

*August 7, 1914.*—Poor Gibson has been up all night, with Nasmith, sending off the Germans. He drove away from the Legation last evening with the German-American and his wife and little boy in the motor to the Cirque Royal, the woman cowering all the way in terror in the bottom of the car.

Her fears, of course, were groundless; the Belgians are by nature too kind, too generous, and they are without animus, and when the motor drew up to the Cirque Royal and as the crowds pressed around it, Gibson took the child, held it aloft and said:

“Belgians do not attack babies.”

A big gendarme put forth his hands, took the boy in his arms, and holding it up, said:

“No indeed—nor their mothers, nor their fathers!”

And so he and the child led the way into the great Cirque.

There nearly five thousand Germans were gathered, twice the number expected. They were of course all in excitement and alarm, and Gibson had to go about reassuring them. There was some distress, of course; one woman died; a baby was born. The officers of the police and the civil guard with their own money bought chocolate to give to the children and later Madame Carton de Wiart, that noble and charming lady, came with other women bringing hot milk and other comforts for the women and children.

The Belgian authorities promptly provided additional coaches, and after midnight the transfer of the refugees to the station began. It was carried on without incident, and this morning at daylight the last of the four long trains drew out of the Gare du Nord, bearing the Germans toward Eschen on the Dutch frontier.

The action of the Belgian Government in this emergency has been superb in spirit and in execution and the population has been nobly generous. I have written a letter to Carton de Wiart to express my appreciation and admiration. But more Germans are gathering today. We are to have another train tonight, de Leval and Watts, Consul-General, who came back from his vacation in France today via Knocke, having gone to the Ministry of Justice to arrange for trains.

Klobukowski sent me word today that he will transfer his Legation to Villalobar.

I stopped in this morning to see Sir Francis Villiers.

"Why were you not at the meeting of the Corps last night?" I asked. "We missed you, and I especially."

"But, I say, my dear colleague, the Papal Nuncio called the meeting for half past eight; most stupid of him, I mean to say, stupid." And then, that we might hear the conclusion of the whole matter, he looked up and said: "Why, I dine at eight!"

Nothing could be more typically British. Let wars rage, thrones totter, and empires fall; I dine at eight.

Shu-Tze, with one of his secretaries, came to me this afternoon, to ask what the dear colleagues had decided to do at the meeting last night. I explained, but he said he would do as I did. The little secretary spoke of the dangers of bombardment but I reminded him of his diplomatic extraterritoriality. He grinned and his face wore a curious smile:

"But de cannons got no eyes!" he said.

The Belgians continue to hold out bravely at Liège, "an heroic resistance." Paul Deschanel, President of the French Chamber,

has sent a telegram to the President of the Belgian Chamber, congratulating him and Belgium—Deschanel was born a Belgian—and the Russian Government has sent its felicitations to the Belgian army.