

harsh speech and demeanour of the Germans which helped to make them disliked, especially by the elegant French and the English, behind whose reserved composure and full-dress smoking-jacket, there hides more repression than in our apparent excess of regulation."* The frank and open candour of the German is so well known that we had no need of this eulogium. That he was often rude, raw, coarse, is intended to emphasize his blunt honesty, *vice* John Bull retired to stiff shirts and smoking-jackets.

The openness of the German, his rigid adherence to the truth under all circumstances, is further brought out by the sententious "He who lies, is not free;" and there we may all agree with the author.

Then follow a long and flowery eulogium of the freedom of spirit and conscience in Germany, and a proper rebuke of the nations which sent Oscar Wilde to the treadmill. "There can be no dispute that English cant and dissimulation and German candour and thoroughness exhibit a difference of national sentiment hard to bridge over"—which leads one to say that it is an infinite pity that Oscar Wilde was sent to the treadmill rather than to Germany, for in that land he would have had an opportunity to exercise his "Offenheit und Grundlichkeit."

A long dissertation over the ignorance concerning Germany and the German people follows:—the "misunderstanding" with which we began †—the author passionately cries: "The German Empire, which our enemies believe they are fighting and the German Empire which they are really fighting are two fundamentally different things. Their hostility is against a nation of savages which does not in fact exist; against a product of the imagination, against a phantom; and

* One would almost think he could detect some trace of envy here, were it not that we know that to the Prussian, Berlin contains all the virtues and all the graces.

† It is a constant wail by these people that others do not understand them. The fact is that all the world knows them too well. Ask Belgium, ask the victims of the Zeppelin, ask the murdered victims in the *Lusitania*, ask Edith Cavell.