

**September 2nd, 1914** --- A paper, smuggled through the lines from Antwerp this morning, gives the news that the Queen has left for England, with the royal children; adding, "she is expected back in a few days." This move is evidently in anticipation of the bombarding of Antwerp.

Now and then a Belgian has the satisfaction of getting in a gentle dig at the Germans; although, if the dig is too gentle, the chances are the digee does not know it. Last week Countess Z-----, aged eighty-four, who is living alone in her château, was obliged to put up a German General and his staff. She withdrew to her own rooms, and did not put in an appearance during the two or three days that they were there. When the time came for them to leave, the General sent word that he would like to see her. She sent back a message, asking to be excused. The General was insistent, however, and finally the little old lady came reluctantly down the stairs into the great hall, stopping three or four steps from the bottom and gazing down upon her lodgers with a quizzical smile. They all clicked their heels and bowed, and then the General stepped forward a few paces and, in his best manner, said that they could not go away without thanking her for all that had been done to make them comfortable during the time they had had the honour of being her guests. When he had quite finished, the little old lady replied in her gentle soft voice :

*"Messieurs, vous n'avez pas à me remercier. Je ne vous avais pas invités."*

**Brussels, September 2, 1914.** --- A beautiful aide-de-camp of Field-Marshal von der Goltz turned up this afternoon, and announced that, if agreeable, His Excellency the Governor-General, would call to-morrow afternoon between four and five. We are looking forward with a good deal of interest to seeing the big man. He arrived yesterday, but has kept so quiet that nobody knew he was here. The aide-de-camp nearly wept on my shoulder; said there was nobody in the General's party who

knew Brussels, and that they were having a terrible time to find their way around the town. He'll probably have greater worries before he gets through.

We have at last heard from McCutcheon, Cobb, Lewis, Bennett, etc. A telegram came to-day from the Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, asking that we look after their baggage at the Palace Hotel. From this we judge that they were arrested and sent back to Germany on a troop train. They left here for Mons, and goodness only knows what adventures they have been through since we last saw them.

In GIBSON, Hugh (Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels, 1914) ; *A journal from our Legation in Belgium* ; New York ; Doubleday, Page & Company Garden City; 1917 :

<http://net.lib.byu.edu/~rdh7/wwi/memoir/Legation/GibsonTC.htm>

**Footnotes.**

It would be interesting compare with what **Roberto J. Payró** told about the same day in his *Diario de un testigo* (*La guerra vista desde Bruselas*) :

Original Spanish version :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19140902%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20INCOMUNICADO.pdf>

French version :

<http://www.idesetautres.be/upload/19140902%20PAYRO%20DIARIO%20DE%20UN%20INCOMUNICADO%20FR.pdf>

It would be also interesting compare with what **Paul MAX** (cousin of the *bourgmestre Adolphe MAX*) told about the same day in his *Journal de guerre* (*Notes d'un Bruxellois pendant l'Occupation 1914-1918*) :

[http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user\\_upload/publications/Fichier\\_PDF/Fonte/Journal\\_de%20Oguerre\\_de\\_Paul\\_Max\\_bdef.pdf](http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user_upload/publications/Fichier_PDF/Fonte/Journal_de%20Oguerre_de_Paul_Max_bdef.pdf)