

Hussars, who were at them right and left as soon as the fire of our men ceased.

Hell's fury blazed from the eyes of the trapped Germans as they tried to grapple with their new foe, and we stood there silent spectators, lest we should hit our cavalry. It only took them a few minutes to make up their minds, and, with a blood-curdling wail that I shall remember to my dying day, they ran as though all the fiends were after them. They were cut down like chaff, and it was at this point that most of the prisoners were taken by our men. Rifles, bandoliers, caps, and everything else that could be cast off was sacrificed to speed, and many of the scared men outpaced easily the tired horses of our Hussars.

Later, during a lull in the fight, we went out to collect their wounded lying near our trenches, and you would hardly believe the fury that was manifested against us. I think they hate us ten times worse than they hate the French, and that is saying a lot. Those of them who talk English tell us that had it not been for our interference they would have been in Paris now dictating terms of peace, and that is why they hate us so.

APPENDIX E

THE following (which we print by the courtesy of *The Times*) is the diary of a civilian who witnessed the fighting in Tournai on Monday, August 24, between the flank-guard of the German right wing, which was marching in the direction of St. Amand to attack the English left at Valenciennes. The French troops who attempted to hold Tournai were part of a Territorial corps which had hurried up by forced marches. They were opposed by picked troops in superior numbers, and were ultimately captured on the retreat from Tournai.