

*sound reached us ashore but the hush of the waves, the whisper of the night-wind, and the plaintive ululation of the mousing owls on Muttersmoor. Yet, what we saw that night was the awakening of Great Britain to the knowledge that her greatness is not past and gone.*

*Since then, the menacing cloud in the east has assumed solidity. The mailed fist has fallen, imprinting Ruin on the soil of a neutral country, demolishing the matchless heirlooms of Art and the priceless treasures of Literature, bringing down in grey fragments the glories of Gothic architecture, everywhere destroying the Temple of God and shattering the House of Life. In its ruthless grasp, the chastity of matrons and the innocence of virgins are immolated, the white hairs of Age are not spared, the transfixed babe is brandished on the bayonet. The galleries and cabinets of noble and burgher, the treasure-houses of a nation, are plundered to satiate its rapacious, monstrous greed.*

*We have lived to see the War of Nations. We are in it, fighting as our Allies of Belgium, France, and Russia are fighting; for racial name, national existence, social independence, and freedom of bodies and souls. And this being so, I see no cause to blot a line that I have written. For the Germany of 1870 was not the Germany of 1915.*

*The New Spirit of Teutonism had not shown its cloven hoof, or unfolded its bat-wings in those dead days I have tried to vivify. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was waged sternly and mercilessly, but not in defiance of the Rules that govern the Great Game. Treaties were held as something more sacred than scraps of paper. Blood was lavishly poured out, gold relentlessly wrung from the coffers of a State vanquished and impoverished. Things were done—as in the instances of Bazeilles and Châteaudun—that made the world shudder, but not with the sickness of mortal loathing. The plan of the*