

## IMPRESSIONS ON THE EAST COAST.

A correspondent writes:—"On July 31st the evening was dark, still, quiet and mists hanging about. As darkness crept on there were suspicious sounds—cars and motor cycles dashing about, whistles, cries of challenging soldiers, hurried steps of a man dashing into houses with messages, a stern command "Put out that light," then three loud bangs—the Zepp. signal. Very soon a loud hum, coming nearer, higher, lower—and a flash. Sheet lightning? No; bang comes the report of a bomb. Flashes—two and three together. After what seems a long time, reports to match. Then searchlights shoot up—two, five, seven—all pointing to one spot, just above us. In the room are two sleeping children brought out of bed in blankets, their mothers and our two selves. Above, in the eternal heavens, the meteors flash and glide. What care they for Zepps! At last the lights catch it. "There he is," is cried out. The bombs bang, and with a sharper tone our guns let fly, the balls rolling, rolling up the shafts of light—a glorious sight. At last a cheer. "Hit! Got him! Hurrah!" "He" dips and goes on end, but a bank of mist swallows him up. The lights pierce on a little longer, then go out. The play is over and we go to bed. Not half an hour after "he" came again. We all bundled out, and the same scene was enacted for a while; but it was too hot, so he retired gracefully. We had no bed till daylight for four nights, but that was *the* night. It is a very wonderful sight, but the weirdness of it is indescribable. The dogs of the neighbourhood bark and the cocks crow always before the bombs fall. It seems to be the hum they hear first.

## THE HORRORS OF DEPORTATION.

Miss Violetta Thurstan, in describing the sufferings of the refugees, has said that "the greatest tragedy of the war is not seen upon the battle-field." Can any exceed that of the deported in the occupied provinces of France as related below?

The Paris correspondent of *The Times* writes that the French Yellow Book dealing with the conduct of the German authorities towards the inhabitants of the French departments in enemy occupation is a lasting monument of German shame. The evidence contained therein is summarised in the Note which the French Government has dispatched to neutral Powers. In this document it is set forth:—

"On the order of General von Graevenitz, and with the aid of the 64th Infantry Regiment detached by the German General Headquarters, about 25,000 French subjects, young girls of between 16 and 20 years of age, young women, and men up to the age of 55, without distinction of social condition, have been torn from their homes at Roubaix, Tourcoing, and Lille, separated without pity from their families and forced to work in

the fields in the departments of the Aisne and the Ardennes.

"At 3 o'clock on Saturday morning (April 22nd, Easter Eve), at Tourcoing, Roubaix, and Lille the soldiers of Germany marched down to occupy positions for this victory. By 4 o'clock in the morning they had surrounded the Fives quarter, which was the first district attacked. At cross-roads, and at the end of each street, they installed machine-gun sections, and then patrols of 10 or fifteen men with fixed bayonets battered on the doors of the houses, ordering the inhabitants out into the street. Outside each house there hung a list of all the inhabitants, and there was no means of escape. An officer, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, selected their slaves.

"The raids were accompanied by terrible scenes of grief and sorrow, and not a few elderly people lost their reason when they saw their daughters being carried off. Some of the men, especially of the Landsturm, seemed to be conscious that they were engaged in shameful work; some of the officers, too, admitted that nothing could ever cleanse the German flag from this fresh stain put upon it. Indeed, it is said in Lille that a number of officers and men are in the Citadel awaiting their trial for refusing to dishonour themselves.

"By this act of honour they spared themselves scenes which one would have thought might melt the heart even of a German—the maddened woman whose husband, son, and daughter were taken, who cursed them in their race, in their wives, and in their children; or the woman who broke out into a sweat of blood when her boy was taken, and whose shattered reason refused to recognize him when he was brought back.

"Against all this black horror stands out the splendid spirit of its victims. On leaving their homes they were collected in the churches and schools of their district, numbered and labelled, and carted off in cattle wagons to the station, harlots and young girls, ragamuffins and merchants all joined in the common misery. Yet, as the first of these slavegangs drove to the railway station, these wretched folk were defiantly shouting "Vive la France," and for the first time since the Germans entered Lille rang out the song of freedom and revolt, the 'Marseillaise.' Those left behind had an attitude no less noble.

"'I saw these herds of people go,' wrote a man of Roubaix. 'It breaks one's heart. The women as they passed tried to throw little parcels to their husbands, brothers, or sons; the young fellows on the whole held themselves sturdily; some of them were singing. What moved us most was the departure of the women and young girls who had been taken. You can imagine the state of parents who saw young girls of between 16 and 20 years of age going off in the midst of young chaps of all sorts and conditions. And whither? That no one knows. The wind of sorrow is blowing round us, but for all that we keep our courage and are confident.'"

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