

## **Lettre d'S. S. H. Austin à Émile Zola datée du 25 novembre 1898**

**Auteur(s) : Austin, S. S. H.**

### **Transcription**

Texte de la lettre Papier à lettre "The Lincoln call daily and weekly"

En haut :

"Lincoln, the seat of the State University, three Church Universities, one Normal College, two conservatories of Music, and a Military School.

Population in 1880 : 13,004 ; in 1890 : 55,712. Lancaster County's Population in 1895, 86,395. A Progressive City and Rich County.

En haut à gauche :

Tampon

The Call, Daily and Weekly.

Lincoln. NEB.

En haut à droite :

Largest circulation in the Capital city. Local News and Press Dispatches. Reliable market reports, State news.

Lincoln Evening Call... Weekly Call....

Established in 1878. Established in 1878.

À la main :

Nov. 25 98.

To The Mons. Emil (sic) Zola.

Paris, France. Dear Sir : Enclosed find two ed. Cleppings which will show that there is at least some sincere sympathy on this side of the sea. Accept our congratulations, Great martyr that you are ! May you live to know and long enjoy the full rewards of your sacrifice for humanity.

Humbly and Affectionately Yours, S. S. H. Austin.

### **Les folios**

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

9 Fichier(s)

## Les mots clés

[Dreyfus](#)

## Relations

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

## Citer cette page

Austin, S. S. H, Lettre d'S. S. H. Austin à Émile Zola datée du 25 novembre 1898,  
1898-11-25

Centre d'Étude sur Zola et le Naturalisme & Institut des textes et manuscrits modernes, CNRS-ENS ; projet EMAN (CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne Nouvelle).

Consulté le 12/02/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

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## Présentation

GenreCorrespondance

Date d'envoi[1898-11-25](#)

AdresseLancaster

## Description & Analyse

DescriptionExpression de l'admiration dans l'affaire Dreyfus.

Notesnombreux articles pour montrer le soutien des Américains envers Zola.

## Information générales

Langue[Anglais](#)

CoteAME 1898\_11\_25 LAZ.lettre19.Austin.25111898.Lancaster

Éléments codicologiques Lettre originale, sans enveloppe, papier à lettres, une feuille dont seul le recto est utilisé.

## Informations éditoriales

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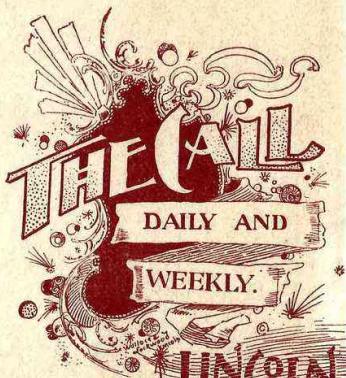
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Contributeur(s)Cantiran, Élise

Notice créée par [Richard Walter](#) Notice créée le 02/07/2018 Dernière modification le 21/08/2020

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LINCOLN, NEB. Nov. 25, '98.  
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Paris France. — Dear Sir: Enclosed find two ed. Clippings which will show that there is at least some sincere sympathy on this side of the sea. Accept our congratulations, great martyr that you are! May you live to know and long enjoy the full rewards of your sacrifice for humanity.

Humbly and affectionately yours, S. S. H. Austin

## THE SOUDAN SLAUGHTERING

[Sir Wilfrid Lawson to the Manchester Guardian, Sept. 14.]

A little while after the Indian Mutiny the late Lord Elgin said: "I have seldom, from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world." In view of the state of public opinion in England touching our proceedings in the Soudan, one is inclined to think that the moral tone in the West is no better now than it was in those days in the East. We literally revel in the slaughter of our fellow-men. A few thousands massacred last Good Friday at the Atbara filled Englishmen with joy during the holy Easter season, and whetted our appetite for what has followed on a larger scale at Khartoum. The reports indicate that there our perfected machinery of slaughter has been effective in mowing down some 10,000 or 12,000 men who were fighting for their country, and in wounding a still larger number, who at this very moment are lingering out their last moments in indescribable agony in the holes and hiding-places into which they have crept to die. The correspondent who supplied Reuter's news (I presume a Christian) writes of them thus in today's papers: "From every straw shelter thin streams of blood ooze out, blackening in the scorching vertical sun. . . . No sympathy can be felt for these fiends incarnate."

Such, sir, are the glorious doings for which bishops are thanking God, poets are writing impassioned sonnets, and over which almost all our able leader writers in the press are waxing more or less hysterical with delight. We should never forget the reason why all this misery is brought about. In 1882 a Liberal Government took it into its head that it was the duty of this country to look after the interests of those who had invested money in Egyptian bonds. They accordingly bombarded Alexandria and sent an army to put down Arabi and his followers, who at any rate were trying to realize the idea of Egypt for the Egyptian people, and not merely for the bondholders. From this gratuitous and guilty interference with Egyptian affairs, solely in the interest of a few capitalists, unnumbered ills have followed. The battles and the disasters and the fiascos which have taken place within the last sixteen years connected with Egyptian affairs need not be recapitulated; they are fresh in everyone's memory. Surely the time has come when this nation should think seriously of what it means by its "foreign policy." It is the fashion now to talk of the policy of "the open door." Well, if you are going to open the door by force, that is the policy of Bill Sikes. I can make nothing else of it. The one idea seems to be "money, money, money." It is to secure gain by force instead of by honest dealing that we keep up our enormous armaments. Lest this statement should be contradicted, I give my authority, the chancellor of the exchequer, who said this year in his budget speech: "In the British Empire we spend £26,000,000 on our navy and £37,500,000 on our army, a total amount of £63,500,000." A little later in the speech he explained that "the real object of our naval and military expenditure" was "for pushing and promoting our trade throughout the world."

This passage shows the difference between the "Imperialist" and the "Little Englander." The former is for trade preceded by murder; the latter is for carrying it on peacefully and honestly. Sir M. H. Beach is one of our ablest statesmen. Let us never forget this statement of his, proving that all our armaments are kept up for the sake of money, and the taking of money by force is generally called "plunder." Our foreign policy is described in a verse which I read somewhere or other, and which seems to hit the nail exactly on the head:

"There is no law of God or man  
Which England need obey.  
Take what you can and all you can,  
And keep it while you may."

That rule being laid down, of course raids, robberies, murder and massacre legit-

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That rule being laid down, of course raids, robberies, murder and massacre legitimately follow, and it is quite right that the bigger the massacre the greater should be the rejoicing, as is the case in this Khartoum business. For myself, these massacres fill me with shame and disgust, for, although I am almost afraid to confess it, I still have some regard for the teachings of the New Testament. Not very long since, when the sultan thought fit to massacre certain Armenians, England rang with indignation. Especially was the "Non-conformist conscience" aroused. But I do not hear much condemnation from ministers of any persuasion of the massacre of dervishes by England. Still, I think that the divines, the poets, and the press writers will find out some day or other that the moral law is as binding on an English Government as it is on the sultan, and that somehow or other all those who fly in its face will sooner or later suffer for so doing.

If anyone takes any notice of this letter, I know well what will be the line of argument taken. I shall be told that the khalifa's government was atrocious. That probably is true, but that was never given to us as the reason for going to Khartoum when the matter was discussed in the House of Commons. Then there is the cry about "avenging Gordon." I say at once that such a cry is one which is unworthy of even a low-class heathen. Those who raise it are doing their very best to discredit Gordon and his work. I wish that some of the bishops, instead of glorifying the massacres and thanking God for them, had preached a sermon yesterday on the text "Vengeance is mine." All honor to Mrs. Moffit for her protest against a cry so dishonoring to the name of her brother and so opposed to the very elements of Christianity. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's letter in the Times of Saturday throws a good deal of light on the nature and origin of these Soudan proceedings. What he says is worthy of attention. I shall never forget what he said to me in 1882, when all these Egyptian troubles were just beginning. He told me something about the state of affairs in Egypt which he saw by my countenance that I did not quite believe. "Well," he said, "who is more likely to know what is going on in a house—one man who is inside, or ten who are outside?" And I have found ever since that he is thoroughly well acquainted with the "inside" of the Egyptian question.

I do not know, sir, whether you will print this letter, which is at best but the voice of one crying in the wilderness of militarism and jingoism. Still, after all, "they are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three," and I am willing to incur contempt and blame in making an honest and earnest protest against a policy of injustice and inhumanity which appears to me to be a disgrace to this country, and which, I also fear, will sooner or later end in some great national disaster—

Yours, etc. WILFRID LAWSON

Sept. 12.

THE SUNDAY MORNING CALL, LINCOLN, NEESKA, MARCH 6, 1898.

**THE CALL IS ZOLA A  
MARTYR TO CAUSE  
OF HUMANITY!**

Any man who lifts his voice or pen or uses his strength to protect humanity is a patriot. Any man who sacrifices his property and liberty in defense of an oppressed fellow citizen is a martyr. In the face of tremendous odds Zola took up the cause of Dreyfus. He criticised the highest tribunal in France for its mock trial and unjust and inhuman punishment of an innocent man, and for this he was brought to trial.

Zola was not stoned to death, nor was he crucified, nails were not driven into his hands nor was a spear thrust into his side. But like a half monster and half man he was driven, or held up by an angry mob along the streets and by the people whose name, fame and nation his genius had stamped upon all the earth. For days half free and half slave to the caprice of a frenzied multitude and the indignities of a sham court, he struggled manfully, heroically, not to defend himself, but to vindicate the truth; not to save his own reputation, but to plead for justice for another; not for the name of his family, but to prevent the further prosecution of an

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And this has made Zola a martyr.

Zola is a martyr because he is opposed to the inhumanity of man, because he has risked the loss of property, friends, home, country and set himself up against his own people, his own government for the sake of right, justice and truth; because he risks life itself and welcomes his sentence to prison and to greater punishment, if need be, to the end that innocence may not be wronged and that truth may not be crushed.

True Zola is the author of "Nana," but is "Nana" not the truth? Zola is the author of other books which satisfy the morbid and sensual tastes of millions of readers. But are not his works, his books, the reflections of the profligate, sinful, gay Paris which he sees reveling about him? The forbidding picture repels; the living pictures of virtue, love and innocence attract and lure society to higher ideals. It is the gain in contrasts of this character that has marked the mileposts along the pathway of evolution to a higher moral existence.

Zola has not asked to be judged by his subjects or the material he may have been forced to use in his battles for right, but he does ask to be judged by his defense and vindication of truth. "Nana" is to him what the dog or the gun or the reel, rod and trap are to the hunter and trapper—only a means to an end. Amidst the licentiousness of the modern Babylon he hears, sees and

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Zola seated in the home of a voluptuary, but reveling amidst the contemplations of a god! This is the picture.

Wealth and renown make of most men either recluses, voluptuaries or religious fanatics. These priceless distinctions gave to Zolo only an impulse for martyrdom. He held not a single idea in common with selfishness or prodigality or radicalism, except as it lifted the lowly, gave bread to the hungry, meted out justice to the oppressed and triumphed over the enemies of rational liberty.

THE EVENING CALL, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1898.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss

ALL  
NO AND SUNDAY  
by carriers in this  
Cents a week. By  
per month. Forty  
cents per copy. \$1.50  
dollar a year by mail.  
Post circulation of  
Lincoln.

MEMBERS. .... 85  
receive their paper  
a requested to notify  
person or by tele-  
will appreciate it as a  
regularly in delivery.

PERFORM.  
observe that the  
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rejected by the  
And hereby hangs  
unmissed for some  
North company  
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ognizant of this  
ending the bids so  
prices so exorbit-  
tites decided to re-

ness of the charges against Zola and the  
pretense of the trial now pending, indi-  
cate that there is a scandal concealed  
behind the conduct of the French minis-  
try along side of which the Panama  
sensations and intrigues of the second  
empire will be mere innuendoes.

Officers of the German army declare  
that they did not buy, offer to buy or  
receive the information reputed to have  
been supplied by Dreyfus and should  
the French government continue to  
affirm that Germany did do it, (when in  
fact Russia was the purchaser) the  
Teutonic anger of the young emperor  
may assert itself and inflict upon the  
republic a second visitation of wrath  
and defeat and another loss of territory.

very prominent members of this highly perfumed, reform club.

THE CALL undertakes to inform the public of the delectable fact that this reform law firm with the assistance of the present county commissioners extracted from the county treasury a fee of just \$1,800, for settling with the Maxey Cobb estate, about as big a cold-blooded daylight hold-up as has been recorded since the days of Shep Tinker and George Blackburn.

~~X~~ DREYFUS AND FRANCE. ~~X~~

The inhumanity of man to man was never more strikingly exemplified than in the persecution of Dreyfus by the French government. The very fact that the details of the trumped up charges against him, of the incidents of his mock trial; of his conviction and barbarous incarceration have been translated into all the languages of earth will indicate how keenly the public mind is in sympathy with the oppressed, be he Ethiopian or Caucasian, Jew or Gentile.

As THE CALL has before stated, the specifications of the charges against Dreyfus were never made public; nor was the evidence on which he was convicted ever published to the world or confided to his family or intimate friends. Merely as a suspected traitor was he tried, convicted and imprisoned for life on a lone, solitary, unfrequented island of the sea, confined in an iron cage, exposed day after day and season after season under the sickening glare of a tropical sun, and not until this fact was given to the world by the press, did Christendom know of France's inhumanity to a defenseless, innocent, submissive and uncomplaining Jew.

The tidal wave of inquiry as to the reason for Dreyfus' inhuman treatment swept over Europe and culminated in the rumor that he was but the scapegoat for the treachery of one Count Esterhazy, and so alarmed became the government that the rumor was taken before a mock court and a mock inquiry was held in which Count Esterhazy was exonerated, though his letters, while in the service of the French government, containing the most violent, disloyal and treasonable utterances were accepted in evidence and which, all the world has the best reasons to believe, disclosed and should have convicted the real traitor for whom Dreyfus is suffering barbarous life-long punishment.

But a hero of the pen threw into the French military camp a bomb not made of shot or shell, but of "words that breathe and thoughts that burn" into the minds of men a desire and an uncontrollable impulse to give all men equality before the law. Zola's boom was not dynamite, but it was the eternal evidence of truth too mighty to be ignored and too dangerous to be delayed.

But Zola threatened, indeed arraigned before the bar of the French nation the "sacred ark" of the French government, the War Department. It was a tremendous innovation and guaranteed arrest and conviction; yet he accused Dreyfus' accusers and while he pleads for the eternal principles of right, while he stands a common criminal at the bar for the sake of the oppressed Jew, gay Paris is rent with riots and threatened with a

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While Dreyfus suffers in his innocence in his barren cage on a lone island of the sea, while in that pent up prison of physical torture and heartless presence, what boundless rapture would echo through his soul could he know that his fellow patriot Zola had told the story of his wrongs to the world, and how regrettably would he learn that his defender was a prisoner at the bar for publicly denouncing the government which condemned his client and degraded his prison life.

The wonderful secrecy of the Dreyfus trial, the unparalleled severity of his punishment, the mock inquiry into Esterhazy's treasonous conduct, the leniency of the government towards the promoters of the recent riots, the flimsi-