

in the mud. Why insult and defile these dead men? . . . "*Hier ruht in Gott.*" . . . Poor souls! We would be glad to bend our heads over your graves and murmur a prayer; but from here we can see the whole devastated valley from side to side, all this other destruction of trees and villages, all this suffering which cries aloud, and which is your work and that of your brothers. And it is too much for us and we pass on, overwhelmed.

By an improvised bridge we cross the stream, where a soldier is fishing with dynamite, pulling the white-bellied fish to the bank with a long pole. And here we must get down, for the road is destroyed. They are fighting in these thick woods, while aloft the shells are screaming.

And why this new crime, more useless than all the others? Once the Emperor William said to a Frenchman: "You have in France a marvel of marvels—the Château of Coucy." Seated on its hill, at the foot of which a village hides, on the edge of vast woods, it soared with its crenellated keep, its towers and its walls, which had defied the centuries, sixty metres into the air. Avenues of huge trees, forming a cross, led up to it, and these trees, this village, this hill, and this tremendous castle presented a spectacle that was unique in the world. Well, these trees, every one of them, have been cut down to the roots; this village dynamite has destroyed, and 20,000 kilograms of explosives have blotted out this keep, these towers, these walls. The hill is smothered in *débris*; the plain is heaped with monstrous pieces of masonry; the earth is covered with a gray dust