

*May 11, 1921.*—At 10:30, in fine weather, to the Cinquantenaire, to the unveiling of Vincotte's monument to the Congo. The King and Queen there, the Queen appearing to be in fine health and very pretty. A rail around, all the Ministers, all the diplomatic corps, and so on. Troops were lined up, and after "la Brabançonne," Franck made a really fine speech, standing on a velvet dais before the tribune where Their Majesties and we were assembled. At the conclusion of Franck's speech, the monument was unveiled; it is a large and ambitious work, a bas-relief, and four groups, and rather goodish upon the whole, though not inspired. It will improve, too, I think, when the weather has given it some patina, and yet I find it perhaps a bit too high to have perfect proportions, the bas-relief is somewhat too vague, and the figure of La Belgique at the top is banal. The whole sentiment, too, is somewhat forced, Belgium protecting and elevating the Negro. But it would be gratuitous and unkind to recall all the old stories on that score. After the unveiling, the band played "L'Avenir," and we stood about talking. The King and Queen had a word for everybody, the Queen asking after Nell, and sending her her love; we talked a little, too, of Lytton

Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, which I thought she might like to read.

The King, talking with Grahame and me, spoke of the coming visit to England, and said that he dreaded making speeches in English. Grahame protested, and I said: "His Majesty made splendid speeches in English while in America."

"But that is because you prefaced them," said the King.

He is looking very fit; rugged, tanned, and is growing extraordinarily handsome as he approaches the middle years; seems indeed to be developing in all ways, his manner is easier, more of authority and presence; and he is coming more and more to have the distinction of what he is, a great personality.

Vincotte—who has been made a Baron—near them, of course, looking quite distinguished as he stood muffled in a curiously cut greatcoat; it was of course a great moment for this old man. What finer joy, indeed, than the artist's who beholds the material realization of his dream? I felicitated him, as did everybody.

The Germans have accepted the Allies' terms, as was to be expected. It is a triumph for Lloyd George, and a great relief to the Belgians. This relief was apparent in the ceremony this morning; every one was smiling and happy, every one was commenting on the good news. Carton de Wiart had the air of a much-relieved man, and I could felicitate him.

The French, however, will not be so pleased—they are cheated of their prey, and would have preferred to seize the mines in the valley of the Ruhr.