

bottom. It has been broken open with a pickaxe, and with the bones rubbish has been mixed, fragments of bottles, jam pots. One would be glad to say that these outrages are the work of two or three of those madmen, those ghouls, who are to be found everywhere. But all the graves have been opened, all about the church, in every quarter of the churchyard. The work must have been done by ordered gangs of men, armed with levers and pulleys. One feels that it has been carried out with method and under the command of superiors. . . . The great fir tree which formerly shaded one part of this cemetery, sawn across at the roots and lying at full length on the ground, confirms this impression, makes the thing certain. This can only have been the work—the crime rather—of the commander of the local detachment.

But obviously the whole German army is not to be blackened by one villainy. Yet this profanation of the cemetery at Champien is no isolated event. Others of the kind have been reported. How are we to explain it? The work, no doubt, of brain-sick men, of criminal lunatics. The work too of soldiers who have ceased to be men, who have carried their obedience to the point of abandoning every ordinary sentiment. The order to destroy *everything* was given. Certain commanders have carried it out literally. Everything is—everything. To declare war upon the dead, is it not one other way of hurting those who still live? . . . Things, deeds can, it seems, be logical. To burn, to blow up, to mine the fields, to kill the trees, to live day after day in the midst of smoke and detonations, surrounded by