Grunde*"—full of the dreaminess and pensiveness of Germany.

It was a typical evening—German wine

[1] The title of this first tune in the original is "*Am Brunnen vor dem Tore*."

and German *Gemüth*. Next day a motor drive was planned to see the great battle-fields in the neighbourhood of the village, the battle-fields of 1870–71. The retired Captain was to be our guide and explain all to us. He had himself been all through it. The day passed, we drove from place to place. The Captain was tireless in his explanations. He stood on the historic heights, his compass in his hand—over here came Prince Friedrich Karl—in that village it was that Bazaine in his despair played billiards in a public-house. . . .

The hours passed by; the motor whirled tirelessly, till we at last reached home and the taximeter showed sixty-two marks. Once or twice on the way I had pointed out to the Captain the amount shown on the little dial, but he paid no attention. Now, when he had to pay, he suddenly became convinced that he had been cheated. In any case he was not going to pay.

We had stopped in front of the largest restaurant of the town, intending to take refreshment, and a crowd soon assembled. "I saw you touching the taximeter," said

the captain to the chauffeur. "What should I gain by that?" asked the chauffeur with logic. "I have to pay my employer what the taximeter shows." "But you have an agreement with him. You get a percentage," answered the Captain. The chauffeur got rather red, but restrained himself. "I can only say that I shall hand over to my employer what the taximeter shows." "Well, tell them in the office to send me the bill." "I have to pay this evening. The office gives no credit. Do you wish me to pay for you?"

This appeal to the Captain's good feelings had the exactly opposite effect to that which it was meant to have. The Captain, who was already on his way into the restaurant, whirled round on his heel and stepped close up to the chauffeur. He was as white as death, and his great body shook with rage. With his face pressed against the chauffeur's, he shouted: "You dare—you dare say that to me? You fellow, you beast, you dog!" He stammered and could hardly find his words—panting for breath. None of the Germans who had been on the tour with us

and were standing round, said anything. And when I, a foreigner, murmured an expostulation, I was rudely answered: "Leave me alone." And still closer to the chauffeur he hissed: "Not a word more, or I will strike your face!"

And then something happened, something strange and horrible. *The chauffeur clicked his heels together and stood at attention.*

And with hands that still shook with anger, the Captain wrote his name on a leaf of his notebook, tore it out, and handed it to the chauffeur: "There is my name and address. Right about—march!"

There was not a word of disapproval, not so much as a murmur of expostulation from the group around us, although the street was full of working-men leaving their work for the afternoon.

This was the sequel to our evening of wine and song.

Any one who has had the opportunity of frequenting German military circles (I appeal to Karl Larsen!)[1] from his own experi-

[1] A Danish writer who since the war has shown a

ence can describe similar behaviour. The brutality of the German superior is met by the servility of the German inferior. The German officer is accustomed to command thus, and to be obeyed thus.

With these ideas he now invades a country of which the civilization is French. They may call Liége Lüttich if they like, but not for a moment can its intellectual atmosphere be called German. I remember my first impression of Liége in 1901 was of something bright, illumined, gay, with its lofty churches and their carved pillars and arches. There was something intelligent and well-ordered in the closed houses, the high garden walls over which green tendrils and flowers climbed from the hidden gardens behind, an air of old world and courtliness in the pleasant climbing streets, Rue Thier la Fontaine, Degrés des Tisserands, and in the women taking leave of each other after long conversations at street corners, saying politely, "*Bonsoir, Madame!*"

The German *Gemüth* has no value in this

sympathy for German militarism which has surprised his compatriots.

world which still bears the stamp of *le grand siècle,* because it is bound up with the German language and cannot be transported. The arrogance and brutality alone remains to insult, anger and revolt that consciousness of personal dignity and the feeling of individual right which is inseparable from Western (Latin and Celtic) civilization.

In these new surroundings the German officer (and the German soldier—for the spirit is the same from the highest general to the lowest corporal and private soldier), must necessarily be out of place. Unheedful that he is in a foreign land and surrounded by foreigners, the German behaves as though he were among his own people. No French, English or Italian chauffeur would have submitted as did the German I have described above. Nor would a Belgian—*and it is this that the German mind cannot understand.* At home he is accustomed to see his boots licked by the culprit he has kicked, and it is with astonishment, horror, amazement and resentment, finally with just and righteous rage that he finds that others will kick back. His fury has no

limits. His voice fails him. He cannot find words of abuse violent enough to express the emotion which shakes him from head to foot. "Blood-thirsty populace!" "Barbaric traitors! Villains! Assassins! Scoundrels, beasts, dogs! Say another word and I will hit you in the face!"

Belgium does say another word and the blow falls—*a blow from the iron-clad German fist in the face of all mankind.* . . . It is the Germans who have been wronged, not the Belgians!

Let me return to *Die Wahrheit über den Krieg.*

In the middle of the month of August the German Government sent the following proclamation to the Belgian Government—

"The Royal Belgian Government has rejected Germany's benignant offer to spare their land from the horrors of war. It has raised itself in armed opposition against the passage of troops necessitated by the enemies of Germany. It has chosen war. In spite of the Note of August 8, in which the Belgian Government declared that, according

to its agreement, it would only make war upon troops in uniform, in the fighting round Lüttich numbers of people have taken part in the combat under the protection of civilian dress. They have not only fired on German troops; they have cruelly killed the wounded and shot down doctors at their work. At the same time the population of Antwerp has destroyed German property in the most barbarous manner and brutally cut down women and children with the sword. Germany calls upon the civilized world to witness the shedding of this innocent blood, and the way in which Belgium has made war in the face of all civilization. If, henceforward, the war assumes a cruel character, Belgium bears the blame. To protect our German troops from the unbridled fury of the people, we shall, in future, treat every one not in uniform, who cannot justify his participation in the fighting by some outward mark or sign, as an outlaw, inasmuch as, sharing in the fighting, he injures German lines of communication, cuts telegraph wires, causes explosions, and takes an unlawful part in the perpetration of

warfare. He will be treated as a sniper, and be shot at once under martial law." [1]

"So," the simple man might say, "when a robber breaks into my house and I leap from my bed and defend myself with anything that I can lay my hand upon—a poker or a candlestick—and I succeed in giving my robber a few bruises, he has the right to go out into the street and complain loudly that I have not defended myself with a Browning revolver or any other regular weapon. And he, the robber, who has no business at all in my house, shall stand forth before the civilized world's judgment and call me a brute, me, whom he has attacked.

"He may, to crown his hypocritical insolence, call me to reckoning for the innocent blood that has been spilled—the blood that never would have been shed if he had not broken into my house!"

But a man must be very simple to waste any surprise upon such a situation. *It is, of course, the lamb's fault if it does not lie still while the wolf eats it.*

Having written these words I can no

[1] "W.," p. 61.

longer treat these things with irony. It is unbelievable what calumnies and slander German writers—official and other—have allowed themselves to use to blacken and slander a people who at the worst have fought a tragic and bitter fight for hearth and home against an overwhelming and aggressive power.

What were Andreas Hofer and his Tyrolese other than sharp-shooters—a people in arms in self-defence, for life or for death? Their name is held in honour—Hofer is a hero, whilst the Belgians, who do as the Tyrolese did a hundred years ago, are called "assassins" and "brutes."

But it is not even certain that these things were done at all. Let us look at the German evidence. It has throughout one common characteristic. It is all vague and indeterminate. It never, or rarely, gives names of places or people. We read, for example, in one of the documents the narrative of a military doctor: "In a village near Verviers we found a soldier with his hands tied behind him and his eyes put out." What village? What was the name of the soldier? Where

was he found? Under what circumstances? Where is the evidence of the person who saw him?

The military doctor continues: "In one village a young woman stepped up to a military automobile, held a revolver to the head of the chauffeur and shot him."

Again the same vagueness. Which village? What was the name of the chauffeur?

We have to believe the German "*Es ist wahr*" (It is true), as we are obliged to believe the German "*Es ist nicht wahr*" (It is not true). It is an exception that we *find the name of the place given.* These two occurrences are mentioned as happening in the village of Gammenich, near the frontier. Here a "gentleman from Aachen" (Name? Profession? Age?) was killed, having left his automobile for a moment. An ambulance was shot at from a house (What ambulance? What were the names of the doctors? Where is the evidence of the hospital orderlies?) There is no evidence brought of the truth of their statements. We need something more.

A military doctor appeals to our sympathy

for a soldier " who was shot from behind a hedge in such a manner that his skin was still full of powder." And thereupon he gives vent to his feelings, plays on all the stops of German pathos which now swell into the full tones of an organ fugue. " Is this the way the civilized Belgians make war? How should the blood not roar in our ears and rage in one's heart! And then the Belgians wonder that we proceed ruthlessly against a civil population suspected of such crimes! One's heart swells in one's breast and *civis Germanicus sum* has become the expression of pride when we see the proud attitude of our magnificent Army. But it bleeds to see our poor boys shed their blood beneath the peasant's pitchfork or the kitchen knife of a fanatical Belgian woman. Who can wonder that we level to the earth the villages where our men are attacked!"[1]

[1] " Ein Herr aus Aachen fährt mit Kraftwagen und Militärchauffeur durch einen belgischen Grenzort, Gemmenich; hinter dem Ort hält der Wagen, der Herr steigt aus, geht einige Schritte abseits zur Verrichtung eines Bedürfnisses, es fällt ein Schuss aus einer Hecke, der Mann sinkt tot hintenüber. Das also ist der Kampf des zivilisierten belgischen Volkes. Da soll

We find the same inconceivable distortion of moral values in all the published documents. There is never a moment's doubt of Germany's right, first to invade a country and then to decree how it shall fight, and lastly to judge and punish all that oppose themselves to German rule. We have in this attitude the true German mentality. He has no feeling for the right or for justice (for that does not exist—a treaty is "only a scrap of paper") but only for outward order and correctness.

Thus a German soldier relates in a technical and cold-blooded manner how they set fire to a house in Louvain from which

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einem nicht das Blut in den Adern kochen, einem nicht die Wut die Überlegung rauben, und da wundern sich die Belgier, wenn wir gegen Zivilbevölkerung, die auch nur im Verdacht der Täterschaft steht, rücksichtslos vorgehen. Das Herz geht einem auf, und civis Germanicus sum ist ein stolzes Wort geworden, wenn man die Haltung unseres herrlichen Heeres sieht, aber es blutet auch desto mehr, wenn unsere armen Jungens verbluten müssen unter der Schrotspritze eines Bauern oder dem Küchenmesser einer fanatischen Belgierin. Da soll es einem übelgenommen werden, wenn man die Dörfer, in denen unsere Leute solchen Angriffen ausgesetzt sind, vom Erdboden vertilgt?" (*L.c.* p. 56.)

they had shot at the troops. "As the inhabitants came out one by one they were shot to pieces (*abgeschossen*—I cannot translate into another language the calm stolidity of that word *abgeschossen*. It implies a methodical, almost mechanical proceeding, like that of stamping letters). Death—*verabfolgt*—followed necessarily as the fate of those concerned, just as the insertion of a penny into the automatic machine at a railway station is followed—*verabfolgt*—by a packet of chocolate.

"Yes, Louvain — or, more correctly, Löwen "—says a voice that has long wished to put in a word—"let us talk a little of that wonderful town. The whole world feels for it. But does the whole world know what a regular murderers' den it was—that in all the houses sniping corps had been organized beforehand to help the population in their horrible work? The attack upon a peaceful nation—for it was an attack—was, I repeat, organized beforehand, probably by the municipality, perhaps by the Government and without doubt at the instigation

of France."[1] This is the German story. This time they can produce proofs—tangible, irrefutable proofs. Is this really the truth? Let us examine their evidence. Let us be just, above all.

The evidence of the above assertion appeared in September 1914, in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and has the honour of being quoted in *Die Wahrheit über den Krieg*. It is by this fount of truth that I am illuminated.

A captain in the German Army writes—

"A civilized people can have no conception of the behaviour of the inhabitants. I believe I have proof that the Belgians have been officially encouraged by the French to perpetrate this monstrous guerilla warfare. This must be the case, for all the houses behind my position—about ten in all—which I have visited, have been for some time prepared with this object. The roofs are pierced with gun holes. Iron pipes are placed in the walls with a steel flap which opens outwards. When the rifle is thrust

[1] This agrees with His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm's assertion (see above).

out to shoot, the flap is raised. The gun being withdrawn, the flap falls down again. I found this arrangement in several houses. I have visited them all personally with my platoon commander. From outside, these contrivances have the appearance of ornaments; in the centre is a support, cemented from without, which must have been prepared before the war, and it is my opinion that the Belgians systematically prepared all this.

"In the house where we are living—a villa belonging to well-to-do people—the steel flaps are all numbered '3350.' The articles seem to have been made in a manufactory and numbered after the houses to which they were delivered."

This is so ridiculous that one does not know whether to laugh or to cry. As every one who has lived in Belgium knows (and as the German captain could have known had he asked), these iron-covered holes are used for fixing up the scaffolding for repairs to prevent damage to the façade. In the same way in Denmark we put shelves in the walls for scaffoldings. These pipes are

found particularly in well-to-do houses, and in such a house the captain was living. They *are* made in a manufactory, but that is the only part of the German hypothesis that is correct. The outer flaps that seem to the captain so dreadfully suspicious are, as one might think, to prevent the draught through the pipes. Thus a whole theory is based upon a mis-statement such as this, which establishes an understanding with France for the preparation of a guerilla warfare. How could they foresee, for instance, that the Germans would come to Louvain? And this foolishness is spread about and printed and made to serve as proof against Belgium. There is no greater sign of the weakness of the German cause than that she uses such feeble defences.[1]

[1] According to the same source there were machine-guns in "almost all" the church towers. "Almost all" is rather much. But in several cases machine-guns were placed in church towers and were abandoned at the precipitous flight. (Grondijs, *Les Allemands en Belgique*, pp. 37, 38.) This fact was, however, used as a pretext for the Germans to use reprisals against the civil population. In letters from German soldiers they speak constantly of villages where the "priest had put a machine-gun on the

All through the war, but especially in those first months, the accusations of the Germans were always directed to the blackening of Belgium in order that Germany should appear less black herself. Germany has no hope of ever appearing white with the whiteness of innocence; the conviction that tigers eat men is a difficult one to uproot, says the Mother Tigress in *Hitopadeça*. But Germany might become grey—"grey from battle"—that would satisfy her quite. She does not seek acquittal either from God or man, she only desires "extenuating circumstances." So long as she escapes hell she is ready to endure purgatory till the end of the world.

The whole newspaper campaign against Belgium is easily understood when once this rather troubled state of mind is admitted. If one cannot use truthful statements, "misrepresentations and suspicions," to quote

tower of his church to shoot upon the Germans." The German Army in Belgium was entirely composed of Protestants, for whom a Catholic Priest is a sinister being capable of the worst actions. This fable is destroyed in *L'onore e l'innocenza del clero belga rivendicati*, by Mgr. Vaes, Rome, 1915, pp. 42–48.

the words of the Ninety-three, must serve instead.

We will only quote two more of their accusations. New ones are for ever appearing. They are like the soap-bubbles that children blow. They glitter for a moment, blown out into a ball of glowing colours, then they burst and become once more a drop of the dirty water of which they were made.

(1) "The Belgian Government openly encouraged the civil population to take part in the fighting and had carefully prepared this participation beforehand. This was especially the case in the fighting at Lüttich.[1] The German illustrated papers tried to prove this assertion by publishing photographs of the Belgian snipers. It is clear that these snipers were soldiers of the Belgian *Garde Civique*, answering to the *German Landsturm*. The *Belgian Landsturm* was constituted in accordance with the stipulations of the Hague Convention. It is a regular corps, fighting in its own uniform, and called up by the Belgian Government at the outbreak of the war. Since August 8 the

[1] Kaiser Wilhelm, "W.," p. 163.

German Government had been informed by the Belgian Government through the Spanish Minister in Brussels that the *Garde Civique* would fight with the army.[1]

Can we, then, say that the Belgians never did carry on anything like guerilla warfare against the enemy that invaded their land, or similar to that which the Spaniards carried on against Napoleon? Emil Waxweiler, Director of the Solvay Institute in Brussels, a man known and honoured by all the world, has asked this question. His answer is : " These attacks were undoubtedly isolated and exceptional."

Responsible friends told him that snipers shot upon German troops in two places. " That," he says, " may also have happened

[1] The conditions of the Hague Convention, which were all complied with by the Belgian *Garde Civique*, are (1) to have a person at the head of things who is responsible for his subordinates, (2) to maintain a decided distinction and one easily to be recognized at a distance, (3) to bear weapons without concealment, (4) to fulfil all the rules and customs of war. (See Waxweiler's *Neutral and Loyal Belgium*, French edition, pp. 200–212; Danish edition, 181–192; and the same work in German, *Has Belgium deserved her Fate?* by Professor Waxweiler, Director of the Solvay Institute, Brussels University, Zurich, 1915, p. 176–188.

elsewhere." But directly afterwards he says: "I find a mass of mis-statements." He quotes a few—

"A German train was standing in the station of Jurbise between Mons and Brussels in September 1914, when a rifle shot was fired. The German soldiers in the train heard the explosion and thought that they were attacked by civilians. They seized some peasants who were working near by and shot them. Later on the mistake was explained: the soldiers expressed their regret and went on their way."

In the little Flemish village of Waereghem, some Belgian infantry were lying in ambush at the back of some farm-houses and fired on some passing German troops. It was said to be a civilian attack and the farms were burnt down as a reprisal.

In a Walloon village a German officer was shot. The Mayor was taken prisoner and was sentenced to punishment (according to the German system of punishing the baker for the blacksmith's fault, which, as a matter of principle, and in the most bloody manner, has been carried out all over Belgium).

"Shoot me if you will," replied the Mayor, "but first have an autopsy of the officer who has been killed." This was done, and it was discovered that he was the victim of a German bullet. Here, as in many other cases, an accidental shot was construed into an attempt at murder. But this point will be treated of further.

(2) "Belgian girls put out the eyes of defenceless wounded on the battle-field." [1]

It is no less a person than the Imperial Chancellor himself who makes this accusation. It was repeated over and over again in the German and pro-German Press. And, in an article by Crispi in the now suppressed Roman paper, *Concordia*, he is not ashamed to write: "The chaste daughters of Belgium shut German soldiers in their houses and mutilated them as they slept."

In the *Vorwärts* on October 22 of last year an enquiry was conducted, and, later on, by two official commissions held in Germany, it was proved that there was absolutely nothing to justify such a horrible accusation, that it was pure invention:

[1] "W.," p. 166.

" the legend of the put-out eyes " a social democrat paper rightly called it. The story, thinks Waxweiler, probably arose from the fact that many wounded have lost their eyes from splinters of shrapnel bombs which exploded round their heads.[1] It is time that His Excellency Bethmann-Hollweg made his apologies to the young Belgian women.

" *Mais revenons à nos moutons :* " a suitable appellation. Let us return to our German lambs and the martyrdom they suffered at the hands of the Belgian " jackals "—(this charming name has been invented by the playwright Herbert Eulenberg,[2] and illustrates the proverb: " Shame follows injury." Let us return to the " Witness to the Truth " of the Ninety-three : " It is not true that a single Belgian citizen's life or property has been touched by our soldiers except under the utmost compulsion." Notice two phrases — " not

[1] Waxweiler, French edition, pp. 229–232; Danish edition, pp. 208–210; German edition, pp. 204–207.

[2] *Köln. Zeitg.*, September 12, 1914.

one single " and " the utmost compulsion." " We answer for this with our name and honour."

Now let us listen to a commentary of truth and of reality, calm, simple, unboasting and unpretentious, therefore, the more heart-rending and awful, like the wail of a Stabat Mater through which moans a Dies Iræ. It is one of the hundreds and hundreds of reports received by the Belgian Government. A Committee was appointed on August 7, 1914, and was composed of the Judge of the Belgian High Court, M. van Izeghem (President); M. Cattier, a Professor of the Brussels University; M. Nys, Assessor of the High Court, Professor of International Law; M. Verhagen, Assessor of the High Court; M. Wodon, Professor of the University of Brussels; M. Medlemmer, as its members, and M. Gillard, Chief of Department of the Ministry of Justice, as Secretary.

Another section of the Committee was afterwards constituted in Antwerp under the leadership of the Belgian Judge, M. Cooreman. Among the members is a former

leader in the Belgian Senate, Count Goblet d'Alviella.

The enquiry was conducted by two members of the Committee, who visited the districts occupied by the Germans and enquired into the events upon the scene itself. The reports are distinguished by the most careful minuteness as to details of time, place, and so on. If any historical documents are of value, these are valuable.

From the whole *dossier* I shall select one report only.

It is from the Committee's Summary of their meeting on December 18, 1914. It is given by an eye-witness, Mdlle. Aline Diericx, and describes the events in the village of Surice on August 24, 1914. It runs as follows—

"Surice was a small village of a little over six hundred inhabitants in the Commune of Florennes. It was off the high road and it was crossed only by the roads running from Rosée to Mariembourg, through Romedenne, Romerie, and Matagne, and from Franchimont to Soulme and Gochenée. The

population were very peaceful people, mostly agricultural labourers. The village was clean, the houses well-kept, and all breathed prosperity. Since the month of June I had been in the country with my sister, Madame de Gaiffier. Our niece, Marie Louise, our brother Ernest's daughter, a young girl of fifteen, lived with us. In front of our house, in a fairly large farm, lived the young girl's father and mother, and another young girl, Marguerite, seventeen years old.

"About the 14th of August, a French battalion had been quartered at Surice. During the 23rd, which was Sunday, there arrived a regular procession of peasants from Egnen, near Dinant, from Onhaye and further away. In the evening we saw flames on the horizon in that direction. That same evening Dr. Jacques arrived from Anthée to seek shelter with us, with his wife and five children. They brought with them several other people, amongst whom were M. Piret, the parish priest in Anthée, the parish priest of Onhaye, and M. Palande's maid from Miavoye. They reassured us somewhat, saying they believed that Surice

would escape danger on account of its situation. Nevertheless we were alarmed late that evening by the arrival of two automobiles. In the one was our cook's husband, chauffeur to the Comte de Beaufort of Loyers, who had come to fetch his wife. In the other car was a Captain of Engineers and another officer, accompanied by his wife and his sons who were army cadets. They gave us a horrible description of what was happening in Namur, and then continued their journey in the direction of Chimay.

" The next morning many of the refugees decided to go on further and disappeared in the direction of Romedenne. In their place there arrived a Professor from the College of Bellevue in Dinant, Pastor Gaspiard. He told us that he had been on the point of being shot. He had been arrested, together with the head master of the school, Pastor Nicolas, and other teachers. They had made them stand up before the guns, but had afterwards let them go, and they had escaped through the woods. He was accompanied by two friends, parish priests in Ostemree, Pastor Capelle, and the parish priest from

Marville, M. Debatty. These two, however, did not remain long, but decided to go on to a more safe refuge.

"In the afternoon my sister went to see some French wounded who were in the ambulance established by the Fathers of the Holy Family higher up in the village. She met some French officers, who said that we should be quiet at least for that night. They were going towards Romedenne, from whence they were reconnoitring the road to Soulme.

"When she came back from the village about six o'clock she heard firing. French *mitrailleuses* were being fired from the churchyard on the high ground between Surice and Romedenne upon the Germans who were coming from Soulme.

"We heard the firing from our house too. The refugees left the garden to hide themselves in a barn, where they thought they would be in greater safety. It lasted a good hour. The French retired, and it was said they had killed a number of Germans. At seven o'clock we closed the shutters and went down into the cellars.

About nine the *mitrailleuses* began to fire again, and big guns bombarded the village. Then the Germans established their guns in the yard next door. My brother hastened to fly. About eleven o'clock we smelt smoke, and Dr. Jacques and my sister went up to the first floor, and to their horror saw the whole village in flames, and our farmyard too. The buildings were in full blaze and already falling in. So they came down to us and said it was burning on all sides and that we had better come out. We went out by the front door, down the steps. All around were burning houses, Cogniaux's, Tonne's, Mathieu Chabot's, and others. Later we heard that the inhabitants of these houses had also sought shelter in their cellars, but had been chased out by the Germans and had fled from the village. More dead than alive, we went back into the hall of the house to wait upon events. We could not sleep, or very little. We all prayed and prepared ourselves. On Tuesday, August 25, at about six in the morning we heard the sound of hoofs. German officers with revolvers in their hands were exploring the shrubberies

of our garden in search of hidden fugitives. They were followed by soldiers, and we heard some one shouting at our door, 'Open!' but at the same moment before we could open it, the door was broken into splinters and forced open. These soldiers were in grey with a covering on their helmets; I did not see their number, my agitation and anguish were too great. With their bayonets fixed they drove us out. I wanted to carry away a little package; a soldier struck me on the arm and would not permit me. They pushed and thrust at my sister; her skirt was torn by bayonets, but she was not wounded. Then came forward the three priests, the parish priests from Anthée and Onhaye, and Pastor Gaspiard; at the sight of them the soldiers ground their teeth, shook their fists in their faces and put their bayonets to their breasts. At the same moment a German covered me with his revolver. Whilst this scene was enacting indoors the outbuildings of our house and the garden were set fire to. We were made to stand in a row and believed our last hour had come. We were marshalled round the

house, and as we passed the windows of the hall the soldiers broke them in with the butt end of their rifles. We were then driven out on the road towards the church; several others joined us, and people kept coming out of the houses that were still standing, driven out by the soldiers. At this moment our parish priest, Monsieur Poskin, appeared with his old mother of eighty, his sister, Mademoiselle Thérèse, and his other sister, Marie and her husband, the school inspector, M. Schmidt from Gerpennes, and their four children—they had come over to Surice the day before to seek refuge. The soldiers continued their cruelties. They shot at the helpless old people; our old chorister, Charles Colet, eighty-eight years of age, was shot as he came out of his door. The soldiers rolled him up in a cloth and set fire to it. I saw a German break into the stable of Elie Pierrot's house as the latter came running out of his burning home, carrying his step-mother of seventy-five. They tore the poor old woman out of his arms and shot him on the spot. He fell dead at the door of his house. We passed Henry Burniaux's house,

it was on fire, and so was the tobacco factory and the offices. The house on the other side of the street was also on fire. Then we came to the postman, Léopold Burniaux's house. We heard the most heartrending screams—his wife, Eléonore, was imploring that her sons might be spared her. Her husband had been shot before her eyes; her son Armand, who had been ordained a priest the year before and was home on holiday, had been taken by the soldiers and killed without pity. They also killed her son Albert, who had broken his leg the day before, and therefore could not escape. The poor woman still kept her last son, Gaston. He was a teacher at the college of Malonne. He clung to his mother and was allowed to join our procession. As our procession of suffering went forward we passed the smoking ruins of their house where those terrible scenes had been enacted. A little further on I saw in a garden by the road the body of a woman whom I did not know, and two small children weeping by her side. We were driven on to the road to Romedenne. To right and left the houses were

already all burnt down, amongst these the house of the Communal Secretary, Monsieur Pichon, that of the tax-gatherer, Monsieur Georges and those of Monsieur Stanilas Burniaux and the Mayor Monsieur Delcourt. All the workmen's cottages were also burnt. The school, the town-hall, and the church still stood.

"Thus we came to the place which is called '*Les Fosses.*' Here in the ditches lay the bodies of French soldiers and dead horses. To the right and to the left were numbers of German soldiers with *mitrailleuses;* they shook their fists at us and pointed their revolvers at us. Shortly afterwards they drove us off the road over ploughed fields, from which could be seen Romedenne and other more distant villages. We were about fifty or sixty persons in all, men and women. It was about seven in the morning. The men were now made to stand on one side and the women on the other. An officer came forward and said in French with a strong German accent: 'You deserve to be shot—the whole lot of you. A young girl of fifteen has shot at one of our Generals.

But the Council of War has decided that only the men are to be shot. The women are to go to prison.'

"What now took place it is impossible to describe. There were eighteen men. Beside the parish priests from Anthée and Onhaye and Pastor Gaspiard stood our parish priest and his brother-in-law, Dr. Jacques and his son Henri, a boy of barely sixteen. Then Gaston Burniaux, Leonard Soumoy, his son-in-law Durdu and Camille Soumoy. A little further on was Balbeur and Billy, the latter with his seventeen-year-old son, and lastly a man from Onhaye and another from Dinant who had come to take refuge at Surice, and two others whom I did not know. They nearly put with the others Dr. Schmidt's son of fourteen years, but the soldiers pushed and cuffed him to one side. At this point I saw a young German soldier so moved that great tears fell upon his uniform. He did not dry his eyes, but turned away so that the officer should not see him.

"Some minutes went by. Before our horrified eyes, whilst the women shrieked:

'Kill me too! Kill me too!' and the children wept, they stood the men up against a wall leading down from the high road to the lower part of the village. The men waved us good-bye, some waved their hands, others their heads, or their hats. Young Henri Jacques supported himself against one of the priests as if to seek help and refuge from him, and shrieked: 'I am too young! I haven't the courage to die!' I could not bear to look any more. I turned aside and hid my face in my hands. The soldiers fired and the men fell. Some one said to me: 'You can look up—they have fallen!' Some were not killed at once; we saw them move a little still; the soldiers finished them off, striking them with the butt end of their rifles on the head. Amongst them M. le Curé of Surice was found afterwards with his head horribly battered. After this massacre the Germans plundered the bodies. They took watches, rings, purses and pocket-books. Schmidt had about three thousand francs on him, his wife told me.

"At this moment a German came forward with a certain Victor Cavillot, and before

he reached the spot where the others were shot they shot him. I saw him turn round and fall backwards.

"A deep anguish consumed us. The mother of our parish priest was so overcome at having seen her son killed—such a good, noble priest!—that she could not weep, but kept saying to herself: 'What a misfortune! What a misfortune!' Thérèse Poskin was white as a corpse and went backwards and forwards from her sister to her mother. Madame Schmidt wept. She could speak a little German and, holding her little child by the hand, she had in vain begged for mercy for her husband, declaring, which was true, that he did not belong to those parts and only happened to be there by chance. The poor little girl called at the last moment to her father: 'Forgive me, Papa, if I have ever given you pain!' It was agonizing. Madame Burniaux had for the third time seen one of her sons killed before her eyes. She walked about like a mad woman with staring eyes, repeating: 'Let us come away. Let us come away!' But they made us stay. All this time I had watched our house

catch fire in its turn and also the church and the school. It was not till mid-day that these buildings fell in. When I saw the home of my father burning and so many cherished memories disappear my heart was torn with the thought of all the things I loved so much and shall never see again. Finally, they gave us a pass, or, more correctly, they gave it to a man who came from Romedenne with an order to conduct us, and we had the choice of going either to Romedenne or to Rosée. We were expressly forbidden to go anywhere else. Before we could start we had to wait until the troops which had begun to defile had passed by. There were infantry, cavalry, and a number of automobiles. There passed, too, a number of officers on horseback. It was said that one of the Kaiser's sons was with them, and that he was on his way to Rocroi. I forgot to say that before our wretched fellow-citizens were shot the Germans drove up a *mitrailleuse* before us as though we were to be murdered altogether. But shortly afterwards they took it in the opposite direction to join some others with

which the Germans had begun the destruction of the first house in Romedenne. Since then I have heard that the church and a hundred and twenty houses were reduced to ruins in Romedenne.

" We crossed the road by a roundabout way and reached Omézée. The whole way along houses were burning and the soldiers plundering, stealing even pots of jam.

" We reached the wood, and here I met my brother and described to him the horrors I had just witnessed. When I named Durdu, he reminded me that it was Durdu who, in his capacity of Alderman, did all in his power to prevent civilians from making any attack on the enemy. At the beginning of the war he had read aloud to the villagers at the church door, as they came out from Benediction, a proclamation that had been sent to all the villages in the province, in which calmness and strict obedience to the authorities was enjoined, and also ordered that all arms should be deposited in the Communal School; it had been so well obeyed that even the old useless shot-guns were collected and put under lock and key. We were, therefore,

unable to believe that a young girl had shot a German officer and killed him. If he was killed, it must have been, the neighbours say, by the French soldiers who were lying in ambush behind the hedges at the entrance to the village. Afterwards we heard that both in Morville and Anthée they had given the same excuse for shooting people and plundering and burning the houses. . . .

"I have described the things I saw. When we met my brother and several other persons from Surice in the wood of Omézée, they told us that Marron was shot in his house, sitting in his chair—likewise Elisée Pierrard. Others were killed here and there, but I do not know their names or the circumstances of their death. I only know that old Adèle Soumoy was burnt in her bed. My sister returned to Surice on the 2nd or 3rd of September. Of the hundred and thirty-one houses in the village only eight were not burnt. The village was as though dead.

"All I have said is the most careful and complete truth. I declare it on my soul and conscience (*en mon âme et conscience*), and I am ready to take my oath to it."

Several times whilst I have been translating this most simple, unexcited, almost lugubrious narrative, I have had to get up and walk about the room, I was so overcome by it. In the whole of this long report there is not a phrase, scarcely an expression of feeling. It is all so minute, the witness even describes the view she saw of Romedenne from the field of death. And who can ever forget the seventeen-year-old boy who, before the relentless guns of the Boches, cried in uncontrollable anguish: "No, no, I cannot die—I am too young!" Or the little girl who begged her father's forgiveness . . .?

It is all minute and most honest. Mdlle. Diericx does not call the German soldiers "jackals." She saw the tears of sympathy in the young German's eyes and does not forget them.

What happened at Surice we know was not a singular case. On the contrary it was only one case among hundreds of others. The path of the Germans through Belgium was marked the whole of its length with corpses and burnt-down homes.

The manner of proceeding was always the same.

First the cry: "Some one has fired upon us!" "Civilians have fired upon us!" And once that cry had gone forth *everything was permitted.* Murder, burning, ruthless execution, every sort of cruelty, plunder, violence, every sort of orgy. What proportion is there in reality between this one act of the killing of a German officer by a young girl (*tiré sur*, says the officer—but let us allow that she killed him), allowing that it happened, what connection is there between this one act of unlawful warfare and the whole sequel of cruel treatment with which the Germans punished it? Even if a new Charlotte Corday had killed one of the enemies of her country does that justify the refined cruelty of the Germans in allowing a flock of defenceless and innocent women to witness the murder of their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, while all around their homes are in flames? Do the Germans think that by such methods they can prevent further attacks? In that case they can be very sure that their method has failed.

For if one can believe their own statements, they had hardly come to the next village before the cry went forth again : " *Man hat geschossen !* " (" Somebody has fired ") and once more began to murder, to burn and plunder.

In *Belgian Luxemburg* alone the list of the German punishments runs thus—

NEUFCHÂTEAU, 21 houses burnt, 18 civilians shot.

ETALLE, 30 houses burnt, 30 civilians shot.

HOUDEMONT, 64 houses burnt, 11 civilians shot.

RULLES, half the village burnt.

ANSART, the whole village burnt.

TINTIGNY, only 8 houses remain, 157 civilians shot.

JAMOIGNE, half the village burnt.

LES BULLES, the same.

MOYEN, 42 houses destroyed.

ROSSIGNOL, the whole village destroyed.

MUSSY-LA-VILLE, 20 houses burnt.

BERTRIX, 15 houses burnt, 2 civilians shot.

BLEID, many houses destroyed.

SIGNEUX, the same.

ETHE, five-sixths of the village burnt, 300 civilians shot.

BELLE-FONTAINE, 6 houses destroyed.

LATOUR, only 17 males alive.

SAINT-LÉGER, 6 houses burnt, 11 civilians shot.

SEMEL, entirely burnt down.

MAISSIN, of 100 houses 64 burnt; 10 men, 1 woman, and 1 young girl shot.

VILLANCE, 9 houses burnt, 2 men shot.

AULOY, 26 houses burnt, 52 men and women shot.

CLAIREUSE, 2 men shot and 2 hanged.

List for the province of *Luxemburg*—

Three villages completely destroyed.

One village five-sixths destroyed.

Three villages half destroyed.

In the other villages: 303 houses burnt down, in all 511 civilians despatched to the other world.[1]

And that is only one of the provinces of Belgium. The world knows that the others fared no better—that the German name has

[1] Nothomb, *Les Barbares*, pp. 249–251.

ended in being feared as was the name of the Huns.

But the ninety-three men of culture stood forth on October 23—after Surice and Andenne, after Dinant and Tamines and Termonde and Louvain—and gave their word and honour that "not a single Belgian citizen's life or property had been touched except under the greatest provocation."

What are that word and honour worth now?

THE FOURTH FALSE WITNESS

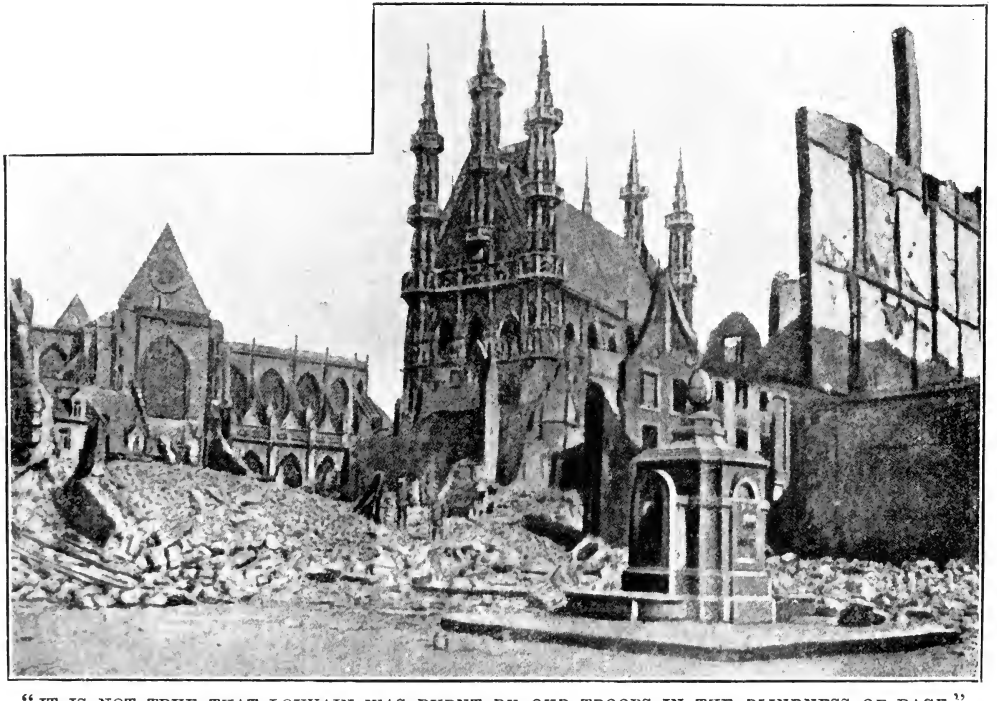
AND THE FOURTH

"ES IST NICHT WAHR"

HERE follows the German text of the translation below—

"*Es ist nicht wahr*, dass unsere Truppen brutal gegen Löwen gewütet haben. An einer rasende Einwohnerschaft, die sie im Quartier heimtückisch überfiel, haben sie durch Beschiessung eines Teils der Stadt schweren Herzens Vergeltung üben müssen. Der grösste Teil von Löwen ist erhalten geblieben. Das berühmte Rathhaus steht gänzlich unversehrt. Mit Selbstaufopferung haben unsere Soldaten es vor den Flammen bewahrt.

"Sollten in diesem furchtbaren Kriege Kunstwerke zerstört worden sein oder noch zerstört werden, so würde jeder Deutsche es beklagen. Aber so wenig wir uns in der Liebe zur Kunst von irgend jemand übertreffen lassen, so entschieden lehnen wir es



"IT IS NOT TRUE THAT LOUVAIN WAS BURNT BY OUR TROOPS IN THE BLINDNESS OF RAGE."

ab, die Erhaltung eines Kunstwerks mit einer deutschen Niederlage zu erkaufen."

Thus again sounds the voice of Truth—

"It is not true that Louvain was destroyed by our troops in the blindness of rage. The enraged populace treacherously attacked the German troops in their cantonments. Reluctantly our troops were forced to use reprisals and to bombard a portion of the town.

"The greater part of Louvain remains intact. The famous Town Hall is entirely preserved. Our soldiers, with the greatest self-sacrifice, preserved it from the flames. If, in this terrible war, works of art are destroyed, every German will deplore it, but, none the less, though we yield to none in our love of art, we refuse to buy the preservation of a work of art at the price of a German defeat."

Again the voice of Truth is raised. Again it affirms: "It is not true that Louvain was burnt by our troops in the blindness of rage." But the town was filled by an "enraged populace" who "treacherously"

attacked the German troops in their cantonments.

" With broken hearts the German soldiers were obliged to use reprisals—but not more than was necessary; only a small portion of the town was burnt, and the German soldiers, at the peril of their lives, saved the famous Hôtel de Ville from the flames."

" In principle," conclude the Ninety-three, " we have no quarrel with Art, indeed, we love Art, but if we must decide between victory and a work of art, then we choose to bombard the work of art."

But let us look closer at this " enraged populace " with which Louvain was teeming, this " rasende Einwohnerschaft."

I have had the honour of living in Louvain for months together, and I must admit that the people made a most peaceful impression upon me. Louvain's inhabitants are as quiet as their old town; only now and then in the evening, perhaps, a group of students came singing through the town, making the streets ring with " La Brabançonne," the battle-song of the Flamingants. But in the month of August there are no students in

the town; that unruly element was absent when the Germans came. Louvain was at that fatal moment peopled by officials, people of independent incomes, people retired from business, by priests, monks and nuns (it is well known the town is very rich in convents and is a centre of Belgian Catholicism). If, again, the Germans had been in Charleroi or Mons, or in one of the factory towns of Belgium's black country "Le Borinage!" But the people of Louvain, that well-to-do, religious, conservative and clerical people, law-abiding pillars of society! One cannot find in history more cruel irony than this, that the good bourgeois citizens of Louvain should be described as "A raging populace." No one who has ever joined a family circle in Louvain can read such a description without a smile. But the smile soon becomes a tear with the thought of the wrongs that most innocent of all towns has suffered. And that smile becomes a shudder of hate at the thought of the shameless slander callously added to the crime. But there is still a God, and the blood spilt in Louvain calls to

Heaven with an eloquence greater than that of Abel!

Now, nearly two years after, the whole world knows that *Louvain was innocent.* When the Germans seek to prove the guilt of the unhappy town, they have to point to stories like that which I gave above—of the iron pipes in the walls. Or else they try to minimize their violence: "It was not so bad! A good deal of the town remains still. We saved the Town Hall at the peril of our lives."

The German Commandant of Louvain, Major Manteuffel, "put out the fires in the neighbourhood of the Town Hall!" "Yes, it is true," says the Dutch writer Grondijs, who was in Louvain at the time of the Terror. "He had the fire put out because the Staff had their quarters in the Town Hall, and a great part of the garrison was quartered there."[1]

And a witty Frenchman, *Louis Dimier*, remarks: "They say the German soldiers saved the Town Hall at the risk of their lives. . . . As they had themselves lit the

[1] *Les Allemands en Belgique*, p. 52.

fire, no sensible reader can be much moved at the thought of their self-sacrifice." [1]

But Saint Pierre is a heap of ruins, the peerless Library has disappeared in the flames, the University is a ruin. And the Town Hall stands—yes, indeed! But in what surroundings! Its background is the ruined Saint Pierre.

Let us sing, then, a lament for Louvain: *Planctus Almæ Matris Louvaniæ* . . . Despoiled are you, dear Mother Louvain!

There lies before me a modest little book —René Chambry's *La vérité sur Louvain*, published in Paris by Payot, with a preface by *Monsieur Giran*, a French Protestant pastor. This little work has no literary pretensions, it is a plain and simple narrative of terrible things—written as a letter would be. I should like to translate all the sixty pages of the book, but I must content myself with a few extracts.

The author, *René Chambry*, belongs to a well-to-do family, honest, loyal, conserva-

[1] *L'appel des intellectuels Allemands* (Paris, 1915), pp. 120–121.

tive and clerical, essentially typical of the population of Louvain. His temperament is quiet, and even when he describes the most hair-raising events, it is without passion. He never becomes "furious as a German."

His narrative begins with Wednesday morning, August 18, when the Germans entered Louvain. They entered from three quarters, from Tirlemont, from Diest, and from Malines. "The Uhlans rode in first, cautiously. One of them, with carbine in hand, came as far as the first houses in the Rue des Joyeuses Entrées (running from the station towards the University), and seeing that all was quiet, he called out to his comrades: '*Alles ist frei!*' Numbers of cavalry then defiled through the streets whilst the infantry marched in from the Rue de la Station (in the direction of the Town Hall and the Church of Saint Pierre) to the sound of fife and drum playing *Wacht am Rhein*, through the streets which the conquerors had chosen for their parade. The inhabitants kept their shutters shut, all moved by one and the same feeling of patriotism."

I think it necessary here to emphasize a fact of great importance. The Town Council before the first German entered had enjoined upon all the inhabitants to give up all arms they had in their possession at the Town Hall. No one had disobeyed this order. Besides this, the *Gardes Civiques* had been disarmed and disbanded. Some courageous guards refused to lay down their arms and joined their colleagues in Antwerp, who, they said, would be called upon to take part in the defence of their country.[1]

"So, then, the conquerors were installed as the masters of the town in the Town Hall. The civil authorities, still at their posts, proposed to the German officers to place the barracks and schools at their disposal. The officers refused this offer. They demanded that the troops should be quartered in private houses, and the town councillors could only agree."

This offer and refusal are important points. All the barracks of Louvain were empty, so were the schools. The University was

[1] The Civil Guards were not civilians but regular troops, as stated above.

empty. There were several monasteries in the town where there was room to quarter the soldiers (here, in Sienna, at this moment, the Italian Army is quartered in the archiepiscopal seminary, in the Latin school, and even in the summer-theatre of the town). In the great Abbey of Mont César alone there was room for whole battalions, and in the great Abbaye du Parc. Nothing was easier than to use these buildings where all could be organized in a proper military manner.

But Major Manteuffel and his fellow-officers refused this offer. Instead of wishing to avoid the possibility of conflict between the occupying troops and the populace they seemed to wish to create it. The soldiers must be quartered in the houses and in the families.

René Chambry describes how the Germans made their entry—

"We lived in the Rue Léopold, in the heart of the town, and were soon to make our first acquaintance with the Germans. At eight o'clock exactly there was a great ringing of the door-bell. Our worthy guests

found doubtless that we did not open quick enough, for blows with the butt ends of rifles shook the door. On the threshold stood an officer, and he called out to us: 'We want lodging for fifty men!' He had no billeting ticket, but all discussion was useless. We could only obey. Fifty soldiers—as though our house were a barrack! My father fortunately was able to persuade the soldier of the impossibility of lodging fifty men, and we agreed to take twenty-five, of whom four were non-commissioned officers. The officer agreed to this offer and entered the house, revolver in hand, to make a detailed examination of the rooms. '*Wenn es nicht gut geht, alles kaput!*' were his final words. All did go well. The German soldiers were good fellows. We let them have a wash and gave them bread, cold meat and coffee, and next morning they departed with thanks. After that came a calm interval of six days. A fairly large garrison was left and the relationship between the civilians and the soldiers was satisfactory, although the latter remained quartered in the town."

In the meantime there occurred various things which do not appear in René Chambry's story, but which must be considered in order to understand what followed.

The Germans, simultaneously with their entrance into Louvain on August 19, had also occupied Aerschot, a neighbouring town of 8000 inhabitants. None of the Belgian Army remained there. In the evening the large square was full of soldiers, and on the balcony of the Mayor's house stood the German Commandant with other high officers. Suddenly a shot was heard and the Commandant fell; he was carried within and died shortly afterwards.

And now began the reprisals. The Germans arrested the Mayor, his brother, who was a priest, and his son. They declared it was the young man (he was only fifteen years of age) who killed the Commandant (in his father's own house, from behind, with the certainty of being discovered!) In vain the three accused declared their innocence; in vain they pointed out that the Germans themselves were firing in a neighbouring street to teach the populace a

proper respect. They were shot and their bodies were hung on the façade of the Town Hall.

This act of cruelty recalls one of Jacques Callot's engravings of scenes in the Thirty Years' War. "*For thirty-six days Aerschot was given over to the soldiers.* Eighty-one of the most important men of the town were arrested, made to stand in a row, and an officer chose one out of every three to be shot. These twenty-seven men were conducted to some hundred yards from the town and placed before a trench, their eyes were bound, and they were shot. They spared one on condition that he buried the others. In the town fire raged and the soldiers plundered. Most of Aerschot was burnt. The church was set fire to five times; the inside was entirely destroyed. *Da gab's Feuer—Weiber und alles!* "There it was everything Fire, women and all," to quote the words found in the journal of a German soldier.

Yes—it was fire, women and all. Old women were *abgeschossen*—as, for example, in the village of Schaffen, where a woman of

forty-five, Madame Luyckx, was dragged out of a drain where she hid, and shot. The young women, too, were shot; Madame Luyckx's twelve-year-old daughter, for instance, and Jean Coyen's little girl.[1]

In the village of Linden two German soldiers broke into a peasant's house, seized the husband and wife and bound them to their chairs, then took their daughter and violated her before her parents' eyes.

The father managed at last to break loose. He seized a gun and shot one of the German beasts. This crime did not go unpunished. More soldiers were called in. The couple were bound again, and this time more securely. The house was set fire to and the owners perished in the flames. And as an object lesson to those who might be tempted to imitate that father the whole village was burnt. People will have to learn to keep quiet whilst their German masters rape their daughters.[2]

This account is dated August 24. On August 19 there took place in the village of Corbeek-Loo a similar scene. A Belgian

[1] *Rapport Belge*, pp. 43–46. [2] Grondijs, p. 35.

family was attacked by a band of German soldiers, who seized a married woman of twenty-two and separated her from those she was with, whom they shut in an empty house, whilst five soldiers violated the young woman.

Next day the same or another party returned and they found a young girl of sixteen in her parents' house. They dragged her into the cellars and made her drunk, then they carried her on to the lawn and raped her one after the other. As she continued to resist them they got tired of her and left her with five bayonet wounds in her breast as souvenirs. She was in such a state that the parish priest administered the Last Sacraments.

In another village, Wacherzeel, seven Germans one after the other raped a woman advanced in pregnancy for two hours on end. She was more dead than alive when the herd of swine left her.

In Wacherzeel, seven Germans violated a woman and then killed her.

And so on, and so on. . . . One can see what impression the Germans made on the

Belgians upon nearer acquaintance. There are people who at first attract and charm; but one soon finds one has been dazzled by mere superficial qualities. The German does indeed not charm at once; he has more solid qualities. But when one learns to know him in *puris naturalibus* he surpasses all expectation.

The heart of a conquered people turns against him. Now we know how the "quiet interval" was employed, of which René Chambry speaks, and we will continue his narrative—

"Tuesday, the 25th, at nightfall, fresh troops marched into the Rue de la Station, and a strong detachment stopped at the Rue Léopold. The soldiers piled their arms and came to demand board and lodging. A non-commissioned officer and sixteen men came to our house. We offered them the same hospitality that their comrades had enjoyed six days before.

"Their commander seemed very amiable. He spoke a correct French, which he had learnt in Brussels. About seven, as my

father and my brother were serving their dinner, the sound of a whistle was heard suddenly. 'An alarm!' exclaimed the soldiers, and rose hastily and buckled on their belts. The non-commissioned officer said, as he took his leave: 'We must hurry off. It is an alarm! I expect the French are there.' At the door he turned round once more and called out to my father: 'Good-bye, we are not likely to meet again.'"

As may be seen, this description is a model of how to behave. The little touch of German melancholy is not omitted: "*Lebewohl, auf nimmerwiedersehn,*" the romantic German soul expands in sentiment.

The Chambry family now sought refuge in the cellars of their houses as being the safest place. At eight o'clock violent firing began in the streets, though not in the Rue Léopold, where their house was. They imagined that the French were attacking and that there was fighting in the streets. René and his brother ventured up to the

upper floor; there the rooms were brightly lit by red flames—*the town was on fire !*

With the help of later information Chambry is able here to relate some of the scenes which took place on this night of terror in Louvain.

" At the corner of the Rue de la Station lived Monsieur David Fischbach of Malacorp, an old man of eighty-three, a rich man who, a few days before, had given ten thousand francs to the Red Cross. He had had German officers quartered in his house. In spite of his protests, he was forced from his bed and dragged out into the street. Here they bound him to the statue of Justus Lipsius and forced him to stand there with his arms tied above his head whilst his house burnt. But that was not enough, for they beat him afterwards with their bayonets and finally shot him."

Here is another picture—

" In the Place du Peuple, the house of lawyer Monsieur B. de R. was set fire to. German soldiers had also been quartered upon him and been well treated. His life

was only saved because his wife, when the Germans were about to kill them both, had the presence of mind to go into the house and fetch her children: 'Kill them first,' she said coldly. The Germans hesitated. They dared not in cold blood murder the children one after the other. The whole family were ordered to go out into the Square and witness, helplessly, the burning and destruction of their home with its memories and associations. A German soldier actually came up to the children and said: '*Sehen Sie gut? Das ist ein Feuerwerk!*' ('Do you see? Those are fireworks!')"

Whilst such things were happening in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rue Léopold, the Chambry family remained in hiding in the cellars, and now the truth began to dawn on them in all its terror. "I began to guess," writes René Chambry, "that the Germans were setting fire to the town and shooting the inhabitants."

The day broke on the morning of Wednesday, August 26. A German drummer went

through the streets and, preceded by a roll of the drums, the following proclamation from headquarters was read aloud: "No one must leave the town. There is no more danger. There will be no more burning. But the City Guard must meet at two o'clock this afternoon."

It *was* true then. The Germans had been burning and murdering all through the night! René's brother, who was in the City Guard, ventured out to speak to a friend who also belonged to the Corps. He soon came back. "The Boulevard de Tirlemont, the greater part of the Rue de la Station, the Place du Peuple, the markets and the Church of Saint Pierre are on fire," he told them. He went out later to attend the summons—"Since then we have not seen him again," is the laconic remark.

The day passed. From time to time bands of soldiers marched through the streets and shot to right and left. "If a scared face showed itself behind a window-pane, a hail of bullets whistled through the air, sometimes reaching their aim." Fire broke out afresh. The Germans poured benzine over

the ruins so that the destruction might be more complete.

On Thursday, the 27th, at eight in the morning, a neighbour, Madame van A., came in distracted with grief: "The Germans have taken my husband! The Germans have taken my husband!" she sobbed. She brought terrible news—refugees from Blauwport had related how every sixth man had been shot by the Germans. The only reason given there, as elsewhere, was, "Some one fired. Civilians fired." To all appeal for pity was given this merciless answer, which was supposed to cover every injustice. It was utterly useless to explain that since all arms were given up before the Germans entered the civilians had none to shoot with.[1]

[1] It is interesting to note in connection with René Chambry's narrative (pp. 40–41) what happened in Louvain as early as August 19. At the house of Herr D., a German soldier was quartered. Towards evening a shot was heard in the street and the German non-commissioned officer quartered in the house rushed at Herr D. to kill him, crying out: "Somebody has fired." At the same moment there was a fresh report. Herr D. was fortunate enough to come out of the house into the street, and there he found one of

Madame van A. remained with the Chambrys. But they were not long at peace. The butt end of a rifle thundered on the door, and they opened to find German soldiers standing outside who ordered them all to leave immediately, not only the house, but the town, as it was about to be bombarded. A watch was set to prevent them from taking anything with them into their exile. Everything must be left for the German hordes to plunder. So they left the home they would never see again, passed through the burning streets, filled with the dead, and with the furniture which soldiers were carrying out of the houses and taking to the station. Here their road turned to the right into the long Boulevard de Tirlemont and the terrible exodus began, the Flight from Louvain. . . .

"At last we reached the gate of Tirlemont,

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those explosive caps which children often play with, and which in Flemish are called "Kalotjes." He handed it to the non-commissioned officer, saying: "I thought so; it is only a toy!" "Yes?" doubtfully answered the German, but he put the exploded cap in his pocket.

where we had to turn to the left. But the crush was so great that we could not get out of the town. It was like a sea of heads. Oh, the poor desolate faces; sick people pushed in their chairs, mothers gathering their children around them, a paralytic pushed along in an arm-chair.

"On each side of the road was an unbroken hedge of Germans. We longed to fall on them, to crush them—these merciless men carrying out such abominable orders. There was a strong wind, and a pitiless rain beat in our faces, as this poor herd of trembling, tired, sick, and suffering refugees moved on towards Tirlemont. . . .

"Our progress was slow, for every ten yards we were stopped. A German asked if we carried any weapons—the question would have been grotesque if the moment had not been so painful. Those who did not get along fast enough were driven forward with the butt ends of rifles. Some of the soldiers were ashamed of their officers' brutality and gave the women and children drink. I shall never forget the expression of misery with which these looked at us. . . . But they were

few in number—very few. The faces of the others were stamped with a horrid joy, as if it rejoiced them to see old men and women, little children and sick people chased from their homes.

"As we passed Monsieur Carnoy's Villa, Les Conifères, we were hailed by soldiers, who called out: '*Kommen Sie hier—Kommen Sie hier—Gastfreiheit.*' ('Come here, come here—hospitality, hospitality!') Not a few believed the invitation and went in. But only the men came out again. The door was shut to them, but they kept the women. . . ."

The Chambry family finally reached safety. But it is not necessary to relate more. I will end with this picture of the German soldier who seeks to satisfy his lust—("the lust that is the lust of asses and the rage that is the rage of horses," says the prophet)—to satisfy his desire with an unhappy woman whom he has tempted with an offer of hospitality.[1]

[1] The Dutch writer, Grondijs, writes of the young women of Aerschot immediately after the occupation of the Germans: "A long file of dishevelled women and children came out of the church in the middle of

the town. The women, exhausted by the night, glided along by the houses. The young women especially are pitiful to see, for all their pretty elegance and the bloom of their lovely youth is gone. Those who have gone into exile are happier, for they may recover their pride of life and enjoy the fulness of their youth and beauty. These poor young women who must stay behind, without protection or help, in houses the doors of which have been broken down, seemed to me ashamed and cowed. That terrible town, with the smell of death hanging over its ruins, guarded by sentinels, is peopled only by women and soldiers on whom they depend both for their life and their honour.—(*Les Allemands en Belgique*, pp. 24–25.)

At Louvain he came across a girl of sixteen who defended herself valiantly against two soldiers. They left her bayonetted through the stomach (p. 16).

Another girl who had been in the hands of the Germans said, trembling, to the Government Commissioner: "They did things to me that I dare not repeat."

No one who has the smallest conception of the so-called scientific sexual literature, so widespread in Germany, will be surprised at these things. The youth of Germany has for years been over-stimulated to the point of perversion in this direction. The Barracks and Universities have for long been schools of demoralization where abnormal vices were taught and learnt.

THE FIFTH FALSE WITNESS

AND THE FIFTH

"ES IST NICHT WAHR"

"*Es ist nicht wahr,* dass unsere Kriegsführung die Gesetze des Volkerrechts missachtet. Sie kennt keine zuchtlose Grausamkeit. Im Osten aber tränkt das Blut der von russischen Horden hingeschlachteten Frauen und Kinder die Erde, und im Westen zerreissen Dumdumgeschosse unsern Kriegern die Brust. Sich als Verteidiger europäischer Zivilisation zu gebärden, haben sie am wenigsten das Recht, die sich mit Russen und Serben verbünden und der Welt das schmachvolle Schauspiel bieten Mongoler und Neger auf die weisse Rasse zu hetzen."

"It is not true that our methods of warfare are contrary to International Law. We commit no acts of undisciplined cruelty. In the East, on the contrary, the earth was soaked with the blood of women and children murdered by the Russian hordes, and in the

West our soldiers' breasts were torn by dum-dum bullets. Those who ally themselves with Russians and Serbs and offer to the world the spectacle of Mongolians and Negroes pitted against White races, should be the last to claim the name of defenders of European civilization."

For the fifth time we listen to the voice of Truth. "It is not true that our manner of carrying on war is contrary to International Law. We commit no acts of undisciplined cruelty."

If there was no undisciplined cruelty, then there was *disciplined* cruelty, which is worse. The foregoing chapter has enough to show in evidence of this. I shall only add one more example, which is also included in Chambry's little book, *La vérité sur Louvain.*

It is a simple tale, like his others, without any literary padding.[1]

"In Pellenburg a young man, who was the miller's son, was killed before his father's eyes. The old man, in his anguish, begged

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 55–57.

that they would kill him also, but the corporal thought that that would let him off too easily. They had a moral torture in store for the poor old man, who lay sobbing by the roadside.

"'Get up, old man,' said the corporal; 'go to your mill, fetch a wheelbarrow and come back again at once.' The old man was obliged to obey. Two guards held him by the arms and dragged him along. He fetched the wheelbarrow and returned with it to the place where his son had fallen. 'Shoot me too,' he implored, 'oh, shoot me too!'

"But the corporal stuck to his plan. The miller was told to put his son's body upon the barrow, take it a short distance out of the town to where it was to be buried. The old man set off, sobbing, his eyes blinded with tears, stumbling and trembling. But they gave him no mercy. He was spared nothing. He had to dig the grave himself and lay his son's body in it, and whilst he was doing it the soldiers set fire to his mill."

The story goes no further. René Chambry recalls the fact that the name of the man

who was the worst executioner of Belgium, under whose orders such things happened, was—*Manteuffel.*

It was last October (1914) that the Ninety-three Pillars of Civilization asserted that the German manner of carrying on war was not contrary to the rights of man. Since the Germans have introduced poisonous gases and sunk the *Lusitania*, this affirmation is not taken seriously by anybody. So it is only for the sake of reference that I subjoin these paragraphs from the Hague Convention of 1899 (renewed in 1907), which Germany was the first to sign and then to break. They are the following—

"*Art.* 25. It is forbidden to attack or bombard villages, towns, houses or buildings which are not defended.

"*Art.* 50. No general punishment, pecuniary or otherwise, may be laid on a people on the ground of single occurrences, for which they cannot all be held responsible.

"*Art.* 23. It is forbidden to destroy enemy property except when that destruction is necessary for the prosecution of the war.

"*Art.* 46. Private property is to be respected.

"*Art.* 56. All destruction of buildings dedicated to religion, charity, education, art or science, is forbidden. The same applies to historical monuments, works of art and of science.

"*Art.* 28. It is forbidden to hand over a town to pillage, even when it has been taken by force.

"*Art.* 47. Pillage is formally forbidden."

Seven scraps of paper!

There is not one of these articles that Germany has not systematically and on principle broken in its war against Belgium. The highest military authorities have taken the responsibility; General von Bülow in his celebrated proclamation declares: "It was with my consent that the district of Andenne was burnt and about a hundred persons shot." [1]

[1] C'est avec mon consentement que le général en chef a fait brûler toute la localité (d'Andenne) et que cent personnes environ ont été fusillées. Je porte ce fait à la connaissance de la ville de Liège pour que les Liègeois se représentent le sort dont ils sont menacés,

As though to show openly their contempt for what the celebrated *Handbook for War* calls "sentimentality and softness," the Germans have deliberately attacked unprotected towns, villages and buildings. They have deliberately imposed collective punishments, both of money and life; they have deliberately destroyed enemy property, ruthlessly and uselessly; they have deliberately bombarded churches and laid monuments in ruins which served religious purposes; they have deliberately plundered wherever they have been. Louvain, Aerschot, Malines, Termonde, Namur, Dinant, Tamines, Andenne, are witnesses to this. And in Arras, in Rheims, and in Senlis, arises the same cry to Heaven—the very stones cry aloud!

To show how sanguinary the German warfare is, and how opposed to modern International Law, one need only collect the proclamations which the German armies in

s'ils prenaient pareille attitude." In Andenne it happened that the first evening after the occupation there was a shot fired which, however, did no harm.—*Rapport Belge*, 9, 80, cfr. pp. 137–141. Andenne was destroyed on August 20; the proclamation was addressed to the inhabitants of Liège on the 22nd.

occupation have published and put up in the different towns and villages of Belgium. They are instructive reading. I will make a few quotations. In a proclamation to the people of Hasselt on August 17, it is said: "In the event of the inhabitants shooting on the soldiers of the German army, one-third of the male population will be shot."

In the proclamation which was made at Namur on August 25, the following occurs: "All streets will be occupied by a German guard, who will take ten hostages in each street. Should there be any attack in the street, the ten hostages will be shot."

In the proclamation made at Grivegnée on September 8, punishment by death is threatened for any one who, after a certain hour on a certain day, is still found to have weapons, ammunition or explosives in their house; punishment by death is incurred by any one going out after seven in the evening (German time is added—Belgian time, as is well known, being an hour after German time); punishment by death is to be inflicted on hostages who are not punctually relieved by new hostages (hostages are to

be relieved every twenty-four hours); punishment by death is to be inflicted on any one who does not immediately obey an order given by a German soldier—"hands up!"—punishment of death for entering head-quarters (Château des Bruyères) after six in the evening or before six in the morning. And, if not punishment of death, at least very serious consequences if one does not salute a German officer—"in doubt one should salute all German soldiers."[1]

It is, as we see, Gessler's hat over again; William Tell is a hero in Schiller's play, in reality he is shot. Shooting is the only argument the German admits.

[1] I cannot help printing the following paragraph (for it will not be regarded as a scrap of paper).

J'exige que tous les civiles qui circulent dans ma circonscription, principalement ceux des localités de Beyne-Hensay, Fleron, Bois-de-Breux, Giregnée, témoignent de la déférence envers les officiers allemands, en ôtant leurs chapeaux ou en portant la main à la tête comme pour le salut militaire. En cas de doute on doit saluer tout militaire allemand. Celui qui ne l'éxécute pas doit s'attendre à ce que les militaires allemands se fassent respecter par tous les moyens.

This proclamation is signed: "Dieckmann, Major Commandant," and counter-signed by the Belgian Town Mayor: "Victor Hodieg."

On October 5, two months after the invasion, von der Goltz put up a belated proclamation in Brussels (and probably in all the communes of the country), which ran thus—

"In the evening of September 25 a railway line and the telegraph wire between Lovenjoul and Vertrijck were destroyed. As a consequence of this the two localities concerned have been held answerable, and on September 30 were made to give up hostages.

"In future all localities in the neighbourhood of a place where such things occur will be punished without pity, *whether they are guilty or not.* With this object hostages have been taken from all localities in the neighbourhood of the railroad where such attacks have been threatened, and at the first attempt to destroy railway lines, telegraph or telephone wires, these hostages will be immediately shot." [1]

[1] *Rapport Belge*, p. 86. See the whole report of the German proclamation, pp. 76–88. It will not be without interest to note that this cutting of railway lines, etc., was done with great courage by members

This proclamation was put up in Brussels on October 5, exactly one day after the Ninety-three had solemnly assured the world that the German manner of carrying on the war was not contrary to International Law. The lie to their statement could not be given more directly.

And now, that I may for an instant breathe another atmosphere than that of German brutality, I will finish this chapter with the words of the President of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, the historian, Samuel Harden Church. In his "Reply to the German Professors," published under the title, *The American Verdict on the War*, Mr. Church writes—

"When our American troops were sent a short time ago to Mexico—not for annexation, nor to carry on the war, but to try and

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of a Belgian cyclist corps, who in September succeeded in cutting the line outside Mons.—(Nothomb, *Les Barbares*, p. 227.) The hostages arrested before this offence were necessarily innocent, so that the remark "whether they are guilty or not," seems superfluous. On principle the innocent were executed. So no mistake was possible.

restore peace and order and obedience to law—there were some people in Vera Cruz who fired from the windows, and twenty-three of our young soldiers were killed. At last they fired themselves at the attackers, but they did not destroy the town, nor murder the innocent, and even those that they caught shooting they did not execute, but only gave them warning to behave properly in future and then released them."

And the American writer continues—

" Meanwhile people ask us which we would rather have—Slavs or Germans for rulers? And the answer is always the same: ' Since we have seen the Germans carry on war we would sooner have Slavs, Turks, yes —even Hottentots ! ' "

THE SIXTH FALSE WITNESS

AND THE SIXTH

"ES IST NICHT WAHR"

"*Es ist nicht wahr*, dass der Kampf gegen unsern sogenannten Militarismus kein Kampf gegen unsere Kultur ist, wie unsere Feinde heuchlerisch vorgeben. Ohne den deutschen Militarismus wäre die deutsche Kultur längst vom Erdboden getilgt. Zu ihrem Schutz ist er aus ihr hervorgegangen in einem Lande, das jahrhundertelang von Raubzügen heimgesucht wurde wie kein zweites. Deutches Heer und deutsches Volk sind eins. Dieses Bewusstsein verbrüdert heute 70 Millionen Deutsche ohne Unterschied der Bildung, des Standes und der Partei.

"Wir können die vergifteten Waffen der Lüge unsern Feinden nicht entwinden. Wir können nur in alle Welt hinausrufen, dass sie falsches Zeugnis ablegen wider uns. Euch, die Ihr uns kennt, die Ihr bisher gemeinsam mit uns den höchsten Besitz der

Menschheit gehütet habt, Euch rufen wir zu: Glaubt uns! Glaubt, dass wir diesen Kampf zu Ende kämpfen werden als ein Kulturvolk, dem das Vermächtnis eines Goethe, eines Beethoven, eines Kant ebenso heilig ist wie sein Herd und seine Scholle.

"Dafür stehen wir Euch ein mit unserm Namen und mit unserer Ehre!"

"*It is not true* that the struggle against our so-called Militarism is not directed against our Culture, as our enemies hypocritically pretend. Without our military system our German Culture would long ago have been swept from the earth. It has arisen to protect it in this country, exposed as is none other to invasion for hundreds of years past. The German army and the German people are one. It is this knowledge that to-day unites in brotherhood seventy million Germans without difference of education, class, or party.

"We cannot wrest the poisoned weapon of falsehood from our enemy's hand. We can only cry to the whole world that they give false witness against us. To you who know us, to you who, with us, have been the protectors of the highest possessions of mankind, do we cry: 'Believe us, believe

that we will fight to the end as a civilized nation to whom the inheritance of Goethe, Beethoven and Kant are as sacred as our hearth and its home.'

"For this we answer with our name and our honour."

For the last time Truth's Hydra speaks with the heads of the Ninety-three. But is it worth while to translate, still less to refute, these empty oracles? We also cannot wrest from them the weapons with which they fight, we too can only appeal to the world.

The struggle on which Belgium, France, Russia, England, and Italy now are engaged—is it only a struggle against the "so-called German Militarism," or is it, as the Ninety-three declare, at the same time, a struggle against German Culture? The answer to this depends upon what we mean by "German Culture."

"Believe," cry the witnesses to the truth, "that we will fight this fight to the end as a civilized people." That is possible, though not probable. For they began this war like barbarians. In vain they call upon their former great men, as in vain they call upon

God. What have Beethoven or Goethe to do with those who burnt Louvain and bombarded Rheims? And Kant—Kant's Testament—how dare they appeal to Kant's Testament to the World? Eucken and Wundt must know that Kant's Testament—his programme for the future, was a *United States in Europe* and perpetual peace! Why, then, do they take his name in vain and recall his great shade from the Kingdom of the Dead?[1]

"German Culture"—it did once exist when Brentano and Chamisso, Uhland and Müller, Eichendorff and Morike sang, in the Germany of Schumann and Schubert, in the old romantic country long, long ago.

"German Culture," yes, once it existed. Through these hot summer days, whilst I write this book, shut, from morning till evening, behind my shutters through which the July sun burns like a white fire, I keep thinking of the days I spent in Germany two years ago. I think of my wanderings in the land of Goethe, of my pilgrimages to Wetzlar

[1] The thought of Kant is expounded in that remarkable book *J'accuse*, by a German, Lausanne, 1915.

and Sesenheim, to Frankfort and Weimar. I remember the "far-off valleys" of Germania, of Hesse and of Alsace, Lotte and Friederike, and of "a little old woman who from her ox-drawn cart gave me such a friendly greeting, nodding to me in the street of Meissenheim." [1]

Then two memories rise before me like a dream—the memories of two German days, or rather two German nights. One a carnival in Cologne, and the other a gathering of students at Bonn.

Let us revive the memory of these things, and let it serve to divert the course of our thoughts as a mountain will divert the course of a river for a while, only to be redoubled in vigour and impetuosity.

[1] See my book on Goethe, Copenhagen (1913), p. 115.

A GERMAN INTERLUDE

ROSE-MONDAY—ASH-WEDNESDAY

" Fort jetzt die Sorgen, fort alles Leid,
Morgen is Morgen, heute ist heut' !
Kinder, wir wollen fröhlich hier sein,
Denn es ist Fasching—Fasching am Rhein ! "

" Away with care, away with sorrow,
To-morrow is to-morrow, to-day is to-day !
Children let us be happy here,
For it is the Carnival—the Carnival on the Rhine ! "

THIS is the song that welcomed me when, all unsuspecting, on the evening before Palm Sunday, 1912, I arrived at my usual hotel in Cologne. The porter received me with red, sleepy eyes, and assured me I should have my usual room, the quietest in the house, but added it was doubtful whether the Herr Professor would have a wink of sleep that night. " It is the Carnival," he added, in explanation.

I went into the large dining-room, where silent men are usually seated, drinking their

Würzburger beer at the tables with red tablecloths, and I found myself in the midst of the Carnival.

There were not many masks or fancy dresses, but there was a mob of happy, laughing, singing people; the hall was full. The waiters elbowed their way, holding a mug of beer on every finger, and even the worthy old gentlemen wore paper caps on their snowy locks. At the buffet stood the proprietor himself, also wearing a paper cap. Young people went backwards and forwards with a red cylinder on their heads, and round their necks a Carnival favour representing a monkey or a cat.

The Carnival of Cologne is a national tradition and a national pride for the natives. It is prepared long beforehand by a committee whose members bear the best names of Cologne. The ladies of the best families take part in it, and the old families vie with each other in decorating their carriages for the procession on Rose-Monday.

The company which filled the hall in the Fränkischer Hof that evening was, therefore, a company drawn from good families.

Round the tables were circles of faces who knew each other from birth, and any one who was brought into a new circle was introduced to the members. An orchestra was arranged in one corner of the hall and played ceaselessly. And when the refrain that greeted me on my entrance to the hotel was played, every one rose and joined hands in a long chain that, swinging in time to the music, followed the rhythm of the melody. The whole hall was at that moment nothing but a great brilliant happy confusion, faces, eyes, smiles and hands held high in air—all shining, all waving and singing—

> " Fort jetzt die Sorgen, fort alles Leid,
> Morgen is Morgen, heute ist heut' !
> Kinder, wir wollen fröhlich hier sein,
> Denn es ist Fasching—Fasching am Rhein ! "

" How long will this last ? " I asked, when I got to a seat, of my neighbour, an old man who looked like an official, and who told me, amongst other things, that he was not from Cologne, but from Würzburg in Bavaria.

" Till Ash-Wednesday," was his prompt reply. It was sober truth. The people of Cologne make it a point of honour to cele-

brate the whole Carnival. At a party on Rose-Monday a lady of the best society described how she had sat up each of the last four nights till six in the morning; and a young girl of the people who was in hospital for lung trouble came to the doctor and begged to be allowed to leave the hospital, saying: "I am a girl of Cologne, and I must go to the Carnival."

The poor pawn their Sunday clothes to buy masks and ornaments for a fancy dress. Champagne bottles pop in the cafés of the best streets, and dancing goes on between the marble tables, exactly as it does on the street pavements in the poorer parts, to the tune: "*Die Wienanz han 'nen em Has Pott—Miau, Miau, Miau. . . .*"

I went off on Sunday morning after very little sleep, and returned to Cologne twenty-four hours later. It was early in the morning: hardly six o'clock. The cathedral raised its mighty towers, cold, grey, immeasurable in the morning light. The streets were strewn with confetti, and serpentines fluttered on the bushes of the garden by the station. The tramcars, which had

been running all night, were full of masked figures returning homewards. A pierrot was standing at a corner staring sleepily and tipsily before him. Another masked couple came by. "Long live Cologne!" cried one, grumbling. "Quatsch!" said the other grumpily. Motley pairs were hurrying across the cathedral square, the men with their arms round their ladies' waists. Far away in the streets one hears the last "*Miau—miau—miau!*" of the song of the Wienanz family, or some one hums it as they pass.

> "Marieche, du darfst nicht kriesche,
> fang doch an lache', das sieht besser aus. . . ."

"Mariette, don't scold. Begin to laugh —that will be better."

This is the great day of the Carnival—Rose-Monday (*Rosen-Montag*), as the people of Cologne call it. It is a pretty name, but Rasen-Montag, or Mad-Monday, would describe it better.

And certainly that Monday has no rose-like qualities. A mad Bacchic orgy is let loose that day without restraint or limit. German Catholicism, which at other times

is severe and almost Puritanical, becomes more lax than in any other land. Even the Catholic resorts (such as the Frankischer Hof) become then the official centres of Carnival fun. Fauns, cupids, satyrs, and nymphs disport themselves beneath the grave old cathedral. The old cathedral seems to say: "Dear God, they are but men! Let them be men without restraint or check. When they have tried it for a day or two, they will tire of it and will all come back to me on Ash-Wednesday and I shall make the sign of the Cross in ashes on their forehead, and murmur over them my sorrowful words: *Memento homo, quia pulvis est!* 'Forget not, man, that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return!'"

And so the people did come on Ash-Wednesday and knelt all along the altar-rails. The old men were there and the old women, and the children with their pure little foreheads. And the young men were there who, only the night before, were figuring as Mephistopheles in red tights and pointed feather, and young girls were there who had danced in golden slippers the night

before, dressed as Dutch maidens with broad, shining gold bands in their hair and white and blue skirts like Delft china.

The ashes powder their fair hair, which is now covered by a black mantilla instead of the white Dutch cap, and as the same Latin words are repeated over and over again over the long row of the kneeling faithful, as the priest comes nearer and nearer to them: "Thou art but dust, and to dust thou shalt return!" But this "dust" had been shining and glittering, had sparkled and smiled, had sung and made merry for days and nights before the ashes were put on their foreheads.

And next year Rose-Monday will come again.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

"HAVE you never seen a German students' *Kommers?* Then you must not miss this chance of taking part in the fiftieth anniversary of the students' Club *Novesias* this evening. I herewith invite you solemnly."

These were the words of my friend the Professor of Philosophy at Bonn University, when I was there one day in 1913. In consequence, I found myself at half-past eight that evening sitting at the table of honour in the Beethoven Hall. Before me was the platform, on which sat three representatives of the festal society, and behind them, at three long tables, sat delegates from other student clubs who had come to bring congratulations—about fifty of them. I have seen the mediæval *festa* in Sienna, *Il Palio*, but the assembly I saw before me was quite as brilliant in colour. The three students of *Novesias* were in bright red uniform,

and behind them was a motley group of the most conflicting colours—lemon yellow, grass green, sky blue and orange. Over the tunic of the uniform was worn a scarf of yellow, red, blue, white or green. A red or blue or yellow Cerevis, the students' cap, was set coquettishly on their heads, fastened with an elastic under the chin. Their hands were encased in huge white gauntlet gloves; their feet in patent leather top-boots with spurs. On the table before each of these glittering beings stood a tankard, and at the side of the tankard lay a glittering rapier, the *Schläger*.

I turned round and saw behind me the huge hall filled with students sitting at the long tables, each with his mug of beer before him. Beyond were the *Füchse* (the students in their first year), who wore flat round caps. Nearer, at the table of honour, was a number of old gentlemen, well launched in the professional life, who had come to celebrate the occasion at this festal board; they wore on their grey heads a peculiar sort of cap. Several of these were priests, and the effect of this anything but respect-

able-looking headgear crowning the severe countenances of the priests was a very odd one. But they seemed to enjoy themselves; it was for them a return to their youth and its pleasures, to comradeship, to fun and song. Smoking was forbidden during the first official part of the feast, but when those presiding on the platform gave the bad example of lighting up their cigarettes, there immediately arose a cloud of tobacco up towards the gallery running round the hall, from which a closely packed row of girls—sisters, cousins, sweethearts and fiancées—were allowed to look down upon their brothers and fathers and the masters of their hearts drinking their beer, inhaling their cigarettes. They themselves might neither drink nor smoke; they were only there to be ornaments, like flowers.

But now the president of the *Novesias* rose from the first table on the platform and struck loudly upon the table with his sword. "*Silentium*," he cried through the noise and the smoke, and then: "*Aus Feuer ward der Geist geschaffen*" ("The Spirit was shaped from fire"), "Verse One!" And

the first verse of the song was sung. On the platform every one stood up: in the hall they remained seated. Between each verse the president struck the table and gave the word of command—verse two—three—four—and so on.

I followed the words from the song-book. The theme was the usual one of the German drinking song—"Wine and Love,"—and the old members joined in as heartily as any. "Give me the desire for song and weapons, give me the desire for love." It was only poetry; it meant little. It could be sung by the most peaceful of Government employés or the most respectable parish priest.

After the song a law student made a speech of welcome, which ended with a demand for an enormous "Salamander"—*urkräftig Salamander*. Every one rose, and a military word of command rang through the hall. "*Ad exercitium salamandri, eins*"—they all seized their tankards—"*zwei*"—they all drank—"*drei*"—all slammed their tankards on to the table, making a noise like a roll of thunder through the hall. The

fifty students presiding struck the table before them with their swords, and at the same time the orchestra struck up and the whole hall was filled with wild and prolonged uproar.

In a pleasant state of exaltation they all sat down again, and sang once more. They sang the battle-song of the *Novesias*, and at the last verse the *Füchse* leapt from their seats and stood on the benches with their arms linked and sang with all the might of their young lungs. Then came the speech of the evening, made by a priest, Mgr. Schweitzer. Then the orchestra played the melody of "*Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess*" ("Thou God, Who lets the iron grow"), and the song began. At the third verse all stood up, and on the platform the presidents raised their rapiers, clanging and shining towards the ceiling. They looked like a group of young warriors, slight and handsome in their brilliant uniforms.

And then there thunders through the hall—

> "O Germany, thou holy fatherland!
> O German love and faith.

Thou noble land, thou lovely land,
We swear to thee anew
That cowards and slaves
Shall be the food
Of crows and ravens,
For we go out to the battle
Of Hermann and will have revenge ! "

Song followed song, and speech followed speech. One old member proposed the Kaiser, another the guests. For the guests one of the presidents answered, and every speech ends with a Salamander, which was always introduced with the formula : " I solicit this order from the Honoured President, may it be directed to as great an honour." The president saluted in a military manner, and immediately the banging of the tankards, the feet-stamping and sword-clanging resounded through the hall. I was astonished that the tables could stand this continual hammering with the swords, but they told me that solid boards were laid along under the striped cloth.

Afterwards a lively interchange of compliments began between the three elements of the assembly, the hall, the platform and the balcony. Every now and then a servant

would step up on to the platform and hand a bouquet with a card to one of the handsome youths sitting there; he would read the card and drink, holding the tankard with elbow stiff and square, slam it down again as square as possible, salute the hall with his white-gloved hand. One or two brightly clad Cerevis ventured into the balcony, and, leaning over the balustrade, smiled and waved at the pretty Rhine maidens with their white shining teeth and bright eyes.

Bouquets began to rain upon the professors' table. My friend the philosopher received one from "a candidate soon to be examined," as he said, and even humble I was honoured with a bouquet, "To welcome the Danish poet in our midst." Alas! to think of that cordial welcome. One seemed to become absorbed into this atmosphere of beer and noise. Every moment a toast was made, and after the speech came the storm of stamping and the clashing of swords through the hall.

"*Heil Dir im Siegesskranz*" ("Hail to thee with the victor's wreath") was sung, and all rose, whilst the weapons again

glittered, raised as though an oath was to be taken. During certain toasts certain groups stood whilst others sat. Those on the balcony began to drink too, and I began to think of going.

Then suddenly there was almost complete silence, and the next moment the old refrain bursts out from the hall: "*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus . . . post jucundam juventutem, post molestam senectutem, nos habebit humus.*"

The verses follow each other. The student of former days awakes to his seventieth birthday, and in the morning light looks back over his life—"To-day it is seventy years since you were born, and a hundred terms have passed since you were a young student with your red cheeks and bright eyes." Time has gone fast, yet it is long ago. And he mutters to himself the old banal words about Life's brevity—"*Vita nostra brevis est . . .*"

So he sinks into his memories and thinks about his comrades, the friends of his youth, the professors and his youthful loves.

A whole verse was devoted to love, and

as they began to sing it the young men sprang up and turned towards the balcony. The *Füchse* waved their red caps in the air, so did the older men. The Rhine maidens stood in a blushing row round the balcony, with their black hair and black eyes, lovely as princesses and proud as queens, looking down over the hall full of men who hailed them with song and the ring of clashing swords. They blushed and blushed as a thousand voices offered to them the homage of the poet: "*Vivant omnes virgines, faciles formosæ.*"

The song ended, I was soon driving home with my friend to his dwelling outside Bonn. After many days of cold and rain it was a warm, starry night. High in the dark blue spaciousness hung the Plough, Arcturus, and the W of Cassiopeia. I thought of those who down through the centuries had gazed at these same stars and are now no more. I thought of all the happy *Füchse* and the Rhine maidens of the past whose loving eyes the worms have destroyed and whose kindling smile is long stiffened in the horrible grin of the death's head. *Nos habebit humus.*

GERMANIA

I

"GERMAN Culture!" Can we not see it in these two sketches Rose-Monday and Cologne Cathedral, "*Wein, Weiber und Gesang*" ("Wine, Women, and Song"), Salamanders and sentimental dreams of bygone times, joy in the present and a shudder at the thought of death. And in the midst of it all, through the wine and the smoke, and through all the goodfellowship and the warmth of heart we hear the clash of swords and the warrior's battle-cry, the joy of arms, the joy of love, the joy of vengeance. We see the barbarian violently and irresistibly borne along by his aspirations for supremacy and despotism and reverting to the battle of Hermann and the Forest of Teutoburg.

German culture is a culture of feeling and a culture of passion. There is no language that can swell more mightily or sound with more ringing accents than the German. It

is a language made for pathos, for destiny, for life and death, and for the solemn moments of life and its terrors.

This is why German culture has only come to perfection in two domains—in lyrical poetry and in music (and the type of this lyrical musical philosophy so peculiar to Germany is not that of Kant, the disciple of the West, but of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche).

Wherever we need only feeling and passion the German creates a masterpiece—"Faust," "The Ninth Symphony," "*Also sprach Zarathustra.*"

But in sculpture, in painting, in architecture, the German is inferior. German culture could never have produced Michelangelo, Velasquez, Van Dyck, or Thorvaldsen. From the Nazarenes [1] to Böcklin the type of German painting is lyrical and musical.

[1] The name adopted by three young German painters, Overbeck, Pforr and Vogel. In 1910 they established themselves in Rome in the former Convent of St. Isidore, near the Trinita de Monti, where they led a semi-monastic life with their disciples, Veit, Schadow, Fürich. Their school of Catholic art was designated after them by the same name.

There is something feminine in the German temperament. Germany is a woman, and has all a woman's gifts. She is the perfect wife in her own home, an angel to her children, a fury to her husband. Like many women, the Germans are prone to tears and prone to anger ("As angry as a German," we say in Denmark), impervious to argument or logic, but obstinate in imposing their own tyrannical will—*for your own good*—convinced always that they are right and therefore annoyed and irritated if they are not obeyed.

Such women will declare unflinchingly in the face of evidence as clear as daylight, that "*Es ist nicht wahr!*" ("It is not true!") They will do it with pathos, with tears, with fury, and finally they will seize the nearest object to their hand and fling it at your head, calling you a vile liar. Germany, like such women, has no sense of duty towards Truth, has no conscience as to Truth. Conscience must not be confused with goodness, sympathy, tenderness and many other feminine virtues. They recognize no abstract motives, they have no use for them. They are always opportunist.

The German in the same way is incapable of understanding that one can base one's whole life upon an idea, that one can risk one's life for the sake of a principle. He himself is always impelled by a feeling, a passion or an interest—something personal and concrete. The German War for Liberty in 1813 was a fight for the attainment of personal tangible benefits, political independance and national freedom. It was, therefore, the exact opposite to the French Revolution, which aimed at the conversion of an idea into action, the realization of three great principles. The German is a realist, as a woman is. "*Das Droben kann mich wenig kümmern*" ("Dreams move me little"); never was a more truly German word spoken. "What do I care for the things in the clouds, in the blue heaven of Idealism?"

We must not be deceived by the German's apparent religiosity. It is nothing else but a religion of egoism. When his pleasant, well-ordered life here below in this—comparative—vale of tears is over, the German likes to assure himself of a good home on the other side. After the Carnival and

the Kommers he seeks for admission to Everlasting Joy.

Thus the struggle to-day is a struggle between two principles which are always in opposition to each other, the principles of Realism and Idealism. This new struggle, perhaps the last, will decide which shall be the master in Europe. For against Germany there stands now, as it did thousands of years ago, that power which in history represents what the man represents in the family, the virile power of conscience. "Duty towards God is the first duty." "*Dieu premier servi,*" is the old French version of the Latin proverb, "*Fiat justitia, pereat mundus,*" of ancient Rome. Opposed to German Culture is Latin civilization, and the centre of Latin civilization is (now as always) Rome.

Germany against Rome is the formula which expresses the essence of the World's War. A civilization built upon sentiment, passion, and arbitrary egoism is arrayed against a civilization founded, in Reason and Thought, upon conscious Will and Altruism. A Heathen Culture, in fact, is opposed to the Christian.

In spite of official piety, Germany knows it herself. The word *Deutsch* means "heathen," and it was Germany that gave to the world the first great thinker who had the courage to confess himself to be a pagan. The four things the most obnoxious to him, he said, were "the Cross, vermin and the smells of garlic and of tobacco." The rationalist Feuerbach, the monist Haeckel, the Pan-Germanists, those worshippers of Wotan, Ostwald and Jatho, and the preachers of the New Faith, all hold as their chief dogma and battle-cry the principle of "*Los von Rom.*" It is the old German revolt—the revolt of the Barbarians. Five hundred years ago this revolt took the form of the Reformation, fifty years ago it could be seen in a literary movement, the "*Sturm und Drang.*"[1]

To-day we have it in Iron and Blood in

[1] "*Sturm und Drang*" ("Storm and Stress") was the name given to the romantic movement in Germany; these words, which arose from the title of a play of Vlinger acted at Frankfort-on-Rhein in 1775, describe the fermentation in literature of the spirit of the young revolutionaries who thought to revivify art and create new forms for poetry.

the shape of their vast 16-inch guns. The hatred of Rome—the "*odium papæ*," as Luther called it, is so deeply rooted in the soul of Germany that even their artists rejoice to see works of art destroyed if they belong to Rome.

Robert Hugh Benson prophesied that this would be so in his *Master of the World*, a book illuminated with prophetic sight. He did not live to see the *Jugend* of Munich exalt and glorify *Der grosse Brummer*—Thor, the crude quality of Force which has arisen (as Heine prophesied it would) to destroy the Gothic cathedrals with his hammer.[1]

Yes, Thor has risen in his might—the old gods have awoken—Walhalla arises from amongst the dead to a last fight against

[1] "Christianity has, to a certain degree, softened Germany's warlike passions, but it has not succeeded in uprooting them. And when the Cross—that talisman which holds them with bit and bridle—is destroyed, all the cruelties of the ancient warriors will come to life again. There will come a day when the old heathen gods will rise from the graves of the Sagas, and Thor will come forth with his hammer and destroy the Gothic cathedrals."—(Heine, *Über die Literatur Deutschlands.*)

[*From the Munich periodical "Jugend," Feb.* 1915.

"DER GROSSE BRUMMER."[2]

the White Christ and the Power of Rome. Once more the Germans swarm over the Latin fields. Nature, with undisciplined force, seeks to rule over the *Logos*, the spirit of Law and Order. The last word of Germany is Might, Rome's last word is Right. This struggle will decide which of these two shall prevail.

I know that many here will lay the book down with an objection which seems to them incontrovertible. "Yes, but in Germany the position of Catholics is so good, the Central Party is so strong, the Government so beneficent, and the Kaiser is patron of the Benedictines; whilst France persecutes the Church, expelling the religious orders and eliminating religion from the schools. England, who fights at her side, is Protestant, Russia is schismatic and hostile to the Catholic Church, and lastly, Italy is not exactly famed for her holiness. Both Austria and the Catholic portion of Germany, at the beginning of this year, solemnly dedicated themselves to the Sacred Heart, when Catholic Belgium had not

apparently thought of any such religious act. The impressive pastoral of the German episcopate was sublime in its declaration that this "time of trial has brought us nearer to God. We have received many special graces from His Divine Heart, and through the roar of battle we have heard the beating of that Heart—quiet, loving and soul-seeking. We thank Him that this war has brought fruition of salvation for men's souls. We thank Him for the wonderful results and victories with which Heaven has blessed our arms." [1]

Truly one must be blind not to see when the battle is being fought in the Name of Christ, and when not. As the Catholic Archbishop of Freiburg said, "The Father of Mercy and the God of Consolation will not abandon us. Many are the enemies which surround us, but we trust to the justice of our Cause and the help of God." Or as the Bishop of Osnabruck said: "When God is for us, who can be against us? We trust

[1] "*Der Kampf der Zentralmächte*," *Von einem Priester des Auslandes* (Freiburg; Br. February 1915), pp. 14–15.

as David trusted in the God of Battles when he fought against Goliath, and cried to him, ' You come out against me with sword and lance, but I come to you in the Name of the Lord of Hosts ' " (1 Kings xvii. 45).

" God is with us " is written on the helmets of our soldiers, and our soldiers are (said Bishop Keppler of Rottenburg) " the warriors of God, and in the Name of God and with His blessing they have taken upon themselves the heavy task of this war." [1]

To this I answer, " God's Kingdom does not consist of words, but of deeds." I answer with the lament of the Prophet in the Name of the Eternal God : " This people honours Me with their lips, but their hearts are far from Me." I answer that the disciple of Jesus is not he who cries : " Lord ! Lord ! " but he who does the will of his Heavenly Father. There is a parable in the Gospel of a man who had two sons. The one said to his father : " I will do your

[1] *Loc. cit.*, pp. 13–14. " Gott sei mit euch. Gott wird mit euch sein Ihr Streiter Gottes, die Ihr im Namen Gottes und in der Gnade Gottes die schwere Kriegsarbeit auf euch genommen habet."

will," and went out and did not do it. The other refused to obey, but afterwards went out and did his father's will. " Which of the two was the true son ? " asks Jesus.

We have heard the German prelates speak from their calm pleasant palaces, where they sit, far from the alarms of war, peacefully breaking the bread which a Protestant Government gives them. But there is another Prelate of the Catholic Church who lifts his voice in the midst of ruins—a bishop who has seen his church crumble before the shells of the barbarians—the Primate of a Martyred land, the Archbishop of Malines, Cardinal Mercier. Hear his words proclaimed to the world in his pastoral letter of Christmas 1914.

" When a foreign Power, confident of its strength and forgetful of its treaties, dared to violate our independence on August 2, the Belgians arose like one man and declared to the invader : ' Thou shalt not pass ! ' And suddenly we became aware of our patriotism. For within us all there is a feeling which is deeper than personal interest, deeper than the tie of blood or

party intrigues. It is the impulse and the will to sacrifice oneself for the common good, that which Rome called, *Res publica.*" [1]

German philosophy recognizes a hierarchy of interests. For a Bethmann-Hollweg there are lower considerations which must give way sometimes to the higher. "We had to put ourselves above the Rights of Nations," says he, "because we were forced to do so." "*Macht geht vor Recht*" ("Power precedes Right"), said his great predecessor and teacher. Germany sacrifices *others* for the welfare of the Fatherland. The voice of Rome asks for *self*-sacrifice for the good of one's country, or *res publica,* as it is in the Latin.

There are not many big words in Cardinal Mercier's pastoral. There are more facts than words. "I have travelled through the most ravaged districts of my diocese," he says, "and what I saw there of ruins and ashes surpasses all that my fears, great as they were, could have painted for me. Other parts of my diocese which I have not yet been able to visit have been devastated

[1] *Patriotisme et Endurance.* Lettre pastorale de S. Em. le Cardinal Mercier (Paris, 1914), p. 23.

in the same manner. Numbers of churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents are useless or ruined. Whole villages have practically disappeared. In Werchter-Wackerzeel, for example, only 130 out of 380 houses remain standing; in Tremeloo two-thirds of the village is in ruins; in Bueken 20 out of 100 houses are left; in Schaffen 11 out of 200; in Louvain 1,074 buildings are ruined—in the suburbs the number of houses burnt down is 1,823."

In the Cardinal's simple straightforward words (so unlike the excited rhetoric of the German) we hear the Lament of Belgium: "*Planctus Beati Martyris Belgii!*"

"Hundreds of innocent people were shot," writes Cardinal Mercier. "I have not yet had the whole terrible list, but I know, to give one instance, that in Aerschot there were ninety-one executions, and that under pain of death their fellow-citizens were obliged to dig the graves of the victims. In Louvain and Omegn, 176 persons, men and women, old men and infants, rich and poor, strong and sick, were shot or burnt."—(*The Heavy Task of the War.*)

"In my diocese alone, I know that thirteen priests and monks have been killed. One of them, the parish priest of Gelrode, died, from all accounts, the death of a martyr. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, surrounded by the people whose zealous pastor he was so short a time ago, I have prayed him to watch over his parish, his people and his country from Heaven."

The Cardinal gives the names of the thirteen priests and monks lost from his diocese and those of thirty others murdered in other parts of Belgium.

Since Christmas, when the Pastoral appeared, this list has greatly increased, and more than one observer must have asked himself the same question as the Dutchman, Grondijs: "Is this, then, a religious war?"

I will let the facts speak for themselves, so that we may each form our own conclusions. Be it as it may, the Dutch witness of whom I speak heard the German soldiers shout: "Down with Catholicism. Down with the priests!" And everywhere he found the little coloured statues of saints

which the Belgians put up in their bedrooms thrown down and broken.[1]

But the Germans have more serious things than these to their account.

"On August 21," a witness relates, "the parish priest of Bueken, Monsieur de Clerck, was arrested by German soldiers and accused of shooting at them. This was entirely untrue, for he had been ill for a long time and unable to fulfil his duties. The poor sick man was placed on a cannon; and then he was taken off and thrown into a ditch. Then some soldiers took him, one by an arm, and another by a leg, and dragged him thus over the pavement. Exhausted by the torture the old man begged to die, and they shot him."

Another witness of the same scene says: "The parish priest in Bueken was confined to his bed with diabetes. They dragged him out to shoot him with a Franciscan priest who took his duty. The priest protested that he was Dutch, but that did not help him and he was killed. The peasants gave the name of the place where he was

[1] *Les Allemands en Belgique*, p. 19.

buried. The priest's ears and nose were cut off."

In the village of Blegny, the following took place: With the usual excuse, that there had been firing on the soldiers, the Germans assembled all the male inhabitants of the village in the church whilst a council of war was held to choose the victims. The priest was accused of having allowed an observation post to be made of the tower of his church (how could he have prevented it?) For this offence he was condemned to death. The next day, on August 16, he said his last Mass, and went out to the churchyard, where they killed him.[1]

In the house of a young Jesuit who was studying in Louvain, Father Eugene Dupierreux, the Germans found a notebook in which he had described his impression of the destruction of the town and expressed his indignation at the burning of the Library. When he was taken prisoner, the young Jesuit was working for the Red Cross, and wore an armlet. "*Das rote Kreuz!*" sneered the German officer who was present.

[1] Meleot, *Le Martyre du Clerge Belge*, pp. 11–15.

"Paint a white one quickly on his back!" A white cross was drawn in chalk upon his back and he was shot from behind. Twenty other priests, amongst whom was Father Eugene's twin brother, were forced to look on at the execution.

In the little village at Spintin, the parish priest was hung first by his feet and then by his hands. He was then run through with bayonets and at last shot. Before he was quite dead, his head was broken open with the butt end of a rifle and the corpse was found with a broken skull.[1]

The priest of Hastière was arrested in a neighbouring village. "Are you the parish priest?" the German officer asked him. "No, I am the parish priest from Hastière," replied the father. "Oh, all the same it is you we are looking for. They fired on our troops in your village." They took him aside and shot him.

This was the constant procedure—the priest was punished for what had taken place in his parish during his absence, as a teacher is reproved by the inspector if he

[1] *Loc. cit.*, p. 20.

fails to keep order in his class. There were, moreover, French troops still in Hastière that day (August 22).

The parish priest of Roselies was accused of firing on the Germans during the night of August 21. He could have proved an alibi, as he had been on duty that night in the local ambulance, and he went to the head-quarters at Aiseau to make his defence. They listened to him and gave him a paper which he was to take back to Roselies. He thought it was an acquittal and showed it joyfully to the soldiers. The soldiers read it and laughed. A quarter of an hour afterwards the priest was dead.[1]

On the evening of August 28, Alphonse Huypens, a priest of Hérent, was on his way home when he met six German soldiers, who attacked him, threw him on the ground, took away the Pass he had got from the German authorities, and dragged him before their lieutenant. The officer asked him, "Are you a priest?" "Yes, I am a Catholic priest." "I also am a Catholic," said the officer, and, getting up, he went

[1] *Loc. cit.*, pp. 21–23.

towards the priest and spat in his face. "You come from Hérent. Your fate is sealed. Soldiers, do your duty."

Father Huypens was bound and dragged out into the street. When they had taken him some way, the soldiers told him he might go free. He believed they had taken pity on him and went away, but hearing the click of triggers behind him he turned round again to the soldiers, saying he did not know his way and would rather stay with them. They took him back to the guard-room, bound his legs and threw him in this state into a barn into the midst of a number of sleeping German soldiers. These awoke with oaths, lit a light, and passed the night torturing and insulting the priest. At three o'clock in the morning on August 29, the officer came in and said: "We are going to set light to the barn, and we shall hear no more about you." This threat was, however, not carried out. At four o'clock, the same officer returned, and had the rope cut off from the priest's legs, and ordered him into the church. Here were already assembled a hundred inhabi-

tants of the village and two priests from Wesemael. The whole party was driven out by the soldiers; and as Father Huypens could not walk fast enough he was kicked from behind so that he fell on his face (his hands were tied behind his back so that he could not save himself from falling); this made the soldiers laugh.

This Way of the Cross continued from four in the morning to ten at night. Not a bit of bread, not a drop of water did they get. At last they came to a railway station where other prisoners were waiting, amongst them several priests. They numbered seven hundred altogether. They were locked into cattle waggons, the floors of which were covered with a coating of manure six inches deep. In these trucks the sufferers were taken to Münsterlager.

During the journey through Belgium the carriage was kept hermetically closed. The prisoners' sufferings all through the hot August day, shut into that reeking stable, are not to be described. When they got into Germany the sliding doors were pushed back at each station; trains going to the

front were often standing in the stations full of soldiers who, when they saw the priests, mocked and struck them in the face when they could reach them.[1]

At last the prisoners reached Münsterlager, where they were shut once more into a barn. They were guarded by soldiers, who amused themselves with thumping on the wall next to them, and finally by shooting through it.

In this manner five prisoners were killed and seven wounded. The seven hundred Belgians lost their heads altogether and cried to save themselves: "We are Germans, we are Germans!" A boy of fifteen years old fell dead at the feet of his father.

In the morning the priests were taken before the Prefect. Father Alphonse Huypens was deprived of all his clothes and had to appear in his shirt alone. The enquiry began, but as he did not understand German he could not answer. A soldier struck him

[1] A soldier of the German Landsturm wrote delightedly home to his old mother that at Giessen his train passed a train full of Belgian priests, and that one of his comrades was so funny as to give one of them a good blow in the face.—(*Köln. Volksztg.*, March 3, 1915.)

on the mouth so that it bled, and dragged him out of the hall. Once outside he was pushed into a ditch, and there he fainted. When he came to himself he was in a prison cell. He was then given back his trousers, but nothing else. Twice a day he was given a little bread and water; and twice a day he had to go out with a number on a ticket round his neck. This lasted for six days and six nights, and then he was given permission to go home. The charge of "inciting the populace to rebellion" could not be proved against him. When Cardinal Mercier visited Hérent on March 2, he greeted the priest as a martyr. "I made him tell me all," writes the Cardinal, "and whilst I listened I longed to fall at his feet to express the reverence I felt for him." [1]

As the German authorities were in the end obliged to recognize, the accusations against the Belgian priests were never proved. All the stories of flashlight signals established in the towers of the cathedral

[1] *Tijd* for March 9 and 16, 1915. M. Vaes, *L'onore e l'innocenza del clero belga* (Rome, 1915, pp. 20, 24).

of Malines, of the telephonic communication between the presbytery in Battice and Fortet-Fleron, of the wireless-telegraphic station in the college of Bastogne; of subterranean telephone wires found in the priest's garden in Damweiler, at Verdun and Flancourt—all these stories which teemed in the German Press have proved upon examination to be pure fabrications.[1] Serious German authors, such as von Trotha in his book, *Mit den Feldgrauen nach Belgien hinein* (Leipsig, 1915) and K. J. Stauffer in *Der Fähnrich von Verdun* (Leipsig, 1914) have repeated and circulated these stories. Von Trotha is convinced that the priests in Louvain encouraged rebellion, and Stauffer saw a monk standing on a barricade dealing out ammunition to snipers.[2]

One may laugh at these criminal tales in the style of Karl May, that author so popular in Germany, but they have their roots in tragic reality and they are the literary

[1] *Köln. Volksztg.*, April 1, 1915; evening edition April 14; evening edition April 23, 1915.

[2] Trotha, p. 155; Stauffer, p. 177.

expression of a bloodthirsty injustice. Against these black lies, the thorn-crowned Truth stands out the clearer. Once more I place the two Powers in contrast to each other.

The German Accusation. "The parish priest in Pont-Brûlé, Canon Wouters, a Premonstratensian monk, of the Abbey of Grimbergen, attacked a sentinel of the 26th Regiment, the 111th Reserve Battalion. Wouters tried to wrench his rifle out of his hand, but was knocked down by another soldier who hastened to help. These facts are contained in the officer's report."

The Belgian Answer. Cardinal Mercier asked the German Commandant in Malines, Colonel Wengersky, to appoint a committee of an equal number of representatives on the two sides to enquire into this case under the presidency of a person belonging to a neutral country. The Colonel refused, and the Cardinal then undertook to examine the matter himself. The following is the result—

"On August 25, Canon Wouters was about to return to the Abbey of Grimbergen.

He had been imprisoned as a hostage the whole of August 24, was threatened with death and sought refuge in his monastery. His Superior advised him, however, to return to the priest's house.[1] In the course of the day he started to return, but midway he was arrested and taken to a hall, where he passed the night. The morning after, Wednesday, 26th, twenty-eight civilians were imprisoned in the same hall. They found the priest standing with his arms above his head, and forced to remain in this position for several hours. Whenever he relaxed from fatigue, he received a bayonet thrust in the breast, and a stroke with the butt end of a rifle on knees and elbows to make him stand up straight again. After inflicting this torture upon him, the soldiers allowed him to stretch himself upon the earth, but forced two of the civilian prisoners to beat him with a stick and spit in his face. As the soldiers

[1] Canon Wouters was a monk in the Premonstratensian Monastery of Grimbergen, but acted as parish priest for the neighbouring village of Pont-Brûlé, where he lived alone in the priest's house.

were not obeyed according to their wishes, they showed, themselves, in what manner the beating and spitting should be done. They took the priest's breviary from him, tore it in two and threw the pieces at his head. One of the civilians was made to tread on his hat. After further torture, the soldiers kicked him and beat him with the butt ends of their rifles and then tried to make him get up, but the priest fell back lifeless. Thereupon, the soldiers threw a bucket of water over him, and seeing that he made a slight movement with the head they cried: 'He is still alive!' and again threw water over him. This time he did not move and they thought he was dead. After a time a spasm seemed to pass through the apparently lifeless body, and the priest's hands caught hold of the rifle of one of the soldiers. He was shot instantaneously by another soldier."[1]

If we put things at their very worst—that the poor priest, overwhelmed by torture and suffering, gave way to a sudden impulse of revenge, consider what provocation there

[1] *Tijd*, April 2, 1915.

was of brutal torture and degradation. If the movement of his hand towards the rifle was only an unconscious groping about him, the story reads like a chapter of the Passion of Our Lord which, the Apostles tell us, is carried on in the faithful and above all in His priests.

So it looks as though the Dutch writer's observation was true. The German War against Belgium was not in the first instance a religious war, but it became one. The German Higher Command used troops recruited from the Lutheran parts of the Empire against Belgium, whilst Catholic regiments were used against the schismatic Russians. At the sight of the Catholic priests and monks the Prussian and Saxon soldier felt an ill-will towards all that was Papist aroused in his breast, that was at once inborn and educated in him. He made up his mind at once that he was dealing with "Jesuits," those fabulous beings who carry poison in their pockets and a dagger up their sleeve and practise the doctrine that the "means are justified by the end."

Anything might be expected of them. They were dangerous beasts who must be got rid of as soon as possible.

Moreover, the German officer and the German soldier felt towards these men who they knew lived in strict celibacy that hatred and contempt which the immoral always feel towards the moral. The Germans instinctively desired to defile their purity, just as they took pleasure in the violation of nuns. What else can explain the following?—

"In Beyghem German soldiers, at the command of a Lieutenant Kümer, took a young girl by force into the priest's house and dishonoured her in the presence of the sister of the priest and of the priest himself; the priest they stripped and prevented from shutting his eyes or turning his head.

"In Asnoy the parish priest was taken prisoner. Two German soldiers brought a woman before him, stripped her and raped her in his presence."[1]

[1] Nothant, p. 80. *Melot Clergé Belge*, pp. 34–40.

These are not isolated cases. Wherever the German Army advanced, the soldiers ill-treated the priests morally and physically. At one place they amused themselves by forcing the priest to perform the Devotion of the Way of the Cross, striking him on the face and spitting on him all the while. In another place they drove the priest round the riding school as though he were a horse, flicking him with riding whips. They forced the parish priest in Schaffen-lez-Diest to stare at the sun for a whole hour.

At Florennes the soldiers struck the priest with their spurs in the neck and down his back, stripped him and left him lying helpless in a garden. In Montigny-sur-Sambre the soldiers took shots at the priest's head with the brandy bottles and gnawed bones of their meal. In Louvain they shut up thirteen priests in a pig-sty, in reminiscence of the term of abuse, "Schwein," in common use against the priesthood.[1]

It would be useless and wearisome to

[1] Mélot, pp. 35, 38, 40, 47, 48, 50.

quote any more of these stories so revolting and disturbing to read. There is one more report—of how a married woman was raped by a succession of German soldiers from nine in the evening till six in the morning, she never ceasing to call to her husband to help her, whilst he lay bound, helpless, in the next room.[1] This presents a simile to one's mind of the Belgian Church calling, thus, her Spouse to her help. He seems not to hear her, as though he were bound by cords he could not break.

II

Truly the German "Warriors of God" must often have wearied themselves in that hard "task of war" of raping their neighbours' wives and shaming their neighbours' daughters.

To regain fresh strength from the God of Armies they entered the churches they had not burnt down, and there held ceremonies after their own manner. The Belgian Government Commission has re-

[1] Nothomb, p. 80.

ceived the evidence of witnesses which shows in its true light the moral and spiritual standard of the German soldier.

From Sorinnes it is related that Germans made water in the ciborium (the vessel in which the Sacred Host is kept).

In Aerschot the tabernacle (the little cupboard on the altar where the Sacred Host is preserved) was broken open in one of the village churches and the chalice stolen.

In Ethé the tabernacle was broken open and the Blessed Sacrament thrown into a glass of wine.

In Porcheresse, in Bouge, in Evrehaille, in Lisogne, in Maizeret, the tabernacles and the sacred vessels were desecrated.

In the church of Aiseau the German soldiers satisfied their needs upon the altar. The same occurred in Ortho and Saint Trond.

In Hastière the Germans tore the Sacred Hosts from the hand of the priest who sought to place them in safety and trampled upon them.

It was the same in France as in Belgium,

THE MARTYRED HOST

(From the church in Gerberville.)

the same warfare was continued in the same spirit.

At Montmacq (in the diocese of Beauvais) the German soldiers satisfied their needs in the Holy Water stoop and wiped themselves with the altar linen.

In Rouvres, the Germans desecrated the ciboriums and filled them with pork—a coarse reference to the Catholic teaching of the real Presence in the Sacrament of the altar.

In Gerbéviller, near Nancy, the Germans made a target of the tabernacle door; several bullets pierced the ciborium, scattering the Hosts which it contained.[1]

[1] Mélot, pp. 39–41. *La guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme*, edition of Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart (Paris, 1915), pp. 101–104. See the accompanying picture of the martyred Host from Gerbévillers.

III

And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying:

Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Mosoch and Thubal: and prophesy against him.

. And say: Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Mosoch and Thubal.

And I will turn thee back, and I will put hooks into thy jaws: and I will bring thee forth, and all thine army, horses and horsemen, all clothed with coats of mail, a great multitude with spears and shields, all of them handling swords. . . .

And thou shalt ascend and come like a storm; thou shalt be like a cloud to cover the land, thou and all thy bands and many people with thee.

Thus saith the Lord God: It shall also come to pass, that at the same time shall things come into thy mind, and thou shalt think an evil thought.

And thou shalt say: I will go up to the land of unwalled villages; I will go to them that are at rest, that dwell safely, all of them dwelling without walls, and having neither bars nor gates:

To take spoils, and to lay hold on prey, to turn thine hand . . . upon a people that is gathered together out of the nations, which hath gotten cattle and goods, and that dwelleth in the midst of the earth.

Saba, and Dedan, and the merchants of Tharsis, and all the young lions thereof shall say unto thee: Art thou come to take spoils? Hast thou gathered thy multitude to take a prey, to take silver and gold, and to carry away cattle and goods, to take rich spoils?

Therefore, thou son of man, prophesy and say to Gog: Thus saith the Lord God: Shalt thou not . . . come out of thy place from the northern parts, thou and many people with thee, all of them riding upon horses, a great company and a mighty army?

And thou shalt come upon my people of Israel like a cloud, to cover the land. It

shall be in the latter days, and I will bring thee upon my land: that the nations may know me, when I shall be sanctified in thee, O Gog, before their eyes.

And it shall come to pass at the same time, when Gog shall come against the land of Israel, saith the Lord God, that my fury shall come up in my face.

And I will call for a sword against him . . . and I will judge him with pestilence, and with blood, and with violent rain, and vast hail-stones: I will rain fire and brimstone upon him, and upon his army, and upon the many nations that are with him.

Thus will I magnify myself, and sanctify myself; and I will be known in the eyes of many nations: and they shall know that I am the Lord.

* * * * *

And thou, son of man, prophesy against Gog, and say: Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief prince of Mosoch and Thubal.

And I will turn thee back . . . and I will smite thy bow out of thy left hand, and

I will cause thine arrows to fall out of thy right hand.

Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel . . . I will give thee unto the ravenous birds of every sort, and to the beasts of the earth, to be devoured.

Thou shalt fall upon the face of the field: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God. . . .

I will make my holy name known in the midst of my people Israel, and my holy name shall be profaned no more, and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, the holy One in Israel.

Behold it cometh, and it is done, saith the Lord God: this is the day whereof I have spoken.

And they that dwell in the cities of Israel shall go forth, and shall set on fire and burn the weapons, the shields, and the spears, the bows and the arrows, and the hand-staves and the pikes: and they shall burn them with fire seven years.

And they shall not bring wood out of the field, nor cut down any out of the forests: for they shall burn the weapons with fire,

and shall make a prey of those to whom they had been a prey, and they shall rob those that robbed them, saith the Lord God.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will give unto Gog a noted place for a sepulchre in Israel: the valley of the passengers on the east of the sea, and it shall stop the noses of the passengers: and there shall they bury Gog, and all his multitude, and it shall be called the valley of the multitude of Gog.

And the house of Israel shall bury them for seven months to cleanse the land. . . .

And thou, O son of man, saith the Lord God, speak unto every fowl, and to all the beasts of the field: Assemble yourselves, make haste, come together from every side to my victim, which I slay for you, a great victim upon the mountains of Israel: that ye may eat flesh, and drink blood.

Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and ye shall drink the blood of the princes of the earth. . . .

Ye shall be filled at my table with horses, and mighty horsemen, and all the men of war, saith the Lord God.

And I will set my glory among the heathen: and all the heathen shall see my judgment that I have executed, and my hand that I have laid upon them.

And the house of Israel shall know that I am the Lord their God from that day and forward.

(*From* EZEKIEL, chaps. xxxviii. and xxxix.)

APPENDIX

(TRANSLATION)

FIRST DOCUMENT

Letter to the Minister of War respecting the confidential Interviews.

(Confidential.)

Sir, *Brussels, April* 10, 1906.

I HAVE the honour to furnish herewith a summary of the conversations which I have had with Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston, which I have already reported to you verbally.

His first visit was in the middle of January. Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston told me of the preoccupation of the British General Staff concerning the general political situation and the existing possibilities of war. Should Belgium be attacked, it was proposed to send about 100,000 men.

The lieutenant-colonel having asked me how we should interpret such a step, I answered that, from the military point of view, it could only be advantageous; but that this question of intervention had also a political side, and that I must accordingly consult the Minister of War.

Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston replied that his Minister at Brussels would speak about it to our Minister for Foreign Affairs.

He continued as follows: The disembarkation of the British troops would take place on the French coast, in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk and Calais, in such a manner that the operation might be carried

out in the quickest possible way.[1] Landing at Antwerp would take much longer, as larger transports would be required, and, moreover, the risk would be greater.

This being so, several other points remained to be decided, viz., transport by rail, the question of requisitions to which the British army might have recourse, the question of the chief command of the allied forces.

He enquired whether our arrangements were adequate to secure the defence of the country during the crossing and transport of the British troops—a period which he estimated at about ten days.

I answered that the fortresses of Namur and Liège were safe against a surprise attack, and that in four days our field army of 100,000 men would be ready to take the field.

After expressing his entire satisfaction at what I had said, my visitor emphasised the following points: (1) Our conversation was absolutely confidential; (2) it was in no way binding on his Government; (3) his Minister, the British General Staff, he, and myself were the only persons then aware of the matter; (4) he did not know whether his Sovereign had been consulted.

At a subsequent meeting Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston assured me that he had never received any confidential information from other military attachés about our army. He then gave me a detailed statement of the strength of the British forces: we might rely on it that, in twelve or thirteen days, two army corps, four cavalry brigades, and two brigades of mounted infantry would be landed.

[1] "The entry of the English into Belgium would only take place after the violation of our neutrality by Germany."

He asked me to study the question of the transport of these forces to that part of the country where they would be most useful, and with this object in view he promised me a detailed statement of the composition of the landing force.

He reverted to the question of the effective strength of our field army, and considered it important that no detachments from that army should be sent to Namur and Liège, as those fortresses were provided with adequate garrisons.

He drew my attention to the necessity of letting the British army take full advantage of the facilities afforded under our regulations respecting military requirements. Finally, he laid stress on the question of the chief command.

I replied that I could say nothing on the latter point, and I promised that I would study the other questions with care.

Later, the British military attaché confirmed his previous estimate; twelve days at least were indispensable to carry out the landing on the coast of France. It would take much longer (from one to two and a half months) to land 100,000 men at Antwerp.

On my objecting that it would be useless to wait till the disembarkation was finished before beginning the transport by rail, and that it would be better to send on the troops by degrees as they arrived on the coast, Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston promised me precise details of the daily disembarkation table.

With regard to the question of military requirements, I informed my visitor that that question would easily be arranged.

As the plans of the British General Staff advanced, the details of the problem were worked out with

greater precision. The colonel assured me that half the British army could be landed in eight days, and the remainder at the end of the twelfth or thirteenth day, except the mounted infantry, on which we could not count till later.

Nevertheless, I felt bound once more to urge the necessity of knowing the numbers to be landed daily, so as to work out the railway arrangements for each day.

The British attaché then spoke to me of various other questions, viz. :—(1) The necessity of maintaining secrecy about the operations, and of ensuring that the press should observe this carefully; (2) the advantages there would be in attaching a Belgian officer to each British staff, an interpreter to each commanding officer, and gendarmes to each unit to help the British military police.

At another interview Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston and I examined the question of combined operations in the event of a German attack directed against Antwerp, and on the hypothesis of our country being crossed in order to reach the French Ardennes.

Later on, the colonel signified his concurrence in the scheme I had laid before him, and assured me of the assent of General Grierson, Chief of the British General Staff.

Other questions of secondary importance were likewise disposed of, particularly those respecting intermediary officers, interpreters, gendarmes, maps, illustrations of uniforms, English translations of extracts from certain Belgian regulations, the regulation of customs dues chargeable on the British supplies, hospital accommodation for the wounded of the allied army, &c. Nothing was settled as to the possible

control of the press by the Government or the military authorities.

In the course of the last meetings which I had with the British attaché he communicated to me the daily disembarkation table of the troops to be landed at Boulogne, Calais, and Cherbourg. The distance of the latter place, included owing to certain technical considerations, would cause a certain delay. The first corps would be landed on the tenth day, the second corps on the fifteenth day. Our railways would carry out the transport operations in such a way that the arrival of the first corps, either towards Brussels-Louvain or towards Namur-Dinant, would be completed on the eleventh day, and that of the second corps on the sixteenth day.

I finally urged once again, as forcibly as was within my power, the necessity of accelerating the transport by sea in order that the British troops might be with us between the eleventh and the twelfth day; the very best and most favourable results would accrue from the concerted and simultaneous action by the allied forces. On the other hand, a serious check would ensue if such co-operation could not be achieved. Colonel Barnardiston assured me that everything would be done with that end in view.

In the course of our conversations I took the opportunity of convincing the military attaché of our resolve to impede the enemies' movements as far as lay within our power, and not to take refuge in Antwerp from the outset. Lieutenant-Colonel Barnardiston, on his side, informed me that he had at present little confidence in the support or intervention of Holland. He likewise confided to me that his Government intended to move

the British base of supplies from the French coast to Antwerp as soon as the North Sea had been cleared of all German warships.

At all our interviews the colonel regularly communicated to me any confidential information he possessed respecting the military condition and general situation of our eastern neighbour, &c. At the same time he laid stress on the imperative need for Belgium to keep herself well informed of what was going on in the neighbouring Rhine country. I had to admit to him that in our country the intelligence service beyond the frontier was not, in times of peace, directly under our General Staff. We had no military attachés at our legations. I took care, however, not to admit to him that I was unaware whether the secret service, prescribed in our regulations, was organised or not. But it is my duty here to call attention to this state of affairs, which places us in a position of glaring inferiority to that of our neighbours, our contingent enemies.

Major-General,
Chief of General Staff.
Initialled.

Note.—When I met General Grierson at Compiègne at the manœuvres of 1906 he assured me that the reorganisation of the British army would result not only in ensuring the landing of 150,000 men, but in enabling them to take the field in a shorter period than had been previously estimated.

End of September 1906.

Initialled.

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