April 2, 1917.—What a day! The confusion of trunks—we have seven; people rushing in and out; in the midst of all, a motor-cyclist, German, arriving with an invitation to lunch with the Governor-General at Trois Fontaines at one o'clock.[1] (He was a pretty German boy, that motor-cyclist in his leather suit; would not accept a tip; was content with my "Thank you!") But what to do! Trois Fontaines is at Vilvorde, a dozen kilometres from Brussels; Lemonnier's invitation is for one o'clock. I can not decline either! But—one o'clock German time is twelve Belgian time. I said to Nell, "Do you go to the Burgomaster's; tell them I've been called suddenly to Trois Fontaines, that I shall get to the luncheon as soon as possible." Then another difficulty; my passport for the motor expired the 31 March; but von Moltke gave me a special paper, and at 11:30 Belgian time we are driven away, and we arrived at Vilvorde at 11:50. At the bridge an ass placed himself across the roadway, and wouldn't budge; three peasants, laughing, carried him off in their strong arms. Then ... at the gate of Trois Fontaines a squad of the Imperial Guard, in their white and red uniforms (plasterers, the Brussels critics call them) all mounted, their horses' manes and tails streaming in the wind, make a striking picture.

Arrived at twelve—or at one—exactly. Von Ortenbourg was there,

[1] The Governor-General gave his luncheon on the day that Wilson appeared before a joint session of Congress to ask for a declaration of war upon Germany! And on that day Whitlock had promised to lunch with the Acting Burgomaster, Lemonnier.

with his monocle, leaning on a cane, and still limping from his famous fall from his horse in the avenue Louise; very pleasant; he told me, much to my satisfaction, that the story of his having been badly treated by the Belgians was wholly untrue; that they had treated him perfectly. The staff officers came in—finally we go into the salon, and Madame von Bissing appeared, followed by the Governor-General; he looked ill, was leaning heavily on a stick. Their youngest son was with him, a true German, yellow hair, pasty face, in an ugly cadet uniform, clicking his heels intensely when he was presented to the dozen members of the party. There was a German chaplain, with a pointed beard and pince-nez, violet trimmings on his uniform, whom I have often seen about Brussels, and with him a tall, raw-boned man with a bony face, bristling hair, thick lenses in his spectacles, and the typical stupid, half-enraged, purblind German look; he wore an enormous, ill-fitting frock coat, a gaping collar, wide trousers, and his boots had glistening patent leather tips. He was very chilly when presented. All the officers, as they were presented, muttered their names after the German custom.

Von Ortenbourg told me to offer my arm to Madame von Bissing. We went out; and I was placed at her *left,* the huge Teuton in the frock coat being seated at her right. She explained to me that this was due to the fact that he was a famous professor of theology at some famous German seminary. Mme. von Bissing was very pleasant; speaks excellent English, though we conversed part of the time in French. Her grandmother was Irish, she said. She was very bitter against the English. The luncheon very simple, and in this respect in good taste; only three courses, eggs, then meat, then cheese and coffee. That was all.

Only once was there the slightest reference to the situation. Von Bissing raised his glass to me across the table and after we had drunk, he said: "You are going, then?" Presently, in a kind of fury, he boomed out across the table a great "Why?" It was most significant! He said they would miss me, that the revictualing would not go on as well without me, and so on. Then, raising his glass of wine, he said "Bon voyage!" I laughed and said, "And quick return?" He laughed; he is not without humour, and I was somewhat relieved, for after it was out, my smart saying seemed to me in rather questionable taste.... It was nearly two o'clock —they would be sitting down at the Burgomaster's, Nell, and Villalobar, and all of them. Von Bissing looked over at me. "You wish

to go, I understand it," said he, and he gave the sign, and we got up.

In the salon Madame von Bissing thanked me for my kindness to her husband; he thanked me too.... The great theologian, who, like the man in Browning's poem, has a name of his own, and a certain use in the world no doubt, was bidding good-bye to His Excellency; the theologian was terribly impressed, almost overcome by the honour, very obsequious, after the manner of theology before authority; and as he was going, bowed low, and on the hand of the Governor-General smacked a large, moist, unctuous resounding kiss. Enough to make one sick and wholly typical of the Germany of these times!

We tore back to Brussels—and arrived at Lemonnier's at 1:30. They were at table, the Burgomaster and his wife, Nell and Villalobar and all the aldermen and their wives. I made my apologies (Villalobar gave me a knowing wink, appreciating the situation), and I began on a second and more elaborate luncheon.

Back to the Legation—the de Beughems, Reyntiens, and others, then Villalobar, very sad and solemn there in my bureau where we have sat so many times and in so many black moments during the last three years; then tea—and in Villalobar's car we drove at 4:45 to the Gare du Nord.

There was an enormous crowd, outside and inside, and as we passed through people pressed up and said, "Good-bye, for the present!" They were all silent, many in tears, and all knowing that any manifestation would be severely repressed. We stood there saying good-bye to many we knew, to many more we didn't know; women brought their children to me, asked me to let them shake my hand. It was all most touching.

When I saw Francqui, Solvay, and Émile Janssen I nearly broke down; the only time my nerve failed. Somehow they represented to me all I was leaving, all it meant. Dear friends after all! God bless them! I could not speak as Francqui held my hand. Solvay was deeply moved, but at last I said to them that "It's only a little au revoir," and to Francqui, "We shall tell our tall stories again." He laughed. *Ay di mi!*

Von Moltke was standing at the wicket, letting in the members of the party who were to go on the train and those whom he pleased to the inner platform. Nell, her arms full of flowers, was weary. Villalobar escorted her to the train. There were all the dear colleagues—Z. Mahmoud Khan, the Nuncio, Blancas, Van

Vollenhoven and the Kattendykes, Cavalcanti, Sven Pousette with the Chinese, Portellas, d'Ansembourg, Borel, even de Bestigne, who said to me, "I came not only to say good-bye to you, but to show my contempt for Carranza and his tribe, and my sympathy for the United States." A great crowd of friends, all dear to us, of course, most of them concerned in the revictualing—Lambert, de Wouters, Baetens, and Lemonnier. Just as the train was about to leave Gaston d'Ansembourg came to tell me that Josse Allard was at the gate but couldn't get through. I went back, saw him, waved —without thinking—and immediately the whole vast crowd, thinking I was waving to it, waved a reply and began to shout—and I fled, fearing a demonstration and knowing what it would mean to them. I should have liked to shake Allard's hand again!

At 5:45 good-bye to von Moltke with many thanks for all his kindness; then poor Villalobar embraced me, seeming sad at seeing me go, and plucking a flower from Nell's bouquet—and at 5:50 the long train slowly pulled out of the station, filled with heavy hearts and leaving heavy hearts behind.... And as we went, there along the barriers at the streets were crowds—waving handkerchiefs. How did they know in a town where there are no newspapers? Poor dear, faithful friends!

The train rolled on, in the rain, the darkness fell; we went by Namur, by the Grand Duchy, in the night, with full hearts and thoughts for which there is no utterance!