

When one thinks, seated among these ruins, of so much beauty slain, fury fills one's heart. Herostatus, Attila, so many other Scourges of God outdone! It was the glory and the splendour of France that here they have willed to murder. And it is even more stupid than the rest of their destruction; it is so stupid that one can only weep. How do these trees affect the war? And this keep, these towers? What could be seen from up there, since a thick forest stretches away to the very horizon?

Is it spite? Did they hope to keep this castle for ever? Did the Hohnöfensburg shame, at this distance, the Rhenish hills? Did they wish to stun the blue-clad soldiers by heaping up these ruins beneath their feet? Did they hope to stay onr advance by thus showing of what they were capable? Did they mean that our men should die in order to conquer nothing but heaps of stones that the flames had blackened?

Pride, they say, makes mad those whom it has blinded. This hill of rubbish is worse than a lost battle. So long as there are men on earth they will make pilgrimage to this spot. They will utter curses, blasphemies. This monstrous midden will tell its story to all time. The children of those who committed the crime will blush for it. They will be ashamed of the name they bear. From a defeat recovery is possible; but there are infamies which can never die. Who could rejoice to see a great people, that has given so much to mankind, so stupidly bring this all to a standstill, delivering itself over to the sneers and the detestation of the whole