

July 28, 1921.—We arrived at Louvain about 10:30, going to la Collège du Pope Adrien, a fine large grey stone building of the University (which is scattered all over this unattractive, this peculiarly unattractive town), with a quadrangle and great gates. We drove to the broad steps, with the band of one of the regiments, the First Grenadiers, I think, playing to the right of it. As I descended, the band began to play the "Star-Spangled Banner," while we stood at attention, and as they were finishing, the Cardinal, in all the splendour of his red robes, came, as it were, floating down those grey old steps—and a splendid picture he made!—to greet me. Within, there were already assembled a number of the dear colleagues, and more of them still arriving. Marshal Pétain was there in his uniform of horizon blue, and Poincaré in the green coat of the French Academy, the broad magenta ribbon of the Order de Léopold showing across his breast. I chatted with both of them and with the Cardinal and with Monseigneur Ladeuze, rector of the University, in heavy robes of scarlet and black velvet. Then there was the flutter of excitement caused by the arrival of Their Majesties, trumpets without, and the Cardinal floating over to meet them. The King and Queen came in, and greeted us all. Their Majesties were accompanied by the usual suite and by Her Royal Highness the Princess Marie-José and by a rather tall, simple, grey-bearded old man, in a rusty frock coat, trousers that were cut too long, and ill-fitting boots, who proved to be His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Monaco. I was presented to him, and we chatted awhile, and I found him really delightful, simple, genuine, unaffected, sensible, no side whatever.

The King came up to me later on, and said with his droll expression:

"There are going to be a great many discourses today!"

His Majesty, however, was returning to Brussels directly the cornerstone was laid and was not stopping for the banquet, where there were to be many speeches.

"Wise sovereign!" I said to him, and he laughed.

Nicholas Murray Butler and his wife and daughter had arrived meanwhile; and at last, when it was nearing eleven o'clock, and all the dignitaries had arrived, we formed a procession, a rather royal procession, and proceeded down the steps, past the cinema operators, across a corner of the quadrangle, to the hall.

And entering, one felt in one's face a burst of heat like that of a blast furnace. I never experienced any heat so debilitating, so en-

tirely suffocating. And such an *odeur*. The human body, and wet wool! Ugh! I really feared to be overcome. The auditorium, which is a hemicycle, was packed—there is not a window in it, for the seats rise in an amphitheatre to the roof, where there were two or three small transom windows, but these were black with students, perched in them. The room was lighted by a skylight, through which a torrid sun beat down on the bald heads and heavy scarlet robes of a delegation of professors from French universities, who were finally driven from these seats.

The scene, however, to the eye, was brilliant. The King and Queen, and Princess, and the Prince of Monaco on the platform, their suite behind them visibly melting under the heat—the King bored and wilting, the Queen sitting bolt upright, as though the heat had no power over Her Majesty; the Cardinal in his brilliant robes of red silk; Butler in a morning coat, sitting with one foot cocked up on his knee, the sole of his boot brushing the Cardinal's robe. High up, a dark silhouette against a column, a monk, a dark scraggy man, with a ragged black beard, and the eyes of a fanatic. Over the platform a trophy of flags, our own highest of all, and the yellow and white colours of the Holy See. All of the diplomatic corps were on the left. . . .

The Cardinal presided at the ceremony, and as he took his place in the tribune that had been placed at the right of the stage—how much better, by the way, to have a tribune, than our bold, bare, custom of having the orator stand on the edge of the platform, showing his wrinkled trousers and ill-fitting boots!—as he took his place in the tribune (with its classic glass of water), he was obviously a happy man. He made a discourse, thanking America and lauding France.

Then he introduced me, and mounting the tribune, I read, in a French translation that I had prepared, the message sent at my suggestion by the President. The whole audience rose and stood, in honour of the President, while I read this message, and there was much applause, and cries of "*Vive l'Amérique*."

Then Poincaré. Months ago when I lunched with him at the Cardinal's, His Eminence invited Poincaré to attend this ceremony, and to make an address on "*La Culture Française*," but to our disappointment, he read an address on the sack of Louvain, gleaned largely from the Belgian reply to the German White Book, a diatribe against the boche, an essay that sounded as though it had been prepared for publication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as

doubtless it had. It was clear in thought, of course, and of notable diction, but read in that hard, sharp, metallic voice of Poincaré's.

Butler read an address, too, perhaps before Poincaré; it was in French, but Butler's accent is execrable: he says, "*ja suis horose*," and refers to "*le purple Belge*," and so on, really distressing in that respect, though good enough in others.

Then old Hulleputte, in a black silk gown as Professor Emeritus, made a stump speech in Flemish, much to the disgust of the French element, though a group of Flemish students applauded heartily. French translations were provided for the rest of us. . . .

Outside in the hot streets a procession was formed, and behind the King and the Queen and the nice old Prince of Monaco, Poincaré, in his academician's dress, and the Cardinal, his long red robe borne by a lad, we walked slowly through the dust and the heat to the Place du Peuple, where the new library is to be reared. A stand had been erected on the foundations, with a scarlet tribune for royalty, and a dais for the Cardinal. We were ordered to go with royalty, Nell and I; there were all sorts of ceremonies; we signed our names on a sheet of parchment with a quill pen, the King, the Queen, the Princess, the Prince of Monaco, the Cardinal, Butler and I. Then there was a religious ceremony; the Cardinal, doffing his red robe, and being enveloped in a lovely old cape and crowned with his mitre, sat there, holding his crozier, a picture out of the middle ages, while the modern cinema operators, dozens of them, thrust their machines impudently into his face, spoiling the spectacle. A great choir of boys, a hundred or more, sang plain songs beautifully, though the Latin words were of the present day, and in a way amusing, especially, "*Viro ornatissimo Butlero, almae Americanae legato cuius oro humanitatis gratiarum actis, laus et gloria.*" And then: "*Sancte Nicolae tu illum adjuvo*"—St. Nicholas, of course, being the patron saint of Nicholas Murray.

After this Monseigneur Ladeuze read a lengthy address, and conferred a doctor's degree on Butler; then he laid the cornerstone.

It was after two when we sat down, about four hundred of us, to a typical Belgian *banquet de province*. Mrs. Butler, who was to have gone to the luncheon given by Mme. Nirinx to the ladies, preferred the men's banquet. I was at her right, and on my right the Bishop of Bruges. Then Marshal Pétain. The banquet was, as I say, the typical *banquet de province*, heavy meats and old burgundy; it was too hot, one was too miserable and uncomfortable to eat or drink, and I sat in agony through three mortal hours, eating

a crumb of bread now and again while the noise and the clatter of dishes and the bedlam of voices beat on me. Finally, worst of all, the speeches began. The Cardinal proposed a toast—the Pope, the President, the King and Queen, and me, and I responded in French. Then the speeches went on and on. Berard, French Minister of Public Instruction, made an excellent speech with that fluency which is too highly developed with the French. More speeches, by Belgians, Greeks, Swiss, French, everybody, as at the Tower of Babel, which the scene so much resembled....

America gave the money only—and the architect, Whitney Warren. They showed me the plans; the library is to be in the style of the Flemish Renaissance, of the thirteenth century; it is strongly touched by the modern American influence, and looks like the new railway station at Keokuk, Ia. Why Whitney Warren, of all men? Why not a Belgian architect, who would have the Flemish style in his very bones?

And why, one might also ask, should American Protestants build up a Roman Catholic seat of learning, even though it were destroyed by the *furor Germanicus*? Did Roman Catholics, anywhere on this planet, ever give a penny toward building up a Protestant institution? Or will they be any the less intolerant in their attitude toward the Protestants in Belgium? But perhaps all these are unworthy reflections. The Cardinal is a dear, anyway.