

CHAPTER I.

Horrors of Louvain

EVEN now I cannot describe what happened in the melee, which followed my being taken a prisoner. All I realized at the time was that swarms of Germans were coming at me with their bayonets, and that afterwards I was run off the field into a road, where I saw one or two officers and thirty or forty men.

The men certainly looked in a sorry plight. They had put up a splendid fight. Their clothes were in ribbons and the majority of them were covered with blood. A ring of soldiers was then put around us and we were swiftly taken out of the range of our artillery fire.

On arriving three hundred yards behind the lines we were formed into "fours;" and notwithstanding the fact that the greater number of the prisoners were wounded, we were forced to march to Roulers, a distance of sixteen miles. Can you imagine my feelings at being a prisoner of war in the German hands? If anything, I was in a worse plight than were the rest of the prisoners. My clothes were all torn and I had lost every part of my equipment, and was feeling absolutely "done," after the heavy fighting of the two previous days.

When nearing Roulers, we passed a great number of German soldiers who began at once to show their robber instincts. They commenced to steal the overcoats from the men, and, in fact, everything they took a fancy to.

On entering the town of Roulers, the soldiers began to jeer us, but the civilians looked very sympathetic, and would have done something for some of the men had they not been cowed by the Germans, who appeared to rule the place with whips. A sample of their brutality was immediately shown us when a young Belgian lad of seventeen years of age crossed the street, and handed to one of the soldiers an apple, saying: "Bravo,