

# **THE EVIDENCE UN THE CASE**

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The Evidence un the Case by James M. Beck

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**JAMES M. BECK**

**THE EVIDENCE  
UN THE CASE**



## Publishers' Note

The volume *The Evidence in the Case* is based upon an article by the Hon. James M. Beck, which came into print in the "New York Times" of October 25th. The article in question made so deep an impression with thinking citizens on both sides of the Atlantic that it has been translated into a number of European languages, and some 250,000 copies have been sold in England alone.

In making this acknowledgment, which is due for the courtesy of "The Times" in permitting an article prepared for its columns to be utilized as the basis for the book, it is in order for the publishers to explain to the readers that the material in the article has itself been rewritten and amplified, while the book contains, in addition to this original paper, a number of further chapters comprising together more than six times the material of the first article.

The present book is an independent work, and is deserving of consideration on the part of all citizens who are interested in securing authoritative information on the issues of the great European contest.

New York, December 12, 1914

# The Evidence in the Case

An Analysis of the Diplomatic Records Submitted  
by England, Germany, Russia, and Belgium  
in the Supreme Court of Civilization, and  
the Conclusions Deducible as to the  
Moral Responsibility for the War

By

**James M. Beck, LL.D.**

Late Assistant Attorney-General of the U. S.

*"Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats  
with 'em? Mine ache to think on't."*

HAMLET—Act V., Sc. I.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

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1914

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Second Impression

TO MY  
AMBROSLIA

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

cf.

TO  
ALBERT, OF BELGIUM  
"EVERY INCH A KING"

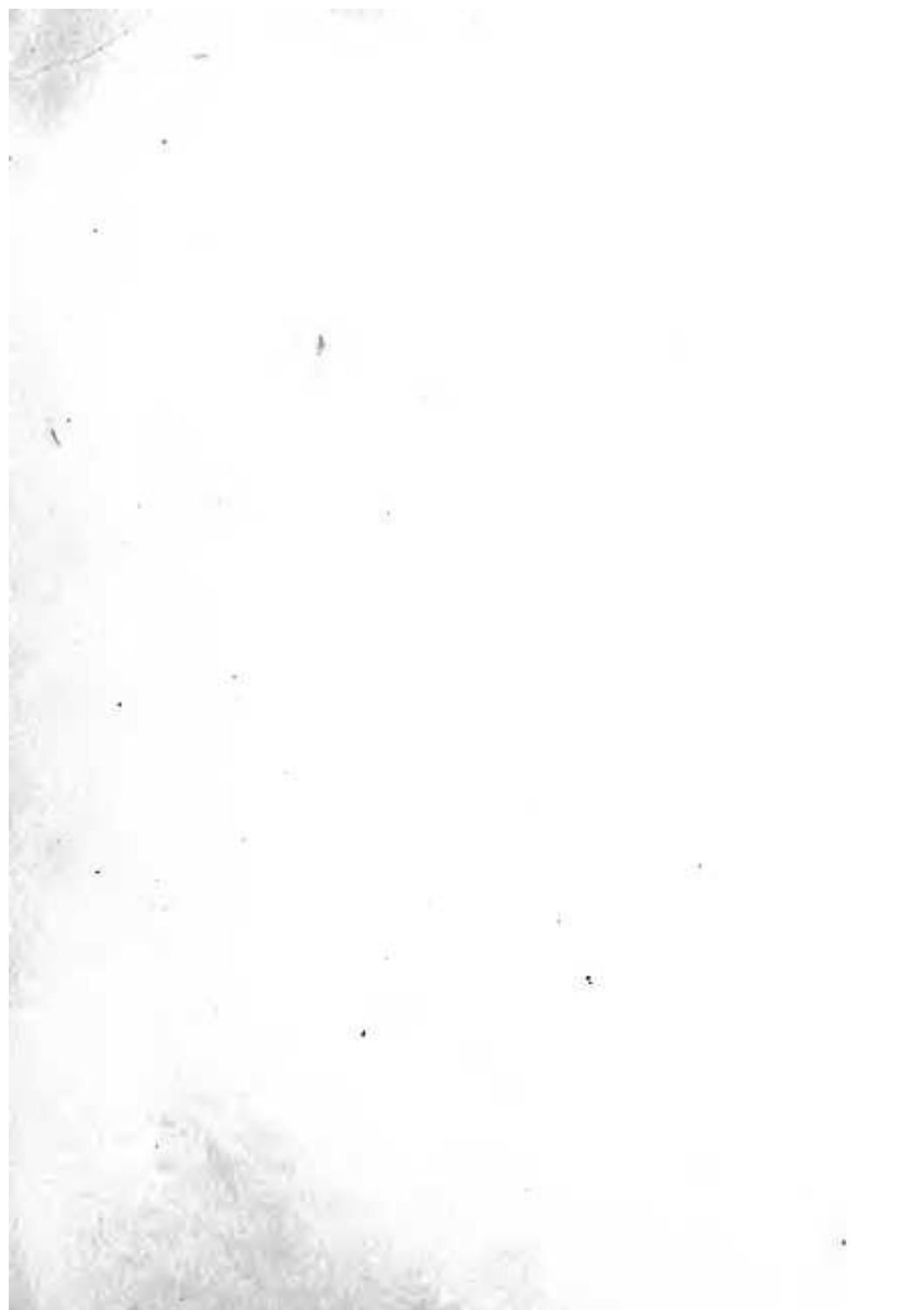
Justum, ac tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
    Mente quatit solida, neque Auster

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,  
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis.  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
    Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

HORACE.

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## FOREWORD

ON THE eve of the Great War I sat one evening in the reading room of the Hotel Erbprinz in classic Weimar. I had spent ten happy days in Thuringia, and had visited with deep interest a little village near Erfurt, where one of my forbears was born. I had seen Jena, from whose historic university this paternal ancestor had gone as a missionary to North America in the middle of the eighteenth century. This simple-minded German pietist had cherished the apparent delusion that even the uncivilized Indians of the American wilderness might be taught—the Bernhardis and Treitschkes to the contrary notwithstanding—that to increase the political power of a nation by the deliberate and highly systematized destruction of its neighbors was not the truest political ideal, even of an Indian tribe.

This missionary had gone most fittingly to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, where its enlightened founder had already given a demonstration of the truth that a treaty of peace, even though not

formally expressed in a "scrap of paper," might be kept by white men and so-called savages with scrupulous fidelity for at least three quarters of a century, for even the cynical Voltaire said in sincerest admiration that the compact between William Penn and the Indians was the only treaty which was never reduced to parchment, nor ratified by an oath and yet was never broken. When Penn, the great apostle of peace, died in England, a disappointed, ruined, and heart-broken man, and the news reached the Indians in their wigwams along the banks of the Delaware, they had for him, whom they called the "white Truth Teller" so deep a sense of gratitude that they sent to his widow a sympathetic gift of valuable skins, in memory of the "man of unbroken friendship and inviolate treaties."

These reflections in a time of broken friendships and violated treaties are not calculated to fill the man of the twentieth century with any justifiable pride.

My mind, however, as I spent the quiet evening in the historic inn of Thackeray's Pumpnickel, did not revert to these far distant associations but was full of other thoughts suggested by the most interesting section of Germany, through which it had been my privilege to pass.