

*May 13, 1919.*—Today the remains of Edith Cavell were borne on a British gun-carriage under the Union Jack from the Tir National to the Gare du Nord, and sent thence to England. At 9:30 I drove over to the British Legation to pick up Villiers, and we went to the Tir, where the authorities were already gathered—Max, Lemonnier, and a host of lesser burgomasters, aldermen and so forth. Villalobar was there, having brought Herbert Samuel with him, in his open car—painted bright red and green with white tyres, his footmen in showy liveries and the Spanish flag flying, a most conspicuous turn-out. There were no other flags save the British flag that wrapped the small coffin. I had not put mine out because I felt that it was not in taste. At my request a detachment of American troops were there; there were British troops and Belgian. At 10:15 the march began; a band, the gun-carriage with the coffin under the Union Jack, drawn by six fine horses, then a motor with Dr. and Mrs. Wainwright and Miss

Cavell; then Villiers and I in my motor, then Villalobar's circus chariot, and so on.

The streets were thronged with silent crowds. The school children had all turned out with flags, tied with crêpe; the flags were everywhere at half-mast, and what I had never seen before, the street-lamps were swathed in black crêpe and lighted.

At the Gare du Nord the dear colleagues were gathered, a catafalque was set up. Gahan read some prayers, the body was put in a van of the train for Ostend, and when the band had played "God Save the King" the train was off.

It was a moving and affecting and dignified ceremony, organized as only the English can organize such solemn occasions. And of what significance, of what immense implications! The obscure little English nurse, whom the stupid Germans thought to suppress, goes now to immortal glory and fame, in her apotheosis to Westminster Abbey, the centre of civilization on this planet.