

May 8, 1915.—Out at noon with my dear de Leval, and by a happy inspiration we went into Musée Royal de Beaux Arts—past the hulking sentinels to the interior, and then had what de Leval calls “a bath of pleasure.” Then after luncheon to Ravenstein and as we were approaching the eighteenth green, Hamoir going by said:

“Is it true that the *Lusitania* has been torpedoed and sunk?”

I had heard nothing of it; did not believe it; had been reading in the *Times* last night of von Bernstorff’s warning, and of how the newspapers at home were resenting it. Decided it could not be true.

Ordered tea, then Sinçay came on to the terrace—yes, it was true; he had seen it in the German newspapers today; she was torpedoed and sunk off the entrance to Queenstown yesterday afternoon; Alfred Vanderbilt, Pierson, and others aboard. My God! Are there no bounds to what those devils will do? Sinçay¹ said the German newspapers were boastful.

It made me sick, almost physically ill—as we sat there at tea—I crossed once in the *Lusy*, Frank Neilson was aboard and Captain Farrel; I can hear him saying, “I can smell the west coast of Ireland,” just before we sighted the Bull, Cow, and Calf. It was a lovely voyage, in the autumn; and I could see the green-brown shores of Ireland, and Kingston light—just as they saw them from those same shores yesterday. . . . And I recalled the little Irish sailor on the boat-deck, and how he pointed out to me, one evening, the plates for guns, for the *Lusitania* was built for an auxiliary cruiser.

Home then, and all with grim faces at the Legation, rage, indignation, that could find no expression. To think of it—all those innocent non-combatants, women, children! Oh, what glorious martial courage to steal up, armoured, safe, and deal that murderous blow! Why, it is more than piracy! . . . De Leval had some German newspapers: *Ozeandampfer Lusitania Torpediert*.

The cowards!

But that was not all. The Germans today arrested two of the delegates of the Commission, Wellington and Lytle,² down in

¹ M. St.-Paul de Sinçay, one of Whitlock’s Belgian friends.

² Laurence C. Wellington, a graduate of Williams College; R. R. Lytle, Jr., a graduate of Princeton—both Rhodes Scholars.

Luxembourg; for—nothing. Did not even notify us or the Commission either. De Leval had written a sharp note; I rewrote it, toned it down, and sent it over to the rue Lambermont. There is enough trouble now, without my adding to it.

Then the Prince Ernest de Ligne was announced, and there he was, his distinguished face, his white hair, his black garb, bowing and saying:

“Your Excellency, I don't wish to inconvenience you; I wish only to express my condolences for the loss of your fellow-citizens; you Americans have been so loyal to us Belgians that anything that touches you, touches us.”

What a gentleman! What a fine man; Prince indeed!