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THE MODERN FRANKENSTEIN.

Describing a spot which was known as "the worst hell of the fighting line, two-thirds in the hands of the British, with the Germans hanging on to the rest of it," von Wiegand says :—

"It is a veritable shambles. An overpowering, indescribable, sickening odour of hundreds of sons, brothers and fathers of England and Germany decomposing there in the sun arises from it. The air in that vicinity is laden with mist until one wonders how the men in the trenches can stand the terrible conditions. It is a pestilential spot. Here terrible hand-to-hand encounters take place where quarter is not asked and mercy is not shown. . . . .

Von Wiegand goes on to describe a British attack.

"There was a roar as if several Vesuviuses were in eruption and a number of Niagaras adding to the din. The earth trembled and shook under mighty blows; the very air vibrated intensely. . . . It was the famous 'trommelfeuer,' or 'drumfire,' of hundreds of big guns. The British were 'drumming' the German trenches in the adjoining sector. . . . Probably close to 1,000 shells a minute were raining and exploding on the German trenches.

We stood awe-stricken. Mankind, like Frankenstein, was being devoured by the monster it had created.

'The poor devils in those trenches—God help them!' said the staff officer feelingly.

'And human flesh and blood can stand that?' I asked.

'Yes, but words can give but a faint idea of what it means,' he answered. Men sometimes go insane, sometimes their eardrums burst; their eyes are burned out by the withering blasts of explosions; they are suffocated and their lungs burned out by gaseous fumes. God! its awful. If war was hell at the time your Sherman spoke, what would he call it to-day?

'So long as that spirit remains in our men; so long as Germany has such men, our Fatherland is safe.'

